The fallen leaves.
Tell a story.
The Great Elden Ring, was shattered.

In our home, across the fog. The Lands Between.

Now Queen Marika the Eternal is nowhere to be found.
Her son Godwyn the Golden first to perish, in the Night of the Black Knives.
Soon Marika's offspring, demigods all, claimed shards of the Elden Ring. The mad taint of their newfound strength triggered the Shattering.

A war from which no lord arose.

A war leading to abandonment by the Greater Will, that guides both the Elden Ring and the Erdtree it sustains.

Arise now, ye Tarnished!
Ye dead, who yet live!
The call of long-lost grace beckons!
To cross the fog, to the Lands Between.

To stand before the



And become the Elden Lord.

Take 1000 CP, whether or not you accept the guidance of Grace. You start in a time of waning Grace and ruinous war where monsters, cultists, assassins and worse hunt in the Lands Between.

Location

Roll 1d8 for your starting location, or pay 100 CP to choose.

1. Roundtable Hold: Somewhere beyond the dangers of the Lands Between lies a fortified, prosperous hub. There is warmth here, the comfort of solid walls and few dangers but above all it is a place where adventurers and craftsmen alike mingle, trade and exchange favours of all sorts. Sir Gideon Ofnir the All-Knowing, a cold but brutally honest Tarnished, enforces a broad neutrality of ideology amongst those who shelter here-and though technically a prisoner by Marika's edict, the skilled smithing master Hewg is happy to offer his services. Time will tell if the tentative peace shall hold, but until then it is one of the most peaceful places in this fractured era. And hidden deep within the hold are the Two Fingers: Mysterious, scarred entities that resemble their namesake, who are said to convey the Greater Will's wishes through their interpreter to those Tarnished worthy of their support.

2. Limgrave: The golden trees, tall grasses and bushland of this land have seen better days. Though considered a joke-and indeed, a distant relation-among his kin, Godrick the Golden (commonly nicknamed the Grafted after his…unsavoury attempts to gain greater power by desecrating the dead) has invaded and occupied Stormveil Castle among other fortresses. By the other demigods' standards his forces are undisciplined and craven-but no less vicious. Tread carefully here, though both refugees and merchants have been known to pass by it is far more common to encounter thugs or shambling aberrations that have become somehow involved in Godrick's disgusting ambitions.

3. Weeping Peninsula: Those Who Live In Death-skeletons, wights, and all manner of other undead-are commonly found here amongst the ruins of Marika's once-great holdings. A once-grand church featuring a magnificent statue of the goddess-queen can be found here though none come to worship, and one other attracts pilgrims to brave the many dangers in order to pay their respects. Also nearby, the demi-humans gather to worship their queen. Tread carefully, for the dead do not rest easily.

4. Liurnia of the Lakes: With its shallow waters and vast wetlands, the region of Liurnia is beset with the gradual sinking of most of its landmass. It's forests are perpetually blanketed in fog, and eerie sounds of bells can be heard in the distance. Once, a bewitching black moon guided the inhabitants of the Eternal City built here, a home to the Nox

who offended the Great Will and were banished from its sight-only for a malformed star to bring great devastation upon it, and take away their sky. It is said that the esteemed Raya Lucaria Academy lies in this region, it's sorcerers dismissive of those without the intellect to master the glintstone arts-or those who dare reach beyond what they think is possible. That Rennala, the grief-maddened Carian queen, has been imprisoned in the depths of the academy. And that amongst three towers, her Empyrean daughter Ranni the Witch and her closest servants scheme to reclaim her long-stalled destiny.

5. Caelid: An arid wasteland found east of Limgrave. Caelid is marred by scarlet rot, mutating its flora and fauna, bathing the environment in a deathly hue. Death and decay are all too frequent sights here, for it was here that the Empyrean Malenia released the Scarlet Rot while fighting a stalemate against her half-brother General Radahn, the Starscourge. The foul, inhuman Order of the Rot that worships Malenia as a goddess has it's fingers here; some say it has even found a few distant relatives of Malenia for its unsavoury experiments. By contrast, even now Radahn's loyal troops prepare to host a grand assembly of warriors-who fight in the hope of finally granting their Rot-maddened lord peace in death, even if it means breaking the hold he enforces on the stars' movement he yet maintains even in the grip of madness. And in a dismal sanctum, the mysterious Beast Clergyman Gurranq promises tutelage in the Beast Invocations in exchange for sating his desperate appetite with Deathroots-the mysterious plants that spread the Death Rune after Godwyn's downfall, and through it gave rise to Those Who Live In Death.

   Any resemblance between the Clergyman and Maliketh, half-brother and shadowbound beast who was once charged with guarding Destined Death for his sister Marika, is *surely* coincidental.

6. Altus Plateau: How you reached these formidable heights is a mystery for many, for the Grand Lift of Dectus that connects it to Liurnia is heavily guarded-unless a certain artifact is brandished before the warden statues. It is said wonders such as a divine tower that can restore the power of a certain Great Rune, masterwork prosthetic arms and lost sorceries. Among them, an ascetic sage known as the Ever Brilliant Goldmask who contemplates the nature of perfect order. But the dangers are as dire as the treasures, for killers often gather here on their own missions: Godskin warriors rub shoulders with Black Knife assassin and would-be gentry of the Mohgwyn Dynasty: A foul house built on blood magic established by Mohg, demigod and petitioner of the Formless Mother, after he was bewitched by the Empyrean Miquella into foul deeds his twisted devotion

would have never contenanced. And even more troublingly, it is rumoured that here dwell the Three Fingers: Heretical foes of the Two Fingers who gave their name to the following of madmen that reject the gods, and grant the all-destroying Frenzied Flame to those willing to seek it out.

7. Mt. Gelmir: A volcanic region west of the Altus Plateau, this land has seen war in many forms. It was here that Marika fought the giants, cursing them to tend the undying flame of their forge for all time. It is here that the demigod Praetor Rykard fed himself to the God-Devouring Serpent to earn both immortality-and to kill the divine rulers he came to see as tyrants. Rykard's ambitions have long curdled into a ruinous, depraved ambition-but his wife Tanith still rules with courtesy and respect at the volcano manor in which her champions slay Tarnished at her behest. Those who wish to grow strong in the way of flame can learn much from the killers here-assuming they themselves do not become targets for assassination, of course. And those who have been to…certain worlds wrought of fire and dark, or hunter's dreams, may be interested to learn that a certain opportunistic, squatting bald man with a penchant for kicking fools off cliffs is one of those who serve the manor.

8. Here There Be Dragons, And Giants: You may start anywhere in the Lands Between

9. The Land of Shadow (<u>This location does not require a roll</u>. **Start here for free, if you dare**): Why? Why come to this place, where the souls of the dead tumble to without the Grace of the Erdtree or similar divine providence? Why stand below the boughs of the crumbling Scadutree-the very shadow of the Erdtree itself, born of dark notions without Order? Where the Numen and others blessed by the Primordial Crucible once revered gods that ruled the Lands Between before the coming of gold? Why climb the volcanic mountains where a dragon that grievously wounded the Dragonlord hides from those who recall the true mission of Dragon Communion, why delve the depths where the Fingermother still yearns for communion with the Greater Will and shambling putrescence takes on delusions of knighthood? Is there some purpose to be had from climbing decrepit old towers full of shambling beasts, or interfering with the demigod Messmer's crusade of fire and darkness against the barbarian heretics? There is nothing here. Nothing but the seething ruin of wretched things scorned by Marika so much, she banished them from reality itself under veils of darkness. Or perhaps…no! Can you truly be so blasphemous as to seek the gate where Marika sacrificed-and attained both godhood and the Golden Order?!

Origins

So much has been lost in the Shattering that age and gender are largely irrelevant. Feel free to select yours as you wish.

Of No Renown: This is a time of upheaval and unseen machinations. Those who lack a name or legend for themselves, can often find opportunities to tilt the course of great events one way or another should they rise to the challenge. Whether you were a beggar, knight, scholar or noble, circumstances have found you a long way from the life you once lead in the Lands Between. Know that those here will judge you first by your actions, before your ideals or alliances.

This background may also be taken as a Drop-In option.

Soldier of Stormveil: The fertile land and storied fortresses of Stormveil have seen better times. Unable to curry true loyalty from those who fight under his banner, Godrick the Grafted has been reduced to scrounging up thieves, sellswords and worse with which he has laid claim to Stormveil through force of arms if nothing else-though even many of his own soldiers mock him behind his back. There are two histories that could lie behind this past. Either you could have joined the Grafted's assault, fighting and perhaps learning of darker arts in these hard times. Or you could be a refugee with a deep connection to it, whether as landed (but now likely displaced) gentry or an unfortunate commoner.

Defender of Leyndell: Among those who remain truly loyal to the Erdtree, Leyndell's citizens stand out as the last bastion of true civilisation. For was it not Morgott the Grace-given who ultimately triumphed in the clash of demigods, holding fast to the seat of his father's authority and outlasting the flames of ambition? Dark rumours abound of what has been done to keep your city safe. Once you were the rampant that stopped the enemy when they struck at your city's walls, but as the Erdtree continues to wither duty obliges you to seek your strength elsewhere.

Brethren of the Golden Order: For all their professed piety, the adherents of the Two Fingers and worshippers of the Golden Order aren't so different to the dispossessed followers of the demigods. Apart from each other, all many have is faith in a system that has been on the wane for quite a while now. Whether yours burns bright or gutters, your past in the Lands Between includes service to one of the local religions commonly associated with the Erdtree. It matters not if you are a former soldier of Radahn, a particularly pious Tarnished or one of

Malenia's few soldiers who avoided the onset of the Rot. Your faith drives you on when the downfall of the world would have broken lesser men.
Redmane Legion: For glory! For victory! For GLORIOUS RADAHN! Once you fought under the banner of the Red Lion, who cherished you as dearly as he idolised the blazing example set by the Lord of the Battlefield Godfrey himself. You fought long and hard against Malenia's forces, and yet in the end your dear commander lost his mind to the Scarlet Rot. Now two duties weigh on you: The first, the suppression of the Rot with fire wherever you may find it. The second, amassing one last clash of unrivalled martial prowess in order to celebrate the lord you once swore to follow-and to put down the ravening madman he has since become.

Cleanrot/Haligtree Knight: Those who swore to fight alongside Malenia, Blade of Miquella, despite the inevitable yet gradual, putrefaction of their flesh fought all the more fiercely knowing their inevitably fate. Yet one by one they fell to the Scarlet Rot, with one exception: You. By some blessing or twist of fate, you yet remain. Whole of body and mind, yet bereft of purpose. Alternatively you may be a Haligtree Knight instead, one of the many meek who swore loyalty to Malenia's brother Miquella. And since your lord has also vanished in the wake of the Sundering, you too are left to your own devices.

Carian Royalist: Long ago, Rennala ruled as both queen of Caria and the Academy of Raya Lucaria, gifted with potent sorceries and an uncommon bond with the moon. The conquering champion Radagon decided to wed her instead-only to abandon her for Marika, leaving her heart and mind broken in grief. Imprisoned for her lack of worth as a champion, her daughter Ranni yet schemes to usurp Marika and the order she has wrought; to that end, she has obtained the service and fellowship of many strange allies. Whatever your past here, whether or not you yourself lived in Caria, you somehow distinguished yourself enough to become one of them. Not all of Ranni's allies are truly steadfast, but whatever your true loyalties you are accepted as one of them.

Recusant of the Volcano Manor: Whether you were recruited by Praetor Rykard's consort in a strange twist of fate or have lived long enough to remember his original reasons for striving against the divine hierarchy itself, you are deeply involved with various unsavoury killers who, for one reason or another, have sworn to kill those of their own kind guided by Grace in the name of shattering the Two Fingers' control. Whatever good intentions or taste for blood drew you to this path, know that only a miserable death awaits most.

Bloody Finger: Ah, so you're an *honoured guest* then. Welcome, to the founding of Luminary Mohg's new dynasty! You may have been abducted, or a taste for blood and extreme prowess for bloodshed may have led to the Lord of

Blood or one of his “nobility” making you an offer, but either way to most you are a depraved killer with neither rhyme nor reason. Only you know that there *is* a terrifying rhyme and reason for the things you do: To soak the bedchambers of Mohg’s consort until the day comes when he is truly fit to supplant Marika. Not that you can’t have quite a bit of fun along the way, of course.

Touched By The Third Finger: Perhaps over time, your personal ambition and corruption have distorted any ideals you had over time out of perspective. Or perhaps you sincerely believe this world is better off seared to ash. For whatever reason, you have taken a profane interest in the Frenzied Flame and all arts related to it-including a fair bit of murderous violence. You are shunned as a heretic and a madman by all right-thinking men in these lands. From your point of view though, it is not heeding the call of flame that is madness.

Scholar of Raya Lucaria: The elitist and ruthless scholars of Raya Lucaria have often been willing to shed blood in the pursuit of knowledge. The enchanted Cuckoo Knights who served them wage war as they please, and the scholars themselves have long since forgotten their vows of virtue and austerity. While the specifics are for you to determine, your history is substantially tied to the politics and infighting that has consumed this place of learning.

Those Who Live In Death: This is truly bitter. There is no place for your kind in the Golden Order you see; with death confined, for all who live you are a metaphysical aberration. For whatever you are, you are what others would call the undead-not a Tarnished with the gift of true resurrection, but a zombie, ambulant skeleton or wraith. For truly strange entities or beings as mighty as a dragon, you may instead “merely” be corrupted by the essence of death to such a degree you are no longer a normal version of what you are. But rest assured, there is no doubting the wrongness of your very being.

Black Knight: Long ago in the early days of Queen Marika’s rise to power, you were marched to war in the Land of Shadow without so much as a flicker of Grace to light your way. The giants, the barbarians, those powerless upstarts at the fringed of the Golden Order were all butchered and burnt at the behest of Messmer: Most hated and forsaken child of Marika. But were you given a hero’s welcome at the campaign’s conclusion? Were songs sung of such valor? No, you were deemed worthless and cast out beyond regard. If you start far from the Land of Shadow, be assured there are none left with the time and wherewithal to punish such a transgression.

Hornsent: They took everything from you. The accursed Erdtree. The strumpet Marika. The grandam was betrayed, and she raised high the symbol of her cursed golden order over a bloody ruin. You are what is left of the first people

blessed by the Primordial Crucible. You are those who remember the old ways and the truths of the Lands Between before. Your existence is a hardscrabble struggle for survival against the punishing blades of the Black Knights, and you take scarce solace knowing your pursuers are little better off than you. If you start far from the Land of Shadow, *hide.* That which the Lands Between shuns as "Omens" is a great curse born from your people's enmity-and made in your people's image.

Needle Knight: There are knights who set off on quests of self-discovery, seeking an oath of perfect, lifelong devotion. Kindly Miquella, with his promises of sweet succour from an unkind world, naturally attracts the loyalty of such wayfarers. Fashioning them into his most trusted, most cherished enforcers to quell dissent in his ranks before it can take route. But whether or not you are one such peregrinator, you are known and welcomed by their ranks as one charm-*ahem*, devoted to Miquella similarly. Whether this is the case or not, you've found yourself as part of a movement within a movement as rare as it is fanatical.

There are no further choices.

Unless you squint at possibilities beyond this era…

~~**Nightfarer:** How long have you been on this quest? Push that aside. Struggle onwards. Your memories are tatters, your body a battered husk scoured by rain and rent by terrible things from the darkness. Lift high your sword, or axe, or catalyst, or magic stave. The very land churns, but in your heart you know you've stepped onto this battlefield before. Quickly, seize the weapons of Night's forces and turn them to your own war's cause. What is it you cling to? A locket, a weapon, an encounter that never was? You can't let go of your weapon. You can't let down your compatriots. You can't give up. Not until you face down the one responsible for all of this. Not until you slay the **Nightlord.** Don't give up. Don't give up. Don't give up~~

There is a gleaming silhouette of gold surrounded by sparks, that flickers and fades as you consider it. And then it is gone, as if it were never there. Perhaps a certain drawback is the key to pursuing it.

L d f N t: [redacted]

There is an ebon swirl of darkness here, upon which ripples of pallid blue play like light upon the winter sea. It seems to pull at the gaze like a maelstrom, but remains utterly impenetrable. Only a certain drawback can pass it's veil.

Races

Of Human Stock (Free): From seclusive, nomadic drives to pale-skinned northerners said to share blood with the giants, the gamut of humanity runs rich in the Lands Between. Whether you wish to be a weathered seafarer or a blood-soaked reedlander, your history here is rooted among the many varieties of humanity. As well as virtually all varieties of commonly known humanity, three varieties bear mentioning: The stoney-skinned, short-lived Dragonkin who have the dragons as their distant ancestors, the grey-skinned Nightfolk who were said to bleed silver long ago, and the tanned, long-lived Numen: Those from which Marika herself is said to have descended from, who hail from a place beyond the Lands Between.

Demi-human (Free): There are those who dwell in these lands that bear the likeness of animals, for both good and ill. The Man-Serpents were said to have been born after the elder serpent of Mr. Gelmir devoured a demigod in mysterious circumstances. Others, like certain wolf-men, seem to have an uncanny devotion to divine beings they serve-much like old legends claiming that wolves themselves as shadows of the Empyrean. Regardless, there's certainly no end to the variety of such mishappen creatures-and while many of them form roaming, barbaric packs with little ambition beyond hunting and gathering, some like a certain talented seamster or Carian champion are civilised and driven as any man. As such, you may be a hybrid of human and any natural animal-though whatever your form, you will still be human-shaped and without further options chosen elsewhere generally human-sized.

Great Beast (Free/100 CP): On second thought, why burden yourself with humanoid form at all when many seemingly natural animals have obtained great might and prowess of their own? The Red Wolf of Radagon is bigger than a bull, capable of conjuring mystic blades it swings with uncanny skill using it's jaws and launching mystic blades-and mighty yet agile enough to around a building smashing furniture with a mere brush. On the other hand Miriel, Pastor of Vows, is a kindly tortoise knowledgeable in the ways of sorceries, incantations and the lore of the land despite her immobility. Now, you are one such animal of note-the kind folklore would spring up around were your presence known to the wider world, just as King Godfrey himself took Serosh, Regent of Beasts, as his bosom companion. The trade off, of course, is there are neither armour nor weapons in this land fitted for such a beast. Perhaps a trifling concern for a true warrior.

For 100 CP, you may be an example like those listed above-a beast with skills and knowledge to match it's might akin to that of a veteran adventurer of this land. For free however, you may simply be an unusual natural species of this

world or simply a natural animal of any kind. This includes the mysterious spirit jellyfish, poisonous but peaceful creatures that yearn to protect-and are apparently *somehow* capable of travelling to the stars in an instant.

- Ancestral Spirit (100 CP): Though as mentioned above you had the form of a great animal, you are have become a phenomena that occurs outside the Erdtree's jurisdiction. For life sprouts from death as well as birth-and from death, one may obtain power. For an extra 100 CP as well as the above, top of being whatever animal you were per Great Beast, though your physical body is long dead you endure in undead form-resembling your own corpse, but lit with an aura of teal flames demonstrating the power you have gained in transcending death. Your mystical powers are enhanced, to the extent an untrained elk could gallop on temporary platforms through the air and launch barrages of mystic missiles, and though you reside in a surreal pocket dimension you may re-enter reality near the site of where you died.

Albinauric (Free): A homunculus-like race dwells in these lands, made by human hands and such believed to live impure lives-untouched by the Erdtree's grace. Yet their innate arcane nature makes them great at sorcery, and before constant depredations from power-hungry sorcerers some had even raised a village. You may choose to be either a second-generation Albinauric, short and squat of form with a head like a grey frog, or one near-identical to human form externally. Naturally, as one of their kind you may consider yourself starting with the armour and weapons of your wrought of blue silver-the same material you were created from-which offers protection from magic and frost.

Living Jar (+300 CP/+200 CP): Good heavens, what manner of thing are you?! You're a jar! A jar that walks, fights and talks as articulately as any man in the Lands Between! Wherever could you have come from? WHY did some daft fools long ago decide to bring jars to life by infusing them with human flesh and innards!? Well, regardless of your grisly origins your kind is known to be rather kindly folk-unless provoked. The greatest among you are known to pass down the flesh of warriors from jar to jar, perhaps to strengthen future generations? The trade off is that there is only a finite amount of damage your kind can take without shattering, thus losing your life-and that unlike a being of flesh, there are no known ways for you to naturally heal. It's unclear if it would take sorcery, pottery or some strange mix of both to mend you.

And last but not least, while your people are not talented sorcerers you have a gift for making jar-like talismans that confer helpful auxiliary blessings to your friends.

For the gift of 300 CP, you may be as unto a common jar-a squat thing with lanky arms and legs coming up to the waist of a man-seldom a threat to a well-trained warrior except in groups. For the gift of a mere 200 CP instead you may be one of the greater jars, twice as tall as man and far wider, with greater leverage to bring to bear in battle. Of such stock is the honourable Iron Fist Alexander made. Other options here that bolster one's physiological gifts may be assumed to benefit your constructed body as though it were alive; perhaps with enough, it may be possible to start your journey with the mighty girth of the Great Jar: A Jar the size of a small building, with arms as thick as tree trunks. Whatever sort you are, be wary-there is great magical power locked in your materials, and as such poachers often come after your kind.

Giant of the Erdtree (100 CP): It is uncommon knowledge that during Marika's war against the giants long ago, some giants fought for the Erdtree. And though most have lost their minds, degenerating into what are known instead as trolls in the modern era, somehow like Ranni's war councillor Iji (and other troll knights still loyal to the royal family of Caria) you have kept yours. You are a gigantic, somewhat emaciated, grey humanoid with a talent for smithing; in times past your people forged gold-plated swords and other marvellous weapons in elaborate ceremonies. And though your kind's best days are behind you, none would doubt your smithing skills.

Fire Giant (200 CP): In ancient times, the giants were the mortal enemies of the Erdtree. Their bellowing desolated nature, triggered avalanches and whipped up storms of flame. But now their lands are no more, devastated by the Shattering and even their seemingly ever-burning, volcano-sized forge cooling to smouldering embers. And yet, all but the greatest warriors would be fools to challenge you. Slightly taller than a troll and much more muscled, you are a red-haired humanoid with wild red hair, stony grey skin-and an inherent gift for generating flame and wielding it with various magics, and the fell god from which they borrowed power that yet inhabits your kind somehow. Unusually among the races of this land your *torso* doubles as a second, fully functional face capable of belching the same flames that issue from your arms like a raging volcano. For all that your kind lost the war, none would doubt it was hard-fought; so tenacious and enduring are you that you can severe and cauterise limbs to empower your gifts of flame-and fight on, in the heat of battle.

Dragon (300 CP): Grey-scaled, feathered and winged reptilian creatures with powerful elemental breaths and size enough to topple trees by brushing up against them, dragons are one of the most powerful races in this world even following their decline. Though the god their Elden Lord Placidusax once served has long left, unlike the giants the dragons were not truly defeated in battle-albeit mainly because after felling the mighty dragon Fortissax in battle,

Godwyn convinced his mother Marika that the dragons were better as allies than enemies-earning his eternal friendship. Indeed, if an elemental breath powerful enough to rout armies and the gift of flight were not great enough threats your kind is also known for incredible prowess over magic; Lansseax, his sister, could even take on human form to moonlight as a priestess of the ancient dragon cult. As a final note, while the incantation red lightning was the signature weapon of all dragons many develop unique breath weapons somewhat related to their most frequented environment. From breaths of frost to blasts tainted by the Scarlet Rot or the classic fiery breath, any dragon is capable of unleashing an elemental torrent no band of men would want to face head on.

Crystalian (100 CP): Tall, inscrutable beings with a clearcut purpose, your kind are spirits with humanoid but crystalline bodies that have one clear purpose: To safeguard the crystals you watch over until the end. And perhaps, to await a creator that will carve more of you. Such is your skill at craftsmanship that you are able to make fine blades and staves that human hands cannot create. Such is your gift for sorcery that the sorcerers of Raya Lucaria consider you honoured guests, for the crystal-infused torrents, burst and barrages are beyond the reckoning of most mortal mages. It is said that your cogitation and inorganic way of being is close to the ideals of the primeval current, and therefore that your intellect is close to the stars. Whether or not that is true, your power over magic is as undeniable as your slow but graceful prowess in battle-and a resilience beyond most mortal men.

Demon (100 CP): Long ago, legends tell of an equilibrious beast who pretends at humanity, wielding alchemical powers of madness and counterfeit gold. So rare are such beasts that they are all but unheard of in present times…making the Lands Between ripe for the plucking for the likes of you.

You are a towering goat-man large enough to pick up a man in your hand, though the many eyes all over your body and even cradled in your looping horns belie your mystical knowledge beyond the ken of man. While in the grip of wrath you could smash through all but the most stalwart of soldiers easily, your true gift is a formidable innate talent for sorcery: Channelling complex spells into glyphs you can manifest with a gesture, and raining destruction across the battlefield or setting it alight. Like your kin, you may wield a magical art seemingly derived from the teachings of the Frenzied Flame, or another such as Carian sorceries or even the incantations of the Golden Order if you feel particularly blasphemous.

In addition to that, your mystical gifts grant you a power of dread bargaining. By obtaining the verbal or written consent of a target, you can grant limited but

practical wishes: Greater affinity for the arcane, a powerful weapon, or a general improvement to all facets of the target that some may call “levels”. Each such transaction allows you to curse the target in turn-bestowing madness for arcane insight for example, or subtracting “levels” for the gift you grant. While never great enough to slay on its’ own, such bargains can often create critical weaknesses in a foe desperate for an advantage.

Spawn of the Stars (100/200 CP/300 CP): There is a form of life unlike any found in the Lands Between, unrestricted by the conditions imposed by the Erdtree’s order, contained in trickles of glintstone that descend from the cosmos above. There, strange forms of life with mysterious powers emerge from the very substances of the heavens. Would you care to be one of them?

For 100 CP, you may be one of the Alabaster of Onyx Lords: Tall, long-limbed, thin and almost fey-like ancients with flesh of stone that rose to life when a meteor struck the Lands Between long ago. Their innate powers over gravity are formidable-and at least somewhat compatible with the sorcery of this land, considering General Radahn learned gravity magic from an Alabaster Lord. It seems your kind are no less skilled in the arts of war, and care little for the danger of exposure to the elements since it is rare for you to don clothing. It is also permissible to be a Fingercreeper, if such as thing strikes your fancy.

For 200 CP, you can instead be one of the Fingers. The self-styled interpreters and messengers of the Greater Will’s decrees-though in truth, your master has abandoned the Lands Between long ago. You resemble two great grey fingers made of stone or petrified wood sticking out of the ground, large and fast enough to flick away a man with ease. In truth, you are some manner of vast invertebrate descended from the first shooting star to fall upon the Lands Between. You seldom exert yourself thus though, when your knowledge and mastery of a force of the universe-the Golden Order most typically, though *certain renegades* also adhere to the Frenzied Flame. Perhaps the Moon has fingers of it’s own? Only you can say for sure-is such that you can wield it in ways far beyond human comprehension, a sorcerer or cleric that has studied the art for longer than there has been civilisation in the Lands Between. The devoted You can also move *much* faster and more quietly than the twitching shuffle you normally exert. Perhaps at great effort you could even take on a demigod-though the battle would be so far uphill you would have good reason to whittle them down with assassins first, and even then with weapons that rend divinity it would almost certainly end in a mutual kill. Tread carefully. Though typically revered as divine messengers in the Lands Between, should mankind turn against you there is little you can do to avoid being recognised.

On the other hand, for 300 CP you may instead be a true, living star such as Astel, Naturalborn of the Void. While Astel itself resembles a horrific dragonfly with a hauntingly humanoid skull, six scuttling limbs, iridescent insectile wings and a body of crudely connected space debris wound with rings of light it is up to you whether you are a malformed star such as himself-or have a more pleasing, yet equally alien, form. Though you likely have formidable natural weapons and some form of flight, your true power is your mystical might. Astel levelled the Eternal City with his meteors and gravity powers, opens and shuts portals at will, and projects the image of celestial objects throughout a seemingly ordinary lair. And while it appears that for one reason or another Radahn's grip on the stars' movements does not restrict yours, you may yet retain the power to guide the fates of mortals-though precisely what this entails and how much control you have over the process remains little understood by the denizens of the Lands Between.

Even stranger options are also possible. Perhaps Metyr, the Mother of Fingers, is not the only magnificently gleaming daughter of the Greater Will sent down to the Lands Between. Resembling a great knotted mass of her children knotted into something resembling both clasped hands and a crude centaur, she constantly drips writhing young from her depths that grow into loyal Fingers and Fingercreepers. Broken and abandoned as you are, she can still evoke a microcosm of the interstellar void far beyond the Lands Between-annihilating foes with attacks resembling pulsar blasts and a black hole's event horizon. It is even possible to attain form of the Elden Beast: The "vassal beast" of the Greater Will itself, akin in overall capability to the greater dragons but with powers evoking the vastness of space and breathing golden flames instead of red lightning. However, the true scope of the Elden Beast's power lies in its command-no, *embodiment* of the Elden Ring's shining forces. To fully emulate it's mystical capabilities rather than it's physiological ones, you require the God purchase from the Divinity section. With this alone you are perhaps to it what the demigods are to Marika: A grand and terrible creature in your own right. Possessed of cosmic understanding beyond mortal ken, might enough to shatter kingdoms and a vitality as undying as the Elden Ring itself (though rooted fully in your own form). But ultimately, a lesser descendant lacking in true understanding. Perhaps the attempt of an abandoned creation to make another in its own image for company.

Entity from Another Era (Free/100/200/300 CP): In a time and place *far* from here, Marika's Fracture let in entities neither native to the Lands Between nor truly alien to this world. No, rather these beings are from other eras of this world. Lands from it's distant past, or future. You are one such being, completely alien to this time and place but not the world per se. What will you strive to accomplish, so far removed from the lands you once knew?

Taking this racial background either sets your background to Drop-In. You may either choose to keep your normal Drop-In perk discounts to represent your out of context nature, or forfeit your perk discounts for 4 discounted Build Perks instead of 2 to represent your capabilities as an established legendary figure from elsewhere. You retain your normal item discounts and the optional free OC companion.

By taking this background, you may choose to be a lifeform from any other setting produced by FromSoftware. The price you pay here represents an entity roughly overall equivalent in strategic value to the other purchases available in this section.

- For free you may be human or anything lesser-a talking sentient rat for example, or a professional American from the era of America.
- For 100 CP you may have distinct advantages over humans but still have overall similar limitations or capabilities, such as Aldia's distorted creations or the Penetrator who reflects Metas, or the ordinary Pygmy soldiers of the Ringed City.
- For 200 CP you may be a great entity about as dangerous as a Fire Giant, or as wise as a Finger. This is the appropriate tier for an ordinary Child of the Dark, a giant of any nature from Dark Souls, Aldritch the Devourer of (low tier) Gods, the Serpent God from Sekiro or a Coral consciousness piloting a low quality Armored Core.
- Finally, for 300 CP you may embody a being as powerful as the mightiest aliens or the dragons of this world-though not necessarily in the most obvious of ways. This is the appropriate tier to be a Coral consciousness in a top of the line Armored Core body such as Ayre, an exceptionally powerful Pygmy or Everlasting Archdragon, the Storm King, or the Nameless King.

The power of certain beings such as the Old One or the original holders of the Lord Souls is unclear because there is little information about their maximum or healthy capabilities. Optionally, you may purchase Build Perks or Divinity to reflect native divine capacity or otherwise unique abilities exceeding those demonstrated by the available racial options. You are of course free to just treat them as normal and just be an Everlasting Dragon with the inexplicable power of Destined Death for some reason. Please fanwank sensibly.

Perks

All perks are discounted under the relevant background header. Discounted perks are 50% off, and discounted 100 CP perks become free.

General

Tarnished (100/200/300 CP): Ah. Poor, brave Tarnished. Once a man like any other, now raised from the peaceful repose by the Greater Will's unrelenting demand for a new champion to become Elden Lord. It matters little if you were noble, commonfolk or brigand in life; the darkening of the golden hue from your eyes will signify to all that you are a wanderer on a seemingly hopeless quest, suffering a loss of communion with the Erdtree. With this, however, also comes a lingering gift of grace allowing Tarnished to return from the dead and fight battles anew from ordinary violence-provided they are not killed in ways profane enough to defile or destroy the very soul, at least. For 100 CP at least, such a gift is now yours. Not all Tarnished are so favoured, but it seems you are one of the lucky few to yet benefit from the Guidance of Grace: The divine revelation provided by the Golden Order and whatever forces direct it. In your travels through this reality, you will come across tiny golden rays of light guiding you to your destiny as Elden Lord (or in future worlds, whatever your goals and priorities are)-resembling both a droplet in form, and a bonfire in ambience. Resting at such a site will restore both your body and focus (vital for casting magic of all sorts from this world) as well as cleanse you of all but the most dire of status effects. Do not fear poison, curses or raggedly bleeding wounds while in the presence of such a beacon-though richly embedded corruptive forces of directly divine power such as the Frenzied Flame will not be so easily quelled.

Perhaps, only just perhaps, you are among the faintest and most distantly related descendants of Marika and Godfrey's bloodline-though with little to show for it, save perhaps some faint affinity for the arts of war.

Moreover, certain potions are miraculously refilled at such a site:

The Flask of Wondrous Physick, filled with crystal tears that normally amass at the roots of minor Erdtrees capable of laying all manner of boons on the drinker.

The Flask of Crimson Tears, which wondrously heals the drinker even in the heat of battle.

And the Flask of Cerulean Tears, which restores focus similarly.

Die in battle, and should you have the resolve to return you may resurrect at the last Site of Grace you rested at. The Site's soothing light also permits you to expend Runes in order to strengthen yourselves overall over time, and focus your mind on magic or Ashes of War to better wield in battle. The potency of the flasks can also be increased or altered with Sacred Tears-faint vestiges of the Erdtree's blessings in the past.

The Guidance of Grace and it's ensuing Sites are not present in future worlds, unless you pay an additional 100 CP for them to follow-in which case they will continue to guide you towards whatever your most personally important long term goal is. With the Greater Will long gone from the Lands Between, it is a mystery what-or who-is guiding you.

Alternatively or for an additional 100 CP, you're a rather *special* Tarnished. Such is your tenacity that some might theorise you're an actual bastard child of Queen Marika herself revived from your divine tomb-gaining merely mortal capability from this alone, but with great prowess in some field such as being a warrior, sorcerer or practitioner of more esoteric arts and immense learning potential for any mundane or mystical field in this world should you turn your hand to it. Even if you are nothing special at the start, you have the determination and innate talent to among other things master every sorcery and incantation in the Lands Between, master Ashes of War that typically require divine skill or eldritch knowledge, skilfully wield weapons designed to fell beings great enough to kill you with a quick stomp and defeat even demigods with sheer skill, a heavy object and a lot of dodgerolling. Your potential to improve unto mastery is worthy of the least of demigods, or the greatest heroes among men It's almost like you're a player character whose player actually got gud.

Furthermore, whether by providence or sheer might you are highly resilient to certain esoteric divine abilities such as the full might of the Scarlet Rot, Destined Death or Miquella's charms. Even beings of divine power or those capable of devouring it seem unable to permanently destroy you easily. Perhaps endless revival is in fact the manifestation of your divine heritage?

Prawn Chef (50 CP): This is a dread age. A wolf age. An age of strife, and deprivation, and deadly gigantic shellfish roaming the lands. What's an honest man to do about it? Why not *boil them all up?* It seems that among your other skills, you're an experienced chef and can confidently skin, cure, and dress pretty much anything even somewhat edible you can kill.

You know the recipe for the golden medicinal solution that, once a pickled foul's claw is soaked in, increases the runes obtained from slain enemies for a spell-as well as the medicinal yet delicious solutions to dip cured meat into so that you remain robust, resilient and focused in battle. You even know how to dry the livers of certain elementally empowered monsters in order to take on a measure of their resistance for a time in your battles. From the aphrodisiac properties of turtle meat (as well as the bitter medicine needed to wring uncanny stamina from it) to the fiery spices that ensure flesh roasted in it makes a hero's blows strike harder than usual, you're as much a field medic as a survivalist cook.

As a bonus, you seem particularly skilled at cooking up shellfish of all kinds. Even without your medicinal expertise prawn, crab, lobster and such taste so good they noticeably increase a warrior's mettle in battle.

The Perfumer's Art (50 CP): In time past, the role of perfumer was much respected; a blessed apothecary in the eyes of the many. But after entering the battlefields of the Shattering they performed no such role, trading their aromatics for poisons and explosives-as well as scents that embolden the morale of those under their command. Once jealously hoarded the capital, the art has since spread far and wide into the Lands Between-and whether you yourself are a legitimate heir or the art or learned it later, there's no doubt you're a master perfumer. From blood-red gels that cause wounds to bleed grievously, to noxious poisons of all kinds, to even elemental forces contained securely in pots all the many means of killing a man subtly or bewitching his mind are known to you.

Reclaimer of Runes and Ashes (Free/200 CP): Faintly sparkling motes of light carrying the power of life itself and blessed by the Erdtree, runes are nourishment that through slow absorption develop all aspects of a Tarnished to greater heights. A fragment of Grace clings to you, permitting you to claim Runes from those you slay even in future worlds-and even if you yourself are not a Tarnished. **This perk is free for all backgrounds for the duration of the jump.**

Consider Runes to be a sort of life energy closely bound to but not strictly speaking part of the soul, which with the aid of a Finger Maiden (or perhaps, similarly powerful being or force capable of manipulating spiritual energy) can be used to increase your strengths and abilities-or be removed from your body and traded away. Particularly powerful individuals possess Remembrances-mystical records of light produced by the Erdtree which can be used to forge items, spells, or Ashes of War: Unique signature fighting moves used by truly accomplished warriors and other figures of legend, more akin to transcendent

martial techniques than the sorcery and incantations of this world. Divine ones on par with the demigods of this world or even Empyreans may even have Great Runes of their own: Runes that embody their core divine traits.

For an extra 200 CP you may toggle on the propagation of Runes and Ashes of War in future worlds. All living things-including cosmic beings and gods-will generate a certain amount of Runes, the process become as natural metaphysically intrinsic to the local realm of existence you're in as it is in the Lands Between. Likewise, the remains of those with martial techniques of great power will manifest that can be used to relearn them. By your investment here you yourself have somehow obtained the ability to extract for yourself strength from these Runes. While spiritually or divinely sensitive beings may be able to figure out a way, as a unique ability by taking someone's hand and concentration for a moment you may grant them the ability to gather runes from those they slay. Beware: This gift, once given, cannot be easily taken back.

Untethered Opportunist (100 CP): Well, well. Another tetchy lout, eh? Not everyone drawn by the Three Fingers' allure is a mad zealot, and you're just the kind of scum to make the most of a group like that. For starters you're a fantastic merchant, bandit and thief, able to sweep through the outskirts of a village and pickpocket enough goodies to set up a veritable emporium. For another, you have exactly the right kind of low cunning to make most think twice about crushing you underfoot for trying to stab them in the back, whether by making up convincing excuses or convincing them of your continued use. Fast-talking, wheeling and dealing has never been easier, but woe befall anyone who doubts you have what it takes to dodge and backstab with the best of them.

You also have some fairly strong legs (or the equivalent thereof) by the standards of whatever you are. All the better to kick people down cliffs.

A True Companion (100 CP): Ah, this is bitter. It seems that whatever else you were in this world, you were also a Deathbed Companion: One of those who practiced the art of holding champions in order to receive a measure of their warmth and vigour. Not some foul life-draining vampiric grasp, no matter what those of the Golden Order who abhor such practices might insinuate-you simply warmly embrace the tired hero in order to bestow what is known as a Baldachin's Blessing. In exchange for a temporary depletion of vitality that is returned once the blessing is used, it confers a blessing of resilience and allows one to forget their aches and pains for a while. And while typically such blessings must be renewed by further embraces once expended it is said that once in her life, a Deathbed Companion can produce a truly radiant blessing that can be used indefinitely. Your powers have also given you a spiritual affinity for death and all associated with it, such that it might be possible for you gestate

a Mending Rune capable of embedding the principle of life within death into Order. You may also apply it as a gift for ritual magics concerning death of all kinds.

All known Deathbed Companions are female. As a result of your investment here however, you may have the powers of one while being male for whatever reason. Perhaps you've simply had a strong spiritual connection to Those Who Live In Death that has given you a similar affinity for such arts?

You also have a natural talent for giving *wonderful* hugs.

Spirit Tuner (100 CP): Spirit tuning goes beyond simply imbuing strength, but as an art lies somewhere between tuning an instrument and conducting a conversation-leaving both parties enriched. Even tormented souls can find respite from their damnation through spirit tuning, and more usefully on the battlefield summoned spirits of all kinds are made more powerful overall by it. You're one of the few with the innate talent for this art as well as a fair amount of experience. By buying this perk here, this also grants you a large field of graven glovewort-the flowers used in spirit tuning-which can optionally become a Warehouse attachment.

Warrior of the Crucible (100 CP): It is said that the Erdtree's primordial form was a crucible of life, in which all life was blended together by its primal vital energies. Somewhere in your past you have studied a great many incantations and fighting techniques which channel the primordial form of life's energy through you. You know an Ash of War that lets you become temporarily invisible to most, through a dodge faster and further than most mortal warriors in this land can manage that lets you encircle your foe like a hunting wolf. You can conjure various natural weapon projections of vital Erdtree energy such as horns, tails and a throat pouch to breathe out a blast of fire on your body, incorporating them flawlessly into your savage fighting style. From filling your body with bestial vigour that heals you in the thick of battle, to a roar powerful enough to knock back warriors flying, to incantations evoking the power of primitive flung stone in sheer skill at least you can match the Beast Clergyman Gurranq. A sad thing, how few respect such primal power now that civilisation has moved on.

Reader of Remembrances (100 CP): You are also a skilled palm reader (or somehow have the power of one). This lets you glean the fate of those whose hands you read, permitting you to advise them with precise and uncanny guidance on how best to achieve their goals-or warn them when they are set on a course that cannot possibly end well for any involved. Presumably, you can also read your own palms. More importantly, even if you yourself do not have

any Fingers looking over your shoulder you can extract the powerful techniques, spells and weapons from the Remembrances: Rune-like records meant to be hewn into the Erdtree, extracted from the death (or at least, decisive defeat judging by the case of Rennala) of truly legendary beings of this world, which carry truly unique weapons, spells or techniques-and can be consumed for a fortune of Runes.

Smithing Master (100/200 CP): As long as there are warriors, there will always be a demand for those who can forge weapons and armour. You are one such skilled smith now, with a breadth and depth of experience that can match the Roundtable's own slaved smith. Be it a common cutlass, heavy plate or some exotic weapon touched by a god's hand, even if you haven't come across it before given enough time and the right crafting materials you'll be able to repair, improve on and tinker with just about anything from this world. It doesn't matter if that giant's sword yet blazes with fell flame or a certain glaive sparkles with the light of the moon-you have the care and metalworking knowledge to handle both safely, while ensuring your hammering only makes it better, not worse.

For an extra 100 CP, it seems you're something of an engineer and enchanter too even if you otherwise have no particular gift for the mystic arts. For you also fully comprehend the mechanisms needed to build the gigantic lifts providing transportation across the more far-flung regions of this world, as well as the arcane defences rooted in specific key items such as those used by the Carian royal family, or the materials needed to construct guardian entities such as golems.

Dragon Communion (200/300/400 CP): The practice of dragon communion is a primal practice, founded in the sacrificial devouring of dragon hearts in order to create the likeness of the dragons as elemental breath attacks, claw swipes and tail slashes-with an eye for greater transformations later on. Marika herself decreed that the worship of the Erdtree did not conflict with idolizing the ancient dragons, and so it is the difficulty of advancing of hunting and slaying dragons rather than persecution that has mainly hindered it's spread.

You are no mere neophyte. For years you have followed the path of Dragon Communion, and can be considered experienced in it. Not only are you better versed at challenging the mighty dragons than most warriors, but along with a wide arsenal of basic dragon-summoning based techniques-and a handful of some truly unique dragon's breath attacks. In future worlds, even the hearts of dragons alien to this world will confer similar benefits proportionate to their overall power.

At least, for 200 CP. For 300 CP two paths open before you. Either you have walked the path of dragon communion to its end, or stand at its' beginning.

For the first, you have slain and devoured the heart of a powerful dragon before returning to the Grand Alter of Communion at some point for your prize. You have attained a draconic transformation, becoming a humanoid dragon with a powerful breath attack of your own. All Dragon Communion-based powers are stronger in this transformation, and in future worlds draconic powers in general will be similarly empowered. What other powers this brings is unclear, but if a dragon can shed its form for frail human flesh yet obtain a human heart-who knows if your new state of being is even your final form?

For the second, you know that the true purpose of Dragon Communion actually serves the dragons' interests. Created by the Dragonlord Placidusax to take vengeance on Bayle the Dread, the tyrannical dragon that fathered the original lineage of magma drakes who wounded him grievously and was crippled in turn before fleeing to the Land of Shadow. You are an agent of such progress, a priest empowered by the Dragonlord to grant others the capability of dragon communion using a simple rite. Moreover you can empower others with the Ancient Dragon's Blessing, increasing their defences to all kinds of damage and increasing it even further when they take active action to defend themselves. And of course, for 400 CP you may have both choices.

Alternative Communion (200 CP): See the bear of fearsome size! Your very soul's within his eyes! Through long battle in the feral wild, you've somehow reverse engineered the divine invocation of the Hornsent and rendered it into something akin to Dragon Communion. Except…not for dragons. To use it you must instead come to understand a species of wild animal by battling it in its natural habitat. A process most practitioners find skinning and wearing it's pelts to enable. Once your understanding is sufficient, this incantation lets you manifest the animal's body parts to empower your form or strike down your enemies. Empowered by your soul and faith, this could result in a grand bear head many times larger than life scattering your feeble foes with a mighty roar!

You've already communed with one such animal in the Lands Between. It need not be a bear, but is not a bear the mightiest of beasts?

Ashen Summons (200 CP): As mentioned earlier, in this world life arises from death as much as death inevitably concludes life-and the spirit is not cleanly restricted to the flesh. Why not carry these principles of the world forward with you into other realities? Henceforth with a summoning bell from this world or a similar trinket, you will be able to conjure forth the spirits of beings in other

realities as you would the ones here. The dead will require some sort of monument of rebirth (which this perk also gives you the knowledge and ability to craft) but virtually anything can be summoned in some fashion-legendary warriors skilled and armed as they were in life, spirits, strange beings that seem to be a halfway stage between the two like spirit jellyfish or artificial beings such as Albinaurics, even vermin like rats or mobile plants. And while with this alone there is no true mind control, those given the semblance of life in this manner are generally inclined to fight for you in instinctive thanks for the second chance of life you have granted.

For the living, you instead gain the power to lay down a sign which permits others to request your aid-and within touching distance, bless others with a similar power. This lets them come to aid you in battle as a tangible but translucent spirit form with all their powers and abilities, even in truly unusual locations. Though in both cases, without greater arts they will soon fade away-in the dead's case, because of the fading magic. Though the living may stay, most choose to return to their own lives and bodies once the battle is over.

…most of the time, anyway. It appears a spirit jellyfish is free to simply come and go as it pleases once called, and it is unclear how unique this is among other beings.

Finger Maiden (200 CP): How blessed you are, to walk in Grace. A bonafide Finger Maiden, a rare sight indeed in these lands now the Guidance of Grace no longer brings them together with the Tarnished as promised long before. Yours is the power to draw out the strength of Runes, converting them into strength in all aspects. From intellect to arcane insight, to resilience, swiftness, stamina and faith, any and all traits can be strengthened by your restorative touch. In addition you are highly gifted in healing incantations of all kinds, and with a mere touch can lay all manner of enchantments such as sanctifying water to purge Those Who Live In Death or enchanted weapons to blaze with golden light that repels all whose existence defies sacred Order.

…are you truly a Maiden? At least, you have the *abilities* of one. But just as Melina is not quite the same thing, if you wish you may be disqualified for various reasons (such as, say, being male) yet still somehow have the spiritual gifts needed to function as a Maiden. What a strange turn of events.

Servant of Death (200 CP): Ah, what could have driven you to covet such a heretical force? There is a sorcery in these lands that does not draw on glintstone-but rather, the dread forces of death that have become heretical and undesired by nearly all in the Lands Between. And yet, you are both talented and experienced in this most unhale of sorceries. You know how to strike the

earth, and raise up explosions of ghostflame-the pallid force kept by the Deathbirds in a time before the Erdtree. You can also summon hordes of vengeful spirits to swarm your enemies, cinders of ancient death hexes raked from the fires of ghostflame. And last but not least, like Fia you have a couple nasty surprises in the form of custom death sorceries that channel the power of death into more specific, unique effects-and great skill at innovating new ones. Like her, you could conjure mists that inflict death's sickening blight on a specific type of being. Or perhaps one of your spells grants command over the wandering undead?

Eternal Legacy (300 CP): Three in number are the Eternal Cities, each a refuge for those banished for heresy against the Golden Order. While all are emptied after the Shattering, whether by scholarship or inheritance you've retained a wealth of knowledge about their deeds and forbidden discoveries-and you have the excellent patience and memory needed to accurately recall it all. These include the knowledge to manufacture artifacts capable of concealing one from the divine's gaze or disrupting their influence. You are also highly gifted and talented in night sorceries that call on the power of darkness-often in ways highly suited for assassination-ranging from concealment of the body and blade, to launching shards or comets shrouded in umbral power, to creating voids that draw in sorceries and incantations.

But your greatest gift is creating, rebirthing and shaping life in various ways with a combination of magical skill and forbidden knowledge. Creating golem-like creatures or artificial lifeforms is old hat to you; you can create the silvery substrate needed to give life to slime-like Silver Tears and form-emulating Mimic Tears, or repair and bind existing versions of such entities. It goes without saying that you are also able to work this substrate into weapons, granting them a flowing quality. And with greater preparation, magical energy and suitable stock you can create beings of astounding power like the massive Dragonkin soldiers. Changing peasants into lions or bears into men is within your power, so long as they are willing or otherwise unable to physically resist. Who knows what strange and terrible beings you could make, with enough time and effort?

Also, somehow you can domesticate ants and similar beings as pack animals.

Hidden Blade of Order (300 CP): Foul things have been done in the name of the Golden Order by the hidden killers employed by its highest authorities-and with this, somehow your history is twisted such that you have the skills needed to serve one such role. It matters not if you are one of the Omenkillers, a Confessor serving the Two Fingers, a particularly proficient hunter of the undead-or even one of the Black Knives, or at least one trained in their

traditions. You are extremely well trained in tracking, silent movement and various forms of assassination ranging from thin blades at close range to uncanny accuracy with a bow. You can take out a dozen soldiers patrolling a bridge with less noise than the night wind-or inspire such fear in a lone Tarnished they're half-mad with terror before you even stick the blade in their back. But against a specific demographic in this world-something like Omens (or beastial, grotesque beings similar to them in future world), Those Who Live In Death (the undead, essentially) or even demigods-your killing arts include a technique that give you an extreme advantage in lethality against them. It could be knowledge of the art of carving off Omen horns to make into talismans that let you channel their strength into your fighting arts (including a few you already own), a residual amount of Destined Death or incantations of the Golden Order that purge the unliving.

Keeper of Flame (300 CP): It matters not if you were one of the Fire Monks in truth, the order of those charged to watch over the Giant's Flame only to fall into worshipping it. Or merely one trained in their ways, or perhaps cursed by Marika to tend the flame. Great power over the incantations that evoke and command flame is yours now, letting you raise great pillars of flame with a gesture or unleash the dread flame of the fell god as a volatile orb. Beyond that, you are extremely resistant to fire to the point you can ignite yourself using mundane flames with little more than superficial damage-and it is cleansing to you, driving out mystical impurities, poisons or disease faster than many medicines. While lessened against magical flames, you're still far more resistant than most to their ravages. Finally, you are an expert craftsman in creating weapons, armour and even vehicles incorporating the visage of the Fell God of the giants to create artifacts imbued with the flame's fierce power. From shields that can double as firearms to handheld cannons and autonomous mobile chariots bearing the faces of giants, the temptation of fire within you expresses itself well in both creation and destruction.

Godskin Inheritor (300 CP): From a young age, you were cradled in the sacred cloth of the Godskin Apostles-made from supple skin sewn together. Thus were you given the blessings of the Gloam-Eyed Queen, and reared to become the death of the gods themselves. Though the true font of Destined Death has been sealed away, and with it your potential to slay the gods, you retain a measure of control over the black flame that derives from it. Through a series of incantations you can summon weapons or simply conjure plumes of scourging flame against your foes-or reinforce yourself against various attacks. You may discover other uses of the deadly flame with careful study. In addition to this, as a skilled seamster of skin your flaying rites have permitted you to assimilate a degree of inhuman (or whatever you are) physiology, granting you uncanny feats of strength, endurance and dexterity. Your bizarre joints let you wield

seemingly asymmetric weapons with such uncanny skill while a traditional blade moves faster than the eye can follow in your hand, and like rubber your flesh can pulse, expand and bend flexibly with speed enough to slam hardened warriors aside-and agility enough to whirl around the battlefield without disorientation. Even with the loss of your patron, there is a reason why few remain willing to root out your kind once and for all.

Dragon Cultist (300 CP): When Marika declared that reverence for the ancient dragons was not in contradiction with reverence for the Erdtree, some knightly orders engaged in the worship of those ancient beings who ruled in the age before the Erdtree. It seems you are one of them, for you are gifted and experienced in the incantations of their kind. From calling localised storms or cascades of red lightning in emulation of the ancient dragons, to summoning massive weapons imbued with their power or blasting yourself with their lightning to be empowered, your faith has rewarded you greatly. Moreover, dragons and draconic beings in general find you quite agreeable and attractive in demeanour, and are quick to reciprocate devotion shown towards them. It's no exaggeration to say one in human guise might fall in love with you after some time together. And by embedding this twist of fate in your history, in future worlds you will be able to develop new miracles based on the dragons you befriend or revere, though as a general rule the power of the dragon corresponds to the power of the incantation.

Absolutely **Loathsome** (300 CP): Pain. Blood. Rot. The horrific Seedbed Curse engraved on your flesh pales in comparison to the awfulness lurking in your soul. To start with, you are a superb killer by this world's standards. It matters not if you fight with sword, bow or staff; you have the fitness and experience expected of someone that has slain thousands. Every wound you leave is a festering, ragged mess harder to heal and treat than it should be, jaggedly haemorrhaging and infested with filth that seems to taint all you lay hands on in malice. *Something* about you instinctively lets others know what an unnatural blight you are on the living and even the dead, making all but the bravest souls and those more than your match in raw power fear to even address you; even animals and many monsters greater than you find you less trouble to avoid than eat. But your true "gift" is this: There is nothing that, given time and effort, you cannot defile, cannot degrade cannot make feel soiled and used and *worse* off. Drive a man crazy with terror of you, making him slaughter his fellows in a fit of paranoia. Mutilate a corpse so badly its soul cannot reincarnate. And get someone to defile you properly, soak up enough horror and bloody awfulness all around you, and you might just be able to produce a Mending Rune capable of defiling Order itself.

Wyrm Knight (300 CP): The great dragon Gransax brought a revelation to the Erdtree sentinels. To protect the Erdtree, they had to become dragons themselves. You have followed that path to its logical conclusion, leaving left humanity behind to become a grotesque, winged yet flightless reptilian beast resembling the ancient dragons as the pug resembles a wolf: A Magma Wyrm. Though said to dwell beneath the earth in their wretchedness and unrecognisable from the natural majesty of a trueborn dragon, such creatures are still strong enough to tear stone apart and belch a short-ranged breath of lava. Most curiously, you yet retain opposable thumbs and the ability to walk on two legs-allowing you to forge mighty weapons coated in your scales and imbued with a measure of your fiery breath's power. Whether or not it is possible to transcend this debased state to become a true dragon is unclear-though given the decline of their race and the abundance of wretched wyrms, unlikely.

You are of course well-versed in the ways of Dragon Communion to have come this far, though the perk of the same name far exceeds you in breadth of draconic aspects compared to what you have from this in depth to pursue your transformation. However, this perk does come with one further advantage: Unlike most Magma Wyrms you have fully retained your sanity, due in part to a far greater magical control over forces that would change your form, mind or spirit in the process of granting you power. Such is your control that you can even seal aspects of it into a weapon, diminishing both the curse's hold on you as well as the power you obtain from it. As Morgott recanted his accursed blood into a blade you could banish your fiery breath into your sword. Significant damage to you in battle will free the power though-and as if bottled up, it will release a cataclysmic storm of the force it embodies as well as be briefly empowered.

Black Blade (500 CP): What a terrifying twist to the conspiracies of the divine you are. Long ago, Marika locked away Destined Death, that which slays the seemingly divine and immortal, in Maliketh-but with this, it seems for one reason or another, you too were chosen as a failsafe. Or perhaps, you or your predecessor was more involved in the night of Godwyn's assassination than many know? Whatever the reason you now have an equal measure of Destined Death's power as Maliketh retains in the present, perhaps strengthened by the consumption of Deathroot.

Somewhere on your body is a flat, round seal hosting the dreadful power your form contains. Smash it to release the writhing shadows and blazing crimson flames of Destined Death, and the great rusty blade that seethes focuses it's terrible power into a force that can slay even the divine. Wreathed in an empowering aura of blood-red, writhing black and even the Erdtree's golden sparks this blade can manifest slashing beams of crimson light, erupt in bonfire-

like flames or simply slash at all nearby in a storm of illusory blades-and it is likely you can discover new techniques to wield the seething energy now unbound. Even unrefined, it grants you comparable physical prowess to a demigod. The result is the same: The innate vitality, endurance and resilience of all nearby, even that of divine beings, is drastically reduced and continuously lessened. Defences like the Erdtree's impenetrable barrier of thorns crumble at its touch, the seeming immortal demigods die even to a fragment of the power you hold and even an incarnation of Order itself would bleed, wither and wilt like a mortal before you. No blessing from this world can withstand the inevitability nor the deprivation of death that follows with it. Only another fragment of the Great Rune of Death could even offer resistance.

Divinity (500/800/1000): For 500 CP, you are no longer mortal. By some twist in your ancestry, you are a demigod-an equal to most of the legendary fingers that ruled this world as Marika's children. As for precisely *how so*, by default it is assumed that humans were either counted among those that were part of Godfrey and Marika's lineage, or Radagon and Marika's lineage. However, while the circumstances are vague other possibilities exist. There were other powers the Erdtree had to overcome in long war to become the embodiment of order, and perhaps like the mysterious patron of the dragons or the black moon yours blessed you while maintaining a far more passive role in your life than the Erdtree. Or perhaps one of the Greater Will's mistakes was leaving a shard of the shattered Elden Ring to bind with you. Within reason, feel free to justify the terms and conditions of your demigodhood.

Your soul carries a Great Rune: A spiritual fragment of the Elden Ring (or a comparable power) that grants you immense physical, spiritual and mystical power. Exactly how those traits are allocated may depend on your temperament and training, and are reflected in the unique Great Rune you bear. But to use Morgott, a demigod of no particular note other than his unbreakable loyalty, with no particular specialisation you may leap over small buildings and remain unscathed by falls off tall towers. In combat your basic blows alone shatter stone, and where others require incantations or sorcery to channel the energy of the Erdtree (or other divine beings) you can infuse your blows and weapons with its energy to augment their damage, or even channel it into manifested weapons and techniques. Though you may still be cut and bleed, the divine vitality of the Erdtree sustains you-granting you an endurance for damage more comparable to monsters of legend than nearly all living men, biological immortality and allowing you to resurrect as Tarnished do without relying on a specific Site of Grace. Each such resurrection may still be taxing and it may be possible to exhaust you into final dissolution, but doing so is a legendary quest in itself for most in this world. But your physical traits pale in comparison to your mystical ones. With the same gravity magics others use to hurl small,

localised meteorites with diligent study and training from an experienced tutor you could arrest the movements of the stars in the sky. Others among your peers have invented new schools of magic by communing with strange gods, and in the case of Godwyn wielded the taboo power of death as lightning with ferocity great enough to fell dragons-and precision enough to spare one's life.

Such is the case for 500 CP, at least. For 800 CP however, you may be something more than a demigod: A true Empyrean, a nascent god akin to Marika with the innate power to forge a new Order-a series of principles and laws that will shape the cosmos, akin to how the Golden Order defined the age Marika ruled. Though physically there is comparatively little difference between you and other demigods, your mystical powers are potent enough to be considered a prodigy among their kind. Even before her apotheosis, Malenia's Great Rune nourished her health with each wound she inflicted on her enemies. As for Ranni the Witch, simply put her magic is great enough that she can smite Tarnished capable of overcoming all but the greatest divine beings and most unrivalled champions in this world with a thought-and create a completely functional simulacrum of her mother Rennala. Though she seldom exerts such power overtly enough to rate its effectiveness, it seems even she had her limits-for she sought a weapon of terrible power before challenging one of the Two Fingers and their forces, a battle which left her artificial body in seeming disarray. As the fact that even Miquella's considerable charm leaves victims awre enough to comprehend the horror of their betrayed allegiances, for all their might Empyreans are far from absolute.

But what truly sets you apart is the potential to bring a different Order to the world and reigning over it as Marika once did. Though you have not achieved full apotheosis, you are quite close to it-just as Malenia was on the cusp of doing so with a third and final blossoming. The process is ill-defined, though it appears Miquella wished to grow a new Erdtree while once her fate was untethered Ranni had to leave for the stars to find her order-which involves returning the black moon to the sky. While technically nothing would prevent you from seeking the throne of Elden Lord and it would likely be an adventure of even greater scope, you have the opportunity to define a new Order on your own terms. What manner of god would be content with merely inheriting the legacy of another?

And should you lack the patience even for that, there is a final level of greatness beyond even that: For 1000 CP you may be a true god, as Marika once was and as Miquella aspires to be. With such mystic power, one exceeds even an Empyrean in mastery over your designated divine force-though not so much even a mere demigod could not pose a mortal threat. Feats such as geasing a race to oversee the containment of their own god, sealing Destined Death,

banishing lands beyond the reach of time and space, and raising the dead even without an Erdtree become possible. Such feats are (as of the time of writing) generally slow to enact, too indirect to assist much in direct combat, or both; if Marika could simply sweep *all* her foes into the Land of Shadows the dragons would have lost their siege on Leyndell in an instant. However, your existing powers are drastically improved to the point you are for all intents and purposes the mortal avatar of a higher divine power such as the Greater Will or Moon-casting miracles as reflexively as breathing, and weaving them into microcosms of your patrons that enact their principles more absolutely than any mortal practitioner. A force of nature tethered to flesh, and an instrument of divine revelation.

Build Perks: In a land as rich in history as danger such as the Lands Between, those who survive have often done so thanks to innate gifts or well-honed talents that have made them forces to be reckoned with. These particular perks represent useful aptitudes and attributes you have honed here. **You receive a discount on two Build Perks of your choice.**

Focused Mind, Resilient Body (300 CP): A thousand maladies plague the lands between, and worse things that drive good men to madness. Whether through meditation or sheer grit, you're far less susceptible to both than most of your kind. While you're no less susceptible to general harm than before, the persistent damage left by conditions such as frostbite, rabid bleeding and infection find it far more difficult to find purchase on you-and you can fight them off with superb vigour. You also have a disciplined mind inured to many of the madness and sleep-inducing effects in this world. Elemental forces such as fire, magic and the holy power of the Erdtree are significantly blunted as well, as if you had imbibed all manner of concoctions to build up a resistance. No man will survive a swim in lava naked, but to charge through a dragon's fiery breath and still be fit to fight? That, a man with this could do.

Poised and Robust (300 CP): Warmth fills the breast of every champion, whether kindled with the flame of ambition or the Grace of the Erdtree. And you're unusually hardy, with an enviable vitality and resilience among your kind. You can take great wounds to your body and walk off far more than your far more would suggest, and run without exhausting yourself in full armour for longer than many would dare to believe. You are also tougher than you look, however you look, to the point where purely physical attacks of all kind have less of an impact on you than a standard member of whatever you are. "Instant death" effects are less likely to work effectively on you-save those of truly overwhelming force, like the anger of the divine. In addition you're superbly difficult to knock off your feet, through a combination of sure footing and a

particularly solid build. If you were but a man, you'd be the kind who could take on a charging knight on foot with a longsword and come out on top

Swift As The Wind (300 CP): Speed and reflexes are as much the provenance of the battle-tested mage who wants to get his incantations out on time, as the warrior striving to roll under her foe's clumsy swing and cut his throat in one smooth motion. And yours is exceptional, by the standards of your kin. Your body is responsive and agile as an acrobat or professional burglar, your reaction time like that of a wild animal and your wits fast enough to keep up with both. You'll find your skill with lighter weapons and those that depends on artful manoeuvres over brute force to be significantly greater than it otherwise would too, better able to handle great falls and of course quicker on the draw in a battle of magic. You're also an expert archer and marksman if you weren't already-and if you were, feel free to impress your friends by shooting an apple off their head. Blindfolded. But a man like this will mostly like be remembered for agile, last-second dodges around a striking deathbird.

The Many Arts of War (300 CP): Any warrior in this day and age should get used to fighting with spear, sword, and just about every weapon outside their preferred one if they're in it to survive for the long run. But there is a gulf between a jack of all trades and a master of all that you personify. Not only are you even more hardened by war than a typical specimen of your kind, but you have a gift for inventing signature moves and techniques-those which the Tarnished would treasure as Ashes of War used to infuse weapons they wield with the uncanny skill and deadly prowess of other warriors. It is more than an astonishing combat genius and hand-eye coordination that lets you develop flourishing slashes or mighty smashes that can turn the tables on an equally experienced warrior-you're also gifted at creating and using spells with a martial bent to them, or adding any magical effects you can manifest to weapons of your own-from blood magic to the flames of the giants. To cap it all, you're also a gifted strategist and tactician with the gumption to lead an army through some of the most hellish wars of the Shattering.

Sorcerous Adept (300 CP): Intellect, abstract reasoning and all the other scholastic arts are those most treasured by the sorcerers of Raya Lucaria-all talents you have in spades. Not only is your mind powerful enough to withstand the scholastic rigours needed to comprehend, grasp and properly execute various sorceries beyond the common ken of most of your kind, but you are also a gifted wielder of sorceries by the standards of your kin. Some weapons in this world are also more effective in your hands, and perhaps due to your grasp of the underlying principles it seems your sorcerous learnings have made it harder for you to be damaged by hostile sorcery. Naturally this comes with a great deal of knowledge about history, studies about the traditions inherited from sorcerer

to sorcerer and insight into the history of this world-but surely the power to blast away your enemies with a barrage of falling glintstone stars is more relevant here?

Faithful Incantation (300 CP): The faithful of the Golden Order hold the pious in high esteem, for it is they who are best able to harness the blessings of the Erdtree-among other forces. And you are saintly and well-endowed with faith enough that whatever you believe in, there is a calmness of thought and purpose that sets you above the rest of your kind. In the context of combat though, this means that you are widely versed in incantations of your choice by the standards of your kind-and those you know are far more effective than in the hands of most. And like the arcane staves prized by sorcerers, some weapons too reward the pious with greater effectiveness on the battlefield. This is not to say you are wilfully ignorant or blind to other worldviews-indeed, your mind is gifted with a great deal of philosophical and abstract reflection that strengthens, not weakens, your faith. And while it may come with little useful knowledge beyond the tenants of that faith, it does make you a gifted orator and speaker as well-whether by captivating others with the surety of your convictions, or articulating compelling arguments for your cause.

Arcane Insight (300 CP): There is an insight and worldly knowledge into the workings of the world that does not fit cleanly into either the philosophising of faith or the intellectual rigour prized by sorcery-and yet, is more than mere low cunning. You have seen the way the supernatural world is put together at the seams, and how to exploit it for your own profit. For one thing, you are noticeably harder to damage with the holy forces of the Erdtree than most of your kind. For another, your vitality is noticeably improved too; many “instant death” effects are less likely to affect you. For some reason you also have a tendency to find more and better quality items of all sorts on the defeated bodies of your enemies. And yes, there are weapons out there that show their true worth only in the hands of a true master of the arcane. But the true gift of being a master of the Arcane is that sorceries and incantations that partake of Mohg’s unnatural harnessing of life energy from blood are much both more powerful and easy to execute in your hands, as well as simpler to learn than most of your kind.

Might of Champions (300 CP): Brains overthink things. Faith gets you into trouble. And things that men aren’t meant to know have a tendency to turn them into monsters. You want to stand at the apex of the battlefield, you need brawn-and you’ve no lack of it. Those weapons considered big and heavy by your kind can be hefted with relative ease, and your blows strike with thunderous might. Let none doubt your prowess as a warrior though, for you have a wealth of experience with maces, axes and other weapons many may look down on as

lout's tools with the mastery of an expert fencer. And while every physical trait buffed from this section comes with some implicit proficiency at hand to hand combat, it is with this that you become a true martial artist among your kind-deadlier without a weapon than with one, some might say. And when you need MORE strength, like the warriors of the Badlands you can let out a mighty war cry that stuns those near you and empowers your body with unbound bloodlust-though it is a significant effort even for an experienced warrior.

Vessel of Ruination (300 CP): You poor soul. This is…dire. One of the great forces of this world has chosen to infuse you with a significant portion of its supernatural energy, for good or ill. Disregarding even any other infusions you may have received by other choices, the two somehow existing in an inexplicable symbiosis-and by your investment here, is guaranteed not to lead to your inevitable and tragic death or even worse state without your consent. It may be the foul touch of an outer god, a taste of the Scarlet Rot or the Formless Mother's bloodstained fertility. It may however be something relatively benign, such as the blessings of an ancient dragon or even an infusion of the Erdtree's holy energies such as those enjoyed by the guardians with whom it has made a covenant. It may even be a seemingly passive force, such as frost or the spiritual life that springs from death. Whatever it is, even with no training it makes you a force to be reckoned with possessing unique supernatural powers exceptional among your kind-and for the more benign forces, possibly a target for those whom you might want to avoid the interest of.

An Unusual Inheritance (300 CP): The rumours abound, and will not abate-the descendants of the demigods yet walk this world! A beautiful swordswoman, the spitting image of Malenia with all her skill-and a portion of her accursed Scarlet Rot. A beautiful but ferocious barbarian woman, who supposedly shares a last name with King Godfrey's old one before he civilised himself as Elden Lord. And now-there is you. You have natural talents, including everything from mundane strength to skills to even a noticeable (though still relatively mortal scale) affinity for the kind of supernatural powers they possessed, resembling those of a significant figure from this world's past. Be it a demigod, a legendary monster like the God-Eating Serpent, some strange being from the heavens above or even an Empyrean; anything short of the mysterious outer gods the Great Will competed against for supremacy is valid. It should be noted you may not *necessarily* be an actual descendent of whoever they are (though as both gods and men were known for their fickleness, the truth may be stranger than fiction). Many cults with unsavoury goals in mind have a penchant for attempting to obtain the powers of the mighty for one purpose or another, and for truly bizarre occurrences like a living jar showing up with the blood of the stars well…try to make something up that doesn't upset the established history of this world to badly, please.

Of No Renown

The Road Not Taken (100 CP): The Golden Order assumes all Tarnished will obediently proceed to their fate, but none survive the Lands Between without learning much of their secrets. For starters you're an excellent outdoorsman, with the stamina to walk long distances, an instinctive sense of direction and the knack of tracking, trapping and navigating with little more than the clothes on your back. But more importantly when it comes to investigating alternative solutions, pathways and possibilities to your objective or even your worldview, you have a sixth sense for picking up on what you might have otherwise missed. This comes in handy for both nabbing that loot a lesser mind might have overlooked, as well as putting the pieces together about whether a friendly witch might be the same person as the rather more regal-seeming witch you met later.

Champion of the Roundtable (200 CP): There's something about you that's uplifting in a way uncommon to this land. Petty thugs may see something they like about you because of your taste for prawn, bereaved survivors sense that you can be trusted with their urgent missions, and landed gentry may see you as an equal despite your lowborn origins. For whatever the reason, you're personally likeable and trustworthy on first sight-an inspirational force for change that lifts up and comforts those without the strength or opportunity to stand for themselves. And should you actually help out those around you, you can be assured their gratitude will pay off-whether in the form of support from comrades on the battlefield, or contracts honoured even from mostly treacherous factions. Accomplish enough, and well before formally becoming Elden Lord you may have those around you clamouring for your coronation.

No Maidens, No Problem (400 CP): It seems that chance and circumstance just keep lining up for you, even should you start from humble beginnings. Foes you run into often just happen to be fending off assassins or other dangers of their own, or have suffered great wounds or misfortune before your encounter. Old treasure chests have an astonishing tendency to contain legendary blades of old or enchanted (and surprisingly well-fitted) armour long thought lost to the Lands Between. Crafting ingredients and other consumables of all kinds practically litter the place wherever you go-never found by any except you, for some reason. This is much more specific when you have a concrete, ambitious goal such as becoming Elden Lord, but even should you simply strive for strength you'll find yourself living a charmed life. Even seemingly impassable barriers or overwhelming odds can be beaten, if you correctly apply the right ally or McGuffin to drop in your lap when all seems lost.

WARRIOR! (600 CP): Before he was King Godfrey, the first Elden Lord was a mighty barbarian champion of the Badlands called Hoarah Loux. He led the War against the Giants. Fought the Storm Lord, alone. No foe could stand before his coming, and he ruled the battlefield. So great in size, that Morgott is like a small child in his arms. And now, it seems that you too have somehow obtained a similar physicality to the heroic build he boasts. Though you may not necessarily share *all* his experiences as the first Elden Lord, you fight like one who had done so all their life; some weapons may be more familiar to you than others, but none are strangers to you-and your masterful grace with all will brutally punish who assume you are but a dumb brute. But it is your uncanny strength focused into hand to hand that makes you truly fearsome, being to other men what dragons are to lizards.

With a single stomp you could raise jagged spikes from the earth, and leap flying over your foes in a single bound. With a weapon in hand, you could raise even greater shockwaves from the ground beneath you. And when you cut loose, your strength is even greater. Your battle cries can kill lesser men, even as they bolster your own might. With your bare hands, you could punch craters into the ground that soon after explode, toss men like ragdolls-and leap fast enough to *catch* and fling them at the earth anew. And your resilience is more akin to a great monster than the Tarnished you are at heart. Oh yes. Though you have the strength to rend men limb from limb and the swiftness to catch them in a single bound, in truth there is no great secret to your mighty prowess, no pact with foreign powers and no dark secret behind what you are. You have simply fought and accumulated Runes to the point where you are built. Different.

Soldier of Stormveil

Scattered Dregs (100 CP): Hell with all this, you've got better places to be. Your lord's a sham, your fellow soldiers are disgraces-what's left for a sensible man but to cut and run? You're keenly aware of your own weaknesses and shortcomings, and much less prone to making unnecessary risks. Furthermore you have a sixth sense for conflict of all kinds, and when it comes to beating a hasty retreat you're equally mindful of spotting good escape routes and moving unseen. In any other army, your experience with rapid and stealthy movement would be denounced as cowardice. Among those who have occupied Stormveil, it's just the way things are done.

Loathsome Levy (200 CP): You may be whatever passes for a sergeant or captain or somesuch among Godrick's forces, perhaps even a knight of some renown before whatever ill fate saw you banished among such wretched company. Apart from a modest hike in your overall combat experience and skill, you're unusually charismatic when it comes to recruiting bandits,

sellswords, criminals and the other foul sorts. You know how to cater to their various vices and arguments without seeing them spiral out of control, and both disciplining them into tactical formations as well as taking advantage of their illicit skills on the battlefield comes naturally to you. A thankless talent, but a vast boon if you want to survive without your own men putting a dagger in your back.

Stormcaller (400 CP): So much of Stormveil's history and culture have been lost, that few remember there's a martial power to be found in the tempests blowing throughout it. You are not just an exception, but a prodigious talent when it comes to developing new fighting techniques worthy of being passed down as Ashes of War that command and channel the wind. From spinning your weapon to create surrounding blasts of air powerful enough to cut through armour, to forming a wall of wind by swinging your shield that can deflect arrows or blades, to creating a localised cyclone with a stomp your power over the wind is the mark of a true warrior. Finally, you are also able to forge weapons and armour with similar powers-and are gifted at replicating enchantments similar to the fierce winds you direct. With great effort and study, you might be able to forge a weapon such as the Serpent-Hunter capable of projecting a blade of wind (or light) capable of shearing through particularly resilient foes' hides.

Grafted Grotesquery (600 CP): Oho, are you as much a *trueborn heir* as Godrick himself then? For it seems your body is unnaturally receptive to all manner of modification both surgical and mystical-as well as terrifically resilient to all manner of invasive surgery. Neither blood loss nor poisoning will phase you when grafting the severed arms of strangers to your person, and the bloodletting needed to power certain blood magic-based fighting arts will be as a nosebleed to you where it would direly cost most others. It would still be wise not to push this too hard-Godrick had at least a smidgen of divine power before shoving his stump into a dragon's neck after all-but on top of that you're extremely gifted in the surgical procedures and techniques of grafting that have allowed both Godrick and his grafted scions to be terrors on the battlefield despite their ungainly appearances. Your highly limited yet potent magical gift on top of your battlefield surgical skills makes you well-versed in conducting grafts on both yourself and others, whether to "enhance" a "friend" into a grafted monstrosity or to bind the maw of a legendary monster onto your body-and have it retain some semblance of life while under your command.
This also makes you extremely good at keeping people alive through the most grievous of wounds, if for whatever reason you see something morally aberrant with mutilating the dead for a questionable increase in power.

Defender of Leyndell

Shield of the Erdtree (100 CP): Even pitted against Radahn himself, Morgott refused to yield the defence of his beloved capital. Your mettle is no lesser, for in sieges and defence manoeuvres of all kinds your fighting prowess is that of a veteran. Shield walls hold fast, whether by your stern command or the strong arm behind your shield. Managing resources and logistics while the wolf is at your door is old hat to you, and civilian unrest calmed by your stalwart presence. And by the standards of whatever you are, your poise is a cut above most. Let all know that none shall pass the castle gate, so long as you stand.

Guardian's Covenant (200 CP): There are those who in accordance to an ancient pact with the Erdtree, receive renewed life when falling in battle. And though far slower than the revival of a Tarnished yet capable of witnessing Grace-perhaps taking months if not years-you are party to one such pact. Apart from this gift of resurrection, the Grace of old yet lingers on your arms and armour-making them significantly more resilient than they should be, and empowering them with holy energy. Symbolically affirming your vows right before battle bolsters the attack power and defence of yourself and your allies too. Finally your might and endurance are bolstered above and beyond the baseline of your kind-such that a human could wield a halberd of pure gold too heavy for most to wield with sublime skill, even clad in heavy plate.

Bane of Champions (400 CP): The Night's Cavalry symbolise death to many would-be champions, and as one of their foremost champions you more than live up to that reputation. You have all the skills and powers associated with such warriors-a fearsome repertoire of Ashes of War and Incantations covering everything from recreating a beloved instructor's attacks to infusing a blade with poison, or the dreaded Bloodhound's Step that lets one evade and move faster than sight briefly. Above all though, fortune and presentation favours you when you battle heroes, usurpers and otherwise exceptional individuals of all sorts. Whether driven by their own ambitions or ideals opposing the status quo, they have a tendency to leave themselves wide open in battle with you-or to quell before your cold resolve to kill. It's no guarantee of certain victory, but when the Tarnished witness you bearing down on them they'll have to steel themselves lest they be crushed under your ornery wrath.

Shield of Leyndell (600 CP): From the mighty stone walls formed by dragons in ages past to the unfading lustre of the Leyndell knights, it seems those who stand for the Erdtree become seen as symbols of guardianship. It seems the Erdtree favours you more than its other guardians, for you have been endowed with many golden blessings that empower you to both erect barriers or seals-and to break them. At will, you can erect a shimmering barrier of the Erdtree's

golden energy that casts aside arrows, blunts blows, stills sorcery, cleanses plague-and so deflects all but the most esoteric forms of harm, though rival divine forces are more effective. The protection is tied to and scales with your lifeforce; while a mundane man could safely walk through rains of arrows for hours at a time, a single blow from a giant would likely leave him exhausted. A demigod could stride through dragonfire unharmed for a few hours. It is further empowered when others recognise you as their guardian, be it as a liege or a champion. Fight in defence of a city's population while recognised by most of it, and at will you can instantly expand the scale of this barrier to cover the city as a whole.

The blessings also provide the wisdom and sanctity to construct powerful tools that let you block or seal powerful forces-such as the shackles that restrained the demigods Omens Mohg and Morgott, and yet still hold power over them. Last but not least, they grant great resistance to both similar effects that would seal you or removing undesirable traits in yourself. Should you truly despise being born an Omen or the Deathblight wracking you, the condition will be curable with enough experimentation-and one seeking to chain you down in the mire will find that your devotion to duty shall set you free.

These are only the most basic application of the Erdtree's endowment. With months of study, you may discover how to both cleanse impurities such as those left by the Primordial Crucible and mobilise entire villages to reject them socially. With diligent years of study perhaps you'll rediscover how to forge the flowing sword that sealed away an Outer God, and with that as well as the might of a demigod or Elden Lord recreate the barrier of thorns that the Erdtree protects itself with in the most dire of circumstances.

Brethren of the Golden Order

Fundamentals of Faith (100 CP): To have faith in the Golden Order, or any demigod really, can be taxing at times. Yet yours comes in such abundance that your incantations are naturally empowered, as are certain physical weapons for which faith lends a keen edge. Moreover you have a talent as a public speaker and preacher, acutely memorising the tenants of whatever faith you subscribe to and enunciating them in a concise yet uplifting way for any who care to hear. It matters not if you are raising a new army to challenge the Rot-maddened Starscourge, regaling a village with the tales of Miquella's blade or simply destroying an infidel with logic and facts. Your priestly faith is complimented by a flexible mind, inuring you from doubt and disease should the assumptions of your faith come into question.

Fingers' Finger (200 CP): It takes more than faith alone to carry out Marika's bidding. It takes organisation. Logistics. A cold heart capable of staining one's hands in the blood of the innocent. You have all of that down to an art, skilfully allocating resources, crunching numbers and directing agents in such a way that you could get emissaries from several disparate ideologies living under one roof in truce. Furthermore you're a gifted scholar, gathering and parsing information with a gift for the written world nearly lost in this age. Those who serve under you are easily convinced of the righteousness and necessity of your cause, if not necessarily your own character, and you're good at making a logically convincing argument if not a passionate one. Let others strive for the Elden Throne. You'll be the one making sure taxes are filed, inventories accounted and all the inglorious bits of warfare that an army needs to actually function.

Fundamentalist Scholastics (400 CP): In pursuit of whatever it would take to make him whole, Radagon blurred the line between prophet and sorcerer. You too have discovered an intrinsic connection between faith and intellect that many of your peers in both sorcery and theology deny, and have made good use of it. Henceforth abilities of all kinds enhanced by greater intellect will also be enhanced by a powerful faith-be it directed at a higher power, or yourself-and abilities enhanced by great faith will also benefit from greater intellect. Apart from making you both greatly gifted in and experienced with both sorceries and Incantations from this world, this also lets you reverse engineer artifacts and effects from normally incompatible magic systems. Such effects are generally equal in overall power and resource cost, but depending on how different the systems or forces involved are may result in artifacts or spells of radically different character.

Just as Radagon's Golden Order Greatsword is in truth a bastardisation of the sorcerous greatsword gifted to him by Rennala, with time, study and the right materials you could create a demonic blade every bit the equal of the holy one you based it off though elementally opposed to it-or convert miracles normally bestowed by higher beings into magics that any sorcerer of sufficient skill could conjure. With a tremendous effort it might even be possible to take this principle of unification to its logical conclusion-and metaphysically merge yourself with a god, or similar entity.

Absolute Radiance (600 CP): The Noble Goldmask, perhaps the most enlightened sage known to the Golden Order of his generation, now has an equal in his understanding of the inner workings of this world-you. Two principles define the Golden Order at a fundamental level: Regression, the pull of meaning and the eternal yearning of all things to converge, and Causality-the pull between meanings and the connections that form the relationships of all

things. Perhaps it is this understanding of such principles that lets him simply disregard worldly violence and even the problems of physicality, vanishing from sight only to return later at will-as you can. Perhaps it is also why unlike even other Tarnished, you do not seem to require sustenance-and are unbothered by exposure while dressed in the humblest of rags. So saintly and pure is your faith that even the things you choose to wear become hallowed and blessed by the Golden Order's holiness, sanctified with its principles and empowering it's incantations greatly. It should go without saying that incantations are extremely powerful things in your hands-though with this alone, you have trained your mind on more abstract matters than how many bolts of lightning you can throw at your enemies.

But the true purpose of your ruminations is meditatively analysing cosmological systems and all the problems underlying them such as the Golden Order and it's shattering, and coming up with transcendental methodologies to improve them; though if you like, nothing prevents you from fixating on a less complex issue like your squeaky door or the economy. Depending on what you focus on this can manifest as everything from a plan which if executed perfectly will bring about positive change for all within the system, to a unique incantation, though for truly catastrophic damage such as the Shattering at great effort you can instead manifest a transcendental thought into a catalyst that can repair or instigate improvement in the system when applied correctly. When it comes to helping people even the right word of advice could set their lives down a better course, and if later you discover some evil god can only be defeated if it's ring is cast into the fires from which it was forged you'll be able to pinpoint who is best suited to bear it. In the case of this world, the Mending Rune of Perfect Order still had to be taken to the Erdtree by a successful Elden Lord-but such is your insight that there will always be a way, however difficult, for you to preserve and glorify the world with the brilliance you seek.

Redmane Legion

Cleansing Pyre (100 CP): To purify the Scarlet Rot, many Redmane knights brandished a cleansing flame. Not only have you mastered the war art that bestows this flame on your weapons, but for you fire you personally kindle or otherwise create of all kinds has a particularly cleansing effect on all manner of corruptive forces. Pots of flame are supernaturally effective on creatures inherently composed of or otherwise linked to forces such as the Scarlet Rot, and surprisingly curative to those merely tainted by them. Scourge the land with flame long enough, and if not fully cured it could at least prevent the Rot from spreading further without external influence.

Crest of Legend (200 CP): What started as an earnest desire to never leave a scrawny steed behind became the magic that made Radahn renowned as the mightiest demigod in the Lands Between. The power of such iconic heraldry is shared by you. You can engrave crests representing any magical abilities you know on your weapons, armour or other artifacts to grant them a small measure of your power, just as Radahn did for his blades to grant them a gravity well he controlled-whether to fling around his foes, or augment them with layers of rock. And while the innate magical abilities given to such items are comparatively modest, this also makes them powerful implements for the whole of the magical ability itself when wielded by you.

Champion's Cub (400 CP): Some heroes divine the course of ages. Others find strength in those whose legends overshadow them. In your diligence and your faith, you find yourself capable of wringing out advancements and might beyond what you think are your limits. A noble knight dedicated to the general he idolises could master and recreate his gravity magics-even if that general is separated from him by the gulf of demigodhood. Even if it is a concept you devote yourself to rather than a person all skill, abilities and competencies you train yourself in advance in leaps and bounds beyond all but the greatest legends of this world to emulate it-and in a battle directly opposed to it, your prowess will drive you on where lesser men succumb to lack of focus or exhaustion.

This determination has greatly influenced your history in this world, enhancing your experiences and skillset. Like the Redmane Knight Ogha, you too may have studied gravity magic in emulation of Radahn's fearsome prowess.

The Glory of the Clash (600 CP): Even among nominal rivals or strangers, even after the ultimate downfall of their general, the Redmane Legion remains a beacon of hope in the lands between. Yours is a grand charisma and talent for inspiration-able to say just the right things to keep your soldier's spirits up in the direst of battles and a bravery that rouses both glory and loyalty from those who fight at your side. Those who fight for and with you wring out reserves of talent, courage and perseverance beyond what they normally find yourself capable of, strangers find themselves drawn to your cause from far and wide, and even nominal enemies can be converted into fast friends by finding common cause or values. In the heat of battle, cohesion is maintained even in the face of odds as dire as another demigod leading an army-and defeat will not stop your forces from carrying out your legacy. This even extends to animals you treat with all the respect due to fellow soldiers, who will go above and beyond the call of duty to do you proud.

In fact, even other demigods or similarly powerful beings you show kindness to are not immune to your charms. Though it is far harder to make friends and

influence people on the battlefield, should you demonstrate your largesse in times of peace beings that may one day move heaven and earth to be with you may end up as loyal as any follower. Be careful with such fervent devotion, should your admirer already have great ambition of their own.

Cleanrot/Haligtree Knight

Duty Beyond Death (100 CP): Though wracked in mind and body by the Scarlet Rot, Malenia never gave up her faith in her brother-nor did her forces forsake their devotion to her. You share a similar determination that can see you through the worst of ravages on your body. A knight could carry a slumbering comrade far away from the site where the Scarlet Rot touched the world, fending off all manner of foes while crossing much of the Lands Between. Enough blood loss and other traumatic damage may bring you down, but your endurance is that of a champion and should you receive proper treatment you could come out of a coma immediately fit to fight. And should you lose a limb, you'll find acclimatising and accepting prosthetics of all kinds far easier than most.

Against The Rot (200 CP): Malenia scorned the Rot and all those who sought to worship her because of it, while her brother strove beyond the Golden Order itself to cure her condition. Yours is a martial talent with the holy power of the Erdtree, being able to imbue your weapons and armour with it for various blessings-yet while this is a limited talent, your true gift is the ability to ensure this and similar holy abilities remain pristine even should you be infected with corruptive forces such as the Scarlet Rot. You have also been given a blessing that provides great resistance against the Erdtree's light and similar holy power. With the Haligtree misshapen Miquella's cause may be a fleeting fantasy, but you are well equipped to defend it to the bitter end.

Scarlet Blossom (400 CP): You have been cursed-no, blessed, though perhaps in ways you abhor. Though not necessarily to the extent of an Empyrean with this alone, a great deal of the Scarlet Rot has taken root in you, and whether by chance or dark design has left your body unravaged while imbuing you with it's terrible power. You are well-versed and gifted in the various incantations of the Rot: Releasing poison mists, imbuing weapons with its foul taint and scattering sticky threads to slow your enemies among others. Your most devastating incantation is the Scarlet Aeonia: Blooming a gigantic flower around you suffused with the Rot. With it, you may spread its aberrant principle of death begetting life to other worlds and accelerate the development of its power where it has taken root in others. In time, you may be able to find other, more ritualised uses for the principles of rot. Perhaps with enough Rot and experimentation, you may even be able to taint or spawn others like it in the

image of Malenia herself. But as you are now, you have inherited one of Malenia's most potent advantages: The power to seamlessly and near-instantly mend your wounds by shedding the blood of your foes, letting an agile fighter prevail against terrible odds by inflicting death with a thousand cuts-and clawing back from the brink of death with every blow.

Wings of the Undefeated (600 CP): Your strength…extraordinary. In sheer skill with the blade, you are a prodigy of exceptional talent far and above others of your kind. Your dodges carry you nimbly across an arena. In your hand, a long blade flickers slashes so much faster than the eye can track that for many merely approaching you is certain death. From parries that others would deem impossible to vaulting attacks that hit from unseen angles, the sheer speed, dexterity and precision you boast could exploit the tiniest chinks in armour or cut down many a lesser foe unaware. Your strength and endurance is no less exceptional, such that a slim woman could lift a heavily armoured man to be cleanly impaled on her blade-and flick him away on it. You learn from every battle you fight, gaining the measure of your foes such that their every misstep and opening becomes plain as day to you with but a few exchanges-and while your greatest genius is reserved for duels and creating or honing martial techniques worthy of the Ashes of War, this can also be applied in large scale warfare to predict the movements of enemy troops and glean the weak links in their battle lines. It's doubtful you could have ever known defeat in your lifetime, unless you crossed blades with the greatest of demigods.

Carian Royalist

Destined Devotion (100 CP): Is it not a terrible thing to be all alone on a cold, moonless night? Surrounded by foes, abandoned and discarded-it is in times of crisis like these that true devotion shines brightest. Your loyalty to others is supremely difficult to distort. Even if you were cursed to be a sleeper agent, you could barely resist and turn against the agents of those sent to ensure your compliance. But more importantly, as long as they are dealt with fairly those already loyal to yourself or your cause are deeply inured against betrayal. A wanderer with no particular reason to help you could become a treasured companion after enough adventure together and time to grant them recompense for service. Even a slimy opportunist would know better than to do more than grovel before you without an exceptionally talented accomplish.

Moonlit Schemes (200 CP): The last princess of Caria operates in utmost secrecy, hidden from the agents of the demigods. However involved you are in her schemes you have a similar talent for espionage as her agents-adeptly striking deals with tentative allies, moving in secrecy through wilderness and city alike, and having a sixth sense for when to withhold information for best

results-and who to trust with it. It matters not how many are arrayed against you, for your scheming and information gathering is almost uncanny at discovering how to achieve your objectives while denying your foes' theirs. Even should you personally be unable to overcome a mighty demigod, it would not be out of the question for you to manipulate others into removing them from your path. By your underhanded ways, with a few good men you could bring to fruition what armies of the loyal but misguided fail to accomplish.

Written in the Stars (400 CP): You may not necessarily be an Empyrean with this alone, but it seems the stars look kindly on your fate all the same. A powerful destiny of great significance is yours now, letting you bypass barriers and wield artifacts that normally only a certain person can take hold of. If only the rightful son of the king can draw a sword from a stone for example, you could as well. But as long as the stars are not restricted or their influence on the world not otherwise disrupted, this destiny goes further to greatly enhance your mystical abilities of all kinds as well as granting you a great deal of fortune. It is not absolute, and no replacement for unwise decisionmaking or truly impossible odds, but together it may be possible for you to contend with the direct incarnations of the outer gods with enough pluck and power. And should you fall into dire circumstances, an appealing love interest might just step forth at the right moment to get you back on your feet.

Moon-Touched (600 CP): Like Queen Rennala and her daughter Ranni, you encountered a mysterious moon in your youth-and it has greatly augmented both the raw power of your sorcery, and your talent with mastering it. You can fill the sky near you with glintstone stars, and unleash the power of the Comet Azure with mighty capable of punching through nearly all protection and blessings afforded the Golden Order's champions. Creating shimmering, nigh-impenetrable barriers is also well within your power, and many miscellaneous mystic arts such as summoning creatures are at your disposal as well. Already you boast the in-depth yet extremely extensive knowledge that only one with the resources of Raya Lucaria at their disposal for a lifetime could accumulate. It is well within your power to perform various magical feats such as scrying your fate in the stars, creating advanced bodies capable of housing souls and even performing the dread art of rebirth upon living beings-although such magics generally require the power of a Great Rune to perform without distorting a living being into a delirious Sweeting. But you are not only well-versed in principles such as the primordial current-your supreme intellect lets you master magical spells and artifacts that are hopelessly out of reach for most-and wring tenfold the power out of more conventional ones. This lets you innovate and modify your magical techniques unlike any other in the Lands Between-whether by using a projectile as transportation as well, or forging glintstone artifacts.

Included is a spell unique to the Carian royalty: The power to incarnate a moon roughly sized to your own body and send it at your foes, drawing in and dispelling all sorcery it touches as well as reducing magical defence negation; with further study, certain elemental powers may be applied to it as well. It is no exaggeration to say that your sorcerous expertise compares favourably to the might of some demigods, gracefully drowning your foes in them like a rain of shooting stars and conjuring phantasmal night-graced landscapes that seem wholly real to those caught within them.

You also have the towering build and formidable spiritual power of a true champion, rising above the height of most of your kind-and adept with a magical stave as a tool of war as well as a magical instrument. And just like the Carian royal family's distant but cordial relations with the moon, though your path may be difficult if opposition is truly overwhelming not only are you fated to attain great political and mystical power-but all your magical abilities are particularly effective against extraterrestrial invaders, corruptive forces and eldritch horrors of all sorts. Even divine beings or the truly alien of form will find their innate natures grant them no particular protection against your spellcraft. Let the malign forces that would twist human ambition against itself bear witness to the coming of a cold, dark night.

Recusant of the Volcano Manor

A Warm Smile (100 CP): The sweet-sounding voice of the Volcano Manor's lady is at odds with her depraved ambition, and like every emissary of a heretical faith with a proven track record of getting recruits you're a frighteningly good people person. Your silver-tongued entreaty, pleasant features and intuition for how to put others at ease while stoking the fires of ambition and degeneracy within them combine in such a way that a man could come to your door seeking to avenge his slain servant-and if his insecurity is great enough and his mind only average, become recruited as a hired killer in your service. This pleasantry seems to encourage civility in even the more deranged killers around you, encouraging them to offer you as much courtesy as you grant them. Others as depraved as you are seem particularly drawn to your side, as if moths to a flame.

Magmatic Magician (200 CP, discounted Recusant of the Volcano Manor): The ancient hexes of Gelmir are somewhat limited in application compared to many schools of magic in these lands-and yet when he rediscovered them, Praetor Rykard was able to put them to practical use by channelling the magma of Mt. Gelmir. And with this, it seems that like him you too made a study of the lost hexes that has given you a great arsenal of similar magics. From firing

condensed lumps of magma that erupt after a short delay, to surges of molten rock scouring all near you or flumes of lava there is little more than weighty, searing destruction to the tradition you have mastered. But your capacity to innovate new spells for it is considerable, and you have developed a few personalised spells related to this school. Perhaps like Rykard, you too can summon searing spirits that leave trails of destruction in their wake?

Serpentine Ambition (400 CP): Rykard's vow to secure true immortality for himself and his defiance against all confinement are one and the same. So it is for you, who perhaps have been touched by his power in the past as a gesture of favour. For every method you have of gathering spiritual energy or souls is drastically more effective now; fallen foes yield more runes, souls that could otherwise fight back are drawn into you as if envenomed and constricted by the coils of a serpent, and normally corruptive forces sit well in you. This perverse symbiosis could soon lead to strange distortions of your form if done in excess-but the power granted is undeniable, and it seems your twisted ambitions inspire a perversely familial loyalty in other seekers of power and prestige who are drawn to your goals like flies to a corpse. Last but not least, when you are devoured by something greater than yourself there is a significant chance that instead of dying you will merge with and consume *it* in turn-taking on its superior strength and form while forcibly manifesting your own powers through it. This gift is not infallible, but with it a demigod could wrest control of a god-devouring serpent's body. And a Tarnished could certainly become Lord of the Frenzied Flame without yielding their will to it.

Devourer of Gods (600 CP): Hmm. Very well. It seems you're further along the path of the recusant than any save Rykard himself, for at some point you discovered a second God-Devouring Serpent and for reasons of your own fed yourself to it. And whether or not you had your own Great Rune at the time, somehow you managed to gain control of the creature. You are now the controlling consciousness of a vast serpent almost as tall as a giant when coiled up, and far longer when stretched out. The likeness of your face appears somewhere on your body, and four spindly but powerful arms and legs sprout from it-permitting you to wield a weapon or hoist your bulk over obstacles too tough to slither upon. Its scales are immensely durable even by comparison to the mightiest of dragons and great monstrosities of this world, and short of the highly specialised Serpent-Hunter spear's blade of light, a force on par with Destined Death or truly overwhelming numbers of very powerful beings sorcery and bladework alike can hope to do little more than glancing damage to you.

The serpent you inhabit also has powerful elemental abilities, including a breath to match any dragon's as well as the ability to generate an ambient storm of great power; this may be either flame like Rykard's own serpent or another

element from this world such as frost or even the Erdtree's holy light. Last but not least, you have devoured countless great warriors in your quest for power and can withdraw their bound-together bodies as a blasphemous blade from your mouth; if you wish, you can extend the flailing limbs of them from crevices in your body, though this is generally neither helpful nor a hinderance to you in battle. Apart from being enchanted with your elemental powers, each foe you slay while holding it restores a miniscule amount of health-and those even struck by the element it generates find their vitality siphoned to you as well. Who can say how Rykard would react to another having such a closely bound family?

After this jump, should you wish your current state of being can become an altform.

Bloody Finger

Heresiarch (100 CP): All of this suffering, all of the lives you've cut down-it's only right that it *means* something, even if it's something awful, right? When it comes to black-hearted ambition, skullduggery and treacherous greed of all kinds fortune seems to favour your efforts. Nothing too spectacular but victims you hunt down are just a little off their guard when it comes to convincing them to take the low path, or too distracted by the pretty birdies to see your hidden blade coming. It won't do much to hide what you are from right-thinking folk, but your sinister air makes you more intimidating than contemptible. And when it's time to partake, you'll find blood sacrifices and unholy rites of all kind yield better results for you in particular, a single victim's life, pain or severed body part doing the work of several.

Rivers of Blood (200 CP): It's no secret than some of the greatest Bloody Fingers care not for Mohg's vile ambitions, but have joined him simply after being lost in bloodlust and the pursuit of martial excellence. Whether or not you are one such warrior, such is your dedication to the way of the sword that you are capable of unnatural focus in battle-sharpening your mind to drown out the absurdities of the world, until the dexterity of your blade reaches beyond those of your kind in exchange for a depleted capacity to focus on other matters. Moreover, some combination of your own bloodthirst and the Arcane magics of Mohg soak any weapon you wield with this battle trance in several battles with a terrible curse that ushers forth unnatural, difficult to quench bleeding in your victims. And while horribly lethal to any mere soldier to come across you on the battlefield, even giants and drakes should fear a few well-aimed life-sapping cuts from your weapon.

Bloody Bedchambers (400 CP): Mohg, Lord of Blood, is by and large content to rot like the filth he is with his captive Miquella. You are now heir to, if not his warped divinity, the legacy of his ambitious carnality. Malign forces cannot break you, rot you, drive you mad like other victims so easily-no, far more often they enter a grotesque symbiosis with your body as a sort of seedbed, empowered by their propagation and infestation of you while in turn becoming a beacon for whatever it is that has bonded with you to spread and strengthen itself. It is even possible for you to develop new, perverse spells based on whatever force infuses you; though Mohg's invention of blood magic was likely expedited by both his divinity and the pact he struck with the Formless Mother, roll around in the Scarlet Rot enough and instead of festering in ruin you could create spells or incantations capable of channelling it's power. Or channel it into your body instead, controlling how much you deign the corruption to manifest upon it or granting yourself useful mutations such as wings and claws infused with its power. No doubt with greater power of your own and/or a superb partner like his you too could one day create a full school of magic to call your own. Most disturbingly of all, carnal gratification bolsters your might and spellcraft. As if your sordid soul rejoicing in the suffering you inflict on the world lends strength to all your efforts to enact it.

Blessing of Blood (600 C): Deep under the earth in the wretched Mire beloved of Mohg, you sought the Formless Mother's favour-and always generous, she bestowed it. Now all manner of blood-themed magic is greatly empowered in your hands, be it wringing more power out of sacrifices or enhancing the lethality of blood-borne curses. Spirits you summon also benefit from this reviled blessing, healing you slightly when they draw blood from others and gaining strength when inflicting bloodloss by any means on their foes. When you set out to shed blood on your own initiative she favours you further, granting you phantom Great Runes that can bless all beings capable of bloodshed not allied with your chosen victim similarly and enhancing your own capacity for bloodshed further. And last but not least, the Formless Mother craves wounds she hopes you will spread across the multiverse itself. With her Bloodboon incantation you may thrust into her formless body, spreading bloodflames around you that sear your foes with their cursed heat while wracking them with unnatural bloodloss. With such a direct link with the source of all blood magic, it goes without saying you are a master practitioner of blood incantations. Conjuring swarms of flies and bloodflame talons is old hat for you, and you may easily bestow similar powers on those you favour or in time innovate new ways to channel the power of blood.

Touched by the Third Finger

Comforting Gibberish (100 CP): How blissful it must be, to pop a Shabriri Grape into your mouth, to savour it's delectable sweetness…never knowing it is a human eye. You may be mad with despair and rage, yet a well-honed poker face lets you seem calm as a priest until deciding to show your true colours. It's hard for madness of all kinds to find purchase on you, if only because you're already so steeped in it that there's little difference to more insanity and torment. Moreover you have a sixth sense for what others value, what *they* hold sacred whether it be the maiden that has supported them or an ideal. This makes it all the more easier for you to conduct seemingly benign, optimistic arguments that are all too easy to be twisted into compelling suggestions of indiscriminate, all-consuming holocaust.

Wrath of the Buried (200 CP): Once, there was a Great Caravan accused of heretical beliefs, that saw entire clans of merchants buried alive far underground. And just as their sorrow and despair summoned the Frenzied Flame you have learned to hone eldritch powers of all kinds through such twisted emotions. Malign spirits become easier to summon, fireballs of Frenzied Flame swell in intensity-supernatural powers of all kinds become more unpredictable yet powerful when you pour your resentment into them, though never in a way that harms you. As a final boon, not only are you capable of spreading madness through a hard look, a scream or a similar social gesture but it and similar abilities are more infectious than usual. Gather enough resentment, and even inhuman beings could be wracked with madness or whole crowds sent into foaming fits.

Rite of Kindling (400 CP): Madness is like any other problem, often easier to bear once shared. So why not do just that for the blind sheep around you? You may not be one of the Three Fingers, but enough of the Frenzied Flame has soaked into your soul and flesh that you can transmit it to others by various means. Lay a hand on someone, and you can brand their flesh-granting them instinctive use of the Flame's Incantations; this takes a great toll on one of mortal constitution, but nothing a quick breather can't recover from. Sacrifice part of your body-an eyeball for example, or a finger-and not only would they continue to develop new powers pertaining to the Flame or imbue existing ones with it but inspiration for how to incinerate *everything* will fill them-compelling them to support you if your goals are similarly destructive. Even your blood is a sort of toxic spread both madness-and with great quantities ingested, spontaneous combustion. And all methods described above can also be used to imbue the Flame into weapons and armor to various effects-or if you like, convert your severed body parts into talismans affiliated with the Flame. As the

old adage goes: Give a man a fire and he's warm for a day, but set a man on fire and he's warm for the rest of his life.

O, Flame! (600 CP): In times past, every single person who attempted to control the flame of frenzy succumbed to madness after a desperate internal struggle. And whether this is a meagre victory or a prelude to yet another tragedy, it seems you have a great affinity for magic governing fire of all kinds. Fireballs roar into short-lived rains of fire while dragon's breath roars like a comet; while all fire magic benefits, the yearning for destruction within you is drawn most to unrestricted, wild, passionate destruction. The magic of the Frenzied Flame in particular is most empowered by your blazing gift. With certain unwholesome practices it would not be out of the question to pervert and warp other powers with the Flame's destructive ways, whether by reducing a promising Finger Maiden into a self-immolating vessel for communion with the Frenzied Flame or perhaps becoming a spiritual entity capable of possessing others preserved by the Flame's own endurance. Perhaps you *have* been embraced by the Three Fingers at some point before entering this world, for were you to cut loose and channel a truly potent source of flame (like that of the Giants' forge) you could well burn down the Erdtree and any barrier it throws up in your path. And as you descend further into madness, as the conviction that enough is *enough* and this twisted world has to be reset, your power to burn it all away will only grow stronger.

Scholar of Raya Lucaria:

Astrologer (100 CP): From divine the fate of things to come in the heavens above to invoking and calling forth the glintstone that is the amber of those that dwell among the heavens, the work of an astrologer is the lifeblood of Raya Lucaria. You have the training and knowledge deemed acceptable to be a scholar at the academy-not that which is needed to be proficient in battle, but rather the theories underlying your magical practices and the nuances of spell formation. It was minds like yours that innovated the Shard Spiral spell in order to emulate a comet; even failures of your insight into the heavens can result in useful magical effects. You're also a very gifted teacher, capable even of teaching a loutish brute how to imbue magic in his weapons.

Sublime Form (200 CP): Why wave a wand around for each and every thing, when you can fill those things with the power of the cosmos? You're quite talented in imbuing magic into objects, whether to enchant a crossbow with the power of the full moon or to create a key that permits entry through a specific magical barrier. Autonomous construct sentinels of great strength and mobile vehicles with a will of their own are also possible for your hands to construct. However, your greatest talent lies in the area of crystalline prosthetics. Arms,

legs-and perhaps even greater portions of the human body can all be replaced with crystalline duplicates that amplify and refine control over all magic associated with the stars above.

Curiously your knowledge base also carries with it an exceptional background in making dolls. Not only are you able to expertly construct, maintain and modify doll bodies for disembodied souls in need of one to inhabit, but you also know how to brew potions that can slay the drinker-and enslave their soul to be bound into a puppet of your design. Thus bound, they can be summoned and commanded at will like any spirit save with far less volition of their own. Whatever you could intend with such an art?

Pathless Prodigy (400 CP): Like Thops, it seems you have an underrated knack for cutting corners in magic. Your capacity to improve on spells and innovate on existing magical theory is phenomenal, such that if your talent was proven and displayed your work could earn you the tittle of conspectus-first and greatest of a whole new school of sorcery. With the resources and knowledge base of an academy, within a few days you could innovate on barrier magic to heights those in this world would deem impossible-even deflecting the magical projectiles of divine beings. It’s such a shame that far-fetched talents such as your breed scepticism in many.

Primal Current (600 CP): The eldest primeval sorcery is said to have been discovered by an ancient astrologer, who glimpsed a primeval current that became real, causing the stars' amber to rain down. Not only are you highly skilled in the sorcery learned from Crystallians, and Onyx and Alabaster Lords, that mortal men struggle to comprehend but the effectiveness of your spells increases when you are able to witness the stars clearly-even if only as a simulacrum or projection, as long as it is sufficiently accurate one. Their movements presciently guiding your knowledge of things to come as well as the complexity of your spellcraft, and unlock insights into creating new sorceries beyond mortal ken. With time and study, any celestial phenomena in the heavens above can be used to design a new sorcery bolstered with the power of the heavens. Notably, you have already discovered one that can cause glintstone to rain down from the heavens even in other worlds-a great boon for the sorcerer’s art, for that precious substance contains the stars’ lifeforce and is valuable for building all manner of implements.

Greater power awaits you if you are willing to apply your knowledge of the forbidden primeval current. You know how to replace your body parts with inorganic glintstone components, to transplant your soul into a great primal glintstone through which you can animate a suitably prepared puppet’s body and to weave multiple such sorcerers into a “star seed” to channel greater

power. More importantly, your chances of surviving such a procedure with your mind and soul intact have drastically gone up-and in general, magical transformations of the body, mind and soul are far more successful and safe for you to undertake than they were without this. Last but not least, beings of eldritch or alien nature are much more amicable towards bargaining fairly with you-intuiting your needs and desires, and being more generous in terms of granting power. It may still be perilous to court a significantly malign or powerful entity, but in this world should a star fall to the Lands Between a pact might be struck with it.

Those Who Live In Death:

Brother of Bone (100 CP): Even with civilisation in ruins, there are those with the grit and will to hunt the undead. All those languishing in undeath can count on is each other. Whether you are one of Those Who Live In Death or not, some of this kinship has somehow rubbed off on you to the extent that mindless skeletons, delirious zombies and other nonsentient undead beings are not hostile to you by default. You may go among these beings and even shove past them without fear of provocation; so long as you do not make a concerted effort to attack one, it will not strike back. This is a mere lack of directed hostility; another magically enforced will can still compel them to attack you, and undead retaining more of their minds will still judge you on an individual basis.

Keeper of Ghostflame (200 CP): Once, the cold flame in which death was burned was solely in the keeping of the Deathbirds. But others, through desperation or innovation, have discovered it can be wielded-and you have a special bond with this force. You are a vessel for Ghostflame, able to spread it, incorporate it into your attacks or magical abilities, and ignite your weapons or armour with it. Make no mistake-unnatural seeming though it may be, Ghostflame burns no less fiercely than fire of mundane character can potentially be empowered through symbolic rites of death. Or give substance and form to the souls of the dead-and even with the will of an untrained individual, direct them into vicious hexes.

Tibia Mariner (400 CP): The dead have long been left to wander. What they need is leadership-and now, you can grant it to them. The mindless undead now fall under your will, in amounts roughly proportionate to your overall power-but even a dead man could summon hordes of ghosts or skeletons of great stature to his side. You may also raise the dead with the reserve of deathly energy within you, granting them purpose and direction under your leadership. Your grip on them is strong enough to contest with other magical abilities that may seek to usurp your control the undead-though with this alone, you lack any innate ability to wrest control of undead summoned or raised by others.

This perk also comes a boat just big enough to carry you in, and a tibia bone large enough to serve as a paddle. Some odd magic lets it sail on land as well as it does in water, teleport short distances and splash “water” made of deathly magic that can deal significant harm to your foes.

Rooted in Death (600 CP): Godwyn the Golden’s body gave rise to the Deathroot that brings movement and a semblance of life to Those Who Live In Death. And it seems in you at least, the roots have taken on a life of their own-for you have the ability to spread and control the Deathroot embedded in your body to a short distance around you. Snap it off, and in time you may bring about more undead beings in other worlds. These new undead will instinctively regard you as their progenitor, and feel a strong compulsion to submit to you and serve your wishes even if they lack sentience. Retain your physical connection to it, and you can impale or block attacks with it as tendrils steeped in death’s power. Though not particularly sturdy compared to steel, the tendrils and your body permit you to spread Death Blight: A corruption with a significant chance of inflicting instant death on any living target, and severely corrupting even those powerful enough to resist it. Even dragons should fear prolonged exposure to your presence, unless your remains are thoroughly purged with flame or other elemental power-for it holds the potential to remake them into creatures of death themselves, and scour their minds of thought over time. Let every grave be made unquiet, as new life germinates within it.

Black Knight

A Game of Ruin (100 CP): Hatred. It’s the closest thing you have remaining to a pretence of duty, abandoned by Grace and all pretence of just cause. When you strike out against the barbarian, the outcast and all others shunned by society your sheer loathing for all that is *not* part of the in-group grants your blows an extra bite of strength. Even spells or hateful words unleash more disastrous consequences on the targets of your ire, as if your disgust for the Graceless is a tangible curse upon them. In no matter does this interfere with your tactical judgement and disciple, and if you did not already you have the training of a soldier fighting in the most inhospitable of environments. And in doing your duty to punish such powerless upstarts, you can always set aside your hesitation and swallow your guilt all the way down to kill.

A Clash of Loyalties (200 CP): Though hated and scorned by his own mother, the demigod Messmer had a strange tendency to cultivate unusual loyalty and discipline among his followers-perhaps drawn by the lingering vestige of compassion and camaraderie he maintains in his bleak duty. Soldiers sworn to your banner form iron bonds quicker, and though merciless to the enemy will

take treating each other as sworn comrades quickly. Those you love will walk into Hell so long as you are at their side. And should you form a rapport with others in better times, many would sympathise with you enough to lend aid even should the world itself become your oppressor. This doesn't give you much of a force of presence, and mainly enhances existing hard-won friendships and bonds. But it *does* grant you a certain melancholy attractiveness that tragedy tends to enhance rather than diminish, and ensures that what acts of kindness you do show others are reciprocated more often.

A Dance With Serpents (400 CP): Long ago, an abyssal serpent bereft of light was sealed within you. It writhes painlessly beneath your skin, inexplicably existing in perfect symbiosis with your physiology and though it stands as an atrocity to the Golden Order the creature is nothing but a boon to you in battle. When you unleash it, the creature's coils vastly extend your range of movement-letting you strike from uncanny angles or dodge in motions beyond what a body should endure. Furthermore it infuses you with a great darkness associated with yet never acknowledge by the Golden Order, granting you greatly enhanced reserves of magical energy for sorceries and miracles invoking such forces. Even now, you can manifest a great snake many times bigger than your own body form your own shadows to devour your foes, channel any other supernatural powers you have-and let you cross short distances rapidly by fading into shadow and manifesting where it goes. Perhaps more such power awaits your discovery and experimentation, should you wish to further profane the Golden Order.

A Song of Fire and Darkness (600 CP): But worse even than the serpent is the flame that took root in Messmer. A crimson blaze you now share, a curse as intrinsic to your being as a bloodline. All attempts to seal or deprive it from you-even your own-are so difficult that Messmer found no such means before and after his own banishment. Even if you had no training in sorcery or miracles, you could crudely coat your weapons in this dread flame or hurl orbs of it at others. With such training, rains of fire or homing serpents made of its foul incandescence are possible to refine. And whether because of a shadow of Messmer's own resentment towards his own mother or a hint that Marika has some unwanted connection to her hated enemies the fire giants, this flame is particularly damaging and corrosive towards all manner of divinity. Charring godly flesh as if it were mortal fat, and potentially even weakening their immortality and resurrective measures. As if a shadow of Destined Death writhes between your hungry flames, yearning to sink it's fangs into the necks of gods.

Hornsent

Divine Invocation (100 CP): They condemn you while knowing nothing of the ways of your people. Great is your knowledge of the natural resources and ways of survival in this land, such that you could live off it as a beast does and find useful medicines and tasty recipes from wild creatures and herbs. But warding off impurity, doubt, temptation and all manner of other wickedness through the crafting of ritual masks and fervent devotion is only a fraction of the tradition that is Divine Invocation.

Simply put, this tradition is the art of invoking various blessings from the remains of the sacred dead. The missing link to both the Beast Arts and spirit-tuning as well as many other mystic arts from the Lands Between, perhaps. Strength, swiftness, wisdom-all such things can be empowered by divine invocation to temporarily-and with long practice, permanently-inhuman levels. And both living beings and objects can serve as vessels for the power of the sacred dead, the objects generally gaining magical phenomena instead of greater might. Both men and beasts of great power can grant blessings-though inhuman beings can even confer brief manifestations of their body parts or magical abilities. Most men, alas, must be butchered, have their flesh melded together, and stored in pots to become "guardian gods" or as modern denizens of the Lands Between know them: The living jars. Or else, "tutelary spirits" revered once reduced to ash. Yes, this perk lets you make more living jars or mystical ash as long as you have enough sentient being biomass. Life and death, entwined together as inevitably as rot was consigned to ghostflame.

A sacred order forever lost because of the strumpet Marika. Be warned: Use of divine invocation does tend to addle one's thoughts slightly as you drown in the spirits of others, and in this world so great is the hatred of the dead for Messmer's war that use of divine invocation lessens the effect of all effects stemming from the Golden Order.

Sculpted Keeper (200 CP): There is more to the divine beasts of the hornsent than meets the eye, and that uncanny humanity is no coincidence. To the unenlightened, a careful examination reveals that each is actually two humans playing pretend. *Not so.* You are now one such prodigy of divine invocation, and have the agility, stamina and might to replicate the lunging of such a beast with a partner and costume-as well as knowledge of how to craft the costumes needed to recreate the beast's form. For donning the divine beast's costume is more than a ceremony. It roots and concentrates the power of divine invocation such that the synchronicity and wholeness of the dancers is enough to equal an *actual* mystical animal of great power and ferocity-able to channel the power of the storm through their strikes. And though the nature of the beast the dancers

emulate is lost, in future worlds you'll be able to similarly replicate this ritualistic dancing to fully embody animals or magical creatures of great power through the power of DANCE!

If taken with **Divine Invocation**, your additional lifelong experience with the art has also given you enormous proportions two to three times greater than your race's normal stature-and with stamina and agility to match. A true celestial emissary of the Hornsent's faith.

Faith and Hammer (400 CP): In ancient times, smithing was seen as a divine act, and blacksmiths interpreted the script they perceived in the wrinkles of molten steel to imbue weapons with souls. Those times are long past, but vestiges of the old ways live on in you. You are a superlative smith capable of both working divine materials, as well as granting ones you make unique attacks and powers based on their composition and history-evoking the "soul" of the weapon to bring a localised phenomenon to life, like a club forged of a troll's thighbone briefly manifesting a phantasm of its owner's foot to slam foes flat from on high. It should go without saying your conventional crafting is as skilled as you'd expect of a craft treated as a religion.

More importantly, you can channel any magic or divine miracle you know of into smithcraft-and channel smithcraft into any magic or divine miracle you know, allowing you to both enhance the means by which you create physical things with esoterica and create new uses for your mystical powers themed by forge, fire and metal. The most common use of it in this world is to smite your foes with phantasmal weapons by slamming hammer on anvil, but communion with a god or even greater rituals to protect those nearby with the forge's heat are possible.

Divine Grudge (600 CP): Hatred for the Erdtree, hatred for Marika-is that truly the root of the Omen Curse? The Hornsent are certainly happy to take credit for the malformed horrors that plague both the Golden Order and Marika's own bloodline. You are heritor to some of that hatred, being able to inflict similar horrors on kingdoms through a combination of sustained, almost meditative rage and ritual invocation. It would take a demigod to unleash such a curse singlehandedly, but even a mere mortal has an alternative: Sharing that hatred with others, several tribes or villages' worth of hatefulness has the potential to unleash lasting blight on the shared figure of blame for them all. Even should you find yourself standing alone though, there is one final recourse feared even by the Hornsent. In a truly transcendental moment of despair or rage, you can invoke a divine element amongst destructive phenomena-something like your village's destroyed ashes. In doing so, you can beckon-or perhaps, create-an outer god that will look kindly upon you as its first petitioner (or perhaps,

creator) and bless you with all manner of blasphemous powers much as Saint Romina was changed by the Scarlet Rot's caress. You have little control over the deity afterwards. But isn't it worth it, to see all that caused you pain choke on its own blood?

Needle Knight

Needling Scrutiny (100 CP): In a world as war-torn as the Lands Between, you cannot fail those who have trusted you with the duty of constant vigilance. You have knightly training, skill with duelling and endurance honed from long, uncertain marches. But more importantly you have a discerning eye for traitors, doubters and other disruptive elements among those in a shared cause you are part of. No fits of paranoia for you, you'll see the faltering of duty coming reliably before it's fully taken hold. And thus, you have a knack for figuring out how to get the jump on such traitors and strike them before their treachery can bear fruit. Now, if only you were nice enough to prevent some unrest fomenting in the first place.

Dryleaf Artist (200 CP): Spiritual seekers on an ascetic journey, the Dryleaf Sect rejects dependence on others and seeks self-sufficiency above all else. You have learned something of their ways and mastered their unique unarmed form of fighting. You can imbue your hands and feet with force so great it can match any weapon, hurting even heavily armoured knights or monsters many times your size with nothing but your body's projected force. By undertaking training such as letting a waterfall beat against your body then jumping into its basin, you can devise Ashes of War for this style such as kicking so rapidly you batter your foes like a miniature whirlwind. Last but not least, you can somehow upgrade your own melee skill as if it were any other weapon found in this land. Presumably through some sort of skin massage incorporating smithing stones?

Saint of Sleep (400 CP): Once in deepest slumber, you glimpsed a clump of lilies and a kindly smile amidst them that beseeched you to spare her brother further pain. This was the benevolent Saint Trinia, and she left a measure of her power upon you. Now you can imbue your attacks with a supernatural sleeping effect, conjuring a purple haze that clings to blade, fist, arrow or other weapons alike at your will, and forming sorceries and incantations evoking it. Permanently imbued into it by your will, should you know how to craft weapons. Even fire can be imbued with your slumber so it's heat and light can snuff the consciousness from your enemies. Master the gift of slumber as you would any other magical art, and you too can inflict eternal torpor on those you face.

Golden Kindness (600 CP): Miquella has shed much of what tied him to the Golden Order, including the very radiance of his own Great Rune, and whether by his will or uncanny providence fragments of that divinity have landed on you. Thus, you have a measure of his divine charm, that bewitching charisma which lets him steal the hearts of even other demigods' devotees and inhuman strangers opposed to the Erdtree with but a glance (though unless you yourself are an Empyrean or being of similar power, such charm is likely less absolute). Furthermore, the unalloyed energy of the Greater Will-shorn of Marika's order-fills you so much that it would be no exaggeration to call you a saint. This is the principle of gold without order, that which nourishes and radiates without any particular enmity. Even without the power of a Great Rune, creating a small microcosm of the Erdtree that heals all allies in its' presence continuously is possible. As is unleashing a torrent of light capable of great destruction; lacking in enmity does not mean lacking in self-preservation after all. Most importantly, the legacy of a peaceful intent ensures that you will always be able to refine into existence restorative, nonviolent uses for your all powers and to find ways to improve any powers of healing, peacemaking and restoration you have with enough dedication, knowledge and focus. The needle of unalloyed gold that Miquella created was something impossible in the Golden Order, but not to the idealistic young Empyrean himself.

Items

All backgrounds have two discounts per tier of items, except 500 CP items-only one of which is discounted. Discounted items are 50% off, except for 50 CP items which are free. 50 CP items are their own separate tier for these purposes and can be repurchased, while other items may not be unless specified.

Spectral Steed Whistle (50 CP): This ring of delicate goldwork enables you to summon a spectral steed called Torrent in seconds. Having both the form of a horse as well as the horns and stocky bearing of a bull, Torrent is a hardy, swift and brave steed that will serve you faithfully-and though no conversationalist, is a surprisingly insightful animal in many matters. Even a novice horseman could quickly take to mounted combat upon his strong back. He is also somehow capable of double-jumping.

Alternatively, or in subsequent purchases, you may purchase a different steed with similar traits-and own a whistle with a different design, if you wish.

For an extra 50 CP, you may own an even more magnificent specimen born and bred for war-a creature on par with the funeral steeds ridden by the Night's cavalry.

A Few Good Flasks (50 CP): All Tarnished acquire two chalices when they first meet a Finger Maiden: A flask of crimson tears that miraculously restores health, and a flask of cerulean tears that miraculous restores focus in the heat of battle. Not only have you gained two such chalices with your investment here, but you also have 30 golden seeds of the Erdtree. By some wondrous magic, these seeds can enhance the flasks, increasing the number of uses one has when drunk-and even without a Sign of Grace, the flasks you buy here are guaranteed to replenish in full at the start of each day. **These two flasks in particular are free with Tarnished.**

Alternatively, this or subsequent purchases of this item can instead take the form of a Flask of Wondrous Physick as well as a crate's worth of crystal tears in any combination you like that will mysterious replenish at the start of every day. By mixing combinations of those tears and drinking them down, you can grant yourself various temporary boons such as healing yourself increased damage resistance or poise, empowering various powers and elemental forces at your command, preventing the loss of Runes on death or the purification of certain curses and increasing your stamina, intellect or faith among other traits.

Spirit Calling Bell (50 CP, free with Spirit Tuner/Ashen Summons): This silvery bell thrums with spiritual power. Ring it, and you may summon spirits to your side-generally those inclined to fight in your favour.

Ashes of a Fallen Warrior (50/100 CP): What's a good summoner without a spirit to summon? With each purchase here you gain the ashes of some fallen souls who at the ring of a spirit calling bell can come forth briefly to battle your foes.

For 50 CP these can be those considered pests, animals of war and undesirables in this world. A pack of wolves a troupe of Albinaurics, a swarm of giant rats, a patch of maneating venomous Miranda sprouts. While typically seen as lowly and craven, such creatures often bring unusual advantages such as venom or high speed atypical from the average soldier. Alternatively this can be a group of typical soldiers or single skilled or empowered individual/entity that has otherwise not achieved great renown-such as a spirit jellyfish, man-serpent or a Fingermaiden.

For 100 CP instead, you may summon the more elite warriors of this land in numbers. Four mighty greatshield-hefting soldiers, the Redmane soldiers of General Radahn who wield fiery weapons, or the mighty shamanistic folk who worship the ancestral spirits-and are well-versed in both archery as well as the spiritual arts. This is also the tier at which you can summon champions of these lands who distinguished themselves in the demigods' armies or achieved similar feats, and powerful beings on the level of Crystalians or mimics-a rare form of crystal tear capable of taking on the form of its summoner and replicating their form, equipment and powers (at least, those of mortal scale).

A Pile of Pots (50 CP): At some point in your past, you did a living jar a favour-and it repaid you in kind. Thus, you now own several crates' worth of the pot weapons commonly found in this world. From freezing ice to flame to holy light to vengeful spirits and even Scarlet Rot or noxious excrement, any combination of thrown pots can number among this collection. Mysteriously, the pots replenish fully each week.

Rest assured, all pots are perfectly *airtight.*

To signify your status as a true friend of the living pots, each purchase here also comes with a talisman similar to the Companion Jar: A small, friendly-looking replica of the living jars which *somehow* increases the potency of the thrown pots.

Verdigris Mine (50 CP): An unusual metal retaining a hefty yet supple strength even should it rust, Verdigris is said to be the gift of an outer god. That outer god has looked kindly on you, and gifted a lifetime's supply of it (as well as the tools to extract and refine the metal into arms and armour) only you know the location of. If you wish, it may even be a Warehouse attachment linked by a Verdigris door. Oddly mundane for a divine gift, the metal's sturdiness is its' most prominent feature. Such that a greatshield of it could protect a guarded target from even blows just strong enough to kill the bearer.

Life of the Land, Life of the Stars (50 CP): In future worlds it may prove difficult to obtain the rare woods, the crystal tears and other blessed byproducts of the Erdtree. Aspiring sorcerers may also be concerned about the lack of glintstone in skies where the stars do not guide fate. Worry not! Each purchase here shall grant you a crate's worth of Erdtree byproducts such as amber, or glintstone of varying quality; two crates should be sufficient to have enough top quality glintstone to build an exceptional sorcerer's stave.

A Chef's Trove (50 CP): Hunting and killing are such *chores* and you have better things to do with your time that track down every tortoise, prawn and crab to make mincemeat out of. Why not invest in some edibles? Whether it's fresh eggs you need or elk bones, each purchase here grants you a crate's worth of various animal meats either magically preserved at the height of their freshness or already expertly cured and spiced in the ways common to this land-as well as the spices and herbal mixtures that grant many foods their wondrous effects on. You are free to choose any combination of spices and meats; be assured that your condiments and foods alike are securely preserved without blending into each other.

Alternatively, this or subsequent purchases can take the form of a small breeding population of commonly edible animals in this world-approximating the value of meet that a flock of sheep provides, which can become a self-sustaining habitat attached to your Warehouse if you wish. Want to have a steady stock of fresh crab meat or tortoises to fill your belly with? Now's your chance.

The Smith's Tools (50 CP): Hammer, check. Anvil, check. Furnace, check. Tongs, chisels-BAH, what do the young and hot-headed care for the tools of the old anyhow? Just hand 'er over and let old Jumper give 'er a good whack, that'll sort 'em out. You now have everything a skilled blacksmith would need to care for nearly arms, armour and weapons found in these lands. This includes several sacks full of the smithing stones mined near the Erdtree, and several whetblades (some of which can grant various elemental affinities to weapons)-a veritable crateful's worth, that replenishes every morning.

There is one exception to the above, which you must pay an additional 100 CP for (although discounts still apply): The scales of the Ancient Dragonlord which lightly twist time. The fascinating mystic and scientific implications of this aside, although still in a raw and unrefined form such resources can be used to forge weapons capable of slaying gods.

An Archer's Chest (50 CP): Thinking of taking up a career as an archer? Why settle for a lesser arsenal? Each purchase you make here provides a crate full of some of the more unique arrows in this land, which mysteriously replenishes at the start of each day. Arrows enchanted with tempestuous winds that knock all but the sturdiest of warriors off their feet with comparatively little force, arrows imbued with an oath-sworn incantation containing the Erdtree's holy power, arrows alive with the spirits of small animals or even glintstone-embedded arrows that leave beautiful meteor-like trails when fired. If it can be whittled and strung on a bow, you can own a great many of it here.

Lost Ashes of War (50 CP): Replenishing ere the morn of each day, these ashes of war lack memories of any battle. And yet some old magic, perhaps that which is inherently rooted in the propagation of life from death, sees to it that a skilled smith can recreate other ashes through it. Some further enchantment ensures that simply by touching and meditating on their greatest fighting techniques, skilled warriors and sorcerers alike can impart their own Ashes of War-although the ash must be taken out in bowlfuls from the crate first for the imbuement, so there is no risk of one Ash of War overwriting the whole batch.

Comes with a lifetime supply of small pouches to separate different ashes.

Cookbook Collection (50 CP): Much of the knowledge in this world has been lost in tomes of ancient repute, from the recipe needed to make venoms that put victims to sleep, to the minor magics that let fighters store the lightning of dragons or the light of the Golden Order in explosive pots regardless of faith, to the knowledge needed to make a freezing grease. Instead of needing to take it off the bodies of the fallen or hunt through treacherous dungeons for it, you now own a sizeable collection of such knowledge-enough to fully stock a small shelf.

The Craftsman's Hoard (50 CP): Golden centipedes and sunflowers, infused with the Erdtree's sanctity. Great dragonfly heads and moon eggs, or even blood-tainted excrement. The flowers needed by perfumers to extract the essences with which they ply their trade. Smiths and craftsmen of this world have a great need for many unusual materials, and each time you purchase your item you may buy a crate of them. It may be any combination of materials that

can be found in this world-the sum total must merely fit in a crate, and will be mysteriously replenished each week without fail.

With respect to the fact that you can, in fact, purchase excrement with this option to be clear-you are buying *an approximate quantity of materials that can fit into one crate* and all components can be, at your discretion, stored far away from each other. In airtight containers.

One-Man Trebuchet (50 CP): Hardship breeds necessity, and sieges breed trebuchets. The one you own, like several found scattered across this land, has been modified to be operable by a single warrior. Comes with a supply of heavy rocks perfect for launching at the enemy that mysteriously resupplies every day. "The enemy" being most armed beings still moving in groups, in these grim times.

Valkyrie's Prosthesis (50 CP): A golden prosthesis once used by the one-armed Valkyrie, this masterwork artifact can be used as proficiently as a real arm given skill and practice. Though it is unmistakable mechanical in character, it is lovingly designed and it's faded golden lustre has a beauty all of its own. As much a compliment to a beautiful swordswoman as a blade of legend-but honestly, what are the odds of you running into a crippled swordswoman of exceptional skill in this world, particularly in the regions where the Scarlet Rot has taken hold? Perhaps at the behest of a strange old man living in a shack?

At your discretion, this or subsequent repurchases may represent different types of limb than the right arm it nominally is fitted for.

Mystical Tomes (50 CP): Aha! Something of a student of the mystic arts, are we? With each purchase here you may collect a small shelf's worth of notable mystic tomes from this land, your choice of those concerning incantations and those detailing the principles of sorcery. It may still take a learned cleric to fully elucidate the lightning incantations from that ancient dragon prayerbook or a skilled sorcerer to teach you the spells stored on a scroll written by the Carian royal family, but the knowledge here still represents an extremely valuable commodity given how far civilisation has fallen in the Lands Between.

Hallowed Headgear (50 CP): No self-respecting saint or sorcerer would leave home without some sort of fancy headwear that proclaims to all the power they wield. You now own one such example, which greatly empowers a mystic art practiced in these lands. It could be a radiant crown similar to the Noble Goldmask's namesake. Or a large, floppy witch's hat akin to Ranni's. Whatever it is, it's fashionable and distinctive as well as beneficial for magical proficiency.

Trinkets of Power (50 CP): The superstitious carry small icons believed to confer minor blessings from various higher powers in this land-and are not unjustified in their fate. The Soreseal of Radagon, which greatly increases the power of one's body at the cost of increasing the damage taken. The moon of Nokstella, which grants the bearer a measure of the wisdom once provided by a lost black moon. A talisman resembling the Elden Lord of dragons, which extends the duration of sorceries and incantations once cast. One of these or other similar baubles may be yours with each purchase.

Golden Needle and Sewing Kit (50 CP): Identical to the tools brought by Radagon when he entered into marriage with Rennala, this lustrous series of tailoring implements have one unique virtue: They can mend and improve even clothing worn by the divine. While they are certainly very high quality tools for clothes of all kinds, with this an otherwise mortal tailor could stitch improvements and modifications to even the strangest of clothes worn by demigods of this world. Also, the golden thread looks *very* fancy on you, and has been enchanted to never wear out.

Omen's Cane (50 CP): Choose a weapon you own, including one newly purchased here. With your investment, instead of being conspicuous it starts off somehow concealed in a more innocuous form. By default, like Morgott's own blade it is concealed in a staff of office or walking stick that you may lean on with without inviting violence-though when you require your weapon, it can be swiftly drawn without fear of jamming.

Whip (100 CP): Many warriors wield whips in this world, and with each purchase here you can be one of them. The magma whip candlestick conjures lashes of solid flame formed from Mr. Gelmir's magma to flay the unwary. The urumi, a weapon of the Night Warriors made of extremely thin, flexible blades that can also be straightened into a spear. And the thorned whip, a crimson scourge once used by the Fire Monks for self-flagellation that is very effective at spilling blood. One of these or other similar weapons can be yours with each purchase here.

Ringed Finger (100 CP): You are now the proud owner of an enormous finger sheathed in several large gold rings. Thought to have been severed from an ancestor of the hand-like Fingercreeper spiders roaming these lands, a vestige of life remains in these enormous makeshift bludgeons-letting them well and flex to build up strength before giving enemies an almighty flick. Be mindful about how adherents of the Golden Order might look askance at you for hoisting around a grotesque parody of the divine messengers as a blunt weapon.

Moonveil (100 CP): The masterpiece of a Sellian swordsmith, this katana is forged wholly of glintstone. Light wreaths it when sheathed-and when swiftly drawn for a few seconds it can be used to launched waves of light following the motion of its slashes. A sorcerer's weapon first and foremost, while the strong and the dexterous handle it well it is one gifted in intellect that brings out it's full worth as a weapon.

Sword of St. Trinia (100 CP): Always an enigmatic figure, St. Trinia is sometimes claimed to be a comely young girl-and at other times, a boy. Perhaps their straight sword explains these mysterious disappearances and reappearances, for it has the power to release purple mists that put foes to sleep. As with the Moonveil, a wielder with great intellect finds that it is a better weapon than an ignorant one.

Nanaya's Torch (100 CP): In a distant land, in an age long past, was born a man who failed to become the Lord of Frenzied Flame. All that remains of him is cradled gently by Nanaya, and all that remains of Nanaya is represented by this torch of eternally burning Frenzied Flame. The light this torch casts may be distorted and full of maddening whispers, but by your will the Frenzied Flame can spring forth and scour all who would oppose you. Moths drawn to a flame too bright for them to stomach.

Devonia's Hammer (100 CP): This is a weapon forged of primordial gold, identical to the one carried by one of the longest serving Crucible Knights. It is imbued with a reddish hue, and with a torrent of the Primordial Crucible's energy that can be invoked with a hard slam. To say nothing of the bone-shattering shockwave from such a mighty weapon used so cavalierly.

Loretta's War Sickle (100 CP): This intricately crafted silver war sickle is a perfect match for the one wielded by a certain knight of the Haligtree. The blue glintstone adorning it's blade has been replaced with unalloyed gold, yet it remains a formidable weapon of Carian make-capable of infusing it's slashes with a gleam that inflicts additional magical damage alongside the sharpness of its blade. Moreover, though not it's primary purpose the polearm can also be used as a sorcerous catalyst to channel various glintstone sorceries through. You may import a similar weapon to gain this item's properties.

Flowerstone Gavel (100 CP): Resembling an ancient flower, this dragonstone hammer is tipped with a four-petal carving of a flower as sharp as any blade in this land. The personal weapon of a dragon priestess older than human civilisation, it's true power is to call down the red lightning of the dragons-and to further weaken foes to its' strikes over time. Created to punish a traitor to the

Dragonlord himself, this weapon is supremely effective at slaying dragons of all kinds.

Weapons of Night (100 CP): A sword with an insubstantial blade, leaving trails of vapour with every swing. Claws of lightless night, slipping through the thinnest of seams in armour. Through mysterious methods, you've had forged a weapon of pure darkness that resembles an ornate ebon weapon in good lighting, and blends in with lightless environments perfectly. Being not wholly substantial, it's cutting power defies the laws of nature-at least, as understood by humans, and all but a light-proof armour is never fully proof against it.

This item can be repurchased.

Lion Greatbow (100 CP): This is a rare treasure indeed-one identical to the one once wielded by General Radahn himself. Imbued with his gravitational magics, a flurry of arrows fired into the sky will rain down on foes with a meteoric impact. This comes with several crates of greatarrows that allow the bow to exhibit it's true worth as a weapon-each of which is, in fact, the many spears Radahn was stabbed with by the Cleanrot Knights. Perhaps inadvertently imbuing them as well with a fragment of his power.

Grafted Dragon (100 CP): You're a morbid one, and cruel aren't you? Who else would seize the remnant of a dragon's power in its severed head to wield as a weapon? Apart from being a dreadful but effective bludgeon the dragon head mounted on a curved handle flickers with a fragment of life, and with a gesture can be bidden to spray flames over a wide area.

This item can be repurchased three more times, if for some reason you are willing to temporarily trade the use of your arms and legs to have dragon heads attached to them. Or if you or someone you know have four arms. But honestly, what are the chances you could run into someone like that?

Godslayer's Greatsword (100 CP): Long ago, the Dusk-Eyed Queen commanded the Godslayers before her defeat at the hands of Maliketh. While the curved prongs of this greatsword may make it seem unwieldly, it is a fine weapon capable of channelling a fraction of the queen's godslaying black flame which even in diminished state continuously depletes the health of those it strikes. Great faith by the wielder enhances this weapon's deadliness, as well as the strength and dexterity typical for it.

Hand of Malenia (100 CP): A blade identical to the one built into Malenia's prosthesis (and somehow touched by a similar magic), through consecration it is greatly resistant to the Scarlet Rot. Some have claimed to see wings of fierce

determination when it is raised aloft, and whatever the truth when you wield it you feel lighter on your feet, faster, able to unleash a swift yet graceful array of slashes too quick for many to keep up with.

Royal Omen Bairn (100 CP): Omen babies born of royalty are typically kept underground in extreme obscurity, imprisoned for all eternity in shame. This scraggly, vaguely horned memorial fetish was fashioned in secret. With a squeeze, you can release the wraiths of those tormented lives to assault your enemies. A bleak weapon for sure, but a reusable one that draws only from your mental focus.

Morgott's Cursed Sword (100 CP): What madman could yearn for this, the warped blade in which Morgott recanted and sealed away his own accursed blood? A weapons suited to great finesse above all befitting it's rapier-like shape, though it still benefits from twisted arcane insight. With skill and focus, a slice of cursed blood can be delivered followed by a trail of arcane flame.

Jar Cannon (100 CP): It seems there was a mixup in munition deliveries, because you've somehow come into ownership of an experimental firearm intended for the assault on the Volcano Manor. Shaped like a vase with horizontal handles, it lets out a blast of tremendous power to everything in front of the wielder but is slow to reload. While not particularly attuned to any attribute, it can still be upgraded with smithing stones and enchanted like any weapon in this land.

Axe of Godfrey (100 CP): A colossal axe representing Godfrey's nobility, the sheer strength alone needed to heft such a massive weapon makes of it a formidable force for those who can wield it. But beyond that, a measure of the first Elden Lord's fighting spirit lives on within it-letting wielders let out a damaging battle cry that raises their might as a warrior. This purchase also comes with the Ash of War that represents Hoarah Loux's Earthshaker, a technique that briefly grants the strength to slam the ground hard enough to violently shake it and unleash a powerful shockwave.

Dragon King's Cragblade (100 CP): A thrusting sword with a regal air to it despite seemingly carved from stone, a portion of the Dragonlord's power remains in it-and it commands great power over mortal dragons of all kinds. Though not enough to stop them from actually attacking you, apparently. Through it, you gain the power to transform into a red thundercloud and fly through the air-then plunged down with a lightning-infused blade. Or fly to hard to reach places, if you wish.

Black Knife (100 CP): A ritual was performed on this curved, jagged-hilted dagger to imbue it with a portion of the stolen Rune of Death's power. Only through it were Godwyn's assassins able to strike down a divine being. The imbued power can be unleashed as a blade-like projectile, and both it and strikes delivered by the blade hasten mortality beyond the norm and continuously wreck harm on inflicted wounds for some time.

Sacred Seals and Staffs (100/200 CP): There are some who claim faith is not so different from scholarship, though both sorcerers and saints would beg to differ. Regardless, with each investment here you may purchase mystical implements that allow mortals to wield either sorcery or incantations. From the twisted, crimson dragon communion seal that enhances incantations obtained from that practice to a staff of pure crystal fashioned by the Crystallians, any non-unique magic implement can be purchased with this option here.

For an extra CP (making this item count as a 200 CP slot-discounted item) instead, you may purchase a mystic implement of unique character that offers a significant advantage over more common examples-typically one touched or more deeply attuned to a divine force. It may be something like the Prince of Death's Staff, said to be part of dead Godwyn's body and augmenting sorceries through faith as well as intellect on top of boosting sorceries that invoke the power of death. Or the Golden Order Seal, a formless sigil depicting the ceremonial observance of order, which similarly enhances incantations with both intellect and faith as well as further enhancing those drawing on the holy power of the Erdtree.

Stone-Sheathed Sword (100 CP): This weapon's purpose is lost to history, with only the fact that none yet have pulled it from its archaic rocky sheathe. You seem to be the exception, however. By your will, when you withdraw this blade it either takes on the form of a blade of light. Or darkness. Choose light and your sword will burn your foes with holy power from every strike-and both empower holy incantations, as well as smite your foes with an array of light beams. Choose darkness, and while no less holy the blade's gift is to render yourself imperceivable for a time. Perhaps once, it held some significance in rituals-but all memory of such tradition is long lost to the Lands Between.

Blasphemous Blade (200 CP): It seems Rykard has had a bit of indigestion, for somehow he has spat up a copy of his sacred greatsword writhing with the remains of countless heroes devoured by him-and fitted for your hand. Bound together, however unwillingly, as family by slaying more with it you can recover health from the fresh life you have taken. And raising it aloft you can ignite the blasphemous flames Rykard breathed in a forward blast that robs life

from those it ignites. Surely there is no greater symbol of Rykard's hungering ambition-especially since it seems strong faith empowers the blade.

Anvil Hammer (200 CP): A treasure of the ruined forges, once long ago the red-hot anvil tipping this hammer was used in rite and ritual. Even in ignorant hands though, it is a formidable weapon with the sheer mass and heat it brandishes with every swing. It's deadliest ability however is invoked by a hard slam on the ground-causing numerous spears to strike your opponents. Something about this particular anvil's magic seems to have resonated with you, because by forging an example of a different weapon upon it you can get it to summon other weapons-launching those as light as an arrow instead of merely ramming them at your foe.

Dragon Slayer's Armament (200 CP): A bow carved from dragon bones, launching arrows the size of harpoons with far greater power than a man should be able to draw. A great katana that can be wreathed in a gravelly aurora, carving foes with the inevitability of a rockslide. Whether shield or spear or greathammer, you have a weapon both forged with the power of dragons, and forged with effects that make it excellent for slaying dragons. And as the dragons of this world have no particular weakness, such weaponry generally works pretty damn good at crushing anything else in its way with sheer overwhelming power-but it's lethality against dragons in particular exceeds even its' savage appearance.

<u>This item can be repurchased</u>

Poleblade of the Bud (200 CP): This scarlet glaive and it's bud-like blade are so soaked in the Scarlet Rot, it is as if it was rent from the Rot's very birthplace. Perhaps in truth it was, for it is identical to the one wielded by Saint Romina and apart from the grievous infection it brings to flesh the weapon can be used to invoke and spread the Scarlet Rot itself. Most intuitively, by casting forth the butterflies which form the goddess of rot's wings with every swing. With meditation and rediscovery of the once-purifying practices the saint used to tame many creatures of the Rot, you may shepherd it as any saint would their beloved flock.

Carian Royal Sceptre (200 CP): Either a perfect replica of Rennala's symbol of office or an equally magnificent stave, the Carian Blue glintstone mounted on it enhances full moon sorceries in particular. But make no mistake, this is the finest of all glintstone staves and its ability to empower sorceries is unrivalled in all the Lands Between. A particularly skilled sorcerer can even have it fight independently around herself-twirling and blocking and striking in rapid motion

before returning to her hand, forcing foes to remain at a distance if they do not wish to experience successive attacks.

Mohgwyn's Sacred Spear (200 CP): *Not* a metaphor for the Lord of Blood's marital arts. *Hopefully.* As well as a trident fit for a demigod's hand, this instrument grants communion with the Formless Mother: An outer god that bestows power upon accursed blood. By piercing her unseen presence you can create explosions of blood that coat the instrument in bloodflame. The arcane insight his arts favour empower this spear's lethality too. Perhaps in time, you may be able to achieve a similar compact with her through this weapon as Mohg himself did to bring forth the secrets of blood magic and all it entails.

But though the Formless Mother counts among the most generous of the powers that be, perhaps she is not the only one. If you wish, you may purchase a symbol of office consecrated-or perhaps, defiled-in the name of another Outer God's service and granting similar benefits. A rotting branch that spreads the Scarlet Rot's decay perhaps, or a shield bearing the aspect of the One-Eyed God that echoes the will and flame of the god believed slain by Queen Marika.

This item may be repurchased.

Marika's Hammer (200 CP): Oh, what a terrible sight. What a blow to the Golden Order, to even *suspect* the goddess Marika would strike blows against the most sacred symbol of her own authority. This stone hammer, made in the lands of Numen from outside the Lands Between and now brought to you by some strange quirk of the storm that sunders time, partially broke upon shattering the Elden Ring-becoming embedded with rune fragments. With a mighty smash from on high it can recreate the Gold Breaker: The signature attack of Radagon that releases the Erdtree's light at all who would defy the Golden Order. As a weapon used to fracture the Elden Ring and directly imbued with a measure of its power, who knows what else it is capable of?

…how curious, that the queen's consort be so deeply *entwined* with his spouse that *her* weapon should share *his* attack.

Beast Regent (200 CP): For reasons of your own, you have taken upon your back a great and noble lion of exceptional pedigree-perhaps a relative of Serrosh, King Godfrey's famous regent. The great animal is a mighty and powerful beast capable of assuming a spiritual state in which it weightlessly looms over your shoulders, or taking physical form in order to battle your enemies. A loyal and dedicated creature, it is also capable of suppressing any turbulent emotions within you so that you may approach matters with clearer

judgement-and somehow, appears to be a capable administrator by this land's standards.

Having bought it here, you do not need to kill this creature in order to break your contract. A simple command will enable it to leave your side, permitting you to fight as you would with nothing holding you back.

Faithful Soldier's Garb (200 CP): The divine beings and forces of this world alike know that well-equipped servants are effective ones. Two options are laid out before you here: A set of armour of good quality but relatively common wake by the standards of this world, fitted to you if necessary. Anything from armour worn by those loyal to Miquella or Radahn's legion or…Godrick the Grafted's soldiers if for some reason you desire to wear something like that. Or the bulky chainmail of the Fire prelates, or even the layers of mushrooms worn by those who once served the Scarlet Rot. Alternatively, you can purchase a custom suit of armour comparable to those examples-also fitted to you. For either option, the armour is guaranteed to fit you comfortably.

Sword of Night and Flame (200 CP): Forged by astrologers that considered the Fire Giants to be their neighbours, this elegant but deadly straight sword is honed in deadliness by both faith and intellect. It's true power is to bring forth a mighty night comet with a swing-or with a more powerful sweep, release a burst of flame. A rare treasure entrusted to the Carian royalty, you must have quite the story about how you got your hands on this.

Euporia (200 CP): Symbolising abundance, the golden lustre of this double-ended curved glaive has almost faded to dark iron. Yet a vestige of its power still remains, restored by striking any except the undead. Once restored, you may strike down foes with projected slashes of Golden Order power from afar that clearly bear the touch of a demigod's own handiwork. But all too soon, it fades anew. As if it's master had abandoned it long ago for solutions beyond the brutality of war.

Dark Moon Greatsword (200 CP): A dark blue blade identical to the one ceremonially bestowed by Rennala on her spouse Radagon, this is a true artifact of legend given only on those deemed champions by Carian royalty. Cold and leaden, it is an incarnation of a beam of light from the full moon. By raising it aloft, the wielder can bathe it in moonlight-enhancing its attacks with magical power and imbuing the blade with numbing frost. And with great swings, waves of moonlight can be flung to smite all those who would doubt the night is dark and full of terrors.

Jarburg (200/300 CP): Aren't you a curious sort? At some point you've befriended a small village of living jars-which may be Jarburg, or a similar settlement kept secret from the poachers that hunt their kind. Lots and lots of small jars that come up to a man's waist, and less but still plenty of big jars that tower over humans. The jars consider you their potentate: A sort of de facto king and guardian by virtue of the smoothness and silkiness of your hands. Though not all regard themselves as champions and warriors born, they will loyally fight at your side in your time of need and support you with all they can. In future worlds the village will follow you.

As a result of this twist in your tale, your hands are skilled at shaping the materials needed to make new living jars. And give some rather excellent, comforting pats to them. While this might seem a low standard for a monarch, this also grants you considerable talent in the knowledge of creating and animating more living jars to continue populating your burgeoning kingdom.

For an extra 100 CP, the village comes with a truly magnificent guardian: A Great Jar. Few foes would want to take on a living jar the size of a small building head on.

This item may be repurchased to have additional villages loyal to you, or to increase the population of your jar village (or the original Jarburg) additively. The extra 100 CP for additional Great Jars is separate from those repurchases.

Conclave of Champions (200 CP): Ah, the clash of sword on shield! The roar of the crowd, the crash of worthy foes bound together in the glory of martial prowess! Do such things interest you? If so, this magnificent colosseum is for you. Here and in subsequent worlds it will be known as a place for the strong to test their might against each other in an informal manner, supplied adequately to interest such champions in coming and staffed by helpful former Redmane knights loyal to their employer-you. Something about the legacy of glory this place celebrates excites warriors into performing at their best, encourages a certain camaraderie between them-it's no replacement for the loyalty of a once-elite army, but after several bouts the regulars here would likely be amenable to joining forces in common cause even against overwhelming odds. Moreover, some strange quirk of space and time allows fighters from different timelines, adjacent dimensions or similar distances to arrive in the arena (or to depart at their own will) and test their strength against each other should they truly yearn for a challenge. Radahn would certainly approve of this place, if his mind was still his own.

Spear of the Impaler (200 CP): A weapon with a blade as jagged and ruined as the wielder's own soul, it would be wise to keep quiet about how you

inexplicably got your hands on this. For this is the personal weapon of the demigod Messmer, and it bears both his flame and killing intent. Sweep it about you to release the fire, and with a strong strike not only will all before you burn but be perforated by numerous spears sticking up from the ground. There are no songs about the wielder's prowess, no praise for the blade's balance. Only nightmares left in the devastation it brings.

Godly Garb (300 CP): If nothing else the demigods and those close to them know how to dress sharp-and how to complement their formidable prowess with worn enchanted items. With this you have two options: A faithful recreation of the armour worn by one close to the divine or akin to them-be it Blaidd's sturdy armour or the heavy plate worn by General Radahn, including their headgear. Resized to fit you, if necessary. Alternatively you can purchase a set of clothing that suits and empowers your capabilities and nature from based on options chosen from this jump-including being fitted to you. It will always be commensurate in quality to your own status-and is guaranteed to be both comfortable, and stylish.

This item can be repurchased, in defiance of the normal limitations.

Fingerslayer Blade (300 CP): Woe to the Greater Will. Woe to the world, indeed. For it seems the Eternal City of Nokron had more than one hidden treasure, and Godwyn's corpse has birthed more than one curved blade. While it cannot be wielded by those without a fate in the hands of one so endowed it's power to bring death is such that even the Greater Will and it's vassals can be harmed by it. Such as, say, the ailing Two Fingers. A truly deplorable weapon, fit only for those with deicidal ambitions-and while such beings could surely fight back, it's touch is annihilating to life lesser than true divinity.

Staff of the Great Beyond (300 CP): There is a cosmos vaster and more unfathomable than anything seen in the Lands Between, and all the most learned of men can hope for is to recreate fleeting microcosms of it. Fashioned from the tail-fingers of a daughter of the Greater Will and bearing a small facsimile of an orb-shaped subset of outer space, this staff stands as a testament that such is the case even for those closer to that which originated life. As a magical implement it boasts power far beyond human reckoning, with the unique ability to expand and empower the microcosm for various devastating effects. Perhaps in time you'll be able to guard yourself with sweeping nebulae or unleash gamma ray bursts in addition to the more conventional uses of a black hole for overwhelming your foes.

That is far from the staff's most useful trait, however. What makes it truly unique is that unlike the Fingers and the Elden beast, the Greater Will has *not*

abandoned this staff. You may use this as a direct implement of communion with it, both to receive information far beyond the knowledge of any in the Lands Between, and blessings shorn of Marika's Order. Should you please it enough, perhaps it could even be persuaded to send down more of its greater agents. Or even deploy a new Elden Ring defined by your own order.

Of course, determining *what the Greater Will actually wants* is a mystery even its' closest remaining servants in the Lands Between lack full knowledge of.

Miquella's Needle (300 CP): Once, the demigod Miquella sought a remedy for his sister Malenia's plague that lay beyond the fundamentalism of the Golden Order. This needle of unalloyed gold is the triumph of his studies. A powerful enchantment is laid on it, for it is crafted to ward away the meddling of outer gods. With this a victim of the Scarlet Rot that even the demigods' powers alone seemed unable to heal could be cured-at least, assuming the Rot were not somehow intrinsic to their biology. Likewise, one embraced by the Three Fingers could cheat fate and subdue the Flame of Frenzy imbued into them-permitting them to incinerate the Erdtree yet avoid becoming the Lord of Frenzied Flame. In future worlds, the influence of similar corruptive forces and malign deities will be nullified with a jab from this holy curative.

Celestial Dew (300 CP): This antique bottle carries within it a rare solution called a Night Tear-and unique among its kind, can do its work without being used at a Church of Vows. Long ago the stars of the night sky guided fate, and in a remembrance of those times consuming it will reverse all antagonizations-at least, those that have not left a metaphysically lasting impact on the world. Refills once a week.

Inverted Statue of Radagon (300 CP): There are all manner of gates, seals, barriers and blockades in this world, and no one key can fit all their locks. But…what if there *was*? This small object resembles an upside-down depiction of the red-haired champion Radagon. Hold it near any door, any gate, and with an effort of focus you can unlock it without fail. Do note that this effect works only on barriers built primarily by human hands that use artificial locking mechanisms or mortal magic. The barriers created by demigods or natural obstacles such as the Erdtree's wall of brambles will not yield to its power. Interestingly, when you flip it upside-down the statuette transforms into a depiction of Marika-complete with gold hair. In both cases, the statuette's face seems fixed in stress, as if labouring under a lifelong solemn burden. Or enduring a gnawing curse from which there is no escape.

A Home for Heroes (300 CP): If you're uncomfortable doing business with the ruthless Sir Gideon, why not set up your own fortified yet comfortable hold for

wandering heroes beyond the Lands Between? That's what you've opted to do, and it's been very successful thus far. This refuge is an equal in just about every way to the Roundtable, save that it is you in charge of the peace held over the disparate wanderers, adventurers, craftspeople and assorted travellers who tend to gather here. Somehow this place seems to attract those fated to accomplish great and/or terrible things in the world, it's homey atmosphere encouraging cooperation and discouraging violence in even the most vile. There is, of course, a blacksmith who seems to be a permanent resident (though on a more voluntary basis than poor Master Hewg if you like), and a network of assassins and informants that bring you knowledge from the wider world. While it doesn't have its own Two Fingers, there *is* someone willing and able to perform the duties of a Finger Reader for one reason or another who stands as another permanent resident. *As* the de facto authority here, you'll also find it easy to trade information and request favours from those who come here.'

Your assassins, blacksmith and whoever performs the Finger Reader duties will follow you to other worlds. But elsewhere, it will be the equivalent of adventurers in those realities that find themselves drawn to your hold to rest from their adventures, as if by destiny.

Sacred Relic Sword (300 CP): Once, there was a god meant to live a life eternal. Perhaps the Greater Will sent another, less successful incarnation of its sacred order on an older, doomed mission in the distant past. The archaic, stone greatsword wrought from the body of its champion is now yours-it's true meaning lost to time. With a single swing, you can unleash the golden power of that long-lost god to smite your foes with a wave of holy power only a god can bring to bear. Faith makes this weapon more effective, and a vestige of the Erdtree's primal divine power yet lives on in it. Even if one lacks the power of an Empyrean such as Marika, it may be possible to commune with the Greater Will through it-entreating it's blessings and calling on or amplifying its power, perhaps working miracles touched by its grace. Handle it carefully.

Kiln of the Fell Flame (500 CP): The Fell God, revered slavemaster and sometimes-inhabitant of the giant race, resides in a great earthen basin fit to contain all the fury (which can become a Warehouse attachment with a *fireproof* door). The cyclopean visage associated with it speaks not of its values, though it has been known to offer followers great and small it's fiery blessings in exchange for sacrifice of one sort or another. Why would you want this? Well, it seems that despite allegedly falling in battle against Queen Marika's forces, a greater reserve of the Fell God's flame yet lives and views you as something akin to a high priest. All sorceries and incantations that draw on flame will be greatly empowered by the fire you can draw into yourself from it, and it is far more generous in its blessings than it would be for most. A sacrifice of great

bloodletting paying the price for a miracle normally earned from imputating a limb or two, for example. Greater rewards await those who are willing to risk more. The power to burn down, say, a barrier erected by another god would be maddening indeed-but never irrevocably so, and can you truly overlook the power on offer?

Little Moon (500 CP): How curious. A smaller moon, one perhaps tenfold as large as those that Carian royalty can conjure, seems to be following you around at a respectful distance. And occasionally going off on its own, but somehow extremely hard to notice by others when it doesn't want to be even in broad daylight-and never far from you when you're looking for it. Not the great patron of Ranni, but perhaps the equivalent to it of what the Fingers are to the Erdtree.

When it's light shines down upon you, your magic is greatly empowered-hails of glintstone shards raining down with the effort needed to cast one. Magics and supernatural powers associated with the moon are particularly bolstered in both raw power and complexity; if you, for example, uncontrollably turned into a feral werewolf in the moonlight this moon could help you retain your human mind during the process. Inspiration for magical studies and insight into supernatural matters of all sorts comes naturally to you naturally of all sorts-and when it's light shines down on you your luck is greatly increased too. And the magic or alien powers of your enemies are greatly weakened by its presence-and though the moon is not invulnerable, it is still a great floating ball of stone that resurrects like a Tarnished during the next full moon. Last but not least, it can also supply you with an endless flow of the frost native to the moon which it shapes as if an extension of its own will-whether conjuring a blizzard at your foes, or enchanting weapons and storing it in pots for you to use later. Or just keeping drinks cold.

Finally, through this moon you can summon and commune with the alien beings of this world through various rituals. Simply calling forth quantities of glintstone will be relatively easy. Summoning hordes of Alabaster Lords or alien beasts, a moderately taxing task aided by the moon lending you great authority among these beings. And while it is possible to summon truly potent entities that embody the stars themselves, be wary-even with the moon's support, such beings can be unpredictable and dangerous.

This item can be repurchased for additional, slightly different supporter moons, be they darker, lighter or even crescent-shaped.

Crucible of Life (500 CP): In a deep pit that at your discretion may be located behind a door of dimly-glowing golden wood in your Warehouse, lies a great well of pure life energy native to the Lands Between in its most primal form.

The churning, roiling living energies glow a drabber, duller hue to the Elden Ring's gold but remain utterly revitalising to living beings-and perhaps, mutagenic-sometimes horns, tails and even branches can be seen writhing within before sinking beneath the surface. For somehow, a reservoir of the Primordial Crucible has survived-and despite what later adherents of the Golden Order might claim, it is undoubtedly divine. Whatever could you do with such a force? Well, even a layman might find a way to endow oneself or others mighty strength and far beyond that of modern men, and the power to develop techniques similar to those described in **Warrior of the Crucible**-or forge talismans and weapons endowed with similar powers. A new order of Crucible Knights in training, perhaps. But one with power comparable to a demigod-or better yet an Empyrean-might embark on a greater art: The ability to recreate any lifeform native to the Lands Between by sculpting this well's great energies into living creatures. Whether such beings bear the mark of the Primordial Crucible's formidable endowments or bear adaptations more befitting the Golden Order's principles depends on how adept you are of cleansing them of their cradle's influence after birth.

Refuge of the Ancient Dragons (500 CP): While in the present even the dragons that once struck a true with the Empire fight any Tarnished on sight, somehow or another you have struck a compact with one particular colony. It consists of a couple hundred lesser dragons, dozens of large dragons, half a dozen or so legendary status such as Fortissax and one very large, very tired mother dragon similar to Greyroll. They dwell in an isolated, craggy region and care little for the battle of gods and men-though as a friend, they are willing to lend you aid and support in battle. Dragons are proud and noble beings with great knowledge of both history and magic as well as immense combat experience, as well as being large flying (generally) firebreathing reptiles also capable of wielding red lightning. It's safe to say that this colony alone makes you a more formidable force to be reckoned with than any remaining bastion of Marika's realm.

In future worlds, the dragons follow you living in a mountainous region very similar to their ancestral home-which may become a Warehouse attachment.

Seat of the Storm (500 CP): The dragons, though mighty, are long parted from their ruined city. But whether you ruled it in times long past or it was somehow bound to your keeping, you now have a special bond with a great ruined city every inch the equal of Crumbling Farum Azula. With a mild effort of meditation you may bring yourself and any near you as well as willing to it. The stately granite walls, labyrinthine hallways and depictions of dragons all seem to be crumbling eternally-yet never quite fade away entirely, though the raging, ever-distant winds that suspend this ruin out of time afford it tremendous protection from the outside world. Scattered within can be found various

treasures from this world's early days: Piles of ancient dragon smithing stones, relics and manuals that can teach one to channel the power of forbidden forces such the fighting arts of beasts or talismans from the time when dragons rule among other things from before the Golden Order's rise. There is little unity or organisation among the few hundred or so denizens dwelling here save this: They are all counted among those banished by the Golden Order and yet possessing the might to survive it's enforcers-be they remnants of the Godskin cult, beastfolk skilled in their ancient arts, strange abominations of this land or forlorn dragons. And they all acknowledge you as their ruler, perhaps their guardian should your might be great enough. The resources are rich but rather disorganised, though there is one more reason to come here: Should any dare come to you with violent intent or approach you against your will, the very storm around you will rage against them. Violent winds striving to throw them off balance, clouds darkening the sky and bolts of lightning from on high striving to smite your foes. You may only be a king of rubble in the end, but the wind remains your most loyal subject.

The city comes with a grand stone throne. While comfortable as stone can be, it's always sized to fit any shape you wear from a form attained from this jump.

Eternal Refuge (500 CP): Hidden from the blinding glare of the Golden Order is a sanctuary city once inhabited by those who shunned it's crushing decrees. The wondrous stars of a sky unseen in the world above shine brilliantly in this darkness. Far below, the stately walkways and haunting long-abandoned stone fortresses house many wonders such as silvery mimics, weapons and armour forged of that selfsame quicksilver material made solid, larval tears greatly valued by those with an interest in rebirth magic and libraries recording much knowledge from those that sought the wisdom of the Dark Moon. The few hundred recluses here, be they Nox, Numen or Nokrom survivors, are well-versed in subterfuge as well as violence and the mystic arts. It seems you are the highest remaining authority recognised in this place, for whether your standing is recognised as that of royalty, a commander, a champion or something else those remaining here heed your commands and most of the dangers within are directed not to attack you. Even the handful of Dragonkin Soldiers still dwelling in misery here are your guardians, not dangers as they are to all other intruders. Who can say what befell this most reclusive of the Eternal City was? Apart, perhaps, from you.

Golden Haligtree (500 CP): Though watered with Miquella's own blood since it was a sapling, the Haligtree ultimately failed to grow into an Erdtree. It seems that whether by his own hand or another's there was at least one other attempt that has ended in a different form of failure: For whatever reason, despite having but a fraction of its parent's power it has decided *you* are it's "Elden

Lord". Easily the size and scale of the Haligtree itself, it also boasts a vitality and robust health beyond even that of its parent. Blessings rain down from its boughs like leaves as you will it-everything associated with the Erdtree it can recreate, from crystal tears to Sites of Grace to the many weapons, armour and talismans forged from its wood. And while it has not done so to date, it can begin producing a standing force of Erdtree avatars-perhaps a few dozen at the most, along with a couple hundred skilled human-scale defenders similar to those that yet guard the Erdtree itself. A ring of light oversees it-not quite the solid Elden Ring but resembling the circles invoked when incantations display the Laws of Regression and Causality-greatly strengthening any holy powers like Golden Order incantations you possess, while severely weakening those in opposition to you. And finally, it has even produced its own first Finger. Smaller than it's kindred, it is less ravaged and eager to please you.

It has also produced a fancy, comfortable throne for you to sit on. You may not be an actual Elden Lord yet, and certainly no Empyrean with this alone, but it certainly feels like it in many ways.

Root of Blasphemy (500 CP): Grander in size than a man and yet far less in nature, words fail to describe this abomination. Piscine yet humanoid, eternally rotting yet preserved, whether another demigod shared Godwyn's tragic fate or some strange aberration once naturally looked like this it appears there is now a second font of Destined Death equal to the original one spreading Death Blight throughout the Lands Between. Soon, deathroot will be seeded across the land. The dead shall rise twice as fast and surely as they originally had, whether as rotting corpses, ghosts or stranger things and in time may amalgamate or alter into things barely resembling the living they once were. This place is itself sacred to the mystic forces of death in this land, empowering your death-based magic greatly; even a dragon of this world could be corrupted in mind and nature by the intensity of the rot here, and this would be a fine place to enact rites like contemplating the dreams of a long-dead demigod in order to embed the principle of life within death back into the Golden Order. By the same token however, there is no place that Those Who Live In Death and similar undead beings would feel nourished both mystically and spiritually. There is no greater horror to be levied against the Golden Order, but perhaps that is your intent after all.

In future worlds, if you wish not to unleash plagues of undeath you may choose for this to be confined as a property behind a door of damp, mouldy wood in your Warehouse.

Shadow of the Scadutree (500 CP): Beneath strands of darkness and towering structures built by hands older than humanity lies a ruined land yet full of

strange and wondrous things. The treasures and natural resources found here are often touched by divine forces, and there is as much that heals as there is that harms. Nothing yet dwells with the cyclopean ruins. It is an afterlife of sorts, perhaps the size of a city, and centred around what can best described as a shadowy of the Haligtree. At first, those who swear a true oath of loyalty to you will be guaranteed entry to this melancholy place upon their death. But as you grow in power, you will gain more and more awareness and control of how many local souls are destined to arrive here. For a being as grand as a demigod, their control over the distribution of souls in the Lands Between would be limited only by the influence of other demigods.

Unlike the true Scadutree this tree bears you no particular malice. It is lonely. It is impossibly, inexpressibly sad, beyond the capacity of the human limbic system to experience. But it is content in its loneliness, and in its beautiful sadness. It is the light of the first sunrise after your lover leaves forever. It is the acceptance before death. More to the point it views you as the closest thing it has to an Empyrean, allowing you to distribute blessings similar to those of the Haligtree but often shadow-tinted and various magics of darkness, as well as deploying it's gnarly avatars to do your bidding, and gifting you with weapons and armour resembling designated, darkness-composed plants. It's impossible to say if it's possible to actually better this sorry place. But the twice-shadowed tree is at least willing to try if you wish.

Gate of Divinity (500 CP): Across a meadowed courtyard of ancient stone, blinding radiance shines between two great, petrified arches of what may or may not be petrified corpses. The transcendent power within is as simple as it is terrifying: It allows for beings already as touched by divinity as Empyreans to rise to the level of gods of Marika's stature. What happens to those who walk within is known only to the gods themselves, but within weeks at most a new god will walk the earth. There is a price to be paid for such power, however. Sacrifices on a scale as great as several villages to bridge whatever incomprehensible divide lies between flesh and godhood. But there is a virtuous, yet much more painful path. Sacrifice many facets of yourself-flesh, eyes, doubts, fears, limbs, your love. And you too can become a god. A god in a cage of mutilated identity, but a god nonetheless.

<u>This item may be seamlessly integrated with any other 500 CP item here, appearing somewhere within its' depths</u>

Companions

More Room in the Hold (50-400 CP): These lands are far from peaceful, and their inhabitants unkind. Many are forced to walk them alone, but you need not be one of them. For 50 CP apiece, you may import a companion into this world with 800 CP to spend on whatever they wish. They may gain CP from race options where applicable, and must pay CP for race options where applicable as well. Alternatively, you may use this option to create new companions to encounter in your time here.

You may transfer CP to companions created/imported in this section, or to those with monikers as stated below, but **not** to those covered by Destined Spirits, at a 1:1 ratio

Champions among Beasts (50 CP): Many of the animals in this world have achieved great renown in their own right. If you own any animals that would otherwise not qualify as companions, you may import them here too in order to gain 2 Build Perks as well as the heightened intelligence and ability to wield weapons skilfully. Typically such creatures are greater in scale and mightier in form than the average specimens of their kind.

Destined Spirits (50 CP): Even in these bleak times, where there is life there is hope-for friendship, for the rivalry of worthy opponents and perhaps something more. For 50 CP, you may offer a canon character from this world a chance to accompany you-and if they accept, they become a companion with all that entails after you leave this world.. You are guaranteed at least one chance to make a good impression with them, and even if they do not accept you may use the chances you have purchased here to invite others from this world.

Maidenly Lioness (100 CP, free/optional Of No Renown): Not long into your journey you encountered someone who is, technically, a maiden. A maiden with wild dark blonde hair resembling nothing so much as a lion's mane, the light tan of a Numen, and a body rippling with muscle that towers over most men. A maiden who sends knights and their mounts flying as she craters the battlefield with a single stomp and dodging arrows with her bestial fighting arts. Owning little more than the scant rags and feathers that sometimes preserve her modesty as well as the lionskin cloak in which she keeps her handmade herbal remedies, it's all the more shocking she carries herself like a modest noblewoman off the battlefield. It seems her barbaric parents passed down what little they remembered of a distant noble lineage dating back to these lands-which she has returned to not to claim the Elden Throne or guide others to it, but in the hopes of learning more about her past.

Oh, and she also happens to be a Finger Maiden with all that entails, skilled in the art of drawing out the strength of Runes.

Jellyfish Tribe (100 CP, free/optional Soldier of Stormveil): There's almost nothing of value left in Stormveil, and yet somehow you made contact with one of the few peaceful settlements left unscathed-a tribe of spirit jellyfish. Lamenting the war and disarray that has spread to their ancestral home, they see your coming as an omen of better times and seek to follow you in the hopes of finding a better life. While peaceful by nature, they are much more durable than their translucent forms would suggest and will not hesitate to spew poison at your foes. Many are curious about whether a fabled village awaits them as one is said to for the Albinaurics, while others are taken with wanderlust and simply want to see more of the world. One thing's for sure, if you ever want to see the stars just say the word and they'll be happy to take you in the blink of an eye. How can spirit jellyfish simply *teleport into outer space* at will? That's…something you're going to have to ask them.

Alonso, The Chivalrous Omen (100 CP, free/optional Defender of Leyndell): Among those who stood in defence of Leyndell was a lesser noble-a generally rational man greatly smitten with the heroic legends of the Golden Order's founding. Perhaps to shut out the harsh realities of being an Omen, shunned and stricken from his own family despite his distinguished service in defence of his beloved homeland. Upon your meeting, he has set out to pursue his dream of renouncing his unfortunate past by chasing his dreams as a knight errant. His warhorse, though old, is still sturdy and his arms and armour are both blessed by with the Erdtree's light. The knight himself is fearless, skilled and well-acquainted with battle as any war veteran could be expected to be. Though gullible and naïve in the extreme due to being shunned from society for most of his life, he has a champion's talent for mounted combat and a rousing presence that blesses those who fight at his side with good fortune, the healing light of the Erdtree and poise enough to endure all manner of shenanigans. Whether he sees you as his trusty squire or a fellow errant, he has sworn an oath not to rest until both your names are remembered as heroes of this age.

He also suffers from a mild madness that makes it difficult for him to tell giants and windmills apart, attacking both with heroic glee.

Leal Hound (100 CP, free/optional Brethren of the Golden Order): The tall, melancholy knightess you met somewhere in the bounds of civilisation fervently she professes a great loyalty to the tenants of the Golden Order, and yet a deepseated feeling of inadequacy plagues her. Instead of a rapier or bow she wields a hammer with blinding speed and elegance of a legendary champion-and is gifted at infusing it with the Erdtree's might to bring it down

explosively on her foes. As a wielder of incantations with such power she is something of an official saint, she is much more at home healing wounds and meditating on philosophical tenants than grappling with the uncomfortable realities of an imperfect world. She has chivalrously sworn herself to your protection, and whether or not you are a candidate for the title of Elden Lord hopes that together you can bring justice to the Lands Between-and quell her nagging doubts about whether she is worthy at heart.

Her golden hair occasionally turns red, causing her incantations to evoke flame instead of light, lasting several days before it turns back. She hates it when this happens.

Eccentric Mimic (100 CP, free/optional Carian Royalist): Strange spirits originally created by the Eternal City to forge a Lord, mimics are slime-like blobs which take the form of their summoner-and all their powers, at least those from most mortals in this world-to fight alongside them but typically lack their chosen form's will. This one…seems to have developed a consciousness, and is having some serious existential conundrums about its existence. For one thing it has a preferred form resembling another Tarnished or being of similar scale from this world, as well as the volition to adopt others when necessary. As it's summoner when it first somehow develop intellect, it looks up to you as something between a friend and a parent. Will you teach it to embrace the identities it emulates, or encourage it to embrace individuality?

Fallingstar Steed (100 CP, free/optional Redmane Legion): The bond between rider and steed is strong indeed. In your travels, you came across a herd of Fallingstar beasts under attack from one of this land's many predators-and stepped forth to save their youngest from it. In gratitude, the greatest of those beasts swore itself to your service as a steed. Fierce yet stoic of temperament, it holds itself to a dignity and discipline shaming many warriors-and though lacking a voice, is as intelligent as any commander. Both insectile and equine in form while being composed of meteoric roc, it is a formidable beast dwarfing most other mounts in this world immune to frostbite and poison as well as bleeding due to its inorganic nature. Apart from being strong enough to crack boulders with a kick, the beast also wields formidable gravitational magics that can shower foes from afar with violet bolts or raise and lift high rocks and slam them fiercely into the ground. In fact, unusually among its kind this particular beast can even *fly* under its own power-though it would be a rare rider who could survive it's meteoric top speed plunges from the stratosphere to the ground.

Valkyrie of the Haligtree (100 CP, free/optional Cleanrot/Haligtree Knight): It seems Millicent has an unaccounted sister out there-red of hair and skilled with

the sword in ways that echo Malenia herself. Embittered and cynical at both her would-be worshippers and the scornful fundamentalists of the Golden Order, after assisting her in battle she has found in you someone she can finally trust and confide in after a life as hard as any soldier's. While she certainly means no harm to others without undue cause, if pressed in battle beyond what her blindingly fast and agile skill with the sword can handle she will not hesitate to wield the many Incantations of the Scarlet Rot she has mastered. Yet she can also wield mysterious powers of restoration, with which she can also bolster or cure allies-and which somehow indefinitely stave off the Rot from ravaging her body. From time to time, she recounts strange dreams of dew and unalloyed gold, and a husk hidden in the Haligtree. Perhaps the strange twinblade that governs both decay and abundance she carries has something to do with them?

Serpentine Heir (100 CP, free/optional Recusant of the Volcano Manor): It seems the God-Eating Serpent left behind more descendants than the Serpent Men-and this one in particular has inherited more than the usual share of its progenitor's might. Still a youthful creature already gigantic enough to topple stone pillars with its coils, it possess a hide impenetrable to most weapons and fiery breath-as well as its parent's ability to gain strength and power from the Runes of those it consumes. It is a long time away from devouring the gods themselves-but eagerly hungers for those that share their blood. Not you, though. The serpent's covetous, envious and ambitious nature coexists with a strangely genuine sense of familial loyalty when it comes to you, and instead it lends it's great mastery of flame-based sorceries and gifts as a schemer to support your own ambitions-always with an eye to advance whatever your ambitions may be, as well as its own power. Perhaps because you raised it as a hatchling. Perhaps because it can't help but admire your own indulgences and ambitions.

There must be something truly vile in the serpent's heritage. For its tongue is somewhat amorphous, and can take on the form of a beautiful maiden's torso and hips peeling out from the serpent's maw as if squeezing through a dress. Her hair the same shade as her scales, and her sibilant voice strangely compelling.

Spurned Child of the Abyss (100 CP, free/optional Bloody Finger): It was a dark and stormy night when you came across the witch. Her drooping hat and ragged robes dark as thunderclouds at night, her skin pale as porcelain and her eyes a pale yellow. She treasures your company, for few would even dare approach her despite her lack of ill will to most. The witch watches over you now, offering sardonic but gently encouraging advice and assisting you with her formidable powers of blood magic and sorcery-even teaching them, if you wish. She wields both the blood magic of Mohg and the spells innovated by the

primeval current like a veteran prodigy, yet her true power and nature is something different. For as Shabriri is one with the Frenzied Flame, her soul is as one with a fell power that has yet to make it's hand felt in this world-which she channels into incantations, sorceries and Ashes of War unlike any known in this world. And when desperate, she can transform her clothes and hair into the oily, toothy, soul-rending tendrils of a vile taint on par with the Seedbed Curse-both spreading towards others, and armouring her with the visage of a grand abomination.

The witch knows what could happen if she let the curse that ruins so many lives while leaving her own pale flesh pristine corrupt others. She would become more than human in some ways, and less in others. And though she presently spurns this path, she herself is extremely corruptible by you.

Friendly Fingercreeper (100 CP, free/optional Touched by the Third Finger): What kind of being follows a madman through thick and thin? This one certainly seems to have scuttled straight out of your nightmares. Resembling a great, many-fingered, ghastly pale hand this fingercreeper seems to have been touched by the Frenzied Flame somehow in the past too. Somehow, it can cling upside-down to sheer walls or burrow under the ground while somehow sensing nearby prey (*don't think about how it eats too hard)* to pounce at. For all its fingers wear various seals and talismans that empower fire magic, and so adept is it in Incantations channel the Frenzied Flame that it's practically a mobile artillery unit. And for some reason, it's imprinted on you like an oversized, terrifying puppy. Sitting, staying, rolling over and igniting itself-it quickly learns all manner of simple tricks and will even let you ride it if you want. Curiously it seems completely unphased by the madness of the Frenzied Flame, being completely indifferent to the maddening urge to destroy that pervades it's powers.

Glintstone Explorer (100 CP, free/optional Scholar of Raya Lucaria): This visitor from another world, a strange anomaly neither of the Onyx nor Alabaster Lords, is as fascinated by the practices of the primordial current as its adherents would be to her. Twelve foot toll, just as strong and even more durable than her glintstone flesh makes her look, after crashing to the Lands Between she has a boundless enthusiasm for learning more about carbon based life. Though having little need for clothing, in trying to blend in with the natives she has somehow acquired a top hat and decorative glasses-while the crystals making up her hair form something akin to a ponytail trailing down her spine. Her power over sorcery is far and beyond that of mortals, warping her from point to point with no visible gesture and sending forth eruptions of stars unknown to Raya Lucaria-yet she wishes only to know where rain comes from. She considers you both her friend and guide to this strange world of pressured atmospheres and

fleshly living things, and deeply appreciates natural vistas unlike those in the void beyond-gladly trading her otherworldly insight into sorcery and other celestial matters.

Godskin Companion (100 CP, free/optional Those Who Live In Death): What do the dead have to keep them company, other than the dying? Such is the morbid humour of this lank-haired, pallid deathbed companion: A morbid beauty on the surface with a great tolerance for all manner of nonsense and the vicissitudes of life hidden by her ghastly demeanour. Confessing herself to feel more in common with the dead than the living these days, if you were not one of her usual companions there must have been something special about you to gain her earnest attention. Like a certain other deathbed companion, she has clearly had a storied past. She has mastered all manner of forbidden magic drawing upon death, from conjuring the spirit-life born from death to the ghostflame of the Deathbirds. In particular, her body and garments clearly show that she has been swaddled in the Godskins' cloth-though if pressed has little but disdain and contempt for what her distant relatives have degenerated into. Unlike that certain other deathbed companion she means no ill will to the living, and has cut nothing but wheat with her scythe for years. Indeed, out of all her spells of death her favourite is rather similar to that of the tibia mariners' magic, allowing her to call up Those Who Live In Death with the ring of a bell for pleasant conversation, tea and crumpets.

Crossed Star (100 CP, free/optional Black Knight): A long time ago, you rescued a squire from assassination by her master's rival scholars. This may have been a mistake. When the rest of her family marched off under Messmer's banner, she took to following you instead. Clad in practical but artfully formfitting armour of pure darkness lit from within by fell crimson flame flames, the redhaired Carian woman is a prodigy of both the Black Knights' battle sorceries and her family's sorcerous practices-weaving all three together along with her brutally effective skill with the sword into moonlit slashes of burning shadow. Cold and dour on the outside, on the inside she simmers with an intense devotion to you that exceeds mere loyalty and border on madness. With her ability to conjures flaming moons that shoot homing comets of darkness at foes she'd be a revolutionary sorceress, and with her battlefield command she could take and hold any territory left in the Lands Between. But instead, she's simply obsessed with ensuring both of you survive whatever your entwined fates have in store.

Putrescent Lion (100 CP, free/optional Hornsent): The dancing lions, towering guardians believed to have been sent down from on high by the Hornsent, are towering beasts with strangely human-like faces and erratic movements for creatures great enough to eat a horse in one bite. Alas, this did not prevent

Messmer from impaling them in the droves. But in this fallen age, not all things enjoy the equity of death, and this creature rose imbued with crude control over the very fire and darkness that struck it down. Not without great difficulty however, as the spiritual rot that is putrescence had set into its flesh. It is now an amorphous creature soaked in death, able to dissipate into a corrosive mist, split into several smaller creatures to hound a foe or other uncanny abilities. It's breath combines fire, darkness and putrescence into a spray of calamities, and it's animal mind still bears immense hatred for the Golden Order. However, around you it acts like a happy puppy. In general it's surprisingly laidback and playful when not confronted with reminders of all the Hornsent have lost, as if death has given the creature acceptance and appreciation for the suffering inherent in life. But even if you should be mortal enemies, for some reason seems to think of you as long-lost family.

Flowering Saint (100 CP, free/optional Needle Knight): A long time ago you shed part of yourself in a place touched by Miquella's power. The result is an aspect of one of your strongest emotions-terror, hatred, duty, kindness-taking form as a botanical entity of the opposite gender as yourself. Your doppelganger loves you as family, or something even closer, and while their behaviour is informed by their primary emotion they always want the best for you. A flower-person of joy in combat will likely be a gladiator rather than a saint, but nonetheless come running should you face peril. They also have unique magical abilities as potent as Saint Trinia's own soporific vapours and sap, but befitting their own nature. It would take making decisions so ruinous your doppelganger considers them to damn you to a fate worse than death or utterly betraying your own beliefs to make them act against you-and even then, only for your own good.

Maiden Finger (100 CP, free/optional with any purchase of Divinity): As if a portent of an imminent deity about to upset the balance of power in the Lands Between, upon your arrival a third shooting star fell from the heavens to the earth. The creature within turned out to be a smaller version of the long-lost Fingermother, being roughly the size of a rhinoceros. Despite it's terrifying appearance and constant spraying of young, the little Fingermother is as optimistic and supportive of you as any Finger Maiden would be of their Tarnished-and possess all their abilities to empower you with the strength of runes, or otherwise administrate to your needs. She is an interloper separate from those who claim to speak for the Elden Ring, but despite some cosmic accident separating her from the original destination intended for her by the Greater Will she remains an idealist hopeful to change things for the better. Uniquely among the existing fingers she has *not* been abandoned by the Greater Will, though parsing and passing on its' communications remains…challenging

for mortal beings. Less challenging is throwing a miniature black hole or two at your attackers.

Drawbacks

The Age of the Maidenless (+0 CP, requires Tarnished, cannot be taken with Age After Age): Well, well. You've found yourself in quite a pickle, haven't you? You start in a rather isolated part of the Lands Between, and not long after your journey you encounter a mysterious women called Melina. Though no Maiden herself, she nonetheless offers you a compact wherein she will become your travelling companion, faithfully offering you all the services a Finger Maiden would perform. On the bright side, it seems you are particularly adept at seeing the Guidance of Grace compared to your fellow Tarnished.

In short, with this option you most decidedly *are* the player character Tarnished in the main Elden Ring game-along with all that entails. And while the means to achieve it may prove convoluted, **should Melina be alive at the end of your stay she may come with you as a companion to future worlds.**

In addition to that, **you are also considered to have a free purchase of Destined Spirits for Ranni the Witch. If she discovers her order once her fate is allowed to progress, due to her closeness with it her mysterious black moon and the stars it guides may follow her into future worlds as well.** You must still seek her out, wherever she may be, and convince her to come with you but once this occurs she too can become a companion. Perhaps that nice Renna girl could give you some hints?

Age After Age (+0 CP): The past of this world is shrouded in violence, betrayal and conspiracy. Many of the great questions in the Lands Between will never be fully answered by those willing and able to shed light on them. Would you like to seek their answers out for yourself? With this, you may start at an earlier date in this world's history-with your earliest starting date being the heyday of the dragons, when Placidusax ruled as Elden Lord.

My Age or the High Age (+0 CP): What's the point of becoming Elden Lord if you won't stick around to enjoy it, eh? With this choice, you may extend your stay by up to ten thousand years in this world. A little incentive for you to become Elden Lord, and bask in the consequences of what your choices have wrought upon the Lands Between. Or perhaps, to explore the mysteries unveiled from engaging in

The End of an Age (+0 CP): On the other hand, if your attachments to this world are few you may end your jump early after resolving the matter of the Elden Ring's shattering conclusively-whether you take the Elden Throne, or meaningfully change the world in another fashion. You may have a few hours to say your goodbyes, or immediately progress to the next jump after a few seconds to bask in your accomplishment.

An Age of Darkness, Blood and the One-Armed Wolf (+0 CP): A flame, flickering, held by a great kiln-or was that a forge. Eldritch beings from the stars, whose essence warps both world and flesh. Majestic yet blighted dragons with a tainted sort of immortality. Which world, *exactly*, did you think you were in again? If you wish, you may choose to have your stay in this world be in the same continuity as that of the Dark Souls jumps, the Sekiro jump or the Bloodborne jump as either a sequel (in which case though they would have happened in ages long past, your actions will carry over) or a distant past. The gulf between ages is great indeed, but truly drastic actions may have consequences that bridge them.

The Road to the Erdtree (+0 CP): Oh look, there's the Tarnished. A man of unremarkable talent and questionable judgement who appears to have woken up nearly naked, and with two flasks stuck to his ass. It seems even Melina is at her wits' end dealing with him. It also appears that Godrick is…trying to be on better terms with his men, and that Blaidd's canine instincts have utterly ruined his sense of direction. What on earth is going on? By taking this drawback, the tone and circumstances of the jump will be altered to fit those of the gag manga Elden Ring: The Road to the Erdtree. Expect silliness, and more bumbling in general from everyone involved. If taken with The Age of the Maidenless, you may decide whether or not you have taken that hapless fool's place or are a separate, hopefully more competent Tarnished in your own right.

Tardy Tarnished (100 CP): It seems you have both a ruinous curiosity, and a talent for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. It's not that you're any slower in battle or in a flat-out race, but when battling fierce adversaries who need a solid couple of seconds to transform or unveil their greatest techniques you can't help but stand, mesmerised, waiting patiently for them to finish. You also have a tendency to get distracted lose track of time while helping those around you, only to come back and find they've bumbled into new problems while you were out there killing crabs. The Grace must be disappointed in how hard you are to guide.

Suffer Not The Unclean (100 CP): You have, rightfully or not, been accused of a crime so dire as to be tainted and unsightly in the eyes of the Golden Order and its adherents. The social stigmata is so considerable that those who show

kindness to your ilk are equally shunned. Even if your power is great, there are those who feel morally obliged to hunt you down. You also have the looks of someone who seems suspicious-not necessarily ugly, but ominous and *suspicious* in ways that work against you more than they do for you. If you were already one of Those Who Live In Death for example, instead of a squeaky clean skeleton you might be draped in clumps of worm-ridden flesh. On the other hand, a human might just look, sound and act like a prime suspect at a crime scene.

A Need for Worth (100 CP): In your past, you were deeply shamed in a way that makes you awfully easy to manipulate. It may not necessarily be truly sordid, but you have a deepseated need to prove yourself and validate your honour in the eyes of others. This sort of attitude is what murderous cults all over the Lands Between are looking for in a new recruit, and while it's not insurmountable be aware that your susceptibility to flattery and opportunities for glory may lead you to disregarding the advice of friends. Or if you are a more prideful sort, it could be what leads you headlong into danger in order to prove yourself a true warrior-no matter what injuries you have taken.

Life Is Not Hope (100 CP): What's left to save, at the end of the day? How can even an Elden Lord break out of the cycles this world has endured? Though some would say where there's life, there's hope, a deep melancholy hangs on you. You may still know the joy of a shared bonfire, the loyalty of a comrade in arms, but without some truly life-affirming feats you cannot shake the certainty that this world is simply not saving. Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that you seem to have lost all your knowledge about the Lands Between. You may still be a skilled warrior, a wise mage or what have you but when it comes to the customs, traditions, history and culture of the Lands Between you find yourself at a loss.

Sudden Drought (200 CP): For a county ravaged by war, famine, pestilence and worse than death the Lands Between have always had a surprising bounty for those willing to make the effort, but it seems things are bleaker than ever now. Once-plentiful resources are so scarce on the ground you'd have to go on a veritable killing spree of foes to wring forth usable materials, and often equipment is spoilt if not unusable. Worse merchants, tutors and even authorities willing to pay for services in Runes and other rewards all seem thriftier, suffering just as keenly as yourself.

You Are The Pest Control (200 CP): As is tradition in worlds similar to this one, there are a great many high speed, annoyingly persistent and veritably creepy critters that seem to have nothing better to do than dogpile the nearest wandering adventurer. Feral dogs that hit and run in packs. Flaming chariots

that charge at you like you owe them money. Hawks fitted with blades that can inexplicably breathe fire and throw barrels. With this, it seems there's something about you that makes just about every nonsentient pest capable of sensing you coming make a beeline for your jugular with a rabid lack of self-preservation. And the worst part is, even when fighting each other they instinctively (if advertently) coordinate well when it comes to fighting you.

A Song of Blood and Ice (200 CP): Everyone knows about unscrupulous Tarnished willing to kill their peers for fame and glory, but not only have you been picking up some frequent bounties-you've had the misfortune to encounter some of the most *unfairly* kitted out killers in the land. The duel blade wielding swordsman who just happens to know a legendary Ash of War that lets him fight like a mobile blender that makes your wounds bleed unnaturally quickly. The sorcerer willing to splatter you and everything behind you in ice. The three bastards that patiently wait for you at the gate to blast you with dragon communion breath weapons while the FIVE other homicidal parkour enthusiasts roll after you like murderous hedgehogs. It's nowhere near as bad as pissing off every pest on your journey-these "people" have *lives,* after all-but as impromptu assassinations go it's still extremely uncommon.

And judging by the messages left behind by both the fallen (and if you are Tarnished or an otherwise resurrection-based immortal, on your fallen form), you're starting to suspect someone is building a whole petty religion around your suffering.

Co-Written by GRRM (200 CP): It wouldn't be a proper stay in the world defined by Godfrey, Ranni, Rennala and Marika without a convoluted series of backstabbing and assassinations, and you seem to have found yourself at the centre of one such web of lies. Strangers will become more difficult to rely on-some because they're agents in the pocket of some sinister power with a grim interest in your fate, others because those same agents may seek to "take care" of them when you're not around. By both carrot and stick you will be ensnared into an agenda as restricting and undesirable to you as the Two Fingers' agenda was to Ranni the Witch, and hounded by agents as formidable as the Black Knives themselves to railroad you along a certain course of action with significant repercussions for this world. *Who* exactly is sponsoring all this and for *what* purpose you'll have to find out on your own, but suffice to say they're willing to kill if you're unwilling to play along.

The Shattering, Mended (300 CP): You'd expect the demigods and their armies to be parked in a conveniently reached location, indulging in their places of power or languishing from the wounds sustained during the war. However with this, it appears that they or their forces are far more mobile than previously

expected. Mohg, Lord of Blood has finally decided the Mohgwyn Dynasty is ready to take the Lands Between by force of arms while his "lover" continues to slumber. General Radahn and Malenia have both recovered some measure of their wits, and are ready to march to battle again. In the midst of all this Morgott resorts to desperate measures to stop all-out war from breaking out, while Rykard slithers forth to devour the gods he hates with the Volcano Manor at his side.

All involved are no less wounded or otherwise depleted from their struggles in the former Shattering, and their newfound lucidity may be a boon for adept diplomats. But for the purpose of gathering Remembrances, things are going to be harder than simply finding where everyone's lurking and hitting them with all you've got.

If taken in an era before the Shattering occurs, you are doomed to get caught in the middle of a civil war of comparable magnitude.

The Flame Flickers (300 CP): It is commonly assumed that Marika's victory over the giants was total, that the Erdtree's power stands uncontested and that only fools remain to pursue the Frenzied Flame. But what if she overlooked something critical? With this, that is in fact the case. An army of giants, hundreds strong and in the prime of their health, has been held in reserve somewhere beyond the Lands Between. You will not see them for months, but they are making their way here to slay all in their path-and the demigods are no longer in any fit state to fight them off

The Dragonlord Returns (300 CP): It is commonly assumed that the Dragonlord, a being capable of covering the skies in storms as far as the eye can see when roused to battle, is content to await his god's return, that the dragons of this age are either occupied in private pursuits of their own or otherwise aggressive opportunists eking out a living like everyone else. But choose this, and that all changes. Within weeks the Dragonlord renounces his exile, and renews war on Marika and her legacy for failing to preserve the world he once ruled. It will take time for him to wrest back the loyalty of every dragon remaining in the world, but as their divine ruler few would gainsay him-and even in their decline, dragons remain formidable foes. And if you think you can get away with a little conscription by being a dragon with this, know that the Dragonlord's renewed determination comes from a prophecy he puts desperate faith in: That he can regain his lost god by sacrificing *you.*

Cursed (100/200/300 CP): A curse has been placed on you by a power comparable to that of the one inflicted on Marika-though how severe it's effects are will determine your compensation. For 100 CP it is a purely aesthetic

change that simply inflicts deep psychological self-hatred and revulsion on you. It could be as mild as having red hair, but the yearning to be rid of it will be absolute, and to you it will be a profound violation of your very being. Alternatively you could be one of the Omens; though your horns do not prevent you from being a great fighter, your kind are deeply hated in all the land. For 200 CP the curse visibly affects your daily life, but does not entirely impair your normal functions. Miquella's curse of eternal childhood for example would be a fitting one. And for 300 CP you have something as dire as the Scarlet Rot that afflicts Millicent-a truly life-threatening curse you cannot even weaponize in any form. It eats away at you, causing you incredible agony and all but cripples you as a fighter. If a cure for it is to be found in this land, it would have to be something like the masterwork of an Empyrean.

A Call Beyond (500 CP): The Scarlet Rot. The Formless Mother. The Frenzied Flame, and perhaps the moon. Since when were you under the impression these were the *only* rivals to the Erdtree before it's ascendancy? Upon your entry an outer god of unknown provenance takes a malign interest in you, where it had once remained aloof to this world's conflicts. It must have you, but it will not come to you in fire and war-oh no. It will send forth a miasma or plague of its corruptive presence, reshape living beings as minions and imbue it's essence into landscapes to grant itself places of power and send forth divine messengers similar to the Fingers who can enact it's will in more detail. Madmen wielding strange magics unseen in this land and aberrant monstrosities marked with its power will coordinate with uncanny efficiency in order to either end your life in its name-or see your body and soul hollowed out to be inhabited by it. And should you prove a truly resilient foe, it may even send forth an embodiment of its will comparable to the Elden Ring and the Elden Beast that came along with it-a true god in its own right sent in a last ditch effort to destroy you.

As all the triumphs of Marika's armies proved, even a foe as great as this can be beaten back with wisdom, might and determination. But make no mistake-it's assault will only truly end when you muster what it takes to slay a god.

The Night Is Far From Over (500 CP): These are not the Lands Beyond that you know. This is not the era that you are familiar with. Even what vestiges of civilisation and authority that once held sway are pushed to the brink, Morgott for example hunting interlopers in his guise as the Fell Omen with increasing regularity. Worse, both time and space are churning, with strange places and beings from far-off eras sometimes appearing without rhyme or reason. A nameless king upon a storm-drake unlike any dragon in this world, who wields sun-lit thunder as a spear no less mighty than his blade, for example. Or yet another fallen city of the Nox could resurface with its' own alien destroyer lurking somewhere within. But all these threats pale in comparison to the **Night**

and it's **Lords of Night** that herald it. In weeks if not days, unless the Golden Order of the Erdtree is restored history itself will be washed away by rain. And only darkness shall remain.

But perhaps you think yourself above such trifles. You have two options upon taking this drawback. The first simply forces you to deal with these conditions; it would be advisable to mend the Golden Order your own way or to somehow either defeat or come to an understanding with the **Night** your own way but you do not by default have a vested interest in this conflict.

As for the second, if you prefer a definite way to bring an end to this calamity and some answers, proceed directly to the following scenario.

Scenario: Nightreign

It is the moment Marika shattered the Elden Ring, in a time and place separate from but not dissimilar to the default starting time of this jump. Alas the Shattering, as it was known, destroyed order itself. Drawing forth, in time, an abomination known only as the **Nightlord.**

Thus fell the **Night.**

Now, heavy rains fall upon the Lands Between, threatening to wash away it's very history. Unceasingly, the **Nightlord** ravages the Lands Between beyond recognition, it's eight fellow **Lords of Night** fighting their own battles.

But there are those who would fight back. The **Nightfarers**, brought together from different eras by the will to cross endless **Night** and fight on.

Your actions here may determine if a curtain falls upon this world, or if order is reborn from its' brink.

By participating in this scenario, gain access to one of two sub-backgrounds below in addition to your prior background. Sub-backgrounds define you in either opposition or support of the **Nightlord**. As such, their victory conditions are incompatible. However, there may be an opportunity to secure great power from the opposing side nonetheless…

Nightfarer: A formless master has called you from across time and space to a ruined version of the Roundtable Hold, in desperate defence of the Lands Between. Though the Hold has seen better days, the artificial Iron Menial remains a steadfast caretaker of both magical and mundane arms. While the cloaked Priestess whose existence anchors this version of Roundtable Hold has great strategic knowledge of the mission objectives. Though your compatriots likely have little in common with the land and era you come from, you are united in your strangeness to one another, as well as one other matter:

Your mission is to kill the Nightlord. The other **Lords of Night** are scattered across this world, hidden in their lairs or wandering for some inscrutable purpose. Slaying them will hold back the **Night**, delaying it's ruination of this world. Slaying four of them will reveal a doorway to **Heolstor, the Shape of Night** who may then be fought and slain.
You begin at the Roundtable Hold of this world. The odds are overwhelmingly against you, but at the very least you may take solace in the camaraderie of your fellow **Nightfarers**. Even the most eccentric or standoffish among them has the potential for immense feats of teamwork and valor in battle, and each has untapped wells of potential to be counted among the Lands Between's great heroes. It would be prudent to get to know them before embarking on your quest:

The Wylder, a nomadic swordsman whose mind and spirit are withered by long battle against the Night. Proficient with all manner of melee weapons, he possesses modernised weaponry such as a wrist-mounted grappling hook and crossbow, and superlative evasion in battle. Though his mortality weighs on him, his fleeting memories of a woman on horseback tethers him to hope. If there were only some way to cheat his imminent demise…

The Guardian, a pinionfolk armed with spear and shield. His wings are powerful enough to unleash an impact smashing numerous foes on the ground, and such is his skill that he can deflect arrows with a whirlwind created by his weapon. The guilt of his slain flock dwells on him, even as he seeks to form a new flock with his new friends in battle.

The Duchess, whose presence is not readily apparent. However, one of the **Lords of Night** possesses a pocketwatch that can reignite the Priestess' fighting spirit, revealing she has more use than just as a strategist. Acrobatic enough to flip over enemies in pitched battle and evade or move faster than other Nightfarers, her pocketwatch possesses mystical powers that let her turn allies invisible or create shadowy reenactments of past events-like any harm inflicted to enemies. She senses a bond with the Wylder, as though he were a brother…

The Recluse, a dragonkin witch with tremendous mystical powers. A prodigious sorcerer, she has mastered sorceries of the primeval current that emulate the very origin of glintstone. Her draconic breath can set enemies alight, while her mystical power lets her unleash elemental cataclysms, absorb power from residual elements marking her foes, and brand enemies with a blood sigil that lets allies restore their bodies and mystical power by attacking them. She seeks the location of her lost child, a quest that will take her both to an old friend and secrets of the **Night** itself…

The Ironeye, archer and assassin. Like the **Duchess** he is frail compared to other **Nightfarers**, but more than makes up for this with his sturdy greatbow and general proficiency for ranged weapons. His keen eyes often spot treasures others would miss, he can mark enemies to make them more vulnerable, and one of his greatest techniques is a supersonic arrow shot. Stoic and reserved, he takes orders from Isolde of the mysterious Fellowship in pursuit of a traitor among them…

The Raider, a raucous pirate. Favouring enormous weaponry and brute strength, even his bare fists can send foes flying. But there is some magic in the ways of his people too, for one of his greatest techniques is summoning a mighty totem as both vantage point for his allies and a source of strength for them. His people cherish nothing so much as a worthy opponent, and he still mourns the loss of one claimed by the **Night…**

The Executor, a condemned warrior fused into gilded armour engraved with the Primordial Crucible's imagery. His katana carries some vestige of Crucible power, and his ability to parry is the stuff of legends. Such is his focus that lesser curses merely strengthen him, and one of his greatest powers transforms him into a beast of the Crucible with might to rival even some **Lords of Night.** In his solitude, he cares for little but painting and introspection. He hopes to someday paint the Erdtree.

The Revenant, who *seems* a vengeful soul bound to the body of a doll. An ally who must be discovered and defeated-or at least, placated. Her lyre holds great power over life and death, allowing her to summon the empowered spirits of her deceased household in battle. One of her greatest feats with this instrument is fuelling an Immortal March with her vengeful nature-empowering, healing and reviving allies (including her spirits) at once while making them temporarily immortal. Though haunted by her loss, she seeks to form bonds with her fellow **Nightfarers** even after discovering her true nature…

Lord of Night (200 CP): An unearthly darkness has taken you into its' grasp. Perhaps you were nurtured on vestiges of it's almighty power. Perhaps you were in some sense born from it, darkness given form and purpose as a scourge upon this world. Perhaps you willingly gave yourself to it for power. Or perhaps your goals are simply incidental to those of the **Night**, the destruction of the world a mere side effect of the **Night** that lurks at your side like a traveller upon the road. Either way, your purpose is clear.

You have certain intrinsic powers as a **Lord of Night**. The energy of the **Night** courses through you, greatly empowering your mystical and physical traits with an energy that both evokes darkness and oceanic currents. Like the energies of other divine beings, the energy of **Night** lends itself well to all manner of magic apart from destroying the world. It can be used to subjugate the wills of others, typically towards murderous intent, and potentially to reshape the forms of others into horrific monstrosities-doubtless the source of the stranger **Lords of Nights'** forms. Such as a warping of the human form that is definitely not just an Ulcerated Tree Spirit reskin. Those who approach the **Night** with religious fervour instead of base hunger have even been known to conjure miracles similar to those of the Golden Order, or augment themselves with empowered prosthetics of magical darkness. Even traces of **Night** can have potent effects, enchanting artifacts to evoke it's power to defy fate in minor distortions of time and space as well as its' usual all-consuming darkness.

Despite its' nocturnal nature, often attacks or curses evoking it produce a certain pale blue gleam. In addition, you are a harbinger of the rain and darkness that precedes the destruction that the **Night** brings-and despite its' fundamental darkness, it empowers any other abilities you have, even those unrelated to darkness. Wherever you go, pale blue fires scorch the land as rains wash away stone, life and even memory. With enough time, history itself. And darkness follows in your wake. A single **Lord of Night** is a threat to cities or battlefields even if they are not overmuch greater than a man simply because of the desolation in their wake. Eight are a threat to the Lands Between as a whole, doing the dire work of months for one in days, and all are suffused with the true **Nightlord's** might.

When you wish to unleash your full power, the power of **Night** forms into a kind of twisted space akin to an arena in which your most intrinsic powers are dominant. While it's most overt features are aesthetic it can still provide many subtle physical and mystical advantages; a dragon of frost might be able to more easily freeze the atmosphere into following projectiles for example, or a sorcerer find his spells have greater effect and range. A creature that spawns attackers may find the ground fertile soil for its' minions, while a burrowing

Night Lord may find the soil easy to dig through. Most importantly of all, none can leave before defeating you to collapse this twisted space.

Your mission is to destroy the Lands Between. Not so arduous a task as you may assume, for the **Nightlord** and your compatriots are already among the mightiest beings still active in these lands. Perhaps your greatest obstacle is your mutual inscrutability. **Heolstor, the Primordial Nightlord** seemingly gives no orders allowing every **Nightlord** to act as they see fit. And the **Nightlords** show little to no cooperation, acting freely as befits their natures. The second greatest obstacle is, of course, the Nightfarers themselves. While others seek to shore up their holdings, they alone are guided to your destruction. It's unlikely you'll be able to solicit much help from your fellow **Lords of Night**, though it may be helpful to know them all the same:

Gladius, Beast of Night is a three-bodied, many legged wolf whose mouths can unleash flame. He somehow wields chain-link sword on his back while on the hunt, and can split into three individual shadow wolves in battle. Though a mighty hunter named Encephalos for his reason-defying set of maws, he is weak to sacred light.

Adel, Baron of Night is a colossal but crooked wyvern. His oversized jaws open horizontally, and though ungainly his brute force is sufficient to crush most foes. The storms of lightning that form around him in times of desperation deal with most others. Perhaps reshaped by his own hunger, poison is particularly harmful to the gaping jaw of this devourer.

Gnoster, Wisdom of Night is both a beautiful moth and a terrifying scorpion each larger than a cart. Typically the moth attacks from above with pillars of light and swarms of locusts that can devour a foe's vitality and experience-their "levels" to use a gaming analogy, while the scorpion's claws and brute force harass foes. But in times of great need, the moth will land on the scorpion as they fight as one. For all it's glory and terror, it is but a sentient pest, and as such weak to flame.

Maris, Fathom of Night is an utterly alien entity that drifts through the skies, making an illusory ocean of its surroundings as if in a dream. Swarms of exploding jelly fish, and sea lily-like tentacles deploy from its' body to assist as it flies about, and it can unleash strange orbs that put foes to sleep even as they harm them. It's flesh and coloration evoking the sea aside, it bears a strange resemblance to the Elden Beast. Perhaps it's affinity for oceanic environments explains this otherworldly augur's weakness to lightning.

Libra, Creature of Night appears as a humanoid goat with an excess of eyes-two of them protruding from his curved horns. A dubious alchemist, he wields strange magic that combines sacred power with that of madness-which he can succumb too if disrupted while empowering himself. He is willing to level false blessings on his enemies that empower them in exchange for unforeseen costs, even before the brink of battle. Soaked in the very madness at the root of his power, the equilibrious beast is weak to other attacks that bring madness with them.

Fulghor, Champion of the Nightglow is an ancient centaur consumed with both battle and fervor for forgotten gods. Though his oversized lance and body make him mighty by the Lands Between's standards already, his fervour also allows him to call on a sacred form of the **Night's** power to make the battlefield erupt with gleaming spears of light. Or in times of dire need, regrow his severed left arm as a limb of **Night** that can stretch and pummel across great distances. Though mighty even among the **Lords of Night**, just as the gods he served could conceal themselves in the roar of thunder so do lightning attacks smite the Darkdrift Knight heavily-perhaps wracking him with a crisis of faith.

From a fissure in the fog looms **Caligo, Miasma of Night**. Unique even among the **Lords of Night,** though emaciated his four-winged, stone-scaled form is unmistakably that of the prehistoric dragons from an age long before the Erdtree-and perhaps even the Lands Between themselves. His breath is crystalline frost, and his every wingclap scatters sharp ice at his whim. Such is his power that even the very **Night** surrounding all **Lords of Night** is made to gleam brightly with winter's power. Befitting one so steeped in frost, he is weak to fire attacks.

And of course, beyond the boundless **Night** there lies the hazy figure of a warrior struck down by countless weapons. **Heolstor the Nightlord** is the **Night's** origin and enemy to the world. And though seemingly far removed from his brethren lords, were the **Primordial Nightlord** to be somehow found, striking down this broken warrior would reveal a grander, more regal three-armed foe who wields two Carian greatswords along with formidable **Night** sorcery. A stature befitting **the Shape of Night** itself. And who instead of flesh, has but a yawning void within his torn armour with a strange Great Rune glimmering within. It is a small mercy he cares little for managing the other **Lords of Night**, for such is the scope of his presence that he is *always* with the others, his presence forming a sort of arena realm shaped by their power when they are threatened.

The Nightfarers' Fate: As night falls, we rise

Your journey across this land has few clear landmarks, but plenty of guidance. The Priestess' mapping aside, spectral hawks have been provided to help you and the other Nightfarers journey over great distances before scouring the land in more detail.

And scour it you shall. Your foes are mighty, but in the desolation left by them there are weapons touched by gods, monsters and stranger things strewn across the land. Along with fabled sorceries and priceless armours, all of which the Iron Menial would be happy to repair and curate to your specifications. Though he would deeply appreciate any smithing stones you can spare to help him help you. Though be warned: The **Lords of Night** are not the only truly powerful foes out there. Other beings of ancient power have been woken by the imminent cataclysm, and as mentioned before some seem to have drifted here from other eras.

Chief among the treasures you could plunder are Relics, often taking the form of "scenes" depicted in precious gems or plundered from the corpses of **Night Lords.** But also sometimes resembling precious trinkets, especially those dear to the pasts of specific **Nightfarers**. Individually these may seem poor fare compared to a shield with a god's visage etched upon it, but collectively they shall grant you and your fellow **Nightfarers** strength, wisdom, mystical power and even luck beyond all but the greatest champions of the Lands Between-among other boons that permanently enhance you.

And as you empower the might of your new companions, why not their hearts as well? Each **Nightfarer** has a certain personal agenda you may have gleaned earlier, and it would be both kind and prudent to get them to open up enough to solicit your aid-or to subtly assist them to completing it on their own. Not all will grant them greater power, but certainly the bonds between your fellow warriors will be strengthened, and your determination made all the stronger for what is to come.

Once four **Lords of Night** are felled, a doorway to **Heolstor** shall open. And once his comparatively frail form is felled, the darkness erupting from it will reveal his true power. Conjuring eerier darkness in which bolts of punishing energy hunt you, creating rifts similar to those in other **Night Lords**' domains that cover the battlefield in elements similar to theirs, and coating one sword with **Night** while the other burns with a power akin to that of the Crucible, the **Nightlord's** fury in battle is at once graceful and mishappen-stumbling eerily from parry to block to deceptive combinations. It is no exaggeration to say you

face the wrath of a god incarnate, his every swing sending sweeping blasts across the battlefield and calling down cataclysm after cataclysm relentlessly.

Once he is felled, you need only return the **Primordial Nightlord's Rune** within him to a stooped corpse near the Roundtable Hold. Somehow, this will return a glint of gold back to the Erdtree, if not repairing Marika's Fracture entirely than stabilising order somewhat. You shall bear witness to one stray speck of that gold fleeing, and animating a giant of darkness. It shall look upon the Erdtree, mended by your efforts. And then, without a word, it will stride away from the Lands Between. Never to be seen again.

And the **Night** shall fade with it.

Your default reward is the Roundtable Hold of this world, and everything and everyone you can fit within it. Ordinarily the inscrutable wills of the formless force that guided you here would banish all natural life back to their eras without memory of the events. However, just as the Iron Menial forms an exception as an artificial lifeform, miraculous your interdimensional nature provides another. Any **Nightfarers** you have formed a strong bond with can become companions in future worlds, memories intact. Apart from the rare treasures found in this world, the chalices within this Roundtable Hold retain their ability to empower you and your allies.

Similar to the Priestess, you may choose to have the Roundtable Hold bound to your existence in a location of your choosing somewhere in future jumps. Buyer beware, as the Priestess fretted this also bound her existence to the Hold's own. Alternatively, you may choose to have this Roundtable Hold become a Warehouse attachment connected by a sturdy stone door. If neither of these scenarios seems ideal, you may choose to have the Priestess continue her symbiotic duty of maintaining the Hold's existence-or simply choose for it to follow you as an ordinary structure or Warehouse attachment, untethered to existence by anyone's being but also harmless to them if destroyed.

In future worlds, you may use either objects with great sentimental value (think a locket containing a beloved lost relative's portrait) or mystical energy as Relics, and with a short ceremonial oath you may induct others as honorary **Nightfarers** so they may share in these benefits.

But what if it's not enough?

Hasn't the **Night** taken so much from you? Don't you deserve to take something back? Find a Larval Tear in this world: An exceptionally rare creature that burgeons from spiritgraves and lives only a fleeting existence, neither flesh nor

spirit, but something in between. Bring it with you to **Heolstor** after defeating him in battle (and having left his corpse mostly intact). And even if Rennala or a goddess is not accompanying you, **you may take the Shape of Night itself as your body** and as one of your prizes.

By default, this body is an altform that replaces your default Elden Ring's build unless for some reason you really want to commit to the bit. Unless acquired elsewhere, you begin with no understanding of the full scope of the powers it holds. You may not even comprehend the nature of your existence. You may not even necessarily retain the ability to usher in the end of worlds, as the **Night** itself is greater than the **Nightlord.** Recreating such a force would probably be an adventure unto itself, though summoning and invoking the original **Night** to lend you it's might would probably be easier. Though absolutely destructive and unpredictable.

But all those abilities proven to be intrinsic to the **Nightlord** are bound to you now. Perhaps in time, just as the other **Lords of Night** sculpted their arenas in the image of their powers, you'll be able to reshape this form in a manner more similar to your self-image.

Either way, the formless master will send you back to the initial start of the jump in the main Elden Ring timeline that you chose. Unless for some reason you violently insist on staying here.

The Lord of Nights' Fate: An endless hunger

Heolstor will give no orders, and your compatriots are unlikely to entertain discourse that does not involve food or twisted bargains. Assuming they are willing or able to have conversation at all.

So, it's pretty much you against the world. There are many in it who would defend against all intrusion, some of whom are demigods or foes akin to them in power. The good news? None of them appear capable of mustering resistance more organised than the **Nightfarers.** The better news? The world is losing even without your allies having your back.

The better news is that even though finding and destroying the Roundtable Hold would be the most direct goal here, it's not the only one. Lay waste to the Lands Between with more focus than your compatriots, and you may bring ruin to the world faster than the **Nightfarers** can save it. Take a leaf out of your ally's book and get leverage on some of the locals here by plying their desires, and you might be able to trick the Lands Between's natives into helping you destroy it. The Frenzied Flame and its' adherents at least would likely require little

trickery, merely guidance. Time is on your side. Your mere existence tips the world towards oblivion.

And once it's done? The last golden light is snuffed out, the last castle crumbles, and the **Night** rolls over the Lands between like a midnight wave. Not stopping there, it spreads to other times, other places-other areas, the echo of a fault in order itself unwilling to let even the Erdtree of another timeline persist. In that darkness, only you and your fellow **Night Lords** persist. It is doubtful they have anything to say about the accomplishment of this feat. It is doubtful they have any further ambitions but to ride the way of that destruction, and seek greater spoils.

You are, as you have always been, alone in the darkness.

And so, your reward is the retention of your status as a Lord of Night, able to usher in the rain and the dark and the collapse of space-time even in other worlds. None who truly fathom the **Night** have explained it's motivations in detail, but perhaps the **Primordial Nightlord** is enemy to more than one world. Perhaps he will not tolerate even the possibility of surviving Erdtrees in other times and places. Or perhaps the **Night** simply seeks to spread, inscrutable and relentless as the ocean tide.

But are you truly sated?

The **Night** is vast and frightening and destructive. But it is not truly beyond compassion. If you would seek further power, you must be more than a mere appendage to the darkness from beyond the world. It is not of the world, and yet it's foremost agents are sworn enemies of the world.

You must, in some sense, teach the **Night** how to love.

How you do this is up to you, but doubtless a quest as epic as actually slaying the **Nightlord** itself and depends greatly on the nature of the **Night**-much of which is still obscured even after it's defeat. A certain infant has been weaned on the very essence of the **Night** for unknown reasons by the **Nightlord**. Despite it's destructive power, it is still enough of a baby to accept a mother's love. Perhaps if you were to find it first, or by some silver-tongued diplomacy coordinate with the Recluse, you speak to it as a representative of sorts.

Or perhaps the **Night** is blind to its' own cruelty, a solipsistic force of nature, and proving to it that there are other beings outside it's crushing embrace will fill it with alien delight.

Or perhaps the **Night** is shaped by the pain of fracturing and the anguish of those trampled by the Golden Order. Perhaps it is driven by loss and rage, and the lonesomeness that only a thing abandoned by space and time can experience. If so, perhaps it is enough to soothe it's pain somehow.

However you succeed in this matter, **the Night itself will return your love by manifesting eight new Night Lords** following you from world to world **in a single companion slot**. These are treated as eight free purchases of OC companion creation. Depending on what purchases they have they may be considered entities that the **Night** thought represented your desires, beings you encountered in this world corrupted by the **Night** into subservience to you, or even direct emanations or offspring of the **Night** itself. All of them are empowered as bonafide **Night Lords** regardless of their other powers, representing a significant investment of the **Night's** powers but bound to you instead of **Heolstor.** With such a force at your side, it's likely you could bring ruin to other worlds with your combined powers-likely propelling you right back into **Night's** embrace.

For now though, you remain in this conquered world. Though either way, the **Night** can surely provide you a path to others.

Go home

Stay

Move on

Notes

Because of your investment here, any perk that lets you produce a Mending Rune also lets you survive the process. It is still going to typically be an exhausting process for the average human that will likely result in a bout of unconsciousness, but you won't have to worry about ending your chain with it at least.

There are significant issues with the translation of Elden Ring's English release compared to its' native Japanese one. If and where any details conflict between the two, feel free to fanwank which apply during your stay.

It is unclear how dependent an Empyrean is on communion with their god to establish a new Order. Suffice to say that if you succeed in enacting a new Order in this jump, you retain as much of the god's presence as needed to ensure the propagation of it in other worlds. You do not necessarily have automatic and retroactive supremacy depending on other preexisting supernatural powers, but in mundane worlds it should be fairly quickly for you to spread your new Order through the propagation of the forces you embody.

Yes, if you somehow pursued Dragon Communion as a Living Jar in your backstory you can turn into a Magma Wyrm. Probably a weird crockery-based one, but hey-a troll accomplished it too. Somehow. It's…not entirely clear what happens if you pursue Dragon Communion as a dragon. By and large, dragons seem to be pretty happy with just being dragons.

- UPDATE: It is now official that Dragon Communion was developed as a means of vengeance against Bayle and the drakes descended from his lineage. Partaking of Dragon Communion is, technically, doing the will of Dragonlord Placidusax.

Yes, if you take Vessel of Ruination for Destined Death and Black Blade you can have the full power of Destined Death as Maliketh wielded in his prime. The gulf between that state and the "sad shadow of its former glory" that Maliketh's blade in the present represents is unknown, only that it was feared by all the demigods.

If you create an OC demihuman companion as an Empyrean, optionally you may fanwank that they are your assigned "shadow" by the Two Fingers with all that entails.

It's not clear if the Fingerslayer Blade becomes unnaturally heavy Mjolnir-style or just slips out of the grip of someone without a fate or whatever. Fanwank something.

The implications of certain OCs' resemblance to certain historical figures is up to you to determine.

Yes, if you picked Devourer of Gods as a fire giant or something else unreasonable even for a God-Devouring Serpent-sized snake to have eaten you can be the controlling consciousness of a giant tsuchinoko or something.

No, the Formless Mother is not particularly picky about what you thrust into her. But *most* people, even *other* depraved madmen, use an arm or a ritual implement.

If for whatever reason you feel too threatened by the ragtag Nightfarers as a *mere* Lord of the Night, you can also take the 1000 CP purchase of Divinity in addition to being a Lord of the Night (1200 CP total) to be a true peer to Heolstor (assuming you are not also a dragon or alien or Jumper Lord of Sunlight or whatever, just a human as your initial racial option). Whatever that even really entails because I'm not going to lie to you, at the time of writing it's still kind of unclear. Among other things you are at least guaranteed to be familiar with all established powers and generally have a firm grasp of your capabilities instead of just being a fresh soul in a foreign body.