The Second Apocalypse

Version 1.0

During the twilight of the Age of Bronze, the First Apocalypse destroyed the great Norsirai nations of the North. Only the South, the Ketyai nations of the Three Seas, survived the onslaught of the No-God, Mog-Pharau, and his Consult of generals and magi. The years passed, and the Men of the Three Seas forgot, as Men inevitably do, the horrors endured by their fathers.

Empires rose and empires fell. The First Apocalypse has become little more than legend. The Consult, which had survived the death of Mog-Pharau, has dwindled into myth, something old wives tell small children. After two thousand years, only the Schoolmen of the Mandate, who relive the Apocalypse each night through the eyes of their ancient founder, Seswatha, recall the horror and the prophecies of the No-God's return. Though the mighty and the learned consider them fools, their possession of the Gnosis, the sorcery of the Ancient North, commands respect and mortal envy. Driven by nightmares, they wander the labyrinths of power, scouring the Three Seas for signs of their ancient and implacable foe.

And as always, they find nothing.

Then from the wild, uncharted North comes a mysterious and extraordinarily powerful philosopher-warrior, Anasûrimbor Kellhus, descendant of the ancient High Kings. But the return of the king's bloodline is little cause for rejoicing. For Kellhus's appearance may signal the overthrow of empires, the destruction of the sorcerous schools, the return of the Consult demons — and the end of the world.

Welcome to Eärwa, jumper, a place known to be harsh and unforgiving, certainly bleak by the standards of many. Men are blind, even to the source of their desires, and yet they are forced to wage a nameless war against a foe they can scarcely comprehend. The gods treat the physical world as little more than their granary, reaping the souls of the faithful and the blasphemous alike, ignorant that they too are blind to the machinations of demons from a distant star. But it is certainly not without its prizes: power, knowledge, and perhaps even the opportunity to prevent another Apocalypse… or ensure its coming.

You begin in 4109 Year-of-the-Tusk, just as Kellhus sets out on his mission to kill his father, and you will be staying here for 10 years. Because Fate is a whore, have **1000 CP** to skew the odds in your favour a little.

Race

"Nonmen, Sranc, and Men:
The first forgets,
The third regrets,
And the second has all of the fun."
—ANCIENT KÛNIÜRI NURSERY RHYME

Although they possess the most widespread civilized society, mankind is not the only race inhabiting this world.

Man (Free): You are a human, a descendant of one of the Five Tribes of Men who invaded Eärwa at the very beginning of the Age of Bronze and slaughtered the False Men who once prospered there. Now your kind is found all throughout the known world, with some pockets surviving even in the Ancient North. While humans are the dominant race of Eärwa, with the possible exception of the Sranc, and the greatest among them can be fearsome indeed, they are ultimately the unwitting victims of greater powers.

Holca (100): You are of the Holca, the fiercest tribe of recently-converted Thunyerus, living on the very frontier of Mannish hegemony. Although the Holca are outwardly differentiated from other men only by their fiery red hair, even their barbarous cousins scarcely consider them to be human due to their extraordinary traits: prodigious strength, a terrifying battle-madness, and the fact that they possess two hearts. The latter is thought to be the source of the former two, and a Holca warrior who loses himself fully to his madness can fend off even a Bashrag for some time, although he will not think to defend himself in the process.

Nonman (400): You are a Nonman, a member of the previously pre-eminent race of Eärwa, now much reduced. While Men wandered the world dressed in skins and wielding weapons of stone, your kind had invented writing and mathematics, astrology and geometry, sorcery and philosophy. The Nonmen call themselves ji'cûnû roi, "the People of Dawn," but they are reviled by humans as False Men, perhaps for the sense of inferiority that Nonmen induce in them; standing taller than the tallest of men, their faces are possessed of an inhuman beauty, seemingly perfect in structure. Their bodies are completely devoid of hair or pigment, their teeth are fused, and their eyes are pure black. Their strength and swiftness are legendary, more than sufficient to face Bashrag in single combat and prevail. Their intelligence is similarly great, and Nonman sorcerers were the most fearsome of all for many thousands of years, at least until the creation of the Metagnosis. The vile machinations of the Inchoroi, the same that caused all female members of their species to perish, imparted upon them their most defining trait: their immortality. Your body is unaffected by age or disease, and only violence or accident can end your life. But your mind has not been altered to accommodate an eternal lifespan, and many Nonmen succumb to madness as their treasured memories fade to nothing and only the most heartbreaking and terrible experiences prove some sense of continuity, becoming dangerous Erratics.

Tall One (500): A legendary sight even among the Nonmen, you are one of the Tall, everything that an ordinary Cûnuroi is and more. Your stature is so great as to hold your more diminutive brethren in your hand like a doll, and your strength is without equal as well. Mighty enough to single-handedly fell armies, great enough in arms that the heroes of your kind are capable of slaying dragons in single combat. Even your voice holds the power to smite the ears of all around you and deafen them with a single roar. While the Tall are among the oldest of the Nonmen, and therefore also the most affected by the Dolour, you seem to be a freak exception of some kind, either born of the youngest generation or somehow free of your kind's madness — to an extent, at least.

Ursranc (Free): You are a Sranc of Golgotterath, a stock bred by the Consult over thousands of years for strength and obedience. The Sranc are one of the soulless Weapon Races created by the Inchoroi in a time before human history, forged counterfeits of Nonman frames. White-skinned, hairless, and impossibly beautiful just like their template, they desire only to murder and violate, which provides them sexual gratification. While ordinary Sranc, your lesser cousins, are smaller and weaker than a man, you stand taller and are broader through the shoulder, enough to resemble a stunted Nonman as much as a Sranc. Your mental faculties are more developed as well, although they are comparable to a human's at best.

Bashrag (200): You are a Bashrag, the second of the Inchoroi's soulless Weapon Races. Towering and brutish, each appears to be composed of three separate bodies fused into a singular, grotesque whole: Three arms welded into one. Three ingrown chests. Three hands for fingers, and three faces hanging from a single black-maned head. In spite of this bizarre appearance, they are terrifyingly effective on the battlefield due to their overwhelming physical strength, enough to reduce an armored man to bloody pulp or send them flying through the air with a single blow. An ordinarily dim Bashrag would require twelve experienced soldiers to be felled, and you are fortunate enough to be among the sharpest of their kind, no less intelligent than the average man.

Skin-spy (200): You are a human, or so it seems. A soulless creation of the Consult born after the First Apocalypse, you are a skin-spy, manufactured to infiltrate the societies of men. Your bones are composed of cartilage, and your face specifically is made up of countless limbs akin to the legs of a spider, allowing you to perfectly mimic the appearance of any human. You can control everything from the shape of your body to the colour and length of every individual hair, with the only notable exception being genitalia, which remain male. Although not as powerful as a Bashrag, skin-spies are more than capable of overwhelming the greatest of Mannish fighters with their inhuman strength and speed, which are sufficient to turn an armored man into a ragdoll or pluck an incoming arrow from the air. Driven by their basest instincts, primarily sadistic urges they are capable of controlling with greater regularity than other creations of the Tekne, they are also essentially immune to most forms of torture due to the arousal that pain causes them.

Inchoroi (400): You are not from this world. You are one of the last remaining Inchoroi, brother to Aurang and Aurax, a child of the Ark-of-the-Skies that once travelled between the stars. Although your kind has manufactured several different races, they are in turn a creation of the same enigmatic Progenitors who engineered the Ark; while almost everything concerning such a primordial time has been lost, it is clear that you were created as a warrior, the very embodiment of uncompromising domination: your form is terrible to behold, taller than a Nonman, clawed and winged, with a great skull like an oyster turned on end bearing a monstrous face, a second humanlike face resting within the crocodilian jaws of the first. Your limbs are mighty, enough to contest a Nonman's strength, and the Tekne has ensured that you are wholly immune to age and disease alike, with none of the madness that eternity has inflicted on the Cûnuroi. Lastly, your body radiates strange pheromones that influence the behaviour of those in close proximity to you, causing them to grow wild with lust for your obscene form — with prolonged exposure, even one who has seemingly mastered their emotional responses and bodily functions can be brought to their knees in worship if they do not employ the utmost care in your presence.

Wracu (600): You are one of the Wracu, also known as Dragons. The most terrifying of all the Weapon Races, Wracu are immense, fire-spitting, winged reptilian monstrosities created by the Inchoroi as a response to Nonman sorcerers. You are immense in size, your maw large enough to devour several men whole. It is said that Wracu possess scales of bronze and bones of iron, though both seem to be far more durable than either example, as your hide is capable of withstanding prolonged sorcerous assault where anything created by natural means would be utterly obliterated. In spite of your monstrous bulk, you are capable of unnerving shows of sudden speed, instantly lashing out like a coiled snake to catch your foes by surprise. Your wings carry your weight without issue, and like all Wracu, you can vomit fire from

your mouth at will; the flames you expel are hot enough to melt stone or turn sand to glass in the blink of an eye, and it goes without saying that a single breath is capable of destroying entire armies of men. Finally, your body is unaging, and in fact benefits from the passage of time: the longer you live, the more colossal you will grow. While it does not offer any specific advantages, you can choose to be a variant with some defining physical trait, like Skuthula the Black's serpentine body and many limbs.

Origins

"If it is only after that we understand what has come before, then we understand nothing. Thus we shall define the soul as follows: that which precedes everything."
—AJENCIS, THE THIRD ANALYTIC OF MEN

Any origin can be chosen as a drop-in. Gender and age may be freely decided, although there are some things to consider depending on your chosen race. Skin-spies are technically always male, for example, and it would be wise for Nonmen to be a handful of millennia old at most, leaving them mostly untouched by their kind's madness. Lastly, it is the traditional belief of most in the Three Seas that women are of a lower order than men; expect to be treated accordingly, though this hasn't stopped women from becoming extremely influential in their own right.

You can begin in a location of your own choosing appropriate to your origin. Caste-nobles are likely to start within their own lands or that of their allies, sorcerers in those places their School holds sway, Nonmen in their Mansion, and so on. Of course, if you can come up with a good reason for someone of your background to start there, essentially anywhere on Eärwa short of places you really couldn't reasonably be (such as the Incû-Holoinas for those who aren't members of the Consult, or Ishuäl for non-Dûnyain) is a valid starting location.

Outsider (Free): Assuming you have a history in this world at all, it took place away from Three Seas society. You are likely a foreigner of some kind, be it a marauding Scylvendi horseman, a desert-dwelling Khirgwi tribesman, or a descendant of one of the far-flung remnants of the ancient Norsirai nations. If starting in a later era you might even be a scalper, one who lives at the very edge of human civilization hunting Sranc for the bounty on their scalps. If you wish to be native, however, you're simply a caste-menial unknown to anyone outside of your small social circle. Regardless of your exact nature, any entrance into Three Seas politics is likely to be a troublesome one considering your distinctly "low" origins, but the upcoming Holy War might be an opportunity to create an unlikely legend...

Caste-Noble (Free): Three Seas culture is bound by a strong caste system, and you stand at its top as one of the kijneta, the warrior-nobility. Although you aren't a king or prince, your family is of high standing and you have a definite advantage over the caste-menials in essentially every matter imaginable. You could for example be an Ainoni baron, a Tydonni thane, a member of a family belonging to the Nansur Houses of the Congregate, or nobility that does not actually adhere to the Three Seas' caste system such a Thunyeri chieftain or a noble from faraway Zeüm. Expect to be (perhaps begrudgingly) obeyed by those of a lower rank than you, schemed against by political enemies, and called upon to lead the men of your nation during times of war.

Faithful (Free): Where others prize wealth or temporal power, you have dedicated your life to the divine. You are a follower of one of the many gods worshipped across the Three Seas and beyond, whether as a functionary of Inrithism's Thousand Temples (or their equivalents, such as the priests of Fanimry), a member of a particular sanctioned cult, or a particularly zealous layman. Make no mistake; although neither wealth nor power are the stated goal of the faithful, both can be acquired in equal measure, with for example the Shriah of the Thousand Temples being a powerful enough figure to unite the armies of countless Three Seas nations under the banner of their shared beliefs. The divine itself is, of course, an active force in this world as well — the Hundred can be angered beyond measure, but a chosen few are given great boons for their service.

Sorcerer (Free): Where others exert influence on the world through the strength of their bodies or their authority over their fellow man, you are one who apprehends reality in its truest form and forces it to obey with your will and words alone. Likely taken from your family by one of the Three Seas' sorcerous Schools as a child (with your exact allegiance dependent on which form of sorcery you practice, determined by a later purchase), you have spent long hours studying at the feet of your seniors to acquire powers far beyond ordinary men. Your sorcery marks you as an outsider in ordinary society — sorcerers are, after all, destined for eternal damnation according to Inrithi beliefs — and any use of your powers is sure to inspire awe and fear in equal measure. Only the prevalence of Trinkets, those artifacts capable of nullifying your abilities and slaying you on contact, make you simply dangerous rather than a true god among men, but even then it is no coincidence that most rulers would rather have a powerful sorcerer on their side than not...

Unholy Consult (Free): The enemies of mankind, the instigators of the First Apocalypse and the principal antagonists of every ancient retelling of those terrible events. As far as most of humanity is concerned, the Consult's existence is limited entirely to those ancient tales; whether they perished as a result of the No-God's destruction is irrelevant, as the thousands of years that have passed since those times surely saw the deaths of all involved. Unknown to all but its members, the Unholy Triumvirate of Men, Nonmen, and Inchoroi formed thousands of years ago has survived both their defeat and the countless years that followed, with their goal — to shut the world from the Outside and so prevent their own eternal damnation — remaining unchanged. You, as a willing member of their cabal or a creation of one of its members, have chosen to align yourself with the Consult and profess their goal of resurrecting the No-God and reducing this world's ensouled population to a mere 144,000. Of course, your close affiliation could also be an unequaled opportunity to end their horrific efforts… but do you truly wish to, knowing what fate awaits even innocent souls in the afterlife?

Dûnyain (1000): The Dûnyain are a group of ascetics utterly isolated from and unknown to the rest of the world, repudiating not only the animal appetite of the human body, but all human history and culture, seeing them as the factors that force mankind into a blindness from which they cannot escape — no matter how free they may think themselves, they are products of prior events, and so they are slaves to what has come before. Confining themselves to their hidden fastness, they sought to change both their bodies and their souls to erase all that stands in the way of the Logos, their name for Reason itself and the key to escaping the shackles of what has come before. Recognizing that such a monumental effort could never be accomplished within a single human lifetime, they came to consider their cause as a multi-generational project and instituted a program of selective breeding for intellect and dispassion, with each prior generation training the next to the limit of their capabilities. You are a result of those millennia of eugenics, a program so effective as to birth what is essentially a new subspecies of man. To call you superhuman would be an understatement. All world-born men are as children before you, mentally and physically, and future events will make it clear how powerless ordinary society is before the abilities of a Dûnyain. Because you're paying for it, female Dûnyain are equivalent to their male counterparts rather than the grotesque whale-mothers found in Ishuäl. If you so desire, you can choose to be a member of the Anasûrimbor bloodline specifically.

Sorcery

"One sorcerer, the ancients say, is worth a thousand warriors in battle and ten thousand sinners in Hell."
—DRUSAS ACHAMIAN, COMPENDIUM OF THE FIRST HOLY WAR

The practice of making the world conform to language. Although its nature has been the subject of millennia of debate, it is, at its core, an act of apprehending creation itself and impressing on it a specific meaning to produce an unnatural result. While there are many Schools, there are core features that generally apply to all sorcerous branches:

Firstly, the ability to apprehend creation, or the Onta as sorcerers call it, is an innate quality which does not seem to have any regard for other factors. Even if a person were otherwise destined to become a fantastic sorcerer due to their great intellect, zeal, or whatever determines one's strength in a particular branch of sorcery, without the ability to distinguish sorcery from the natural world, they cannot use it in even its most basic forms. This is what is called being one of the Few.

Secondly, all sorcery requires precise meanings. Incantations are always spoken in a non-native tongue, and require the sorcerer to say and think two separate things simultaneously. The spoken segment of an incantation must have its meaning "fixed" with a silent segment that is simultaneously thought.

Thirdly, the metaphysical effects of sorcery are a great crime, at least in the eyes of the world. From their very first incantation onward, sorcerers are afflicted with the Mark, a metaphysical bruise or stain on reality which signifies them as a user of sorcery to others of their kind. To those capable of learning or using sorcery, this Mark only becomes more intense the more one has used it, with its most powerful practitioners appearing covered in an impossible, nauseating blackness to the eyes of the Few. The Mark also tends to be an indicator of one's susceptibility to Chorae, artifacts which invert the meaning of sorcery; any sorcerer powerful enough to utter Cants is turned to salt upon contact with a Chorae.

This section contains choices related to which branch of sorcery you practice, if any. This grants you working knowledge of that sorcery at an intermediate level, enough to utter most Cants — offensive Cants, the multiple varieties of wards, many common utility ones — and defeat a novice of your branch in sorcerous combat, but nothing more. Those who purchase the ability to use sorcery without purchasing a school will be able to learn it if they can find a teacher, but keep in mind that becoming a sorcerer of rank is a lifelong process even for those trained from childhood. If you for some reason only want to purchase a school but not the ability to use sorcery, you'll only have theoretical knowledge.

One of the Few (100, Free for Nonmen and Sorcerers): You meet the minimum requirement for learning sorcery, the ability to apprehend the Onta. This allows you to use sorcery if taught, and recognize other sorcerers and their workings by the Mark they leave on the fabric of reality. This alone is neither a crime in the eyes of the world, nor will you be affected by Chorae until you've actually spoken a Cant. Because only those with souls can see creation for what it truly is, purchasing this as a soulless product of the Tekne will make you an ensouled oddity — this isn't completely unheard of, as there exists at least one skin-spy capable of using the Gnosis.

Anagogis (200, Discounted to Sorcerers): A branch of sorcery that turns on the resonances between meanings and concrete things. It is one of the analogical branches, working not with pure abstractions like the Gnosis but the substances embodying these abstractions, the poetry to its mathematics. Practitioners often conjure sorcerous mirrors of real-world objects, attacking with birds made of flame or lightning from spontaneously-appearing stormclouds, and their shield-wards take the form of literal spectral walls surrounding their location. This is the most common branch of sorcery in the Three Seas, practiced by the Schools of the Nansur Imperial Saik, the mercenary Myunsai, the Nilnameshi Vokalati, the infamous

Scarlet Spires, and all witches prior to the establishment of the Swayal Compact.

Iswazi (200, Discounted to Sorcerers): An analogical branch of sorcery from Zeüm which operates via the medium of physical fetishes. Used exclusively by the Zeümi School of the Mbimayû, practitioners traditionally wear a gown stitched with one hundred and thirteen pockets for the corresponding amount of fetishes; where the Anagogic sorcerer will simply speak a sorcerous wall into existence, the Iswazi sorcerer will, for example, hold an iron bell and summon an enlarged sorcerous equivalent around himself for protection. The result is a sorcery in some ways more powerful yet generally less flexible than the Anagogis; Iswazi can expect to overpower an Anagogic sorcerer of equivalent skill in a duel, but will be at a disadvantage in sorcerous group combat.

Psûkhe (400, Discounted to Sorcerers): The arcane practice of the Cishaurim, Fanimry's notorious priest-sorcerers. It is distinguished not only by the source of its power, which depends on the emotional depth and zeal of the user rather than their intellect, but also the fact that it is entirely invisible to the eyes of the Few — as such, its users lack a Mark, although they and their workings are affected by Chorae the same as any sorcerer. Cishaurim call their power the Water, using it to destroy their enemies with blue flame or raining down bright blue plasma from above. Generally, users of the Psûkhe are considerably weaker than their Anagogic counterparts, but they experience a great leap in power upon reaching mastery of their art, enough to contest a Gnostic mage in single combat.

Gnosis (400, Discounted to Sorcerers, Consult, and Nonmen): The branch of sorcery once practiced by the Gnostic Schools of the Ancient North, but now known only to the Schools of Mandate and those remnants of the Mangaecca who once aligned with the Consult. Unlike Anagogic sorcery, Gnostic sorcery is leveraged through the use of pure abstractions. Rather than conjuring anything which exists in this world, they battle with geometrically perfect lines of blue-white destruction, pikes of pure force, arcing scythes of death, and so on. This method of altering creation is considerably more powerful than any analogical variant, and a Gnostic mage can be expected to best even groups of equivalent Anagogic sorcerers in combat. Nonmen who purchase this become Qûya mages, who use their own distinct but similar sorcery on which the Gnosis was based. Dûnyain obtain knowledge of the Metagnosis, an evolution of the Gnosis nearly exclusive to them.

Daimos (400, Discounted to Sorcerers): Also known as noömancy, the sorcery of summoning and enslaving agencies from the Outside. Through ritual sorcery, Daimotic Cants are capable of calling Ciphrang, commonly referred to as demons, and binding them to the will of the practitioner. This connection can then be used to give absolute telepathic commands to the enslaved demon. With time and experience, even a multitude of powerful lords among the Ciphrang can come under the control of the user simultaneously, though there are always risks involved when binding such strong-willed beings. Purchasing this also grants you knowledge of the Cants of Dispossession, sorceries allowing the souls of the living to wander the ways of the dead. The Daimos is universally feared and reviled, even among sorcerers, and only the Scarlet Spires make use of it.

Aporos (400, Discounted to Inchoroi): A lost branch of sorcery. The Aporos possesses contradictory, or negative, semantics, and as such is able only to undo the positive semantics of other sorcery. It is the sorcery of paradox, turning the meanings that make sorcery possible in on themselves to destroy them, which is the sole effect of its Cants. Its most common product are the Chorae widely in use across the Three Seas, although their origin is unknown to most of its denizens. Its principles are also used by the Agonic Collar and Uroborian Circle, which prevent the utterance of sorcery by inflicting excruciating pain when worn or when within its bounds, respectively. The only one known to possess any knowledge of this lost art is Aurang, the fearsome Inchoroi horde-general of the Consult.

Perks

"For all things there is a toll. We pay in breaths, and our purse is soon empty."
—SONGS 57:3, THE CHRONICLE OF THE TUSK

Perks are discounted to their associated origins. 100 CP perks are free.

General

Inoculated (400, Free for Nonmen and Inchoroi): The death of death, the infamous "cure for mortality" invented by the Inchoroi and given to nearly every Nonman in ancient times. The term 'inoculation' specifically refers to the most agonizing stage of the therapy, whereby hollow pins are inserted into every tissue in the body, steeping them in the age-killing nostrum. You have undergone this process, and are as a result completely unaffected by age or disease, with any death that you might suffer brought upon you by violence alone. Note that this immortality does not confer any special ability for your mind to store an unlimited amount of information, or resistance against the madness that sets in when your most treasured memories begin to fade as millennia pass — Inchoroi do not seem to suffer this particular flaw, which is the doom of the Nonmen, but it's not unreasonable to say that they were simply mad from the beginning.

Artisan (600, Discounted to Nonmen): The sorcerous artifacts of the Nonmen hold a legendary status across both their own society and that of Men, capable of bestowing abilities akin to sorcery on their users without requiring even a hint of sorcerous potential from them. Your skill in creating such artifacts, an otherwise entirely lost art, is second only to Emilidis the Artisan; if a Nonman, you may very well have been one of his apprentices in ancient times. By applying a special process during the ordinary creation of an item, you can ensorcell it, bestowing it with sorcerous qualities. While the effects will be minor starting off, your artifacts could rival Emilidis' own Sublime Contrivances with sufficient experience. Examples would be a blade capable of halving a mammoth when wielded by a man of skill but otherwise ordinary strength, a suit of armor which miraculously throws all nearby enemies surrounding its wearer into the air, a helmet within which is sealed the soul of another living being and allows them to experience all of their emotions and memories, or a lantern emitting a light that appears to turn the blackest night into a bright summer afternoon. After obtaining true mastery of these techniques, you may even construct something akin to the Barricades, the sorcerous portal barring the only entrance to the Incû-Holoinas which folds emptiness into angles, bending space to simply make all attempts to break through it miss. Upon reaching this level of skill, your creations will also defy the inversion of sorcerous meaning imposed upon ensorcelled artifacts by Chorae, meaning they will not be destroyed on contact with antimagic.

Outsider

Son of the Trackless Steppe (100): Years of surviving in the harsh wilderness has made you a master of such environments. You know everything required to thrive in any environment where humans are capable of surviving in the first place, knowing exactly what to eat, how to hunt the local animals, the safest location and manner for sleep, and so on. You are accustomed to a variety of environments, but your knowledge of one particular kind of wilderness is especially great, such as the steppe or hot deserts.

Wild-Eyed Jumper (100): The people of the Three Seas tend to be highly suspicious and unwelcoming of foreigners unless associating with such an individual benefits them in some way. You are quite good at finding occasions where your skills can be of use even in company that would otherwise despise you

for your origins, and will find that attempts at ingratiating yourself with such parties will often go better than one would normally expect. Even if you are a godless Scylvendi barbarian in the company of "civilized" Inrithi holy warriors, you will under the right circumstances be allowed to fight alongside them, and should your skill in battle be impressive, you will see their tolerance become appreciation eventually. So long as you are capable of making yourself useful, and do nothing to personally offend your company, a similar shift in opinion will occur.

Listening Beast (200): Whatever journey you might embark on, there will surely be those seeking to take advantage of you. Of course, these individuals always have preferred targets as far as their schemes are concerned; those afflicted with madness are almost considered unsuitable, either because they are too dangerous or, for the most astute schemers, they simply pose no threat. By acting as a madman would, or simply being mad, you will conveniently be left unaccounted for in the plots of even genius schemers, at least those on the level of the Dûnyain. They will consider you a beast, neither useful when controlled nor dangerous when left unchained, leaving you poised to destroy all they have built when they least expect it.

Dread Knowledge (200): When a soul has been ensnared by another, they become almost impossible to separate — especially in the case of the chains that the intellects inhabiting this particular world are capable of forging. They adore, they worship, they offer up their life and love for scraps. You are the instrument capable of striking such chains. When someone has come under the complete control of another, through simple manipulation or more supernatural means, your words of truth, should you yourself believe them, are capable of creating a crack in that terrible bond. Their resolve will be utterly shaken, and never again will words so terrible be thrown upon the balance of their heart. With this, even one wholly possessed by a Dûnyain can grow to see the truth of their lies.

HATE (400): Hatred can drive a man mad, but when you hate, it is not merely an emotional response; your hatred *becomes* your desire, and you transform into fury incarnate, outrage become stalking sinew and flesh. The benefits of this are twofold: not only will you, in your utter hatred, gain an indomitable will that will leave you unbroken by even the worst of fates short of death itself, but anything that seeks to alter the core of your being — such as, for example, the manipulations of a Dûnyain, or more general mind control — must first quench the fires of your inhuman hatred before it can affect you. Of course, should the one attempting this also be the very object of your hatred, you are more likely to die a thousand deaths than to fall prey to their machinations.

One of 144,000 (400): There is something about you that makes the cruel and immoral see you as a useful tool. Whether it is because of your abilities, experience, or simply your mentality, this strange quality will see them treating you favorably so long as you do not oppose them, and they will retain a vested interest in your survival. Even the Consult, a gathering of the most inhuman and utterly depraved souls inhabiting this world, will attempt to negotiate for your service with gifts of power, knowledge, or servants even if you have openly spurned them but otherwise remain neutral. Should you decide to accept their offer, you will be given a lot of leeway in choosing how to aid their cause, and you can expect to be very generously rewarded when you are successful.

Most Violent of All Men (600): Such a title will almost certainly be bestowed upon you in time, and it will not be an exaggeration. As far as world-born men are concerned, only Cnaiür urs Skiötha of the Utemot tribe is your equal in matters of combat and war. You are towering, a mountain of muscles like iron, hands capable of snapping the neck of a grown man with contemptuous ease. In battle not even a hundred men could match you, hacking through them with ease as though they are water, killing and killing until they flee before your terrible might. Your skill in using your weapon of choice, honed by true

experience, is similarly great, allowing you to threaten even Dûnyain in combat and take the head of a skin-spy in a duel, the blows of which move as blurs to ordinary men. But you are no simple brute; your genius extends to the battlefield at large as well. The stratagems of most are pitiful exercises to you, easily seen through and countered, and your own are sure to give even the most exemplary generals of the Three Seas pause.

Immortal Malice (600): The world of the living and the Outside are not completely disconnected from one another. In response to the actions of the soul, their sensations and experiences, one can come into contact with the other. Should you experience some continual, intense emotion for a long period of time, such as hatred, you will find one of the realms of the Outside leaking into reality in accordance with this emotion. Your form will gradually take on an otherworldly quality which is more experienced than seen, an intimation of the forces which you are slowly embodying. In the case of hatred, you will seem more like a furnace of Hell than a man, with eyes that strike fear into all and words that cut deeper than any blade. Everything you do will seem furious, authoritative, utterly terrifying, the visage of a demon come to reap the souls of the living. Your body becomes something out of legend, and should you maintain such a state of being for long enough… you will find that this demonic aspect becomes completely literal. When that all-consuming hatred reaches its peak and you finally stand before the one whom you have heaped all of your rage upon, you truly will become a demon walking this earth, a Ciphrang with the will of a man, and all the terrible implications thereof.

Caste-Noble

Jnanic Wit (100): Jnan is the informal code of manner and speech understood by many to be a "war of word and sentiment", with the more refined subcultures of the Three Seas considering it to be the determinant of status among individuals who are otherwise of equal caste or station. Jnanic exchanges are typically characterized by concealed antagonism, the appreciation of irony and intellect, and the semblance of detached interest. You possess a great deal of jnanic wit, as it is called, and are in general highly skilled at learning and mastering similarly subtle social norms.

Squawking Parrots (100): As one of high status, you are expected to be obeyed by your lessers. It is only natural for them to agree with you, but too many rulers have been doomed by surrounding themselves with only sycophants, who know nothing but what their masters tell them and are incapable of offering sound advice. You will thankfully be saved from such a fate, as you can determine the intent of your subordinates when they agree with you, and will never suffer negatively from ignoring the squawking of a fool who knows nothing about the matter at hand.

Holy Antagonist (200): Men cannot help but compare themselves to one another, those they serve and those they oppose alike. You are quite good at leveraging these instinctive associations to increase your own standing in the eyes of others — if you serve a figure of strength, such as a feared emperor or even the God himself in any official capacity, you can use the authority that figure holds to reinforce your own control over your subordinates. Even if they do not respect you, they will follow you if they hold the one above you in high regard. Conversely, by casting yourself against a similarly powerful figure, the fact that you oppose them at all will make you appear stronger in turn.

Wiles of the Whore (200): No matter your resources, there are some things that cannot be obtained with wealth and status alone. But with this, it can be acquired more easily: provided you have access to a great amount of resources, you can achieve goals that would otherwise seem nigh-impossible due to their sheer scale or improbability. If you had the wealth of an empire at your command, you could accomplish something like finding an ordinary person, who could be anywhere on the continent and with no clue to go on save a description of their appearance as a child several decades ago, within a year at most through completely ordinary means.

Shadow of Wreoleth (400): Prior to the Apocalypse, the city of Wreoleth was one of the commercial capitals of the ancient Norsirai civilization. Following the birth of the No-God, half of its population was trapped by the forces of the Consult, and they remained captive there where all others were destroyed. To ensure that the Sranc would not enter the city, they were "programmed" to fear the surrounding lands instinctively. Thousands of years later, a group of men who endured unimaginable horrors in the ruins of that city inherited some of its shadow, and Sranc fled before them in the thousands. You too have obtained this fearsome quality, with primitive creatures that could be deemed "evil" preferring death over approaching you, fleeing from your presence in terror even as you cut them down.

Cheater of Cheaters (400): The world is a game whose rules are written by God, and sorcerers are those who cheat and cheat. How is a ruler such as yourself supposed to exercise authority over individuals capable of immolating a man from the inside out or smiting a castle wall to dust with their voice and will alone? Although Chorae play no small part in ensuring that sorcerers have not come to replace kings and emperors entirely, you are highly skilled at using everything at your disposal to keep people far more conventionally powerful than you in their service. Of course you know how to best utilize weapons that are effective against them, such as Chorae, but you're also instinctively aware of whether that particular person would best be kept servile by tradition, faith, familial bonds, greed, or something else entirely. Additionally, this also makes it a lot easier to have your subordinates of this nature focus on competing with each other rather than envying the one who stands above all of them.

Bandit-Jumper (600): You are incredibly difficult to deal with permanently. It may not quite be divine grace, but when the chance of you escaping unharmed from some perilous situation exists, that outcome is very likely to occur. If you lead from the front, you are unlikely to die from a stray arrow. If you find yourself stranded in the wilderness, you would be the one to find food and shelter where others would perish. This does not mean nothing negative can occur to you; you can still suffer greatly, or even lose nearly everything you care about, but so long as you desire to continue living, you could become an elusive thorn in the side of an enemy far greater than yourself. Leading a violent resistance of a powerful empire occupying your people's lands would see you continuously evade their every attempt at capturing you, even when you lose a battle. This effect is strongest the first time, and gradually diminishes the more you succeed at miraculous escaping yet again, so take care not to rely on this too much.

God-of-Men (600): Some are simply born better. As far as the standards of your race are concerned, you are an exemplar. The brilliance of your mind, the beauty of your form, the health of your body, the force of your charisma… They are all worthy of being called a blessing. You will find yourself a prodigy in most ordinary matters, and the majority of studies to be an effortless affair. Of course a focused career would bring the greatest results, and if you chose to study warfare, for example, you could without a doubt become one of the most accomplished generals in Three Seas history. Your positive qualities synergize well, and any negative ones you might possess become less substantial. If you were exceptionally conceited, this would only serve to enhance your charisma, and the loyalty you would be able to instill by claiming yourself to be equal to a divine figure would lead your army to follow you to the bitter end, even if they thought their enemy to be a literal prophet. And should you be publicly humiliated in front of your peers by a master manipulator, with your deepest insecurities and personal failings laid bare, it would only take ruminating on your greatness to bounce back from that, or essentially any other trauma, and your renewed vigor would simply make the witnesses forget about what had transpired.

Faithful

Living Tractate (100): You have an encyclopedic knowledge of your faith's scripture, and a fair amount of knowledge on the writings of those faiths related to or opposing your own. Not only will you

never fail to recognize a verse or falter in providing the exact scriptural source of a particular religious teaching, you will almost always be able to come up with some fitting excerpt from your belief system of choice that relates to your current situation. Just keep in mind that not everyone might be happy with your proselytism.

Dragon's Maw (100): There are times where following one's faith to the letter is counterproductive to the wellbeing of its follower. For this reason there are many instances of religious leaders, even the Shriah of the Thousand Temples, doing what would otherwise be unthinkable for the sake of their beliefs. When your decisions go against the precepts of your faith, but clearly provide a positive effect for that faith's cause, your fellows will be less inclined to judge you negatively, and are more easily convinced to aid you in that particular matter. This scales with how important you are to your faith; if you hold a leadership position, you could even sanction something akin to the Scarlet Spires' entry into the Inrithi camp of the First Holy War.

Mother-Supreme (200): Much like how some of the Kiünnat cults absorbed by Inrithism retain their traditional leadership in spite of their official prohibition, you can organize and lead a religious organization entirely from the shadows. Not only are you more skilled at hiding your existence from others in general, you're more effective at ensuring that your will is accurately carried out by your direct subordinates, and can do so without alerting others that the false public leader of your organization is in fact nothing more than a figurehead. Depending on who exactly you want to hide your existence from, your secrecy can become quite hard to maintain if they possess supernatural or otherwise extraordinary means to determine your existence, but you will always be harder to find than you otherwise would be.

Stork's Flight (200): There are as many interpretations of the gods as there are men in the world, and some say that it is entirely impossible for their followers to truly understand even a fragment of their otherworldly minds. But where intellectual understanding fails, sensation can provide an answer. By devoting yourself to a particular deity or group of deities, you become far better at intuiting which course of action would be the most agreeable to them. Furthermore, during important moments of your life you will receive signs — things otherwise explainable through natural phenomena, but full of meaning for followers of your faith — that serve as signs directing you towards the most godly course of action.

Latter Prophet (400): Simply because someone is led to the truth, doesn't mean they can turn away from it. Someone who has gained faith can lose it, and someone has been converted can return to their old faith. Something about your efforts to convert others, however, leaves such a deep impression on them that any attempts to change their beliefs after the fact are almost guaranteed to fail. Assuming that you genuinely and fully convince them to adopt a particular set of beliefs of their own free will, they will become as stubborn in retaining those beliefs as any cultic zealot, at best falsely converting under threat of death while keeping their true beliefs in their heart.

Narindar (400): Over the ages, many assassination cults have arisen across the Three Seas, dedicated to numerous different gods. You were trained by one of these cults, and learned enough to match the greatest of such fanatical assassins and contracted murderers. While you are not an "Anointed Narindar" blessed by the gods with this alone, your skills in inflicting every manner of covert death on human beings is such that only the greatest or most paranoid of rulers would prove troublesome targets. Additionally, you are also an incredibly lethal duelist, enough to endanger such famed fighters as the Sword-Dancers of Zeüm.

Judging Eye (600): The eyes of the God Himself, if certain scholars are to be believed. It is said that the God peers through all eyes, the Mark of sorcery is simply a fragment of His all-seeing gaze. This, however, is not merely witnessing the bruise sorcery creates on the world — by looking upon a person, you can now witness their sins as determined by the God in this world, or whatever authority would

decide such in any other world. All of their crimes are laid bare before you, from the oversights and hypocrisies to the unforgivable atrocities, as well as whatever punishment they will face in the hereafter, seemingly enacted upon their living body in your gaze. But depending on the subject you will also see their virtues arrayed as different colors dwelling in their soul, the white of devotion, the gold of unconditional love, or any other qualities they possess. Only a few moments of looking upon them will allow you to determine their character and moral sum with perfect clarity, but to see the world through the eyes of the divine is not restricted to simple observation alone; you can, should your desire to do so be great enough, also enact judgement upon those you observe. Should someone be damned to eternal torment in the afterlife, you can ensure that they will be saved instead, and a demon can be banished to the Outside if you possess the will to resist it.

White-Luck Warrior (600): There are infinite paths through the tumble of events. The White-Luck, or Unerring Grace, is the perfect line of action and happenstance that can see any outcome come to pass. The White-Luck *Warrior* is the one who walks that line — a divine champion whose success has already been foreseen by the gods, and is therefore fated to succeed. Everything they need to occur will occur, not because they will it but because their need is identical to what occurs. You have been chosen by one of the Hundred to enact their will, and gained perfect luck. You act in perfect accordance with your fate, and through this, every step becomes a gift, every breath the most miraculous throw. You remain a thing of flesh and blood, growing weary or hungry as others do. But you always grow tired when you should grow tired, and your every slumber delivers you to the perfect instant of waking, to the generosity of travelers or a fleeing fox leaving its prey behind. You will not stumble, nor can you falter in battle if there is the merest chance of victory, taking always those actions necessary to win. As an assassin, you could stand in the one place none have turned their attention to and approach in such a manner as to strike a killing blow against one of Dûnyain blood and effortlessly succeed, because in the eyes of the gods you already have. And in their divine eyes — which to some extent become your own, as you simultaneously experience every moment in time from your awakening to the Grace and the completion of your mission — there is nothing that could possibly stand against their champion, but keep in mind that upon accomplishing your goal, the Grace will pass from you… and even the Hundred have an unholy blind spot. Of course, there are also some enemies which no amount of luck can help you against. In future jumps, you can choose a different god to become the champion of, carrying out an important mission of their choosing with the same preternatural fortune.

Sorcerer

Inutteral String (100): Due to its reliance on precise meanings, the ability to perform sorcery fundamentally requires the same kind of mind capable of mastering a language wholly divorced from their own. The Gnostic Schools use the Gilcûnya of the Nonmen, and the Anagogic Schools a debased form of that same language which evolved over countless years. You will find that you are very good at learning and becoming fluent in languages alien from your own, even if they are the invention of an entirely separate race. With enough study, you can fully grasp even the most minute linguistic nuances.

Sorcerers and Whores (100): The Chronicle of the Tusk declares that any who practice sorcery will be condemned to an eternity of torment in the hereafter. Perhaps it’s because of this perceived shared fate that you tend to get along with others commonly regarded as sinners and lowlifes, be they beggars, slaves, criminals, or anything akin to these in social status. Their first impression of you is likely to be a positive one, and if you don’t cross them they will quickly come to see you as someone who can be relied upon. While many sorcerers consider themselves to be far above the common rabble, even if they themselves are not of noble blood, those Schools with considerable spy networks across the Three Seas know that they should never be disregarded.

Redrawn Soul (200): The Cants of Compulsion are the family of incantations that control the movements of an individual's soul. An insidious aspect of these Cants is that their subject often has no way of distinguishing sorcerously compelled thoughts from their own thoughts, believing themselves to act wholly out of their own free will even after the fact. Regardless of the method, any successful attempts at compelling another to think or act in a certain way against their will additionally convinces them that they were ultimately responsible — even if they became aware of the fact that their mind was controlled, for example, they would still not be able to fully accept that the cause of their thoughts and actions hadn't been their own self.

Subtle Facility (200): While sorcerers are famous for the raw power they can call forth, many Cants offer no direct benefit on the battlefield — Scrying, Calling, Translating, and so on. You turned your attention to such workings during your sorcerous studies, and possess full knowledge of essentially every Cant that would not qualify as a War-Cant or can otherwise be used in direct combat. These range from communicating with others over continental distances in their dreams, to more obscure arts such as those Gnostic Cants which allow a sorcerer to pass through solid barriers unopposed. You have also found that your studies allow you to bend the rules of such magical abilities somewhat to stretch the boundaries of what is possible with them, and although you are very far from replicating Anasûrimbor Kellhus' feat of inventing the Cants of Translocation by adapting the principles of the Cants of Calling to one's whole being, they are nonetheless more flexible in your hands.

War-Cant Master (400): The War-Cants of sorcerers are, as the name implies, developed for use in battle. You have been extensively trained in all of your School's War-Cants and possess ample experience in their usage; Anagogic sorcerers are capable of calling forth the infamous Dragonheads capable of smashing through castle walls and rendering the ground to glass in an instant, whereas their Gnostic counterparts summon dazzling geometries of pure light and heat exceeding the above in destructive power. In general, you are also far more skilled at sorcerous combat itself, the complex dance of knowing when to lash out with sorcerous ruin and when to reinforce your Wards, ensuring that you can utilize your knowledge in the most optimal manner and will not fall to an inferior opponent due to an error in your own judgement. Lastly, this specialization has also not only made it easier for you to learn similarly offensive magics in the future, but also make them somewhat more powerful than they would have otherwise been.

Mathetic Theorems (400): Cants did not simply appear from nowhere. While there may certainly exist a case where sorcery came unbidden to the mind of one of its practitioners in the same manner as a divine revelation, it is ultimately a scholarly field. Cants were developed, and as such, to assume that everything sorcery is capable of has already been discovered lacks foresight. As if embodying this idea, your mind is especially keen when it comes to creating new Cants entirely. This is not a shortcut to omnipotence; the process requires you to have a particular, fully-realized function in mind and is highly time-consuming, meaning you can expect to spend a year perfecting one. But if you are faced with some great sorcerous problem, such as an otherwise wholly impenetrable barrier blocking access to an ancient ruin within which lies the culmination of your life's work, you would be faster in engineering a Cant capable of at the very least whittling down its defenses.

Irritating Prodigy (600): Some are always destined to rise above others in a certain field, and none can deny that you are one of those gifted souls as far as sorcery is concerned. You take to its practices and particularities as a fish does to water, a combination of intelligence and intuition ensuring that you will grasp magical matters in half the time it would take for others. Your masters will surely fall over yourselves in self-congratulation, but it is only a matter of time before you surpass them as well; your ceiling, when you reach it, will be far higher than their own. Should you be a human, the sole individual of your race capable of rivaling you would be Apperens Saccarees, the only soul lacking Anasûrimbor blood able to perform Metagnostic Cants. In future jumps, your ability to learn and perform magic will be similarly boosted in all forms resembling the sorcerous branches you have purchased in the Sorcery

section, be it the logic and intelligence-based Gnosis or the emotion-driven workings of the Psûkhe.

Seswatha Reborn (600): When the School of Mandate was founded, a set of sorcerous rites known as the Grasping were also created, through which Seswatha's memories of the Apocalypse were transferred to Mandate Schoolmen. Every night they relive his memories in their nightmares, and it can be said that in some ways, the soul of Seswatha occupies their bodies in tandem with their own. Through some similar method, part of the soul belonging to an ancient and powerful sorcerer has come to occupy your body. You dream of the experiences they had in life, but whereas the memories transferred by the Grasping specifically focus on the traumatic events of the First Apocalypse, what you dream of will relate to your current circumstances in a beneficial manner. Should you require sorcerous advice, you will relive an episode of their life where they were instructed by their own tutor, for example. Should you wish it, this soul will not be entirely dormant within you, either, and if you were to find yourself facing certain death or experiencing a similarly dire circumstance, they will be able to temporarily take control of your body and imbue it with greater power than it would otherwise have. To which sorcerer this soul belongs depends on the sorcery you are capable of — Seswatha or the Hero-Mage Titirga would be valid options as a Gnostic sorcerer, for example, while Cishaurim could carry the spirit of Fane himself within them. In future jumps, you can choose another legendary magic user to occupy your body with a part of their soul, but they must obviously be dead to count as a valid choice.

Unholy Consult

Loathsome Glamour (100): To the unknowing fool, the very existence of the Holy Consult is in itself a repulsive thing. For this reason, those affiliated with it must always be careful to conceal their true nature when dealing with the ignorant, and this constant secrecy has led you to becoming adept at masking anything you might wish to hide from others, whether that may be your beliefs or your true nature in general. Should your nature lead you to some kind of impulse, such as a skin-spy's hunger for violation and inflicting pain on others, you will find that it is both easier to resist such urges and generally safer to indulge in them without being discovered when the opportunity presents itself.

Piling of Years (100): Many members of the Consult are old beyond fathoming. Even their youngest were ancient during the Age of Bronze, and throughout those long millennia they have not once faltered in their desire to bring about the No-God's return. Your mind has become similarly robust, capable of maintaining your belief in a great cause even following a crushing defeat which will require a period of recuperation measured in human lifetimes. If you do decide to change your mind, such a thing will come about from your own decision, not any insidious degrading of your beliefs from a lack of hope or progress.

Ephemeral Torture (200): All men burn all the time; they need only die to realize it. Like all others who willingly joined the Consult, you once gazed into the Inverse Fire and experienced your fate in the afterlife. You realized that all earthly anguish, no matter how terrible it may seem to the ordinary mind, is singular and ephemeral, little more than a bauble laid upon the monumental steps of the wretchedness to come. Experiencing Hell for even a moment has granted you a functional immunity to all forms of ordinary torture, with acts that would make even the strongest will scream out in agony stimulating you at worst. Even the torments of the soul that sorcerers are capable of will find little purchase compared to the punishments of the Ciphrang, although you will still find yourself thoroughly affected by beings capable of heaping an equal amount of suffering upon you.

Extinct Enemy (200): To the modern-day inhabitants of Eärwa, the Consult is nothing more than a child's fairy tale. They recognize that it was once a truly horrific foe which nearly brought about the extinction of mankind, but any who would declare them to have survived, or even claim that they continue to plot against humanity, would be declared a mad fool. It is only because of the Mandate's

usefulness that the courts of the Three Seas tolerate their presence, and even then that tolerance has begun to wane in recent years. If you so choose, you can incorporate your presence in this world and any future ones in a similar manner; perhaps you were fearsome enough to be the antagonist of some ancient saga, but you are less than an unknown — any claim of your activities in modern times will be laughed off, and nothing short of hard, definitive evidence will allow anyone to convince even a small group of people that you do indeed still live.

Horde-General (400): The greater part of the Consult's slaves are the Sranc of the wilderness, feral and utterly incapable of being properly trained and organized like their more intelligent kin of Golgotterath. In spite of this, they have served the ends of their creators for many thousands of years, and the Consult has grown frighteningly skilled at making use of their chaotic nature. Like them, you know how best to utilize an otherwise uncontrollable horde; you are far better at anticipating their actions, and manipulating the environment in such a way to guide them in a manner beneficial to you. Direct them towards your enemies, allow them to occupy a vital strategic location to block the progress of invading armies, and so on. Additionally, you are also quite good at simply enslaving and corralling such near-mindless beasts like the Yoke Legions of the Apocalypse, leading them to the battlefield striking their chains at the most opportune moment so they can overrun your foes whilst mad with hunger.

Killer-of-Hells (400): To completely shut the world from the Outside is the only permanent solution to the matter of man's fate in the afterlife, but temporary countermeasures are better than none. Like Shaeönanra, you have long studied the nature of the soul and its passing to master the Conserving Forms, the art of trapping a soul within another vessel to deflect its descent into Hell. Such practices are typically crude, capturing only the base urges of the soul while abandoning all memory, faculty, and character to the Pit, but you have labored long and hard for a solution to these shortcomings. While not completely bereft of risk, the method you have devised allows you to transfer your soul between the form you currently possess and a soulless body within sight of you, though the more complex the organism the more of yourself will be overwritten in the transfer. Shaeönanra's own answer to this issue was to create a multitude of maggot-like bodies through which he would cycle his soul after only a single breath, but perhaps you will find a solution more suited to your own needs with further research. Specialized shells like the synthese used by the Consult do not seem to suffer from this flaw.

Slave of the Tekne (600): Also known as the Old Science, the Tekne is the non-sorcerous craft of the Inchoroi, used to mold abominations out of living flesh. It proceeds on the presumption that everything in nature, including life, is fundamentally mechanical. Despite the absurdity of this claim, few dispute the efficacy of the Tekne, as the Inchoroi and the Consult after them have time and again demonstrated the ability to "manufacture flesh." The fundamental principles of the Tekne have been long lost, and the Consult can only proceed in a trial-and-error fashion, on the basis of an incomplete understanding and using ancient and ill-understood instruments, but you have gleaned more than most. After extensive study of both the Ark's mechanisms and the nature of the Tekne's creations, you know the secrets of creating soulless, artificial life at a basic level. For now, you are limited to the creation of Sranc, Bashrag, and skin-spies using the Ark's instruments. In time, you may very well be able to discover the method for harvesting the flesh of existing organisms to create new monstrosities based on a particular template, just as the Inchoroi created the Sranc from the frames of the Nonmen. As your understanding of the Tekne continues to expand, you may very well be able to rediscover all of its principles, from the immortality-bestowing Inoculation to the destructive mechanisms of the spears of light. Even the method through which the Inchoroi grafted the capability to use sorcery onto themselves can be replicated with enough study and sacrifice. In this world, the Ark is the sole machine from which such terrible wonders can spring, but the knowledge granted by this perk can be compounded with your other technological knowledge to build the necessary instruments from scratch.

Black Heaven (600): To its enemies, the Consult is considered unholy because it resists the predations of their tapeworm gods. But what they do not understand is that the No-God is not the enemy of the divine,

it is an impossibility made manifest. A prospect they cannot think, cannot know, cannot discern, no matter how violently it remakes the World. To exist across all times is to be oblivious to the Eschaton, the limit of those times, and Mog-Pharau is that limit. One day, a child will be born bearing its essence, but you have already been cloaked in it. As far as those divinities which outside the circle of the world are concerned, you simply do not exist, no matter how complete their knowledge of reality may be otherwise. Even if you were to slaughter their followers en masse, leaving those wretched souls begging for some kind of divine retribution, they would think each and every one to be mad or blasphemous. Furthermore, your presence actively shuts down the power of the divine: blessings falter, god-chosen assassins doomed from the beginning of time to succeed stumble and die as their fate becomes malleable, the avatars of the gods themselves in the living world are banished from whence they came. Even on the level of divine beings, it would take an extraordinary intelligence to merely begin to accept your existence, and their complete lack of ability to perceive you would force them to rely on their followers and the most indirect of methods. You are the Eschaton.

Dûnyain

Dûnyain Body (Free and Restricted to Dûnyain): Thousands of years of selective breeding and training from birth have given you a body far exceeding those of ordinary humans. Your strength is peerless, capable of effortlessly overpowering those with larger frames than your own, and a single strike from you will kill a human instantly. Superhuman monsters like skin-spies are similarly helpless against your strength, and with a weapon in hand you could dispatch them in groups even in complete darkness. Your senses are finer than should be possible, and your reflexes are sufficient to catch an arrow in flight. You possess a near-complete control over your bodily functions, allowing you to command your body language and even the majority of otherwise reflexive biological responses according to your will, additionally granting you such extraordinary agility and coordination that you could perform acrobatic feats impossible to others with perfect consistency. In tandem with your great mind, you could defeat a Nonman with thousands of years of combat experience in a duel.

Dûnyain Mind (Free and Restricted to Dûnyain): The mental superiority of Dûnyain compared to ordinary men is even vaster than the physical differences. Your genius is such that you could glance at a mathematical problem that mankind's brightest minds have agonized over for millennia, and instantly produce the correct answer. Any matter that requires raw intellect in this world — language, mathematics, engineering — is more a case of acquiring the right knowledge than anything else, as you will otherwise overcome it with contemptuous ease. Should you be taught the Gnosis and its reliance on intelligence and logic, you would not only learn in a month what takes lesser minds a lifetime, but completely revolutionize the field of sorcery itself and invent a superior variant vastly more powerful than any practitioner before it. Although the art of Tekne is obscure, with time you could similarly master it with enough trial and error, and a short period of study would be enough for you to restore and make use of the Inchoroi's weaponry. You have also been trained in the Probability Trance, and can use your tremendous intelligence to map out possibilities and determine the most fruitful course of action based on the information available to you.
But perhaps the most fearsome tool a Dûnyain has at their disposal is the sheer transparency of world-born souls. Whereas Dûnyain have their emotions firmly under control, and you can expect to remain wholly unaffected unless you are near death or being physically controlled by something akin to the pheromones of an Inchoroi, those people around you may as well be an open book for you to read at your leisure. Where others see a face, you see forty-four muscles across bone and the thousands of expressive permutations that might leap from them — a second mouth as raucous as the first, and far more truthful. Within a handful of conversation at most, you can correctly determine the exact nature of a person, what they hold dear and what they yearn for, the acts they regret and what pains have been inflicted on them in their past. And you will know exactly what to say, in which manner to act, to enslave them to your will. Make them betray their lovers, their God, offer up their wives and children for a fleeting moment of your

attention. They are but a rind in your eyes, a depth as thin as a heartbeat is long. You can reach out and manipulate the dark places of their soul, summoning any sentiment, any sacrifice. Only those with an intelligence matching your own or those who are aware of the Dûnyain's nature have a hope of resisting your efforts to "possess" them in this manner, but those who cannot be broken directly can still fall prey to the circumstances around them. To represent the negative aspects of Dûnyain conditioning, you must take the **Emotionally Destitute** drawback for no CP, which will be removed after your time here is over.

Generational Toil (200): For countless centuries, the Dûnyain have studied human biology and the reproductive process in order to better control them. They developed the art of neuropuncture, allowing them to produce various behaviors by probing the exposed brain with fine needles, and devised a method of selective breeding that would allow each new generation to be superior to the last. The sum of this research has been bestowed upon you, allowing you to replicate these processes if you so desire, granting you a wealth of knowledge limited only by the instruments the Dûnyain have access to. Furthermore, you'll find that when you so graciously impart your superior genetics onto another, the resulting child will inherit the most beneficial traits of both parents, and not suffer from any imbalances between their physical and mental capabilities.

Truth Shines (200): It does not take any Dûnyain exposed to the outside world long to realize that of those concepts the world-born have enslaved themselves to, faith is one of the most all-encompassing. It takes up the greater part of the lives of many living souls, and it is so deeply entwined into their other master, culture, that the two may as well be inseparable. A Dûnyain is already capable of effortlessly shaping themselves into a prophet or living god in the eyes of others, but you will find that once a sufficient amount of people have been ensnared by whatever false religion you have created, unexplainable phenomena will begin to manifest around you. This is dependent on the traditions of your followers, but you will always exhibit some visual quality signifying your holiness, be they halos around your head and hands or anything else they might believe to be evidence of your godly nature. Curiously enough, these signs will be visible even to those who do not believe you to be holy — yourself included.

Blooming Soul (400): The Probability Trance allows a Dûnyain to isolate, assemble, and extend the millions of different variables acting on the world to properly map the consequences to any action its user could possibly take. While all are trained in its usage, your mind is especially compatible with it, allowing you to predict the outcome of your actions with greater depth and detail in less time than it would take for others of your kind. A duel can be mapped out in only a moment of focus, and a great battle with countless moving parts in an hour; if you spend a truly vast amount of time in the trance, you might even be able to plan an entire campaign in detail before it has begun. Keep in mind that your predictions are limited to the data available to you — while a great enough intellect can logically infer certain factors, you cannot account for something you have no knowledge of, and your calculations are not infallible.

Godlike Apprentice (400): As far as learning ability is concerned, Dûnyain far outstrip any other mind upon the face of Eärwa. That they can grasp mastery of a subject where others are still struggling with fundamental aspects is a testament to the power of their minds. But a teacher is most efficient when acquiring knowledge, and some guard their secrets jealously. You are fortunate enough to frequently meet those who excel at some particular matter, be it warfare and sorcery, and you'll find that they are more easily convinced to teach you what they know even when it would not be in their best interests to. Some will require more work than others, but for many it is merely a matter of time before they willingly reveal the greatest secrets of their art to you. Upon successfully convincing such a mentor, your learning speed will also be further augmented.

Conditioned Ground (600): Traditionally, the Conditioning refers to the arduous physical, emotional, and intellectual training undergone by Dûnyain monks. The Dûnyain believe that everything is

conditioned in some way, but they draw a principled distinction between the arbitrary conditioning of the world and the rational conditioning of Men. For one of your kind to condition a person, a place, an event, means to prepare for their coming and draw plans to align factors in such a manner as to reach the desired outcome for that thing. An enemy is turned into a follower, a fortress is conquered, and a disaster is mitigated not through otherworldly means, but perfect preparation — what comes before determines what comes after. But what if two minds of equal brilliance are pitted against one another? The one who accounts for the other first will ensure that their foe walks on conditioned ground. When scheming against those who are your equal in such matters, manipulative geniuses and extraordinarily cunning schemers, you can ensure you will not reach a stalemate by acting before them. So long as you are aware of them first while they remain an unknown to you, you will be able to prepare accordingly and gain a considerable advantage against them in the process.

Thousandfold Thought (600): The Shortest Path. The most efficient set of actions to reach one's desired outcome. In general, the Dûnyain only apply a term like this one to tangible goals. But what if far more could be accomplished with your abilities? Saving mankind from extinction. Righting wrongs that have been woven into the fabric of creation since the beginning of time. To aspire to such a thing, let alone to believe oneself capable of initiating a miracle of that kind, is tantamount to madness. At least, in the case of ordinary individuals. Your power, your intellect, can be bent towards a single, great goal of an otherwise incomprehensible scope. Where others see madness, you will see opportunity, and the more you learn about the systems of the world you occupy, the clearer this path to a better outcome will be in your mind. Paths will open, and mysteries will be unfurled in such a way that regardless of the nature of the path itself, its existence will at the very least be guaranteed. There will always remain dangers, and great obstacles to be overcome, but everything from averting the end of the world to altering a fundamental law of reality can, in theory, be accomplished with a plan of equally grand scope. The more brilliant your own mind and more expansive your knowledge of the various factors you will need to take control of to reach your goal, the more quickly you will be able to form this path. Remember that the Shortest Path is not always the most obvious, or the safest.

Items

"… for the sin of the idolater is not that he worships stone, but that he worships one stone over others."
—8:9:4 THE WITNESS OF FANE

You may discount one item of each price category (100, 200, 400, 600). Discounted 100 CP items are free. Unless stated otherwise, lost or destroyed items will return to you after one month.

Scholar's Parchment (100): A simple piece of parchment and writing materials. When currently investigating or otherwise pondering some matter, writing your thoughts down on this parchment seems to sharpen your reasoning and ability to connect the dots. You won't be solving any mysteries with this alone, but you won't lose track of all the variables at play, and it might be enough to get past something that has been stumping you lately.

Agonic Collar (100): A sorcerous artifact of the Ancient North, reputedly crafted by the Mihtrûlic Gnostic School. Around the neck of an ordinary person it will be an equally ordinary restrain, but when worn by a sorcerer, it will inflict excruciating pain should they attempt to speak or think any sorcerous incantation. Practitioners of the Aporos will find its principles very similar to their own studies, and it can easily be replicated as a result.

Amicut (100): A ration used by Scylvendi warriors on the trail, consisting of wild herbs and berries beaten into dried sections of beef. They are easily stored, and you have a replenishing supply that'll provide adequate for any long journeys. Although their taste cannot be commented on, yours seem to be unusually nourishing.

Benjuka Set (100): Benjuka is a subtle and ancient game of strategy played by caste-nobility throughout the Three Seas. Because of its esoteric ruleset, if it can even be said to have rules, it is considered to be more a measure of wisdom than intellect. This particular set has a gilded board with silver pieces, and you'll find that playing benjuka with this set clears your mind and allows you to turn your thoughts to any problems you might be experiencing with a more flexible outlook than you would otherwise have.

Billows (100): Specialized robes worn by sorcerers and witches of all Schools during the time of the Great Ordeal. Typical robes possess dozens of silk bolts as long as ten cubits or more, which, with the assistance of a specialized Cant, will writhe about the wearer when unfurled, providing some measure of protection from any thrown or fired Chorae. By default, these billows will match those used by your School, should you be a part of one.

Ekkinû Arras (100): A sorcerous wall tapestry, ensorcelled with an unknown function that makes it contents undulate in strange, ethereal rhythms. Although many have speculated on the true and possibly sinister meaning of the strange script adorning it, your own arras is purely decorative. Still, the strange shifting lights emanating from it tend to unnerve or otherwise distract those who lay eyes on it, and it is easier to convince others that you possess some otherworldly nature in its presence.

Synthese (100): The soulless and mindless body of a synthese, artifacts of the Tekne, thought to be living "shells" specifically designed to house the souls of senior Consult figures. It takes the form of a black bird with a small, hairless human head the size of an infant's. Although not of any use for those lacking the means to transfer one's soul into other bodies, one who has obtained such knowledge will find it an adequate vessel for travel and espionage, and nothing will be lost during the transfer.

Chorae (200): Artifacts of the Ancient North, also known as "Trinkets" to the Schools and "The Tears of God" to the Inrithi. In appearance, Chorae are small iron spheres, one inch in diameter, that are banded by

runes written in Gilcûnya, the holy tongue of the Nonmen Quya. Chorae are extraordinary in that they render their bearer immune to all sorcerous Cants and instantly kill any sorcerer who comes into contact with them, turning them to salt. Even holding a Chorae close enough to a sorcerer will cause their skin to start "salting". Although the principles behind their creation are no longer understood, thousands are believed to circulate in the Three Seas alone. The Chorae play a pivotal role in the political balance of power in the Three Seas, insofar as they allow the non-scholastic Great Factions to check the power of the Schools.

Chanv (200): An addictive narcotic popular among the Ainoni aristocracy, although many eschew it because of its uncertain origins. Chanv reputedly sharpens the intellect, extends one's lifespan, and drains the body of all its pigment. Your replenishing supply of vials, which can be mixed into any drink you prefer without losing its potency, does exactly as is advertised. While it is not addictive, prolonged use will still see you obtaining the strange, nearly translucent skin of chanv addicts unless you have other means to prevent such changes.

Qirri (200): A drug made of the ashes of some great soul, a substance well-known and profoundly taboo among the Nonmen. You possess a pouch of the ashes of an ancient Nonman king, their great soul burned down to the raw kernel of their vitality. Even a fingertip of qirri is enough to allow a frail old man to spend day after day running, filling their body and soul with a potency neither would have possessed otherwise. While your supply lacks its highly addictive qualities, you only receive one such pouch per jump or per 10 years, whichever is sooner.

Wathi Doll (200): A sorcerous artifact common to Sansori witches, also known as a "murder doll," either because a human sacrifice is required for its manufacture — the soul of a human imprisoned as the artifact's animus — or because the Dolls are often used as remote assassins. Your Doll is small but surprisingly sturdy, and capable of following orders from a great distance away even if you do not possess any sorcery.

Nimil Coat (200): Nimil is the famed steel of the Nonmen, forged in the sorcerous furnaces of Ishterebinth. You possess a thin coat made of Nimil, which is stronger than steel yet as soft and warm as cotton against the skin. While it will hardly make you invulnerable, there is no finer personal protection in the whole of Eärwa short of a sorcerer's Wards, and you will find it more than capable of turning aside sword, spear, and arrow. Owing to its sorcerous forging, it will remain pristine no matter what.

Mihtrûlic Weapon (200): An ensorcelled weapon of your choice created by the Mihtrûlic, the School of Contrivers founded by the Artisan in ancient times. Although no human smith ever achieved the near-miraculous abilities of Emilidis, these weapons possess otherworldly edges and cut only according to the wielder's desire. Depending on your intent and the skill with which you wield it, it will be wholly blunt or sharp enough to cut an armored man clean in half. Additionally, its sorcerous nature means it will neither rust nor chip.

Quya Chariot (200): A sorcerous sky-chariot used by the Nonmen Quya, both for travel and on the battlefield. Its golden wheels and panels are laden with elaborate graven images, and it is drawn by a pair of black horses bred by the Nonman specifically for this purpose. These chariots are famed for their ability to traverse the air as others of their kind traverse the ground, allowing its drivers to dominate the skies. This chariot is large enough to carry a handful of people, and should the horses drawing it be slain, they will return to you after a week.

Seeing-Flame (200): A sorcerous hearth cast from iron in the shape of an octagon. Although its origins are disputed, there is no doubt about its unnatural nature; when lit, the flames will allow anyone lowering their face into it to observe faraway locations with the same clarity of vision and hearing as if they were personally present. The hearth's flames still warm those nearby, but they are incapable of burning those

making use of it, and yours in particular has a great enough range to see anything within a large city if placed at its center.

Black Iron Seat (200): A replica of the throne of the Nonman King of Ishterebinth, hewn from the spot where, during the Siege of Ishterebinth, Aurang struck the ensorcelled Mirinotic Gates with the Sun Lance before it exploded. The impact crater forms the seat of the throne, with the slag thrown by the strike constituting the back and sides, and the remaining thickness of the Gate making the base. Other than being a considerably more comfortable seat than would be expected of such a construction, those who rule from this throne will be able to do so with a greater degree of freedom, as their subjects are more likely to take a turn a blind eye to what would otherwise be considered tyrannical.

Citadel of the Jumper (400): A great fortress of ancient Ceneian construction has come into your possession — inner and outer walls enclosing a towering central keep, round towers, massive barbicans, offset inner and outer gates. The fortress' defenses are tiered, so that each concentric ring overshadows the next, and its outer walls are shelled in a glossy, well-nigh impenetrable basalt. The citadel's garrison numbers some thousand defenders, either human or Ursranc depending on your allegiance, of mediocre skill but all deeply loyal to whatever cause you profess. They count as followers, and any who die will be replaced after a year. Any upgrades you make to this citadel and its defenders can be retained in future jumps.

Hundred Pillars (400): The Hundred Pillars are the Warrior-Prophet's personal bodyguard, charged with the protection of the Imperial Family. As far as the non-sorcerous fighting forces of mankind are concerned, they are the best of the best, known for their zeal and skill in battle. You now have your own bodyguard equal to the Pillarians, 500 souls loyal unto death and dedicated to your protection, with great martial skill honed over the course of a lifetime. They are of the same race you have chosen, with the exceptions of Tall Ones, Inchoroi, and Wracu, who receive a group of Nonmen instead. They count as followers, and any who die will be replaced after a year. Any upgrades you make to this group can be retained in future jumps.

Yoke (400): A Consult Sranc Legion, so called for the way the Sranc belonging must be chained one to the other to be deployed with anything resembling order. This army consists of 10,000 chained wild Sranc, along with some hundreds of Ursranc and a handful of Nonmen to keep the beasts from breaking free — while the Nonmen and Ursranc are wholly loyal to you, with the former refusing to defy your will even when the madness expected of Erratics takes them, the feral Sranc themselves are unruly and will not follow direct orders. During the First Apocalypse, yokes would be driven to strategic positions, then loosed once the creatures could smell their foes on the wind. The actual army count as followers and will be replaced after a year, but the horde itself will be restored at the beginning of each jump or after 10 years, whichever is sooner. Any upgrades you make to the actual army can be retained in future jumps.

Sublime Contrivance (400): One of the creations of Emilidis the Artisan has come into your possession. Examples of these are Orimuril, the ensorcelled armor which twists space to throw enemies aside, or Diurnal, a sorcerous lantern capable of transforming night into day. Though other Contrivers have managed to create artifacts immune to Chorae, Emilidis is unparalleled in that all his creations, from the merest dagger to the famed Day Lantern, exhibit such immunity. Any of Emilidis' Contrivances can be obtained with this option, but since many have been lost to time, obtaining an unknown creation of his with an ability of similar potency is also a possibility. This item can be taken multiple times.

Sareötic Library (400): The library of the Sareöts was one of the greatest libraries in the known world in the time of the Ceneian Empire, owing to a strange law which forced all visitors bearing books to surrender them for copying and inclusion in the library on punishment of death. Whether this is that very same library or another akin to it, there is little that cannot be found here, from historical records to philosophical and sorcerous treatises, some of which were previously thought lost to time. In future

jumps, this library will be updated to include ancient written works of a similar scholarly and possibly forgotten nature from whichever world it is placed in.

Decapitants (400): The eternally masticating severed heads of two Ciphrang, a horrific intrusion of the Outside into the physical world with visages terrible to behold. While the heads are harmless in a traditional sense, and can even be worn from the waist without any risk, they whisper secrets into the mind of any who carries them on their person, revealing hints about the nature of the afterlife and the dark practices that allows one to blur the boundary between the worlds of the living and the dead. For this reason they are excellent tutors for those seeking to study the Daimos, however while the knowledge given by the Ciphrang is never false, it is not guaranteed to be safe to act upon either. In future jumps, their whispers will relate to any demonic or forbidden arts the local world might possess.

Inverse Fire (400): Known to the Inchoroi as the Xir'kirimakra, or the "immersive post-material interface." A subparticular intentional field machine linking individual observational frames of reference to their eternal fate in the Outside — or, in terms more easily understood by those not versed in the Tekne, a window into the afterlife. Seeing as the gods of this world are both jealous and connoisseurs, most souls peering into the Inverse Fire discover the fact of their eternal damnation, an experience so profound as to drive all who witness it into the horrifying embrace of the Consult. In future worlds, the interface will remain an accurate way of momentarily experiencing the sight and sensation of the user's fate in the hereafter; if desired, however, it can just as easily be reconfigured to always simulate some terrible Hell.

Breeding Pits (600): The pits of Min-Uroikas, which were once filled with innumerable corpses during the Consult's studies. In particular, this section of the great Ark is filled with vast machinery used in the creation of new life. Should you be knowledgeable enough in the arts of the Inchoroi, its instruments can be manipulated to give the machines certain orders, manufacturing flesh in increasingly complex and unnatural ways depending on your mastery of the Tekne. Even with only basic knowledge of its functions, however, they can still be used to spawn a great number of Ursranc, and all soulless beings created by these machines are imprinted with a feeling of absolute loyalty towards their creator.

Inchoroi Device (600): A small box made out of the otherworldly golden metal of the Ark, containing a highly intricate mechanism which produces a ticking noise. It may be hard to believe that this innocuous-looking construct is in fact a weapon of unimaginable destruction, which can be configured to activate at a certain time, producing a great eruption which annihilates everything around it with an enormous ball of flame. This eruption will in turn cause a storm which curses all caught within it with a terrible disease, rotting their bodies even as they live. For centuries, all who live upon that land will be struck with the same affliction. In a world more knowledgeable of the forces manipulated by the Inchoroi and their creators, this weapon would be classified as a megaton-yield nuclear device. After use, you receive one such device at the start of each jump or after 10 years, whichever is sooner.

Spear of Light (600): A powerful artifact of the Inchoroi Tekne, taking the shape of a long staff. A trigger on the haft of this spear allows it to "cast" light, projecting a beam of searing heat and light from its "point", capable of piercing anything from the walls of a fortress to the Wards of a Gnostic sorcerer, with even the metal of the Ark giving way before its destructive power. The vast majority of the spears have ceased to function, but this particular example is capable of casting light indefinitely at its standard level of power; by manipulating the trigger in a certain manner, the beam it projects will be vastly more powerful to the point of being able to cleave through one of Golgotterath's titanic horns, but using it in this manner will leave the spear bereft of all power until the start of the next jump or after 10 years, whichever is sooner.

Sanctioned Cult (600): A cult akin to that of the Yatwerians, dedicated to the worship of a deity of your choosing. Not only is this cult legally allowed to operate within any society that does not completely

forbid the worship of gods not its own (assuming it is not dedicated towards said deity), it is also tremendously popular with the lower classes, enough that at least a sizable percentage of the population adheres to it in some shape or form. Those truly devoted to its teachings are lesser in number, but make up for it with their immense zeal, and such members can be expected to occupy all but the highest tiers of the society it operates within; even a handful of nobility, high-ranking bureaucratic officials, generals, and so on profess your faith. These individuals and the priesthood itself, as well as a large amount of faithful spies and assassins are utterly loyal to you, seeing you as the sole worthy voice of the cult's deity and more than willing to die for the sake of your vision. If you so desire, the official head of this cult will be a puppet without any true power, allowing you to direct it from the shadows without facing any scrutiny from the local authorities.

Sorcerous School (600): A School is an organization consisting entirely of sorcerers, arising in ancient times out of a need for protection in light of the Tusk's condemnation of sorcery. The Schools are among the oldest institutions in the Three Seas, surviving, by and large, both because of the terror they inspire and by their detachment from the secular and religious powers of the Three Seas. You have earned the loyalty of a minor school, either because of their loyalty to your cause or bloodline, as is the case with the Imperial Saik which serves the Nansur emperors, or because you yourself possess sorcery and have earned the right to be called grandmaster. This school is made up of a dozen sorcerers of rank and some hundred sorcerers of varying degrees of experience, with their branch of sorcery depending on your purchases; by default they are Anagogic, but you can instead change this to a branch you have selected in the Sorcery section. The Schoolmen count as followers, and should any of them die, they will be replaced after a year.

Tenth Mansion (600): One of the Mansions of the Nonmen, referring to the great subterranean cities of their kind. While it is not as great as its nine siblings, it remains unmatched by any human city, easily capable of containing thousands upon thousands of inhabitants and retaining the amenities required to house them even after many centuries of disuse. This Mansion has long been abandoned by the Cûnuroi themselves, but the Emwama, the diminutive descendants of the indigenous Men of Eärwa enslaved by them in ancient times, still remain. They have come to see you as their master, and in their hundreds they will aim to serve you to the best of their ability. Beneath the Mansion, a mine containing raw Nimil ore can be found, and the city itself contains sorcerous forges for those capable of using them. The Emwama count as followers, and any who die will be replaced after a year. Any upgrades you make to this city can be retained in future jumps.

Exalted Grotto (600): A hidden fastness somewhere in the wilderness, taking the form of a great fortress so vast that it could easily be said to have a thousand-thousand halls. In all respects it is the equal of Ishuäl, a place of complete isolation from the rest of the world. It is currently occupied by a monastic sect resembling an earlier stage of the Dûnyain monks, strong and brilliant beyond human limits but not to the monstrous extent of the Dûnyain. They are a thousand in number, and consider you to be their leader, the one most suitable to direct them towards their goal of physical and mental perfection. Should you yourself be a Dûnyain, however, each and every one of them will be Dûnyain themselves — not quite Anasûrimbor prodigies, but a terrifying force nonetheless, and your brethren will defer to you as if you were the most senior Pragma. The monks count as followers, and any who die will be replaced after a year. Any upgrades you make to this fortress can be retained in future jumps.

Companions

"Fall together, land alone."
—AINONI SAYING

Import / Custom (100): With this option you may import two existing companions or create a new one from scratch. Alternatively, you can pay **300 CP** to import a full set of eight. Imported and custom companions gain an origin and **600 CP** to spend on their race, sorceries, perks, and items.

Canon Character (100): There are many unique individuals in this world, and it's not surprising that you would want them to join you on your journey, especially considering the state of this particular world. You are allowed to take anyone from this world along on your chain **for free**, but actually convincing them is still up to you. For **100 CP**, you can ensure a positive first impression, and it will be slightly easier to convince them to join you than it otherwise would have been.

Drawbacks

"Though you lose your soul, you shall win the world."
—MANDATE CATECHISM

There is no drawback limit.

The New Empire (+0): The story of the Second Apocalypse covers over two decades of history. You can choose to extend your stay to experience the consolidation of the New Empire and the fate of the Great Ordeal, as well as whatever may come afterwards. Alternatively, you can also start at the beginning of the Aspect-Emperor trilogy, 20 years after the default start date. This also allows you to choose certain options otherwise not available, such as starting as a Swayali witch or one of Kellhus' children.

Addict (+100): You have become addicted to one of the many addictive substances that plague the Three Seas. Opioids, chanv, and so on. You need to take your drug of choice frequently, otherwise you will become increasingly irascible and obsessive. Go without it for too long, and you will almost definitely go mad. Worse yet, you'll find that any positive effects a choice like chanv would have had are almost negligible, serving only to placate your addiction.

Emotionally Destitute (+100): Like a Dûnyain, your ability to experience emotion is vastly decreased. Not only are you unsympathetic and very nearly empty on the inside, your ability to use any sorcery or other powers based on one's emotions such as the Psûkhe is simply not there; even their most basic uses will elude you without years of study and will prove incredibly draining.

Ever Are Men Deceived (+100): You have a strange penchant for ruminating on philosophical matters, such as the nature of man or the meaning of your own existence, at the worst of times. Your mind will regularly drift off to ponder how thoroughly mankind deceives itself even when you should be doing something considerably more important, leading to no small amount of frustration for yourself and others. The only positive is that this won't occur when your life is actually at stake.

Curse Likaro! (+100): There is someone in your life who you truly, genuinely despise. There is nothing anyone can do to change your mind about this person, and they aren't very intent on it either, considering their every action seems tailored to getting under your skin. They'll frequently get in your way, stealing opportunities away from under your nose and trying to tarnish your reputation with childish rumors. Short of traveling halfway across the world you have no way of getting them out of your life, no matter your abilities, forcing you to put up with their existence and curse them under your breath. Even if you do get away from them, their very existence will continue to bother you, and you'll frequently find a way to associate just about anything negative in your life with them. Just like that damn Likaro...

Spit (+100): You have some sort of unpleasant habit you can't help but engage in. Maybe you pick your nose in front of other people, spit on the ground every few sentences even when inside, or your voice is deeply grating and you spend all of your time cackling madly about slogs and choppers. This makes it quite a lot harder to get people to like you, and you can expect at least a few heated discussions turned fistfights if you keep doing it around the same people.

Toll of Years (+100): Your best years are far behind you. While you still live, miraculously, and won't die of old age during the course of your time here, you are old and decrepit. Walking at a leisurely pace is

quite tiring, and you can forget about running. Of course anything resembling a physical altercation is going to be hopeless for you, and should you be a sorcerer, you will need to take care that your incantations aren't interrupted by your coughing fits. At least your mind is still as sharp as ever… other than being somewhat forgetful.

Absent and Distracted (+200): Everything you do requires your constant attention. No matter how masterful your schemes or brilliant your systems, when you are working on something that requires other people, it seems to fall apart as soon as you turn your back on it for longer than a day. This means that your projects will require endless amounts of micromanagement, and anything on a grander scale is going to be stretching your attention very, very thin.

Broken River (+200): You've betrayed someone you care about, and you haven't been the same since. Whether this was the result of some sort of mind control or not, the guilt you now experience has turned you into something of a wreck. While you can still function, you're simply miserable when alone, and can't bear to talk to the person in question, with any attempt to do so from either side only resulting in further hurt. This is going to be a burden you'll have to carry for the entirety of your stay here.

Eternal Blackness (+200): You are blind, from birth or because of some other occurrence. The world is complete darkness for you, and no methods you possess are capable of curing or otherwise bypassing this blindness, even if you are a Cishaurim trained to see through the eyes of your serpent. Your other senses will become sharper as a result, perhaps enough to surprise others, but it will always hamper your ability to live your daily life.

NO JUMPCHAIN ON THE SLOG (+200): No doubters, no sobbers, and no especially no jumpers on the slog. For the duration of this jump, all of the perks, items, and companions you would have otherwise brought along won't be present, and you will have to make do with whatever you've purchased here. Additionally, any setting knowledge you may have had about this world and its future events are also erased from your mind until your time here is up.

Seswatha's Dreams (+200): Just like the Mandate Schoolmen, your dreams will be filled with nothing but death and despair. You will dream of the Apocalypse in the role of Seswatha, experiencing the greatest terrors he ever faced and the greatest pains he ever endured. These dreams will take a toll on your mind, making you both ever tired and paranoid, and this drawback will also ensure that you will need to sleep as often as an ordinary person or face the consequences.

Wairo (+200): You are Wairo, a Zeümi folk term meaning "entangled" with the Gods, a somewhat more sophisticated way of thinking "accursed." Though you are not exactly hated by the Hundred, your fate will often see you hindered and challenged, and forced to overcome defeats and losses with greater frequency than any ordinary person. A few times throughout your life, you are guaranteed end up in a situation where your life is in grave danger.

Weak of Heart (+200): Maybe you possess a pure innocence, or perhaps you're just a fool who knows nothing of the dangers of the world. Your heart is weak, and you're often sympathetic towards those who absolutely do not deserve it, going out of your way to help them when it's not in your best interests to do so. This can be mitigated somewhat by not associating with the worst kinds of individuals, but should you encounter them regardless your kind heart will be ruthlessly exploited for their sake.

Death Came Swirling Down (+400): You are surrounded by death. Everywhere you go, will form bonds with others, and then see them cut down in the most horrible of ways. You will always be at the very forefront of some great conflict with only short moments of peace, enough to regain your hope and believe that you will find some love or brotherhood that the world cannot take away from you, which will then be crushed when death comes swirling down once more. This is sure to leave a scar on your mind, even if your emotions are otherwise dulled.

Divine Conceit (+400): As far as you are concerned, there is no greater being walking the face of this wretched Earth than yourself. In terms of strength, brilliance, wit, skill, and so on, you are either the chosen of all the Hundred or their very equal, a god given flesh. Not only does this viewpoint make you dangerously careless when dealing with your enemies and highly unpopular with your allies, your delusions have also convinced you that you are the only one who can accomplish some great goal, like restoring the greatness of the nation you live in or protecting mankind from its ancient enemies. It is sure to be an uphill battle when you cannot bring yourself to see even threats to your life as an equal.

Synthetic (+400): Your body has befallen some ill fate, and your soul now occupies the only vessel it can take lest it falls into Hell. A black bird with a small, hairless human head is the form you will take for the duration of your stay here, a visage both disturbing and unnatural to behold for the average person and a sure sign of the Consult for those aware of its origins. It is quite weak, seeing as it was never made for battle, and something about the process of the transfer leaves you unable to use sorcery or any similar art. You will have to rely on your mind alone.

Unholy Congress (+400): Your soul is gripped by a depraved urge that would fill any sane individual with revulsion. Perhaps you have consumed the flesh of a Sranc, or your nature as a skin-spy has overpowered your out of jump memories, and you now crave to violate, murder, and devour anyone who interests you enough. With sufficient will, you are capable of suppressing this desire, though you will never be able to overcome it completely until the end of the jump. Even if you side with the Consult, your urges will hinder your efforts and dull your judgement, leaving dangerous foes alive and letting your mask slip when you would be better off concealing your true nature.

Dolorous (+600): Even if you are not a Nonman, you now suffer the same madness that has claimed the Erratics. You have forgotten most of who or what you are, and you are acutely aware that something is missing, some beautiful thing which is now lost forever. You find it difficult to remember anything beyond several heartbeats, unless that memory is tragic — which is to say that only the most traumatic experiences remain in your mind, your soul disassembled and fragmented into into disconnected traumas, losses, pains. A cowardly word. A lover's betrayal. An infant's last, labored breath. Pain is all you seek now, and pain is all that will remain by the end. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, any abilities you possess remain as powerful and instinctive as ever, allowing you to defend yourself even in this diminished state… and also use your abilities to engineer further tragedy.

Four Horns (+600): You have struck a deal with a force from the Outside, but something went terribly wrong. You have gained absolutely nothing from this bargain, and you are now forced to share your body with the will of Ajokli, God of thievery and deception. The Four-Horned Brother desires nothing less than to reduce you to a hollow puppet, possess your physical form, and turn the world of the living into a nightmare where he can reap its souls until the end of time. You will have to contest his will, which will be without equal considering his divine status, and even then he will constantly attempt to deceive and manipulate you into degrading your own will and letting your guard down so he can slip through the cracks and claim your body. Should he succeed, you will fail your chain.

Walking on Conditioned Ground (+600): Before your time in this world has ended, you must end the life of Anasûrimbor Kellhus. He is aware of your coming, and possesses complete knowledge of your purchases in this and other jumps, as well as your history and personality, including your weaknesses. He is already at the peak of his might without anything to hinder him, and should your power surpass his own, the knowledge granted by this drawback will have allowed him to empower himself to a point where he can match anything you are capable of. He has been given as much time as required to prepare countermeasures for your abilities prior to your entry into this world, and he will use everything at his disposal to slay you and prevent his own untimely demise.

Now that your time here is over, you can reflect on your actions and decide what you want to do next:

Go Home: Perhaps your experiences here have left you desiring the comparative simplicity of your own world. You decide to end your chain and return to your first world with all you've gained so far on your chain.

Stay Here: To each their own, although I would say that staying here may not be the wisest choice. You end your chain and decide to remain in this world.

Move On: Maybe you realized that the Logos truly is without beginning or end, or you just need a vacation after all of that. You continue your chain and move on to your next jump.

Notes:

Most perks are going to apply to future settings as well where it makes sense, I just didn't bother to mention it in all of them.

None of the Inchoroi's creations have souls, including skin-spies and presumably Wracu, which makes them immune to the Cants of Compulsion and other soul hoodoo. How that works for stuff from other jumps, fanwank.

Technically Dunyain are a human subspecies, but I made them an origin simply because I had a lot of perk ideas for them and far less for the other races. The only Dunyain are humans, so if you choose anything else you're some incredibly bizarre anomaly.

A lot of lore fluff has been shamelessly copied from the appendices. Bakker explains it better than I ever could.

Your origin choice doesn't set your allegiance in stone. For example, if you chose Sorcerer and purchased the Gnosis you can start as a part of the Consult's Mangaecca remnants.

Chorae, how do they work? What do they work on? Are you going to die if you're a Harry Potter wizard and touch one? Fanwank. For me personally, we know that Chorae go against "violations of the real" and that's why they also banish Ciphrang, so it probably only works on reality warpers and magic that explicitly goes against the laws of the world, like Fate's True Magic or WoD magick and such. Are they still going to get salted? Maybe, but salting is only a side effect, so maybe they just lose their powers or something. Demons and extradimensional invaders are universally going to be sent back from where they came from unless you're in some JRPG setting where demons are just a race like humans or dwarves.

On the subject of sorcery, specifically the Mark, whether powerful sorcerers still appear as some kind of metaphysical incredibly unholy mega-Satan to magic users in other settings is up to you.

Perks scale to your race where appropriate. A Tall One with Most Violent of All Men would be equal to the greatest Ishroi, and probably killed more than one Wracu back in the day. A Wracu with the same perk would the equal of Wutteät.

Because there are many mysteries surrounding a lot of things in these books, I've had to come up with some explanations on my own. Why doesn't Shaeonanra just use a synthese instead of making a bunch of freaky worm butthole people? I don't know, but it seemingly has to do with how "simple" they are, so that's the explanation I used in the perk.

Immortal Malice won't get you possessed by Ajokli, you simply become a Ciphrang that resembles him if the requirements are met. The emotion also doesn't have to be a negative one, it can be joy or love or whatever. If there's an equivalent to Ciphrang in future settings you can do the same thing, like becoming a D&D outsider or Warhammer daemon by continually experiencing the emotions associated with them and acting as they would.

The boost to strategic ability from Most Violent of All Men and God-of-Men if specialized towards it are essentially equal, they just do different things besides that.

Taking War-Cant Master and Subtle Facility immediately puts you on the level of a particularly powerful sorcerer of rank.

Examples of the kind of stuff you could come up with if you get Mathetic Theorems are the Mathesis Pin, the Great Gate of Wheels, etc. You won't be inventing a spell to destroy the planet if that's completely outside of the bounds of what that kind of magic is usually capable of, but you can generally bend the rules quite a bit and come up with things that are impressive by local standards.

Black Heaven specifically works on gods who don't directly exist in regular reality. So it would work on the Chaos Gods or any divine being restricted to interacting with humans as avatars, but not a classical interpretation of Zeus for example. It's dependent on the god not fully existing in this world, so if divine powers don't come from something in another realm they'll still work.

The armies you receive will have at least a handful of Chorae bearers / archers in them, so they're not completely helpless against sorcerers.

If you can somehow manage it, you can companion one of the Hundred, but who knows how that would work.

Disturbingly, I found it easier to come up with waifu OC companions for this jump than the anime ones I've made. But I restrained myself.

These books are incredibly good. I highly recommend them. Also, please get Akka out of this goddamn hellhole. Yours truly, CautiousAnon.

This is it, boys! The slog of slogs! A real chopper!