



Welcome to Thedas, Jumper.

This Jump takes place during one of the Ages of this world. Specifically, the Dragon Age, which is the Age that all of the series' games take place in. It's named after the first High Dragon sighting in centuries. Each Age is 100 years long.

Some of the things that canonically happen during this age include the following:

- The Fereldan Rebellion successfully drives the Orlesian forces out and reestablishes the Theirin dynasty's sovereignty over Ferelden in 9:2 Dragon.

- The Fifth Blight breaks out in Ferelden, as the Darkspawn defeat the King's army and the few Fereldan Grey Wardens at the Battle of Ostagar. Amidst a civil war, two surviving Grey Wardens unite the Fereldan armies to slay Archdemon Urthemiel in the Battle of Denerim in 9:31 Dragon.

- The Darkspawn Civil War follows the Blight but is quickly quelled by the growing Grey Warden order in Ferelden.

- To the north, the First Battle of Kirkwall leaves the city without a ruler, allowing the long-standing tensions between the Templar Order and the local Circle of Magi to come to a head in the Kirkwall Rebellion of 9:37 Dragon. The annulment of the Circles of Kirkwall and Dairsmuid incites mages to rebel and flee to Andoral's Reach from across Thedas.

- In response, the Templar Order secedes from the Chantry to wage war on the rogue Circles. Simultaneously, power struggles among the Orlesian nobles opposed to the reigning Empress spark the Orlesian Civil War in 9:40 Dragon.

- After the peace talks between Templars and mages are sabotaged by the Elder One, the ancient Inquisition is reformed to wage war against him and his army of demons, Red Templars, and Venatori. By the end of 9:41 Dragon, the

Inquisition quells the Mage-Templar hostilities and the war in Orlais and leads their combined forces to defeat the Elder One.

- In 9:44 Dragon, an Exalted Council held to determine the fate of the Inquisition is interrupted by a Qunari plot to take over the southern Thedas. The Inquisition and the agents of Fen'Harel foil the plot, forcing the Qunari to focus on Tevinter. Fen'Harel, the Dread Wolf, begins rallying elves from all across Thedas under his banner.

"We stand upon the precipice of change. The world fears the inevitable plummet into the abyss. Watch for that moment... and when it comes, do not hesitate to leap. It is only when you fall that you learn whether you can fly"
—Flemeth, the Witch of the Wilds.

+1000 CP

Table of Contents

Date	**4**
Starting Location	**4**
Race/Gender/Age	**30**
Origin (Class)	**33**
Perks	**34**
Items	**56**
Companions, Mounts & Miscellaneous Animal Companions	**58**
Drawbacks	**70**
Scenarios	**74**
Ending options	**80**
Notes	**80**

Date

You may choose to begin your Jump at any time between the beginning of the Dragon Age (9:00 Dragon), and the 40th year of the Dragon Age (9:40 Dragon).

Starting Location

You may select your starting region and specific location for free.
Alternatively, you may choose to roll 1d33 to select your starting location, which will grant you 100 CP.

1. **The Anderfels** - *The Anderfels are a land of shocking extremes. It is the most desolate place in all the world, for two Blights have left great expanses of the steppes so completely devoid of life that corpses cannot even decay there—no insect or grub will ever reach them.*

   It is a land filled with wonders like the Merdaine, with its gigantic white statue of Our Lady carved into its face, her hands outstretched and bearing an eternal flame, or Weisshaupt Fortress, with its walls of living rock towering over the desolate plains below.

   The Anders, too, are a people of extremes: The most devout priests and the most deadly soldiers, the poorest nation in the world and the most feared.

   —From *In Pursuit of Knowledge: Travels of a Chantry Scholar*, by Brother Genitivi.



2. **Antiva** - *In the rest of the civilized world, it is common belief that Antiva has no king. I assure you, gentle readers, that this is untrue. The line of kings in Antiva has remained unbroken for two and a half thousand years—it is simply that nobody pays any attention to them whatsoever.*

The nation is ruled in truth by a collection of merchant princes. They are not princes in the literal sense, but heads of banks, trading companies, and vineyards. Their power is conferred strictly by wealth.

But Antiva is not primarily renowned for its peculiar form of government, nor for its admittedly unparalleled wines. Antiva is known for the House of Crows. Since Antivans are well known for being good at everything but fighting, it is more than a little ironic that Antiva possesses the most deadly assassins in the world. Their fame is such that Antiva keeps no standing army: No king is willing to order his troops to assault her borders, and no general is mad enough to lead such an invasion. The attack would likely succeed, but its leaders would not see the day.

—From *In Pursuit of Knowledge: Travels of a Chantry Scholar*, by Brother Genitivi.



3. **Nevarra** - *The fourth time I attempted to cross the border into Nevarra from Orlais and was turned back by Chevaliers, I decided to take the more roundabout path: a ship back to Ferelden, and then another to Nevarra. The outcome was more than worth the trouble.*

   The whole country is filled with artistry, from the statues of heroes that litter the streets in even the meanest villages to the glittering golden College of Magi in Cumberland. Perhaps nowhere is more astonishing than the vast necropolis outside Nevarra City. Unlike most other followers of Andraste, the Nevarrans do not burn their dead. Instead, they carefully preserve the bodies and seal them in elaborate tombs. Some of the wealthiest Nevarrans begin construction of their own tombs while quite young, and these become incredible palaces, complete with gardens, bathhouses, and ballrooms, utterly silent, kept only for the dead.

   —From *In Pursuit of Knowledge: Travels of a Chantry Scholar*, by Brother Genitivi.



4. **Rivain** - *Nowhere in my travels, not in the heart of the Imperium nor the streets of Orzammar, have I felt so much an outsider as in Rivain.*

   The Chant of Light never truly reached the ears of these people. The years they spent under the thumb of the Qunari left most of the country zealous followers of the Qun. But resistance to the Chant goes deeper than the Qunari War. The Rivaini refuse to be parted from their seers, wise women who are in fact hedge mages, communicating with spirits and actually allowing themselves to become possessed. The Chantry prohibition against such magical practices violates millennia of local tradition.

   —From *In Pursuit of Knowledge: Travels of a Chantry Scholar*, by Brother Genitivi.



5. **Par Vollen** - *The island called Par Vollen was the first land in Thedas to be taken by the Qunari, and has been held by them ever since. But while the Qunari have raised their own marvels on the island—the famed city of Qunandar comes to mind—Par Vollen had a rich history before the Qun ever came to its shores.*

Tear your eyes from Qunandar's wonders and look instead to the jungle. There you'll see the ruins of vast cities that proclaim in silence: "We were here."

Par Vollen's distinctive pyramids, looming from the overgrowth, have remained largely intact, even if their intended purpose has been lost. They do not seem to be tombs, though some chambers contain bodies that have been carefully preserved. Amazingly, the pyramids' proportions are mathematically perfect. Since their alignment is so precise, one suspects they served some scientific purpose. Observatories, perhaps? Andvan Therastes has observed that the shape of the Par Vollen pyramids seems perfectly to match the constellation Solium.

We know more of the pyramids than we do of the humans who built them. The Qunari came to Par Vollen as conquerors, but there is no history and little sign of battles fought on the island's shores. A civilization that could build such vast cities would surely have defenses, armies, perhaps weapons alien even to the Qunari. So why is there so little proof of resistance?

One answer may lie in what remains of their temples. Beneath the leaves and vines covering the walls, you can still make out the stylized carvings that adorn them. The paint has long since flaked away, but the silhouettes are clear: intricate sea creatures, shipwrights, musicians, archers, and kings. Here and there, odd figures are depicted, tall, horned, always in a position of authority and respect.

What were these horned figures to the ancients of Par Vollen? Priests, ritualistically crowned? Heroes? Gods, perhaps? We may never know the truth. But when the Qunari arrived from the sea, horned and carrying the word of the Qun, perhaps instead of conquerors, the people of Par Vollen saw an old legend returning to them.

This is all supposition. The humans of Par Vollen are Qunari now, their ancient civilization discarded like a child's toy. Yet the pyramids remain, along with the old cities, the island itself. One day, greater scholars may hear what they have to say.

—From *A Compiled History of the Occupied North*, by Renatus of Ayesleigh.



6. **The Tevinter Imperium** - *The Imperium is little more than a dilapidated old slattern, crouching in the far north of Thedas, drunkenly cursing at passersby to recall her faded beauty.*

   One can see that Minrathous was once the center of the world. The vestiges of her power and artistry yet stand. But they are buried in the layers of filth that the Imperium's decadence has accumulated over the ages. The magocracy live in elegant stone towers, literally elevated above the stench of the slaves and peasants below. The outskirts of Minrathous are awash in a sea of refugees turned destitute by the never-ending war between the Imperium and the Qunari.

   And yet the Imperium survives. Whether with sword or magic, Tevinter remains a force to be reckoned with. Minrathous has been besieged by men, by Qunari, by Andraste herself, and never fallen.

   —From *In Pursuit of Knowledge: Travels of a Chantry Scholar*, by Brother Genitivi.



7. **Elvhenan: Arlathan** - *You ask what happened to Arlathan? Sadly, we do not know. Even those of us who keep the ancient lore have no record of what truly happened. What we have are accounts of the days before the fall, and a fable of the whims of the gods.*

   The human world was changing even as the elves slept. Clans and tribes gave way to a powerful empire called Tevinter, which—and for what reason we do not know—moved to conquer Elvhenan. When they breached the great city of Arlathan, our people, fearful of disease and loss of immortality, chose to flee rather than fight. With magic, demons, and even dragons at their behest, the Tevinter Imperium marched easily through Arlathan, destroying homes and

galleries and amphitheaters that had stood for ages. Our people were corralled as slaves, and human contact quickened their veins until every captured elf turned mortal. The elves called to their ancient gods, but there was no answer.

As to why the gods didn't answer, our people left only a legend. They say that Fen'Harel, the Dread Wolf and Lord of Tricksters, approached the ancient gods of good and evil and proposed a truce. The gods of good would remove themselves to heaven, and the lords of evil would exile themselves to the abyss, neither group ever again to enter the other's lands. But the gods did not know that Fen'Harel had planned to betray them, and by the time they realized the Dread Wolf's treachery, they were sealed in their respective realms, never again to interact with the mortal world. It is a fable, to be sure, but those elves who travel the Beyond claim that Fen'Harel still roams the world of dreams, keeping watch over the gods lest they escape from their prisons.

Whatever the case, Arlathan had fallen to the very humans our people had once considered mere pests. It is said that the Tevinter magisters used their great destructive power to force the very ground to swallow Arlathan whole, destroying eons of collected knowledge, culture, and art. The whole of elven lore left only to memory.

—The Fall of Arlathan, as told by Gisharel, Keeper of the Ralaferin clan of the Dalish elves.



8. **Ferelden: Denerim** - *When anyone in Ferelden speaks of "going to the city," they inevitably mean Denerim. There is no other place in the kingdom which rivals it: Not in size, population, wealth, or importance. It is the seat of the Theirin family, the capital of Ferelden, the largest seaport, and, by ancient tradition, the meeting place of the Landsmeet.*

As well, Denerim was the birthplace of Andraste. One of them, anyway, as several other sites claim to have been the prophet's early home, including Jader, in Orlais. The Chantry takes no stance on which site's claim is valid, but it is well known that Andraste was Fereldan by birth. When visiting the pilgrimage site in Denerim, it is inadvisable to mention Jader at all.

The city rests at the foot of the Dragon's Peak, a solitary mountain scarred by ancient lava flows. During Andraste's lifetime, it reputedly filled the sky with a great column of black ash and sent burning rock raining down as far away as the Free Marches, but it is now considered extinct. Some believe it merely sleeps, and will again darken the sky with ash and fire when the last Fereldan king dies, but this is highly unlikely.

—From *In Pursuit of Knowledge: Travels of a Chantry Scholar*, by Brother Genitivi.



9. **Ferelden: Crestwood** - *Crestwood is a small village of no real consequence to the lords and ladies who ride through on their way to Val Royeaux or Denerim. The people are glad for visitors, however. Residents tend livestock and grow what crops they can, but their chief income comes from trade.*

   I was dining alone at the local inn, which is quaintly perched on the top of a dam, when I overheard the barman mention tunnels beneath the village. I was surprised to learn that a vast cave system riddles the land surrounding Crestwood. The locals told me tales of strange noises and eerie lights, of entire expeditions swallowed by underground fissures, of screams in the dark that come from nowhere and return, just as swiftly, to nothing.

I scoffed, then went for a stroll around the area. The night was clear, and I was wending down a pleasant glade in the hills when I heard a rasping hiss. Dropping my walking staff, I spied an overgrown opening to a small cavern. Were those footsteps padding away into the dark I heard then, or a startled animal?

That night, I let the candle in my room burn longer than usual.

—From the diary of a traveler from Val Chevin, dated three months before the start of the Fifth Blight.



10. **Ferelden: Haven** - *I would like to speak to you of Haven—the village in the Frostbacks, close to the Temple of Sacred Ashes. We are all aware of its past. It was home to the "Disciples of Andraste," as they called themselves. Descended from the people who built the temple itself, they had strayed, over years of isolation, from their once-noble roots to become dragon worshippers. After the Hero of Ferelden discovered the Temple of Sacred Ashes, which the Disciples guarded jealously, what remained of the cult moved on, and Haven was abandoned to the ice and the snow.*

    I passed through Haven on my pilgrimage to see the Temple of the Sacred Ashes. There was a storm, and I took shelter in the hall of Haven's chantry. Though they were dusty from neglect, the walls of that lonely place were strong and shielded me from the biting winds. Peace came upon me, and my eyes were opened to Haven's incredible beauty. It could not be overcome by the pain and the horror of the past. It could not be masked by decay and disuse. It would not be forgotten.

    Haven is precious to Orlais, to the Chantry, and to the Sunburst Throne for its historical and religious significance. It is my will that Haven be restored, rededicated to the service of Andraste, and preserved for the ages. Let it be a

sanctuary for the pilgrims who seek out the Temple of Sacred Ashes. May they rest here beneath the cold, bright skies. May the glory of the Maker be revealed to them, as they gaze upon the grey peaks that are the work of His hand. Now and forever more, let this be a Haven for the faithful.

—From a speech by Divine Justinia V in 9:35 Dragon.



11. **Ferelden: Lothering** - *In ancient times, Lothering was little more than a trading post that served the fortress of Ostagar to the south. Nowadays, it is larger, serving Redcliffe and the community of merchants and surface dwarves near Orzammar. Its location on the North Road gives it strategic value, so control of Lothering has historically been a matter of contention between the Southern Bannorn and the South Reach Arling. King Calenhad himself stepped in and awarded the town to South Reach in the Exalted Age, which has largely ended the feud, or at least the appearance of it.*

    —From *In Pursuit of Knowledge: Travels of a Chantry Scholar*, by Brother Genitivi.



12. **Ferelden: Redcliffe Village** - *King Calenhad Theirin once famously declared, "The fate of Redcliffe is the fate of all Ferelden." Certainly, the castle is the first and last defense for the sole land route into Ferelden, and the country has never fallen to any force that did not first capture Redcliffe.*

    The castle, which despite being three times captured is popularly described as "unassailable," also guards one of the largest and most prosperous towns in Ferelden. Redcliffe village is well situated near the mountain pass to Orzammar and the Orlesian border, and so serves as a center of foreign trade. For these reasons, Redcliffe is accounted an arling despite the smallness of the domain.

    The inhabitants of Redcliffe village are primarily fishermen or merchants who ship dwarven goods through the pass from Orlais to Denerim. When the entire village smells of smoked fish on certain late autumn mornings, the merchants in their finery do their utmost to pretend otherwise.

    —From *In Pursuit of Knowledge: Travels of a Chantry Scholar*, by Brother Genitivi.



13. **Ferelden: Ostagar** - *Representing the furthest point of encroachment by the ancient Tevinter Imperium into the barbarian lands of the southeast, the fortress of Ostagar was once one of the most important defensive holdings south of the Waking Sea. It stood at the edge of the Korcari Wilds watching for any signs of invasion by the barbarians known today as the Chasind wilders. Straddling a narrow pass in the hills, the fortress needed to be by-passed to reach the fertile lowlands to the north and proved to be exceedingly difficult for the wilders to attack because of its naturally defensible position.*

    Like most imperial holdings in the south, Ostagar was abandoned after Tevinter's collapse during the first Blight. It was successfully sacked by the

Chasind wilders and then, as the Chasind threat dwindled following the creation of the modern Ferelden nation, fell to ruin completely.

It has remained unmanned for four centuries, though most of the walls still stand--as does the tall Tower of Ishal, named after the great archon that ordered its construction. Ostagar remains a testament to the magical power of the Imperium that created it.

--From *Ferelden: Folklore and History*, by Sister Petrine, Chantry scholar.

14. **Ferelden: Therinfal Redoubt** - *"I have heard the complaints. Some of you do not*



understand why we train in a castle in the wilderness when you're to seek out corruption among the masses. You question the Seekers' foresight. Doubt assails you. Why have you come to Therinfal? What can you learn here you could not on your own?

"Patience is what you will learn. With no city to distract or tempt you, you will practice. You will fail. You will suffer. And when we are done, you will be a rock upon which demons break.

"Now let us begin."

This transcription of a speech by Lord Seeker Alderai to a batch of students beginning advanced lessons is dated 7:70 Storm. The Seekers used Therinfal Redoubt as a training ground until around 8:99 Blessed, when their finances were insufficient to keep the fortress in desirable condition.

—From *Notable Fortresses, Castles, Towers, and other Edifices of Interest in Ferelden* by Henry Lannon.



15. **Free Marches: Kirkwall** - *Kirkwall once lived on the edge of the Tevinter Imperium and was home to nearly a million slaves. Stolen from elven lands or shipped from across the sea, all slaves fed the Imperium's unquenchable thirst for expansion. They worked in massive quarries and sweltering foundries that produced stone and steel for the Empire.*

    The city's complicated past is not easy to forget, history having earmarked many corners of the stone city. A ship approaching the harbor spots the city's namesake: an imposing black wall. It is visible for miles, and carved into the cliff side are a pantheon of vile guardians representing the Old Gods. Over the years, the Chantry has effaced many of these profane sentinels, but it will take many more years to erase them all.

    Also carved into the cliff is a channel that permits ships into the city's interior. Flanking the channel are two massive bronze statues—the Twins of Kirkwall. The statues have a practical use. Kirkwall sits next to the narrowest point of the Waking Sea, and a massive chain net can be erected between the statues and the lighthouse, closing off the only narrow navigable lane. This stranglehold on sea traffic is jealously guarded by the ever-changing rulers of the city as the net trolls taxes, tolls, and extortions in from the sea.

    —From *In Pursuit of Knowledge: Travels of a Chantry Scholar*, by Brother Genitivi.

16. **Free Marches: The Wounded Coast** - *One of the few roads leading into Kirkwall passes through a dangerous area known as the Wounded Coast. The road winds close to the cliff edge that looms over waters with many a precipitous drop to the churning waves below. There's many a local legend involving travelers falling, or jumping, or having been flung from those heights.*

    From the cliffs, the road leads through jagged hills that line the pass like sharp teeth. Bandits use these hills as cover from which to ambush caravans. There's more to fear here than bandits, of course. Once one leaves the hills, you come upon a maze of sharp canyons, the hunting grounds for many fierce creatures. It is a place of secrets dating back to the golden age of the Tevinter Imperium, where Ancient relics and statues crumble in time with the rocks.

    —From *In Pursuit of Knowledge: The Travels of a Chantry Scholar*, by Brother Genitivi.



17. **Free Marches: Sundermount** - *Kirkwall is guarded by mountains to it north, the tallest of which is Sundermount. The mountain has a fearsome reputation. Legend says it was the site of the final battle between the Tevinter Imperium of old and the ancient empire of elves that perished with Arlathan. Both sides unleashed horrors into the waking world, and Fade creatures prowl the heights to this very day, unaware that the war for which they were summoned is long since over.*

    There is a tale in the Free Marches that Blessed Andraste, upon reaching Kirkwall with her armies, sojourned up the slopes of Sundermount alone. She stayed there three days. When she returned, she wept as if her heart were broken.

    I stayed two months in Kirkwall, and despite my best efforts, I never found a guide willing to take me up the mountain.

—From *In Pursuit of Knowledge: The Travels of a Chantry Scholar*, by Brother Genitivi.



18. **Orlais: Val Royeux** - *Val Royeaux. Any resident, a "Royan," will say it is the greatest city in the world. Many take such pride for arrogance, but they do so through smiles as they nod in agreement, for such is the cost of doing business in the capital. Val Royeaux is in every way a world leader—in commerce, culture, and its own exaggerated beauty.*

    The site was founded during Evrion's grand unification, the result of a mix of influences not such much balanced as driven together. And while such an amalgamation would be cause for chaos elsewhere, the prosperity of the region has enabled an upward spiral of indulgence. The capital has endured the ages to become a beacon of civilization, and its citizens the measure of modernity. Just ask them.

    An element of Val Royeaux is notoriously risqué, and it exists harmoniously beside the aristocracy and the palace bureaucrats. Indeed, the aristocracy tends to indulge in the city's darker side quite frequently (if discreetly), and that only adds to the mystique. Nobility elsewhere tend to be much more conservative and concerned about their reputation, even if a trip into the capital to indulge a few private pleasures is not completely out of the question.

    In Val Royeaux, transgressions are suffered and forgiven with flamboyant urgency. That is not to say the city is without lasting scandal or hardship; but one must squint past the gilding to be allowed even a glimpse, as Royans are very careful about the face they present. Such it is with the masks of nobility and the underbelly of their streets.

—Excerpted from *Val Royeaux: Excesses Grand and Otherwise* by (formerly) Sister Laudine.



19. **Orlais: Halamshiral** - *After the glorious reclamation of the Dales, the elven capital lay empty and in ruins for years, a haven for bandits and highwaymen and all manner of miscreants. The land lay unused until the Exalted Age, when Alphonse Valmont, the very Lion himself, declared that a palace should be built there in honor of the valiant actions of his brothers in besting the armies of false Emperor Xavier Drakon. Originally called Chateau Lion, it was designed as a grand retreat for the emperor's brothers and their families.*

    The city of Halamshiral grew around the palace. The first records of its existence appear in the Storm Age, when Emperor Cyril granted the title of marquis to Ser Reginald Montclair for "administration of Halamshiral."

    An elven uprising destroyed Chateau Lion in the Blessed Age. When Emperor Judicael I rebuilt it, he named the new retreat the Winter Palace. It was designed more for the emperor and his immediate family than for any cadet branches of House Valmont, and became the heart of the Imperial Court in the darkest months of winter.

    —An excerpt from *Architectual History of Orlais, Volume I* by Elodie Ferrneau.



20. **Orlais: Serault** - *"Glass so clear and worth the price, as kicks of light catch color twice."*

    Such is the literary whimsy Seraultine Glass inspires, with beauty all but the sunless see. Perhaps be less quick to recklessly rhyme. On the quality, have no doubt, though some claim the multicolored echo bizarre or imagined. Like the challenge of grace notes and the discerning ear, the educated eye finds ever more to appreciate. But be mindful whom you approach when seeking deals in the Marquisate of Serault. As far west as one can still call civilized, it attracts exactly the type you would expect: those who fail better than most—agitators of various intent seeking remote sanctuary. A gathering that creates a nexus of stories. The one who dismisses de Serault tricksiness out of hand misses plenty. Care, rivals, for they are as skilled in the Game as their glassworks, though they have been considered outcast since the great Shame of Serault. Mind their welcome as you would a smiling cardsharp, or risk attending your last court. And remember the promise and threat of "PAYMENT IN GLASS."

    —From *On the Glassworks of the Marquisate of Serault*, collected by Philliam, a Bard!



21. **Orlais: Western Approach** - *Once these wastes were a land of plenty. Can you believe it? The rain came north over the Gamordan Peaks, turning the plains green and verdant for three months of the year. Eight hundred years ago, that changed. During the Second Blight, darkspawn spilled out of an enormous crack in the earth, corrupting it with their foul blood... and it never recovered, even after they were driven back underground. The Grey Wardens built Adamant*

Fortress to stand watch over that chasm, but eventually even they abandoned it to the wind and the biting sand.

What few of us eke out a living in this Maker-forsaken place do so knowing that any number of deaths await us: darkspawn raids, dragons, bandits—not to mention starvation from the lack of water and game. If we stay, it is because we know there are treasures buried in the bones of this place, ruins from the time when Tevinter ruled, and even earlier. We pass tales around our campfires of the things we have seen shrouded in the dust storms. My favorites are the ones about relics that could restore the Western Approach once more... but I don't believe them. Truth be told, on nights when the wind is calm, I can stand on a hilltop and see for miles in the moonlight over a stark beauty of which no other Orlesian can claim to know the equal. On those nights, I hope it will never change.

—From *Lands of the Abyss* by Magistrate Gilles de Sancriste.



22. **Orlais: The Dales** - *You will hear tales of the woman Andraste. The shemlen name her prophet, bride of their Maker. But we knew her as a war leader, one who, like us, had been a slave and dreamed of liberation. We joined her rebellion against the Imperium, and our heroes died beside her, unmourned, in Tevinter bonfires.*

    But we stayed with our so-called allies until the war ended. Our reward: A land in southern Orlais called the Dales. So we began the Long Walk to our new home.

    Halamshiral, "the end of the journey," was our capital, built out of the reach of the humans. We could once again forget the incessant passage of time. Our people began the slow process of recovering the culture and traditions we had lost to slavery.

But it was not to last. The Chantry first sent missionaries into the Dales, and then, when those were thrown out, templars. We were driven from Halamshiral, scattered. Some took refuge in the cities of the shemlen, living in squalor, tolerated only a little better than vermin.

We took a different path. We took to the wilderness, never stopping long enough to draw the notice of our shemlen neighbors. In our self-imposed exile, we kept what remained of elven knowledge and culture alive.

--*The End of the Long Walk* as told by Gisharel, keeper of the Ralaferin clan of the Dalish elves.



23. **Orlais: The Arbor Wilds** - *Cruxis:*

For once, look to the elves for guidance. The Dalish shun the Arbor Wilds. When the people who would start a war over a single crumbling wall ignore a large elven ruin to the south, it bodes disaster. There is beauty and curiosity in the forest, such as trees that rise tall as towers, but those who travel too deep into them never return.

You asked if I could identify the elven architecture from the few existing sketches of the outer ruins. They have curious similarities to stonework found in Arlathan, so I would guess it is likely an old elven temple dating two, three hundred years before the Imperium. Anything else is conjecture that I fear will spurn you on in this folly.

—Letter from a scholar of the Tevinter Imperium to Magister Cruxis, a mage of high standing who led a doomed expedition into the Arbor Wilds a year afterwards.



24. **Underground: Orzammar** - *The dwarves are lauded for their craftsmanship, and the city of Orzammar is one of their finest works. Orzammar lies at the heart of the Frostback Mountains, deep underground. The city arcs outward from the royal palace, which is built around a natural lava vent, continually fountaining liquid rock, which both lights and heats the entire cavern.*

    The topmost tier of Orzammar is home to the noble caste, with their palaces fanning out in both directions from the court of the king, as well as the Shaperate, which serves as a repository for all dwarven knowledge.

    The lower tier is the Commons, where the merchant caste holds sway and where the finest works of Orzammar's craftsman are for sale. In the center of the river of lava, connected to the Commons by a causeway, are the Proving Grounds, a sacred arena where the dwarves, by ancient tradition, settle their disputes.

    On one side of the fiery river are the ruins of old dwarven palaces, fallen into disrepair, which the locals call Dust Town, now home to the city's casteless. On the other side of the river are the Deep Roads, which once joined the sprawling dwarven empire together, but now, after centuries of darkspawn incursions, are largely sealed off. Nearly all knowledge of this network of underground passages has been lost, even to its builders.

    —From *In Pursuit of Knowledge: The Travels of a Chantry Scholar*, by Brother Genitivi.



25. **Underground: Kal-Sharok** - *My approach was carefully observed. This was not a thaig unused to watching its boundaries. I got the impression that if I'd been one of his Orzammar cousins, our meeting would've been swift and bloody. That is, if I'd been allowed to find the passage at all. As it was, he was polite and efficient, and he knew well the current market for everything he offered. Clearly their isolation is not because of fear, and certainly not disinterest. Among his wares, I saw the latest fabrics of Val Royeaux and volumes by a Free Marcher poet three centuries dead. This only added to my doubt of the official year of Kal-Sharok's "rediscovery" as declared by the Assembly of Orzammar. I didn't mention this to my host. As curious as I was, there was an undercurrent I found unsettling. I must stress that he and his helpers were professional and honest throughout. But there was something I can't describe. While he remained hooded the entire time, he looked me square in the eye when our deal was struck, unashamed.*

    I lived through a time of Blight. I've felt the gaze of a Grey Warden and seen the corruption of his prey. Why I remembered both in that moment, I still can't explain.

    —On meeting Novas Sturhald in Kal-Sharok, excerpted from the journals of Ser Evrain Abernache, noble merchant-scholar.



26. **Underground: Kal'Hirol** - *The fortress of Kal'Hirol was established by Paragon Hirol and became known as a center of learning for smiths. Its workshops are where Paragon Hirol conceived his famous improvements to golem resilience and power, and where Hirol's favorite student developed a method for storing refined lyrium that is still used today.*

These breakthroughs brought Kal'Hirol great prosperity, its passageways glittering with gold and silver. For decades, the thaig was the favored home of apprentice smiths. Unfortunately, as time wore on, only the richest could afford to train there.

When the darkspawn came, Kal'Hirol was among the first of the great thaigs to fall. Our people still mourn the loss.

—From the writings of Shaper Ezerain.



27. **Underground: Cadash Thaig** - *We thought the Imperium found the elves hidden in Cad'halash, and destroyed them, but it doesn't add up. The thaig was destroyed with conventional dwarven weaponry, not magical forces. No supernatural means melted the stone and no immense forces pulverized the pillars.*

    We uncovered shields (among other things) bearing the heraldry of old Kal Sharok houses. We destroyed Cad'halash--our own people. The only remaining conclusion is that Kal Sharok learned that they were sheltering elves and, knowing it would jeopardize their alliance with the Tevinter Imperium, took steps to cover it up.

    Thus far, there has been no evidence to contradict this theory, but it has split the Shaperate. Some wish to enter it into the Memories, while others demand that it lies forgotten in the dark halls of the Roads.

    --From the notes of Shaper Warrek.

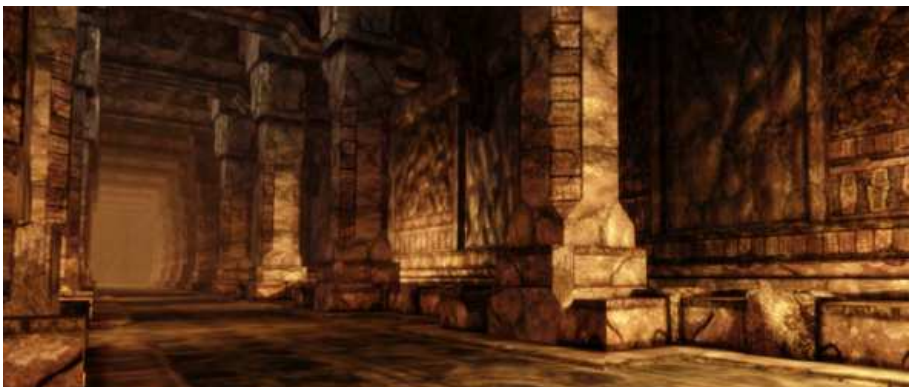


28. **Underground: The Deep Roads** - *There isn't a dwarf alive who remembers the Deep Roads as they once were. They were the network of tunnels that joined the thaigs together. To be honest, it isn't even right to give them such a simple term as "tunnels": They are works of art, with centuries of planning demonstrated in the geometry of their walls, with the statues of the Paragons that watch over travelers, with the flow of lava that keeps the Deep Roads lit and warm. The cloudgazers up on the surface talk of the Imperial Highway built by the magisters of old, a raised walkway that crossed thousands of miles, something that could only have been built by magic. Perhaps it is comparable to the Deep Roads, although we dwarves didn't need magic.*

    I suppose it doesn't matter any more. The darkspawn rule the Deep Roads now. When Orzammar sealed off the entrances to the Deep Roads, abandoning everything that lay out there, we handed over the kingdom-that-was to those black bastards forever. To think that there are genlocks crawling over Bownammar now, tearing down our statues and defiling our greatest works! Corruption covers everything we built out there. Every dwarf who goes out and comes back says that it gets worse with each passing year, the foulness spread a little further.

    And the cloudgazers think the darkspawn are gone just because they aren't spilling out onto the surface? Huh. One day, when Orzammar is gone for good, they'll find out differently. Those darkspawn won't have anywhere else to go but up, and they'll do it. The surface folk will have themselves a Blight that will never end.

    —Transcript of a conversation with a member of the dwarven Mining Caste, 8:90 Blessed.



29. **Underground: Amgarrak Thaig** - *"... We learned of an old laboratory called Amgarrak, where a dwarf of Orzammar and a mage of Tevinter were attempting to recreate Caridin's work. Amgarrak was mentioned in Branka's notes, although why she did not pursue it is a mystery."*

    "They used not stone or metal, but flesh. Flesh of the dying, the diseased, the casteless. We found evidence of this -- a putrefying construct of meat and bone. It looked awkward and headless, and the stench was unbearable."

    "The switches divert the lyrium streams, causing unpredictable effects. Sometimes it even alters the environment, changing it to look -- even feel -- different. It must be magic, but our understanding of such things is limited."

    "There is something in here with us."

    "They called it the Harvester. They knew it was a terrible mistake and used magic to trap it within these tunnels. Our foolish greed led us here, and now we are trapped along with it. Our only hope of escape is to destroy everything: the creature, the research, the magic that sustains this place. They are all tied together. I must get to the forge, but it is locked. Only a specific combination of switches will work. I must think more on this."

    "It found a body -- rotting flesh harvested from the dead. It ripped them all apart and used them.

    Pelted with heads of friends, tripped in their entrails... Ran. Still alive. Only one alive."

    "I can still hear it out there. It knows I'm here. I cannot get back to the forge.

    I found a golem control rod. The golems are keeping it away for now. There's a shaft of light here. I can see my escape but I cannot reach it. The ground is too damp, the rocks too slick.

    I could go out there and make it quick, or... stay here. Death is certain, either way."

    —A page ripped from a journal.



30. **Underground: Primeval Thaig** - *Your Majesty,*

    It's difficult getting a straight answer out of the scavenger. These sods get themselves so blighted they can't think straight, much less keep spit in their mouths. He says, however, that he's gone down into parts of the Deep Roads that are so old that our people forgot them long before the Blight even happened.

    He spoke of great statues and temples--temples! He spoke of things that could have only been made of magic and of impossible ruins untouched by darkspawn. He described creatures the likes of which we've never seen.

    None of it's possible, of course. I've conferred with the Shaper and he says the Memories date back to the founding of the first thaig--what could have come before that? Yes, we're unable to explore these depths the scavenger spoke of because of the darkspawn, but surely the Memories would speak of such places if they existed.

    Yet in this scavenger's belongings, amidst all the filth, there was a single idol. It was clearly of dwarven make, but not resembling any Paragon on record. The idol was dressed in a manner I've never seen. The Shaper of Memories also could not identify it or the substance from which it was made. The thought that the Memories might be wrong is... unsettling.

    — Excerpt from a report sealed in the Orzammar royal archives by order of King Annalar Geldinblade in 8:48 Blessed.



31. **The Uncharted Abyss: Bastion of the Pure** - *In a time that only the Stone remembers, there was a thaig in the deepest caverns ruled by a wise old king. The riches in the Stone had provided well for the thaig: lyrium flowed like water from the ground, gold and jewels sprouted from the walls like mushrooms, and the people wanted for nothing.*

    One day, the king returned to the Stone and left behind two sons to vie for his throne. Neither had been named heir, and so each sought to prove to their father's Assembly that he was best suited to be king.

    The first son journeyed far and wide across the Deep Roads, forging alliances with the other thaigs, and returned home bearing word of the goodwill of distant kingdoms and their promises of future friendship. But the Assembly was not impressed with words and promises and would not name him heir.

    So the second son mined the ground for wealth. Every last scrap of lyrium, every nugget of gold he dug up and gifted to the thaig. But the Assembly, accustomed to abundance, was not impressed. So the second son dug farther and farther into the Stone—so far that he broke through to the other side and found the sky. And this he claimed for his thaig. And the Assembly named him king.

    But the Assembly wanted him to bring back his treasure for the thaig. The new king climbed down and down the endless mine until he reached the sky, but try as he might, he could not pull the sky up, nor strike it to pieces with his pickaxe. The new king mined out more and more earth, trying to carve a path to the sky, and finally, he undermined his thaig so much that the whole kingdom broke loose and fell far, far into the ground and up into the sky.

    King, Assembly, and thaig were never seen again.

    —"*The King Who Claimed the Sky*" from *Songs That Only Nugs Can Hear* by Paragon Ebryan.



32. **The Uncharted Abyss: The Wellspring** - *The Titans are real. I knew it the moment I unearthed that ancient text. Renn scoffed at the words I read. I couldn't blame him, even as I felt the truth settle on me like a warm cloak. Much of our history has been lost, and the Wall of Memories goes back only so far. There had to be more to the story of our people, and I've finally found one of those lost chapters.*

    It's impossible to describe in words how truly vast a Titan is. The one I met is so large you can only glimpse parts of it. I had wandered inside its body for who knows how long without even realizing it. I've heard tales of dragons and giants on the surface, but descriptions of their size do not compare to the Titan's.

    Its blood now flows through me, and its song fills the gaps in our history. I close my eyes and see glimpses of the world that was, before everything changed and the dwarven race broke in two. Something caused the Titans to fall, and the fate of my people fell with them. The Titan wants me to know. No, more than that. It wants me to understand. There is a loneliness to its song.

    —A page of handwritten text torn from Shaper Valta's personal journal, inexplicably discovered in Skyhold's Undercroft.



33. **Metaphysical Realm: The Fade** - *The study of the Fade is as old as humankind. For so long as men have dreamed, we have walked its twisting paths, sometimes catching a glimpse of the city at its heart. Always as close as our own thoughts, but impossibly separated from our world.*

    The Tevinter Imperium once spent vast fortunes of gold, lyrium, and human slaves in an effort to map the terrain of the Fade, an ultimately futile endeavor.

Although portions of it belong to powerful spirits, all of the Fade is in constant flux. The Imperium succeeded in finding the disparate and ever-shifting realms of a dozen demon lords, as well as cataloging a few hundred types of spirits, before they were forced to abandon the project.

The relationship of dreamers to the Fade is complex. Even when entering the Fade through the use of lyrium, mortals are not able to control or affect it. The spirits who dwell there, however, can, and as the Chantry teaches us, the great flaw of the spirits is that they have neither imagination nor ambition. They create what they see through their sleeping visitors, building elaborate copies of our cities, people, and events, which, like the reflections in a mirror, ultimately lack context or life of their own. Even the most powerful demons merely plagiarize the worst thoughts and fears of mortals, and build their realms with no other ambition than to taste life.

—From *Tranquility and the Role of the Fade in Human Culture*, by First Enchanter Josephus.



Race/Gender/Age

Select one of the following races and your gender for free. You may also choose your age for free, or may roll 3d8+20, which will grant you an extra 50 CP to spend in this document.



Human - The most culturally diverse race in Thedas, they have half a dozen nations of their own, each with their different customs and traditions. Whilst they are the most numerous, they are also the most contentious of all the races. They have only united under a single banner less than five times, with the last time being several centuries ago.

The humans' main religion is the Chant of Light, a monotheistic faith based on the tale and teachings of Andraste, bride and prophet of the Maker. Not all human cultures are adherents to the Chant however, just as there are many different nations, there are many different religious beliefs. One such different religious belief is that of the Avvar tribes, who still worship the old gods of the Alamarri, chief among them Korth the Mountain-Father, Hakkon Wintersbreath, and The Lady of the Skies.



Elf - A humanoid race, elves are typically shorter than humans and have a slender, lithe build, larger eyes, and pointed ears.

Long ago, the elves were the dominant race on Thedas. After the fall of their great city of Arlathan and the empire of the Elvhenan, the elves lost most of their cultural heritage and identity.

Since then, the elves have separated into two distinct groups: The city elves, who live alongside humans, usually as impoverished outcasts, and have adopted many human customs, and the Dalish elves, who choose to lead nomadic lives and strive to keep elven culture alive rather than submit.



Dwarf - The dwarves, or *dwarva*, as the dwarves refer to themselves, are one of the major humanoid races of Thedas. They have a strong, stocky build, and are shorter than the other humanoid races.

They once developed an empire which spread across vast underground networks of thaigs that spanned the breadth of Thedas with its population outnumbering both the humans and elves combined. However, their world was all but destroyed during the First Blight, and they are now a race in decline. The single-mindedness of the dwarves is credited for the race's continued survival. Their ability to dedicate their efforts to a cause helped them survive in conditions that no other race would have been able to, at least not for as long as the dwarves have. It also gave rise

to a level of technology that far surpasses anything else in Thedas, with only the Qunari coming even remotely close.

Unfortunately, dwarves are known to be increasingly infertile due to their proximity to the Darkspawn taint, a situation which has given rise to anxiety for the future of the dwarven civilization.

The dwarven social hierarchy is ruled by complex, interrelated, and rigid castes. These castes are, in order of importance: Nobles, Warriors, Merchants, Smiths, Miners, Artisans, Servants, and Casteless.

Unlike the other races, dwarves do not naturally enter the Fade as they do not dream and lack magical ability. This is reflected in their resistance to magic, and accounts for their high tolerance to lyrium exposure.

Dwarves also possess a unique ability called “Stone sense”, a talent for subterranean navigation derived from the race’s supposed progenitor, the Stone. Dwarves who live on the surface for a long time gradually lose this ability, and those dwarves who are born on the surface do not possess it at all.

These so-called “Surface Dwarves”, “Topsiders”, or “Cloudgazers” are dwarves who have left the Stone’s embrace and are considered by their subterranean brethren as non-dwarves, lost and rejected by the Stone. They have no caste and no right to be reinstated. In sharp contrast, the humans generally respect surface dwarves and value their hard-working ethics, cunning, and skills they bring to the table. Many surface dwarves are members of the Dwarven Merchants’ Guild which supplies the underground dwarven capital of Orzammar with surface goods and exports Orzammar’s products to the surface. Not all surface dwarves are Guild members, there are also many smiths, stonemasons, bankers, as well as Carta thugs.



Qunari - The Qunari (literally, “People of the Qun”) is the umbrella term most commonly used to describe the white-haired metallic-skinned race of large humanoids and their society that governs the islands of Par Vollen and Seheron, as well as the settlement of Kont-aar in northern Rivain, and Qundalon in the Anderfels.

Qunari are generally taller and more physically robust than humans. They usually have skin of varying metallic colours (such as gold, bronze, and silver), white hair, pointed ears, horns, and vivid eyes with colours like violet, red, silver, or

yellow. A rare genetic mutation is that of a hornless Qunari. Those born without horns are considered special and are often given prestigious roles in Qunari society. Culturally, Qunari associate not having horns with being imposing or scary, and because of this Qunari who leave the Qun often decide to remove their own horns.

The Qun is the religion of the Qunari founded under the Ashkaari Koslun, though it is closer to a philosophy than a full-fledged religion. It governs every part of Qunari life, and even the governance structure is dictated by its ethics. It gives every Qunari individual a defined and fixed place in their society, either as a soldier, a craftsman, or a priest.

Members of this race born outside of the Qun are not considered to be Qunari within their own society. Instead, they are called “Vashoth”, which means “Grey Ones”; likewise those who abandon the Qun willingly are known as “Tal-Vashoth”, “True Grey Ones”. Most Tal-Vashoth are former soldiers and end up becoming mercenaries, and are considered by Qunari to be worse than *bas* - non-Qunari foreigners.

Origin (Class)



You may choose to take any of these Origins as a Drop-In, if you so desire. If you are not a Drop-In, then feel free to make up a backstory, so long as it fits your chosen race and perks (e.g. no becoming the Empress/Emperor of Orlais, being a noble is fine).

Warrior - Warriors are trained in the art of battle, they fight at the front and in the heat of battle, absorbing the brunt of enemy attacks in place of less durable ranged fighters, like many rogues and mages. Often clad in heavy armour, they generally prefer powerful weapons instead of those that require finesse.

Rogue - Rogues are those folks skilled in thievery, scouting, and spying, and are generally helpful in situations where a witty retort or a perceptive eye is necessary, rather than a strong sword arm or spell. Rogues generally wear light armour and prefer weapons that rely on finesse rather than brute strength.

Mage - Mages cast spells in order to deliver damage and debilitate their enemies, as well as support and heal their enemies. Conventional spells originate from the Fade, the realm where spirits dwell and where humans, qunari, and elves visit when they dream. The act of drawing power from the Fade can draw the attention of the spiritual beings on the other side of the Veil, leading to an increased risk of demonic possession if the mages are not vigilant enough.

Canonically dwarves cannot be mages, as they are unable to connect with the Fade. They can still purchase mage perks, but will not be able to use the mage perks during this Jump. No such restriction exists post-Jump.

Perks

You may take your chosen Origin's 100 CP perks for free, and gain a discount on all other perks of that Origin. As always, discounted prices are 50% of the undiscounted price.

General Perks

I Am The One **(Free)** - You've gained a mental database of all the music from all the Dragon Age games. You can play them in your head whenever you want, and can even have them play from any device capable of audio output.

This integrates perfectly with any and all other soundtrack-based perks and items you already have, and those can now also be played from any device capable of audio output.

Helmets-Be-Gone (Free) - Wearing a helmet is a pretty smart decision on the battlefield. It's important to protect your head, after all. The only problem with helmets is of course the limited field of view. By purchasing this perk, that will no longer be a problem. You're capable of toggling the visibility of all worn helmets. You'll still have all the protection offered by them, they'll just be invisible.

You may extend this perk's effect to all your Companions if you so desire, even future ones.

Rhythm of the Wolf (Free) - Like a certain bald elf, you now speak in flawless iambic pentameter. This can be toggled on and off at will.

Hear now, Andraste, daughter of Brona, Spear-made of Alamarr, to valiant hearts sing. Of victory waiting, yet to be claimed from the steel-bond forgers of barren Tevene (Free and exclusive to Humans) - The one thing that unites most of the humans on Thedas is the Chantry and its Chant of Light, based on the tale and teachings of Andraste, bride of the Maker. The chant is divided into several Canticles, and sub-divided into stanzas, which are then divided again into verses. The entire Chant of Light takes several weeks to recite.

It is said that when the Chant is sung from the four corners of the world the Maker shall return. To help spread the Chant, you are now able to recite the Chant of Light from memory, in its entirety. And since it's supposed to be sung, you gain a decent singing voice as well, with the skill and stamina required to sing for extended periods of time.

Vir Tanadhal (Free and exclusive to Elves) - The Vir Tanadhal is a Dalish philosophy espoused by a clan's hunters in the spirit of the goddess of the hunt, Andruil. It teaches young Dalish hunters to respect nature and be resolute in purpose.

You've been instructed in this philosophy's teachings, and have learned how to move through the wilds swiftly, silently, and unencumbered. Furthermore, wild animals will never bother you unless deliberately provoked.

Stone Sense (Free and exclusive to Dwarves) - The dwarves believe that they are the Children of the Stone, born of the earth itself. The stone is believed to be a living, shifting entity with a will that surrounds and guides the dwarves. She supports them, shelters them, and offers them the most priceless gifts of the earth, such as gems, ore, and lyrium.

Dwarves living underground possess this "stone sense", which provides them with the ability to navigate subterraneously. It's described as the ability to hear the distant song of lyrium. This connection allows dwarves to sense a passageway before reaching it, and they can navigate the Deep Roads without getting hopelessly lost.

Normally, dwarves who spend long periods of time on the surface lose this stone sense over time, and those who are born on the surface appear to not possess it at

all. However, because of Jumpchain fiat you will never lose your stone sense, no matter how much time you spend topside. In addition, you also have excellent vision in the dark.

Poison Armour (Free and exclusive to Qunari) - Most Qunari have markings painted on their face and body. Whilst some believe these are solely for ceremonial purposes, this is not the case. These markings, which are known as “vitaar” (“poison armour” in Qunlat) are magical in nature and actually harden their skin to an iron-like quality, all without hindering flexibility.

The paint mostly consists of poison, but is mixed with blood in order to negate the poison’s harmful effects, though this only works for one with Qunari physiology. Any other race would perish almost instantly.The application process activates the magical qualities of the poison, which provides the protective effects, almost in the same manner that lyrium-based runes do.

You no longer need to apply vitaar to your body in order to benefit from it, you will always benefit from the positive effects of vitaar even if none has been applied, granting you a flexible, iron-like skin.

The Grand Game (-300 CP - Discount: Human) - Amongst the Orlesian nobility, status and appearance are set above all things. The Grand Game is the term applied to the politics and machinations of the aristocrats. It’s an incredibly complicated “game”, or “dance” of intrigue, ambition, and scandal. It’s an approach to politics, high culture, and morality that is quintessentially Orlesian. The Game’s purpose is one-upmanship of rival nobles, often accomplished through various proxies.

In order to rise in the decadent Orlesian society, much is permitted. The rule of the Game is simply this: All is accepted as long as the player is not caught, up to and including murder. Paradoxically, though direct culpability is undesirable, credit and recognition are demanded. Indeed, an individual known as a skilled player is granted discreet respect amongst their peers.

Due to this tension the Game is a losing proposition for the uninitiated, and it is said that more blood is spilled in the Game than in any war in Orlas. However, you are not one of the uninitiated, playing the Game on the same level as the upper echelons of Orlesian nobility is child’s play to you.

“*Orlais presents a veneer of opulence, but the aristocracy are committed to a system of social one-upmanship they call the game. Sprawling receptions delight friend and foe, while bards strike from shadow with insinuation, larceny, and assassination, often*

to the strange delight of their targets. Control of these auteur agents is yet another layer of the game."
—From a Fereldan book.

Arlathven (-300 CP - Discount: Elves) - The Dalish elves and city elves have a strange and bitter relationship, dating from the splitting of the People after the fall of the Dales. Some Dalish view their city brethren suspiciously and with pity as "flat-ears," culturally human elves who are no different than their “shemlen” masters. To some, they are seen as having given up on and forgotten their culture, and the hope is to teach these elves their past when a new homeland is founded. Not all Dalish share this view of the city elves, however. Some Dalish also hope that the two can learn from one another once they gain an autonomous homeland.

On the other hand, some city elves see the Dalish as near-myths: strange and savage "wood elves" living far from humans and preying upon the unwary; and yet somehow noble, as well. To others, the Dalish are seen as "savages", primitive elves who refuse to see the promise of the alienage, and live off the land in ways the average city elf could not. Indeed, city elves who choose to leave or live beyond the Alienage are labeled "flat-ears" as well by their city kin, ironically similar to how some Dalish view the Andrastian elves, and subject to violence or resentment from other city elves.

And yet, for all this uncertainty, city and Dalish elves still interact positively now and then. For Alienage elves who seek to leave their home due to desperation, poverty or abuse, wandering Dalish clans are often seen as a sort of "last resort" haven. They are normally willing to take in a refugee from the cities and to largely refrain from attacking a city elf on the road, despite their uncertainty, and train them in the ways of their Creators and culture. Similarly, Alienages may take in a Dalish elf who has broken with their clan voluntarily or involuntarily.

Whenever two or more factions are in conflict with each other, or simply don’t trust each other, you’ll know what steps to take to get them to begin talking to each other, and in time guide them to unity. The People may have been divided, but some hope remains for restoration.

“Andaran atish’an.”
—a formal elven greeting meaning “Enter this place in peace”

Hands of the Carta (-300 CP - Discount: Dwarves) - The casteless dwarves of Orzammar have few prospects. Consigned to living in a crumbling ruin on the economic and social fringes of the mighty dwarven capital, most resort to begging, prostitution, or crime. Just as all rivers eventually join the sea, all casteless who turn to crime eventually end up becoming part of the Carta.

The Carta is a powerful and ancient dwarven crime syndicate based out of Orzammar's Dust Town. In recent years the Carta and its dealings have become a threat to even Orzammar itself as the "dusters" boldly walked the streets of Orzammar during the Fifth Blight, enacting an extortion and intimidation racket upon merchants in the Commons.

Carta dwarves specialize in smuggling lyrium, surface goods, Orzammar exports, weapons, and even people and slaves. They command a formidable racket in Dust Town, patronizing prostitutes, beggars, and businesses alike. The carta is also hired for contract killings and profit from gambling (generally from games they've fixed themselves).

Just like Beraht, who leads the Carta, you are an absolute prodigy when it comes to managing a criminal empire. Why, with just a small investment of time and coin you could build an empire that rivals the Carta, and surpass it.

"*Blood or coin, the Carta always gets its cut.*"
—Kalah, a casteless dwarf

Asit Tal-Eb (-300 CP - Discount: Qunari) - An important concept in the Qun, it roughly means "It is to be". It's the idea that everything and everyone in the world has a nature, and all these things come together to form a proper order—such as the locust devouring crops. It is every individual's choice whether or not they act according to their nature and the nature of the world, or oppose the proper order, and as such fight against themselves and the world. The individual is not truly "individual", but part of the whole. Their own nature contributes to the larger nature of the world, and so their struggle against self-balance disrupts the balance of the whole, thus hurting themselves. Because of this, society is not considered artificial, but part of nature.

The Qun teaches that all living things have a place and a purpose, and only when they are in the correct place and in control of their self may a being attain balance. When balance is lost, suffering follows. Mastery of the self is, therefore, the first and greatest duty.

You've internalized this philosophy, and as a result have mastered yourself. And since mastery of the self is mastery of the world, from this point onwards you will always continue moving on towards a better tomorrow, both for yourself and for the world. Nothing will be able to bring you down, for you see the world as it is, and refuse to suffer.

But as mentioned before the individual is not truly individual but part of the whole. So therefore you've gained the ability to, with a few words and actions, bring hope to those who lack it, purpose to those who seek it, peace to those struggling to find it, and many more things required for others to better themselves as well.

When the Ashkaari looked upon the destruction wrought by locusts,
He saw at last the order in the world.
A plague must cause suffering for as long as it endures,
Earthquakes must shatter the land.
They are bound by their being.
Asit tal-eb. It is to be.
For the world and the self are one.
Existence is a choice.
A self of suffering, brings only suffering to the world.
It is a choice, and we can refuse it.

—An excerpt from The Qun, Canto 4

Fade-Touched (Capstone Booster) (-400 CP) - A spirit came to you in a dream, they touched your mind and soul, and you were forever changed.

A part of this spirit now forever lives inside your mind and soul, without the usual negative effects that would have on you or the spirit. Instead, this has granted you several useful boons.

You are completely immune to any kind of force that tries to control or corrupt you, physically, mentally, or otherwise. The spirit will also protect you from possession, you no longer need to fear a demon will possess you. Furthermore, should you perish, this spirit will bring you back to life, though it only has enough strength to do so once per Jump/once every ten years (whichever comes soonest).

Only when I let go of my desires and humbled myself was the Fade opened to me. The spirits came and took it upon themselves to be my guides, my lanterns in the darkness. At their command, the paths grew still, and I could walk them again and again. I was shown vast oceans, containing not water, but memories, drawn from the minds of dreamers. I drifted through frozen moments, like paintings, perfect in each detail. As I explored this impossible realm, the spirits kept darker things at bay. I came to trust them, even love them, and I saw my own love reflected in them.

To know the Fade, one cannot seek to master it. The Fade is the master, the teacher. We are merely apprentices.

—Writings of Magister Callistus of Taraevyn, known to some as "Callistus the Fade-Touched"

Warrior

Battle-Ready Body (-100 CP) - Thedas is a continent full of conflict. It seems almost a certainty that you'll find yourself in the middle of it at some point during your stay here. That's why this perk grants you peak health and fitness, after all knowing how to fight won't do you much good if you can't lift a weapon to defend yourself with. You will never fall below peak health/fitness, not even if you were to live the unhealthiest life possible.

Combat Training (-100 CP) - Being fit and healthy enough to lift a weapon to defend yourself with is nice and all, but no good if you don't actually know how to use said weapon. So, you've gone through basic combat training with a single non-magical weapon of your choice.

Ash Warrior (-200 CP) - The Ash Warriors are an elite and renowned unit of Fereldan fighters who use vicious mabari war dogs in battle. According to the legend their training is considered to descend from the dwarven berserkers, and particularly Luthias Dwarfson. They are pious mercenaries who work for no pay, instead working for whatever cause they deem just. They are so admired by common Fereldans that wherever they go, they are treated as heroes.

Ash Warriors trust their hounds with their lives, as the hounds do them. They fight side by side with their hounds in battle and it is common for an Ash Warrior to pair with their dog for life. The sight, and smell, of the Ash Warriors fighting with their dogs is legendary.

The Ash Warriors' training has, according to the Ash Warriors, been passed down since Luthias the Dwarfson, a Clayne warrior who first harnessed the battle-rage of the dwarves after being trained by his wife, Scaea. Ash Warriors harness the battle rage inside, nurture it, and draw it out so they cannot fall in battle until their last foe is slain. Part of their training focuses on the belief that you should "die" before battle. Otherwise death will catch you unaware.

Having been trained as an Ash Warrior, you've gained the ability to form a bond with a single creature. This bond allows you and your bonded to perfectly understand each other, it's almost as if you two have a telepathic connection. You don't, but to

others it may seem that way. This also means you're capable of fighting as if you're a single being composed of two bodies, moving in perfect synchronization.

Ash Warriors also receive training in tracking and wilderness survival.

The charge of the Ash Warriors is a sight to behold. With hounds at their side and their fierce battle cries, the Ash Warriors have buckled the ranks of even stalwart veterans. And if the enemy line does hold, then the true test begins. Quill and ink is a poor medium to convey the sheer power of their rages.

—From *Annals of the Scarlet March*, by Brother Bedine, Chantry Scholar

Chevalier (-200 CP) - Chevalier training is brutal and effective, and involves relentless training and honing of one's strength and skill. In addition to the history of the order, students learn proper form and breath control, and how to exercise their muscles to keep them limber as well as ascertain strength in a wounded limb, keep limbs from going numb from being bound, and even fight off the effects of drugs. Chevaliers are also taught to identify different types of pain, by way of determining life-threatening injuries.

Exercises at the Academie include fully-armored endurance training such as tree-climbing followed by melee training with weighted weapons. One of their most grueling tests of skill includes sparring with moving, bladed pells. Students also learn horsemanship and how to care for their warhorses.

Melee training provides a student with tremendous prowess in light and heavy armors and in all forms of melee and horse combat, including two-handed weapons and sword-and-shield, and the use of a longsword and shortsword or dagger in tandem as well. Additionally, though chevaliers prefer to fight in armor, they are quite capable and resourceful without it, as well as against opponents – like the lightly armed duelists of Rivain and Antiva – who may eschew armor all together.

I remember, as a child, watching a column of chevaliers parade down a wide avenue in Val Royeaux. Dashing knights on armored steeds, pennants snapping in the breeze. I have never forgotten.

—From *Orlais: A Modern History*, by Revered Mother Laeticia

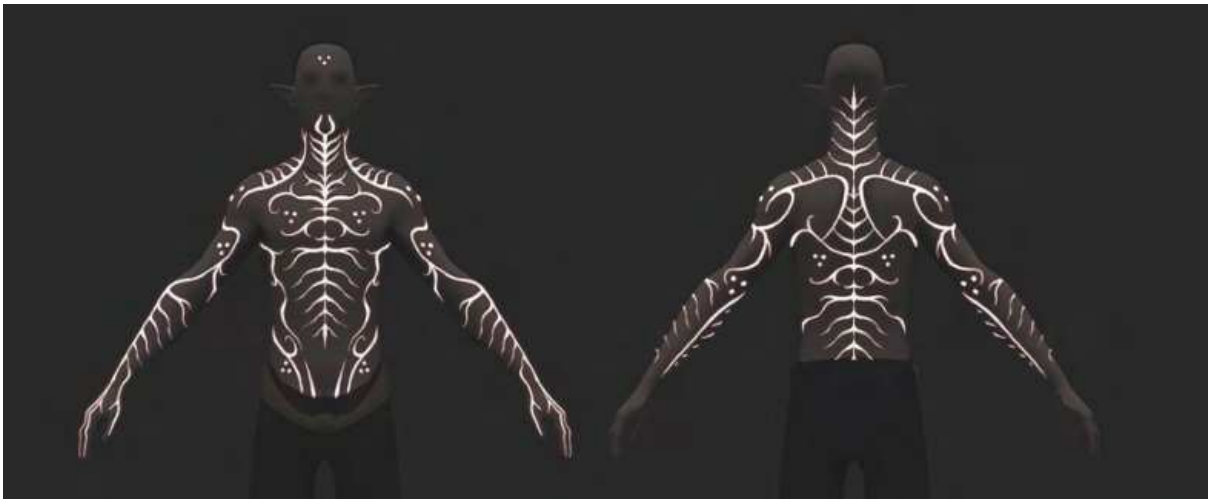
Lyrium-Marked Warrior (-400 CP) - Few are brave enough to mark their bodies with lyrium-infused tattoos, for the application ritual is one of constant agony. However, those who do mark their bodies in this manner gain the ability to phase through solid

objects, and even through people. Many a lyrium-marked combatant has killed someone by phasing partway through them and then solidifying.

Because of the nature of lyrium, these tattoos also grant the warrior a partial resistance to any and all harmful magical effects, though they're not as resistant as Templars or Dwarves.

Normally these tattoos would be painful to the touch and the ritual would cause total memory loss, but since you're paying CP for them, these side effects have been waived.

"Mine were carved into my flesh against my will, in a ritual I remember only for the agony it caused me."
—Fenris, speaking about the application of his markings



Reaver (-400 CP - Discount: Qunari) - Life is power. Blood mages know this, but they are not the only ones. Warriors can also command the energy that flows through blood and bone, but it is not an easy path. The way of the reaver trades pain for strength in a constant balance of selfish sacrifice.

At first it seems that reavers are doing the work of their enemies, damaging themselves in gruesome fashion. But reavers can transform their own living essence into raw damage, and then replenish that health by stealing the life from their foes. It's a dangerous gamble that counts on added strength to destroy enemies before incoming attacks or the Reavers' own abilities kill them. At its best, the reaver training results in a brutal harmony.

The closer they are to their own deaths, the more efficient they are at inflicting the same on others. The more blood of their enemies a reaver feasts on, the more powerful they'll get.

I cut the dragon. It had seared me, but now its blood was the balm that would sooth. Later, I took the smallest amount and, adding it to the rite and ritual I had learned, drank without hesitation. It did not taste like blood as the uninitiated understand it, for they only know the taste of the wound, a flavor of defeat. This was the taste of blood coursing within, of life, of the primal - a burning that is not swallowed so much as it inhabits. To infuse with the blood and life of such a beast is to be changed at the core. Some could see it and knew I was more than I had been. Some could not and had no warning. And some knew, but would not say, for the choice of how to wield it is truly mine. The act of becoming is a defiance of all expectation. I am above. I see where the blade must go. I see through you.

—From *A Path of Warning and Harsh Promises*, an account of the Way of the Reaver.

Templar (-600 CP) - Templars are the ideal foils for mages, having been trained specifically to counter and deny magic. This is done by a unique method of reinforcing the reality and immutability of the world. When a mage—or a demon—seeks to work magic, they tap into the Fade in order to reshape reality. A templar's ability "declares the world real" and closes off a mage's access to the Fade. Magical effects dissipate and the mage is unable to reshape a suddenly stubborn world. From a mage's perspective, it's as if the templars reinforced reality in such a manner that spells cannot be cast in the first place.

In addition to being able to deny magic, all templars are also capable of covering their weapons in a white "condemning fire", can summon a blinding pillar of light that's antithetical to any demonic creature, and gain a significant resistance to hostile magic. On top of the training templars receive in order to fight against mages, they are also specifically trained to fight against demons.

The templar's abilities come primarily through the daily ingesting of lyrium. THe lyrium is prepared by philters—boxes containing tools used by templars to prepare the daily draught of lyrium. If lyrium ingestion is stopped, templars will eventually lose their abilities.

These gifts don't come without a downside, however. All templars eventually become addicted to lyrium. A lack of lyrium will cause withdrawal symptoms within a week, and those templars will start to lose touch with reality and suffer from delusions within one to two months. Other effects of lyrium addiction may include obsession, paranoia, weakness, an unquenchable thirst, headaches, and cold hands. Over time, templars may grow disoriented, incapable of distinguishing the present from memories, or dream from waking. It's not unusual for them to become extremely paranoid as their worst memories and nightmares haunt their waking hours.

Even if not suffering from withdrawal symptoms, long-term consumption of lyrium will also cause gradual memory loss. It starts small at first—a misplaced item or words to a song—but more fades away over time.

But there's no need to fret, since you're buying these abilities with CP. As a result, you will never become addicted to lyrium, and will never suffer any of the downsides mentioned above. You'll still need to ingest lyrium daily in order to use your templar abilities, but you will never suffer for it.

Capstone Boosted: Seeker of Truth - It seems you're not just a run-of-the-mill Templar, but a member of the Seekers of Truth.

To become a seeker, an initiate must spend months in a vigil. A full year of fasting, prayer, and separation from all distractions- including other people. They empty themselves of all emotion, focusing only on the purity of their devotion. The initiate is then made Tranquil, and the vigil summons a spirit of Faith to touch the initiate's mind thus breaking the tranquility and giving a seeker their abilities. You may not have gone through this vigil, but you were touched by a spirit of Faith nonetheless, granting you the same abilities as the Seekers.

Seekers do not use lyrium, though they are able to utilize the abilities displayed by the templars. Unlike templars, they are highly resistant to the effects of red lyrium and other corruptive substances. It is said that the most experienced seekers are capable of setting the lyrium within a person's blood ablaze from afar.

The Seekers of Truth aren't templars... not precisely. Once they were called the Inquisition, but upon the signing of the Nevarran Accord, they gave up that name and became the Order they are now, standing over us templars as watchers and enforcers. I honestly cannot claim to know more than that. I don't know how many Seekers there are—a few dozen? If they have a base of operations, I don't know where it is. Certainly not with any of us. The only time we'll see one is when a Seeker is summoned, perhaps in response to a complaint by one of the first enchanters. They'll investigate the problem, and if it turns out a templar did something they don't like, he's disciplined. Severely. Without question. Even the knight-commander bows to their will. If a Seeker of Truth shows up, you know every last templar is sweating, hoping their gaze doesn't fall on him.

—From a letter written by Ser Jonathan Perry, 9:40 Dragon.

Rogue

Perceptive Pickpocket (-100 CP) - There's plenty of petty criminals in Thedas. Pickpockets are especially common in the cities. Not like they'd had much of a choice, if they wanted to survive. Maybe that's the reason why you started picking people's pockets as well, or maybe you're just a kleptomaniac?

Either way, you're a skilled pickpocket, able to walk through a market crowd and snatching up coin-purses left and right. Of course, it's important to not get caught, so you're a decent judge of who you'd be able to steal from without being caught and who you shouldn't mess with.

You're not too shabby at picking locks, either.

Dirty Fighting (-100 CP) - Some may say that fighting dirty to gain the upper hand in a fight is cheating. You disagree. Whether it's a formal duel, a tavern brawl, or on a battlefield, you'll always know how to use dirty tricks to gain an advantage over your opponent.

It could be as simple as using your blade to reflect the light of the sun in their eyes, or maybe it's insulting their parentage, whatever works, really. Obviously this works best against opponents who would not stoop to such dishonourable tricks themselves, but even on those who would they seem to always provide you with an unexpected (for them) advantage.

"You'll want to hear the whole story..." (-200 CP) - You're an expert storyteller and author, Jumper. With a bit of hard work your novels could take Thedas by storm.

But not only that, you've got an excellent pokerface and are a very skilled liar as well. You can spin a story or tell a lie convincingly enough that you could hide out as a mage right under the templar's noses. Clearly, that magical staff is not a staff at all but simply an unconventional spear. It's even got a pointy end for stabbing people with.

Basically, you can bullshit yourself out of practically any situation.

"*There's power in stories, though. That's all history is: The best tales. The ones that last. Might as well be mine.*"
—Varric Tethras

Artificer (-200 CP) - Deadly traps, distracting contraptions, other marvels of engineering turned to deadly purpose. If an artificer is standing at the far end of a seemingly innocuous stretch of the battlefield, you should find another path. If they are smiling? Best just hope your affairs are in order.

Artificers are masters of mechanical marvels, capable of both crafting them and using them to deadly effect. Of course, it'd be a bit embarrassing if an artificer got impaled on their own spike trap, so you'll also be able to notice any hidden traps nearby.

"*Every battlefield is a world we shape. We decide the landscape, and when we are done, we turn away. Artificers are Makers.*"
—Three-Eyes

Woodshaping (-400 CP) - The Dalish elves practice a craft known as Woodshaping, which allows them to forge outstanding arms, armour, and other items from wooden materials that can easily compare to most of their metal counterparts. Yes, you read that correctly. Forge. They forge wood.

How they manage to accomplish this, only the Dalish know, and they're not telling any outsiders. Except for you, that is. You've studied under a Master Woodshaper, and learned all they've had to teach you, including the secret of how to work with Ironbark.

Any type of wood can be used for this craft, but the best results are gained when Ironbark is used. Ironbark is a rare wood type, somewhat blue in colour, and only grows in the Brecilian Forest in Ferelden. Items fashioned from Ironbark are surprisingly both stronger and lighter than steel, and are exceptionally suited to enchantments.

"*Dalish crafting is second to none, I assure you.*"
—Master Ilen of the Sabrae Clan

Assassin (-600 CP) - In Antiva, speaking about assassins would earn you only nervous looks and the rapid departure of whomever you were speaking to. There, assassination is considered an art form. The guild of assassins known as the Crows holds almost as much political power as powerful noblemen and military commanders. Any man, it is said, exists within their reach, and the Crows have proven this adage time and time again. More than one king of Antiva has even hailed from their ranks, and it should come as no surprise that those particular kings have in fact numbered amongst the nation's most effective rulers.

Outside of Antiva, assassination as a craft is rarely held with the same esteem. The Orlesian bard, for instance, may perform assassinations in the course of their duty but rarely is it the actual purpose they are set to. To a true assassin, murder is their craft and they make no bones about trying to distinguish themselves otherwise.

Poison is their tool, just as is a slit throat or a silent strike to a critical area of the body, and all are designed to kill with maximum efficiency.

Whether you're an Antivan Crow, an Orlesian Bard, a member of the House of Repose, or just a killer for hire, one thing's for sure: You are skilled at the art of silent killing. You have a natural talent for moving with stealth, and are either an expert marksman or supremely skilled with knives and daggers. You're also a deft hand when it comes to poisons, both in the creation of poisons as well as the use of them.

"*The Crows send their regards.*"
—Zevran Arainai, member of the House of Crows

Capstone Boosted: Helping Heals the Hurt - The spirit that touched your mind was a spirit of Compassion. They've gifted you with Empathy, the ability to feel the emotions and pain of others, as well as the ability to make others forget things. It is their hope that you will use this gift to help others work through their trauma, and then make them forget the hurt a bit, just enough so that they'll remember the trauma but not the associated memories or pain.

With these gifts, you could help so many people, Jumper. But these gifts aren't restricted to solely helping people. You could also use them to make everyone around you temporarily but actively forget you, in real-time. You'd be able to stand right in front of someone and they wouldn't even be able to acknowledge your existence. I'm sure an assassin could find some use out of this, right?

"*He laughs to himself, imagining herds of cattle in fields of iron, but now he worries it fits.*"
—The Spirit of Compassion known as Cole, referring to The Iron Bull

Mage

Circle Magic (-100 CP) - The four basic Schools of Magic, as taught by the Circle of Magi. You may select one school of magic to gain training in, and knowledge of, per purchase. Mages gain the first purchase free, and gain a discount on subsequent purchases.

- **Entropy School** - The first of the two Schools of Matter, Entropy is the opposing force of Creation; for this reason it is often called the School of Negation. Nothing lives without death. Time inevitably brings an end to all things in the material world, and yet in this ending is the seed of a beginning. A river may flood its banks, causing havoc, but bring new life to its floodplain.

The fire that burns a forest ushers in new growth. And so it is with entropic magic that we manipulate the forces of erosion, decay, and destruction to create anew.

Entropy mages delve into the chaotic nature of the Fade, some of the things that allows them to do include twisting the fabric of probability, hexing and cursing their enemies, and ensnaring them with horrifying visions.

- **Creation School** - The School of Creation, sometimes called the School of Nature, is the second of the Schools of Matter, the balancing force and complement of Entropy. Creation magic manipulates natural forces, transforming what exists and bringing new things into being.

  Creation requires considerable finesse, more than any other school, and is therefore rarely mastered. Those mages who have made a serious study of creation are the highest in demand, useful in times of peace as well as war.

  Mages schooled in creation are invaluable allies who can imbue themselves and others with restorative energy, thus knitting flesh and mending bone, and the truly talented are even capable of sheathing themselves and others in an aura that enhances their aptitude in battle.

- **Spirit School** - The first of the two Schools of Energy, Spirit is opposed by the Primal School. It is the school of mystery, the ephemeral school. This is the study of the invisible energies which surround us at all times, yet are outside of nature. It is from the Fade itself that this magic draws its power. Students of this school cover everything from direct manipulation of mana and spell energies to the study and summoning of spirits themselves.

  By its nature an esoteric school, as most others know virtually nothing about the Fade, studies of spirit magic are often misunderstood by the general populace, or even confused for blood magic--an unfortunate fate for a most useful branch of study.

- **Primal School** - Sometimes called the School of Power, the Primal School is the second of the Schools of Energy, balanced by Spirit, and concerns the most visible and tangible forces of nature itself.

  This is the magic of war: Fire, ice, lightning, and earth. Devastation. This is what the vast majority imagines when they hear the word "magic."

“Friendly Fire” (-100 CP) - Usually isn’t so friendly. After many hours of studying (read: setting things—and yourself—on fire by accident), you’ve found a way to alter your spells in such a manner that your allies aren’t harmed by it, directly at least.

You and your allies could walk through your firestorm spell and won’t even be singed by it, but indirect effects like smoke might still be a problem, for example. I’m sure that a mage of your caliber will in time be able to find a way to fix that.

“*Ow! Ow! Hot! Hot! Hot! It Buuuuuurns!*”
—Words spoken by all apprentices studying the primal School of Magic, at one point or another.

Herbalist (-200 CP) - Many plants in this world have supernatural effects or healing properties, and so there exist many herbalists who use them to create useful items.

You’ve studied under a master herbalist and as a result have gained a near-encyclopedic knowledge of the flora of this world and its effects, and thus have gained the skills required to create various potions, poultices, salves, and incense.

By itself that is already an extremely useful skill to have, but for someone like you, Jumper, that wasn’t enough. And so it was that you sought out the Dalish, and had them teach you what they knew about many natural remedies humans have long since forgotten or ignored, such as knowing which type of tree bark cures headaches when chewed upon.

The wood of the dragonthorn tree is prized for its strength, and has been used to craft bows of remarkable quality, but the leaves are equally valuable. Alchemists have known for centuries that an extract of dragonthorn leaves will enhance and stabilize other, more volatile magical compounds.

—An excerpt from *The Botanical Compendium* by Ines Arancia, botanist

Saarebas (-200 CP) - Saarebas, or “Dangerous Thing” in Qunlat, are Qunari mages. Since the Qunari believe that mages are ultimately unable to master themselves, each Saarebas is entrusted to an “Arvaarad” (“One who holds back evil”) who bears a control rod. The Qunari do not blame them for their "defective" and dangerous nature, so they frequently pity and honor saarebas, for lack of a better word.

In practice, they are treated little better than attack dogs: They are leashed, shackled, collared, and their mouths are sewn shut. Should they be found practicing forbidden magic, their tongues are cut out to prevent them from corrupting others. The penalty for leaving their karataam is death, as they are assumed to have been corrupted by

demons. The Qunari view this sacrifice, this selflessness - however unwilling - as the greatest virtue of the Qun.

Whilst not being able to use any kind of sophisticated magic, the Saarebas makes up for it in sheer, untamed, wild, and most importantly, powerful magic they can bring to bear.

You may or may not be an actual Saarebas, but by purchasing this your magic will function identically to that of a Saarebas. Untamed, wild, powerful magic. You don't cast spells so much as you generate extremely violent and unpredictable explosions and maelstroms of magical energy. This perk's effects may be toggled on and off at will.

Existence is a choice.
There is no chaos in the world, only complexity.
Knowledge of the complex is wisdom.
From wisdom of the world comes wisdom of the self.
Mastery of the self is mastery of the world.
Loss of the self is the source of suffering.
Suffering is a choice, and we can refuse it.
It is in our own power to create the world, or destroy it.
—Found on a note written in Qunlat

Enchantment? Enchantment! (-400 CP) - Enchantment is the process of inscribing lyrium runes on items, usually (but not always!) a weapon or a piece of armour, to add new properties or enhance existing ones. It is possible to create enchantments without the use of lyrium, but those enchantments tend to fade over time.

The more magically sensitive a person is the more dangerous their exposure to lyrium, as raw lyrium can cause nausea, memory loss, deafness, internal hemorrhaging, and even madness. With their innate resistance to both magic and the negative effects of lyrium, dwarves are highly suited to handle lyrium and work enchantments. Like the dwarves, the tranquil are capable of the same. This is due to the fact that their connection to the Fade has been severed, thus taking away their magical abilities.

For some reason even though you're not a tranquil, you're able to safely handle lyrium. You're not one to let such a boon go to waste, and so you've trained with both runecrafters and enchanters and have mastered their respective crafts. It seems like you're a natural at it, too. You start out at the same level of mastery of Sandal, widely renowned as an enchanting savant, and in time may even reach Paragon Fairel's level, arguably the greatest dwarven enchanter in history.

"*Enchantment?*"
—Sandal Feddic

Advanced Magic (-400 CP) - Advanced Circle magic, forbidden magic, and magic that's not necessarily forbidden but only taught outside the Circle of Magi. Choose one option per purchase. For Warriors and Rogues, the first purchase is undiscounted but subsequent purchases are discounted. Mages of course gain a discount on all of these purchases.

- **Force Mage** - All schools of magic manipulate energy, but force mages revel in it. A school popular in Kirkwall's Circle of Magi, they focus only on the raw application of magic, in all its vicious glory—maelstroms that draw in opponents, ethereal weight that crush and slow, or great waves of energy that throw enemies about like ragdolls. Targets not to be toyed with are simply slammed into the ground, as though pummeled by a great fist.

  And in their mastery of such damage, force mages can make themselves all but immune to similar attacks, an ability that hints at the true discipline they must maintain. After all, unsubtle doesn't mean unsophisticated—the force mage requires uncommon precision to keep such overwhelming power under control.

- **Mortalitasi** - These Nevarran death mages believe that when a soul of the dead crosses the Fade, it displaces a spirit. In exchange, they invite those spirits to house themselves in the empty bodies left behind. They believe that mummified corpses provide a safe host for these displaced Fade spirits. This school of thought is prominent in modern-day Nevarra, but viewed as barbaric by other nations in Thedas. Less commonly known is the fact that more vigorous spirits may become enmeshed in their host's unfinished business.

  The order studies death extensively, and its members are known to experiment with all forms of necromancy. Some Mortalitasi keep animated skeletons as assistants or use skeletal horses as a means of transportation. Such beings also serve as guardians of the Grand Necropolis. Drawing wisps across the Veil is also a Mortalitasi practice.

- **Augur** - Augurs are the shamans of the Avvar tribes. Only one mage per tribe is chosen to be the augur. Their role is to give council to other mages and the Thane. In turn, an augur takes council from the spirits they deem gods and shares it with the rest of the tribe. The augur makes the tribe's will known to the spirits and the spirits' will to the tribe. Other duties of an augur include

interpreting omens and preparing the dead to be taken back to the Lady of the Sky.

By appeasing their spirit gods with rituals, the spirits in turn protect their hold and drive off spirits gone bad with rage or gloom. The augur also spots those who draw bad spirits and councils the thane how to deal with them.

The augurs allow their apprentices to be possessed by a summoned spirit and the spirit teaches the mage how to control their magic with patience and kindness. When the teaching is done, the mage must then release the spirit through a ritual that involves burning an offering and casting a taxing spell that usually requires a vial of lyrium to replenish one's strength.

When forced to consider complex spiritual matters, the Avvar turn to their shamans, the lore keepers of the mountains. It is they who watch the migrations of birds seeking wisdom from the Lady, they who keep the old songs and retain the knowledge of the proper rites to honor the gods and spirits of the mountains. The majority of Avvar shamans are powerful mages whose traditions stretch far back beyond the foundations of the Circle of Magi.

Neither the Chantry nor the prophetess Andraste mean anything to the Avvar, and templars are not welcome in the Frostbacks. This is wise, as many of the shamans' rituals would horrify the Chantry. Even mild rites invite spirits to speak through the casters for a time, to say nothing of some of their more powerful ceremonies. The Avvar are well aware that some spirits are reluctant to depart human hosts willingly, but they have means of dealing with such recalcitrant entities. After all, they have no more desire to become abominations than other mages, and so their rituals are specifically designed to force the spirits back out as well.

You’re a fully realized Avvar shaman, and possess all the skills and knowledge required for their rituals and duties. From now on you will never truly be alone, for you walk the surface of this world with the spirits by your side.

Keeper - A Keeper is a Dalish mage and the leader of a clan of Dalish elves, in both the spiritual sense as well as the literal. They are not thought of as rulers, however. The families within a clan listen to their Keeper because they consider them to be wise.

In the days of the elven Dales, a Keeper served as a priest and magical scholar in the temples of the elven gods.

Keepers are also responsible for protecting a clan from Fen'Harel, and for knowing the clan's ancient lore and passing it on to the others in the clan. Without a keeper, the clan's knowledge is lost forever. Every ten years, the Keepers of the Dalish clans convene in a meeting called the Arlathvhen, which lasts usually two days, to compare any recovered knowledge or artifacts. The intense quarreling that occurs in these conferences leads many to suspect the Dalish prefer their tribal isolation due to irreconcilable differences. Furthermore, the Keepers are the only ones who know the secret of writing the Elven language.

Though the Keepers are Dalish mages, each clan will seldom or never have more than two fully trained mages. These mages are the Keeper and the Keeper's apprentice. The apprentice is referred to as the First (as in the next in line of succession). Whilst there is only one First in a clan at any time, there can be many candidates for the apprenticeship, such as the Keeper's Second.

The Dalish elves specialize in magic that harmonizes with nature itself. It is not unheard of for a Keeper to be capable of manipulating all of the flora around them in case of attack. Only the foolish challenge a Keeper inside of a forest.

You may or may not be an actual Keeper of a Dalish clan, or even an elf, but by purchasing this you stand amongst the very best of the Dalish's Keepers, both in magical skill and knowledge of the lost elven lore. That's no mean feat, but remember that even the very best of the Dalish keepers don't hold a candle to the ancient elves. So much lore has been lost, after all.

- **Blood Mage** - The ancient Tevinters did not originally consider blood magic a school of its own. Rather, they saw it as a means to achieve greater power in any school of magic. The name, of course, refers to the fact that magic of this type uses life, specifically in the form of blood, instead of mana. It was common practice, at one time, for a magister to keep a number of slaves on hand so that, should he undertake the working of a spell that was physically beyond his abilities, he could use the blood of his slaves to bolster the casting.

  Over time, however, the Imperium discovered types of spells that could only be worked by blood. Although lyrium will allow a mage to send his conscious mind into the Fade, blood would allow him to find the sleeping minds of others, view their dreams, and even influence or dominate their thoughts. Just

as treacherous, blood magic allows the Veil to be opened completely, albeit temporarily, so that demons may physically pass through it into our world.

The rise of the Chant of Light and the subsequent fall of the old Imperium has led to blood magic being all but stamped out—as it should be, for it poses nearly as great a danger to those who would practice it as to the world at large.

- **Shapeshifter** - Shapeshifting is an ancient, rare art that previously only survived in the forgotten corners of Thedas. More recently however, it has been introduced to the Circle of Magi by forcibly conscripted hedge mages.

  The path of the Shapeshifter is one that crosses between the boundary between mage and warrior. Some mages see it as a form of self-mastery, whilst others use it as a means of survival; a physical bag of tricks that enable the mage to be unpredictable in battle.

  Shapeshifters master one form at a time, the most common ones being those that are found in nature. The mighty bear is a fine choice, some others are spiders, cats, wolves, and birds. To a skilled shapeshifter, no door is impassable, no fight is unwinnable, and no terrain inhospitable so long as they know a shape that can meet the task at hand.

  Legends speak of shapeshifters who mastered even more deadly and fantastical forms than those of mundane animals. It is said that the legendary Witch of the Wilds, Flemeth, is capable of taking the shape of a mighty High Dragon. But those are naught but rumours, of course. Or are they?

- **Dirth'ena Enasalin** - In the time when the Evanuris still walked amongst us, there were mages who learned to use their magical arts to augment their martial prowess. These arcane warriors served as champions or bodyguards for the elven nobles. They were the embodiment of will made manifest - mind shaping the body into the perfect weapon.

  Dirt’ena Enasalin can be translated as “knowledge that led/leads to victory”. Elves of that time-period who eschewed combat called these techniques Ghilan’him Banal’vhen, or “the path that leads astray”, and whilst they might’ve sneered at the martially-inclined mages’ physicality they never doubted their honour.

It should be noted that, even if physically disarmed, those mages trained in Dirth'ena Enasalin are never truly without a weapon. By sheer force of will, they are capable of creating weapons out of solidified magical energy.

Dreamer (-600 CP) - A dreamer is a mage capable of mentally entering the Fade at will, without the aid of lyrium or blood magic. This is an innate skill one is born with, and not something that can just be taught.

A talented dreamer can shape the Fade and affect the dreams of sleeping people, killing or driving them mad. Some dreamers can dream in forgotten ruins to uncover secrets long forgotten by witnessing spirits re-enact the history of a place. Admittedly though, the account of the dream may be biased depending on whose perspective the spirit chooses to emulate. However, dreamers attract demons and most prove too frail of mind to survive a demonic possession. As a result, dreamers are rare, with human dreamers being even more rare than elven ones. The last known dreamer died over two ages ago.

Dreamers may use special dried herbs to help them enter the Fade. Strangely, these herbs smell fresh to the mage once they have entered the Fade. There are also herbs that can preclude sleep and block one from the Fade itself, if necessary.

"*I have seen things in my journeys that most can only dream of. Literally.*"
—Solas

Capstone Boosted: Spirit Healer - Whilst demons are the most notorious denizens of the Fade, other spirits reside there as well. These spirits are more benevolent and do not have the driving desires that make demons so evil. Spirit healers are those rare mages who learn to communicate with and summon such spirits. There is danger in this path, as there always is when the Fade is involved. Sometimes demons pretend to be kindly spirits and the spirit healer pays a dreadful price. When the summoning is successful, however, a spirit healer is capable of healing feats beyond the bounds of normal magic. This is why spirit healers believe the risk is worth it.

Spirit Healers are the mages most likely to be accepted—or at least tolerated—by common people, and yet templars fear them as much or more than mages specializing in other schools of magic.

You were touched by a spirit of Hope, which has granted you all of the abilities of a Spirit Healer, without the need to summon spirits. A part of the spirit of Hope lives inside of your mind and soul after all, which you can draw upon to fuel the same magics as any Spirit Healer.

"Anybody need healing?"
—Anders, an infamous Spirit Healer, Grey Warden, and Terrorist

Items

You've gained a stipend of 300 CP which may only be used in this Item section.

100 Gold Coins (-25 CP) - 100 Gold coins. By default, this is the same currency as your chosen starting location's currency but you may choose another nation's currency if so desired.

A Drunken Dwarf's Dream (-25 CP) - Several barrels full of high-quality ale, as well as other alcoholic beverages. Strangely enough, no matter how much you pour from the barrels, they never seem to become empty.

Arms and Armour (-50 CP) - A basic set of gear. Exact contents depend on one's chosen class.

- Warriors receive a set of platemail and a melee weapon of their choice.
- Rogues receive a set of leather armour and either a set of daggers or a bow and a quiver full of arrows.
- Mages receive a robe, a staff, and a hooded cloak.

Templar Philter (-50 CP/Free: Templar) - A philter box containing all the tools required for ingesting lyrium. The box contains enough lyrium to supply a single templar with a day's supply of lyrium for a single Templar. The lyrium automatically restocks itself daily.

Ocularum (-50 CP) - An ocularum is a skull with a crystal placed in the right eye socket, through the back of the skull.

When looking through the skull's crystal, it will reveal any and all nearby hidden magic, including magical objects.

Vials of Dragon Blood (-100 CP) - It is said the blood of dragons is the blood of the world. That may or may not be true, but what is known is that blood is power. And the blood of dragons even more so.

You've gained several restocking vials of dragon blood. Most vials contain the blood of dragonlings and young drakes, but every once in a while you may get a vial

containing the blood of a high dragon instead. If you're really lucky, you may even find the blood of a Great Dragon.

Arcane Grimoire (-200 CP) - An old, but lovingly cared for book, bound in leather of questionable origins. The pages smell of herbs and wood smoke. Intricate stitching on the cover marks out a leafless tree, strangely ominous in its stark appearance.

The grimoire contains details on many spells that were lost to time, as well as instructions for a ritual that allows you to transfer yourself into another person's body, possessing them. If successfully executed, this ritual would allow one to potentially live forever, by simply taking a new body when one's current one grows too old.

Dalish Grove (-200 CP) - This Warehouse Attachment is a grove full of trees such as ironbark, sylvanwood, dragonthorn, vhenadahl, and heartwood. All of them would yield excellent materials for a dalish woodshaper. 24 hours after cutting one of these trees down, it'll be restored to its former glory.

Dwarven Mine (-200 CP) - This is a Warehouse Attachment that contains a mine with several large veins of high-quality lyrium and several deposits of precious metals such as veridium, silverite, volcanic aurum, etc. Strangely enough, these veins and deposits never seem to run out, no matter how much is mined. There's also a small compound where several dwarves seem to live, who are more than happy to mine the stuff for you.

Mirror of Transformation (-200 CP) - A magical mirror that allows the person looking into it to change their own appearance.

The Mirror of Transformation is an insidious and twisted artefact. When you alter your appearance with the artefact it doesn't just change who you are, but it changes who you were and will be in the future. It selects from one of the infinite possible universes where you were brought up with a different lineage and twists that thread of history into the currently experienced reality. The ripples of this action affect your family and other people's memory of your appearance as well.

Andruil's Gift (-300 CP) - This exquisitely crafted elven bow seems to crackle with electricity, and any arrows fired from it seem to turn into a lightning strike mid-flight.

"She took the gathering storm, trapped its fury in golden limbs, and strung it with the screams of the south wind. Andruil, blood and force, your people pray to you. Grant that your eye may not fall upon us. Spare us the moment we become Your prey."
—Dalish Poetry

Spellweaver (-300 CP/Free: Dirth'ena Enasalin) - This ancient elven-forged blade vibrates slightly to the touch in most people's hands, but it stills in the grip of a mage. Crafted with lost techniques for alloying lyrium and metals, Spellweaver acts as a mage's focus the same way a staff does, and also seems to massively increase the mage's powers in general.

Prismatic Greataxe (-300 CP) - The blade of this magical greataxe shimmers with energy. Each swing randomly gives off blistering heat, biting cold, sizzling static, or ghostly light. The wielder is protected from these blasts of elemental magic by whatever complex enchantments make the weapon work at all.

The Clasping Maw (-300 CP) - A greatsword seemingly made from living flesh. Whenever an enemy is struck with this weapon, it randomly seems to bind them with shadowy tendrils which drain their lifeforce and use it to heal its wielder.

"*Whatever made this weapon, its flesh appears to be alive. It could be an abomination's blood magic, a spirit twisted into physical form, or some other affront to the Maker. It unleashes—I don't know what to call it—An energy that tangles foes together. The power thrills right up your arm. I'd cast it back into that cave I found it in if the thing weren't so... useful.*"
—Final entry in an anonymous journal

Companions, Mounts & Miscellaneous Animal Companions

Companion Import/Creation

Kadan (Free/-50 CP) - You may import up to 8 Companions for free. Companion imports past the first 8 cost 50 CP per imported Companion.

Each imported Companion may choose a Race, Origin, and Class. They gain 600 CP to spend, and also gain all freebies they qualify for.

Alternatively, you may create Companions instead of importing them. They gain the same benefits as imported Companions.

Salroka (Free) - If you can convince them, you may recruit a local humanoid (human, dwarf, elf, qunari) as a Companion.

Mounts

"Never seen a proud rider atop a regal mount? That's your failing. Such animals are common enough, but there're costs, so you keep them away from chance of blight, theft, attack. All the nonsense that makes for poor stabling. These aren't working beasts, with the fire bred out of their eyes so they can suffer a plow. These creatures are about spirit. A proper mount isn't some noble's plaything on a hunt, it's your everyday, and you'd better match it to deserve it."

—Horsemaster Dennet of the Inquisition

If slain, all mounts respawn in your Warehouse, or in a different suitable location (your choice), after 24 hours. They are not Companions, but may optionally be imported as Companions in future Jumps. Strangely enough, none of these mounts require sustenance of any kind.

Horse (-100 CP/Free) - "*You've never had a mount like the Fereldan Forder, a hardy warmblood. Don't let the size fool you: they're not meant for the farm. Centuries of careful breeding have taken common stock and produced a glory. A creature as much at home in a charge as they are in a march across nations. But for all the stamina and speed they place at your command, press too far, and you'll be picking dirt from your teeth. They know their role and expect that you know yours. Warning and promise and all that.*"

—Horsemaster Dennet of the Inquisition

A single purchase of 100 CP allows you to select one of the following horses. By rolling a 1d11 Humans may gain a random horse for free, and gain a discount on further purchases.

1. **Amaranthine Charger** - Spirited but not unruly; an uncommon mount sure to impress.

2. **Anderfels Courser** - Originally bred for the Grey Wardens, this uncommon breed is highly prized across Thedas.

3. **Asaraash** - Fast and resilient, these horses of Rivaini stock are used by the Qunari military for carrying messages to outposts across the war-torn island of Seheron.

4. **Dalish All-Bred** - A hardy and sure footed mount. Fiercely loyal, fully trained examples are highly prized, despite the breed's humble origins.

5. **Fereldan Forder** - A proud animal, the Fereldan Forder ranges well beyond its namesake, at home in stables and armies across Thedas.

6. **Free Marches Ranger** - A recently recognized breed coordinated by several Free Marchers city-state; the largest numbers pass through Tantervale.

7. **Frostback Mountain Horse** - Fierce, loyal, and not quite tame, just the way the Avvar prefer.

8. **Green Dales Feral** - A fine example of a breed rarely seen on the field. Descended from stock that escaped during Qunari Incursions in the North.

9. **Imperial Warmblood** - An imposing mount descended from stock and spread across Thedas during the height of Tevinter expansion.

10. **Orlesian Courser** - Spirited, with a lineage longer than most noble names. The pride of many a chevalier.

11. **Taslin Strider** - A refined breed common in the warm climes of Antiva. Suited to long distances and spirited charges.



Dracolisk (-100 CP/Free) - *"I've heard of them. Seen a few. They're not as rare as you'd think, but they are very, very difficult. "Spirited" and "stubborn" suggest a reasonable resistance. No, they're just plain mean. Spur a horse a little too hard, and you're getting a brush against a tree. Kick this thing the wrong way, and it's taking a piece of you. That said, there's utility here. As fast and strong as any other, and the rider who masters one is making a statement. Not just "I can do what you can't". It's almost "I can do what you wouldn't even dare"."*

—Horsemaster Dennet of the Inquisition

A single purchase of 100 CP allows you to select one of the following dracolisks. By rolling a 1d8 Qunari may gain a random dracolisk for free, and gain a discount on further purchases.

1. **Abyssal Hang-tooth** - At home in the Western Approach, none of its kind can be called "common." Responsive, but not shy about testing the reins.

2. **Basking Longma** - A rare northern variant. Tevinter made efforts to breed them, but found them too spirited for riders without the will to match.

3. **Blue River Bane** - While others of its species can be too wild to approach, this mount has been expertly trained while losing none of its spirit.

4. **Desert Lightning** - Uncommon, fierce, and fast. An incredible find.

5. **Hunter Shade Dracolisk** - An impressively trained steed, stronger by half than other examples of the breed.

6. **Mountain Dracolisk** - Teeth sharper than winter wind, but a steady beast for a bold enough rider.

7. **Sharp-Tail** - Rare coloration for a Dracolisk. A particularly hardy mount.

8. **Primal-Trained Longma** - An impressively trained steed, stronger by half than other examples of the breed.



Nuggalope (-100 CP/Free) - "*It has hands. It handles things. That's hitting me worse than anything else. What the ever-loving spit? Can't argue the impressive stature of the thing, and it's stubborn, like the most entitled charger. It knows how strong it is, and it knows you know. I expected the dull snuffling of its small cousins, but this - it has*

hands and spirited eyes. Mind where you secure the buckles of your saddle. I expect it'll let you know when it tires of suffering you on its back. Not that it tires. Hands. Hands!"

—Horsemaster Dennet of the Inquisition

A single purchase of 100 CP allows you to select one of the following nuggalopes. By rolling a 1d6 Dwarves may gain a random nuggalope for free, and gain a discount on further purchases.

1. **Gwaren Land-Hammer** - Fairly self-explanatory as breeds go.

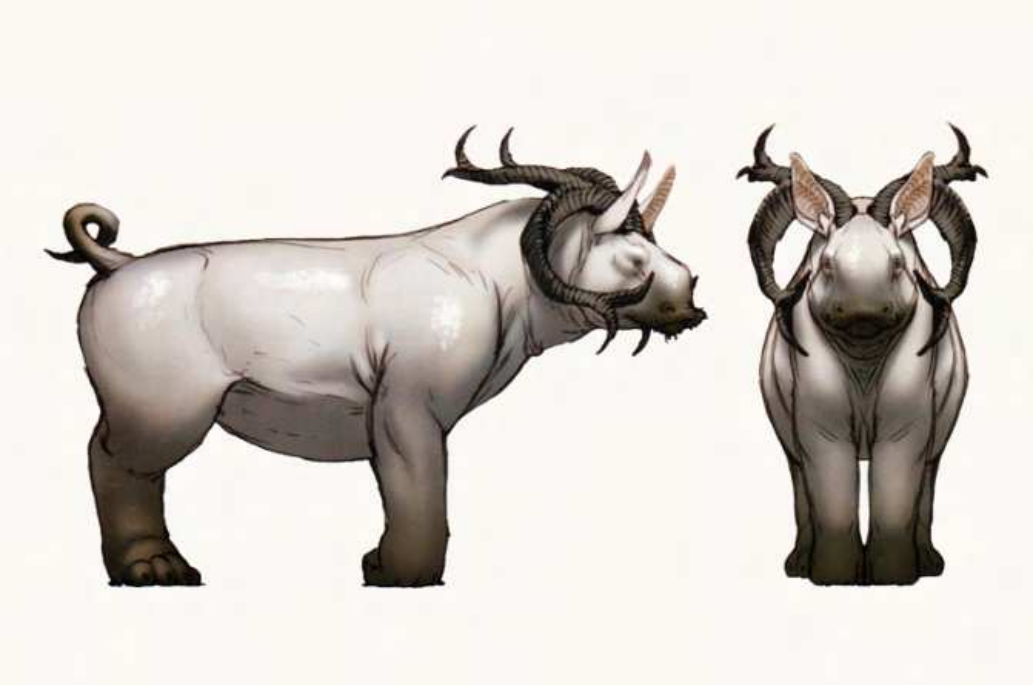
2. **Greater Nuggalope** - Stubborn and hardy, the Greater Nuggalope - or "Deth Nug" - makes a statement, and that statement is "hands."

3. **Knuckled Thunderer** - Some say thunder is the sound of distant Nuggalopes rutting. Six of one, really.

4. **Tiddles Majoris** - Powerful, but forever branded by similar coloration to a storied regent's lapnug.

5. **Battle Nug** - Avvar-harnessed and trained for war. Somehow.

6. **Avvar War Nug** - Famed for its ability to strike fear into those unfortunate enough to face them in battle.



Hart (-100 CP/Free) - "*Honored to see one up close without meeting it points-first. The pride of the stable. Of any stable. Even the Dalish I've had occasion to ask have*

said it's rare to glimpse them at a distance. The few who have mastered one - and it truly is very few - say there is no animal more sure of foot, more attuned to its rider, more inspirational to simply gaze upon. You want to match the majesty of this creature? Grow some bloody wings."

—Horsemaster Dennet of the Inquisition

A single purchase of 100 CP allows you to select one of the following harts. By rolling a 1d6 Elves may gain a random hart for free, and gain a discount on further purchases.

1. **Red Hart** - A great hart of impeccable health and ability. Such mounts are a triumph of breeding and careful training. Navigate the perilous, living world atop this great-horned beast.

2. **Brecilian Sure-Foot** - Silent when it wishes; fearsome when demanded.

3. **Greater Frostback Elk** - Once thought to be only a myth, now here in the flesh. A gift to the Dalish from the Avvar tribes.

4. **Pride of Arlathan** - Wide ranging along what may have been the route of Elven exodus before the Tevinter expansion.

5. **Royal Sixteen** - Southern Lineage. Impressive antlers, but regal by any measure.

6. **Tirashan Swiftwind** - Unnervingly intelligent; willing to "correct" its rider. It will not suffer fools.



Unique “Unicorn” (-150 CP) - “*Still not sure what you unearthed. Talked to a mage about it and got a typical "head in the Fade" response. Got a better answer from that Tranquil of yours, and it still chilled my short hairs. Plain speak, there's a spirit of some kind in there. Now, a horse to me means "freedom", but I understand that sometimes it's a demon? The wrong side of what it should be. What's the wrong side of freedom? Chaos or just "unending"? Something like that.*

Whatever is in there, this animal was best of breed, an Orlesian charger fit for any Chevalier, and well tended in life. By its wounds, I'd wager it fell in battle with demons of some ilk and was finished by its master's mercy. Whatever spirit of loyalty or freedom or whatever makes horses run brought the strange thing back. It wants to serve. I've no doubt it will ride well, and I'll stable it, but I'm not going near it.”

—Horsemaster Dennet of the Inquisition

These “Unicorns” aren’t unicorns at all, they’re reanimated horses that just happen to have a sword pierced through their skull. They’re as unnerving as expected.

You may select one per purchase, the second purchase is discounted.

- **Bog Unicorn** - A proud charger made strange by fate. Whether possessed of a spirit, or whatever makes horses run, it yet wants to serve. Once belonging to an evil marauder, this unique mount has returned to inspire fear into those who would oppose you.

- **Oath-Bound Steed** - Promise-bound by an Avvar augur long ago, it will not depart this world with its oath unfulfilled. It seems to have mistaken you for said augur, and will serve you faithfully.



Light-Torn Steed (-200 CP) - "*Where do you - I don't want to know where it came from, but I can't argue the utility. The bones of something already best of breed now made extraordinary. In all senses. It will be stabled because it is yours, but I will not feed or tend it. I'm not sure I'd know how. Thankfully it seems content on its own. Your Inquisition is strange, Your Worship.*"
—Horsemaster Dennet of the Inquisition

More construct than breed, this horse is a wondrous creature built and enchanted by careful hands.



Animal Companions

If slain, all Animal Companions respawn in your Warehouse, or in a different suitable location (your choice), after 24 hours. They are not Companions, but may optionally be imported as Companions in future Jumps. Strangely enough, none of these Animal Companions require sustenance of any kind, and once they've reached their physical prime they will stop aging.

Mabari War Hound (-100 CP - Discount: Humans & Ash Warriors - Free for Human Ash Warriors) - Mabari war hounds are a breed of intelligent dogs magically created by the mages of the Tevinter Imperium. When the Tevinter mages brought the mabari to help subdue the local barbarian tribes of Ferelden centuries ago, the dogs defected to the barbarians. Ever since then, Fereldans and their Alamarri ancestors popularized the mabari as attack dogs, status symbols, and lifelong companions.

Although fierce combatants, a mabari companion is shown to be a highly sociable animal, and though not capable of speech, they can clearly respond to speech with growls, whines, barks and several other actions that demonstrate intelligent comprehension.

Mabari are huge mastiffs with a touch of wolf blood that stand as tall as a dwarf and just as wide. Their masters (or “partners” as many of those paired with Mabari prefer) will often choose a distinct style of war paint to mark them with so that they can better pick them out from other Mabari at a distance in the midst of combat. The mabari are an essential part of Fereldan military strategy. Trained hounds can easily pull knights from horseback or break lines of pikemen, and the sight and sound of a wave of war dogs, howling and snarling, has been known to cause panic among even the most hardened infantry soldiers.

The bulk of Mabari will bond with a single warrior, whom they will fight beside and follow until death takes them, for there are many stories of Mabari avenging a fallen master before lying down beside their corpse to join them.

A young Mabari pup has chosen you, and from this point onwards, they will be your most faithful partner. Come hell or high water, they will stand by your side.

You may optionally take a fully-grown Mabari instead of a puppy.

Dogs are an essential part of Fereldan culture, and no dog is more prized than the Mabari. The breed is as old as myth, said to have been bred from the wolves who served Dane. Prized for their intelligence and loyalty, these dogs are more than mere weapons or status symbols: The hounds choose their masters, and pair with them for life. To be the master of a mabari anywhere in Ferelden is to be recognized instantly as a person of worth.

—From *Ferelden: Folklore and History* by Sister Petrine, Chantry scholar



Bronto (-200 CP - Discount: Dwarves) - These hulking beasts were originally bred by the dwarven Shaperate as beasts of burden and a food source, the rough equivalent to surface oxen and cows. Some versions of bronto have even been developed as dwarven mounts, valued far more for their sure-footedness and stamina than for their speed. While present within Orzammar in large numbers, some bronto still exist in packs within the Deep Roads, having returned to a wild state after the fall of the dwarven kingdoms. They require remarkably little sustenance, consuming organic material from water, fungi, and even rocks (hence the “Rock-Licker” appellation used by many dwarves to describe them), and exist in primarily dormant states until provoked. An angry, charging bronto is considered to be a rather dangerous opponent.

"*There's only two things a noble will step aside for: Paragons and angry brontos.*"
—Dwarven saying



Halla (-200 CP - Discount: Elves) - The halla are a type of horned stag. Some of them are herded by the Dalish elves who used them to pull the aravels, or landships. Their milk is also made into cheese and butter. The Dalish do not consider them beasts of burden but noble companions. To get them to accompany a clan, the Dalish elves ask rather than force them to. It is said that the Dalish carve their antlers for decorative purposes, and that their antlers are particularly prized in the Tevinter Imperium.

"The first thing you must understand about the halla is that they are not our servants. They are not our pets. They are our brothers and sisters. Remember that Ghilan'nain, the first halla and mother of them all, was once a huntress of the People. Without the halla, there would be no Dalish."

—Adara, halla-tender of the Ralaferin clan, to her apprentice



Wyvern (-300 CP - Discount: Qunari) - Although historically categorized as smaller cousins of drakes and dragons, wyverns differ distinctly from other dragon-kind in both physical form and demeanor. An adult wyvern is twice the size of a full-grown drake, but not nearly as large as a full-grown high dragon; where a dragon is saurian and lithe, a wyvern has thicker musculature and a more sinewy bulk. A wyvern's head is stout and squarish with a split-mandible mouth and protruding fins. These are colorful creatures, garish and fierce.

Wyvern wings are hardy but imprecise things. A wyvern does not truly fly but glides. With a suitable perch and favorable winds, a wyvern can glide over many miles, stalking prey and surveying its territory. With their strong claws, they can grip and climb even vertical stone to achieve good perches and altitude. A wyvern can also leap many times its own body length, not unlike a dragon. They are quick, powerful skirmishers, seldom staying put during a contest of might.

Despite all that, the most dangerous aspect of a wyvern is its venom. When provoked, wyverns spit poison out to a range of several yards. Left untreated, this

poison is fatal. Wyvern venom slows prey and kills gradually. Once afflicted, a target is in mortal danger. After a few moments, however, venom exposed to air becomes far less dangerous. Thus it is essential to harvest wyvern venom quickly and carefully if it is to be stored for future use by, say, poisoners, or for use in alchemical concoctions.

The wyvern's natural habitat lies within only a few mountain ranges of Thedas, although wyverns are most numerous in the lands of Orlais; they prefer rocky lands, in some places barren, in others verdant, where they can dwell as an apex predator. Wyverns typically do not discern between intelligent and unintelligent prey. They are as likely to eat ranging cattle, feral wolves, family pets, and civilized folk if given the need and the opportunity. Often, wyverns inflict their venom on prey and then leave them to wander and die, perhaps as some base animal sense of sport or perhaps out of simple ease.

It is the venom that makes the creature so valuable. It's used in potion-making, alchemy, and the production of a rare and potent liquor called aquae lucidius. The minuscule quantity of the venom remaining in the aquae after distillation leads to a unique hallucinatory effect.

Testimonies from a few of those fortunate enough to sample the costly concoction:
"I feel confused but happy!"
"It was as though my soul took wing and floated about my head."
"I had a vision of my great-grandmother and found it oddly arousing."
"I can see through time!"
—From *Winged Wonders of Thedas*, author unknown



Drawbacks

You may take as many drawbacks as you want, but can only gain up to 1500 CP from them total.

Ten Years Just Isn't Long Enough (+0 CP) - What's that? You want to stay here in Thedas for a bit longer? That can be arranged. You may now stay for as long as you like, up to the end of the Dragon Age. This means if you start the Jump at the very beginning of the Dragon Age, you could potentially stay here for a hundred years.

Death/Chain Failure works the same as normal during the first ten years of your stay here. If you die after having spent at least ten years in this Jump then it doesn't count as Chain Failure, you will simply move on to the next Jump.

1-Ups still work as normal as well.

Self-Insert (+0 CP) - You may self-insert as any canon character. The method of self-insertion is completely up to you, whether it's you taking over their body, somehow were them all along, or simply take their place, etc.

By default you do not gain any of the abilities of the character you self-insert as, but if you so desire you may gain the abilities of the character you self-insert, no need to pay CP for them even. However, these abilities will not carry over to future Jumps. You WILL lose them at the end of the Jump, and absolutely nothing can be done about that. You will of course keep anything you've paid CP/FP for, as well as anything else you gained as a freebie. It's explicitly only the abilities gained from this Drawback that don't carry over.

You may not self-insert as anyone/anything on the same power level as the Evanuris, or those stronger than them. Yes, this means Mythal and Solas are off-limits. Morrigan's son, if she has one, is potentially off-limits as well, depending on if he has Urthemiel's soul or not.

Tainted (Grey Warden) (+0 CP) - You've gone through and survived the blood magic ritual required to become a Grey Warden, and have become forever connected to the darkspawn, and thus forever tainted by the blood you've consumed. This has made you immune to further Blight corruption. For a time, at least. Not even Grey Wardens are completely immune.

And whilst you may be immune to further corruption for some time, that doesn't stop you from suffering from bad dreams, decreased fertility, and a shortened lifespan

(most Wardens only have thirty years or so left to live after their Joining before the Taint consumes them).

With experience, you may eventually be able to learn how to block the dreams, but this usually takes a lot of practice.

And yes, you are capable of detecting the presence of darkspawn. Unfortunately, a door once opened may be walked through in either direction, and so the Darkspawn are able to sense you just as well as you are able to sense them.

The Antivan Crows send their regards! (+100 CP) - I don't know who you pissed off, Jumper, but the Crows have accepted a contract on you. Expect them to try and assassinate you periodically. Don't bother trying to exterminate all of the crows, more will pop up somehow even if you kill them all. Might I suggest stocking up on antidotes for various poisons?

Possession-Prone (+100 CP) - Somehow, you seem to make for the perfect demon host. Plenty of demons will try and possess you during your stay here.

Sodding Nug-Humper (-100 CP) - Woah, Maker's balls, Jumper, do you kiss your mother with that mouth? It's as if you're completely incapable of speaking a single sentence without cursing. Well, it can't be said you don't have a talent for it, because you seem to always say exactly what will insult the person you're talking to the most. You likely won't be making many friends for the next few years.

"I'd hoped for a war like in the tales…" (+200 CP) - King Cailan of Ferelden was a childish fool, and look where it got him. Betrayed by his most trusted general, and slaughtered by the Darkspawn. You may not be a king, and haven't been betrayed by your allies, but are most definitely a fool like Cailan. You constantly overestimate yourself whilst underestimating your enemies, and time and time again you seem to place your trust in the wrong people.

Devout Choir-Boy (+200 CP) - You may not necessarily be a choir-boy, but you are most definitely a pious Andrastian. You will be spending a not insignificant amount of your time here studying the Chant of Light, praying to the Maker, and trying to convert others to the side of the Maker.

For another **(+100 CP)** you're unable to give in to any carnal desires whilst you're here, Jumper. Your body and soul belong to the Maker, after all.

Tranquil (+200 CP) - Your connection to the Fade has been severed, which means you can no longer use magic and are unable to dream. Oh, and you're completely emotionless. Have fun with that. Or… well, I guess you *won't* be having any fun with that, joy is an emotion, after all.

For another **(+200 CP)** you will also be completely unable to use any Out-Of-Jump powers, perks, abilities, etc. other than your Body Mod.

Curse of Witherfang (+300 CP) - Yer a Werewolf, Jumper. And I don't mean those werewolves capable of changing forms. No, you're stuck in the form of a wolf-man-beast for the duration of the Jump, and will have a lot of trouble keeping your anger in check. What did you do to become this way? Did you mess around with the Lady of the Forest or something?

Lyrium Addiction (+300 CP) - From the moment you arrive in this world, Jumper, you'll start to crave Lyrium. The longer you refuse to ingest any lyrium, the more the craving becomes unbearable, with you growing disoriented, incapable of distinguishing memories from the present, or dreams from waking. Other symptoms may include physical frailty, headaches, an unquenchable thirst, and freezing limbs. And all those symptoms grow worse the longer you go without taking lyrium.

Of course, you could simply take lyrium and you'll suffer none of those effects. But there's the catch, Jumper: Any lyrium will take will have diminishing returns, with you needing more and more lyrium each time. And the problem with ingesting large quantities of lyrium? The more lyrium you consume, the more memories you lose.

Oh, you'll get them all back at the end of the Jump, that's a promise, but long before that you could end up as a walking husk, not even capable of remembering your name. Is it really worth the CP you're getting for this?

Red Lyrium Crazed (+400 CP) - It seems some time ago you came into possession of an idol made of pure lyrium. It's the strangest thing, you can't seem to remember how you acquired it, and for some reason the lyrium is red, not the typical blue. What you do know is that the idol is yours, yours and yours alone. And no one else may have it. So you've decided to keep it on your person at all times. And anyone who disagrees with your decisions? Well, you'll bash their faces in!

Basically, you're in the first stage of red lyrium exposure, displaying heightened possessiveness, paranoia, and an increased penchant for violence.

But that's not all, over time you'll start to look sickly; your flesh pales, and your veins become prominent but will pulse red with the glow of lyrium. Your eyes will also

begin to glow red, and you may potentially start to emit a reddish haze from your body. After some more time you'll also start to hear a "song", which will compel you to try and force others to hear it; to share in the ~~pain~~ glory, the will that is Corypheus.

Some time after that, the lyrium inside of you will start to crystallize and sprout from your body, with more and more lyrium crystals growing from you as the corruption progresses. Your flesh will become misshapen, beginning to warp around and over any worn clothing and armour. At this point, the red lyrium will have fused to your bones internally, it will have grown over your lungs, spreading like a fungus to the brain, and will grow further in your flesh. Blood will drain out of the surrounding tissue, as if the lyrium itself is feeding upon it.

Then, finally, when your body has been overtaken completely by the lyrium, you'll have become a monster made mostly out of red lyrium crystals, hardly recognizable as having once been human, existing in constant agony. And this is the form you'll stay in for the rest of your stay here. Oh, did I mention it only takes six months to reach this stage? Enjoy spending nine-and-a-half years like this.

Blight Unending (+600 CP) - The fifth blight will happen at some point during your stay here, no doubts about it. But if that wasn't bad enough, it won't just be Urthemiel, the fifth Archdemon, who will wake up. Razikale and Lucasan will also wake up at the same time. Multiple Archdemons waking is unprecedented, and sure to bring ruin to Thedas. Are you sure you want to take this?

First Day... (+600 CP) - Darkspawn as a species are asexual and unable to reproduce. In order to bolster their numbers, the darkspawn take female captives during their raids and bring them to their lairs to be turned into broodmothers. A broodmother is a giant, tentacled, and sessile ghoul capable of spawning vast numbers of darkspawn in a manner reminiscent of an insect queen.

The captured women contract the blight sickness by being force-fed darkspawn tissue and the darkspawn forcefully "spew" into the prisoner's mouths. As this happens, they gradually develop cannibalistic urges and heavily mutate, eventually becoming full-fledged broodmothers after devouring massive amounts of flesh, even from those who were previously kin.

The race of the broodmother determines which kind of darkspawn she will give birth to. An elven broodmother will spawn shrieks, a dwarven broodmother spawns genlocks, a human broodmother spawns hurlocks, and a Qunari broodmother spawns the mighty ogres.

Luckily, you're not a broodmother yet. However, the darkspawn are able to sense you everywhere you go and will stop at nothing to capture you. If this happens, well, death might be a kinder fate.

If this Drawback is active during a Blight, expect the darkspawn to put in even more of an effort in capturing you. I wouldn't combine this with the "Blight Unending" drawback, not unless you massively exceed everything in-setting in power. Or unless becoming a broodmother's your kink, I guess. ~~I won't judge.~~ Now normally this would only happen to women, but you can take this even if you're male. How that'd works out, I don't know. Maybe the process turns you female, or maybe you become a male broodmother, somehow? Whatever horrifies you most, really.

"First day, they come and catch everyone.
Second day, they beat us and eat some for meat.
Third day, the men are all gnawed on again.
Fourth day, we wait and fear for our fate.
Fifth day, they return and it's another girl's turn.
Sixth day, her screams we hear in our dreams.
Seventh day, she grew as in her mouth they spew.
Eighth day, we hated as she is violated.
Ninth day, she grins and devours her kin. Now she does feast, as she's become the beast."
—Hespith, describing how broodmothers are created

Scenarios

You may take as many scenarios as you want, though some scenarios may require you to be of a certain race.

Upon completion of a scenario you gain a reward of 500 CP, to be spent in this Jump, in addition to the completed scenario's reward. The exception to this is the Black Emporium scenario, which doesn't grant any CP rewards.

In War, Victory. In Peace, Vigilance. In Death, Sacrifice.
"Men and women from every race; warriors and mages, barbarians and kings... the Grey Wardens sacrificed everything to stem the tide of darkness... and prevailed."
—Duncan, Warden-Commander of the Grey Wardens in Ferelden

Requirement: None to start, but must become a Grey Warden to complete this scenario.

Victory Condition: Personally slay the fifth Archdemon, Urthemiel. If the "Blight Unending" drawback is active, you must also personally slay the sixth and seventh Archdemons, Razikale and Lucasan.

Note: Since slaying an Archdemon also kills the Grey Warden that killed it, this scenario requires at least one 1-up. Unless you can find a way to kill an Archdemon without dying of course. So far, that's never been done before, all *four* Grey Wardens who killed an Archdemon also died. But just because it's never been done before doesn't necessarily mean it's impossible, right?

Reward: A throne made from the skull of the Archdemon you've slain. If for some reason you don't want to own a blighted dragon-skull throne you can have a dragon-skull throne replica that's free of the blight.

Oh, and also the entire order of Grey Wardens which will follow you into future Jumps. They will all be cured of the Taint, and in future Jumps they will be able to sense a single type of enemy which they're exceptional at killing, just like they can sense and kill the Darkspawn and Archdemons in this Jump. You may select what kind of enemy in every new Jump, replacing your old choice.

But who cares about the Wardens when you've got a wicked awesome dragon-skull throne?

The Champion

"*There are men who struggle against destiny, and yet achieve only an early grave. There are men who flee destiny, only to have it swallow them whole. And there are men who embrace destiny, and do not show their fear. These are the ones that change the world forever.*"

—Flemeth

Victory Condition: Be proclaimed Champion of Kirkwall. Note: no cheating with mind-control. Must be proclaimed Champion for something genuinely worth of being proclaimed champion.

Reward: The Mantle of the Champion, an set of armour customized for your chosen class.It's got several beneficial enchantments which, again, are customized for your chosen class.

A mage may find that all of their spells are significantly more powerful and cost less mana, whereas a rogue may find themselves more flexible, and capable of moving

swifter than before, and a warrior could find that their strength and durability have increased.

The exact details of this are up to you, but know that this is a set of top-quality armour even when one doesn't count the enchantments. And finally, this armour will continue to grow stronger with you, always staying relevant no matter how powerful you may become. Upon gaining this reward you may import a set of armour/clothes you already own.

The Inquisition, Reborn
"Wherever you lead us."
—Cassandra Pentaghast

Victory Condition: Form the Inquisition, find those responsible for the Breach and bring them to justice, and restore order to Thedas. (with or without their approval!)

Reward: The Anchor becomes a part of you, permanently, and you are in perfect control of it. In addition to all the canon abilities of the Anchor, it will also allow you to travel between dimensions/alternate realities/realms/etc. by temporarily opening a tear in the fabric of reality. You can't use this to go to other Jumps until Post-Spark, and in order to travel between dimensions/alternate realities/realms/etc. those things have to of course be present in-setting.



The Dread Wolf Rises
"I lay in dark and dreaming sleep while countless wars and ages passed. I woke still weak a year before I joined you. My people fell for what I did to strike the Evanuris down, but still some hope remains for restoration. I will save the elven people, even if it means this world must die."
—Fen'Harel, the Dread Wolf

Victory Condition: Save the world by stopping the Dread Wolf from tearing down the veil.

Reward: Your reward for stopping the Dread Wolf is the ability to recreate the Fade, and all of its inhabitants, in future Jumps. This must be done at the beginning of the Jump.

You may choose whether the Fade has always been a part of the future Jump's world retroactively or whether it appeared the moment you started the Jump.

And yes, this of course means that mages can appear in the future Jump as well. You have full control over who can become a mage, granting magical aptitude/a connection to the fade to individuals, or large groups at once (you can of course specify what kind of groups). Any magical aptitude/fade connection granted via this reward can also be taken away from them by you at any point.

Alternate Victory Condition: Help the Dread Wolf tear down the veil, thus bringing back the world of the Elvhenan.

Alternate Reward: The Dread Wolf joins you as a Companion, with him having access to his full power.



Paragon of Jumper-Kind

"*You don't need a king to face a Blight. You need a Paragon!*"

—Oghren

Requirement: Must be a dwarf.

Victory Condition: Be proclaimed a Paragon, a living ancestor.

Reward: The Great Thaig of Orzammar (including its inhabitants) and the Deep Roads will follow you to future Jumps, where it will seamlessly integrate into the world. Whether it's retro-actively been a part of the future Jump's world or if it just suddenly appeared is up to you.

And yes, the Deep Roads will be free of Darkspawn, of course. Time to reclaim the dwarves' birthright, I guess?

Victory is in the Qun

"*Anaan esaam Qun.*"

—Sten

Requirement: Must be a member of the Qunari race, and of the Qun.

Victory Condition: Convert all of Thedas to the Qun. "All of Thedas" means the Qun must officially be embraced as the state religion/philosophy in all countries. It doesn't mean every single individual has to convert to the Qun.

Reward: In all future Jumps you'll have a religion/cult/organization (your preference) based on your ideals/philosophy ready and waiting for you. Whether this religion/cult/organization has always been a part of the world or simply appears the moment you start the Jump is up to you.

The Grandest Game

"*We let nobles decide who to blame. We are just the enablers of the game.*"

—Leliana, a bard

Requirement: Must be a human.

Victory Condition: Become the new Empress/Emperor of the Orlesian Empire, through a mastery of the Grand Game. Taking the throne in an unsubtle way, such as by force, does not count, since that's the antithesis of the Grand Game.

Reward: Your status as royalty continues along with you to future Jumps, and will always be a member of a royal family, with all the benefits that entails. If there's no royalty in a Jump you'll be a member of an important/prominent family. Yes, you'll be royalty/important even if you're a drop-in, somehow. Perhaps they've mistaken you for a long-lost family member?

The End of the Long Walk

"We are the Dalish: keepers of the lost lore, walkers of the lonely path. We are the last of the Elvhenan, and never again shall we submit."

—The Oath of the Dales

Requirement: Must be an elf.

Victory Condition: Retake the Dales and build a new elven homeland.

Reward: The Dales, including its elven inhabitants, will follow you to future Jumps, where it will seamlessly integrate into the world. Whether it's retro-actively been a part of the future Jump's world or if it just suddenly appeared is up to you.

The Black Emporium

Greetings,

You do not know who I am, but I have heard of you. I understand you might need items from my collection, as well as the means to obtain them. I do not extend this invitation to anyone—but you are not simply anyone, are you?

Consider this an invitation to the Black Emporium. Instructions through the passages underneath the city, any city, are included with this letter, as is the charm to enter. If you give the charm to another, its permission will immediately be revoked... and the consequences unpleasant.

Adieu,
Xenon

Victory Condition: Enter the Black Emporium

Reward: The Black Emporium follows you to future Jumps/Worlds. Xenon's Emporium will always sell useful items from your current Jump, as well as various useful items from Jumps you've been to in the past, all for a modest price.

Whenever you're looking for the Black Emporium, a door will unobtrusively appear nearby. No one except for you and your Companions are capable of noticing this door.



Ending options

It seems your time here in this Jump is over, what will you do next?

Go Home - You wake up at home with everything you've gained over the course of your Chain. This was your final Jump.

Stay Here - You've decided to stay here in this Jump, giving up the chance to go back home or on to the next Jump.

Next Jump - As always, another Jump awaits.

Notes

Yes, I'm aware there are way too many starting locations. Every time I'd run out of inspiration I'd just add another starting location. It may have gotten a bit out of hand.

When in doubt, lore trumps game mechanics.

On **Elves** and **Discounts**: Most of the elven discounts and freebies are for perks and items inspired by the Dalish elves. If you're a **City Elf** or a **Drop-In Elf**, you may choose to forego your elven discounts and freebies and instead gain the **human discounts and freebies**, representing the fact that **City Elves** have adopted human customs and culture.

Fade-Touched: Yes, this explicitly means you're immune to both the Blight and the effects of Red Lyrium. You're also immune to mental contamination/corruption by the spirit, and vice versa. So it'll never warp into a demon, like what happened with Anders and Justice/Vengeance. You may, at the end of this Jump, decide to let go of the piece of the spirit that's taken up residence inside your mind and soul, letting it go back to the Fade. You'll still keep all of the effects that were granted by the spirit, of course.

Vials of Dragon Blood: It is said that the legendary king Calenhad was the last **Reaver** to drink of the blood of a Great Dragon, and he was known as an exceptionally powerful reaver. The dragon blood still flows through his descendants even now, many centuries later. And who knows what a talented **Blood Mage** could do with the blood of a Great Dragon?

Recreating the **Anvil of the Void** and the **Golems** is possible with **Enchantment? Enchantment!**, though it may take you a while.

In future Jumps/Worlds, any **Magic** from this world still works even if there's no Fade/Veil. Yes, that includes magic you've actually learned in-jump and didn't purchase with CP.

Purchasing both **Mortalitasi** and **Blood Mage** allows you to create Harvesters, monstrous abominations made from the amalgamation of several corpses which have a spirit/demon forcibly sealed inside.

If you or your Companions go through the **Grey Warden's Joining Ritual**, you are guaranteed to survive.

Those who purchase **Shapeshifter** and become **Grey Wardens** gain additional blighted forms they can shapeshift into, one for every normal form they can shapeshift into. For example, those who can shapeshift into bears can also shapeshift into the fierce bereskarn, those who can assume the form of crows can take the form of deadly bloodcrows, etc.

Blood Mages who become **Grey Wardens** could potentially gain insight into the same research as was performed by Avernus, a blood mage and Grey Warden.

You may not take the Maker, any of the Gods, or a Titan as a **Companion**. The Evanuris count as Gods (And yes, this includes Solas as well, since he's a member of the Elven Pantheon). Sufficiently powerful spirits and demons at this same level of power aren't an option either.

Well, okay. You may take **Solas** as a **Companion** using the Companion recruitment option. But if you do, it'll be a nerfed version of Solas. Basically the same level of power as he was during the main plot of Inquisition (Not the Trespasser DLC!), when he was still weakened from Uthenera (Elven Immortal Slumber). No, you may not take two versions of Solas by taking the nerfed version and the full-power Solas from the "The Dread Wolf Rises" scenario reward. It's one or the other, not both.

Whilst it specifically mentions helmets, **Helmets-Be-Gone** works on any kind of headgear, really. Glasses, masks, headbands, headphones, baseball caps, etc.

And So is the Golden City blackened
With each step you take in my Hall.
Marvel at perfection, for it is fleeting.

You have brought Sin to Heaven
And doom upon all the world.

—Threnodies 8.13

Jump by: Sillywickedwitch
Version 1.0 - “This Jump’s Terrible - Why Are You Using It?” Edition



To do list: Better drawbacks. Current ones are terrible, and too few.