

0 ADP: The Fallen Titan Sargeras solidifies his control over the human sorcerer, the Guardian Medivh, and compels him to contact the orc warlock Gul'dan - on the far distant world of Draenor. Through both of their efforts, the Dark Portal is opened - and the First War begins and ends with the Fall of Stormwind.

Year 6 ADP (After Dark Portal): The Orcs continued to march across the continent of the Eastern Kingdoms, prompting the humans, the dwarves, and the high elves to form The Alliance. The Second War is waged, with the orcs defeat and race-wide lethargy as the demonic energies leave them.

Year 19 ADP: The young orc Thrall - breaking free from his servitude to Blackmoore, so many years ago - rekindles the spirit of the orcish people and frees them from humanity's internment camps. The Alliance begins to splinter, even as dark rumors begin to spread throughout the land - of a growing plague and the walking dead.

Year 20 ADP: The Third War begins the world over, as Thrall takes the orcish Horde across the seas to Kalimdor at the behest of the purified spirit of Medivh. Jaina Proudmoore does the same with her own fleet, events driving her to leave Lordaeron even as Medivh's words echo in her ears.

Meanwhile, Prince Arthas Menethil begins hunting for the source of the undead Scourge and the plagues that ravage his people - the threat of it driving him to cull the city of Stratholme. It is here that the demonic Dreadlord, Mal'Ganis, worms his way into the Prince's head and drives him to chase after the demon to Northrend. There, Arthas loses his soul upon taking up the blade of Frostmourne.

Year 21 ADP: The Battle of Mount Hyjal is waged, with The Burning Legion and a fraction of their tool, the Undead Scourge, seeking to destroy the world tree of Nordrassil. Under Medivh's guidance, Thrall and Jaina put aside their differences and join forces with the night elves - lead by Malfurion and Tyrande. Unified in purpose, these races of Azeroth work together to fortify the World Tree - and defend the energies

it seeps with, remnants of the old Well of Eternity that the Legion used to manifest so long ago.

This final battle shakes the continent of Kalimdor to it's roots, with Nordrassil's primal fury unleashed at it's peak to destroy Archimonde and sever the Legion's ancient anchor to the Well of Eternity. The Burning legion crumbles under the combined might of the mortals.

Year 22 ADP: The demon hunter, Illidan Stormrage, is ordered by the current Burning Legion commander Kil'jaedan to destroy Ner'zhul - the orc who is the driving force behind the Undead Scourge. Illidan and Arthas clash several times throughout the conflict of the Frozen Throne, culminating in Arthas Menethil taking up the armor Ner'zhul has been trapped within. The two merge - creating The Lich King.

Year 25 ADP: The Current Year. King Varian Wrynn has been kidnapped, with Lord Bolvar Fordragon taking up the mantle of Regent-Lord until Prince Anduin is old enough to take the throne. Meanwhile, the black dragon Onyxia connives, manipulates, and controls the mind of the Regent-Lord and the House of Nobles to her own duplicitous ends.

Thrall's new Horde expands it's ranks - inviting the Forsaken, a faction of undead who regained their free will and split away from The Lich King, to join the orcs, tauren, and trolls. Meanwhile, the night elves of Kalimdor and the dwarves & gnomes of Khaz Modan pledge their loyalties to a reinvigorated Alliance, guided by the rebuilt kingdom of Stormwind. Ancient foes and new enemies alike surface across the lands, threatening all in their wake.

Four years have passed since the mortal races banded together and stood united against the might of the Burning Legion.

Though Azeroth was saved, the tenuous pact between the Horde and the Alliance has all but evaporated.

The drums of war thunder once again

Which leaves us... with you.
An anomaly out of time and space that seeks entry for whatever reasons I can't imagine. You start on the year 25 ADP, and are here for ten years. I question what remote difference you'll make...

But it's not like I have a choice in the matter.
Take this small gift:

You receive loot: 1,000 CP

Character Creation

You find yourself in a dimly lit room, with the smell of saltwater wafting in on a fresh breeze and the hoarse screeches of seagulls. It's a rather sparse inn room, with your bed in the one corner, a window on the opposite wall, a wash basin full of still water, and- Oh. There's the door, shaking with a loud knock and a... vaguely familiar voice.

"Git washed up nae, yer ship's sailin' in a few hours!"

Well... no sense in arguing with what appears to be the innkeeper. A quick few steps over to the wash basin and you take a minute to look at your reflection after washing up:

Age & Gender

For age, all races except the elves can select anything between **20 to 60 years**, whereas the Quel'dorei and Sin'dorei can be far older than that, and the Kaldorei and Shal'dorei being thousands of years. Gender is not much relevant here, due to individuals of both men and women proving to be both great heroes, horrific villains, and everything in between.

Race

I can't very well have you entering as a faceless phantom, now can I? I mean sure, background memories and such are entirely up to you, but you DO need a face after all. Oh and... A quick note - If you see a selection of options for a race, you may select **one** of them. And the same goes for "Upgrade Options" unless otherwise stated or indicated via 'Second' being included in it's descriptor.

Human: Collectively referred to as humanity, humans are a resilient species - with discoveries later on revealing them to be the descendants of the barbarian vrykul. They are among the younger races, but have faced more hardship and challenge than many others, and are stronger for it. They are at the forefront of the faction known as the **Alliance,** but can be found anywhere and everywhere. Though the many nations of mankind have since been whittled away, you still claim heritage from but one of them:

+Stromgarde: Born from the original kingdom of Arathor, Stromgarde has a grand and bloody history. Your lineage leaves you naturally strong of body and strong of heart, a natural warrior built for life on the rolling Arathi Highlands.

+Lordaeron: The original crux of the Alliance during the First and Second Wars, it was Lordaeron and King Terenas who unified the humans, dwarves, and high elves against the Orcish Horde. You find yourself a natural diplomat in this regard - smooth-tongued and charismatic.

+Dalaran: The city of magi, home of the Kirin Tor, the Council of Tirisfal, and source of the world's Guardians. Though you may not be a mage yourself at this moment, you are sensitive to the flow of magic - and also find yourself quite the academic, with great memorization and intelligence compared to any other.

+Gilneas: Your parents leaving the Gilnean peninsula before the Greymane Wall went up, you find yourself cut off from your homeland. But no sense in letting that weigh you down - and that's where your strength comes into play. You're a survivor against all odds, whether it's by guile, blind luck, or flat-out stubbornness.

+Alterac: A kingdom which stands no longer, and why would they? After Perenolde broke bread and treated with the invading orcs and the dragon Deathwing, the kingdom was invaded by the Alliance - with many of it's nobility and citizenry stealthily avoiding capture and later forming The Syndicate. Stealth and subterfuge come naturally to you as a result of this.

+Kul Tiras: A maritime city-state previously lead by Lord Admiral Daelin Proudmoore, your former homeland has fallen silent after the Admiral's death. One could mistake you having seawater instead of blood, with how easily you take to the oceans - having a greater ability in swimming and an affinity for sailing.

+Stormwind: Your homeland has been through turmoil and tragedy - from the Orcish Horde to the Third War. And it has come back stronger than ever, a bastion of mankind and the most powerful force in the Alliance. Your willpower reflects your kingdom's stone - no matter what hell fate forces you through, they will have to break every bone in your body before you will admit defeat.

Dwarf: A short and stout species inhabiting the mountains and valleys of Khaz Modan (excluding one particular clan), the dwarves are descended from the Titanic creations called the Earthen. The average dwarf is steady and observant, preferring a plan and stability - much like the ground they walk on. But at the same time, never be the one to rouse a dwarf's anger, they will bring to bear fierce zeal and persistence like an avalanche. The dwarves are split amongst clans, three of whom will only find some modicum of peace after the Cataclysm:

+The Bronzebeards: Pre-eminent among the dwarven clans of Khaz Modan, the Bronzebeards of the grand city of Ironforge are the first that come to mind when one thinks of a dwarf. You have a connection to stone and metal, able to find it's flaws with ease and having an affinity for the smithing arts. As well, you'll find that you have a touch for archaeology - able to piece together the mysteries of the past alongside your Explorer's League with ease.

+The Wildhammers: Centered in the Hinterlands and the Twilight Highlands, the hill dwarves of Wildhammer are feral and untamed - eschewing their brethren's technology and civilization in favor of nature magic and flight. Beyond having an affinity for shamanism, druidism, and other natural arts, you have a unique bond with creatures of the sky - and gryphons chief among them. A relationship between equals, rather than that of ownership, leads to you easily forming almost-telepathic bonds and unnatural coordination and teamwork with flying creatures.

+The Dark Iron: Your clan has seen better days - for now, most of your clansmen serve the dreaded Firelord Ragnaros, in Blackrock Mountain. But even before then, you and yours had a history as dark as your skin. You have a great resistance to heat and flame, what with your ancestral home being within a raging volcano. Beyond that, you bear an affinity for shadow magic and golemancy - Dark Iron golems being a feared sight when conflict with you and yours arises.

+The Frostborn: Your clan will go undiscovered until the campaign against the Lich King - for now, they dwell within Northrend's Storm Peaks. As the Wildhammers bonded to gryphons, so too do you share the same bond with creatures of flight - with your preference being eagles, particularly the gargantuan Stormcrest. As well, you bear a connection to the frost and cold, quite evident through your sapphire-blue skin - an affinity not only for cryomancy, but also for dealing with those spirits and elementals born from it.

Gnome: Ambition, intelligence, inventiveness, and eccentricity, all jam-packed into a three-foot-tall, brightly colored package. The gnomes of Gnomeregan are close allies to the dwarves of Ironforge. For years your kind have provided technological support until an invasion of troggs and treachery from one Sicco Thermaplugg left over eighty percent of your people lying dead or turning into irradiated, insane lepers. And now you find yourself a homeless species - a shameful insult to such a race whose lives are shaped around their achievements.

All gnomes hail from Gnomeregan, and the blood that runs through your veins was born from ingenuity. You're quick, quick-witted and quick on your feet, offsetting your lack of physical strength with daring and ingenious - and sometimes horrifically dangerous - use of technology. Scientific studies, experimentation, and other general academia come to you as naturally as breathing. Your dimunitive stature also means you move a lot quieter than any other race, rivaling the night elves in your capacity for stealth.

Kaldorei: The children of the stars, also called the night elves. Your people's history as a powerful and mystical race extends back to the time before the Sundering, before the War of the Ancients. In reflection, your people - those that stayed on Kalimdor - gave up the practice of arcane magic and reforged their society into one centered around the worship of Elune, harmony with the natural world and it's denizens, and druidism. And thus you were secluded from the rest of Azeroth for thousands upon thousands of years.

It is only after the climax of the Third War that your fellow kaldorei came out of the shadows, associating themselves and the city of Darnassus with the Alliance. And with this newfound alliance, you bring to bear your own skills and affinities. Your body's speed and reflexes are almost supernaturally quick, augmented further when you find yourself under the light of the moon. You also have a native ability called Shadowmeld - allowing you to blend in with the shadows and environment around you to the point of almost intangibility, though the effect is lost if you begin moving. And finally, your affinity for the natural world and it's magicks is so strong that many wild creatures and spirits would see you as kin - though at the cost of your grasp of the arcane being, in comparison, severely lacking.

Draenei: The Exiled Ones, a faction of uncorrupted eredar who fled their home world of Argus to escape the Burning Legion. Led by the Prophet Velen and the Holy Light's harbingers, the Naaru, you and your folk have traveled the cosmos in search of safe refuge - eventually landing on a planet that you would call Draenor. For centuries, you'd lived in peace with the native orcs until they were twisted by the Legion's agents. Your people were slaughtered en masse - hiding as best they could until in one last, desperate bid for survival, you climbed aboard the last free naaru vessel - The Exodar. Rocketing through space, the Exodar crashed into Azeroth, and there you met The Alliance.

Your people's connection to The Holy Light is strong, manifesting no matter what magic you practice in a racial skill called the Gift of the Naaru - a healing wave of energy that courses through a person you designated for a short time. Your connection is such that the Light even grants you a modicum of protection from shadow and voidborne energies. As well, your massive seven or eight-foot-tall bodies are built for endurance and strength - capable of wrestling full-grown grizzly bears. As well, your people's use of the Naaru's crystal- and gem-based technology has left you with some decent skill in jewelcrafting and gemcutting.

Worgen: Large wolves that walk upright and speak as men, the worgen were originally created as a result of night elf druids seeking to use the Scythe of Elune to harness and embrace the primal fury of the wild god Goldrinn. Such an act twisted their minds into savage husks, and their form became a virulent curse. In an act of desperation, Malfurion Stormrage banished the worgen to a peaceful slumber within the Emerald Dream. Centuries later, the worgen were unleashed by Archmage Arugal in a desperate bid to fight the undead Scourge at the gates of the Greymane Wall. And so the Scythe of Elune traveled ever onward, through strife and conflict, resulting in the worgen spreading elsewhere.

Only recently have the druids of the Cenarion Circle discovered a cure for the worgen curse's feral madness, and so you came to your senses, remembering who you were:

+Original: You were one of the original night elves transformed into worgen, and so the curse has laid within your body for centuries. You find control over your bestial side comes more smoothly and naturally with the Scythe's influence to abate it, as if the beast within has truly bonded to your soul.

+Gilnean: You stayed behind the Greymane Wall, and so when Arugal summoned the Worgen to fight the Scourge, you were there when he lost control and the wolves over-ran the countryside. Despite your bestial appearance, you give off the air of culture and refinement - making yourself easily approachable by any who would normally be intimidated.

+Grizzly Hills: A member of the Wolfcult that will form during the campaign in Northrend, after the Lich King seeks to resurrect Arugal and garner for himself an army of lupine monsters. Before that though, you were a trapper - a natural at hunting all manner of beast, which extends to your hunting skill as the wolf.

+Brashwater: ... I'm just not going to question what resulted in this. Somehow, you and your crew escaped Gilneas during the worgen attacks, and despite being cursed managed to keep your senses - probably because your acts of piracy kept the beast inside sated. That's right. You're a worgen pirate.

Beyond your past, the dark origins of the Worgen grant you a bit of resistance to both shadow magicks and spells of a more natural origin. After that well... you're a giant fucking wolf-man, with all of the physical speed and power that entails.

Quel'Dorei: The children of noble birth, also called the high elves. Descended from the Highborne night elves who fled Kalimdor and settled in the northern reaches of the Eastern Kingdoms, founding Quel'Thalas. The Troll Wars and the Second War mark the few times your people came out of seclusion, establishing relations with the humans. A reluctant allegiance that your old king, Anasterian Sunstrider, grew apathetic to - and officially seceded from the old Alliance. Subsequently, the quel'dorei was brought to the brink of extinction when Prince Arthas Menethil invaded the country alongside his Undead Scourge. A mere tenth of their population remained, with most of your remaining countrymen renaming themselves Sin'dorei and pursuing another path entirely.

As one of the few remaining members of a fallen race, your high elven blood carries a strong, iron bond to arcane magicks - with some even saying your body developed a dependency on it. That may be true for your brethren, but not in your instance. Beyond such an arcane strength, you also share aspects with the kaldorei of old - unnatural swiftness and agility, and such a keen eye that you could count the individual leaves on a tree... From kilometers away.

Jinyu: Your people won't be connected to the outside world until Deathwing's Cataclysm causes the mists of Pandaria to disperse, and your scattered tribes' troubles truly begin. Whether you're a Pearlfin who will join the Alliance, or another number of Jinyu conclaves, you share the same characteristics time and time again: A seven-foot-tall humanoid with the face and characteristics of Pandaria's koi fish, and a powerful mind that defies your appearance.

With your amphibious nature and heritage comes a connection to the energies and power within flowing water - your speed when swimming defies explanation, passing by ships at full sail with remarkable ease. The waters itself speak to you - with practice and focus on this art, you could become a Waterspeaker, able to divine the past, present, and future by listening to the rivers and the news they bring.

Orc: Originally hailing from the harsh and alien world of Draenor, your people were once a noble shamanistic gathering of clans - regulating yourselves and your actions through ritualized combat and personal honor. Betrayed by one of your spiritual leaders

and sold to the Burning Legion, your ancestors - or you, physically - were forged into a Horde meant first to destroy the draenei. Then, to invade Azeroth.

Only through the recent actions of your new shamanistic warchief, Thrall, have you broken hold of the demonic taint that has left your skin a sickly shade of green. You now exist as the speartip of the new Horde, alongside the motley allies that gather at the city of Orgrimmar. Alongside the monstrous strength you bear from the cradle, you bear the ability to throw yourself into a Blood Fury every battle - increasing the strength and ferocity of your blows. You hold an affinity for axes above all other weapons, and in particular your clan heritage has granted you a boon:

+Frostwolf: One of the few clans not to drink the Blood of Mannoroth, venerated as one-on-one combatants and for easily forming strong bonds with wolves and other canine creatures.

+Warsong: A nomadic clan with a musical bent - known for the rhythmic songs they chant in battle that make their warriors and their lupine mounts move like a desert wind. Unfortunately, also a clan that has birthed their fair share of berserkers and bloodthirsters.

+Blackrock: Originally one of the most powerful and numerous clans, a very militaristic and disciplined group known for their expert smiths and metalworkers. Your skin, if not fel green, is instead a coal black - a ready signifier of your nascent skill in both working a forge and wielding the arms you craft.

+Bleeding Hollow: One of the most legendary clans, known for a fanatical and violent nature. Beyond having the knowledge of guerrilla warfare, you also have access to discover a form of blood magic native to your clan - allowing you to turn people into hulking berserkers, create living constructs out of the blood of your foes, and manipulate it freely as a weapon.

+Shattered Hand: Formerly a clan enslaved by ogres, until - rallied by Kargath Bladefist - you or your parents overthrew them. Following Bladefist's severing of his hand to earn his freedom from the ogre's chains, the clan was brought together through a macabre joy of pain - both self-inflicted and imposed upon others - that they believe gives them strength. Beyond having a disturbed affinity for torture, you also have an odd response to personal pain - where no matter how excruciating it is, you will not lose control of your body through it.

+Thunderlord: Known for your excellent hunters and predators, the Thunderlord Clan was known in particular for hunting the giants of Draenor - gronn, magnaron, and taller beasts. You have a particular skill when hunting creatures that are orders-of-magnitude larger than you, and a small degree of luck when it comes to bringing them to their knees.

+Shadowmoon: With a powerful connection to the spirits of both your ancestors and the elements, your clan has been seen as spiritual leaders for generations. Beyond your affinity for spiritual and shamanistic arts, it appears that there's a darker side still... a darker bent towards void-borne energies.

+Dragonmaw: Once a wayward and small clan, empowered by Deathwing to enslave the red dragons via capturing the dragonqueen Alexstrasza, the Dragonmaw still - to this day - maintain their position in the Twilight Highlands as tamers and hunters of dragonkind.

+Burning Blade: One of the first clans to be swamped by the demonic craze, Burning Blade was the origin of an elite orcish unit that you find yourself bearing the potential for joining - the Blademasters. Calm, collected, supernaturally-swift swordsorcs who were the first sighting of the 'katana' style of sword, before the unveiling of Pandaria.

+Laughing Skull: Violent, bloodthirsty, and for some reason chortling when you collect an enemy's humerus, the Laughing Skulls are considered even more deranged and bloodthirsty than the Bleeding Hollow. But with your tainted past comes a natural inclination for stealth, and a free bonus to your attempts at intimidation.

+Stormreaver: Formed by Gul'dan for his personal protection, the majority of this clan betrayed the Horde to search for the Tomb of Sargeras - and were slaughtered by a vengeful Blackrock. You still bear their marks, and have the knowledge to wield fel energies and summon demons, and the guile to barter with your demonic "friends" on an even playing field.

+Mag'har: The word for "Uncorrupted" in orcish, a virulent plague known as the red pox spread among the orcish clans years before Kil'jaeden's deception, They were quarantined in a village in Nagrand, named Garadar. And for reasons unclear, this village - your ancestral home - remained uncorrupted even while the fel ran rampant. You are one of the few brown-skinned orcs to remain, and your history seems to give you an innate resistance to corruptive forces.

Tauren: The shu'halo, a race of large bovine humanoids, were once a scattered and nomadic set of tribes that dwelled in Kalimdor's harsh Barrens. Hunted by the violent centaur of the region, the shu'halo would have been eradicated were it not for the actions of Thrall and the homeless orcs. United as one tribe under Cairne Bloodhoof, your people have built a home in the Thunder Bluffs, and are great and staunch allies of the orcs of Orgrimmar.

You stand tall, between eight to ten feet, and have the dense muscle mass to account for it - one of the strongest races in sheer musculature. You have immense stores of stamina, perfect for lasting endless days running across the plains, and have an immune system compounded with a deep connection to the natural world - granting you a slight, passive resistance to everything born of nature, from poisons, to acids, to even the harshest weather.

+Yaungol: Or perhaps you're instead one of the tauren relatives, the yaungol? Physically similar to the tauren except for their thick yak fur and ridged horns. Due to your people's history of dwelling in the Townlong Steppes, forced to share with the mantid, you find violence comes quick to you - as well as a propensity for wielding oil and fire. In fact you find the pyromantic and pyromaniacal arts can be easily learned and, perhaps, even mastered.

+Taunka: Instead living in the cold, frozen reaches of Northrend, your people - more physically based around bison - are as cold and domineering as your environment. Instead of living in harmony with the natural world, you have an iron will that aids in forcibly bending the natural and the elements to it for survival.

+Highmountain: Now yours is a noble bloodline indeed - for your tribes are direct descendents of Huln Highmountain, who rallied the scattered tauren people

during the War of the Ancients and was blessed many-times over by the Wild Gods. Wearing a moose's antlers from your ancestral blessing from Cenarius, you'll find that your noble stature and strong heart will more easily earn you the admiration of many, and a grudging respect from your foes.

Troll: One of the earliest races to walk on Azeroth's surface, with no connection to the Titans beyond what interaction they and the Titanic children have had. The Troll Empires used to cover most of the land in the olden days, building glorious temples upon which countless many were sacrificed to the Loa. Your ancestors warred with the ancient Aqir kingdoms, and were there as the Titans warred with the Old Gods.

Beyond your differences between the tribes, all of trollkind shares the same basic features: Tall and lanky bodies (averaging out between eight- and nine-feet-tall) with skin colors ranging from pale white to every color in the spectrum between violet and green, and long tusks. All tribes practice a special type of shadow magic termed 'Voodoo,' calling upon natural spirits and Wild Gods called the Loa to make deals and earn favors. Your species' natural regeneration, while not instantaneous, is still really strong to this day - provided you are not killed outright, you are guaranteed recovery without need of medical attention. Unfortunately, this comes with a near universal weakness to fire that has the side effect of canceling your regenerative ability.

+Darkspear: Once a part of the Gurubashi, your tribe is no stranger to suffering - for when the Empire fell, your tribe was immediately set upon with ill fortunes and wrathful nemeses that would have sealed your fates had the Warchief Thrall and the newly-freed orcs not arrived. Where the other tribes will soon turn on their spirits and loa, devouring them in desperate bids for power, you have a connection to them - capable of earning their trust and loyalty far more easily than others.

+Amani: Once the rulers of what would become the high elves' kingdom of Quel'Thalas, your tribe was shattered in the war against the elves and the human kingdom of Arathor. But still they kept fighting - and in times of desperation, you can summon up stored of energy and resolve to keep the good fight going despite all being lost.

+Gurubashi: Ah, and never has there been a group that has experienced more desperation and more infighting thank your own. Sworn to the worship of Hakkar the Soulflayer, torn apart by civil war when the twisted Blood God desired more and more sacrifices, only to then return to his fold when the zealous sect of Atal'ai brought him into the physical realm. And he's left his mark on you - with an affinity for magicks that draw upon the shadows and blood imprinted on your soul.

+Drakkari: The ice trolls of Northrend, a hardy and ruthless people who delight in battle and brutality. Whether this has always been your lot or you once came from a civilized time is a question that shall never be answered, for though you still hold the kingdom of Zul'Drak - there is no knowledge kept any longer. From living in such a harsh environment, your musculature and endurance are far greater than your lankier cousins.

+Farraki: The Sandfury Tribe, the sand trolls, your former empires stretched down through the hot deserts of southern Kalimdor. And your people die an agonizing death - the sand swallowing your cities, the interlopers ever claiming more and more of

the desert. But still you keep hope - your hope is a driving force, capable of keeping even a dying civilization still clinging defiantly to life.

+Zandalari (200 CP): Yours were the first empire to rise above all others in the days of the Wild Gods. When the early trolls settled around the sacred mountain range of Zandalar, yours claimed the highest plateaus and peaks - becoming a society of scholars and those who valued knowledge, working to further the goals of troll society as a whole. Throughout all the calamities that have struck trollkind and Azeroth as a whole, your tribe has survived - and will continued to survive even when Deathwing's Cataclysm sunders and sinks Zul'dazar.

As a Zandalari, you are the finest specimen of all troll tribes, with a kind of primal beauty and strong physique that is inherited by species none would consider descendant of the trolls - the elves. You have an affinity for all the magicks Azeroth has to offer, as a result of your people's collection of knowledge. And though trolls are known for their hunting and commanding of beasts, there's a breed yours prefer above all others - Dinosaurs.

++Upgrade - Dire Troll (200 CP): All species of trolls, whether through a quirk of birth, alchemy, or dark magic, can give rise to the enormous, mammoth-sized monstrosity that is the Dire Troll. Your strength is now in the lifting ranges of tons, your skin becoming thicker and FAR more durable than your kinsmen, and your tusks growing to... in fact, rival that of a mammoth. The worst thing of all, however - you don't lose any of your intellect or cunning.

Sin'dorei: The children of the blood, also called the blood elves. The unified survivors of the nation of Quel'thalas after the Scourge's black march across it's land to taint the Sunwell. Prince Kael'thas Sunstrider has disappeared past the Dark Portal, having made an alliance with the Betrayer, Illidan Stormrage. And so your people found a solution to their growing withdrawal from the Sunwell - feeding upon demons and the energies they kept.

In the events of the next year, the Dark Portal will open and with the leadership of your current Lord-Regent, Lor'themar Theron, you will join the Horde. The same as your kin in the Quel'dorei, you bear a strong affinity for magic - only, the last few years of feeding on fel and the demonic have left it tainted, splitting your focus between arcane and fel.

Mok'nathal: Originally a clan from Draenor, now scattered everywhere hither and yon, the Mok'Nathal are a rare occasion of enough hybrids collecting together to establish a race. They are the odd mixture of half-ogre, half-orc - with their name in orcish meaning "Sons of Nath," an ogre war god. And the Mok'Nathal are hated by both parts of their heritage - the orcs reviling them as disgusting mongrels useful only for conflict, and the ogres too stupid to recognize them as anything other than slightly larger orcs, and thus worth killing.

To be a Mok'Nathal is to recognize that most of the world will fear and hate you - for good reason, as you bear the strength, durability, and force of an ogre, tempered

with the intellect, cunning, and ferocity of an orc. You will be outcast, shunned by many, and so you've turned their spite into a suit of armor. You are used both to long stretches of loneliness, and to the worst that civilization can throw at you - not letting either sway your mind or emotions. And when you find somewhere you belong, whether a clan, a collective of beasts, or even just a single friend, you can cherish and hold on to that connection all the tighter.

Hozen: Another species who won't be discovered by the outside world until the mists surrounding Pandaria part, yours dwell in the canyons, the jungles, and the islands of the lost continent. For you are indeed, a hozen - a wild... and independent... monkey. Short-lived and independent, passionate and playful, but VERY combative. Your people that dwell in the Jade Forest will side with the Horde when they and their enemies in the Alliance come to Pandaria's shores, and who knows what will change with your presence.

As stated, you are... in essence, a monkey. A sapient, talkative monkey to be sure, but very much still a monkey. This comes with unbridled speed, agility, flexibility, and gymnastic ability, as well as a ridiculously strong climbing ability. As well, due to your origins and rambunctious likability, any great deeds attributed to your name will not be questioned - after all, Pandaria has had hozen emperors in the past, and the Monkey King remains one of the greatest legends to this day.

Pandaren: A mysterious and elusive race, your kin hail originally from the lost, mist-shrouded continent of Pandaria. Black-and-white bearfolk akin to the furbolg, your people are considered but fairy tales to Azeroth. And until the mists dissipate around the lost continent after the Cataclysm, years from now, that will still be the case.

Besides an affinity for the martial arts, there is one skill your people value above ALL. OTHERS. Cooking. To be a chef is a highly respected position, and your nascent skills at cooking - just waiting to be practiced and mastered - will quickly leave you famous the world-over. But 'lo, there's two particular groups of Pandaren for you to decide from...

+Mainlander: You have dwelled on Pandaria your whole life, growing attuned to the way the land almost breathes in tandem with it's inhabitants. In fact, such a life has left you more sensitive to the movements and emotions of spirits - both those wild spiritual entities, and the spirits of those people and individuals you interact with.

+Wandering Isle: Eight-hundred-and-fifty years ago, Liu Lang began exploring far past the mists of Pandaria - taking with him his compatriot turtle named Shen-Zin Su, who could always return to the shore of his birth. In that time, even long-past Liu Lang's death, Shen-Zin Su has continued to grow - and in that time, he has become the Wandering Isle. You were born on Shen-Zin Su's back, and still have the adventurous, wild blood of Liu Lang coursing through your body - you have a drive to explore any of the myriad lands you may come across, and receive a slight hint of luck in discovering the strange and amazing.

Goblin: In ancient times, the titanic keeper Mimiron had discovered the mineral 'kaja'mite' and, in attempting to determine it's properties, experimented via exposing it's possible effects to the various races. One of his subjects - your long-distant and long-forgotten ancestors, consumed the mineral - transforming into the highly-intelligent progenitors of the Goblins.

And little has changed since then. You're diminutive and green, with large bat-like ears and nimble fingers perfect for working with gears and wires. Goblins the world over, as well, are notable for the reputation of being amoral, greedy, and destructive to their surroundings - with goblin technology either belching out endless streams of pollution, or having a non-zero chance of exploding violently. And most goblins... would prefer this stereotype stay the way it is - with you embodying some of their characteristics. You start off as a shrewd businessman with the room to climb even higher ladders of economics, and have an affinity for technology on the same level as the Gnomes - although with less finesse and more possible destruction.

Cenarian: Instead of a regular inn room, it looks like yours is a modified stables. Fitting, considering your nature as a child of the demigod Cenarius. Your upper half is humanoid, either bearing resemblance to elves or humans depending on your exact heritage. Select one of the variants below:

+Dryad (100 CP): Your gender is locked to female, for you are one of Cenarius' daughters. Your upper half is that of a female night elf with hair made of plantlife and leaves, and your lower half is a woodland doe. Your kind prefer peaceful methods of protecting nature, but can be as savage as an ornery bear if driven to it. You bear a slight innate control over plantlife, can speak with beasts and understand them in turn, and are significantly more agile and flighty than your brethren.

+Keeper of the Grove (200 CP): Your gender is locked to male. The masculine counterparts to the dryads, yours are a rare sight outside the groves of Ashenvale. You were born with the upper half of a male night elf, with hair of vines and a stag's antlers, the lower half of a muscled and great stag, and your hands are powerful but strange - made of wood and gnarled roots, with one significantly larger than the other. You move a lot slower than the dryads, but make up for it with great strength and an even greater innate control over natural magicks.

+Centaur: The upper half of a human, and the lower half of a horse, your kind are a naturally war-like race split among many tribes - scattered throughout Kalimdor's southern reaches. Yours are not directly descendant from Cenarius, but instead from his son's affair with the earth elemental princess Theradras. As such you bear a slight affinity for earth magicks, but don't have anywhere near the power or grace your natural brethren hold.

+Magnataur (200 CP): Gargantuan, short-tempered, and rulers of their domain - you are the half-giant, half-mammoth denizen of the frozen reaches of Northrend. You bear no affinity for magic compared to the other children of Cenarius - instead making up for it with your titanic strength. The scattered gatherings that could be called magnataur 'society' are vicious, brutal, and uncaring - only the strongest survive.

Harpy: The savage daughters of the Ancient Aviana, you are a violent, destructive, and polluting species of bird-women - employing magic ripped from storms and shadows to despoil the land around which they build their nests. With feathers coming in any number of colors and bodies that entrance their unfortunate victims, harpies are swiftly becoming the enemy of many groundwalker.

You bear an affinity for the same twisted magicks that the harpies employ, bending both natural energies and shadowy rituals to your whim. As well, as I'd hope would be evident by your bodily structure - you bear strong wings and a body light enough to soar on the lightest of winds, though this does mean your skeleton is slightly more fragile to damage. Oh and uh, your gender for your stay here is locked to female.

Furbolg: Hulking bear-folk who dwell in northern Kalimdor and Northrend, your kind remain the same despite continental and temperate differences: Wide, muscled, and covered in fur. You are descendants of the bear Ancients Ursoc and Ursol, and bear positive relations with the night elves - although as of late, your people seem to be struck from all sides by corruption stemming from both demons and darker sources still.

You have the strength of a grizzly bear and a primal attachment to the forces of nature and the elements. Your people are peaceful and kind despite your monstrous appearance, a quality which you seem to emanate. Even if you fall deep into the rage that seems to consume your kind, you will actively resist all outside forces that try to force you to bring harm against other living beings.

Quilboar: Deeply aggressive children of the boar Ancient Agamaggan, the quilboar are noted for two qualities: Being highly, HIGHLY territorial, and for having a mane of razor-sharp spines along their heads and back. They dwell within the red rock of Durotar, the plains of Mulgore, and the deserts of the Barrens - congregating around the massive, thorn-covered vines that have grown from the blood of Agamaggan, with their 'capital' being the truly thorny tangle deep in the south called Razorfen.

The pig-folk are fearless, and it will take much to convince you to run from a fight - even moreso if you are defending what is yours. Beyond an affinity for geomancy, a crude form of shamanism, you retain a small magical ability regardless of your own preferences. By spilling your blood onto the ground, you can begin the growth and cultivation of the same massive and thorny vines that grew from Agamaggan, though yours will take eons to grow by themselves to that size.

Naga: Snake-like denizens of the deep, the naga were formerly night elves - members of Queen Azshara's court at the height of it's rule and the War of the Ancients. They were transformed by the Old God N'Zoth, the result of a pact their queen made to avoid

her death at the crushing depths of the ocean. Now they haunt the seas of Azeroth, building a great civilization on the ocean floor. For over ten-thousand years they stayed there, only recently coming to the surface at the behest of demons and old gods alike. But one thing's for certain - they have declared themselves enemies of the surface world.

+Male: Male naga are thickly built, with little sign of your elven ancestry remaining. Yours are considered more bestial, remarkably strong creatures both under and above the waves. Fin-like protrusions along your arms, spine, and about your head help with your ease of movement. And need it be said - because of your vaguely-draconic facial structure, your bite strength is powerful indeed.

++Upgrade - Naga Lord (200 CP): Even compared to other males of your species, you are truly monstrous. Standing a full head-and-a-half taller than the others, your scales have turned a crusty red; As well, you wind up gaining a shell-like facial covering that slightly obstructs your vision but provides natural armor, and are far stronger than the average naga. As you'll find additionally, whether they were grafted on or you naturally mutated them, you have an assortment of traits shared with the more mundane sea life of both Azeroth and Earth - with a maximum of five being particularly useful in combat. And in a way that seems as if it would be detrimental to mobility, yet doesn't impede you in the slightest - your arm has been transformed into a large hermit crab. Shell and all.

+Female: You, on the other hand, have kept much of your elven appearance - your face fair, even beautiful despite the large, fin-y crest that replaces your hair. You may be smaller than the masculine counterpart, but you make up for it with an affinity for water and ice magicks, and having four arms with which to either cast or manipulate weaponry.

++Upgrade - Sea Witch (200 CP): Also called a 'priestess of the tides,' yours are truly potent spellcasters - commanding the fury of ocean storms and tidal havoc. You have grown an additional set of arms - numbering six total - and instead of the large, obstructive crest that runs along other women's heads, shoulders, and spines, you have a mane of living snakes serving as your "head of hair," so to speak. Incidentally, your voice is truly remarkable when singing.

Murloc: Bipedal, amphibious humanoids that live wherever there is water. Yours are a communal gathering - there is never only ONE murloc, much to the unfortunate demise of many an adventurer. Depending on the variety, you may resemble more of a toothy fish or more of a frog - but regardless, murlocs... generally look the same, and the bulbous eyes that unnerve any adventurer are but one hallmark.

As a murloc, you have the ability to swim fast, and breath underwater. You also work extraordinarily well when in a team with others, ensuring each member of the team or village benefits alongside one another - after all, murlocs never fight alone. As well, there are a great many quirky and memorable murloc individuals out in the world, leading to your own murloc form becoming endearing to others; Your eccentricities will be more easily accepted.

++Upgrade - Deep Sea Murloc (50 CP): A species of murloc that takes after the anglerfish, your body is built for dwelling in the deep, dark, crushing depths of the ocean - yet somehow, can go above the waves without suffering ill effects. Incidentally, you gain a glowing lure that hangs forward on an antennae connecting to your forehead - providing both an... odd form of a magical focus, and being slightly hypnotic.

Ogre: Born of Draenor, same as the orcs, there is no reason to call into question your species intelligence - mostly as it's a universal fact that beyond a particular breed, your kind are dumber than a box of rocks. Descendant of the various stone giants, yours would go through the Dark Portal alongside the Old Horde - and spread like locusts, creating ogre mounds everywhere on both sides.

You are inordinately large and have the strength to match your height and girth. You are born with either two eyes, or are cyclopean - an omen of great things to come in ogreish society. And though you may be about as smart as a boulder, you still bear a brutal cunning that leaves many other beings on their toes around you.

++Upgrade - Two-Headed Ogre (100 CP): Now YOURS are incredibly rare - Cho'gall and Blackheart being the first within several generations to be born with two heads and a fiendish intelligence to come with. With your newfound intellect comes with a greater capacity for learning. As well, you may import a companion as your second head - which one being cyclopean and which one having both eyes, I leave up to you.

++Second Upgrade - Ogre Lord (100 CP): And now it's as if you have received the gift from one of your gods. Normally, one would not see these creatures except once in thousands of years - more frequently with Gul'dan's influence. But here you are - not only startlingly intelligent, but with a powerful spark within you that calls to wield the arcane, or indeed any form of magic, with the ease of breathing. As well, you have chitinous patches and spikes along your body that aid in bolstering your defenses.

Gnoll: Vicious but simple-minded, gnolls are a species of hyena-like humanoids with origins that... nobody can explain, really. They've just always been there, prowling the hills and highways, taking to banditry and violence with ease. Once they were a threat, 75 years prior to the First War, when Garfang proved himself a cunning packlord and mobilized the gnolls of the southern reaches into an army that could begin sieging Stormwind City itself. Now they are but scattered packs.

Despite being warlike, gnolls can be traded with and even befriended - mostly after pitched battle and proof of one's strength. Such is your case as well, where despite being a strong but brutish creature, you can befriend other beings relatively easily through conflict. Additionally, gnolls can emit a high-pitched hyena's giggling laughter - which works wonders to unnerve your opponents in the thick of combat.

Kobold: Diminutive, rat-like humanoids who live anywhere there's a hole in the ground. Not particularly intelligent and notoriously cowardly, preferring to keep their distance from the tall races and instead live their lives peacefully digging. These gnarled rat-

people are famous for being obsessively protective of the candles they wear on their heads - the only lights in their dark home of the underground.

As a kobold, you are... short. Shorter than even gnomes. There's not much that you make up for it in return, but your ages of dwelling and digging within the earth have given you a minor boost to learning and practicing geomancy. As well, the candle on your head has given you the same boost to pyromancy - with the candle itself somehow proving a very efficient magical focus for the pyromantic arts.

Saurok: A race of flesh-crafted lizard-men, created by the mogu of Pandaria. Your kind were built as slaves of war, designed to be smart enough to use weapons and fight and nothing else. They tried to purge your kind, underestimating the cunning and intellect within their own forged monsters. The saurok to this day are now plunderers and raiders - surviving the only way they know how.

Beyond being able to take to land and water with ease, you bear the twisted-together traits of many different reptiles - toxic bite, toxic blood, vicious claws and teeth, and a temper. You bear a chameleonic form of camouflage, able to blend in with the colors of your surroundings well. As well, deep within your core lies some small remnant of the animus fluid that lies at the heart of all mogu flesh-crafting.

Mogu (200 CP): Formerly a Titan-forged race designated to protect the lands about what would become Pandaria, the mogu were afflicted by the Curse of Flesh the same as the rest - losing their way and purpose and coming to value power and control above all else. Pandaria has been ruled by hundreds of mogu tyrants before, the mightiest of them being Lei Shen the Thunder King. Unfortunately, those days are long gone - the weaker races of the lost continent now living freely.

But to be mogu is to rule. It was why you were created, and it is these traits you demonstrate. Above all others, however, you have access to two innate forms of magic - flesh-shaping and spiritbinding. It was flesh-shaping that created the saurok and grummles, and countless other biological abominations that your people used to subjugate Pandaria. And it was spirit-binding that allowed you to take captured souls and seal them within lifeless rock - animating it into a loyal Stoneborn. Your skill in both of these is fledgling for now, but with them you can create wonders.

Archmage's Note: Flesh-shaping requires the use of an oily, bloody substance called Anima (explained further down in <insert item header title here>) to be truly effective.

Gorloc: It's... confusing, where the gorlocs came from. Some say they are the evolutionary peak of the murlocs, and some say they are the murloc progenitors. Most are hostile and primitive, and then there are the Oracles of Sholazar Basin - your people. Exposure to and reverence of the Titan technology and the many hundreds of

rare crystals that scatter the tropical valley has given your people intelligence and self-awareness.

Your gorloc heritage has granted you a few boons, Oracle. The first, due to your people's "cuisine" (I'm being polite here, honestly) being seasoned with truly noxious spices, your stomach is capable of successfully digesting any number of foul, toxic, diseased, rotten matter that can be eaten. And every so often, when the weather's conditions are right, you can enact a ritual to talk to the brewing storm. Not the storm spirits or elementals, but the weather pattern itself.

Wolvar: Your people, the wolverines of Northrend, are a short yet vicious race of tribals who inhabit Northrend. Despite your small stature, your kind are one of the most aggressive and - quite frankly - rude societies to come into being. It takes the conflict of the Northrend Campaign, and the remobilization of the Scourge, to make most of your kind realize that they need to change with the world around them.

You are... short. Incredibly short - topping out at around three- to four-feet-tall. But your body's musculature is frightening, and with your teeth, claws, and foul temper, you could go head-to-head with a full grown mammoth and come out evenly matched. As well, though your folk tend to reject such practices in favor of hunting with bow and spear, you have a penchant for shamanism.

Tuskarr: You are called the Kalu'ak in your language - a peaceful tribe of walrus-people indigenous to Northrend. Kind-natured nomads who follow the seasonal fishing routes, your people still have legendary feats of their own; Beyond taming the massive sea turtles that call your waters home, your fishing lifestyle also includes catching enormous whales and giant squid. And your racial enemies - such as the vrykul and the savage gorlocs of Borean Tundra - do so in caution and fear of your own strength.

As a tuskarr, you are able to get along amicably with all living things - even those who see you as foe. Your fishing skills are second to none, and if it's a beast that dwells within the oceans? You can catch it, even if it takes years of trial-and-error. And finally, your culture's beliefs have given you insight: All souls are one with Silap Inua, or "the magic of the world." It is harnessed by all thinking peoples to heal or harm, and is a power dwelling within all life. This insight gives you the ability to see the similarities between magicks, such as shamanism and arcane; Seeing these similarities will aid your attempts at learning, with application and mastery being something you earn on your own.

Vrykul (100 CP): Formerly a species of Titan-forged stone-and-metal warriors, yours were some of the first to be afflicted by the Curse of Flesh - becoming biological, mortal, and dependent on things such as food and air. Even further of an insult, thousands of years ago, your ancestor's children began to be born weak and ugly - with only the actions of their parents leading to their continued survival deep to the south. These

deformed runts would eventually grow to become the humans. To further stave off the Curse of Flesh, many hundreds upon thousands would put themselves into a state of dormancy and stasis - until such a time as they could awaken.

Except for you. You, who remain awake to this day, will be the vrykul's herald into the modern day. You are the predecessor of mankind - stronger, swifter, and more savage than they could ever imagine. As well, you know the beginnings of rune magic - able to carve sigils and symbols to imbue weapons and structures with primal energy, and infuse tattoos with ancient magic born of both spirit and holier origins.

Broken: Also known as the **Krokul** in Draenic, yours are unfortunate souls - the devolved brethren of the draenei and eredar who were mutated after exposure to Gul'dan's warlocks. Many of your kin have either been enslaved, gone insane and become one of the countless Lost Ones, or joined Illidan Stormrage. And still there's a population aboard the Exodar, lead by Nobundo, who brought with them shamanism to the even-fewer draenic people.

Your people have lost their former stature and ability as draenei, and as a consequence have lost their connection to the Light. In return though, the Broken have found other forms of solace - affinity for elemental energies and shamanism. It's revealed, however, that many Broken are slowly losing their memories, even sanity, to the corruption Gul'dan has wrought upon them. But you struggle through it, fighting it - and should there be any attempts to rob you of these in the future, you can bring the same mental will that keeps you from turning into a Lost One even now.

Arakkoa: Keen and intelligent avian folk, native to Draenor (or, what is now the Outland). Yours are a long and storied civilization, descendant from the ancient Apexis, a glorious empire of the sun that ruled vast territories across all of Draenor. With the world's destruction and transformation into Outland now, only one set of Arrakoa remain - the outcasts, born from treachery and transformed into hunched shadows of their former selves.

You are one of the outcasts, now the only remnant of your species. You bear an affinity for arcane, shadow, and secrecy. Many of your kind are split, either serving the dying shell of Anzu the god of ravens, or the phantom of your former Talon King, the one known as Terokk. You bear a kindred connection with many other winged creatures you may encounter, able to coordinate them into working together as one flock. Additionally - and reminiscent of Azeroth's brightly-colored parrots - you are able to become fluent in a language at a remarkable rate, just from observing it's speakers.

Ethereal (200 CP): Traveling the space betwixt worlds, the ethereals are astral travelers who dwell within the Twisting Nether. Ethereals share many similarities with goblins - they are driven by trade and economics, and organize their political structures around trade moguls and political "companies." They have a dedication to technology,

although the Ethereal tech is much, much more efficient, and far more powerful and otherworldly.

The ethereals had physical form, once. When the void monstrosity Dimensius the All-Devouring assaulted their homeworld of K'aresh, however, the energies he wielded ripped apart their bodies. Only the Ethereal's advanced technology allowed them to survive as beings of pure energy - ultimately being a change that allowed them to battle Dimensius on even-footing and travel through the Twisting Nether freely.

You automatically gain several sets of enchanted wrappings and armor, which is to help keep your energy form bound within a humanoid shape. As an ethereal, you are a smuggler and trader first and foremost - with the same affinity as goblins for economics and business. As well, due to being a... well, being of energy, you gain a penchant for wielding magicks and energies such as the Light or arcane with relative ease. While your kind still need sustenance as well, your forms of food are... unique, compared to other beings - you can sacrifice minerals and gems to the vortex of energy at your core, feeding off of them as if you were a furnace burning solid fuel. Additionally, you can compact or expand your body outside of your enchanted wraps, and even contain yourself within devices such as batteries.

Sporeling: A mostly-peaceful race of mushroom-like humanoids, native to Outland's humid Zangarmarsh. Sporelings are about the same size as the gnomes and goblins, and have a wary fear of travelers (particularly those larger than they are). Unfortunately, even before the year that the Dark Portal opens once more, they have found themselves under assault from all sides - spore walkers, fungal giants, and the naga under command of Lady Vashj, servant of Illidan Stormrage. Despite this however, they press on.

Your biology is that of fungus - no quite essential parts mean you can recuperate from damage decently well, besides blows to the glowing oval on your forehead. As well, you are part of the now-stalled Zangar Encroachment - where, for now, the Zangarmarsh is essentially 'locked,' now you can encourage the continued growth of the swamp of old Draenor. And you befriend an... odd form of life quite easily - insects can be communicated with, and cooperated with to further your goals.

Wildkin (100 CP):The wildkin are serene and powerful creatures, created by the moon goddess Elune as a force for protection. They resemble a cross between a bear and a great horned owl, with the addition of antlers. Normally gentle, caring givers of wisdom to those that are not deemed destroyers and corruptors, the wildkin can immediately turn into a ferocious monster if faced with creatures such as the demons of the Burning Legion.

You bear the strength of a bear, the keen vision and insight of an owl, and because of your connection to the moon goddess Elune, possess a natural druidic energy. This allows you to natively call down a beam of damaging moonlight from the sky to strike your target. And to those who call you friend, you are a font of wisdom and

kindness - thus making it easy for you for gain allies and friends. As a consequence of your fur and feathers, you also are capable of giving the softest hugs.

Nerubian: The Nerubians are but one of the three descendants of the old Aqir civilization, which fractured due to the ancient troll empire's persistence. Your home kingdom of Azjol-Nerub once stretched like a great web beneath the glaciers of Northrend - before being invaded by the Lich King, and many turned into rotting undead. You are but one of the few who still live, free of necromantic hands.

You can be roughly called a humanoid spider, in terms of appearances - six legs are used to skitter and scuttle, while a pair of arms are ending in three claws are used to manipulate and aid in spinning your webs. If this in-and-of itself isn't enough, you may instead opt for an upgrade:

++Upgrade - Spider Lord (300 CP): Ah, so now you join the ranks of such beings as Anub'Rekhan and Anub'Arak. Now you are a thunderous, hulking Nerubian - like a massive combination of scarab and spider with dual sets of wings and large, scything claws. Your chitin comes in many a vivid and bejeweled shade, creating an ominous display alongside your great height - anywhere between eighteen- to twenty-feet-tall.

++Upgrade - Vizier (300 CP): Before the fall of Azjol'Nerub, your caste once served as advisors and sorcerers to the spiderlords - and now with it's fall, you have risen to a position of power on equal with them. Where before, many a nerubian simply could just shoot their webs as snaring weaponry, you can use it to weave potent and foul magicks using venom and shadow. You also have an innate control over spiders and spider-like creatures, with mental suggestions for the more sapient spider-like beings.

Qiraji (200 CP): It's hard to describe exactly what the inspiration was for your kind, but your shard of the ancient Aqir empire lies far to the south - in the southern Kalimdor desert of Silithus. For now, your kingdom is sealed away, and it will take the assembly of the Scepter of the Shifting Sands, and the rise of a Scarab Lord, to unlock your lord C'thun's prison.

The Qiraji types are wildly varying, leaving them very little in common between each other. All share one characteristic however, which you now wield - you can trigger the growth and transformation of a single patch of earth and stone underneath your feet into the beginnings of a fleshy Silithid Hive. The hive starts small, with just a few eggs ready to burst into workers and scarabs. If you ensure this hive continues to grow, eventually you will cause the egg of a Queen to spawn - which will guarantee the Hive's permanency without your intervention.

Qiraji are divided into three notable castes:

++Battleguard: Feminine qiraji warriors with the wings of a wasp, long scythe-like claws, and a thin, flowing carapace that takes the appearance of silky fabric. Yours are very fast and agile, but are less suitably armored and have little in the way of magic beyond being able to whip up a sandstorm with the swing of their scythes.

++Gladiator: Tall, tri-horned, and heavily-muscled insectoid warriors with two pincers - one larger than the other. You have a suit of chitin that acts like plate armor, and your pincers are surprisingly dextrous. As well, should you find yourself in the position of 'commander,' regardless of the intellect level of your cohorts they will prove inordinately effective as a force.

++Prophet (200 CP): You're a tower of flesh with eight legs positioned around your trunk, and nobody rightfully knows whether the long, flowing robes, pauldrons, and mask you wear are either part of your flesh or a ceremonial garment given your status. You lead the other forces of C'Thun into battle, wielding powerful psionic abilities - offensive telepathy, mind control, and concussive blasts among others.

Mantid (100 CP): The third descendant of the Aqir, yours settled in the southern reaches of ancient Kalimdor, forcing the yaungol out of their homeland and devouring great swathes of land to build their own crystalline empire in the Dread Wastes. Since the formation of this empire of their own, every mantid generation has thrown their hatchlings in a mad swarm toward the rest of Pandaria - with the strongest returning as heroes, and also fully maturing in the process.

As one of the mantid, you are - in fact - a giant, humanoid mantis. Colored anywhere from dark green to a soft gold in coloration, your chitin is dense enough to take glancing blows without buckling. Your speed in both casting and assault is remarkable, only matched by your actual speed being that of a blur to the naked eye. As well, you bear a toxic bite that chews through the skin and makes for a slow, excruciating death if not treated.

Shal'dorei (200 CP): The children of the night, the Nightborne, are yet another elven branch - transformed from the night elves of the ancient city of Suramar on the Broken Isles. The Great Sundering blasted most of your home to the bottom of the sea, the rest being protected by a magical shield that kept the city center and Nighthold safe. This shield would remain for ten-thousand years, blocking all sunlight and forcing the inhabitants to draw upon the Nightwell for arcane nourishment.

Due to feeding upon the arcane energy of the Nightwell, your connection to magic is strong - allowing you to weave arcane energies into any magical or mundane art you use, regardless of their origins. You may also drain others of their energy, draining mana and such straight from their body into yours. And perhaps more importantly - you have a hand for politics, having grown up in and around the cut-throat courts of the Nightborne citadels, who played their games as if the world hadn't changed, and that elvenkind was still the center of the world.

Fal'dorei: Nightborne society has it's outcasts, it's unwanted. Many years ago, you and your folk were exiled from Suramar City and cut off from the Nightwell - taking refuge within the ruins of the old underground city of Falanaar. A druid, Valewalker Farodin,

took pity upon you - and gifted an arcan'dor. A type of magical tree that balances natural and arcane magic by feeding on ley lines. The arcan'dor was supposed to have replaced the Nightwell for your needs - and then it grew unstable, and detonated in a violent flash of life and magic.

And so your people, closest to it, were mutated - becoming the Fal'dorei, children of Falanaar. You are twisted amalgamations of spider and elf, jagged bone-like deformities merging with chitin and your once-fair visages twisted into mandibles. You still bear a connection to magic and the arcane, but it has long since faded from what it once was.

Modifiers

Because after all, not everybody is entirely 'pure,' as it were.
If a specific racial option is listed under one of the modifiers, unless otherwise stated, you can choose to either take it or not. As well... If you picked up both Demonic **AND** Undead, and your race is listed under both, you pick one or the other.

Demonic (200 CP): And don't you stick out like a sore thumb, you poor sod. You bear the heavy taint of Fel magic, regardless of your choice of profession or walk of life. Fel magic, otherwise known as the Language of Chaos, is that destructive energy frequently brought to bear on their victims by the Burning Legion. Many of those souls who wind up practicing it's usage either succumb to the temptations and fall as slaves, or transform themselves into demons.

You bear the mark of it, the taint of such volatile energies. Your skin and eyes bear a sickly green glow, your veins outlined against your skin and flesh in bright green streaks. You bear a twisted strength as well, that belies your appearance - whether you appear as if at the peak of life or look withered and frail, even a tauren would find themselves surprised at your force. And should you cross the threshold... Should you pursue the final path and ascend. You can become a Demon - beholden to none but yourself.

If you wish and qualify, you can select one of the following:

+Orc: If you're an Orc purchasing this, you can opt to become a **Fel Orc.** Your skin becomes either a dusky black or blood red, your eyes becoming a solid green or red, and your teeth and tusks elongating and becoming spikes. Your bones gain long black spurs that pierce through the skin along your arms, shoulders, and black. Your natural strength is magnified further, growing capable of clashing with a charging kodo and staying on both feet.

+Shal'dorei: If you became one of the Nightborne, by purchasing this you can choose to become **Felborne**, an organization of your people that won't truly exist until the Legion's final invasion many years from now. Your hands and eyes turn fel green, with pocked runes crawling their way across your skin that emanate a fel aura. Your affinity and mastery of arcane energy is now mixed with that of the chaotic Fel - allowing

you to augment your speed and attacks. And finally, at the same time as you are draining their arcane energies, you may rip the soul from your foe and feed upon it.

+Kaldorei: If you are a child of the stars, a night elf, then if you pursue this path, you can take on the demonic curse cast upon the Highborne Xavius. You can become a **Satyr**, a twisted night elf seemingly crossed with a goat and full of malice and hate. Satyrs delight in inflicting emotional pain above all else on their enemies, a trait you inherit in an incredible talent for manipulation. As well, though it is... naught but a mere rumor for now, it is said you can twist the Satyr Curse and inflict it upon non-elven races. Whether this is true or not, I leave to you to discover.

+Sin'dorei: If you bear the name of the children of the blood, a blood elf, then long before Kael'thas falls to Kil'jaeden's wiles you will be as a **Felblood Elf**. You gain an extra foot in height, your skin turning either a purple-ish black, blue, or dark red. A small set of horns protrudes from your forehead, and your skin begins to crack open like stone - with a fel-green glow emanating from within. And from your shoulder-blades burst a pair of vestigial wings - not enough to fly, but bursts of speed are within your reach. Your touch and control over the chaotic fel intensifies now; Where before you used to devour the energy within demons just to keep yourself from turning into a shivering wreck, now you radiate with it.

+Draenei: If you are one of the blue-skinned followers of the Light, who select this option, then you may become an **Eredar**. Indeed, this makes you one of those who chose to follow Archimonde and Kil'jaedan into the Burning Legion's grasp. You have eons of experience wielding fel and arcane energies, and your skin is now a dark red instead of brilliant blue. You may choose, if you wish, to have wings like Kil'jaedan does as well.

However, there IS a caveat to this. Fel is Chaos, the result of Light and Void clashing endlessly at the borders of the Twisting Nether. Though you may bear a slight affinity or kinship for the Void, know that the Light, and all holy magicks derived or related to it, will burn and scorch you with searing agony. Even if you somehow earn it's favor, it's healing will feel more like cauterizing the wound than soothing and mending it.

Undead (200 CP): ... Whatever cursed fate lead to this, know I am truly sorry. You are one of those trapped between life and death, animated by necromantic magic. Whether you are one of the age-old ghosts or a freshly-risen corpse forced to serve the Scourge, the Forsaken and their Horde, or even some piddling backwoods necromancer, the end result is the same. Your soul was imperfectly attached to your body, the dark energies keeping you both from properly rejoining it and from passing on.

The least I can do is give you a choice on how far gone you were when brought from the dead. You can choose between Skeletal, in which you are the assembled skeleton / exoskeleton of your chosen species; Incorporeal, the lost ghost or spirit of whatever species you chose (Archmage's Note: Just because you're spectral does not make you immune to melee damage, as this world appears to believe); Or Corporeal, your corpse stuck in some vague state of decomposition. Or maybe it was really, really well preserved before burial. The point remains: As one of the Undead, it takes a LOT of damage to bring you down permanently. As well, touched by the darkness inside, you

have a twisted affinity for the Void's shadow magicks, and for the same necromantic energies that resurrected you.

If you wish and qualify, you can select one of the following:

+Female Kaldorei, Quel'Dorei, Sin'dorei, Shal'dorei: Hmmm, interesting. It appears... For some reason, female elves leave a specific type of specter if rendered undead - a choice you can make, to become a **Banshee.** Incorporeal, undead elf women, known for their unholy screams that rattle the bones and freeze the blood. As well, they bear the unsettling ability to possess the corpses of others - giving the banshee control over the body and whatever capabilities it may have. This, thankfully, comes at the cost of the banshee not being able to use their own abilities and skills while in said body.

+Female Vrykul (additional 100 CP): Perhaps you serve the Prime Designate Odyn, bringing favored vrykul warriors to the Halls of Valor and Skyhold. Or instead you are twisted to darker purposes, serving either The Lich King or the titan-forged witch Helya. Or perhaps still, you favor none of these - seeking out freshly fallen heroes in some vain quest to resurrect them, and keep their souls away from both Odyn, Helya, and still darker monsters and creatures. Regardless, you are now one of the winged **Val'kyr,** or **Spirit Healers.** As a creature who bears the dead on their journey, you bear a control over life and death; Resurrection, in the case for those serving Odyn or becoming Spirit Healers; Or Undeath, for those serving Helya or the Lich King.

+Vampyr: Normally only seen by the Lich King's darkfallen - blood elves twisted into a vampiric form of undeath - later evidence in ancient folklore, and the revelation found within Thane Lucard's tomb, reveals the existence of undead creatures called **Vampyrs.** You can be one of the undead still capable of passing off as a living creature - through feasting on the blood of the living, you can not only revitalize your body, but also briefly augment your undead strength and speed to freakish levels.

Alas, one trait shared by all Undead. Your existence between life and death leaves you rejected by the Holy Light - even if you find yourself in it's graces enough to wield it and call upon it's rays, you will be overcome with burning, searing agony. As well, your undeath leaves you feeling... cold. The warmth of the living is so far beyond you now that even touch is but a fleeting, flickering sensation. This cold sinks in deep - all the way to your soul.

Titan-forged (200 CP): Now THIS... This is truly odd. Your numbers are few in these ancient days, for the Curse of Flesh warped many of your steel- and stone-crafted brethren into the beings who would become the mortal races of the current day. Whether you were crafted by the Titanic Pantheon from the planet's crust to fight the Black Empire in ages past, or were forged anew within the Forge of Wills or Forge of Origination, you are one of the Watchers. Would-be Keepers of Azeroth's order, to prevent the rise of the Old Gods and the corruption, or destruction, of the planet.

There are two types of Watcher to consider, for at birth they were divided into these two armies; After the war, their dual purposes would be used for the shaping and forging of Azeroth's newly-constructed surface. **Now you must choose between Aesir or Vanir.**

The Aesir are those watchers forged from metal and charged with arcane energy, and given command over the powers of the storm. By becoming Aesir, you gain a strong affinity for the volatile powers of thunder and lightning, able to call upon them to either create or destroy in equal forms. Additionally, your steel-forged body is immensely durable and resistant to the weathering of ages and combat, for your kind were forged first as guardians and soldiers.

The Vanir are those who began with the Earthen, they who would become Dwarves. The Vanir are carved and chiseled from stone, with new life breathed in with a surge of spiritual and life-giving energies, and given command over the powers of the earth. By becoming Vanir, you gain a connection to the earth and stone - almost a kinship. This bond allows you to call upon it's strengths and powers, augmenting and empowering your own stone-crafted body. You may also call it to move, whether it be creating small quakes and causing stone shards to stab through the soil violently, or softly moving and shaping it for more creative and constructive purposes.

Alternatively, if you are a Gnome, you will instead be made a **Mechagnome** - one of the clockwork aides and retainers of Keeper Mimiron. This transformation will give your brainpower a startling boost - thoughts moving faster and analyzing your surroundings ever constantly, even when your body may be de-activated or otherwise inert. Your mechanical hands, as well, nearly double the speed with which you construct gadgets and similar mechanical creations. I'm certain you'll be able to find other uses for your mechanical body, as well.

Dragonkin (200 CP): Now this is extraordinary. Originally believed to be simply strange, humanoid creatures in the service to the Dragonflights, the black dragon Nefarian's experiments revealed that the blood of mortals and dragons can mix. He immediately set to using this new discovery to create soldiers, and many dark forces would use his work to further the creation of such "drakonids." But whether you were born as a soldier, were ascended through a strange draconic ritual, or bore some other origin point - the end result is the same. You have become a new creature entirely - neither wholly dragon nor wholly mortal, but a new existence. With this, your form either takes on a great many aspects and attributes of the draonic, or you may take on an actual "Drakonid" or "Dragonspawn" form, seen in figures like Varos Cloudstrider or General Colbatann. All options grant you increased strength and, with an additional purchase of **100 CP**, a pair of wings capable of carrying you across and between continents.

Select one of the breeds of Dragon below to become a Dragonkin of:

- **Black -** With this, you inherit no charge, because of the black dragonflight's corruption and twisted natures. Black scales, burning horns, and claws, with a body granted immense strength born from the earth and a magical breath of conjured magma are your birthright now. With this, you were likely born as a weapon - be careful with how you reveal yourself.
- **Blue -** Blue-white scales and ivory claws and horns, with a magical breath of either raw mana or freezing ice. Descending from the blue dragonflight causes you to inherit their charge - to regulate, manage, control, but also to celebrate magic. And also an almost insatiable love for books.

- **Bronze -** You were born with yellow-bronze scales and with teeth, claws, and horns the color of sand - the same sand with which you can conjure up a scorching, super-heated sands as a breath attack. And unlike any of the others, you will have been born with a specific purpose - for the Bronze Dragonflight, at this point, can see all of the timeline. And you have been made to protect this timeline.
- **Green -** Peaceful and calm, your emerald-green scales were born with a connection to the Emerald Dream. Thus are you as the rest of your flight charged with protecting the natural world and the Dream, deterring any who would seek to exploit it with acidic breath.
- **Red -** Inheriting their charge to protect and nurture all living things, becoming a Red Dragonkin grants you the deep red scales and tan horns of a Red Dragon, with a fiery magical breath that spurs on the growth of plant life in it's wake.
- **Infinite -** Now this is alarming - the Infinite Dragonflight are the corrupted Bronzes, who seek to rewrite time and bring about the Hour of Twilight, to prevent an 'even worse future.' With black scales cracked and outlined in a blue-ish white - the color of your horns and claws - you are charged with disrupting all past, present, and future events. Your breath weapon is super-heated sand that is tainted black, a further sign of your deviation from the Bronze's time.
- **Netherwing -** The black dragon eggs abandoned on Draenor were exposed to the arcane energies of the Twisting Nether when Ner'zhul shattered the planet. Ethereal dragons composed of the nether's turbulent energies, the resultant Netherwing dragons have no purpose but to seek their own lives - making you a creation of those forces of Illidan Stormrage. Instead of scales, you have a smooth, coarse, almost shark-like skin, with neon-glowing fangs and claws, and a billowing breath of the same chaotic Nether energies roiling in your flesh.
- **Twilight -** Well you're not supposed to exist. At least, not until Deathwing's re-awakening and The Cataclysm. But, here you are - a child of the Twilight, created by magical experiments and used by Deathwing and the Twilight's Hammer to destroy all who oppose. Your scales range all the colors of the twilight just before day turns into night. Your tools are an ability to feed off of magical energy, particularly that of draconic beings, and a breath weapon of the purest, most harmful shadow and flame.

Mixed Heritage (200 CP): Ah, the plight of the half-breed. The mongrel. Those of mixed race looked down upon for one reason or another - even half-elves, more commonly accepted, still face prejudice. But let it not be said that the bloodlines of two species mixing does not have it's benefits. Nor that, despite biological differences, love does not cross all boundaries. For your one and only purchase, select a second race above.

Your purchase here covers the cost of the race of your parent. Do note that, though you bear the benefits of both species, yours slightly pale in comparison to a pureblood. But, this also applies to any racial disadvantages you may inherit as well.

Additionally, upgrade options (such as Spider Lord or Sea Witch) are not covered by this purchase - those must be bought separately.

And above all else, I pray the sordid details of your conception never see the light of day.

Classes and Specializations

Freshened up and ready for your day, you exit your holdings and go down to the main hall of the tavern and inn. The Innkeeper is there, at the counter with a wall of keys and chests behind him. With blue eyes twinkling amidst a well-combed forest of thick auburn hair and beard, he gestures to the side.

"Good ta see ya know how ta be timeleh, eh? Yer rent's paid fer and all, and yer stuff's waitin' at the door." He says, throwing you a key.

There's a large chest waiting at the front door.

*Archmage's Note: This first selection is your **Primary Class & Specialization**. Your choice will be deciding your discounts for the rest of this venture.*

Death Knight (requires Undead):

In two years, the Lich King's control over this order will be broken - and his former champions, the Death Knights, will seek revenge for the horrors committed under Arthas' command. You will be feared and hated, for many will assume you to still be one of the Scourge's elite until this time has passed. For now, you walk the world - an armored monstrosity that brings death where they walk, whether it is from bringing the endless cold of death, the twisted curses of necromancy, or the ravages of disease. As well, beyond having the resilience and tenacity of the dead, the Lich King's blessing courses through your body - granting you untold amounts of strength to reap through would-be heroes.

Pick one of the following:

+Specialization - Blood: It is... only a light exaggeration that many call you an unstoppable juggernaut - for by manipulating and corrupting your enemy's life energy, you sustain yourself. You can heal and regenerate as your presence causes your weapon to sup of an enemy's blood, while forcing their bones to shatter and twist into a shield that surrounds you.

+Specialization - Frost: An icy harbinger of doom, you represent the ferocious blizzard that oft heralds the Scourge's coming. You can whip up deathly cold ice and snow into a storm around you, your blades dancing through the cutting wind to slice into your foes. Rime grips your decaying heart and skeleton, bracing and enhancing your strength by chilling efficiency.

+Specialization - Unholy: While free from the Lich King's grasp, you still embody the ever-corrupting nature of the Scourge plague and necromancy. You are a defiler of life - your blade thrumming and writhing with aggressive diseases and plagues with which you can taint even the very earth. While other knights can temporarily twist the dead into servants, those you raise as ghouls and zombies will serve you unto their second death.

You receive loot: [Heart-Lesion Battlegear]

You receive loot: [Runed Soulblade]

You have learned: [Runeforging] - Death Knights know a style of runecraft inaccessible to most - to carve necrotic, sickly runes made from corrupted paladin glyphs into their armor and armaments. These runes have a variety of uses - the first of

which is to fuel and feed the variety of necromantic techniques a death knight learns. The latter runes learned confer a variety of abilities, from reinforcing a death knight's bones, skin, and armor to be as hard as a glacier, to natively healing a death knight's wounds by drawing from a foe's vitality.

Demon Hunter (requires Demonic):

In one year, Illidan Stormrage will be slain, and the rest of the Illidari demon hunters captured and imprisoned within the great Vault of the Wardens. But Maiev does not realize that she's missing one - you. You embrace the fel and chaotic magicks - energies that have long threatened Azeroth - and use them as tools of judgement against the Burning Legion. You have ritually blinded yourself, gaining a spectral sight that allows you to see the world even more clearly than before - with energies such as the arcane or the demonic shining brightly amidst it all. And finally, you ended it all by sealing a demon's imprisoned soul within yourself - the well from which you draw power. It's this same well that threatens, every day, to destroy you from within. Till that day, you will fight.

Pick one of the following:

+Specialization - Havoc: A dervish on the battlefield, warglaives screaming as they cut through the air to sink into the flesh of your foes. You are quick and agile, striking from seemingly multiple directions at once with the speed you possess. And if surrounded, you can call upon a great exploding nova of chaos energies to blow them away, or cut through them with beams of demonic fire that emanate from your eyes

+Specialization - Vengeance: You stand firm, directing blows away from your fellow Illidari and cleaving every which direction. What you lack in evasion, you make up for in redirection and skill in parrying and counterattacks. Your own attacks are slicing away bits and pieces of your enemies' soul that flock to you or others and dissipate, regenerating wounds and damage as quickly as they are made.

You receive loot: [Ilidari Armor]

You receive Loot: [Illidari Warglaive] x2

You have learned: [Demonoplasty] - As Illidan would go on to discover when others came seeking refuge and to learn from him, after one becomes a Demon Hunter they can further augment their abilities by devouring or surgically implanting the various organs found within demons - such as the eyes of an Observer or Inquisitor granting one the ability to fire violent beams of fire out of their own eyes.

Druid:

These leather-clad walkers harness the vast powers of nature to preserve balance and protect life. With experience, you can unleash the raw energy of the natural world against your enemies in a number of ways such as; Transforming into a number of animal forms to unleash a deep, primal rage; Summoning natural phenomena to debilitate and waylay; Or even directing this power to weave the natural life energies that surround you, healing wounds and restoring life to fallen allies. Above all other

skills, a druid brings natural versatility through a way of life steeped in traditions so ancient that even their origins are considered naught but story and legend.

Pick one of the following:

+Specialization - Balance: By leveraging the sacred powers of moon, sun, and stars, balance druids access the energies of both the arcane and nature. When nature's equilibrium was thrown out of balance, you were there to bring these two forces to bear in the fight and right was made wrong. By borrowing the shape of the Moonkin, you balance the power of two destructive forces - and it is by finding equilibrium that you find true strength.

+Specialization - Feral: You take the form of a great cat to lacerate and savage your foes, embodying the eternal dance between Predator and Prey. You and yours observe the intricacies of the natural world, and the delicate fabric in which all living creatures are given purpose. It is this world you protect by ripping, tearing, and bleeding your enemies dry with the ferocity and agility of a hunter.

+Specialization - Guardian: You are the mighty bear - a massive wall of dense fur, claw, tooth, and rage. Your folk commune with the wild to understand the ability of life to persevere through adversity. Creatures who survive are often those built to best protect themselves and their kin, and in this you find a deep value in being steadfast and sturdy. But even an aggressive stance is often necessary when danger comes.

+Specialization - Restoration: Life not only needs protection - it needs nourishment. Where there is decay, you bring rejuvenation. Where there is abatement, you summon regrowth. From flower's bloom, seed's sprout, mushroom's spore, and tree's growth, you gain the inspiration, patience, and persistence upon which all life is built and sustained. You use this foundation as power, to mend wounds and provide remedy and rebirth.

You receive loot: [Springrain Garb]

You receive loot: [Springrain Staff]

You have learned: [Natural Lore] - Druids earn the various beast forms they transform into by learning and communing with the various Wild Gods, or learning from those that have. And here, you can do the same - by searching for, earning the favor of, and learning from other spirits and gods of a bestial nature, you may learn to take on the forms associated with them. Be warned however - as the Druids of the Scythe learned, sometimes the form may be difficult or nigh impossible to control. And certain beast gods and the like may be very, very unwilling to pass on their knowledge.

Hunter:

From an early age, the call of the wild draws some adventurers from the comfort of their homes and cities to the unforgiving wild lands. Those who endure become hunters, masters of their environment that are able to slip like ghosts through the trees. You are capable of slipping through the trees as a ghost, laying traps right in the path of your enemies. You are capable in both marksmanship and melee combat, but the trait that most defines you is your kinship with the beasts. Hunters are known for the lifelong bonds they can form with the animals of the wild, fighting alongside what become trusted friends.

Pick one of the following:

+Specialization - Beast Mastery: Among the most gifted hunters, there are those who - since birth - have felt a profound bond with the creatures of the wild. These beast masters are drawn to the wilds, invigorated by untamed nature and the dangers therein. Your skill lies not in marksmanship or weaponmastery, but in your bond with the beasts; Capable of befriending great dinosaurs, chimaera, core hounds, and even those elusive creatures of a more spiritual bent.

+Specialization - Marksmanship: Snipers, sharpshooters, and archers congregate under this label. You shroud yourselves in the perils of the untamed wilds to hunt, blending into the surrounding environment and surveying the behaviors of your foes. A master of ambush, the type who kills from a great enough distance that none can see where you strike from until it is too late. Why let them get close enough to begin with?

+Specialization - Survival: You focus on the chaos of melee combat, fighting fang and claw alongside a loyal friend. Peerless mastery of the spear and one's constant companionship are your tools for subsisting in environments where countless others would fail utterly. These hunters know that to survive means facing one's enemy eye-to-eye - a prospect inevitably accompanied by bloodshed and the cruel face of death.

You receive loot: [Trailseeker Attire]

You receive loot:

-if Marksmanship or Beast Mastery: [Trailseeker Rifle]

-if Survival: [Trailseeker Spear]

You have learned: [Tame Beast] - Though the Beast Masters remain the only ones who can tame truly mythic creatures, all Hunters have the ability to befriend an animal of the wild - be it wolf, eagle, bear, stag, boar, or another of the countless members of the animal kingdom. And the same applies to you - unless circumstances change, you may have one bestial comrade with you at any given time. This loyal friend does not count as a Companion, and yet will continue to grow and thrive alongside you throughout your adventures. Of course, if you're looking to make more furry, feathery, or scaly friends, you will need some kind of Stables for them to be housed in...

Mage:

You are a keen student, with a great intellect and unwavering discipline. It was only a matter of time before you discovered the path of the mage, wielding arcane magic both great and yet dangerous at the same time. Magic can destroy and decimate all in it's path if in the hands of the untrained or idiotic - but the disciplined masters can create such wonders as flying cities, cross-world portal networks, massive shields, and other arcane beauties. Never lose control.

Pick one of the following:

+Specialization - Arcane: Diviner of secrets, balancing the tides of incredible mystic energies. Unparalleled skill is required to manipulate one of the most volatile forces of the universe, and the will to push magical knowledge to its very limits. If you master this craft, you will be a never-ending stream of magical barrages - replenishing your mana as easily as you throw it at the foe.

+Specialization - Fire: Some will call you pyromaniac. And while that may be the case more often than not, it is never born from a lack of self-control. Mastering the forces of fire leaves you audacious, hot-blooded, and decidedly pragmatic - taking pride, even pleasure, in your unique form of diplomacy: Spontaneous combustion.

+Specialization - Frost: Frost mages stand apart from their colleagues, giving them the cold-shoulder more often than not. Stands to reason that their chosen school of magic focuses on being equally as cold to their foes. Mages who command frost perform chilling displays on the field, freezing their foes solid and rendering a battlefield into a wintery wasteland. Icicles spontaneously form in their presence, and yet a frost mage's cold-blooded demeanor leaves them unaffected.

You have looted: [Mountainsage Robes]

You have looted: [Mountainsage Stave]

You have learned: [Academic Progression] - What is one thing magi are known for beyond their displays of magical prowess? Scholarly ventures and studious attentions, of course. It's rare that one finds a spellcaster outside of their study or library, an environment I'm sure you'll find comforting. But it's this lust for knowledge that gives you an edge in academia. Your scholarly pursuits - whether learning, studying, experimenting, practicing, or even just reading for the sake of it - give you a little bit more out of them than the average student. Pages fly by faster, you process the information faster, and your results on academic progression leave you with a little more than you normally would have found. No wonder you have such high marks.

Monk:

When the pandaren were enslaved by the mogu, hope was brought to a seemingly dim future at the fist and will of those who would call themselves Monks. Restricted from using weaponry by the mogu slave masters, small groups of pandaren instead focused on harnessing an internal energy that would be named 'chi,' and learning weaponless combat. They brought revolution, and shattered the ancient mogu empires like glass. And though it will be ages before the Monk trade is brought to the other races of Azeroth, you are the first herald of the martial arts - a path of seeking spiritual balance in life, and in combat. Finding power through serenity and inner peace.

Pick one of the following:

+Specialization - Brewmaster: A quirky character, your art will look familiar - for the monk Chen Stormstout is a familiar face throughout Azeroth. Beyond your skill at the martial arts, you also have a hand at brewing alcohol; For mastery of the Drunken Fist and mid-battle inebriation is your path of power. Unpredictable and unfeeling to any blows and attacks that do, somehow, manage to connect, your art is most effective as a frontline guardian.

+Specialization - Mistweaver: Misunderstood by most as folk medicine, mistweaver monks are unique among healers - using the precision application of teas and incenses to convert their chi into healing energy that floods their patients and allies. As well, they can eject their chi directly into mists infused with life essence, that are then manipulated and directed through stances. All of this is mastered through inner tranquility - becoming a still pond amidst a raging storm.

+Specialization - Windwalker: Among monks, none have mastered the arts nor embody grace and fluidity as the windwalkers do. You have focused on mastery of the body, and are capable of overwhelming a foe with unparalleled physical finesse. Each dizzying flurry of punches and kicks is testament to your skill and prowess, on par with master weapon-users. Let them flail with their great swords and maces - all you need are your knuckles.

You receive loot: [Mistdancer Leathers]

You receive loot: [Mistdancer Quarterstaff]

You have learned: [Iron Fist] - If there's one thing the more traditional combatants have going for them, it's that they don't risk injury with each attack. Their weapons undergo wear and tear, but they won't break a hand or foot unless they screw up badly. You'll be facing a great many number of foes - constructs made of stone and flame, giants clad in the heaviest of plate armor, and even legitimate tanks and machines. To give you a leg up in this venture, you'll find that you are protected from injuries that would arise as a result of you attempting to punch things outside of your weight class. Now, this doesn't mean your fists are actually unbreakable, or that you're immune to damage everywhere else - just that where any other monk may break a fist trying to punch out an Infernal, you'll avoid such a fate.

Priest:

Masters of healing and preservation, it is unwavering faith and devotion to the spiritual arts of either The Holy Light, the Loa, or many other countless divine fonts that grants you your powers. For millennia your kindred have walked from temple cloister out among the common people, bringing your faith and your fury against those who would harm and desecrate. Many great leaders throughout history have been priests and priestesses, guiding their flock through unity and hope. The weak will come to lean on you, the lepers will call you Lord, and the ignorant will look to you for guidance.

Pick one of the following:

+Specialization - Holy: The shepherds to the flock, these priests are those who have spent much of their lives studying doctrine. They use their holy powers to bless allies and mend wounds with one hand, while carrying out sacred justice in the other hand. Along with the versatility of your healing and defensive prayers, when close to death you can briefly ascend as a Spirit of Redemption. This angelic form lasts around fifteen seconds, during which you can cast all of your healing capabilities at no cost - although you are prevented from using these spells to save yourself, for a priest's first concern is their flock.

+Specialization - Shadow: The brightest light casts the darkest shadow, and ever since the time both the Light and the Void have been both eternal foes and two reflections of one another. Where many bathe in the Holy Light's brilliant rays, you have studied the sinister Shadow magicks of the Void. Wielding shadowstuff and darkness, you assault your victim's minds while corrupting their flesh and feeding upon their vitality.

+Specialization - Discipline: Light casts as a shadow, but darkness is defined by light - and true balance stems from one's ability to equalize these opposing forces. From understanding that scriptures both virtuous and vile should be studied and

understood. You walk this tightrope called discipline, one hand in each - using the Light to create warding shields and healing orbs, whilst also calling upon shadowy nightmares to debilitate your foes.

You receive loot: [Communal Robes]

You receive loot: [Communal Stave]

You have learned: [Edicts of Faith] - Before your prayers and your incantations, you are a leader of the people. The great preacher whose passion-driven messages of their faith inspire heroes out of farmboys, encouraging hope in dire times, and bringing inspiration. You know what your sermons should say to elicit the reactions of your flock, calling them to action and sparking within them renewed faith. And it is this faith, regardless of it's source, that spurs your followers to greatness - causing heroes and champions to be made from the meek and the cowardly. Faith is their ally, and faith is what you bring.

Paladin:

The first paladins were seen after the Second War, in response to the orcish Warlocks and the decimated numbers of the Clerics of Northshire. And since those days, paladins have been looked up to as paragons of compassion, patience, and bravery. These plated warriors strive to be good in all actions, even when called upon to bring light to the furthest reaches of the world. Protect the weak, bring justice to the unjust, and vanquish evil wherever you may roam - these are your tenets.

Pick one of the following:

+Specialization - Holy: Much like your priestly comrades, you've dedicated your arts as a Paladin to healing - using your devout faith to mend the wounds and revive fallen comrades. A beacon of the Light's revitalizing rays, your belief in righteousness radiates outward to bolster your allies. If the battle to eradicate evil falters, you will be there to ensure it can carry on.

+Specialization - Protection: If a paladin's tools bare their motivations, then yours are decidedly simple - you are the bulwark against the forces of darkness. With shield in hand, you are the wall behind which the armies of the Light can act without interference. And if there is only one person who can hold the line, more often than not it is you - the ardent defender. Your very step consecrates the ground you walk on, searing away corruption from the very soil.

+Specialization - Retribution: Where one is the healer, and the other is the warden, you are the judge. An instrument of the Light, whose force is directed to smite the wicked and become the vengeful guardian of the innocent. Your skill is in the use of massive two-handed weapons, through which you channel the Holy Light's justice. Unshakable faith and resolute conviction is yours, the forces that enable you to fight until the bitter end if it means the forces of good prevail.

You receive loot: [Sunsoul Plate]

You receive loot:

if Holy: [Sunsoul Scepter & Shield]

if Protection: [Sunsoul Sword & Bulwark]

if Retribution: [Sunsoul Warmaul]

You have learned: [Initiation] - As we will see in the future, with the reveal of the High Commander of the Grand Army of the Light being a Dreadlord, the Holy Light is much like the fel in one regard. When a being is saturated in it's energies, they can transform much the same into a whole new being. And as one so vaunted, so connected to the Light... It is now in your power to do the same. You who channel the Light's energies into everything you do and embody, can infuse and transform people in this manner. Whether it is redeeming a soul or initiating one unconnected to any force, your actions here will make them into a creature wholly aligned with the Light. Whether they thank you for this... is another matter entirely.

Rogue:

Honor is purchased in gold or blood - nothing else matters. Thief or assassin, pirate or ninja, it doesn't matter who you are. The only things you can trust in life are your wits, your cunning, your agility, and the two blades you hold in your hands. To that end you employ brutal and efficient tactics - backstabs and toxins being just a few of your many tools. A fair fight is for fools, and yours didn't survive to become the oldest profession on Azeroth by following that path.

Pick one of the following:

+Specialization - Assassination: No, you're not a crazed gunman - you are absolutely the type to willingly kill others in cold blood for the promise of payment. Someone ALWAYS wants someone dead, and to that end you've mastered your craft. Poisons and venoms to line your blades can be crafted from simple kitchen ingredients, and your skill with knives is impeccable.

+Specialization - Outlaw: I suppose there's one in every bunch. Though you value it's approach, stealth is not your forte. Swordplay, footwork, hidden weaponry, and foul play are your tools for the job, preferring to outmaneuver an opponent face-to-face instead of knifing them in the back. Tactics favored by pirates and buccaneers, as it were. While such a tactic IS quite effective, one can't help but feel you're deliberately going against the grain.

+Specialization - Subtlety: Aah, and here is the archetype. You were born in the shadows, moulded by them into a dark stalker and predator. To many of your foes, you seemingly appear out of nowhere - leaving your blades lodged between ribs and deep in backs, before disappearing once more. Some claim you practice shadow magic to attain your level of mastery at stealth - but while there may be a degree of mysticism, you can attribute it mostly to skill.

You receive loot: [Lightdrinker Shroud]

You receive loot:

-if Assassination or Subtlety: [Lightdrinker Shiv] x2

-if Outlaw: [Lightdrinker Cutlass] x2

You have learned: [Tricks of the Trade] - As I've mentioned, stealth is your greatest ally. However, it's far from the only tool you have. A silver tongue letting you wiggle your way through social debacles, and sleight of hand that would leave a master street magician flustered. After all, whether you're cutting purse strings, slipping coins out of pockets, or skillfully seeping venom into an unaware guard's bloodstream, it's all the same in the end. Playing fair is for fools.

Shaman:

Spiritual guides and religious leaders the world over, shaman are the mortal mediators between the very elements and spirits themselves. With the imbalance of the elemental forces leaving fire, water, earth, and air in chaos, the shaman are called to bring balance through visions and foresight. These ambassadors and moderators can thusly, through their connection to the elements, call upon the elemental forces directly to bring change to the physical realm. A shaman who reaches true harmony and balance with the elemental forces wields a power rivaled by few.

Pick one of the following:

+Specialization - Elemental: Certain members amongst your numbers have peered beyond the Elemental Planes, have gleaned visions of an ancient past. A past beyond even that of the Black Empire, when raw manifestations of volatile power once raged unimpeded across a wild and primordial Azeroth. Through study and dedication, you've learned to emulate this power - channeling the elements directly through your blood and body and create destructive forces of nature.

+Specialization - Enhancement: Your origins are similar to that of an elemental shaman, communing with the four elements and bonding them to your body. But rather than seeking to emulate and recreate the destructive leviathans of the past, you aim to bring them in new forms to the current day. You favor empowering your physical strikes and body with these elemental energies, turning yourself into a twisting dervish with a weapon in each hand.

+Specialization - Restoration: Beyond the elemental forces, shaman barter and speak with their ancestral spirits, and some have gleaned an insight - feeling a profound connection with the origins from which all mortal life took root. Wielding this connection with the restorative properties of water, you have learned to restore life to the lifeless, healing afflictions and wounds by washing them off of the body.

You receive loot: [Streamtalker Chains]

You receive loot:

- **-if Elemental or Restoration: [Streamtalker Scepter & Shield]**
- **-if Enhancement: [Streamtalker Axe] x2**

You have learned: [Totemic Mastery] - One tool shared by all shamanistic practices - even those from other world. You have learned how to craft a variety of totems, within which the shaman can coax and bind a variety of elemental, spiritual, and similar creatures to dwell within. These totems, each crafted with utmost care and precision, can then be used for a variety of uses beyond acting as a shaman's particular spell focus. Pelting a shaman's foes with balls of fire, to increasing and amplifying the force of healing and restorative spells close by, and sharing and channeling visions of the past are but a few uses of totems. Be warned however - just as with a shaman's power, if a spirit abandons the totem it will be rendered inert.

Warlock:

In the face of the void and the demonic powers, most only see death and destruction. You have instead found opportunity, following the path of the Warlock. These profane spellcasters are feared all across Azeroth, summoning and chaining demons to their will while using both demonic and void magicks to afflict corrupting diseases, bind curses, and incinerate foes down to their very soul. Even willing to do this and spit in the faces of the Burning Legion, warlocks answer to no force but themselves.

Pick one of the following:

+Specialization - Affliction: Masters of shadow-touched powers, these warlocks delight in the use of fel and void-borne forces in causing pain and suffering. Their spells and curses lay anywhere between corrupting minds and scarring souls, leaving your enemies in a state of torment as you feed on their vitality. Those who fight a master of affliction are doomed to slowly wither and die in agony.

+Specialization - Demonology: By their very nature, demons are chaotic and incredibly difficult to control for any number of warlocks. You and yours, on the other hand, have mastered the power of these malefic beings on the field of battle. Many will consider you wicked and reckless, even despite the absolute control over all of your bound minions - be they the wild imps conjured up temporarily with each spell cast, or the towering Infernals and Doomguards you can call down permanently. You, with a will of iron, are capable of proving them wrong.

+Specializaiton - Destruction: Let's not make this flowery - out of all other warlocks, your path is the one focused on pure chaos and destruction in battle. There is no spell of yours that does not leave the earth scorched, the sky burning, or the enemy reduced to a pile of ash. Sod the planning, the calculations, and the scheming of other warlocks. The quickest road to victory is to burn it all to the ground.

You receive loot: [Felsoul Robes]

You receive loot: [Felsoul Staff]

You have learned: [Friends on the Other Side] - Though not all warlocks make use and reliance on demonic minions, learning how to summon demonic familiars is a requirement for becoming one in the first place. Bound demons can even develop a kind of rapport or partnership with a particular warlock, leading to... Not quite 'friendships,' but 'mutually beneficial arrangements.' You start off being able to summon one demon, anchored to the physical realm by your ritual. Summoned demons do not count as Companions unless otherwise imported, but still remain sapient (well... not counting for Infernals or Felhounds) and capable of growth and change.

Warrior:

As long as war is waged, there will be men and women who fight them, soldiers in the eternal field of battle. And yet even above those, there are the heroes who have sought to master the art of battle. Strength, leadership, and the knowledge and trust of your arms and armor are the tenets you uphold as a lord of war, the grand melee is where you stand out as a shining star of martial prowess. Every legend and story of dragons slain, tyrants dethroned, and demons banished from Azeroth has had the warrior at the forefront. You and yours marched into battle long before fickle mages and other casters deigned to show their faces, and even long into the future you will remain.

Pick one of the following:

+Specialization - Arms: Battle-hardened masters, these warriors forge their friendships and rivalries in the dueling pits and in grand arenas. Two-handed weaponry is your forte, as is patience - using your choice of arms to deftly defend yourself, waiting to capitalize on the moments a foe leaves themselves exposed. When the time is right, your blows are like lightning, overpowering and devastating.

+Specialization - Fury: On the battlefield, the most feared combatants are most often the furious berserkers. Brute force and a lifetime of carnage leave these beasts, strong enough to wield massive two-handed weaponry in each hand, capable of throwing themselves into an unshackled fury. There is no expertise to your onslaught - only bloodstained rage and relentless force.

+Specialization - Protection: Stalwart guardians, you were bred for an entirely different form of physical dominance. Your measured approach is through the use of blade and shield, for being the toughest soldier on the frontline means nothing if your allies are left vulnerable to the enemy. Where your comrades seek to be two storms, you are the unbreakable wall.

You receive loot: [Oathsworn Battleplate]

You receive loot:

-if Arms: [Oathsworn Greatsword]

-if Fury: [Oathsworn Greatsword] x2

-if Protection: [Oathsworn Maul & Bulwark]

You have learned: [Rallying Shout] - Before the spellslingers and the paladins and all of the other “enlightened” beings arrive to the field of battle, you and your fellow soldiers and warriors are all that stand between victory and defeat. And sometimes, all it takes is a single voice rising up amidst the carnage to rally your forces and seize victory. Yours is this voice, capable of piercing through cannon fire and rivaling the roars of great beasts. Your shouts can rally your allies, giving them renewed stamina and endurance. Your howls can leave the foe unnaturally cowed, slowing their stride and their blows or inspiring fear in the weaker ones. Let them hear your orders whatever the din, and let your foes fear your grand voice.

Another Class (100 CP): With a cocked eyebrow, the Innkeeper just shrugs and slides you another chest and it’s related key. You can pick one other class, which becomes your Secondary, that you qualify for from the above list. You gain access to this class’ discounts on perks, although no freebies. You can only buy this **once**.

Another Specialization (50 CP): With another key in hand and a smaller chest, you can choose another Specialization from your Primary Class. This can be purchased **up to two times** for your Primary. You do not receive the extra loot associated with any Specialization, if applicable.

You may purchase this once for your related purchase of Another Class.

Skills, Perks, and Abilities

After donning your gear, the last thing in the main chest is a small book. Simple leather, it's bound with a leather cord, and labeled - *READ IMMEDIATELY.*

Unbinding the book and opening causes your mind to be flooded with information, as the book disappears into a puff of smoke. Take a moment to recall what's now in your head...

Class Specific

Cold Blood (100 CP - Free Death Knight): Just as your body has been rendered cold and unfeeling, so to has your mind. When the moment calls for it, you can cut off all emotional reaction you would have to anything - even if your emotions were being clouded by another's influence. This leaves you cold, calculating, and most of all - thinking clearly and vividly.

Face of Death (200 CP - Discounted Death Knight): All are equal in death, whether you were a great king or a lowly pauper. From hereon out, all undead beings you meet seem to recognize this philosophy you hold, and if they do not appreciate it... At least acknowledge it to some degree. Unless the undead being you approach is forced to be hostile by an outside force, or was hostile to begin with, you can guarantee a neutral response to your presence.

Deathly Tactical (400 CP - Discounted Death Knight): Even the Scourge recognized the uses behind specialized undead forces - often using such swiftly-developing needs to remove other targets, and bolster their forces. You were made as a death knight for bringing destruction, and with it came this kind of tactical mind. If faced with a challenge, dilemma, or similar issue, you can quickly deduce what kind of unit or force you'd need to overcome it - and can quickly find a nearby source of bodies to put together your forces. This also comes with a small background in tactics and military movement.

Ebon Blade (600 CP - Discounted Death Knight): After Fordring and the Argent Dawn freed the Knights of the Ebon Blade, death knights still had a... Chilly reception, to put it lightly. Fear and hate were many a first reaction, and yet during the Northrend Campaign, death knight forces were used to do what no other mortal could. And they committed atrocities nobody else would, all in the name of defeating the Lich King. These actions were forgiven.

And yours will be the same - so long as your allies continue to believe your actions are furthering the cause, any atrocities, war crimes, or actions that go against their moral code will be swept aside. Oh it will be done with much frustration, and there

will no doubt be a few individuals expressing outrage. But in the end, you're only committing such actions to ensure that the worst does not come to pass... Right?

Additionally, Tirion's forgiveness and the miracle at Light's Hope Chapel has removed your weakness to Holy and Light-born energies. But your own nature has taken it one step further, granting you a distinct resistance to it - enough that a Paladin or Priest's Judgement or Smite deal negligible damage.

Road to Hell (100 CP - Free Demon Hunter): No sacrifice is too great if it brings about the Legion's destruction - and so you've sacrificed everything with the best of intentions. But those you once called friend have spurned you, called you demon and monster.

But you held to those choices with conviction, and so the same holds here, and far into the future. You no longer feel shame, humiliation, or hatred for those who show you scorn and hatred. You know your path, and the sacrifices it demands. What have these fools given?

Just bear in mind that sometimes, those who spurn you may be right...

I Stand Alone (200 CP - Discounted Demon Hunter): Demon hunters know a lonely existence, even among the ranks of the Illidari. Missions away, solitary hunts, and naught a soul to talk to throughout. Coupled with complete and utter rejection by society and the world around them, many find these demon hunters growing more and more deranged and spiteful. Some even going insane from the long stretches of isolation.

But you made this oath, and would you have it any other way? Your mind and emotions are hardened by these long periods, to the point of even long years in solitary confinement leaving you just as stable as when you were locked away. Your mind will not be made strange or deranged without outside influence.

Righteous Side of Hell (400 CP - Discounted Demon Hunter): Now this is an odd turn of events. Demon hunters teeter on a precipice that the Burning Legion - recognizing the power and strength they can climb to - seeks to lure them down from. There is no small amount of hate, nor respect, between the two sides. And so it is that on a rare occasion, forces of the Burning Legion will turn on their former masters, recognizing the demon hunters as some greater authority.

And a fine specimen of such you are. Demons, and other creatures born of chaos and horrific origins, recognize you. Many will hold you in some twisted form of high respect, others will bear you even greater hatreds. And still, just as a convent of Shivarra betrayed Sargeras to serve Illidan Stormrage, others still will view you as a greater authority - a true leader - and will willingly bow at your feet. Be wary of the authority and influence you now wield.

The Devil In I (600 CP - Discounted Demon Hunter): To become a demon hunter fully is to take a deadly plunge - to summon and devour the very soul of a demon, and imprison it within your own spirit. Many potential hunters, even climbing

through the ranks and initiations, fall here - unable to control the volatile energies born of the demonic. They die, yet another casualty in the war against the Legion.

And that is where you stand apart. You controlled and imprisoned the demon inside, and your willpower is now strong enough to KEEP it in there. And should you seek to use your body as a vessel for similar beings and volatile energies, your body and soul will keep them locked away without fear of destruction. I would keep your wits about you, however - the mind is not necessarily safe from this kind of exposure.

The Wind Beneath My Wings (100 CP - Free Druid): Whether it is the ocean currents speeding your ship along, or the balmy winds supporting and guiding your wings, you'll find that your journeys are blessed in some fashion. Calm skies, quiet forests, and other odd forms of aid will come along in various forms. Truly, nature wishes your travels and explorations well.

Respect The Wilderness (200 CP - Discounted Druid): Druids find themselves working with wild animals on many an occasion, able to speak and reach common ground with them if it means ensuring balance is kept. This next benefit comes two-fold: First, you understand the language of beasts - body and speech - fluently, and can converse in your common tongue with them freely.

Secondly, you can more easily negotiate with such beasts, reaching accords with them that would be impossible for normal beings to do so. This also allows you to set up negotiations between animals and/or society - such as ensuring a pack of wolves will help protect a village, so long as the villagers help the pack by giving up a few sheep during times of famine. Consider yourself something of a natural middle-man.

Out In The Fields (400 CP - Discounted Druid): Druids do their work in the deepest wilds and furthest reaches - learning and working far from civilization. Where the Wild Gods and their children can be found in harmony with the world around them is most often where your orders can be found. So it is that you find yourself more at home out there - the more you spend out in the wild places of the world, far from civilization, the more you'll find your skill, competency, and your ability to learn and retain knowledge will increase.

The less time you spend out in the wild embrace of nature, the less this benefit will be felt - until it's nearly nonexistent when amidst a bustling city. This effect returns the further you leave society, receiving half of it's benefit in farmland and small villages, and nearly replenishing fully when barely on the fringes of colonized country. Let the wilds into your heart, and you will be capable of a great many things.

I Dream In Green (600 CP - Discounted Druid): The Emerald Dream. A vast, ever-changing world of spirits and dreams. It is here that the Wild Gods' second body dwells; Where dreamers pass through momentarily on their way to the sleeping and the waking worlds; Where the green dragons thrive; And where druids travel to learn and harness the energies of nature. The Dreaming is the underlying blueprint for the planet, showing the face of the world should civilization not have grown.

It's to this dreaming land that you have a particular connection to. Where other druids must slumber and hibernate to enter, you can simply fade from the physical realm and manifest within the Dream. You can weave portals - temporary and permanent - to take a great many people through the dreaming lands. And perhaps best of all, these abilities will continue to work into the future - for every world you visit from hereon out will bear an Emerald Dream of their own. A dreaming, wild, and untamed mirror of the world.

Archmage's Note: You will need not worry about the threat of Nightmare corruption in particular, in future worlds. However, there are possibly other threats who could make use of such a green mirror. And if you do want the Nightmare, well... scroll further down to **Path of Darkness.**

In The Woods Somewhere (100 CP - Free Hunter): To be one of the huntsman means you must learn how to live in the deep, dark wilds with naught but your own wits and skill. Surrounded by the wilderness and all manner of screaming predator and prey alike, foraging and hunting for your mere survival. Sleeping underneath starry sky and thundering storm alike.

You know these skills, and have in your heart the burning will to live that is shared by your wild kin. You can subsist, even thrive in harshest environments - be they the steamy, dinosaur-infested jungles of Un'Goro Crater or the frozen cliffs of the Storm Peaks. Your prey will learn to fear you, and predators - though they will not go out of their way to avoid you - will give you healthy respect.

The Very Wild Rover (200 CP - Discounted Hunter): An eternal wanderer - far from home. But what is home, to you? The open wilds, the distant and forgotten lands of the world. Your home is the journey, where every day has the tantalizing aroma of something new and exciting.

You are guaranteed to live the life of an adventurer. Every day, and every journey, has the chance to bring you something new. Whether it be discovering a forgotten city, meeting people with rich and wondrous histories, finding the lands belonging to ancient and forgotten beasts, or anything else one can imagine, every day will become interesting in it's own way.

Falconer (400 CP - Discounted Hunter): You may not be able to understand, or share the same tongue as, the beasts around you. But one does not need words to speak, and those beasts you regard as friends are able to communicate with you on a deep, emotional level - and you can speak to them in much the same way. Complex meanings and ideas can be communicated both ways through just eye contact, allowing you to coordinate yourself and your animal friends as a pack.

This unspoken communication comes with it a position as the "pack alpha," where even humans and other sapient beings recognize you as a figure of authority and leadership. The beasts will acknowledge this position wholly and utterly, with all the good and ill that entails. People will recognize this, but it will hold less sway - in some instances requiring you to demonstrate just why you're the alpha.

Huntmaster (600 CP - Discounted Hunter): You can't fight nature. Wind blows, rain falls, and the strong prey upon the weak. Whether it is over territory, over mates, or over food, hunters clash as part of the great cycle of life. Living out in the world has showed you this fact many times over - whether it has been a great bear chasing wolves from their lands, or a great mountain cat being struck down by a crocolisk.

You have been a witness to this, and you will prove that in fact YOU are stronger. To this end, your approach is to find them before they find you - you could hunt a flying, ethereal beast over mountains, then desert, never losing track of where they have gone. Whilst tracking them you learn of your prey - their strengths, their tactics, their life. All for the culminating moment of when a predator makes that final lunge, and you bleed them for all they're worth.

Just Do It (100 CP - Free Mage): Many discoveries and new creations in the field of magic were created not through endless hours of research, nor through ages spent in the library. But through the raw impulsiveness that comes with arcane energy, and oftentimes the desire to show off. To be a mage is to be decisive. To take action, and not be paralyzed by caution or fear.

Hesitation is not a thing for you. When you would find yourself paused, or held back by trepidation or caution, your confidence as a mage will force it's way forward and shake you free of it. Let the common man shake in their boots. YOU HAVE MAGIC.

Master of the House (200 CP - Discounted Mage): What is a mage without their sanctum, but an arcane pauper, a hedge wizard at most? The sanctum, the fortress, is where a mage keeps their livelihood. Library and study, laboratory and storage, all the comforts of home and hearth. So it pays to always be aware of it.

Should you designate one location / construct your Sanctum as such, you will gain the master's awareness of it. Nothing will be forgotten or out of place, as you will know where every object and piece is within the sanctum. As a small side effect, rituals and magic drawing upon your designated Sanctum will be ever so slightly amplified. Your mana reserves will be refilled at a faster pace, as well.

Still Haven't Found (400 CP - Discounted Mage): Let it not be said that magi aren't the academic types - for that would just be a straight falsehood. Indeed, even the most volatile of spellcasters can be found pouring over tomes and scrolls in a dusty library. Search for what you desire in those pages, and you will find it.

You are the studious scholar, able to quickly skim and speed-read pages, whilst keeping that knowledge locked into your mind. When dedicating yourself to studying a particular topic, or searching for specific information, you seem to find the pages or tomes containing what you seek in the next instant. Learning from your reading material, as well, comes much more swiftly and cleanly. Meaning you could even finish early and leave the library for a bit!.. or just... go back to more books...

Another Time, Another Place (600 CP - Discounted Mage): Finding locations of metaphysical force and where ley-lines are at their most potent can be a godsend to

even the most powerful magus. Karazhan was not built where it was because of the lovely scenery, and neither was Dalaran. When even Guardians and Archmagi seek these places of power, you'd do well to follow the same.

You now have a bloodhound's nose for such places of metaphysical potency - whether they be where ley-lines converge, lands lost to time and history, or even the ancient dwellings of old and powerful beings whose energies have seeped into the land. It becomes significantly easier to find these magical locales, and easier still to claim them for yourself. Your mana reserves are refilled faster and fuller, and your rituals and spells magnified to a greater degree, when drawing from such places of power.

When Life Comes (100 CP - Free Monk): A monk's life is lived simply - whether they live alone at the top of a peak in true ascetic fashion, wander and travel the world living off of foraging and the kindness of strangers, or even just find a cabin in the woods to live a calm and normal life. Their approach to life is such that these martial artists are hard to surprise or flap in any way - after all, life's experiences are to be enjoyed. If one can't simply enjoy the act of living from day to day, then... really. What are they doing?

You're unflappable in this regard - whatever surprises or sudden interruptions life may come up with do not leave you shocked or flustered. The unexpected just brings a smile to your face, and new and shocking developments leave you more interested instead of nerve-rattled. Take it easy, just take life as it comes.

Lily of Steel (200 CP - Discounted Monk): Just as a swordsman's blade creates a display of dancing steel, so does a monk's body create a beautiful dance of martial prowess. To watch these martial artists at work is bearing witness to the ages of training and expertise they have dedicated themselves to. Recognize their craft...

...And all will recognize yours, because your physical demonstrations are not just mere techniques and moves. Your body tells your story, and whether they comprehend or not, onlookers and witnesses subconsciously understand it. Every feat of physical prowess tells them your tale - every trial and success, every moment of heartache and jubilation.

Rising Up (400 CP - Discounted Monk): The origins of the monk harken back to an era of mogu-enforced slavery, and through the secretive mastery of unarmed combat, they broke the chains of servitude. For though the enslaved pandaren, hozen, and jinyu were shackled in body, there was one thing the mogu could never chain: Their souls and spirits. Though it took generations, the revolution was guaranteed to come to pass.

Where you go, you carry the lessons of this ancient revolt with you. Physical bindings and mental conditioning are more easily broken and resisted - whether their chains are like brittle wood in your hands, or brainwashing is thrown off like a yoke. Your ability to, and willingness to, defy these forces of cruelty and tyranny in such a manner also serve to leave a spark within whomever witnesses your deeds. Though it may take generations without your assistance, those shackled by unjust forces will begin

smoldering with the spark of revolution - they will seek their freedom, one way or another.

Fist of Legend (600 CP - Discounted Monk): Where the swordsman attains perfection through bladework, or a spellcaster finds their pinnacle through spell-weaving, the monk has naught but their own body. They forge it through rigorous exercise and training, furiously pushing their physical peak further and further. To neglect their body is to betray their spirit, deny their purpose, and forget the lessons of the past. So they push themselves, harder and further each passing moment.

And so it is with you as but one of many, and your fists will carry your name into the annals of history. Your body is like hot iron - your focus the hammer and anvil. You gain much, much more from physical training and exercise than the average person - going from lifting barbells one week to lifting great beasts the next, as they ran out of sufficient weights for you. Your focus and determination will spike when it comes to this as well - where others will throw in the towel after their muscles begin to burn and ache, you will keep going until your entire body screams for release, and then a little further. Forward, always forward.

This Untraveled Road (100 CP - Free Priest): A priest should never just linger in a cloister or monastery - for that leaves the flock outside of it's walls unattended and uncared for. No, a priest such as yourself will often be called to go out into the unclean world to care for these lost lambs. And they will know who their herald is at first sight.

You give off the air of a man of virtue and prestige, a figure worth looking up to in all things. You could be on the verge of starvation, skin torn and haggard by years of long life, and still people would hold you in high regard. Even a king will know you on-sight as someone worth heeding.

Still In The Dark (200 CP - Discounted Priest): As time goes on, the conflict will wear at the souls of all. Many will have been fighting their whole lives, witnessing horrors and nightmares never seen on Azeroth's surface. The flock will suffer, men will be driven to the brink of despair and heroes will suffer from the horrors that have lodged in their mind.

Do not let them suffer alone, priest. For you have the sight - the scars that dwell upon a person's soul and mind becoming evident before your eyes. From witnessing these wounds within a person, you will be able to deduct what you can say or do for them that will help get that person onto the path of healing.

Call On Me (400 CP - Discounted Priest): Hear their voices, one of the cloth. The flock will come to depend on you as their leader of faith. They will need a guide in the coming years of turmoil, a lantern-bearer to show them the path through the darkness. And regardless of what happens or where, you will find yourself in just the right position to be this source of guidance.

By divine providence or the winds of fate, you yourself are guided to these lost lambs - township and individual alike. You will find that so much as random chance

drops these lost souls into your lap - and whether they are destitute or not, there will be many a sign that your guidance will be almost essential.

When You Believe (600 CP - Discounted Priest): For every hero, and every army, and every force of reckoning... There is the one who gives them that final push forward. That last, inspiring speech that drives them onward, filling them with such righteous fervor that nothing except death can turn them from their path.

Your words are the catalyst by which men will throw themselves unto the gates of hell, and become heroes. Your voice inspires all who hear you to great heights, inspires them to believe whatever message you speak even in the darkest moments. Your ideals will break through the thickest of malaises and bring someone new hope from despair. Where the great armies and heroes are but a roaring flame, you are the first light that breaks the darkness.

Coat of Arms (100 CP - Free Paladin): As a crusader and guardian, your path is twofold - to forward the cause of the Holy Light against all odds... And to protect the innocent and defenseless, even at the cost of your own life. And with this, all will recognize the protector - be they friend or foe.

Any symbol or signifier of your presence - a crest, your silhouette, the sound of your voice, or anything along these lines - will have a two-fold effect: For friends, allies, and those you seek to give safety and aid, they will find themselves soothed in an aura of comforting warmth, as if the Light's faintest presence is telling them everything will be okay. For the paladin's foes and fiends who would deign to harm those who cannot help themselves, the air becomes stiflingly hot with a great presence - the overwhelming promise of the paladin's wrath.

Angels Calling (200 CP - Discounted Paladin): The philosophy of the Holy Light boils down to three teachings, three tenets defined with a principle and a lesson within each. Respect, Tenacity, and Compassion - three things that mean as much to a paladin as strength in battle, and so you have come to embody one of them greatly:

Respect: The first virtue taught - for even in one's enemies, there are qualities worthy of respect and prowess worthy of acknowledgement. Conducting yourself with this honor and displaying respect to all beings creates, and acknowledges, a connection however tenuous. This connection brings both parties closer to the Light, establishing the beginnings of a bond of either friendship, rivalry, or perhaps even greater things.

Tenacity: The second virtue - that of persevering through troubling times and painful experiences. In the face of despair and hatred, a paladin must continue to stand true to their beliefs and fight on - a quality you exult. Through pain, rejection, and the horrors of war, you will stand firm to your code.

Compassion: The third and final virtue, the last step on the path of the Light. It is easy to see differences at every turn, especially with one's foes. The challenge is to look beyond this surface and understand both the similarities you share, and sympathize with the losses they have suffered. Feeling and understanding compassion in enemy and ally alike reaffirms your connection with the world and the people around you - strengthening your bonds with these figures to ties of iron.

You can embody another of the Light's Virtues with another purchase, still discounted.

Winged Hussar (400 CP - Discounted Paladin): The glow of a paladin's connection to the Light is single-handedly one of the most inspirational, spirit-raising sights one can see during a time of war. So much so that the arrival of the paladins is enough to the turn of a horrific conflict, their presence rallying their allies. The future from this day onward will be full of dark days and black nights - people will need a beacon such as this more than ever.

You are the lighthouse that pierces the dark, for your very presence lightens the hearts and minds of those who bear witness. This effect is greater the more hopeless the person is or feels - a shattered army on the verge of defeat will band together for one final push upon your arrival, earnestly believing there is a chance of victory.

The Lion from the North (600 CP - Discounted Paladin): Many paladins fell in the Third War and in battles since, their names fading from history without so much as a whimper. Yet despite this, their ideals and beliefs carried onward to the future, paving the road down which heroes would walk. Even unto death, the paladin's will lives on.

Yet you will not need death to ensure your will continues onward. From now on, all of your great and most noteworthy deeds will carry you into the realm of heroes, a subject of legends much like Uther the Lightbringer or Anduin Lothar. But it doesn't end there, for t'is the impact of your deeds and words that bear an impact several orders of magnitude greater than they would indicate. Creating a great weapon would ensure a line of heroic warriors that would wield it, a kind word to a young lad would drive him to become a great commander of armies, even the path you walk becoming the road taken by a great many pilgrims and blessed wanderers. That which spawns from your deeds and words will forever and always be aligned with your intent, and your will be carried on into the future.

Nothing Out Of The Ordinary (100 CP - Free Rogue): Misdirection and falsehoods are the name of your game - when you aren't ignoring the game entirely to just dive your hand into their pockets. So many rogues make themselves... Obvious, to say the least. Black leather, facemasks, daggers and knives and shuriken and swords galore. Not sneaky in the slightest.

You know how to keep appearances "normal," to say the least. Whether it's keeping yourself inconspicuous and avoiding attention, making that fellow whose throat you just savagely sliced through look like he's dozing, or keeping a robbery from being discovered via shitty knock-offs, it all works out. Your attempts at keeping things "ordinary" and "normal" just seem to work out more often.

Parlay (200 CP - Discounted Rogue): It's a fact of life - sometimes, a thief is caught red-handed. Sometimes through no fault of their own but mere bad luck and coincidence. And with either the stolen property's owners, the authorities attempting

your apprehension, or someone you backstabbed earlier on come back for vengeance... Well, sometimes you need to negotiate to keep your own skin intact.

To help with that, let's just say your tongue has received a skin of silver. In short, you're a miraculous smooth-talker. You won't be getting people to lay down their lives for you, but that guard who caught you mid-break-in will wholly admit he was imagining something after the resulting talk with you. A mercenary bastard you just gipped on his pay could be sent walking away grumbling, but not unruly. Just... do be careful, partner. Some people can't be easily swayed with smooth words.

Swords Crossed (400 CP - Discounted Rogue): Sleight of hand and utmost dexterity are but two of the most important tools in a puckish rogue's repertoire. Why, the pockets and pennybags of the merchant and noble alike aren't going to pick themselves, and deft knifework is always of use no matter where you may be. So let's give those hands of yours a tune-up.

Your dexterity is, for lack of poetic justice, unmatched. Your fingers are deft and swift enough to pluck the earrings from a lady's ears without her even noticing, and then hide them up your sleeves without ANYONE noticing - even if your target's looking right at you. Greater acts of theft, robbery, and dextrous wonder are, literally, at your fingertips. All you need do is get to work.

Moonlight Serenade (600 CP - Discounted Rogue): Above all else, a rogue's toolkit is useless without the most basic of basics: *Stealth.* You won't be a good thief, assassin, spy, or anything else without the ability to get in, and get out, unseen. I cannot stress this enough, partner - The ability to go unseen where you want is one of the greatest tools you can possibly own.

And now - through a mixture of minor mysticism, heavy use of exploiting psychology, some minor luck, and a pinch of desperation... or was that the other way around... Ahem. Regardless, now is your skill at going unseen such that only those who could find the impossible, the divine, or the ridiculously lucky, will be capable of finding you. Disappearing from sight in the span of a moment, infiltrating and navigating a city full of armed soldiers hunting SPECIFICALLY for you, and creeping on the body of a giant without him feeling it, are but a few of your feats that can be conceivably remembered. And that's only if you choose to let them know.

Two Worlds (100 CP - Free Shaman): You serve as the great connection between the mortal realm and the elemental planes - who remain forever in a precarious state of balance with the lacking element of Spirit. But yet also, you remain apart from both, for you have seen both the beauty and good within mortals, and have borne witness to the majestic and terrifying wonders of the elements. You are thusly ever a balancing act between the two worlds, but a sign that maybe... Just maybe... Those two worlds can be made one again.

But as any members of one whole must have trust and faith in the others, so must you reach out and trust others, spirit and mortal alike. And you will find that trust rewarded - for those who bear it will, be it by fate or luck, find their own actions and

deeds aided little by little, their successes aiding your own efforts in whatever may occur.

Touch The Sky (200 CP - Discount Shaman): This world, and countless others, are full of beauty and wonder. Such wonders torn apart by the machine of war, or the conflicts of greater beings, all of whom disregard what they look at in order to claim just one more advantage. You can't get them into a room without the bickering and yelling starting up - and heavens forbid you let them keep their weapons.

Yet with you, that seems to be different. Your presence is... not commanding, not threatening, not exactly calming either, but it's effect is more than needed in this current day. When you are present, though the tempers may still run high and violently, there will be no conflict beyond that of diplomacy and debate. This will not help on a war-torn battlefield, but if you could get two opposing sides - for example, the leaders of the Horde and the Alliance - into the same room... Your presence could be the deciding factor between peace or renewed war.

Honest Eyes (400 CP - Discount Shaman): There will be untold threats coming in your future - both in this land, and others. The heroes from countless factions - Alliance, Horde, and otherwise - will be called to the front to wage war against all comers. Though tensions will be great between individual members, and oftentimes these alliances will shatter into infighting after victory is attained, it shows that the people of Azeroth CAN come together in times of need. The same principle applies to all those you will meet in the future.

And like the events that transpire here, it takes a guiding voice to help these wayward heroes and forces come together. Though you may encounter resistance, your voice is stronger than most - you could convince two mortal enemies, diametrically opposed in all respects to the point where they should be destroying each other on contact... To cooperate, even if it is only for the one moment. Enemy armies will unite against a common foe, rivals will band together and stand as one, and in a way... Is this not the first step to creating common ground, to create understanding?

Great Spirits (600 CP - Discount Shaman): Contrary to what the taunka vehemently believe, or indeed what many people do, the shaman do not COMMAND the elements to do their bidding. It is a partnership, a position of equals - the elements lending their strength to the Shaman, and in turn the Shaman working to aid the elements in their goals. But how is this pact meant to be represented when the Shaman traverses beyond their reach?

With this, you need not worry. Any pact you make with such spirits or forces will be maintained across any distance, a shard of the original maintaining it's presence alongside you to ensure you may access it's power at full potency. Of course, this also means that they'll be also there to ensure you keep your end of the bargain. But if the taunka are capable of at least bullying elemental spirits into cooperation, you may be able to work something out.

In The Dark Of The Night (100 CP - Free Warlock): Warlocks are not accepted in the public eye - a fact you are very familiar with whilst practicing your arts. As such, warlock covens and conclaves are often hidden from sight and sound, deep within hidden cellars and underground passages. No sense in making it easy for the guardsmen to come knocking, hmm?

But you know your way around such gatherings, and have a good eye and ear when it comes to finding the meeting grounds of the occult. You can rather easily slide your way in as well - earning their trust and knowledge is another matter entirely, but at least you've gotten past the front door. Have fun mingling.

Demonizer (200 CP - Discounted Warlock): You receive your power from one source that nobody on this world or the next ever wants to see: Demons. Even if one can learn to wield the Language of Chaos on their own, that foot in the door requires the first summoning of a demon. You'll make your deals, and learn at the foot of masters, but as many disciples unfortunately learn... The terms of such an agreement come at a deadly price.

You have learned from all of their mistakes, and can spy the loopholes, the cracks, and the unspoken small text of agreements made with demons of any walk of life. Conversely, this also allows you to haggle with such beings on an even footing. Twisting and turning their own words against them will prove to be just such fun.

Poor Unfortunate Souls (400 CP - Discounted Warlock): Sacrifices, soul-destruction, and a myriad of other horrific and inhumane actions are often required to progress in the fel arts. The cost in many such instances is often high, higher than many mortals would be willing to pay. And yet in many instances, the more unsavory warlocks (a redundancy, I know) find that price but a pittance. I wonder which you fall under...

We'll see that answer by seeing what you do with this, for I gift you now two nuggets of knowledge and wisdom: The first? You now know how to get the maximum benefit - and more besides - from sacrificing and exploiting the people around you. Whether it's leveraging their freshly-ripped souls in a trade, or twisting their goals to meet yours, you have the means.

Secondly, for those who desire to be more of a noble figure... For whatever reason... You gain the knowledge for how to still benefit and profit from such horrific exchanges and practices while minimizing the sacrifice. Swap the soul of a human out for the soul of a sheep, or a pint of blood from a royal princess to a spoonful from a barmaid. Now instead of paying a most horrific price, or making others pay it, you can drastically reduce the cost - be it ritual or agreement.

Playing With The Big Boys (600 CP - Discounted Warlock): Remember the saying "If you want something done right, do it yourself?" Kind of ruins the point of being able to summon in demonic assistance whenever you want, unless they're being used as just ritual fodder or distractions. But what if that weren't the case - what if, if you wanted something done right, you knew that your lackeys would DO IT RIGHT?

Accompanied with some of the more technical parts of tactics that you now know, you'll find that both your summoned lackeys and your cohorts will follow your orders

without, pardon my dwarven, ballsing it up. If you want them to stand watch and protect something, they will refuse to be distracted and refuse to budge. Tell them to watch out for a suspicious individual, they won't brush off their hunches or coincidences. In essence, they become the perfect force - where it would take an Act of Gods or Fate to make them slip-up when following your orders.

Additionally... well, there will come a time where it may, in fact, be simply practical to do it yourself rather than rely on your summoned creatures - your power far outstripping their capabilities. Worry no more on that front, for now your summoned creatures will always be both powerful enough and competent enough to stay useful - scaling in proportion to you as their overall power and potency would have been without any of your... "improvements" from elsewhere. An Imp is still going to be just an Imp to you - but to anyone else, well, that Imp could be their worst nightmare given form.

Just One More Day (100 CP - Free Warrior): A soldier is reliant upon his skill, and his equipment. And while your skill and technique may be easily kept up to par, your equipment will absolutely suffer - not just the wear and tear of combat, but the weathering of travel, the elements, and all that life can throw at it. This can lead to a number of problems, as you're aware - your sword breaking in the midst of combat, your shield denting and cracking, your armor collapsing like paper.

It's a fact of life, alas. But so long as you're in need of that armor and armament, though it may chip and wear down in the midst of conflict, it will not fail you. Your armor will still protect you as long as it can hold, and your weaponry will still be reliable. After the battle is another story, however - it might hold on just a moment longer, but eventually it will fall apart.

Baptized in Fire (200 CP - Discounted Warrior): War takes it's toll on the mind, despite what vaunted 'heroes' and generals may say. You've seen it before - the madness and berserker rages, shellshock and nightmares, the scars on the mind. Turning good men and women into shells of what they were.

Your mind has been forged and hammered by war and your own witness to these poor souls, and will refuse to end up the same as them. You can be exposed to the worst horrors of war and carnage - see entire towns rendered into bloodied pulp and gore, witness a man's torture and breaking, see worlds burn - and through it all, stay intact and with your head on your shoulders. Do not attempt to go head-on with this alone against supernatural effects and blatant horrors, however.

Hello Beastie (400 CP - Discounted Warrior): Regardless of your choice of armament, it's almost universally agreed upon that your plated frame is among the best to stand at the frontline; A wall between your squishier allies and an undoubtedly painful death. Or the line of soldiers separating the charging army from the home nation. It'd be a shame if your foes just... casually disregarded you, just because of your lack of supernatural ability and talent.

Your visage, regardless of what form or face you wear, now evokes fear just from the sight of it. But it's not the fear that causes deviation or flight - indeed, it's the kind of fear that forces your foes susceptible to it to ignore all other options; believing you to be

the greatest threat compared to that measly spell-slinger behind you, they'll charge at you with everything they have. This does make you the priority and target, but... just like the ordinary soldier's work, if they're focusing on you, that leaves your allies free and unimpeded to wreak havoc.

RISE (600 CP - Discounted Warrior): You'll face death, and it won't be pretty. Enough death to leave you broken, time after time. In the end, it all seems... futile, does it not? To see soldiers just like you put to the sword and littering the battlefield like so many scattered dolls. You'll end up joining them, soon enough - just another mangled body on the pile, another faceless pawn marching.

... Or will you, I wonder?

Indeed, it appears that maybe you'll be the one to push despite that. To always force yourself past that point. Very well, warrior. Your willpower and defiance in the face of all the atrocities and grim truths of the world is, without a doubt, legend. You could, and will, violently throw and break the control others would seek to hold over you, such is your will. In the face of death, it would take every bone in your body broken, every muscle and ligament shredded and torn, and every nerve alight with the most horrific pain imaginable, for you to even CONSIDER the faintest notion of giving up.

... But I wonder if even that will be enough?

Mixed Discounts

Disclaimer: Discounts only apply once.

Dead Shot (200 CP. Discounted Marksmanship Hunter; Learning the Trades: Engineer):

“One shot. One kill.”

One part patience to three parts skill is the dead shot, the hidden warrior. A patient assassin and failsafe, the dead shot is the one hidden many hundreds upon hundreds of yards or even several miles back. Waiting for their target, leading the crosshairs or arrow for as long as they need.

It doesn’t need be said that you have the skills that make you an excellent member of these titled snipers. You can sit in the same position, gun at the ready or arrow knocked, for hours upon hours or days upon days - unmoving and unphased. All the while your aim remains perfectly steady, and your eyesight capable of seeing the individual feathers on a flying sparrow from up to three-hundred yards away. You can ignore the debilitating effects of hunger and thirst so long as you are waiting for your target - but try not to be waiting too long, for the pains of it will inevitably take their toll.

Demonology (200 CP. Discounted Demon Hunter & Warlock):

“Behold the absolute power of Wilfred Fizzlebang, master summoner! You are bound to me, demon!”

By their very nature, demons are leeches and plagues upon the living universe. To this end, the official teachings of the Kirin Tor are that demonology is to be avoided at all costs, with would-be students who delve into this field being expelled or worse. But... Let’s just say unofficially, the practice of demonology is thriving - particularly by those seeking to twist the power of the fel to their own ends.

You are a practiced demonologist, and I don’t mean the kind that most warlocks practice when learning to enslave stronger demons. No, I mean you have the kind of knowledge where you *understand* the demons. Their “biological” strengths and weaknesses, their societal and command structures, their methodology, and even on how to properly imprison them outside of summoning circles and runes. This also comes with an increased capacity for learning such info on other types of demons in the future.

For a bonus, you’ll also know how to speak Eredun, the language spoken by the Burning Legion.

Vision Quest* (200 CP. Discounted Shaman; Druid; Priest):

“When you are ready, consume the waters near the grove. The spirits will guide you, and your eyes will be opened.”

It is a custom of many tribal cultures - such as the trolls or the tauren - to send their young on the cusp of adulthood onto a Vision Quest, where they learn of their greatest purpose in life and become an adult in mind and spirit. But there is another purpose to these quests - druids use them to seek answers amidst the animal spirits, while shaman and tribal priests use them as tests of character, to determine whether a

person is worthy and capable. And the spirits answer - they always answer, for those that undertake a vision quest are just as important to the spiritual realm as they are to the physical.

You now hold the authority to send both yourself, and those you deem worthy, on vision quests - and the animal spirits hold you in regard as to always come, even in worlds where there may be no spiritual activity. Additionally, those that complete one of your vision quests are bolstered in spirit - their core self becoming solidified and resistant to enchantment and control, and their spiritual energies just a little bit stronger. They know their place in the spirit and material worlds now, and the wilds are more welcoming and liberating to such souls.

Lion Assault (200 CP. Discounted Warrior, Death Knight):

"HIT ME! COME ON!"

A technique mastered by an elite order of Stormwind's famed knights... or perhaps it may be better to call them combat-masochists. Indeed, this methodology of strengthening one's attacks may be feared and reviled by most. You turn pain into physical power, using the pain you deal to yourself and the pain others deal upon you to flare your muscles and enhance the raw force behind your blows in melee. This also provides a psychological effect - you no longer run from pain, but instead feeling it galvanizes you. Whether this is a good thing remains to be seen.

Post-jump you may toggle the psychological response to pain on or off - allowing you to either react to pain as a normal and healthy-minded person would, or to let it drive you forward and further into it.

Bonecrusher (300 CP. Discounted Warrior; Monk):

"I! AM! UNSTOPPABLE!"

Let us get... One. Thing. Straight. Not many can say that they could go into full battle, stark naked as the day they were born, and come out with merely battle scars. Not many can say that they are strong enough to lift and throw a fully grown rhino or kodo, or that their fists can send a full-plated knight flying through the air. Very few can ever say for certain that their muscles and skin can flex enough to deflect blades and gunfire. Or that their weapon is big enough to replace the dining table that just got smashed at last night's tavern brawl.

But the Bonecrushers can claim every last one of those feats listed above, and now? You can add your name to the list, for you are a newly-minted one of their admittedly-short numbers. And yes, the first feat I listed is notable for a reason - Bonecrushers can only properly use their strength when unencumbered by armor or clothing. So... Good luck.

Archmage's Note: Okay okay I suppose at least a loincloth will suffice.

Exemplar (300 CP. Discounted Paladin; Warrior; Death Knight):

"So take the field, with a triumphant roar! I won't be swayed anymore."

You see them out in the battlefield, without even knowing who they are. The flag-carriers, the beacons, those brave men and women who bear the standards of their lords, their cities, their homes; Those... Exemplars, who strike fear into the hearts of

their enemies, and inspire courage and rally their allies together. The ones for whom even until their dying breath will keep their flag flying.

The focus of an Exemplar is their Banner, which you receive **one (1)** for free - unless you already have access to one, of course. The Banner is the symbol through which they project their auras, and lead the men under them. Such is their task that they become able to fight one-handed - their weapon in one hand, the banner in the other. The Exemplar may, in fact, grow in stature and strength to the point that their mere presence and the sight of their flag foments and enflames fear in their enemies, while strengthening and reinforcing their own faction's resolve. Incidentally, this does mean that for lack of a better word, the Banner becomes a magical focus in the hands of an Exemplar.

The greatest Exemplars, however, can call upon and whip the Battlewind into a frenzy. The Battlewind, a mystical force that roars through the fields of battle, whips the effects of healing spells and buffs to affect the greater whole - where one soldier may receive a healing blessing, all soldiers would receive it as well. At will, the Exemplar may raise their flag high, risking reprisal - and cause a blinding flash to explode from the banner, blinding their foes and enchanting the strikes and attacks of their allies with energy.

It is time to struggle and prove your vision. Raise your flag.

Graven One (300 CP. Discounted Death Knight; Mage):

"You have fought hard to invade the realm of the harvester. Now there is only one way out - to walk the lonely path of the damned."

The necromancer twists life force and magic to force the souls of the dead back into their bodies, and creates noxious disease and destructive shadow. The death knight wields the dark arts while combining them with expert swordsmanship and the chill of an eternal winter. It is the Graven One who sees the deep well of death as the key to reach a higher plane of existence, and the bones of the dead as the materials to create new life. They wield the forces of bone and shadow magicks to deadly effect.

The Graven One starts by forging their weapon, the Bone Scythe, and is able to summon it to their hand to matter where in existence the Scythe may be. Additionally, they may take the bones of any dead humanoid or bestial creature and turn it into a minion - but instead of merely shoving a mindless intelligence or the soul of the dead into the construct, the bone creature awakens it's own intelligence. This new creature is from then on capable of learning and growing just as any living being would, with the Graven One to nurture it.

Additionally, the Graven One may - at the cost of destroying the undead minion it is being taken from - either transfer an ability between their undead creations, or absorb a minion's ability for themselves. If transferred between, the receiving construct retains the ability until it is destroyed. If absorbed, the Graven One maintains the ability or power for about twenty-four hours. Finally, one may assemble an 'Armor of Bones and Shadow' - a full set of plate armor made from interlocking bone and shadowy magic that confers all the benefits of a suit of full plate, with none of the disadvantages. This armor may be dispersed with a command to interlock itself with any of the Graven One's minions, and reassembled with the same word.

Create new life from the bones of the old, Graven One.

Hexer (300 CP. Discounted Priest; Shaman; Warlock):

"Your soul gonna bleed! Dis a nightmare ya don' wake up from!"

Where witch doctors and shaman invoke the spirits to do their bidding, the hexer takes this craft to a new level - specializing in the weaving of terrible, horrible curses, hexes, jinxes, and whammies that leave a foe and their entire bloodline reeling. A volatile art, the hexer must be particular and precise when designating his targets, for as soon as he starts up the Hex Chant, there is no reversing the hex without undoing it entirely. These chants and ritual dances call down a temporary curse upon the foe, and have a limited variety - making their victims periodically suffer damage from flame or electricity, lighting their nerves on fire with pain, draining their energy and vitality, or weakening and making them more susceptible to magic and attacks.

However, there lies the creation of a Hex Idol, for which the only limitation on the resultant curse, hex, jinx, or whammy is the Hexer's imagination. By creating a tiny idol or voodoo doll of bone or wood, the Hexer may attune it to a specific individual if given a small peace. Once created, the Idol will guarantee the individual's suffering unless the victim dies, or the Idol is destroyed. Curse them with bad luck, force a geas upon them to complete a particular quest, give them a nasty and incurable case of gingivitis, make them the target of lightning bolts out of nowhere every hour, whatever one can think of.

Dance on, Hexer.

Lightslayer (300 CP. Discounted Shadow Priest, Rogue):

"I said search the bodies BEFORE you start desecrating them. Damned zealots..."

In the fanatical and disjointed Cult of the Forgotten Shadow, there exists an agent who is a manifest monster of rage, despair, resentment, and sin - and were forged into guided weapons. These monstrous assassins, these... 'Lightslayers,' extinguish the Light where it may shine. It doesn't even take a prophet's command to send the Lightslayer out on their duty - if there is a paladin, pilgrimage, or church that needs destruction or desecration, the Lightslayer has undoubtedly already begun planning.

The Lightslayer is the assassin of myth - warping the shadows and night around them to be a blend of both harmful shadow magicks and brutal, bloody bladework. In particular, the Lightslayer is capable of cultivating the 'Shield of Sin,' an ambient protection woven into their body. With every action against the Holy Light and the divine, and every act of twisted depravity and horrific sin, the Lightslayer gains another level of protection granted by the Void against it's erstwhile foe. So long as the Shield of Sin is manifest, the Lightslayer will find themselves protected from all forms of holy magic, drastically reducing the brunt of the damage. The pain is still so... very real, however - further meant to incense the Lightslayer's hatred.

Whatever twisted past you had once, you have become a Lightslayer.

Mountain King (300 CP. Discounted Warrior, Learning the Trades: Mining & Blacksmithing):

"FOR KHAZ MODAN!"

The most respected and revered of the dwarven warriors, mountain kings are the legacy of blood, booze, and thunder - of red-glinting axes and crushing hammers. Where other dwarves are enamored with firearms and gunpowder, and others seek to unlock their Titanic heritage, the mountain king exists for the glory of battle and war. And though you yourself might not be a dwarf - a fact of which, if they discovered you being a mountain king, would have all the dwarves of Ironforge either curious or enraged - you may now hail yourself amidst this order's ranks.

You gain a dramatically increased proficiency with two of the dwarven ancestral weapons - the axe and the hammer, in all their forms. A mountain king's absolute strength is enough that they are capable of sending a giant reeling and stumbling, and may stomp the ground hard enough to create a thunderclap: A radial shockwave that breaks the ground and sends the foes stumbling and flying backwards. Pulling upon a primordial magick that lurks within the core of every dwarf as a result of their heritage, the king may also conjure glowing hammers and axes to throw at their enemies - the constructs exploding on contact.

The final ability in a mountain king's arsenal is Avatar - where for a time, the great king surrenders themselves to become a warrior for their ideals. Screaming a war cry, becoming an Avatar means the king of the mountain doubles in height and weight, their flesh hardening akin to stone, and their weapons and armor becoming a dull silver. While in this state, fighting the king is like fighting a solid stone wall - their durability increasing dramatically and their strength augmented by their ideals, as the spells and cantrips of even archmages glance off and dissipate on their grey-sheened hide.

Plagueshifter (300 CP. Discounted Restoration Shaman, Restoration Druid):

"Your pollution will be wiped clean, and all traces of your influence with it."

Few forces have devastated the world as badly as plague. Though magic is partly at fault, the Plaguelands of Lordaeron are a testament to the ravages that disease can bring. To this end, the Horde realizes that plague must be fought intelligently and skillfully, and so formed an order from among their shamanistic and druidic forces - The Plagueshifters. To become a plagueshifter, one must risk exposure to the deadliest contagions and toxins, and learn to master them.

Plagueshifters become resistant, and quickly immune to both the natural and magical contagions on Azeroth, and are capable of developing an immunity at a swift pace when exposed to others. This ability is key for a plagueshifter being able to find the source of a sickness and purifying it, a goal for which they have developed two summoning rituals: The White Pack and the Spirit of the Waters. The first is a pack of ethereal white dogs, who are capable of casting healing spells and whose bites burn the undead like fire. The second is a water elemental, specialized in purification to the point that all water-based liquids in it's vicinity are cleansed of corruption and filth.

Furthering their goal is the ability to create a set of Plague Guardians - a set of four runestones which act as the corners of a sanctuary, in which no disease may enter or progress (and afflicted victims will find themselves unaffected by symptoms so long as they stay within it). And one of the more important tools - the Plagueshifter may plant and encourage the growth of a Soul Tree. This tree acts as the beacon of a zone similar

to the Plague Guardians, acts as a focus and beacon for amplifying a Plagueshifter's healing spells, and - ***once per jump*** - may sacrifice itself to resurrect the 'shifter at the hour of their death.

Welcome to the order of the Plagueshifter.

Potion Doc (300 CP. Discounted Mage, Warlock, Learning The Trades: Alchemy):

"Even here I find myself beset by fools!"

The potion doc takes brewing and alchemy to a level unheard of amongst any academic or magical circle - even above the brews of a witch doctor. Science and magic are combined to create the doc's most volatile weapons, beneficial boons, and augmentative elixirs. Whether drunk or thrown as a bomb, a Doc can make any number of potions, and can whip up new recipes and shortcuts on existing recipes with ease - to the point of being able to brew potion bombs in the heat of combat without interruption. Even potions can be brewed that don't need to be drunk - merely absorbed through the skin after being sprayed as a fine mist. The oldest Potion Docs, those who have survived countless moments of indigestion and spontaneous combustion sampling their own brews, eventually get to the point of not needing any specialized equipment to create their elixirs.

Especially terrifying in a Potion Doc's arsenal is their skill at taking any of the magical spells they know, and being able to derive a potion formulae from it - complete with ingredients. Of course, in most instances this requires the Potion Doc to focus all of their magical efforts exclusively on the creation of potions - so for the duration of this jump, the same will apply to you. Post-jump this will no longer apply.

Finally, a potion doc will find that, as they experiment and sample their brews, the exposure to their creations will cause them to... *change.* Their biology, in all respects, becomes like that of a walking alchemical factory - allowing them to not only use their own body parts and bodily fluids in crafting strong elixirs, but also to store 'latent potions.' These potions intermingle in the doc's body, awaiting the right chemical trigger to activate. For your purposes, you can be assumed to already have this warped biology - and it will just take the continued ingestion of a particular brew to incorporate it into your "Potion Blood."

I do hope you have fun, Potion Doc.

Primal (300 CP. Discounted Beastmastery & Survival Hunter, Fury Warrior, Guardian & Feral Druid):

"Welcome to de great show, friends. Just wait 'til ya see what I got in store for ya."

Not all fighters seek to gain discipline and self-control in the heat of combat. There are some who believe that every creature is inhabited by a primeval and dark force, bestial in nature - and capable of ascending those who accept and embrace it to another level of existence. They call this essence "The Beast Within," and believe that once someone has accepted it, they must never suppress it as civilization teaches all to do so. Welcome it into your heart and soul, and you will become a mighty Primal.

A Primal is easy to pick out from the civilized crowd - their hair becomes coarser and thicker, their face taking on more angular and predatory features, and even their

skin begins to change color. A fully-realized Primal resembles, at their apex, the unnatural mix of their original race and a strange, unseen beast. Their teeth and claws lengthen in true predatory fashion, and become strong and sharp enough to contend with the enchanted armaments of this world's heroes. Their eyes begin to glow either an eerie yellow, green, or white - with the pupils warping to to match a beast's, and the eyes themselves instilling a magical fear into those caught in the Primal's gaze.

Most importantly, however, a Primal may wholly awaken The Beast Within, and erupt into a magical rage that already amplifies their mutated strength. While raging, the Beast struggles to burst through the warrior's skin, causing the Primal to grow even more gruesome horns, fangs, and claws for the duration of the rage. These natural weapons can tear through magically-augmented armor and the thick steel plates of a dwarven tank, revealing the Primal's true nature as a predator.

Revel in your newfound nature... Primal.

Pyremaster (300 CP. Discounted Fire Mage, Priest, Shaman):

"To the flame we consign this blessed warrior's body... May his soul find peace with the ancestors, and may he be remembered for all time."

The funeral pyre is how many cultures choose to honor their dead, believing that by incinerating the body of the fallen it would free their soul and let them pass on in peace. The orcs turned this into a ritual of great significance, in part through the funerary leader - the Pyremaster. These spiritual leaders prepared the body and guided the soul to join the orcish ancestors above, and through the ritual of the pyre have come to embody a force all their own. Though technically these beings are predominantly among the orcs, there is no stopping a Pyremaster from teaching their secrets to other races.

The Pyremaster has an empathic control over flame, and can manipulate it with great ease - be they summoning up a great funerary pyre to bring their enemies a swift death, magnifying the heat and intensity of flames around them, or even willing the flame to set they and their allies' weaponry ablaze. The flames can even be used to foretell the future in shattered glimpses and divinations. The elder Pyremasters, as well, are immune to the intense heat of normal flame - and can absorb it's energies to heal their wounds.

Their closeness with the dead, and the grimness of their duty, gives the Pyremaster the ability to summon a group of burning, mindless undead of any form - starting with a small warband of fiery skeletons, and growing in ability from there. The ashes of a fallen foe can be questioned - the imprint of the soul giving the ashes all the knowledge that that foe or creature knew, that the Pyremaster may ask at will. And finally, and most importantly - the funerary rites known to all of this order will cleanse the fallen soul of all impurities, and ensure the fallen cannot be risen by any method unless they accept it willingly.

And now, one way or another, you may count yourself as a Pyremaster.

Runemaster (300 CP. Discounted Learning The Trades: Inscription):

"Now, I won't lie - this will be excruciating painful. But you'll thank me later."

The art of runes is valued by many cultures within Azeroth and Draenor alike. Enchanters and Scribes alike use runes in their scrolls and vellums to empower the weaponry and garb of their allies. Yet there is an art even more ancient than these, older than written speech and language, primitive yet complex. This art is mastered by the wild, reclusive, and exceedingly rare Runemasters, who carve, etch, or ink the runes into elaborate and fantastic tattoos across their skin.

Where a Druid becomes one with the land by living alongside, a Runemaster becomes unto a microcosm - for each of the runes that make up the patterns on their skin are based upon symbology and patterns: Patterns of ley-line energy that ripple beneath the earth. Patterns within nature, such as the rings within the trunk of the tallest tree within a grove, or the grains within a specific stone, or the crackling air above an open flame.

Each pattern becomes a symbol, something with natural meaning, and the runemaster captures that meaning with their skin as a canvas. Each rune tattooed upon a Runemaster's skin, or administered to a runemaster's ally, confers the natural power and energy that that rune represents. The pattern of swift water could confer increased speed, or the pattern of a tree's aged rings could grant a natural armor.

And now you, traveler, may count yourself as one of the Runemasters.

Shadow Ascendant (300 CP. Discounted Shadow Priest; Racial Modifier: Undead):

"We all have a little darkness on the inside."

The Cult of the Forgotten Shadow festers within all cities and cultures, but nowhere has it been more accepted than amidst the Forsaken of Lordaeron. That with their state of undeath, the Shadow, the Void, has left but a fragment of it within their souls. That a devotee may throw off the shackles of their rotting body, and become one with it. Manifest the shadow inside and bonding with it until they both become one and the same - and so the Shadow Ascendant is born.

Their body fades to become an incorporeal silhouette of what they resembled in life, while all describable detail fades, leaving only two burning red points of light for eyes. Their flesh becomes as an inky, wispy fluid - so wispy it almost ceases to exist. While in this form, the shadow ascendant becomes impossible to hit with mundane weaponry and attacks, parting around them like a wispy cloud. However, this comes at the cost of becoming unable to stand bright lights - both natural and artificial - as well as taking many times as much damage from light-based attacks and divine magicks.

In exchange however, their new form allows the Ascendant to move as liquid shadows - moving at high speeds from shadow to shadow both unhindered and unhindering, flat as the surface the shadow is cast upon. Additionally, an Ascendant may drain the shadows out of an unwary victim - almost as if ripping their life essence out of them, even as the hollows of their facial features, the shade under their hair, and the darkness within their body fades. Once completely drained, the poor victim simply withers into dust. The Ascendant may, as well, splinter off some of their form to create Shades - invisible and incorporeal phantoms that if witnessed with magical or true sight, share the same shape as the Ascendant. These Shades receive a mere quarter of the powers of darkness that an Ascendant wields, to better serve.

Sister of Steel (300 CP. Discounted Warrior, Learning The Trades: Blacksmithing):

“Ne’er un’erestimate the effectiveness of a smith’s tools, ya git.”

It’s not known what phenomenon creates the Sisters of Steel - for their only known origins this far have been from female blacksmiths, driven to the forge to make up for all of the men being drafted into the armies. Long experience at the forge toughens the smith’s skin and muscles as they seem to guide along the path of the Sister of Steel almost subconsciously. Before long, they become greatly resistant to fire, and their skin is as strong as a full set of plated armor.

The longer a Sister works at the forge, the more their “Skin of Steel” is developed - turning their skin either stony or metallic and greatly increasing her defenses. Additionally, the muscle she gains from working at the forge is doubled, her strength swiftly outpacing her fellow smiths, while at the same time further strengthening her Skin of Steel. This greatly-enhanced strength makes a Sister a terrifying force on the field of battle.

Over the ages, a Sister of Steel may choose to reject their mortality through the “Steelflesh Ascendance,” becoming a being of living organic stone or metal. Many theorize that this Ascendance is a clue as to the Sisters of Steel finding a way to become akin to Titanforged once more - but whether that theory is actually true remains to be seen. Becoming Steelflesh grants a number of benefits: Immunity to toxins and other biological weaknesses. No need for sustenance, sleep, or breath. And oddly - from that point onward, a Sister of Steel’s body and soul become one singular entity.

You may now... regardless of what bits you have, frankly, count yourself as one of the Sisters of Steel.

Steam Warrior (300 CP. Discounted Learning the Trades: Engineering):

“My machines are the future! They’ll destroy you all!”

Mechanics who take their skills to the field of battle by building walking suits of phlogiston-powered armor, the steam warrior is a rare sight indeed - mostly because many an untrained tinker and mechanic will blow themselves up trying to pilot their powered creations. This is what makes an experienced steam warrior so horrifying to face on the field of battle, for without a doubt they HAVE blown themselves up, and have survived, and rebuilt their machine better, faster, stronger. The devices incorporated into it’s frame given a tinker’s personal touch.

On purchase of this, you’re given all the knowledge and ability to pilot a suit of steam armor with ease, making it capable of feats inconceivable to the mortal mind in your search for speed and deadliness. Any technology you incorporate into your steam armor, as well, works... better than it should - particularly if cobbled together from a mess of materials, and especially if incorporated with other devices that... Well, if this were any other universe, that device would have combusted a long time ago.

As well, you receive **One (1) Suit of Steam Armor** for free down in the Gear & Equipment list, as well as **1,000 Steam Points (SP)** for free to customize it to your liking.

Warden (300 CP. Discounted Rogue, Priest):

"My long hunt is finally over. Today, justice will be done!"

The secret police force of night elf society, the Wardens are stealthy and mystical warriors - becoming saboteurs, jailers, and bounty hunters. Almost exclusively a night elf position, any other being as a Warden is sure to stick out and cause a ruckus in Darnassus; Although it is conceivable that a member of the order could teach the skills to a member of another species entirely. But enough of your potential transgressions and diplomatic faux pas.

All Wardens are experienced in wielding specialized, circular blades called Moon Glaives, of which you receive **one (1)** variant of on purchase. Additionally, they know the ability to cast a variety of spells both of shadow and mysticism - learning to conjure a circle of knives that explode outward, blinking and shadowstepping across vast distances, creating multiple shadowy doubles, and even those minor cantrips available to priests. Chief among these, in their duty as secret police and hunters, is the stasis trap - freezing their quarry within a magical stasis field upon their triggering it.

Most horrifying among their capabilities, however, is Vengeance. By spilling their blood, a Warden may summon an Avatar of Vengeance. This shadowy spirit is coalesced from negative emotions and negative energy, and resembles a shadowy silhouette of your shape at the time of summoning, with a hollow black mirror of your weapon. An Avatar of Vengeance has the same abilities that a Warden has, with one addition: By either slaying a humanoid victim or summoning them from an already-existing humanoid's corpse, an Avatar may summon a Spirit of Vengeance to aid it in it's hunt. These Spirits are weaker copies of the Avatar, but in time may grow into a swarm.

Lightbringer (600 CP. Discounted Paladin; Holy, and Discipline Priest):

"Where faith dwells, hope is never lost."

Two forces exist within all things both living and not, two cosmic **ideas** whose eternal conflict resulted in the creation of all we know. The Holy Light of Creation... and the boundless, devouring Void. The Light exists as an endless, shimmering sea of energy just beyond the barriers of reality - and within, it's positive energies reside in every living being, every heart and every soul, binding all beings together as one. And summoned by willpower or one's faith, the powers of the Light can be harnessed to heal, cleanse, protect, and harm.

Where before, if you had the capacity, you would have merely continued to be able to tap into the Light's grace. But now you walk as a living beacon, amplifying all of your divine magicks with the Holy Light's rays. And as a Lightbringer, beyond the boundaries of this universe, you act as the gateway through which the Light of Creation may enter the worlds and universes of other lands. Such influence starts off small, to be sure - but spreading the word of the Light and inspiring those around you to act with kindness and benevolence will grow the Light's influence within that universe and allow it to communicate, guide, and empower those who follow it's ideals.

Spirit Champion (300 CP. Discounted ???):

Spirit Walker (???) - both this and champ invoke spirits of ancestors to learn from them and channel their techniques and abilities. Might merge.

Necromancer (200 or 300. Prolly 200. Discounted DK and Mage) - might not make it a perk at all as Necromancy's one of the several "fields of magic," and I'd need to make a perk for all the others.

maybe Blademaster? Is basically Orc Arms Warrior though.

Spellbreaker (??? CP. Discounted Warrior, who else)

Undiscounted

Remember the Name (Free - Optional):

"When I remember our beautiful city with its glimmering spires, my heart aches."

Should you desire, you may gain a history and the memories that come with it. This backstory of yours will be built from the Race(s) you chose, any Racial Modifications, the Class(es), and those Perks related. Be warned how much of any of those you chose, however - the more twisted and demented you built your frame, the more I cannot bear to look at the past you will have woven for yourself.

Archmage's Note: I encourage you to actually write your backstory here - I want to see what horribly fucked up spawns of the Nether result from this.

A Celebratory Heart (50 CP):

"What a long, strange journey it has been..."

This world has it's times of festivities and celebration - indeed, a great many of the holidays possibly seeming familiar to you! Brewfest, Children's Week, Day of the Dead, The Feast of Winter Veil, Hallow's End, The Harvest Festival, The Lunar Festival, Noblegarden, and the Midsummer Fire Festival are all celebrated year-round by all denizens - Alliance, Horde, other otherwise. There are a great many celebrations even beyond these - such as the tauren's Renewal of the Sun, or the orcish Kosh'harg, or even the Kirin Tor's Feast of Scribes.

It would be saddening if you were to leave this world's confines and miss out on such wondrous occasions - all of them being times to come together with friends and family, or seek out fortune and fame. Well, worry not. Though they will undoubtedly be modified in some fashion so as to fit in, these festivities will follow suite as you see fit - whether heralded by your coming, or fitting into the nooks and crannies of a world's history and lore. You can even choose specifically which ones to bring along, if you see fit.

Archmage's Note: If you're wondering about The Darkmoon Festival, look down in Items. You'll find the answer awaiting...

Graphically Updated (50 CP):

"We decided it was time to show you your new face."

Take a look in the mirror when next you can, and you'll find the resultant sight breath-taking - or horrifying, depending on your preferred choice. Your frame has been seemingly modeled and sculpted by expert hands, labored over the course of months to bring you up to the standards you desired.

Quest Accepted (50 CP):

"Give me a quest!"

A great many people in this realm have need of errand bo- I mean adventurers and questing individuals. And it always seems that such beings appear out of nowhere, as if drawn inexorably. Or maybe there's something else at work... For when somebody

needs assistance or a harsh task completed, you see a large, golden-yellow exclamation point floating above their heads. Now go, adventurer. Jim the Butcher needs twenty bear asses collected!

Quest Given (50 CP - Requires Quest Accepted):

"I need you to take this quest."

And now in true fashion, you've learned how to emulate this odd phenomenon. When you have a task that needs completing, you may manifest a golden exclamation point over your head. Though they may not see it, adventurous and helpful individuals will be drawn instinctively to "accept the quest." Now whether they're able to, or willing to, complete the quest is another matter entirely. You may actually no takers for your quest.

Learning The Trades (50 CP):

"Now let's start by showing you the basics..."

The trades and the crafts are but a part of how the economy here functions, and thusly it's only natural to let you in on learning a few - you'll want a good source of income after all. One purchase of this allows you to select one tradeskill below - you gain enough skill and practice in that profession to be classified as a journeyman: Fresh out of an apprenticeship and considered competent and skilled enough to begin working in the field. This can be purchased multiple times to gain journeyman knowledge in multiple professions.

- **Archaeology:** It's hard where to place this profession, in all honesty. But the primary purpose here is to unearth and reconstruct artifacts from Azeroth's different cultures in an effort to learn of, and from, the past. It's hard right off the bat to see how this may be useful, so I'm going to include a sliiiight advantage - you can recognize potential archaeological dig sites and locations of related importance almost instantly.
- **Herbalism (Gathering):** Harvesting and processing particular herbs and plants that are of great value to **Alchemists, Scribes,** and on occasion **Chefs** and **Medics**. Such plants here are oft of great use in magical rituals for Mages, Warlocks, Druids, Shaman, and Monks, with Rogues often learning or seeking the aid of Herbalists to find toxic and virulent plants for their poisons.
- **Mining (Gathering):** The location of - and tapping - of ore deposits and veins in the earth. Also comes with the knowledge of how to process and refine them - turning ores and minerals into metallic bars for use by **Blacksmiths** and **Engineers.** Additionally, **Jewelcrafters** can make beautiful - and potent - use out of the myriad of gemstones and additional minerals a Miner can find within the earth.
- **Skinning (Gathering):** Your job here as a Skinner is to harvest beasts of their body parts - specifically, the outside. Along with being able to quickly remove the hide, skin, or scale from a creature, you know how to tan your harvests into leather or leather-equivalents - useful most to a **Leatherworker,** but many professions benefit both from the leathers and the leftovers of a Skinner's work; The meat, the organs, sinew, bodily fluids, all of it can be used elsewhere.
- **Fishing (Gathering):** The splendid art of taking a fishing pole, some bait, and standing on a river for two hours waiting for those blasted sonsabitches to actually

BITE THE HOOK- Ahem. Pardon me. Anyhow, Fishermen actually serve a great purpose here - not only can their catches serve **Chefs** well, but fish oils and bones can also be of use to **Alchemists** and **Scribes**. As well, as you've no doubt experienced, there's not always JUST fish in those waters...

- **Alchemy (Production):** Through use of both chemistry and transmutation, **Alchemists** can create potions, elixirs, flasks, oils, and other augmentative, restorative, and beneficial concoctions. Masterful Alchemists can also transmute metals into other metals (e.g. Trillium into Living Steel), making them particularly beneficial to aiding Blacksmiths and other tradesmen along those lines. In particular, every Alchemist seeks to make their own Philosopher's Stone - a transmutation focus that also amplifies the Alchemist's benefit from their concoctions, and confers a number of magical benefits to the Alchemist.
- **Blacksmithing (Production):** The art of forging armor, weaponry, and any other assortment of useful items out of metals and minerals. Blacksmiths utilize the metals unearthed by Miners, along with the body parts of monsters and magical goods obtained elsewhere, in their craft. In particular, a Blacksmith can help add sockets for a **Jewelcrafter's** augmentative gems to armor pieces, creating a beneficial pact between the two trades.
- **Cooking (Production):** Since the dawn of time, people have experimented with the idea of "ingredients," and have created a fantastic assortment of strange and wondrous dishes. Cooking in this world has a particular sort of magic - food having almost a healing, curative effect on the body and soul. As well, particular dishes can confer boosts to one's physical and mental parameters for a time, making a Chef's dishes loved by all for one reason or another.
- **Enchanting (Service, Production):** With this, you gain two skills - the first, the source of your materials, is the ability of Disenchanting. You know the process to tear magical items apart via the Disenchanting Ritual, rendering them and any enchantments on them into magical dust, crystals, and liquid essences. You then know how to take these 'leavings,' and turn them back around to enchant other items. The amount of enchantments is staggering, between coating a sword in perpetual fire to reinforcing and hardening a suit of armor to take the brunt of an Infernal air-strike, and all things both fantastic and mundane. These enchantments can be layered onto sheets of vellum, allowing other beings inexperienced in Enchanting to apply the vellum, and the enchantment, to whatever object they need enchanted.
- **Engineering (Production):** The trade of gnomes, goblins, and a few other species, Engineering is the profession for the inventive mind and mechanical hand. Tinkers go to their work ceaselessly, taking the ores and metals found by miners and forging them into the cogs, gears, wires, spanners, and other myriad of tools they need to create their mechanical marvels. Mechanical augmentations, guns, vehicles and siege engines, elevators and buildings, and a great many other things besides. Of course, this is but the tip of the iceberg... Dimensional teleportation devices, suits of steam-armor, food-production, the imaginative mind is a great tool for engineers.
- **Inscription (Service, Production):** Scribes transfer arcane energy and the words of power into ink, which is then used to inscribe Glyphs either onto people's skin; onto their weapons and armaments; or even creating mystic tomes, enchanting scrolls, and magical cards. At first it may seem similar to Enchanting, but the art of Inscription is

different purely in it's target - where Enchanting enhances The Equipment, Inscription enhances The Individual, with glyphs and scrolls modifying a person's skills and abilities, and enhancing their body and mind. The better quality of materials, the better the ink. And the better the ink, the more potent the Glyph.

- **Jewelcrafting (Production):** The art of gem-cutting and the creation of enchanted jewelry, statuettes, and gemstones which can be socketed into an adventurer's equipment to confer magical benefits. Working with those crystals and gems found in a miner's efforts, a Jewelcrafter's quality is reliant not only on the quality of gemstone, but also on the effort the Jewelcrafter puts in to properly cutting and grinding the gem to a perfect finish. Whether making them for a noblewoman's ring, an adventurer's breastplate, or a golem's core, a jewelcrafter's trade is versatile and always highly sought after.
- **Leatherworking (Production):** By tanning and preparing the skins, furs, scales, and hides of various beings and beasts, you quickly convert these into any manner of leather-based good, with the most common being well-crafted suits of leather armor, saddles, harnesses, armor kits and reinforcements, and protective cloaks. Really, the only thing you CAN'T make out of leather is a decent weapon (excluding the old-fashioned sling), but even blacksmiths need leather to bind the hafts and hilt of the weapons they produce. You'll find a lot of work just supplying other craftsmen with your goods.
- **Tailoring (Production):** Bags, robes, cloaks, coats, shirts, pants, tunics, you name the clothing and the Tailor is the one who weaves it. Flying carpets, wristbands, it's... If it's a piece of clothing, made with stitching and weaving, then with the knowledge you now possess, you will either be capable of, or eventually learn how to, make it. Canny, magically-oriented tailors can also make spellthreads - magically-enhanced fibers that when woven into a piece of clothing will serve to enhance the entire pattern overall, conferring magical benefit and charging it with arcane energy.

Dungeoneer (100 CP):

"WHERE AM I?!"

Many an adventurer finds themselves delving into ancient dungeons, forgotten tombs, and lost temples - both by themselves, and with a stalwart team at their back. Regardless of this, it's frequent that such a team winds up finding themselves woefully under-equipped and unprepared, leading to a short and messy end. Luckily for you, that won't be the case, will it?

You have an innate sense for what supplies and equipment you'll need on any sort of dungeoneering expedition, as well as what information to look for to better prepare yourself. Delving into the Blackfathom Deeps will have you knowing automatically to find waterproofing for equipment, and waterproof bags both to keep bandages and potions dry (and for storing treasure). It will also have you knowing to look into the folklore of the place it is found in - after all, if there's a cult entrenched there, there's a reason why.

Mounted Warrior (100 CP):

"You don't want to be caught on the open field without a horse."

Whether it is paladins astride their chargers, a Wildhammer soaring through the open skies on their gryphon, or an orcish raider across the plains on his loyal wolf, the warriors of this realm always come to view their mounts as close comrades. If treated well, these mounts come to view their masters in the same light, creating a strong bond of loyalty between the two. Inevitably, the two come to be able to read each other in the field of battle, and their unity at that moment leads to an unstoppable force.

When astride a steed of your choice - be they gryphon, hippogriff, hawkstrider, horse, or whatever other strange and sturdy beast you deign to tie a saddle to - you will slowly develop a bond with them, both through arduous campaigns and lazy afternoons. As well, you can bring out the best of their traits through your interactions - their speed, stamina, and ability to coordinate with you as their rider growing bit by bit over the days.

Archmage's Note: Do keep in mind your steed does have to be living and/or capable of thinking. I'll allow a Transformer motorcycle, for instance, but no trying to apply this to a regular truck or train.

Draenic Engineering (300 CP - requires Engineering and Jewelcrafting):

"Good work so far! The crystal conduits are energizing. Just a few minutes longer..."

The technology used by the Draenei is, at the lack of proper words to describe it, beautiful. Sheer numbers of perfectly-cut crystals and gemstones unifying chaotic mana and nether energy to do things that the Goblin and Gnomish engineers of Azeroth only dream of. Permanent stasis, force-fields, cloaking fields, weapon transformations, mass teleporter arrays, holograms, hardlight fields, and more are possible through the interaction of technology and crystals. You now may count yourself as one of the draenei Artificers, those dedicated to fixing, inventing, and improving upon the technology they have derived from the Naaru.

Oh that's right, I *should* mention that, huh. The draenei's technology is both derived from what little they could take from Argus before leaving, and from the trans-dimensional fortresses and ships of the Naaru. If you had a chance to study one, or analyzed the blueprints and schemata that you now know, there is the possibility that you could remake these Naaru-bearing wonders.

Dragonsworn (300 CP):

"'Forever you will remain if you must,' he said, and with those words I became Watcher."

For centuries, the great dragonflights have noted the great potential found within the mortal races. In few cases, they choose members of them to be a select few charged directly with serving the Dragonflight's goals, working for and alongside the dragons. Such devotees, the Dragonsworn, reap the benefits of their devotion - for the dragons share all of the knowledge and power to their sworn. But there's more benefits than these, when it comes to becoming a Dragonsworn.

All dragons have practiced magic since before the night elves even formed their kingdoms around the Well ofEternity. As such, the Dragonsworn gains a strong affinity for weaving the same kind of magic tied to their Dragonflight (as detailed along with other Dragonflight-specific benefits below. Additionally, the Dragonsworn can change and grow body parts - arms and legs becoming scaled limbs and claws, wings sprouting from their shoulders, a tail growing along their spine, and their throats changing to

channel the breath weapon of their Dragonflight. These transformations are temporary, but destructive in combat.

Choose one of the Primary Dragonflights below:

Red: Red-scaled dragons are under the leadership of Alexstrasza the Life-Binder. Slow to trust potential Dragonsworn due to their enslavement during the Second War, the red dragons will teach - and their essence will amplify - the magicks related to flame, healing, and life essence. Secrets learned from them include much of how life has grown and evolved over the ages. Their breath weapon is a cone of fire that encourages plantlife to grow in it's wake.

Green: The green-scaled dragons under Ysera the Dreamer, the green dragons are charged with protecting the natural world and the Emerald Dream. Often finding night elves as their dragonsworn, the green dragons and their sworn have an affinity for nature and the druidic arts. Secrets learned from them include much of druidic magic, dreams, and the natural world. Their breath weapon is a stream, an acidic slurry that eats away at inorganic material while harshly poisoning flesh.

Bronze: The yellow-bronzed dragons are the guardians of Azeroth's time ways, and until Deathwing's defeat can see the past and future with perfect clarity. Stoic and detached from present events, the bronzes are rare to interact with mortals - making dragonsworn of theirs very rare indeed. But the sheer amount of knowledge the Bronze have access to from keeping watch over history is utterly staggering, not to mention the magic one can learn from them about how to manipulate the flow of time beyond just traveling through it. Their breath weapon is an avalanche of superheated sand.

Blue: The blue-white dragons wield power over the arcane, and bear the duty of ensuring it shall never be used. Alas, Deathwing's murder of the majority of their numbers has left the blue dragons scattered and disjointed, while their Aspect is left in a state of madness and loss. Until events occur that will lead in the Blue's disbanding as a flight, however, one will find that all arcane knowledge ever written and artifacts that have been compiled is under their wing, as well as how to fight against magic and contain it. Their breath weapon can be either a blast of arctic air that forms ice instantly upon contact, or a violet fog of arcane energy that scorches, poisons, and smashes their foes aside.

Black: The black-scaled dragons are the guardians of the earth, and their charge has long since fallen to ruin - their Aspect Neltharion corrupted and twisted into the abomination known as Deathwing. Now, it can be assumed safely that all black dragons are conniving, scheming bastards - but there do exist some uncorrupted. Still, the black dragons are still in tune with the earth around them, and their secrets can include the deepest, darkest reaches of the earth - while their magicks are all about manipulating the earth and the shadows. Their breath weapon is a high-pressure stream of magma, with sufficiently powerful black dragons breathing a flame wrought of both fire and void.

Purchasing Dragonsworn grants you a discount on exactly one of the five primary-flight Dragons available in companions. This Dragon companion will correspond with the Flight you chose above.

Mind Over Matter (??? CP):

“All is lost again... But I’m not giving in.”

The undead not chained to a necromancer or enslaved by the Scourge all experience the same inevitable fate, it seems. They grow cold, and numb. All feeling, be it physical or emotional, is drained. Then the mind begins to leave - thoughts slowing, the brain falling apart and all ideas and thoughts becoming disjointed and fragmented. Most become mindless, not even like the bloodthirsty ghouls or zombies, but simply just wandering automatons - walking and walking until they inevitably fall to pieces and die their second death.

But some hold their minds together through nothing but raw willpower, and their strength of will keeps their bodies together despite what damage and hardship they may suffer. Now the same holds for you - your strength of will is immense, refusing to give in to despair or hopelessness, holding your mind together even through the worst that life has to offer. And it is this same willpower that toughens your body, your durability and stamina made better by your will alone.

Techslayer (300 CP):

“They would destroy this entire forest, and for what? More gold.”

Science and technology can be a powerful tool, can rocket a civilization to the stars (sometimes literally). However, if left unchecked even the slightest bit, it can become horrifically destructive - as with the unregulated operations of the Venture Company. Thus do the techslayers rise to the occasion - seeing the unchecked and uncontrolled use of science and technology as the greatest threat to the world, they seek to learn and master it so as to cut down the threats before they can rise.

You’ve trained and practiced on being able to cut down and shutdown mechanical constructs and scientific creations with minimal effort, the better to avoid collateral damage and senseless chaos. Any weapon held in your hand, or attack used, becomes a Construct’s Bane, dealing increased damage to constructs and machines. Additionally, this comes with an increased skill at learning and understanding - the more you understand technology, after all, the better you’ll know how to keep it from growing out of hand.

The Trade-Winds (300 CP - requires Engineering & Enchanting):

“Bring that barrier down or you’ll find yourselves working the energy reclamation line.”

To traverse the chaotic gaps between worlds, the Ethereals and their Nexus-Princes have honed and mastered the technology that both rendered them as living mana-and-soul constructs and saved them from Dimensius the All-Devouring. Teleporters, soul-disintegrating fields, trans-dimensional warp, communication arrays with no lag to speak of, and the Eco-Domes - massive energy fields that protect both flesh- and soul-based beings from harmful environments - are the least of their creations. Do enjoy your position, and I imagine one of the Nexus-Princes may hire you on simply as a curiosity if you are a non-Ethereal with knowledge of how their machinery works.

The Weight of the Crown (400 CP):

"What am I supposed to do now?"
*"What a King… **MUST** do."*

For a King to lead their people, they must be many things. A commander. A hero. An unparalleled fighter. They must be the paragon of their kingdom, to provide the greatest example. And when the darkness closes in… The King must be capable of such deeds that they exist as a challenge to his people. To never let fear prevail - even at the very end.

You bear within you the potential to be this King. As your ability to lead and rule grows with knowledge and wisdom, so too does your strength as a fighter - just enough to ensure your ability to fight on the front line, alongside the soldiers who would fight in your name. This also applies in the opposite direction, where your strength as a soldier will increase your ability as a ruler. As well, deep within you lies a strong will - the will that ensures your defiance and determination are ironclad, even when faced with the gates of hell.

Order Leadership (500 CP):

Take the drawback "Do You Believe In Destiny?" for no points.

At the onset of the fourth invasion of the Burning Legion, the Alliance and the Horde will fail in their endeavors against the formation of the Black City and the breaking open of the Tomb of Sargeras. The forces of both armies will scatter, and all armies involved will struggle in vain - until the formation of the Orders. Councils, armies, and forces the likes of which Azeroth has never seen before. These heroes, champions, and soldiers will unify under paragons, great leaders. And you now count among these would-be leaders.

This purchase is linked to your Primary Class, or the Class you selected without use of Another Class purchase. Look for which one you correspond with in the list below:

- **Demon Hunters** will become the **The Slayer** of the **Illidari**, the demon hunters and armies of Illidan Stormrage. Their Order Hall is the **Fel Hammer**, a captured Legion dimensional ship.
- **Death Knights** will become **Deathlord of Acherus,** leading the **Knights of the Ebon Blade** in the formation of a weapon, The Four Horsemen, against the Legion's forces. Their Order Hall is the flying necropolis of **Acherus**, a necrotic bastion that constantly emanates a chilling wind.
- **Druids** will become the **Archdruid** of the **Cenarion Circle**, mobilizing to combat the Legion and the Emerald Nightmare. Their Order Hall is the **Dreamgrove,** the nexus of the Emerald Dreamway, a "concrete" section of the Dream that connects several locations of great potency in natural magic.
- **Hunters** will become the **Huntmaster** of **The Unseen Path**, an order of trailblazers, trappers, scouts, archers, and similar beings who exist as unseen, unknown, and unheard-of guardians. Blessed by the eagle spirit Ohn'ahra, their Order Hall is the grand **Trueshot Lodge**, built upon a nature preserve.
- **Mages** become the **Conjuror** and Archmage of the **Tirisgarde,** the elite mage-guardians of Dalaran and created by the Council of Tirisfal to do battle in the

absence of the Guardian. Their Order Hall is the **Hall of the Guardian,** an ancient vault and library of magical artifacts and knowledge.

- **Monks** ascend as **Grandmaster** of the **Order of the Broken Temple**, created after the destruction of the Peak of Serenity. This new order of Monks seeks to bring harmony and balance in the war and aftermath of the Burning Legion, and rebuild. Their Order Hall is found on the islandback of **The Wandering Isle, Shen-Zin Su.**
- **Priests** will be appointed as the **High Priest** of the **Conclave,** formed from priesthoods and religious studies of all denominations and walks of life, united against a common enemy. Their Order Hall is the **Netherlight Temple,** a pocket dimension carved into the Twisting Nether that originally stood as the prison for a Void God *Saraka the Lighteater,* whom the High Priest's efforts will redeem into the Naaru *Saa'ra.*
- **Paladins** will rise as the **Highlord** of the newly-reformed **Knights of the Silver Hand,** including members from all paladin orders on all sides. This will come at a great cost, but the Paladins will prove themselves some of the mightiest defenders. Their Order Hall is the **Sanctum of Light**, a massive complex found underneath the Light's Hope Chapel, and one of the holiest places on this world.
- **Rogues** will be invited to rise as the **Shadowblade** of **The Uncrowned,** the mysterious and deadly organization formed of those murderers, thieves, assassins, pirates, and clandestine operatives. They who operate from the **Hall of Shadows** are the mysterious men and women who guide the "threads of fate," and decide the fate of many, with the slip of a knife.
- **Shaman** will take the seat Thrall held as the **Farseer** of **The Earthen Ring,** the order of shaman who will install new Elemental Lords to replace Ragnaros and Al'Akir, and unite the four elemental planes. Their Order Hall is **The Heart of Azeroth**, on the very cusp of the violent Maelstrom, and a place where all four elements can be found in violent clash against one another.
- **Warlocks** will be invited one morning to join the **Council of the Black Harvest,** and soon rise up as their **Netherlord.** Through their actions to subvert and turn the demonic against the Legion, the Council will inadvertently claim their Order Hall - the **Prison World of Dreadscar Rift.**
- **Warriors** will be ascended to the foot of Odyn, the Prime Designate and primary Titanic Keeper. There, they will become **Battlelord,** sound the Gjallarhorn, and unite their order of **The Valarjar**. Their Order Hall is **Skyhold,** of the Halls of Valor, perched high in the clouds and a staging point for these warriors to rain down upon their enemies in pursuit of glory and valor.

Further information on these Orders can be found below in Notes, on Page 213. The basics however: Along with the Title, purchase of Order Leadership also grants you **The Order Hall** as a location that will follow you between worlds (or allow you to travel to them), granting you the benefits inherent to the Hall (described below), as well as that Order's forces and soldiers which will be mobilized at your command.

Additionally, your Order's mightiest champions will be listed as well, and will be accessible post-jump as Companions - all of them being contained within a single Companion Slot.

Finally, for those of you who will purchase one of the Artifacts below, each Order Hall as a dedicated **Forge** where you will be able to specifically and precisely guide and shape your Artifact's growth. Rather than waiting for the Artifact to slowly distribute the energy and power it has gathered, you may swiftly allocate it to your needs and tastes through the Forge.

As for why the drawback is required, well... The hand of fate must be forced, if you're to become the leader of your Order. It will ensure you come into your own as it's leadership, but I am afraid..

Path of Darkness

I... don't know why you'd sell yourself like this, adventurer.
Purchasing one of these is a guaranteed path to power, but at a cost I'm not sure you're willing to pay. But... very well.
On purchase of the following perks, you can choose whether they modify your history here, or if it simply occurs on arrival. These powers are part, parcel, and resonate deeply with the various villains and wicked forces that dwell within this universe's confines. Even the knowledge that you have the abilities along these lines is going to turn many adventurers and civilizations against you.

Mist-Shrouded (300 CP):

The spirits of the dead go to a myriad of places - some to join their ancestors, some to the Holy Light, yet others are erased from existence to repay their debt to the demonic forces. The poorest souls wind up in The Shadowlands, a realm of decay between life and death. But it was The Shadowlands that gave the knowledge of death to Keeper Odyn, who used it to twist his daughter Helya into the first of the Val'kyr. Her grudge for the next millennia, twisted by Loken, resulted in her sealing Odyn and his warriors within their own Halls of Valor.

Now she has created the misty underworld of Helheim, your home and the source of your powers. You are more than one of her Helarjar, one of her closest servants - you bring the spirits of the dishonorable to spend eternity in endless, futile battle, and rob Odyn and the vrykul of potential champions for his Valarjar. Closest to death and the Shadowlands here, you bear great powers over necromancy - capable of twisting numerous corpses together to create massive giants, abominations, and other constructs. You can take the souls of the dead and forcibly chain them to your command, shoving them into their corpses or creating new bodies out of seaweed and ocean debris for them to inhabit. Even the bodies of the living are not safe, for with your necromancy you also wield power over waves of corrupted, tainted ocean water that eats at flesh like acid, and fills the air with toxic fumes and rot.

As well, you may call forth the mists, shipwrecks, and jagged rocky shoals of Helheim to your location. It starts with an ocean mist rolling in, thick and heavy with dread. The jagged stones that have sunken many ships begin to stab upwards through water and soil alike, as ocean water floods from an unseen source. This land will become Hel-cursed, and from it will manifest the Kvaldir - the dead vrykul sailors, pirates, and abominations who will obey your commands with utmost loyalty.

Sha-Touched (300 CP):

When the Titans fought the Black Empire, Aman'thul himself ripped the seven-headed Y'shaarj out of the planet's crust, and tore the beast apart himself. The Old God's remains fell back to the land that would become Pandaria, and as the flesh decayed, the spilled essence created the first of what would become the Sha. The great of their number would be created ten thousand years later, when the last emperor took a grand quest to strip away his negative emotions: Anger, Despair, Doubt, Fear, Hatred, Pride, and Violence. These mightiest of the Sha were sealed beneath the earth.

They did not lie still. Every harsh word, angry fist, or pang of despair fed them, and though the pandaren sought to live lives of compassion, patience, and love, it would be the influence of outsiders that released them once more. The Sha are a corruptive force - to which you now stand testament, at a twisted balance with the Sha energies possessing your flesh. Your body is now covered in great, splotchy patches of black-and-white gunk and energy, splitting off into tendrils, spikes, and whorls as you desire. At will you may reshape this sha-matter, made of mist and bone, and form claws and armor from it. But the true power of being Sha-Touched is in the forces of corruption you now wield, and the true power over the mind and soul.

In even the most confident of individuals, there are chinks and cracks in the armor. You are masterful at breaking these cracks wide open, preying on the fears and insecurities of others without them even being remotely aware. As they continue to sink deep into negativity, even as you feed and grow strong on their emotion, you may begin warping them - turning them into a weaker Sha-Touched as yourself. With the final surge of power given to you, you may destroy your victim utterly - creating a full-fledged Sha spirit from the most dominant negative emotion they felt.

This final possession will also begin corrupting the very earth and ground you walk on, warping it into giant black-and-white, crackly patches of mist and bone that begin to spread and infect the world around them. Negative emotion will fuel this slow corruption of the world, but you may expedite the process by feeding it with mana or other sources of energy. With this, you may also corrupt items and weaponry - creating Sha-touched armaments that infest and corrupt individuals with every strike and blow that connects. And the more your Sha corruption spreads, the more negative emotion and horror that circulates, the more victims turned day-by-day, the more Sha-borne monstrosities walk the various worlds... The greater you become, growing mightier in both size and power.

Bringer of Nightmares (500 CP):

The Emerald Nightmare. When attempting to corrupt the planet from within was not enough, and wearing at their chains from the inside of their subterranean prisons made it even more difficult, the Old Gods turned to another tool entirely. You see, when the Druids attempted to create the second World Tree Vordrassil, it's roots touched upon Yogg-Saron's prison. Though the tree was destroyed, it was too late - Yogg had already opened a way for he and his brethren to twist the Emerald Dream to their purposes. N'Zoth set upon it immediately, and within years... The Emerald Nightmare, in all of it's black and red horror, was born.

Whether you gave in to your nightmares and were corrupted from within, or willingly sided with the monster N'Zoth appointed at it's helm - Xavius - the end result is the same. You are a twisted bringer of the Nightmare's influence, your every step causing it's presence in the Emerald Dream to seep a little bit further into the physical realm. You may walk within the minds of dreamers themselves, while they sleep - inflicting literal nightmares upon their slumbering minds and trapping them within an eternal, disturbed rest. Those you deem suitable can be actively twisted and warped past this point - until they awaken once more into a waking nightmare, it's visions allowing you to twist and manipulate them as if they were puppets.

Xavius has seen that you deserve more than this, however - if you are a Druid, you receive a great and terrible surge to your power, your animal forms becoming black, red, and twisted, even as your own nature magicks now serve to spread the Nightmare in whatever realm you find yourself within. Regardless of whether you bear Druidic roots or not, you find yourself sharing one similarity with the other servants of the Nightmare - instead of dying of old age, every year you live over your would-be time of death instead causes you to slowly grow different and varied mutations. These mutations are always beneficial to you, regardless of what you may think at the time.

Once you venture past the boundaries of this universe, you will discover a portal within your Warehouse or similar primary-domicile. This portal will take you to your own Rift of Aln - a vast, and deep fissure that seeks to bleed into all metaphysical realms of the world you find yourself in. To all who find themselves here, besides you and those you've "blessed," they will be confronted with their worst nightmares being made real before their eyes - enough that you could overtake and corrupt them without fail into one of your servitors. Should you have purchased the perk "I Dream In Green," your Rift of Aln will be a pocket within that world's Emerald Dream - and immediately begin corrupting it from within. Should you have any prior experience in dream-based magicks, or in dreamwalking, well... I leave that for you to discover, if there's any interaction.

Fist of the Legion (500 CP):

You sold yourself to the Legion in one form or another, and have become one of those rare few to benefit greatly from the contract. Should you have benefited from the Fel prior to this, you will find your demonic magicks and capability skyrocketing to that held by the leaders of the Shadow Council, with the capacity to rise swiftly to the strength and prowess held by the upper echelons of the Legion - such as the Dreadlords, or the likes of Kil'jaedan. If you did not, your potential in fel magic starts out at about the level of a fledgling warlock.

Beyond your ability, your very being has been infused with the language of chaos, granting you several biological benefits: Your blood now runs like demonic magma, glowing a horrific green and capable of corrupting and warping any metal or stone it touches into a fel-infused variant of itself; Your body and musculature grow and warp into an idealized demonic form, serving to channel your magicks with greater potency. As well, any particularly corrupted stone or metal you gain the capacity to warp and shift - conjuring great spikes of felslate and demonsteel to warp into constructs or weapons for your use, or even just spontaneously creating them amidst enemy forces.

Additionally, you may choose to either have your existing racial capabilities amplified with fel energy to a much greater degree than simply purchasing Demonic, **or select from one (1) of the demonic races below to take on select physical and metaphysical attributes you desire:**

Annihilan:
Aranasi:
Ered'ruin:
Eredar:
Imp:
Inquisitor:

Jailer:
Mo'arg:
Nathrezim:
Observer:
Sayaad:
Shivarra:

Hammer of Twilight (500 CP):

Loyalty to the Old Gods is rewarded quite favorably, even if the boon isn't always obvious or evident. But in becoming one of the Twilight's Hammer, you have already gained great power and prestige - not even a minor acolyte or initiate, but one of their greatest leaders; One who if they found favor with the Old Gods, trained, and sought power at all costs, could challenge Cho'gall and the Twilight Father for control of the Cult.

Should you have already borne shamanistic power, or power born from the natural world, you will find it greatly magnified with your position as The Hammer of Twilight - only, it has been corrupted and twisted, now forcing the elements and the natural world to follow your orders. This power has also extended to your mind, much like the priests of the Forgotten Shadow and the Faceless Ones; Great psionic power, bent towards telepathic enslavement, which when combined with your elemental powers, will allow you to conjure shackles and chains of elementium onto an elemental or similarly magic-based being, to begin assaulting and enslaving them to your will.

Lastly, you may summon forth the servants of the Old Gods - Starting with the Faceless, the N'Raqi soldiers and C'Thraxxi generals, continuing on through the Forgotten Ones - great fleshy maws and stomachs that sprout tentacles after growing deep within the earth, consuming landscape and creature alike. This continues on to include the Merciless Ones, parasitic squid-like aberrations that latch on to the head of a victim and puppet their body. And finally, in a manner that requires great, massive amounts of sacrifices of both lives and resources, you can arrange a summoning ritual for parts of the Old Gods to manifest permanently. You pull from those Old Gods who dwell while you're in this universe's confines, but in future worlds you may either choose to summon C'Thun, Yogg-Saron, or N'Zoth - or, may instead opt to summon a newborn Old God, freshly born and unnamed.

If you'd like, you may also choose one of the following enhancements:
-Ascendant:
-C'Thraxxi General:
-N'raqi Spellcaster:

Loa-Devourer (500 CP):

The Trolls venerated the Loa, worshipping and offering up countless sacrifices to earn their favor and power. The Loa accepted them, and took the troll peoples under their wing as guardians and gods. Yet every time, without fail, as soon as trouble loomed over the horizon, the trolls turned upon their gods. Killed them, and consumed their power for themselves, in some fit of desperation. Not that it did them any good...

But you look like you might know a thing or two, and would benefit from this far more than those foolish Prophets. Indeed, it seems as if you pursued this path - whether recently, or at some point in your past. Regardless, you chased down an animalistic god - for the Loa are kin to the Ancients, the August Celestials, and many others called 'Wild Gods' - and murdered it. Slurped it's lifeblood, consumed it's essence, and made it your own.

And this has given you great predatory insight in how to commit such atrocities again, and again. You know how to hunt and pursue these, and other god-like beings, and where to find out the exact method you need to corner them. You know how to prepare them, the rituals to bind them and make them bleed, just before your dread feast. And by devouring them, you obtain their great strengths. But wait, what's this...?

It appears just like the Prophets, you did not obtain the direct power of the Wild God you devoured - but a mere fraction. Hmph, no matter. No worries for such a predator - for while you may have obtained only a fraction, and will only gain fragments of your future prey's power, you are not limited to merely that. Grow, devour, train in the mantles you have consumed, and though it may take decades to reach it's old heights, you can take your newfound powers beyond their original peak. And indeed, for while the Prophets only devoured the Loa they served and focused upon that one great power, you need not limit your feast to one...

On purchase, you may select one (1) Azerothian (or Earth) beast to obtain a small set of thematic and magical abilities based upon them - such as a Bear giving you colossal resilience and durability, the ability to conjure as many phantasmal bears as there are enemies that face you, and similar bear-related capabilities.

Voidcaller (500 CP):

When the only thing to exist was the boundless sea of Light, pockets of it's warm essence grew still, becoming cold nothingness - the absence of the Light. Thus was darkness born, within the cold, boundless, and eternal Void. These two great, fundamental forces of existence are both bound together, yet clash against, on a cosmic scale. Where the Light is warmth, is life, and positivity, the Void and it's shadows are it's diametric opposite.

And you have become one of the Void's newest servants, standing apart from the walkers, wraiths, revenants, and cultists that serve it. A harbinger of the Void, wielding it's boundless and varied shadow magicks that both corrode and devour reality, shatter and erase the minds and souls of it's victims, and call forth it's servants. Voidwalkers, large and shapeless swirls of blue and purple with a bone-crushing grip and no fear of pain; Revenants, parasitic beings that tear holes through the planes of reality to feed on the energies and beings within; And even, with **massive** energy expended, the possibility to summon Void Gods - the result of a Naaru, the purest manifestation of the Holy Light being drained to the point of emptiness.

Ah, but what is this? It appears you have made a pact with the Void - a pact that could spell doom for countless worlds and planes beyond. You can feed upon the damage inflicted by your shadow magicks, both to the material and the mental, to slowly increase your powers over the black nothingness. But the Void offers so much more -

for every cult you establish in it's name, every moment of utter destruction you commit, and every ounce of negative energy you cause to manifest... Slowly, inch by inch, tendril by tendril, the Void will stretch across universal boundaries - until finally it reaches you, and infects this, defenseless land of it's own accord. Every time you give it this chance, you will receive a substantial increase to your voidborne powers.

Until all is consumed.

Companions

Down near the docks, amid the hustle and bustle of the bazaar, a job board. There's a list of bounties, jobs, and such - but one seems to be forcing itself to catch your eye. *Want Help? Job-seekers listed below!*

Special Offer!: You receive up to 300 CP to spend in this section freely on any of the named Companions available, or on Seeking Their Soul.

Archmage's Note: Each of the OC companions has potential interactions - check <insert pastebin link here> to find out which ones!

The Party (100 CP): So you've got a few people waiting in the wings, huh? Well I suppose we can arrange for that. For the initial purchase, you can have eight prior Companions imported - each with **100 CP** of their own to spend. For an additional **50 CP** per purchase, you can gift them additional increments of **100 CP**, up to a maximum of **800 CP per Companion.** All Imports get their free perk, their Class bonus, and the free set of Uncommon-quality gear listed below their class, plus the discounts they qualify for after getting through Character Creation.

Additionally, if you do not have any Companions to import / do not have enough to fill the full roster of eight, then you may add either one of the OC Companions below (on purchase) or create new ones wholesale until all eight slots are filled. New companions fall under the same rules as imported ones.

The Guild (300 CP - Requires 'The Party'): So you have... quite the number back there, don't you? Well I suppose we can negotiate their entry as well. With this purchase, you can bring in **ALL UNIMPORTED COMPANIONS** to join the fun. They receive an amount of CP based on what you purchased for **The Party**, and receive the same benefits all around.

Seeking Their Soul (Variable): So there's somebody in this world you wish to recruit to your cause, huh? Well, now you'll get your chance - simply pay the CP allotment that they qualify for and, if you can get them to agree to the deal... You'll be able to take them with you after this jump ends. Of course, some of them will be decidedly more difficult to persuade, depending on their situation. And of course, a small disclaimer - should they be dead at the end of your time here, they will not be valid. If you need help figuring out which CP selection your choice counts for, look in the Notes.

- **100 CP:** Civilians and rank-and-file soldiers, or any other assortment of characters that one may come across in their travels. Examples of this are Watch Captain Parker, the gnoll chieftain Hogger, Innkeeper Grosk, Merchant Greenfield, or Isenstrider. Consider these characters, while they may do great things in their own lives, overall unimportant to the narrative of Azeroth as a whole.
- **200 CP:** People like Varian Wrynn, Rhonin, or Thrall - city leaders and adventurers who are IMPORTANT to the story and also are capable of standing alone as powerful forces. This also extends to characters such as Halford Wyrmbane,

Malkorok, or Edwin VanCleef - still quite important in their own way, but not shakers and movers in global politics.

- **300 CP:** Now we get above the strength of mortals - Dragons, Elementals, Giants, and Spirits. Beings like Rheastrasza, Baleroc, Princess Theradras, or similar. These are the ones it takes organized groups of strong adventurers to bring down, and are capable of great destruction and change.
- **600 CP:** Wild Gods, Elemental Lords, Draconic Aspects, Old Gods, leaders of the Burning Legion such as Archimonde and Kil'jaedan, Naaru, and Titanic Watchers. These, and others similar to them, are the titanic, mythic beings capable of destroying armies and being threats to entire nations. Unfortunately, these are also the beings for whom it will be ***IMMENSELY*** difficult to convince them to come along.
- **The latter option does not qualify for purchasing the companion rights to Sargeras or any of the other Titans (the rest of the Pantheon is dead anyway, and for all we know Azeroth might never turn into a Titan). If you want them that badly, you'll need to use other methods. But this jump won't be of help.**

Runestone Rudie (50 CP):

"Oh-oh dear I think the paint's flaking off."

Not many know of the Titans, and those Titanforged keepers and watchers haven't given many details. That hasn't stopped Rudie however, who believes with all his heart that he can become one of them someday! Until then, this gnome settles for the next best thing:

As you've gathered from his... 'wardrobe,' he has assembled costumes that are rough, off-key, and very gaudy approximations of what he imagined the Titans wore. He has one for all of them - Aman'thul, Eonar, Norgannon, Golganneth, Khaz'Goroth, and Aggramar. None of them are anywhere even near close to mimicking the original - but hey, you can't blame the little guy for trying.

Stoutwhisker (50 CP):

"LETTER DELIVERYYYYYY!"

It seems you've come, at some point, to hire a courier - and so long as Stoutwhisker has a message or package to deliver, he will do so without interception or fail. You now own this kobold's contract, and for anyone else to pay for his services the cost comes in candlewax and coin. But if made to deliver a letter or package, there is an absolute GUARANTEE that he will deliver it, and in a timely manner.

Px'shww (50 CP):

"Come, see what the harvest has brought!"

Px'shww is one of the people of Sporeggar come to test the waters and soil of other lands, so to speak. You see, he's always a-... uh... a 'blue thumb,' I guess? Regardless, he is an excellent farmer and tender of gardens, ensuring the harvests are always bountiful with the least amount of effort required. There's... also a bit of a quirk to

him - you remember the Sporeling ability mentioned up in Races? He has a variant of it - rather than the original Zangar Encroachment, his spores cause the growth and spread of a swamp similar to it; Only there's no infestation of other plants or beings, simply the resulting fungi and mushrooms growing to resemble, test, feel, and smell like certain vegetables and fruits, particularly those found in the area his "farm encroachment" propagates in.

Arriana Songbird (50 CP):

"So many just want a mere drinking song or catchy tune. What I'd give to have the inspiration for grand ballads and tales of love."

Arriana is a hopeless romantic with a finely-tuned violin and the voice of an angel. Alas, she finds herself without inspiration for the songs she wishes to sing, and so this high elf wanders ever onward. She searches for the heroes, commanders, and adventurers who she believes will give her this inspiration, and tags along - whether willingly allowed or not. She's now set her sights on you, and pursues your adventures with reckless abandon - using every action and deed to weave the next verse of a ballad she hopes will finally be that which she seeks.

Lorewalker Sheizi (50 CP):

"P-p-pardon the mess, but I'm sure you'll love what I just discovered!"

She may be utterly horrible in the kitchen, and a klutzy mess in many walks of life, but don't put this pandaren girl down just yet. She was named a Lorewalker on par with Cho for a reason; A damned good historian and archaeologist, with a particular gift that many in this land seem to lack - Common Sense. Her organizational skills are also top-notch, never forgetting where something is if it's in her care. These skills alone would make her an exceptional expedition leader, museum curator, or librarian of need be.

Just… Don't… let her near the kitchen. The last time she tried to boil soup we needed a water elemental to put out the fire.

Stable Master Ya'qi (100 CP):

"Mon, I'm no' sayin' ignore da bite mahks I got all ovah meh. I'm jes' sayin' give da liddle guy a chance!"

Ya'qi is... enthusiastic, to put it lightly. A jungle troll with a lot of heart, particularly for those beasties that one should not be taming lightly. Core hounds, kodiak bears, devilsaurs, he's tried to hug them all. One could almost regard him as an expert zoologist despite his lack of scientific knowledge - his expertise in beasts, and ability to study and quickly learn of new creatures, are second to none. As well, should you have some kind of stable, exhibit, or similar type of enclosure, you'll find he will immediately name himself it's caretaker. And you won't be disappointed.

For another **100 CP**, Ya'qi can discover a hidden potential within his soul - and can potentially take the old Zandalari path of the Dinomancer. Pursuing this road will

give Ya'qi to call upon the spirits of the ancient saurian beasts that prowled the world, calling them as spectral allies or requesting their aid in taming and controlling similar creatures.

Shiyo the Keen (100 CP):

"Watersmithing is a delicate and balanced art - where you employ fire and brute force to shape your metal, I achieve the same through water pressure and density. I wonder how they compare in result?"

A goldfish-patterned Jinyu, Shiyo is a freshly-minted watersmith, eager to ply his trade and make his mark through creating pearlescent arms and armaments. Believing that a hero is known by their weaponry, Shiyo wishes his name to become associated with those of great heroes and heroines by mastering his craft and equipping them. He's a masterful artisan in his own right, and is quick to pick up on the smithing techniques and skills of other peoples and cultures - adding them to his own form.

For an additional **150 CP**, Shiyo comes with his watersmithing forge - a low-set stone building built just above, and surrounded by, a deep and crystal-clear pond. The building itself has many open gaps in the floor through which Shiyo can draw the waters he uses for his smithing, with a crystal anvil and rune-circle set into the sections of flooring. The pond itself is populated by a small school of koi fish that Shiyo calls his dear friends - and astonishingly, their presence seems to enlighten and strengthen his technique, empowering his ability to forge.

Archmage's Note: If the forge is purchased, it can either be turned into a property that follows from jump to jump, or be made into a Warehouse attachment.

Sharzahde (100 CP):

"H'ohoho? And what is it you seek, friend? Tell the nexus winds, and we may yet find it."

A rare example of one of the female members of the Ethereal people, Sharzahde is a splendid businesswoman to have on your side. Having spent ages haggling across a myriad of different worlds and appraising many thousands of different items, relics, and merchandise, there's not much she can't appraise - And then sell for it's greatest value, or haggle down to a "more reasonable" price. She comes with the Nexus Transporter for her store at all times - a small teleporting pad that allows her to warp in the two-story, gleaming building from which she runs her business.

So long as she is just running her store and not assisting you in any of your quests or errands, she can be out and about without without taking up a Companion Slot. As soon as you call her in, however, she will be slotted in. Just something to keep in mind.

Shatterbeak (100 CP):

"HOO-HOOOOOOOOOOOOT!"

He is big, he is angry, and he is OUT. FOR. BLOOD. Unless he's off gathering flowers, or meditating, or simply enjoying the sights. You, my friend, have befriended one of the wildkin - And not just any member, but one of the Moontouched, blessed of Elune. His connection to the Moon Goddess of the kal'dorei has left his feathers, antlers, and claws a stark white with blue highlights, while his beak - a chip taken out of the upper half giving him his name - is dull black, and his eyes are a bright, vibrant seafoam-green. You are Shatterbeak's friend, and he will bring his empowered magicks to your aid when you call on him. However... he is... *strange*, to put it lightly.

Ko'kin (100 CP):

"Make some room on the grill, would you?"

Ko'kin is a renowned chef and fisherman among the Kalu'ak, fishing up game such as North Sea Squid and orca with ease. He then prepares them into such dishes within the same day that - though the tuskarr see little need for such extravagance - could rival the chefs of Dalaran. But he is growing old now, and still desires to see so much of this world and how their food differs from Kalu'ak. Recognizing your journeys, he's brought himself - and his cooking boat - along with as a personal chef, hoping you can help him bring in new ingredients and cooking methodologies.

Course, he never thought he'd literally be going to other worlds. Not sure whether that sweetens or embitters the deal.

Thuranis Stargaze (100 CP):

"Please, feel free to browse whatever you like sir. I'm certain the silks would look positively stunning on your form."

This tailor shouldn't be beyond the bubble covering Suramar - and yet here he is, with the magic to instantly summon forth the myriad of beautifully-woven silks, robes, cloaks, and other clothing item he has created. Particularly enjoying how his creations appear when draped over the masculine form, he has earned his title of The Nimble-Handed in more ways than one. But of course, the markets of Suramar are too familiar, and the bazaars of the outside world too... *drab,* for him to properly put his works on display. Recognizing the fresh faces, forms, and wonders he can wrap about in his woven masterpieces you represent in your journeys, Thuranis Stargaze now volunteers to accompany you.

For an added **50 CP,** Thuranis' shop was never a permanent domicile - only forced to squat because of the shield covering Suramar. With this, he can now summon his shop and loom to him wherever you may go - always having a rack full of the finest clothing that the Nightborne can ever dream of wearing.

Trixxy Spellwidget (100 CP):

"What're ya buyin'? Speed enchantment? Maybe stamina? Come on, I can do this all day."

H'oooooh, be careful with this little spitfire, adventurer. Trixxy is one of the finest enchantresses that gold can buy, and she has an... 'active imagination' in what those enchantments can and will be used for. Yet every time she winds up disappointed, either because her clients are too dense to pick up on the sub-text, or they're just... a complete disappointment. But now she's seen you, and so help anybody involved, she WILL enchant you - both your gear and... Well, I'll just let this play out and see where it goes.

Tuk-Tuk the Stickypaw (100 CP):

"Tuk-Tuk not know what the dook you ookin'. Tuk-Tuk just sleepin', see?"

Tuk-Tuk stays one jump ahead of the breadline, one swing ahead of the sword. He only steals what he can't afford (and that's everything). Indeed, you've earned the... questionable loyalty of The Stickypaw, the one hozen pretty much notoriously disliked across most of Pandaria because of his sticky paws. He's not malicious about it, no - but honestly, if they were just going to leave that coin, that food, or that other good stuff lying around, there's no sense in him leaving it behind. With you, he'll be willing to share his spoils and plunder.

For an added **100 CP**, you will find his partner-in-crime joining along with - a juvenile white tiger named Saikun, who mysteriously has the ability to talk and the sarcasm of someone who has lived through too much of the same old shit. This makes the duo a two-in-one companion - where the two will always split evenly the perks that help them in stealth and sneakiness, while Saikun will always be augmented by those perks that amplify his bestial capability, whereas Tuk-Tuk will take most of the benefit from those perks that boost his speed and athleticism.

Kotagua (100 CP):

"We knows good things, yes. The rain speaks well... Buuuut it's too busy."

Kotagua knows the language of the wind, the rain, and the coursing stream - allowing her to see glimpses of the future with stunning clarity. Of course, this... disturbing little gorloc frequently just uses it for the laziest of purposes, mostly just using and abusing it to get through her day-to-day collecting shinies and avoiding notice and responsibility. Who knows, you mmmm... MIGHT? Be able to convince her to work it in your favor, but it might take a bit.

For an added **50 CP** Kotagua brings along the shrine which allows her to show the visions that she is capable of calling forth, and letting others witness them. The shrine also augments her capability for controlling water, turning simple rainspeaking into full-blown aguamancy.

Edjik (100 CP):

*"Edjik not MEAN to get in these situations. Edjik just get a **thrill** from danger!"*

Wolvar are known for two qualities: Stubborn, and rambunctious. Edjik exemplifies the second to such a degree that the Frenzyheart Tribe he claims heritage

from has given up on trying to keep him intact, with High-Shaman Rakjak believing Edjik to be deliberately seeking “the stupidest of deaths.” Edjik, of course, disagrees - Indeed, you’re looking at an adrenaline junkie, seeking the next thrill in his quest to first scout the entirety of Northrend for his Tribe, and then the world, and then worlds beyond. With nothing but his spear and his wits.

For an additional **100 CP,** Edjik is given the skills of a saboteur and subversive, giving him a little bit of talent at wielding the magicks of nature. His skills, and newly-obtained magic, are all built and focused towards sabotage, traps both physical and magical, and guerilla tactics - where Edjik could give a tribe of gorloc Oracles the run-around for days as he picks them off one by one.

Crusader Halefin (200 CP):

“Hlaughle.” [Salute]

It’s unknown what tribe Halefin is born from, or why he left to wander. It’s further unknown how exactly this murloc gained the favor of the Holy Light - but the Argent Dawn will never turn down someone with it’s blessing. And now this Paladin of the Swamps comes to your command, clad in custom-fit plate armor. With his warhammer Marshlight, and a waterproofed libram, this murloc stands fit and ready for battle. Additionally, you’ll find that this devout amphibian is capable of bringing the faith to such places where even charismatic preachers would be turned away - just from his simple, yet honest belief.

For an additional **50 CP**, Halefin is also equipped with an enchanted bridle, used to summon his steed Gleamscale - a lightning-fast crocolisk with a set of blessed armor that glows even in the darkest reaches.

Artificer Luurina (200 CP):

“A world full of the ugliness of violence and hatred, benefits greatly from even one act of creation.”

The art of the Mirror Image is one Luurina has mastered utterly, for it’s a rare occasion you’ll see this draenei artificer as a single body. Splitting into three images - one of fire, one of cold, and one of the arcane - at nearly all times has enabled her to multiply her works of magical creation greatly, whether it be three separate projects or working three times as fast on a single one. Luurina specializes in the art of jewelcraft and turning gems and crystals into beautiful - and powerful - magical constructs. Golems and sentinels can be found alongside gorgeous necklaces and rings in her shop, which reminds me...

For an additional **100 CP,** Luurina brings along her workshop and home - a small pocket dimension hidden within the bright opal on her pendant. She can teleport herself and whoever / whatever she is touching to this hidden home of creation - a crystalline mansion full of bright lights and color.

The Red Knight (200 CP):

“Milord. I serve.”

A stoic and quiet knight clad in dusky red plate, unadorned but for his full-visored helmet - with a simple inscription upon the helm’s brow: *Till the end of my days.* A plain and stark white cloak is draped about his form and pinned at his pauldrons. In his hands is a two-handed broadsword, blade just as dusky red as his armor. Though none know The Red Knight’s identity, he has earned his fame and fortune as a master of the blade - going toe-to-toe with orcish blademasters, full-grown dragons, paladin lords and death knights alike, and coming out on top. His skill in bladework is such that even when faced with a foreign style of combat, he can quickly develop his own counters and techniques to face against it. And now this warrior’s skill fights under your banner.

For an additional **100 CP, a mysterious letter finds it’s way to your hands - unmarked but for a wax stamp of a two-headed eagle, and a single name written in ink: Sarth.** (Please go to the Quest Journal, page 5...)

Juramir Lendbeck (200 CP):

“Remind me what we’re doin’ ‘ere again?”

An auburn-haired, freckle-faced Gilnean with an honest heart and two blades to slice purses and snip pockets, this dashing rogue is always willing to give his spoils and loot to those in need. In these ventures it seems as if Lady Luck has granted her blessing, for this young worgen has had lucky break after lucky break since he was born - always either helping him profit or saving his neck. His skills as a burglar aren’t shoddy either, for despite his massive worgen frame young Lendbeck is capable of sneaking, pickpocketing, and lockpicking with the best of them.

For an additional **100 CP, Juramir will find a raven wearing a pendant, and a mysterious crest. The raven caws one thing: “Rillia...”** (Please go to the Quest Journal, Page ??...)

Dondar Thundereye (200 CP):

“Tha elements don’ aid tha stodgy punks boun’ by laws an’ rules. T’is a free spirit that earns their respec’.”

An old, grizzled Wildhammer dwarf, Dondar has been a shaman since he were not but a wee bab. He’s seen the best and worst that life has to offer, and even among the wild and feral dwarves is notable for refusing to be tied down. Still, he brings an entire lifetime - hundreds of years, in fact - of experience and wisdom earned in the elements’ employ. His connection with the element of air is strong, strong such that his one good eye always glows with the ferocity of lightning, and even when the sky is calm has errant winds and breezes curling along his muscles.

For an additional **50 CP**, Dondar retains access to a mechanism a gnomish friend crafted for him in the early years. A mysterious invention the gnome called “The Stormchopper,” with a friendly storm elemental bound within it’s engine. You may be familiar with this kind of creation - on Earth, it’d be called a motorcycle.

Verius the Whacked (200 CP):

"Our people have become fat and lazy, and have lost the ambitions that lead to us being a reigning power. To that, I give but one response: Fuck you, Elune."

Whether or not he's ACTUALLY whacked is a question for other days, but this night elf warlock is guaranteed to earn you more than a degree of scorn from Darnassus. Or possibly any other sensible person, given his rampant hatred and tendency to scream insults and slander in the general direction of the moons; After all, he holds Elune responsible for the night elven plight. But be warned - underneath that rambling, raving mask lies a cunning and feral mind. Verius is a powerful warlock in his own right, and has an uncanny amount of knowledge when it comes to ritual magicks and summoning - able to iterate and improve upon existing designs and plans to dramatic effect, be they modifying a summon ritual into one that imprisons the target, or improving the mana costs of another ritual to cost nearly nothing.

For an additional **100 CP,** Verius is guaranteed to find his old magister's staff during your time in this world - the staff **Aku'naril.** The staff itself is named for the dreadlord that Verius chained inside - and by being reunited with his old stave will give Verius a much-needed boost to his own fel magicks, and a source of energy that he can drain at will.

Alician Shadewing (200 CP):

"Altruis, Illidan, it doesn't matter... I'll follow my own path."

With Illidan's methods becoming the Legion's, this blood elf demon hunter has shed her allegiance to Stormrage - and indeed, to any other master. One of those trusted with ensuring and solidifying a neophyte's transformation into a demon hunter, she has long since fled - taking with her all of the Illidari's secrets, including how to induct others as hunters. Now she's a fugitive - for who would accept a demon hunter into their home or city willingly, particularly one hunted by her former comrades? But still seemingly, she's found her way to you - an anomaly, a stranger to these lands. Who knows how your paths will intertwine?

For an additional **100 CP, Alician's resolve will be tested as her sister, Asilde, appears once more in her life. But where has she been all these years...** (Please go to the Quest Journal, Page ??...)

Adenae Talon-Mantled (200 CP):

"Whether through Aviana's grace, or the influence of outside forces, I WILL ensure my people are redeemed."

She barely flies now, wings tattered and shredded. Huddled and shrouded in a snow white cloak and simple, yet elegant, brown robes, you couldn't tell this wandering priestess is a harpy just from first glance. Adenae, exiled from her flock and turned away from the roosts of all other harpies thereafter, now searches endlessly. The harpy species, collectively, has turned away from Aviana - to darker, and twisted magicks.

Adenae wishes to save them from this fate, and her quest to find their salvation has lead her here... To you.

For an additional **100 CP, she will first meet you late in the night, and - knowing of your capability and prowess in your adventures thus far - will attempt to make an offer. A plea for aid, to save the harpies - starting with the flock of her birth, the Northspring...** (Please go to Quest Journal, Page ??).

Charak the Iron Dragon (200 CP):

"Let the Legion come, let the Scourge, and the Void, and all other terrors! I WILL BREAK THEM ALL WITH MY FISTS!"

His grey skin glistens with sweat, black tusks and black eyes shining with anticipation and will. Charak the Iron Dragon is an orc of no clan, and follows no banner. This monk simply looks to carve his legend and name into the stonework of history with his knuckles as the chisel. To this end he refuses to let himself rest, giving rise to both his greatest boon and his greatest curse; For though he already bears strength enough to fell a grown mammoth in one punch, his indomitable willpower and persistence mean he will refuse all opportunities to give up or surrender. Even when outclassed and outmatched, Charak will throw himself at the wall time and time again, even until death.

For an additional **100 CP, you feel a cold breeze one noon day as Charak trains. There, floating over his shoulder, the faintest outline of an old orcish matriarch, her face creased in grief...** (Please go to the Quest Journal, Page ??...)

Doroho Longreach (200 CP):

"There is nowhere my hooves cannot trample the misbegotten foe - be they across the ocean or in lands unseen."

Armed with two cavalry sabers and the mastery of ice evident about him, Doroho is a rare breed of death knight - The Lich King rarely recruits from the 'mongrel races' for anything other than ghouls and cannon fodder. Slain during the War for Mount Hyjal and his corpse dragged to Northrend along with so many others, this centaur has earned infamy as a four-legged juggernaut, his pounding hoofbeats muffled by the unholy blizzard that blows about him at all times. His demeanor is... grim, to say the least - his actions speak more than his words, and his actions tend to result in the deaths of all who stand against him. When his ice is capable of carrying him across the ocean to pursue a foe, Longreach is an apt name.

For an additional **50 CP,** Doroho has had a set of enchanted horseshoes permanently frozen to his black hooves. Leaving a trail of white-glowing hoofprints, these shoes give the death knight a... rather horrific ability to run through the air without need for flight or propulsion, treating it as solid ground. Nobody is truly safe from him anymore.

Beastlord Kordak Bearclaw (200 CP):

“We are named Sons of Nath by the ogres - children of an ogrish war god. They have no idea how right they are.”

The world is not kind to the Mok’nathal, the half-breed bastards with the best of both ogres and orcs within a single body. All this merely feeds Kordak’s arrogance - A Beastlord would naturally attract adversity, and the world fears his kind for obvious reasons. Why shouldn’t he take advantage of this? So your newest traveling compatriot wanders the world, using every ounce of adversity and conflict as just another chance to prove his superiority to the worlds at large. He wields two massive battle-axes in either hand, magically enchanted that he can throw them with all his strength at his opponents, and have them return to him along the same arc they were thrown. Additionally, his control over beasts is through the force of personality, allowing him to even hijack control of a knight’s horse without even stepping onto the saddle.

For an additional **100 CP,** Kordak Bearclaw will permanently come with a set of five beasts that he can summon to him regardless of where they are. The first is Hikri, a phantasmal elekk; Antilos, a pale and ivory white hippogryph massive enough to carry the half-breed’s frame with ease; Kurmokk, a red-furred gorilla matriarch; King Tyrannus, a massive ivory-scaled devilsaur; and finally, Darius, the old hunting hound of the human lord that Kordak beat senseless some time ago.

Kelari Brightmoon (200 CP):

“Be blessed by The Earthmother, traveler. She watches you with great interest.”

One would think being blind would severely cripple any being looking to make their life and fortune outside the boundaries of a safe village or city. This druidess, for whatever reason, has proven this otherwise - her lack of sight has, in fact, made her connection to the Dream and the wilds stronger. She can see the spiritual world now - it’s pale energies standing out like beacons of light amidst the nothingness. Such insight into the spiritual has granted her equally keen insight into the spirits of people, making Kelari a good judge of character. Let her guide you, and this tauren will always keep you to the brightest path.

Brother Arkaros (200 CP):

“Since the fel, I have been rendered a broken husk... And by following this path, shall be born anew.”

The Broken, Krokul, Fallen Draenei, are but fractured mirrors of their former selves - filled with a desire to make themselves whole again. Some find their answer in the Holy Light, despite being rejected by it. Others have turned to demon worship or the elements, and yet others degenerate further and become the mindless Lost Ones. Arkaros, once an abbey brother, has turned to another path entirely - that of following the path of the dragons. He is in an odd position as a Dragonsworn with no sworn flight, and as such his manifestation of the draconic body parts appear as grey scales. He still campaigns to earn the eyes of one of the Flights - perhaps you might be able to give him an in, as it were?

Hir'zik the Sadist (200 CP):

"Shred! Crack! Break! COME FIGHT ME, LET US TRADE IN PAIN!"

He was Mantid, once. A candidate for Paragonhood, in fact. Yet the call inside his soul grew too much - The Beast within too tantalizing to control. Hir'zik was sealed in amber not to venerate him as Paragon, but to protect everyone else from the mad primal. Somehow, he's come to - and there's only a simple sonic-rod made of amber and bone to keep him under control, now in your hands. His golden mantis-like carapace has come to be covered in sheets of slate-like scales, with spurts of black fur shooting out from between the joints and gaps in his shell. His two scythes, attached by chains of amber that are organically fused with his wrists, are his only weapon - to horrifying effect. He was Mantid, once. Now, there's only The Sadist.

For an additional **100 CP,** Hir'zik's scythes have imprisoned within them two souls - two strong Shado-Pan agents he personally ripped to pieces. Using the energy of their souls within his blades, The Sadist now has wicked ability to control his weapons - extending the chains and both multiplying the number of scythes per strike, or briefly combining the two into a larger scythe, along with the blades becoming supernaturally sharp as to cleave right through shaped stone and ghost iron. This, combined with his abilities as a Primal, have come to make one of the worst foes the pandaren defenders have ever seen.

Blind-Eyes (200 CP):

"Ksshhhaaawhahahahahaaa!"

An albino saurok, Blind-Eyes stands taller than most of his ilk, but looks incredibly thin and malnourished. A closer look reveals this is not the case - for Blind-Eyes has no more need of nourishment, being mummified yet walking, an incredibly well-preserved undead. Using a massive, cruel-edged scythe carved from bone as both walking stick and weapon, Blind-Eyes is a Graven One with much expertise in the realm of the dead. He is followed by five skeletons, cut from the flesh of the clan-mates that exiled him and assembled into his new children. The first two have no skills, being merely skeletal servitors. The third is skilled in the use of water magic, while the last two are decent archers in their own right, wielding bows carved of willow.

For an additional **100 CP,** Blind-Eyes has assembled a sixth skeletal minion - a cloud serpent, captured from the Order in the Jade Forest and carved into his personal steed. This cloud serpent, Jing-Ke, has had a myriad of mana-storing jewels socketed into their bones from which Blind-Eyes can drain at a moment's notice, and the serpent's skeleton still bears the great power over the storms it wielded in life.

Talon-Initiate Krisek (200 CP): Arakkoa Seer

"You... Rukhmar and Anzu's blessed... My liege, my Talon-King."

Elementals (200 CP):

One purchase allows you to choose from one of the four elementals below. Fire, Water, Earth, and Air, each was spawned fresh from their elemental plane.

• Champion Aquaclease (Water Elemental):
“Come, and let us drown our enemies in the tides of justice!”

Exuberant and heroic - traits rarely seen among The Abyssal Maw’s inhabitants - are but a few descriptors for Aquaclease. This champion of the innocent stands tall and ready to serve in the name of justice for all, his water-borne attacks gaining a boiling heat when striking down the demonic and the wicked. Also, he enjoys flexing. And posing. Even though his musculature is mostly just liquid. I can’t explain it either.

• A’ish (Fire Elemental):
“Mind if I... light your fire?”

A fire elemental with a fascination with mortal emotions, A’ish has volunteered to explore with you simply to learn. He is a smooth-voiced, smoldering ambassador among fire elementals, and for some reason has pieced together that “flirting” and “romantic advances” seem to get a positive reaction. He doesn’t know why it works, nobody knows why it works, but for some reason he’s... oddly convincing, oddly hypnotic in the way his mesmerizing flames flicker and flare with his vocabulary.

• The Jetstream (Wind Elemental):
“...”

Cold, distant, and seeking, The Jetstream is an elemental of few words - to the point most wonder if he can even speak. He certainly demonstrates sapience, however, for his choices and decisions and are all precise and calculated. His winds are certainly different compared to the average elemental born of The Skywall, however - capable of cutting like the edge of a blade with ease. He’s searching for something, endlessly - Purpose. He may find it if he sticks with you, perhaps?

• Stalagmight (Earth Elemental):
*“I’M GOING TO **ROCK** YOUR WORLD!”*

His boisterous, loud, and pun-laden speech leaves this elemental son of Deepholme a crowd favorite. And yes, I specify crowd, because Stalagmight properly shines in the arena. More specifically, he’s the best damn wrestling elemental that gold and hearts can buy. Alas, he has very few opponents that can properly match his physique - and you? You’re his ticket to fame on multiple planes of existence. Count this face in on your ticket, because The Rock is coming along whether you like it or not.

The White Shark Tribe (300 CP):
“Mrglurgle! Blaughle! Mglrmglmglmgl! Aaaaaughlbbrgubugbugrgubrgle!”

With introductions out of the way, allow me to congratulate you on your new leadership position. Specifically... You now lead a tribe of about forty murlocs. Each are

rather weak on their own, but in traditional murloc fashion they are devastating in a swarm. Additionally, the White Shark Tribe have a great affinity for taming and cultivating oceanic creatures, and along with your forty murlocs you'll find that they are accompanied by three average mako sharks. The sharks each have a personal bubble of water - which explains why they're currently floating at around eye-level.

Should you import the White Shark murlocs in the future, benefits are split equally between all forty. The sharks are not considered companions unless otherwise granted sapience of some description, but are instead the Tribe's pets.

Would-be-Imperator Kor'mag (300 CP):

<Kor> "The Gorian Empire fell at the hands of orcs and demons..."
<Mag> "... And through my rage, it shall be reborn..."
<Kor'mag> "... AND THERE WILL BE ONLY ONE SORCERER-KING!"

The two heads of Kor'mag are perfectly aligned in this ogre mage's quest - to realize his destiny as the Sorcerer-King who will restore the ancient Gorian Empire. And to this end he recognizes you as his greatest chance at seeing this destiny fulfilled - for what better way for his Empire to surpass the old, than for it to grow and span far beyond this universe's confines? The ogres of old could only dream of his ambitions.

And to fulfill his ambitions and earn your aid, Kor'mag brings to bear his skill and mastery of the arcane arts. With the power of two minds on one body he's scoured every arcane tome and grimoire he can find, swiftly learning and rising in magical prowess that would take a Kirin Tor magus decades to reach. And with his magical might he brings the stature and raw presence of royalty - for in his quest for power he's also learned of leadership and rule, and knows the traits that a lord must have to earn true loyalty.

Do not worry for this ogre mage's state in melee combat, for the massive jewel-studded and rune-carved warmace he swings is enough to flatten fields of soldiers. Able to channel his magic through the mace as a powerful focus, he's more than capable. And now this ambitious ogre looks to you for guidance.

The Drakesguard (300 CP):

<All as one> "Rualg nja gaborr! For the one and only!"

Four vrykul warrior-maidens, four disciplined and battle-forged sisters raised from birth to serve as bodyguards and warriors for vrykul thanes and rulers. Some stroke of fate or luck has lead to them serving you, from this point onward.

The first, Valeian, the eldest. A blonde blademistress who carves into her enemies with a massive broadsword in one hand, and a slim and scintillating dagger in the other. She takes to the killing almost too well, lapping and bathing in the spurting blood of foes.

The second, Ancille, with locks of pale ivory and a cold, disciplined face, wields axe and shield. Though the axe may be left on sheathe and strung to the belt, that shield never comes off except when asleep - and nor will she ever be far from your side, shield at the ready.

The third, Joan the Red. A measured and careful approach complements her skill with the bladed harpoon with which she both vaults over her foes like a crimson-haired comet, only to skewer and slice from above and behind. The further she can keep her opponents from herself and her thane, the better.

And the fourth, the raven-haired Arhis. Hawk-eyed and precise with the horrifically heavy longbow she wields, she has two faces - the calculated sniper, and the warm drinking buddy. Though do be careful with your words, she can be quick to rile up.

If imported into later universes, any purchased benefits, perks, and abilities are split four ways between the Drakesguard.

Underking Hazu'Tomon (300 CP):

"The nerubian people... My people... without a kingdom or land. Help me find for them a new home, and set it right."

Determination. Ruthlessness. Intelligence. The willingness to sacrifice everything for the continued survival of his people. These are but a few of the traits Hazu'Tomon demonstrates in the continued leadership of what shattered remnants of the Nerubians still live. Standing tall at over twenty-feet-tall with a carapace of dull red and yellow, the Underking is a paragon of Nerubiankind.

Hazu'Tomon possesses a toxic bite and claw within the two scythe-like limbs he bears, a debilitating venom that serves to slow his foes. His carapace and chitin are as strong and solid as any plate armor - stronger still, in part because of the enchanted metallic filigree he has had melted and poured carven grooves on his form. With this and his own massive strength and weight, Hazu'Tomon is a siege engine in the throes of combat.

Additionally - a detail you may find particularly insidious, fascinating, or disgusting, depending on your state of mind - Hazu'Tomon bears a particular tool that will aid in the ensured survival of his people. If he finds a figure he deems suitable for the task, and they agree, he can 'ascend' them as a Spider-Queen. Taking someone as his queen allows the two to begin producing Nerubian eggs - one out of every twenty growing into a spiderlord. These youngling Nerubians do not count as companions or followers, but their existence alone will give hope to the Underking.

Lady Lissanna (300 CP):

"Yessss. Let my voice wash over your mind like a comforting embrace. Be at... easssse."

A sea witch is almost always in reverence to Queen Azshara, their faith to her and in the superiority of the naga race that which grants them power. Yet it is this odd one who instead thrives from her opposition - indeed, Lady Lissanna exists as one of the nigh non-existent rebels to Azshara's rule. And for... one of the oddest reasons, too.

Indeed, her power seems to come from a newfound and deeply-felt love for none other than you, regardless of your form or face. She is gentle and kind to you, with even her mane of snakes being playful rather than fierce. To your foes, however, she brings

to bear her full might as a sea witch of the naga, commanding arctic ice, ocean storm, and arcane power through song and gesture. In these situations she finds it *very* hard to hold back, if it means protecting you.

To that end she wields a bow carved from jade coral and the bleached bones of a forgotten beast, using it as a powerful spell focus and conjuring arrows made of pure lightning to nock. The coral still lives, as well, with portions of it pulsing and shimmering with a rainbow along the bow's surface, the entire weapon fit to bursting with the energy of life.

The Prophet Skoran (300 CP):

"TO HIS WILL ALL FLESH SUCCUMBS!"

The Qiraji Prophets were once a myriad and horrifying sight upon the field of battle, back in the War of the Shifting Sands. Their psionic power and droning voices that hail the glory of great C'Thun, with their grand height, made combatting their forces both difficult and unwelcome. It was their positions as commanders, however - with their psychic wills reaching across the grand hives of silithid and directing them as one singular swarm - that made them a force to be reckoned with.

None know which Old God this Prophet hails, nor would they ordinarily care. But you will find that the one who gives this gold-and-cerulean-plated Prophet Skoran his visions and orders seems to be focusing his efforts to aiding one particular individual: You. Yes, be gladdened by this news... Or alarmed, whichever you prefer. You have the psionic powers of a great Prophet at your command, their religious fervor reaching almost-psychotic levels of devotion. If they are commanded to fight by your side, then they shall be as their god's fist to strike your enemies.

I would be careful around this one, however. Who knows what that god of his will tell him to do next...

Khan Grodos of the Burning Tiger (300 CP):

"What even was my purpose? All of this and still I have... am... nothing..."

A malaise hangs over this mogu of red stone, once a fierce warlord of Lei-Shen's mighty armies. Brought low by a rival's foul plot, Khan Grodos has since wandered Pandaria seeking new purpose. And in the last thousands of years, he has had... Nothing. His retainers lost, his allies betrayed, and not even a chance to regain his glory. Not even the old pastimes hold anything for him to this day.

Depression now sinks it's claws into the mind of the Khan, who follows you simply because he has nowhere else to go. With him he brings the tactics and skill of a lord who has proven victorious within a hundred battles, commanding both grand army and elite platoon alike. In melee combat he also brings peerless skill with his poleaxe chiseled from red jade, such that he has earned a fearsome reputation among the pandaren and mantid, and has earned the hatred of all saurok-kind.

In his stone back, chiseled and inked by a runemaster long-dead, is the carving of a lunging tiger with a deathly snarl. This carving is the source of the Khan's title and particular power, for at will Khan Grodos can summon five massive tigers from the

carving - each of the big cats made of liquid flame. The tigers will last for a period of three days, with Grodos capable of summoning them forth once every four days.

The Newborn (300 CP):

Now this... This is particularly interesting, adventurer. You see, one fine morning you will come across a newborn beast - be it a cheetah kit, a spider hatchling, an eagle chick, or whatever other creature, I leave to you to figure out the details of. But if you give it a serious effort to raising this creature, I think you will be surprised - for as they grow, their intelligence will be alarmingly great, capable of learning to speak the languages of the other races. They learn at an astonishing pace, and if you are able, you can see that there is a mysterious power budding deep within. A power that if they can unlock it, will learn to wield it as if second nature, like their own natural weaponry.

For you see, adventurer. You find yourself now in the care of a newborn Wild God. Yes, the same as Ursoc and Ursol the Twin Bears, or Goldrinn the Great Wolf, or Agamaggan the Razorboar. It will take thousands upon thousands of years for this one to come into it's own, much like it did for all the rest. Yet who knows what The Newborn will be capable of, in due time.

Arborigan Flaxbeard (300 CP):

"Greetings, young one. It is good to see a noble soul again."

Arborigan Flaxbeard is one of the eldest of his kind - the Ancients, demigod-like living trees that bear humanoid bodies, with their flesh and bone made of wood and sap and bark. Standing at fifty meters tall and birthed from a pine tree, Arborigan is friendly and calm in comparison to the needly appearance he gives. Just as a tree only grows taller and stouter with age, so too has Arborigan simply become stronger as he has grown. Additionally, just as there are disciplines of Ancient, you may select **one (1) of the below options** for Flaxbeard to become.

Ancient of War: With two rune-covered tusks jutting from the sides of his mouth and glowing runestones emerging from his back, and a pair of toothy manacles about his feet, this option makes Arborigan an Ancient of War. With this, he is a link to the brutal side of nature, and his calm demeanor now carries a grim edge to it. Ancients of War are knowledgable in many forms of warfare from a myriad of conflicts in ages past, and with this knowledge your Ancient ally can teach warfare's art to any would-be soldier, and tactics to any leader and general. This Ancient of War is also a terrifying force to be reckoned with, able to tear down fortifications and break through lines of soldiers with ease.

Ancient of Lore: Keepers of wisdom and guidance, with a myriad of perpetually-glowing lanterns hanging from their branches, a Keeper of Lore is one of the greatest teachers of the natural world a young Druid or Priest could hope for. Now, Arborigan Flaxbeard wears the leaf-shrouded cloak of just such a Keeper, and bears a tall staff carved from the same wood he was sprouted from. Wielding natural magicks of their

own, an Ancient of Lore is also capable of summoning forth Dryads and Wisps from the wilds that surround them.

Drakes (300 CP):

Still young, these drakes of the various flights are wholly capable of growing into fully-fledged dragons over the next few decades, or in some cases about a century. Still, in their young stage they are just as intelligent and capable as many wizened and elderly mortals. This will only grow with their age and experience, so do make sure not to be such a horrible influence.

Purchase of the Dragonsworn perk guarantees a discount on ONE (1) of the Drakes related to the Dragonflight picked.

- Naveria (Black)

"No time for dawdling, then. Let's go."

Before there would have only been Wrathion and Ebyssian, the two uncorrupted black dragons, free of Deathwing and the Old Gods. But now, there is one more - her name is Naveria, a freelancer simply trying to get by and trying to avoid a grisly fate at the claws of her brothers and sisters, or at the swords of adventurers. She's the stoic type, preferring to let actions speak instead of words, particularly as she has been deceived by words before. Perhaps you might be able to do something about that stony armor she's put up?

Like other black dragons, she prefers to take the form of a human, raven-haired and grey-eyed. Her human identity, Raven, wears darkened red leather armor with two swords at the hip and a bandolier of throwing knives that seems to manifest more with a puff of smoke. To protect her draconic identity she's learned to wield those swords well - enough to take off a few fingers without their owner even noticing.

- Miragos (Blue)

"H-h-hello. Do you mind if I look for books while we're out?"

Many blue dragons constantly go out into the world to hunt down tomes of arcane knowledge, to find ancient arcane scripture and artifact alike. Miragos... Is not one of these - the poor drake simply desiring a simple life with his library and the occasional errand run for food. Still, even he recognizes when it's pragmatic to physically foray out into the world, and so he has spread wings once more... and immediately beelined to your side. He is a bit of a shy and standoffish bookwyrm, but Miragos will stand as tall as any other when taken into account, and his skills at researching magical topics and developing new arcana are excellent.

Unlike most dragons, Miragos does prefer the comfort of a mortal form over all others, and so he has sculpted his shape meticulously. Of course... One wouldn't be able to tell his form was male at first glance, for the human form he has taken is both slightly short and incredibly, excessively effeminate - to the point where he has been mistaken for a woman at multiple times. Of course, depending on your tastes... That could just be a bonus. I'm sure Miragos - or as he calls himself in his mortal form,

Mari, would be curious.

- Genedormi (Bronze)

“Heh, you’re gonna be surprised in a few minutes...”

Typically, the Bronze Dragonflight are stoic and detached from current events, and even from interactions with the mortal races. What’s one being compared to the one true timeline? Genedormi... bucks these conventions, preferring to go out and mingle with the younger races - her logic being, how can you properly protect time if you don’t bother living with the time you’ve got? She’s developed an impish, inquisitive, playful personality - using her powers over time both to monitor it and do her job, but also to just have a bit of fun. Timestop, as it turns out, has a few decidedly nifty applications.

To mortals, Genedormi - or Jen - is a short high elf with golden eyes and a white tunic and pants, with brown sandals. The barest nubs of her tan horns peak through her brown hair, and occasionally her opaque golden eyes shimmer with a bit of a reptilian pupil. All in all, she’s not a bad sort - just don’t expect her to take a situation seriously unless the consequences wind up truly dire.

- Veziera (Green)

“Come on and rest with me. You look too tense.”

Charged by Eonar with protecting the natural world and the Emerald Dream, the green dragons have watched over nature ever since. They’re generally amicable, more approachable than the other dragons by far, a quality which Veziera seems to exemplify. She is, quintessentially, always calm and relaxed - one has to wonder if there’s any situation that can get her riled up. If there’s ever a situation you need a calm mind for or just... somebody to talk to to relieve your stress and worries, Veziera will always be there for you.

Like all green dragons, Veziera’s interacted the most with the night elves - a trait reflected in her blue-haired, amber-eyed night elven identity, Zie. She’s rather tall for a night elf on top of that, and where all of the kaldorei have their teeth sharpened, hers stand out as... particularly TOO toothy. Might just be a draconic oversight. She weaves her simple dress out of vines and leaves, which while might make it seem comfortable for her... Does call into question if it’s practical or actually concealing anything.

- Laylastrasza (Red)

“You need to stop getting yourself hurt like that, alright? Here, let me tend to you.”

Even for her young age, Laylastrasza acts oddly mature, taking to the red dragonflight’s charge and the blessing of Eonar willingly. She took the name of the paladin who saved her as a hatchling, and to this day seeks to ensure both her memory, and the true mission of the red dragons, are not forgotten. To show compassion for all living things, to protect and nurture, to heal which others cannot, and love even those who do not have such graces. Even regardless of your own

standing, wanderer, all this extends to you as well.

Layla, her human identity, reflects the odd maturity she displays, bearing a figure that draws the eyes of both man and beast; Clad as she is in a simple yet comfortable woolen tunic and a mossy, green woven dress, with a satchel always at her side bearing her supplies and the journal she keeps from day to day. Healing potions, bandages, map and compass, whatever she needs for a journey or expedition that bag always seems to carry.

- Maridormi (Infinite)

"F-f-fine. I'll follow YOUR lead on disrupting this event then. Jerk."

One and all, the Infinite Dragonflight exist solely to disrupt the primary timeline and bring about the end of all days. These corrupted Bronzes move with the same stoic professionalism that they did when their charge was guardianship... Except for Maridormi. She has not been sent out once on a mission by the Infinites, mostly as for the most part she's klutzy enough in regular life that not even Murozond is willing to see the consequences. She takes insult to this, desperately wishing for a chance to prove herself - so much so that... her first choice is to ally with a mortal to find a chance to disrupt time? Maybe Murozond was right...

Maridormi doesn't frequently make use of her mortal form, nor does she have an identity for it. But when she does, she resembles a pale-skinned human with glowing blue eyes and - just like on her draconic form - a spidering set of crack-lines all over her skin and body. She'll frequently attempt to act cold, distant, maybe even a little bit scornful, mostly as... Well, she frequently has trouble communicating how she feels, as you'll find out.

- Arinaku (Netherwing)

"I made a new spell! Come on, come on, let me show you!"

With bodies formed of the Twisting Nether's energies, birthed from the eggs of Deathwing after the orc warlock Ner'zhul caused Outland's destruction, the Netherwing Flight are free to pursue their own destiny. Nowhere is this more evident than in Arinaku, a cerulean-glowing nether drake with a love for the magical arts and arcane energy. She would greatly appreciate any master that could teach her magic, and is... likely to spend at least a few hours just marveling at her new abilities.

Her humanoid form, Ari, is derived from the high elves as well, with her hair and eyes the same cerulean that her flesh is. Frequently swaps different outfits - especially as she learns how to conjure and create new ones from magic, although she does seem to prefer the frillier and ruffled fashions of high human nobility.

- Bariona (Twilight)

"Don't think yourself so highly just because one of MY calibre's at your side."

Dark blue-violet with sparkling pink eyes, Bariona is... Well, she's not supposed to exist yet, at this point in time. The first Twilights were only born a few years before

the Cataclysm, another of Deathwing's multiple experiments. And yet here she is - equally as unaware of her circumstances and untouched by The Mad Aspect's influence, yet still just as arrogant and destructive as any other Twilight Dragon that will exist. Of course, her powers in such a capacity do wonders to feed this ego.

Bariona doesn't know how to take on a humanoid form at the start - and why would she want to, seeing as the world OBVIOUSLY needs to see her awesome and beautifully destructive power. However, if you can press the need for subtlety, I'm certain you can get her to take on a less giant and conspicuous form.

INSERT DEMON COMPANIONS HERE AT LATER DATE
MAYBE MECHANICALS TOO

Artifacts (600 CP)

And here we are - the weapons of great heroes, tragic villains, and the worst that the world of Azeroth has had to face. These Artifacts all bear great and terrible power, and something more horrifying altogether - Potential.

All of the Artifacts available for purchase below can be found in the greater world - or, in certain instances, will be created during the events of the fourth Legion invasion. And they will bear their capacity for growth even then, although as a rule all of the Artifacts will eventually reach a point their potential and power will plateau. By purchasing them here, you can be well assured that your Artifact's growth rate will never have this kind of

Each Artifact grows in different ways and by using different methods, but there is one shared across all of them - by sacrificing other items and objects filled with magical energy, the Artifact will take that resulting energy in as it's own, and slowly expend it to increase it's own parameters and capability. Be warned however, as eventually the cost to continue raising these parameters will reach horrific, exponentially higher costs. As well, there are ways to guide this growth specifically...

Hint: Look at the benefits associated with Order Leadership perk.

You may use **ONE (1)** Discount, on any Artifact you qualify for - be it for Primary Class or Secondary. As well, your Artifact's existence will not prevent the canonical one from existing as well.

Death Knight

The Maw of the Damned (Discounted Blood):

Forged from the warped metal of Nihilam, the Doom World, The Maw of the Damned is single-handedly responsible for the deaths of untold civilizations and worlds. The nameless steel gleams wickedly under light, and occasionally one may witness brief images of the great battle fought between Sargeras and the Titanic Pantheon on the axe's blade. But more specifically, the metal used in The Maw's forging is a vampiric material - stealing away the life essence of those it carves to pieces.

Originally made to steal the soul of Kil'jaeden, it was duplicity that trapped the soul of the eredar smith Netrezaar within his own skull, which was then grafted to the axe's head. Netrezaar remains trapped within the skull of The Maw, screaming in torturous hunger as his soul is continuously ravaged by the life-stealing axe. And so it is that his hunger and the vampiric steel grant The Maw it's horrific abilities.

The Maw of the Damned drinks the blood and soul of those it cleaves into pieces, and funnels that same energy into it's wielder - infusing their body with strength and vitality for each life cut down, just as it reinforces it's own hard edge and ferocious hunger. The

Maw has already consumed countless unfortunate victims - who will you let it feed upon?

(If you already have an axe - or similar weapon - you may import it to gain the capabilities of The Maw of the Damned. The endless hunger, the screaming skull that contains Netrezaar, the flashes of an ancient war along it's steely edge. Think carefully on this path.)

Blades of the Fallen Prince (Discounted Frost):

All know the story of Frostmourne, and the twisted prince who wields it now. The Lich King's terrifying runeblade, consuming untold souls with every kill - starting with the soul of young Prince Arthas Menethil, who attempted to take it's powers to save his people. You know how it goes from here - the fall of Lordaeron. The murder of Terenas. The destruction of the Sunwell and Quel'Thalas.

But what you do not know is that in a few years time, if you do not change history, Arthas will face his final reckoning at the pinnacle of Icecrown Citadel. Frostmourne will shatter, and he will die at the foot of the Frozen Throne. But it does not end there - for when the Legion's final invasion happens upon the world, the shards of the broken Frostmourne will be used in the creation of two blades - The Blades of the Fallen Prince. Bearing the power of the ancient runeblade, and the ferocity of the freezing and relentless Icecrown Glacier.

But that has not yet come to pass. So then... why do the two blades exist now, in your hands?

(Should you already have a sword - or a pair of them on hand - you may import them to gain the capabilities of The Blades of the Fallen Prince.)

Apocalypse (Discounted Unholy)

The Nathrezim, Dreadlords, are one of the more sinister forces within the Burning Legion - bringing countless worlds to ruin through duplicity and corruption, lies and disease. One weapon stands above all in this regard, holding the power to spread plague, incite war, and cloud the minds of those manipulated. Shaped over the course of centuries, this blade has singlehandedly brought civilizations crashing down without a single invasion.

Simply being in the sword's presence is enough to cause dark and twisted thoughts to rise, and the bodies of the wielder's enemies to physically weaken. Fears long forgotten are dredged up and given new life, hatreds are freshly stoked, and common sense is smothered like a child in it's crib. Most insidious however is the thousands upon thousands of individual plagues, each personally hand-crafted by one of the nathrezim

to bring more horror. Whatever pestilence you can think of - from zombification to insanity-inducing - lines this sword's edge.

And thus is how it feeds, and how it grows stronger. For every instance of death, war, pestilence, and horrific famine it creates, the blade grows stronger. For every new disease and dark secret shared with it, the blade's capability grows. Take care when wielding it, lest you lose your mind to it's grasp as well.

(Should you already have a sword, you may import it to gain the capabilities of Apocalypse. WHY WOULD YOU DO THIS.)

Demon Hunter

The Twinblades of the Deceiver (Discounted Havoc):

These weapons were once wielded by a true prodigy of the Illidari - Varedis Felsoul, one of the first five blood elves sent by Kael'thas Sunstrider to train under Lord Illidan Stormrage. One of the most dedicated souls, within a year Varedis had surpassed his mentors - accompanying Illidan on great journeys.

He fell in the Siege of Black Temple, and his soul - heavy with demonic energy as it was - whisked away to the Twisting Nether, right into the claws of Kil'jaeden himself. Varedis was broken, time and time again, as the Deceiver played upon his fears and shock. Believing himself betrayed by his comrades, Varedis sold himself to Kil'jaeden - and the Deceiver conducted a dangerous, and agonizing ritual, that permanently infused a shard of his soul into the demon hunter. This power has tainted, yet awakened, the warglaives as a result.

And now they bear the Deceiver's power, causing illusory blades to lash out with each strike, and amplifying the force of a Demon Hunter's abilities. As is tradition with Legion weaponry, feeding it the souls of your foes will enable it to greatly increase in it's own potential.

(Should you already have two bladed weapons of any sort, you may import them as either warglaive of The Twinblades, taking on aspects of the appearance and the Twinblades' capabilities.)

The Aldrachi Warblades (Discounted Vengeance):

The Aldrachi are now an extinct species, murdered to the last for their insult to the Burning Legion. Yet let it be known that they kept fighting to the last, defiant till death. That defiance stands testament within these mightiest of their weapons, the warblades wielded by Toranaar the Indomitable, the Aldrachi King. He vowed to destroy the legion for all of the aldrachi that the demons had killed, or he would die trying. He went fist-to-

fist with Sargeras, and fell - but only after leaving a long and bloody gash on the Titan's formerly-impenetrable frame.

And in the time since the Warblades have come into the ownership of the Burning Legion, much about it's powers have become known. The Aldrachi, a war-like and violent species in their own right, made their weaponry capable of absorbing the souls of worthy foes. The Legion's studies have revealed that, on top of healing their wielder with each worthy soul claimed, they can also be used to twist and shape fragments of them into horrific Soulwraiths: Many-tentacled monsters akin to a void terror.

With this power in your hands, I only hope you can succeed where Toranaar has failed.

(Should you already have two bladed weapons of any sort, you may import them to become the tonfa-like Aldrachi Warblades, gaining aspects of their appearance and the full extent of their powers.)

Druid

Scythe of Elune (Discounted Balance):

The Scythe is a physical manifestation - both of the divine and the savage, the serene and the untamed and ferocious. It exists as a great symbol that the traits of tranquility and furor exist within all living beings, and that the best one can hope for... Is to find balance. Forged from the Fang of the Wolf God Goldrinn, and the Staff of Elune, the Scythe was forged to help a particular sect of druids control their wolf forms, and seek vengeance against the demonic forces.

During the War of the Satyr, it went too far - druid-turned-wolf became monstrous Worgen, and went feral. Since the worgen's sealing, the Scythe has changed the course of history - feral packs of worgen left in it's wake. Indeed, any exposed to the scythe's blade, are wounded by the worgen, or drink the blood of a worgen, will contract the Curse and be driven irrevocably feral. Yet the Scythe is their greatest chance for salvation - for the blessings of Elune, channeled through the Scythe, will help a worgen caught in it's rays tame the beast inside... Finding peace.

The Scythe is a momentous weapon in it's own right, for it still channels the power of the heavens above and the natural realm. Even in the hands of a non-druid, knowledge of how to use it can call down pillars of moonfire, send streaking bolts of starlight arcing towards a foe, or even call upon the ghostly manifestation of Goldrinn to savage at their opponents. Walk tall and be mindful, wielder of the Scythe. You come to embody an ideal, when this weapon is in your hands.

(Should you have an existing staff, scythe, or sword-like weapon, you may import it to become the Scythe of Elune. Be wary if you want to keep your sword, because it will join the part of the Scythe that is the Fang of Goldrinn, and you may be better off finding other ways to merge the two.)

The Fangs of Ashamane (Discounted Feral):

Back when the world was freshly ordered and the Black Empire ground to dust, there was a lone panther cub struggling to survive. The Keeper Freya found this cub, and - delighted by the creature's unrelenting wild nature - healed her injuries, and named the panther... Ashamane. She would grow and grow, eventually becoming one of the Wild Gods. A silent reminder to all of the price for dwelling within the wild lands.

When the Wild Gods joined within the War of the Ancients, legends tell of the gargantuan panther who carved sheer demonic armies into strewn fields of ground meat, whose roar shattered the earth. And like so many others, she fell - giving her life to ensure the city of Suramar's safety. All that remained of her were the claws she'd cut apart so many demons with - the claws still imbued with her indomitable will and ferocity as a great guardian.

Any who wield the Claws now - shaped and turned into a pair of wickedly sharp daggers - will benefit, even if they are not of a Druidic bent. All of their senses are magnified ten-fold to become as sharp as the ancient predator's, and their speed, agility, and cunning equally magnified. Druids who wield these Daggers will find their more feline forms augmented - becoming Avatars of Ashamane, starting out at holding little under half the great power the Wild God once held... With the potential to, perhaps, even surpass her in due time.

(Should you have two daggers or knives, you may import them to become the Fangs of Ashamane, holding the ferocious will and strength of the Panther.)

The Claws of Ursoc (Discounted Guardian):

Many millennia ago, two inquisitive bear cubs roamed the lands that would come to be called the Grizzly Hills. These brothers - Ursoc and Ursol - were not discouraged by the dangers they faced. Even when the circumstances were dire, they did not leave each other behind, no matter what. And so as Freya observed them, they grew... And became unto Wild Gods.

Ursoc, in particular, grew a protective streak a mile-wide - everything he had seen the world over was his to protect from all who would seek to destroy it. And so Freya fashioned for him a pair of claws to fit over his own, forged from titansteel and imbued with a shard of Eonar's essence. Ursoc and Ursol would master themselves and their

newfound power, and become known as the staunchest defenders of Azeroth - giving their lives at the War of the Ancients. *Without hesitation.*

And now the claws have come unto you. For though Ursoc has paid the price, these claws have been imbued with his will to protect. Even for a non-druid, sliding these massive claws over their fists will grant them the indomitable strength of body to rival the mightiest of beasts. For a Druid, their form of the bear will ascend - becoming an Avatar of Ursoc. With hide like titansteel. claws that can shred apart battalions of the Burning Legion, and the willpower enough to stand as the wall between victory and defeat, you stand to become Ursoc's equal - and then something far greater. But always remember this, wielder... Ursoc found the Claws' true potential in fulfilling their purpose, and only someone with a guardian spirit as steadfast and determined as he will truly wield them.

(Should you have a pair of gauntlets, knuckles, or similar fist-based weaponry, you may import them to become The Claws of Ursoc.)

G'Hanir, the Mother Tree (Discounted Restoration):

In Azeroth's ancient days, natural life never had a chance to take it's first breath - the reign of the Black Empire choked the world of it. In time, with the Titanic ordering of the world, life would flourish - and in the beginning, there was one source of healing and balance. Atop the tallest peak, Freya set the first, the tallest, the most radiant tree, and from it bloomed many different fruits and flowers, new life flowing outward in great and massive waves. This... was G'Hanir, the Mother Tree.

Though many powerful spirits and even the simplest of winged creatures found rest and repose on G'Hanir's boughs and branches, one in particular made it her home - Aviana, Mistress of Birds. She melded her power to the tree, and soon G'Hanir became the home for all avian beings - both in life, and in death. That is... until Aviana's death at the War of the Ancients. The tree itself died with her.

At least, that is what many believed. But as the Green Dragonflight discovered, all is not lost for the Mother Tree - a single branch of G'Hanir remains, as strong and as potent as the original tree ever was, a single acorn hanging from it's leaves. The original acorn was used by Alexstrasza, The Life-Binder, to create Nordrassil the World Tree. But on your own branch of G'Hanir, there still hangs that single acorn.

The branch itself will act as your stave, but continue to "grow" on a spiritual level, as it ordinarily might were it still a part of the original tree. And just as the original Mother Tree, your branch still pulses, even radiates, with the raw energy of life - causing the growth of plantlife all around you, and encouraging the growth of the beasts and other wild creatures. To those who can wield the healing powers of nature, they will find their

ability to mend wounds, cleanse plague and disease, and even dispel foul curses to be greatly magnified - as if nature intended it all along.

(Should you have an existing staff, you may import it to become the last branch and remnant of G'Hanir the Mother Tree.)

Hunter

Titanstrike (Discounted Beast Mastery):

The Titanic keeper Mimiron has crafted many firearms and mechanical wonders, but to this day the rifle Titanstrike is his crowning achievement - the first firearm to ever exist on Azeroth, designed to harness the raw fury of the storms. And to think it was initially born from a mistake, for when Mimiron took the first prototype to a mountain peak for it's first test-firing, a bolt of lightning was attracted to it, and blasted the gun into two pieces.

Inspired, Mimiron called upon the aid of his brother, Thorim. The two set to the Temple of Storms as an angry hurricane began to churn into existence. Thorim wrestled with the wind and lightning, gathering all of it's fury into a concentrated orb of energy called... The Thunderspark. Mimiron jumped at the opportunity, and channeled the Thunderspark into Titanstrike. The sky went mad, thunder rolling across all the distant corners of Azeroth for weeks uncounting. Finally, it was done.

Titanstrike channels the ever-enraged power of a storm, both empowering and feeding upon the weather patterns of this world, and will do so within others. Each shot of this rifle rings out like a crack of thunder, each bullet a streak of lightning. And... incidentally, though this event technically has not happened yet, to your version of Titanstrike is bound the storm wolf Hati - a loyal canine companion whose fangs are imbued with the bite and chill of a blizzard, and whose speed rivals the swiftest winds. As Titanstrike grows, so too will Hati. Treat your newfound comrade well, friend.

(Should you have an existing gun, you may import it to contain the Thunderspark and gain all the capabilities of Titanstrike - including the bond with Hati the Storm Wolf. Hati will, as well, be empowered significantly should the gun you import be great and powerful.)

Thas'dorah, Legacy of the Windrunners (Discounted Marksmanship):

When the Sunwell was first ignited, and the kingdom of Quel'thalas established, the oldest tree of what would eventually become the Eversong Woods began to absorb its energies. This massive tree was named Thas'alah, the Light of the Forest, and from its branches the entire forest was bathed in the glow of eternal spring.

When the first Ranger-General, Talanas Windrunner, was appointed, a trio of the high elves' greatest artisans took a limb from Thas'alah and carved it into the shape of a great bow. It was inlaid with enchantment upon enchantment, and infused it with the Sunwell's waters as the final act. It was hardened, becoming nigh indestructible, yet maintained it's connection to the natural magicks of Thas'alah. Since the day Talanas took it up, the bow - dubbed Thas'dorah, the Valor of the Forest - protected Quel'Thalas ever since, passing down through the Windrunner family.

Basking in the radiance of the Sunwell and the natural magic that can be found within nature, and drinking the chaotic magicks swirling in the Nether after it's late-user, Alleria, has disappeared, Thas'dorah carves the sky and wind with each shot. Arrows will form out of the disturbed breeze to home in on the archer's foes, and the wind created by Thas'dorah's shots will swirl about the feet of all who walk that trail of wind, making their steps as fast as the arrows course. Every arrow set loose bears an ill temper, striking down the demonic and the wicked with increased zealotry.

Thas'dorah's arrows will fly once more against evil.

(Should you have an existing bow, you may import it to gain the history and force of Thas'dorah, Legacy of the Windrunners.)

Talonclaw, Spear of the Wild Gods (Discounted Survival):

Talonclaw's history began as the simple spear of Chieftain Moren Highmountain, long before the War of the Ancients. He saved the Eagle God, Ohn'ahra, and in thanks the eagle infused a portion of her essence into the spear. The spear was then passed down to his granddaughter, Eruna - who fought back an incursion of the Faceless Ones alongside Ursoc, who judged her a worthy leader and added his own might to the weapon. And long after Eruna, it was passed to Huln Highmountain, he who unified all the tribes of the tauren to fight back against the Burning Legion, and struggled to save the two-headed wolf Omen. Before he succumbed to corruption, Omen gave his last breath of purity to the spear, and fought to cover the tauren's escape.

And so the spear Talonclaw's story has grown, a living chronicle of it's wielders and a beacon to the beasts and spirits that a champion of the wild lands has come. Within the spear lies the fragments and remnants of countless Wild Gods, named and unnamed, living and dead. And along it's wooden haft is engraved all the countless names of the wielders, the Gods, and those a wielder has deemed worthy of remembrance forevermore.

The spear is deceptively simple, and unassuming - no wyrd, esoteric, arcane abilities lie on this weapon's edge. But what it does, it does *very* well - reaching foes even when it

seems impossible, cutting through muscle and sinew with all the ease of breathing and sight. And the remnant essences of the Wild Gods that lie within the spear add their might to the wielder's own with each strike - and for every god of the natural world and the beast that the wielder earns the respect and thanks of, their essence will be added to join the others.

And to the wooden haft will it's wielders name - your name - be added. The names of the gods who add to it will find theirs carved mysteriously into the wood, as will the names of all those who fight alongside you as friend and trusted ally. So does Talonclaw's purpose as a living chunk of history continue to be fulfilled.

(Should you have a spear or similar polearm, you may import it to gain the properties of Talonclaw - from the essences of the Wild Gods therein, the simple yet deadly abilities it possesses, and the addition of names to it's haft.)

Mage

Aluneth, Greatstaff of the Magna (Discounted Arcane):

***I** will do the talking here, narrator.*
Greetings, Wanderer of Worlds. I... am Aluneth. You fancy yourself as worthy to wield me as the previous Guardian? You foolishly think you can control this power, as Aegwynn once did? So be it. Come, child. Let us wreak havoc upon your foes, and I shall <u>see</u> what you are made of. You'll find that so long as you crave power as much as I, you will be able to tap into stores of arcane energy that outstrip even that of the entire City of Spires. So long as you prove yourself worthy, I shall grant you my wisdom.

*Furthermore, all you need do is bring me to great founts and reservoirs of arcane energy, and I will feed upon them with **great relish.** This energy will go far to expand my own power, the... paltry enchantments of this staff that is my prison... And should you warrant it, will also expand your own grasp at magic. I drink, but I am never fulfilled - and neither should you.*

Be ambitious. Grasp for power and potential where you must. Seize opportunity, and I will work with you. We shall do great things together, child. But only... If you do not let them reign you in, do not let them control you.

(If you have an existing staff, you may choose to import it as Aluneth's vessel, where it shall also gain the mark of the Magna.)

Felo'melorn, Flamestrike (Discounted Fire):

Felo'melorn. Flamestrike. Sword of Kings. Bane of Trolls. Its legend stretches back through millennia, standing as a symbol of hope and power. The power of destruction

and renewal in the same breadth, much like the phoenix. Unknown are the blade's origins, but for rumors that Dath'Remar Sunstrider dreamed of it, and spoke of it to the magesmith Luminarian. The sword has cut through demon, troll, and elf alike, and only the clash of Frostmourne, in the Scourge's assault on Quel'thalas, was it broken.

But therein lies a little-known quality of elven-forged weaponry. If reforged by a master's hand - much, again, like the phoenix reborn - the blade will be stronger. Kael'thas had the blade reforged with magic, and hatred, and a burning need for vengeance. And whereupon he lost it within Icecrown Citadel, pursuing Arthas. And there the blade has waited.

The sword burns with righteousness and fury, and bears the Heart of the Phoenix - a jeweled scepter - alongside. The blade itself wields the purest and most wholesome essence of fire, and rumor has it that the Phoenix God, Al'ar, personally blessed it. It burns with every strike, and the power of spells cast along it's edge are greatly augmented - with simple fireballs becoming town-consuming infernos. With flames and arcane energy, the sword may summon forth Phoenixes to combat the magus' enemies.

(Should you have a sword of your own, you may import it to gain the fiery power and vengeful light of Felo'melorn. As well, you may import a wand, orb, or similar magical focus to become the Heart of the Phoenix, a scepter used alongside the sword.)

Ebonchill, Greatstaff of Alodi (Discounted Frost):

He was a half-elf orphan, scorned and pitied throughout most of his younger years. None of the Kirin Tor could have ever believed that this half-breed wretch, left in the orphanage with nothing but a frost-tinged staff, could have risen to greatness. And so it was that Alodi became the first Guardian of Tirisfal, one of the most powerful magi to have ever lived - and the staff he has borne since his birth, Ebonchill, was always at his side.

Alodi passed the staff down to his apprentice who bore his favored traits - compassion, wisdom, and camaraderie. And all was well, after his death, until the mage Arrexis sought to study the staff, and was betrayed by Medivh, who had become subsumed by the fragment of Sargeras within him. Arrexis disappeared, and the mage-hunter eredar Balaadur took up Ebonchill, severing the ancient tradition of passing Ebonchill down from master to apprentice. Until by some providence, it has come to your hand.

Ebonchill's command over the forces of ice and snow are without peer, without rival. Vicious ice storms can be whipped into existence with but a flexing of arcane power, and a magus' foes can be flash-frozen from the outside inward, turning them into little more than statues of dead, frozen meat. The ice created by Ebonchill always bears the

same qualities - diamond hard and refuses to melt unless dispelled, even when exposed to the radiant heat of magma or dragonfire.

(Should you have a staff of your own, you may import it to receive Alodi's great power as the first Guardian of Tirisfal, and the great control over the freezing, biting cold.)

Monk

Fu Zan, the Wanderer's Companion (Discounted Brewmaster):

Long ago, the titanic Keeper Freya sculpted the Emerald Dream, and planted one tree in particular near the energies of what would come to be called the Vale of Eternal Blossoms. The tree grew strong and tall, and caused a lush forest - in the Dream and the waking world - to grow around it. And so Freya took one of it's branches as a walking stick, and named the tree Fu Zan.

In time, she passed Fu Zan to Yu'lon the Jade Serpent, to be given to one of Azeroth's children who loathed battle and loved peace. As the years passed, and Emperor Shaohao rose to prominence, Yu'lon found just that figure in a nameless hozen - The Monkey King. This hozen was tested, and found worthy, and so Fu Zan protected Pandaria for many years - to be sealed along with the King in a prison of jade, and released tens of thousands of years later.

And now you, monk, learn and are empowered by Fu Zan just as The Monkey King had been. Your reflexes are greatly amplified, capable of bending like a willow tree in the wind with a twitch and avoiding, weaving through, and ducking past the blows from fifty trained and armed soldiers. The staff itself is heavy enough to crack the stone it falls to, and break the fingers of any who may attempt to hoist it - yet in your hands, is as light as a feather and whips to and fro with the speed of life.

As well, on the head of the staff is tied a small keg of a mysterious brew - authentic Monkey King special, this alcohol will never run out no matter how long you chug it. While inebriated from this particular concoction, your skin will become hard like iron, and any ailments or curses you suffer from will be worn away by the burn of alcohol.

(Should you have an existing staff you'd prefer, you may import it to gain the legacy and energies of Fu Zan, the Wanderer's Companion.)

Sheilun, Staff of the Mists (Discounted Mistweaver):

Since time immemorial, Sheilun has watched. When a slave toppled an empire of slavemasters, when an emperor saved an entire continent from death, and now - when a hero goes forth against an unstoppable legion to protect everything they know and

love. Sheilun is living proof that conflict can be endured, tyranny overcome, and disaster averted... And that a caring heart can make it all possible.

It started with Xuen the White Tiger's imprisonment, and the death of a slave's son. This slave was Kang, who learned to fight without weapons, and used the strength of the mogu against them. He and his followers escaped to the Kun-Lai Mountains, where they honed their abilities, and where Kang found Xuen. The Tiger guided the novice monks in the ways of strength, not just of raw power but of endurance. From the twisted and gnarled trees of the mountains were the walls of the first monastery constructed, and from their branches were the monk's weapons carved - simple staves, with one blessed by Xuen directly. This stave was named after Kang's lost son - Sheilun.

Kang carried Sheilun for years, throughout the Revolution. It was there when he died, giving his life to save all of Pandaria. Shaohao took up the stave, purged himself of all negative emotion and doubt, and and became as one with the land to shroud it in a mist that protected his people from the Sundering. And now it comes to your hands, Mistweaver. The healing mists emanating from the head of this staff will shroud those you seek to protect, mending their wounds and twisting aside the blows that would strike them down. The presence of Sheilun itself lightens their spirits, tearing despair and fear aside and giving hope, watering down anger and hatred to instead incense courage.

But it was not Sheilun that prompted Shaohao to make his sacrifice. It was not Sheilun that inspired Kang's revolution that freed his people. It was not Sheilun that kept the Serpent's Spine standing against countless mantid cycles. But it was there for all of those events, in the possession of people who would act. It is the perfect companion to those willing to sacrifice everything in order to save others.

And I believe it has found it's final bearer.

(Should you have an existing staff you remain attached to, you may import it to become Sheilun, Staff of the Mists, and it will gain all of it's great power... and it's meaning.)

<u>The Fists of the Heavens (Discounted Windwalker):</u>

Irmaat was among the greatest of tol'vir weaponsmiths, a master without peer. His name is known within Uldum as one of the most exceptional minds, but also as a cautionary lesson - for his pride and drive to create the incredible was his undoing. He saw his hands as extensions of the Titans' will, and he wanted nothing less than to give his creations the ability to restore order to all chaos.

He observed the Elemental Plane of Air, the Skywall, when he began his experimentation. His first creation was a set of four scimitars, imprisoning the four Djinn

that served as Al'Akir's council. Unhappy with his progress, he created two new weapons - smaller, one to be held in each hand. Al'burq and Alra'ed, the "fists of the heavens." With these as the vessel, Irmaat sought to imprison Al'Akir. But the cleverest of the Elemental Lords had laid a trap for the tol'vir smith, and when Irmaat thought he could flex Al'Akir's great power with the Fists - he unleashed a hurricane that destroyed his body, his workshop, and his city.

The tol'vir have since buried Al'burq and Alra'ed deep beneath the desert, nobody daring to touch them. And while soon, an upstart djinn will seek to use the Fists' power to claim dominion, you find your hands already grasping onto the two weapons. In your fists now lie the power of an untamed and destructive hurricane, a storm that feeds upon the wind and sky to fuel it's rage. Keep your mind balanced and your spirit in harmony, windwalker, lest you be ruined by Irmaat's folly.

But if you are already practiced in walking with the wind... the Fists of the Heavens will finally have a master who can make them truly legendary.

(Should you already have two fist weapons, gauntlets, or similar weaponry, you may import them to become Al'burq and Alra'ed - the twin prisons of Al'Akir's tempestuous power.)

Paladin

The Silver Hand (Discounted Holy):

This hammer has existed since before recorded history, a gift from the Titans to their Keeper Tyr. It has been used to liberate Azeroth from the Black Empire of the Old Gods, striking down the Elemental Lords. It was used to destroy the great abomination known as Galakrond. And finally, it was wielded by Tyr to stand against his corrupted brother Loken, and gave his life defending the congregation that followed him to the south, what became the Eastern Kingdoms.

The great hammer itself is gargantuan, yet as soon as your hand touches the haft it changes - fitting in your palms as it either shrinks or grows. The hammer's head, made in the image of Tyr's silver fist, constantly and brightly shines with the energy of the Holy Light itself. This energy heals all wounds that the light shines upon, and actively cleanses and purifies all corruption and pestilence it encounters.

But the one who wields The Silver Hand bears the spark of Tyr's former power, and the nobility of the one Keeper to keep his mind and remain devout to his path. With this fraction of Tyr's spirit ensconced within your own, you now bear equal parts power and responsibility; For as long as you stand defiant against the darkness, give aid to those who need it seeking no recompense, and defend all who cannot protect themselves

despite knowing the sacrifice it may cost... You will fight with the same fervor and force as the Keeper himself, his spark drawing forth ancient power and energy to give you a fighting chance.

You also gain The Tome of the Silver Hand, one of the first librams created that chronicles the entire watch of the old Tyr's Guard.

(Should you have an existing club, mace, or similar two-handed sturdy bludgeoning weapon, you may import it to become The Silver Hand.)

Truthguard (Discounted Protection):

Three strikes in total were used to shape this shield - this embodiment of justice, nobility, and honor. The first strike forced countless volcanos to erupt. The second set the sky itself howling with storms and lightning. And the third calmed all that had been set in motion, as a single ray of sunlight pierced the storm above and shined on Truthguard's surface. Made with a finger of Tyr's silver hand, a stone disc from Ironaya, and a crystal from Keeper Archaedas' flesh, Truthguard was wielded by a penitent berserker who revealed the truth of Loken's fall to Yogg-Saron.

Truthguard will protect the wielder with every ounce of strength it can muster, actively channeling the user's connection to the Holy Light to reduce the impact of enemy blows before they can connect. Every so often it may rebound the blows inflicted upon it, dealing that damage back to the unlucky enemy with a blast of holy fire. And with the mirror made of polished stone and engraved silver, the shield's true ability is revealed - whatever is shown within this mirror, or is shined upon by the light emitted from it, is scoured. All falsehoods are destroyed - obfuscating enchantments and illusions are incinerated, mind-influencing magicks are dispelled, shapeshifters are forced into their true forms, and even verbal lies are revealed for what they are.

Bear this shield as you would a torch in the darkness. Bring light to those without hope, and burn away the shadows that seek to engulf your world in death and despair.

(You also obtain Oathseeker, the sword wielded by Truthguard's first champion, the repentant vrykul Yrgrim.)
(If you have an existing shield, you may import it to gain Truthguard's special abilities and defensive prowess. The same applies to Oathseeker, if you have a sword available).

The Ashbringer (Discounted Retribution):

The dark crystal Alexandros found on that orc warlock's body remains an unknown to this day - nobody can recall or recant it's origins. A lost Ata'mal Crystal? The corrupted shard of a Naaru? Something far more sinister? None can say - but with the efforts of

Alexandros Mograine and several other of the Light's most devout, the crystal was purified. And within the hallowed halls of Ironforge, the dwarf king Magni Bronzebeard infused the full weight of his rage and sorrow at the death of his brother Muradin, into the creation of a powerful blade that used the crystal. So it was that on that night, The Ashbringer was born.

Alexandros Mograine took up the blade, an extension of his own flesh. With it, he took to the fields of battle just as the Undead Scourge began their conquest of Lordaeron - and the blade cut through entire armies of them at a time, rending flesh and bone and incinerating thousands at a time. The only thing left of them was bone and ash, and so both sword and it's wielder carved their way into legend. It has had a long and storied tale - of betrayal and murder, of corruption and death, of redemption and purification. And now the blade, and it's title, have come to your hands.

Just as Ashbringer cut apart and incinerated so many countless undead, so to does it's righteous and holy might scour the demonic, the shadowy, and all other creatures of darkness from the face of the world. Purge them from this realm, and countless others, wanderer.

(If you have an existing greatsword or similarly-sized sword, you may import it to gain Ashbringer's immense power.)

Priest

Light's Wrath (Discounted Discipline):

Years ago, the fanatical Scarlet Crusade set to create a weapon of unparalleled holy power - to rival the legendary Ashbringer, right down to deriving it's power from a shadowy artifact they sought to purify. Their source - a strange, black gemstone with no known origin, bursting with darkness. Their ritual, disrupted by the dreadlord Balnazzar, who had long since infiltrated their ranks. The end result... was this staff. Light's Wrath, unstable and chaotic.

Light's Wrath has been in the hands of many, many wielders - of all walks of life and beliefs. They each controlled the staff for a time, only for their will to slip. Entire towns have been erased from the map, and the wielder of Light's Wrath has been either incinerated or left blind and hobbled. Make no mistake - Light's Wrath wields immense power, it's holy fires capable of rendering any flesh scorched by it to mere dust, the magnification of your holy magicks to make you a horrific paragon of your faith. All of it at your will and command.

But keep that will as strong as iron, and your focus as sharp as the edge of a blade. Intentions do not matter to Light's Wrath, only discipline. And the moment your discipline falters, the staff will ignite everything in it's reach - with you at the epicenter.

(If you have an existing staff, you may import it to gain the volatile nature and power of Light's Wrath.)

T'uure, Beacon of the Naaru (Discounted Holy):

The draenei have many legends about the Naaru that came to their aid - and few are as cherished as T'uure's own story. Like his kin, T'ure vowed to protect all mortal lives from the darkness, and his path following this vow lead him to the planet of Karkora - facing annihilation at the hands of Dimensius, The All-Devouring. The Naaru sacrificed it's life to spare the world from doom, shattering into a million fragments and sparking a colossal nova of holy energy that banished Dimensius' presence from that world.

T'uure had broken, but its Light was undimished. Each piece blazed like a star, drawing its kin from the far corners of creation - singing songs of its sacrifice as they gathered the shards. These shards would be gifted to the various races that they believed bore the potential for good, with the largest piece bestowed to the ancient eredar of Argus. A staff, bearing T'uure's shape. Since that day, the staff has been used time and time again to bring hope and healing - saving the lives of countless innocents as the draenei have fled the Legion's grasping hands.

The wielder of T'uure finds all of their holy, healing, and protective magicks aided by a floating image of the Naaru who gave its life. The Beacon of the Naaru is called so for a specific reason, however - the wielder's connection to the Light is as wide-open as if they were bathing in the warm sea of the Light of Creation itself. Both wielder and staff radiate such bright light as to be called a second sun - the rays mending wounds both physical and mental. A timid heart becomes a lion in the presence of the Beacon, and cowed hearts are filled with hope. But perhaps T'uure's greatest strength is what it represents - that even one brave soul, wielding the Light, can save the lives of thousands.

(If you have an existing staff, you may import it to be the bearer of the shard of the fallen Naaru, and a beacon amidst the darkness.)

Xal'atath, Blade of the Black Empire (Discounted Shadow):

Allow me to introduce myself.

You already know my name, and little of my history. Indeed, it was my touch that lead to the Aqir and Troll War. Who seduced the Dark Iron Queen Modgud, and left her when she turned Grim Batol into a den of nightmares. Who sparked a priestess' obsession

with the Void and sparked rebellion within her followers - who created the Cult of the Forgotten Shadow. And now, I've finally come to your hands.

I foresee us doing great things together... for now. Take hold of my haft, and I will grant you untold, untested power over the shadows, the void, and the mind. Your connection to the Void will be strong, stronger than you could have ever imagined. You will be able to rip void entities into existence, infect the minds of those who stand before you with your own madness, enact rituals beyond the fantasies of arcanists.

Should you wish to benefit even more from this 'partnership,' well... Find me shadows. Essences of dark energy, fonts of it such as N'Zoth's idiotic children, or the wretched C'Thraxxi. Sacrifice these wondrous gifts to me, and I will make it certainly worth your while~.

(You will also receive the tome 'Secrets of the Void' - written by Natalie Seline, who founded the Cult of the Forgotten Shadow in an effort to truly UNDERSTAND the Void, and Xal'atath's powers.)

(Should you have an existing dagger, you may import it to be the foundation for Xal'atath's existence.)

Rogue

The Kingslayers (Discounted Assassination):

As instruments of death, these daggers are exquisite and unparalleled. But every moment of every day, they will try to twist your mind to the will of their master, Kil'jaeden. The two blades, Anguish and Sorrow, have killed kings, commanders, magi, demons, chieftains, and countless others. Forged from an unnamed black metal, designed by Gul'dan and Kil'jaeden both, hammered into shape by Blackhand.

The Kingslayers kill making no sound, piercing flesh and quickening the wielder's step and speed to better feed the daggers the blood of the innocent victims they so crave. The wound inflicted becomes irregular - only by seeing the past, or a victim's last memories, would a person know what killed them. Worst of all, the blades constantly secrete a horrific toxin that eats away at the very life energies within a victim, leaving them dead in mere seconds. And the more victims slain by Anguish and Sorrow, the deadlier they and their toxin become.

These weapons do not have a history of glory. They did not earn honorable victories. They were meant to cause pain, and they have caused untold damage to both Draenor and Azeroth. Never forget the innocents who have died to them. *Make the Burning Legion pay for every drop of blood they have spilled.*

(If you have a pair of daggers, you may import them to become The Kingslayers.)

The Dreadblades (Discounted Outlaw):

These cutlasses were not forged on Azeroth - that much is certain. No other swords magnify their wielder's greed and ruthlessness to the degree that The Dreadblades have. Created by one of Kil'jaeden more duplicitous servants, the eredar blacksmith Talgath sought to subvert Azeroth's high seas and oceanic travel through manipulating the roving fleets of pirates into becoming his own demonic servants. Though one soul with too much common sense buried the cutlasses deep underneath a lone island, believing them cursed - the plan was still fairly effective.

Currently twisting the Bloodsail Buccaneers to it's bidding, The Dreadblades are in the hands of Admiral Goreblade, filling her and her crew with an unnatural bloodlust and desire to pillage all in their wake. This same bloodlust is now magnified within you - along with your greed, for first and foremost Talgath forged these cutlasses for pirates, the most greedy and violent barbarians on the open oceans. Your combat ability benefits greatly, however - for your amplified greed allows you to see things nobody else does in the heat of combat: The chinks within the armor that can be cloven in a single strike, the mis-steps an opponent makes ripe for an advantage, the myriad of ways you can navigate either the field of battle or the quest for plunder. That which you WANT to see in battle or in carnage, The Dreadblades will help you find.

Be careful with these blades. They were designed to trap the minds of the weak and the greedy. Indulge, if you must - but stay vigilant.

(You may decide if you keep their curse as well - for as Eliza Goreblade discovered, her crew was twisted into skeletal buccaneers after a time of being Marked by the Dreadblades.)
(Should you have two swords, you may import them to become The Dreadblades.)

The Fangs of the Devourer (Discounted Subtlety):

Once, long ago, there was a felhound. More dangerous than any of it's kind had ever existed, the personal hunting dog of Sargeras himself. He sculpted its power, gifting the beast with enough shadow energy that it's fangs could pierce through the fabric of reality. Goremaw the Devourer, was it's name, and it's death filled Sargeras with rage.

Mephistroth, dreadlord, believed that Goremaw could still serve the legion - the felhound's fangs were ripped from it's jaws, and taken to a forge within Argus. Countless demon smiths sought to preserve and twist the fangs into weapons, but Goremaw's

dark energies still permeated them such that it took countless hundreds of the unlucky workers, their minds shredded as easily as their bodies by one touch of a fang.

But as you can see, their work was successful. Goremaw's shadow now lurks within these daggers, twisting the air and bending light to allow their wielder to conceal themselves within shadows that do not exist - layered just underneath the fabric of reality. The shadows can be manipulated to disguise their wielder as one of their victims, perfectly mimicking appearance and manner. Goremaw's venom still pulses, agonizing the mind and body in equal amounts.

Who knows how Sargeras will respond to the fact that a potential enemy now holds the fangs of his beloved pet?

(Should you have two daggers, knives, or similar weapons of your own, you may import them to become the teeth of Goremaw the Devourer.)

Shaman

The Fist of Ra-Den & The Highkeeper's Ward (Discounted Elemental):

The Titan Aman'thul, during the days of yore and the War of the Black Empire, crafted for his chosen servant a clawed instrument that held sway over the storms. Master Ra, or Ra-Den, was the receiver - and it was these tools with which he aided his brothers and sisters in defeating the Old Gods and the Elemental Lords. With the Fist alone, Master Ra wrenched control over the sky itself from the Windlord Al'Akir, and with a mighty punch into the mountaintop he parted the skies open and all the electricity and fury of the atmosphere came crashing down.

It was The Fist with which Ra-den - in concert with Helya, before she became Val'kyr - created the four domains with which to contain Elemental Lords and their servants. From this, they created the Highkeeper's Ward - of all four primordial elements - to act as both the key to the Elemental Plane and a shield and siphon. And upon Lei-Shen's betrayal of Ra, thousands of years later, The Fist and The Ward were both the crux of his great Thunder Forge - outfitting his armies of untold, unfathomable soldiers.

In your hands, The Fist of Ra-Den and The Highkeeper's Ward both thrum with the power they held in eons past. The Fist wields complete and total power over the storm, capable of splitting the sky with the force and amount of electricity you channel through it's prongs. The Ward, a strong and durable shield, acts as a font for the four primordial elements - channeling the timelessness of all four to let you call upon greater representations, as if calling upon the Elemental Lords yourself

(Should you have a fist weapon or magical focus, you may import it to become The Fist of Ra-Den, and a shield may become The Highkeeper's Ward. Keep in mind for magical foci, they will be made into a fist weapon / gauntlet as The Fist.)

The Doomhammer (Discounted Enhancement):

The Doomhammer. Weapon of the Warchief of the Horde. Forged in the elemental fury of a volcano, it has been wielded by some of the most renowned orcs: Blackhand, Orgrim, Thrall. The Doomhammer has been used to cement the legacy of the Doomhammer line of orcs, was used by Blackhand to forge the mightiest of weapons, and wielded by Thrall to free the orcs from imprisonment. Destruction and salvation.

In the future, Thrall will lose the Doomhammer, both weapon and his own soul conflicted with the execution of Garrosh Hellscream. And the newly-made Farseer of the Earthen Ring will take it up, and unlock the hammer's true potential. But here, you bear a copy with the same possibilities it grants you. The elements are with you as you wield Doomhammer - imbuing your very soul and body with their might as your bones become reinforced by the earth, your step and stride quickened by air, your muscles and strikes intensified by fire, and your mind as cool and swift as water. A second hammer, moulded from magma, will manifest to be wielded by your other hand - and your hand will be protected from it's intense heat, not so for your enemies. Every strike you deal with these two hammers will call the elements into being - a tornado of flame twisting into being here, an explosion of electricity there, and the longer you hold the Doomhammer, the more your body is supplemented and supported.

"The last of the Doomhammer line will use it to bring first salvation, then doom to the orc people. It will pass into the hands of one who is not of the Blackrock. ***A stranger will raise the hammer high, and with it justice shall reign."***

(Should you have an existing hammer, you may import it to become The Doomhammer. The second hammer made of magma, the Fury of the Stonemother, will have it's strength and appearance modified by the contributions of the first hammer.)

Sharas'dal, Scepter of Tides (Discounted Restoration):

Touching Sharas'dal lets one feel the weight of a world's oceans at their fingertips, the scepter held by Queen Azshara of the Highborne. Infused with the living waters of the Well of Eternity, the scepter had been with Azshara for all the time she had been Queen - the tool through which she would shape Azeroth into a paradise. Her paradise. But it refused to save her when the Well of Eternity imploded, when she and the Highborne were sucked under the waves to the bottom of the sea - when they became naga at the tendrils of N'Zoth.

The Scepter grants all who can master it dominion over the water - all the rivers and the seas will obey the wielder. Indeed, such is the Scepter's power that it can command even the creatures who dwell beneath the ocean's surface - commanding even mighty sea giants to follow the bearer's instruction. The waters that flow from Sharas'dal itself, flowing eternally, are filled with the energy of life - and the shaman that bears this can whip these waters into a frenzy, mending all wounds they wash over as effortlessly as breathing. The sea witches who used this after the Highborne became naga could even use the waters of the Scepter to twist and shape the flesh of those who drink of it.

Let them fear the ocean waves, for you - the bearer of the Scepter of Tides - are their ruler.

(You also receive the Shield of the Sea Queen - a defensive bulwark that also fountains forth the essence-filled waters that Sharas'dal can control.)

(Should you have an existing scepter, mace, or similarly-constructed magical focus, you may import it as Sharas'dal, the scepter of tides and royalty. The same goes for any shields you wish to join to the Shield of the Sea Queen.)

Warlock

Ulthalesh, the Deadwind Harvester (Discounted Affliction):

Before Sargeras sought to destroy all of creation, he had created the dimensional prison Mardum, in which all the demons he had fought found themselves trapped. Over millennia, these demons formed a hierarchy - and at the very top of it was the dreadlord Ulthalesh, who plotted his vengeance. When Sargeras came to offer his ultimatum of either service or destruction, Ulthalesh refused and gathered scores of the entrapped demons to his side.

In answer to the challenge, Sargeras forged a felsteel scythe from Mardum's fires - and made it into the new prison of those demons who refused to join him, by systematically slaughtering them to the last man. Ulthalesh was the last to be devoured, and became the namesake of the great scythe. The scythe became powerful from the untold numbers of demons trapped within it, but that power came with a curse - if the wielders were mortally wounded, Ulthalesh would feast on their souls.

Ulthalesh consumed countless wielders before coming to the hands of the necrolyte, Sataiel. It's power was such that the soul and life was consumed out of the soil of the mountains that would become The Deadwind Pass - even the very sky becoming a desiccated waste. The ritual site became a massive, arcane crater, forming a nexus -

upon which the mage tower of Karazhan would be built. Inevitably, Sataiel was slain and her soul consumed. And Ulthalesh, within the scythe, laughed once more.

Ulthalesh has been playing this game with Sargeras for millennia, and now the scythe bearing his name has come to your hands. Wield it's power with zeal, but be careful. Be cautious. Be warned - even if you share Ulthalesh's goal in standing against the Fel Titan, the Harvester is a dreadful tool. Do not be consumed by it.

(Should you have an existing staff, scythe, or similar bladed weapon, you may import it to become the prison of all of the defiant demons and consumed souls, with Ulthalesh's will. You may import swords and such, but keep in mind the end result will become the scythe's blade - not at all sword-like in end result.)

The Skull of the Man'ari (Discounted Demonology):

Begone, narrator! I shall handle this.
Behold, I am Thal'kiel the Denied! Once the greatest of eredar sorcerers, leader among them. I have gazed into the Great Dark Beyond - have seen worlds consumed by fel fire, dark creatures of the Twisting Nether conquering countless mortal kingdoms, and the conquest of all creation. I embraced it, and embraced POWER.

And where did it take me, you ask? Betrayed by my own power-hungry apprentice, Archimonde. Condemned by Velen and Kil'jaedan. My Wakeners were slaughtered to the last, and my head lopped from my shoulders. The flesh melted from my skull while my spirit was trapped within, for Archimonde had sipped from the same forbidden goblet of the fel. My skull was bejeweled and made ornate, lined in metals that channeled and amplified great magicks. And so, I was bound. And when Archimonde and Kil'jaedan joined the Dread Titan, I was passed around like a TOY to the demons, a plaything and mere power battery!

BUT YOU. *You can change all of this. Allow me to join you, warlock. I will bring you untold power. WONDROUS power. I shall consume souls and mana alike to increase my own wellspring of power, and funnel it to you. The swarms of demons you summon through my calling will be empowered to new heights, even as your command over the fel, the shadow, and the flame are amplified! JOIN ME, AND WE SHALL CONQUER THE LEGION, AS THEY DESIRE TO CONQUER ALL THAT EXISTS! LET THEM TREMBLE AT YOUR NAME!*

(You also receive the Spine of Thal'kiel - as in, literally his spine which was converted into a dagger.)
(If you have an existing magical focus for Thal'kiel's spirit to inhabit - or indeed, any unattached skull or head floating around - you may import it to receive Thal'kiel's spirit

and power. You may also import any knife, dagger, or similar small-bladed-weapon as the Spine.)

The Scepter of Sargeras (Discounted Destruction):

Forged on the orders of Sargeras after his defeat in the War of the Ancients, this scepter was to be his key to manifest on our world, to let a portion of his soul coalesce into an Avatar through which he would begin it's destruction. Countless portals have been woven into this single staff, fueled by the souls of a hundred demons - the troops who failed to take Azeroth in the War. The Scepter is a great projection into every corner of The Great Dark Beyond, woven into the fabric of reality such that anyone can use it to open a portal anywhere by shredding at the connective tissue.

And such is how you use it - beyond mere transportation, the volatile portals you rip into existence are enough to wipe many of your foes from existence, and shattering any fortification that stands in your way. Such is it's power that... You do know tact and patience, I trust. The last one to properly use this Scepter was Ner'zhul, and with the hole after hole that he ripped and blasted through the fabric of reality, shredding the seams connecting his home planet of Draenor to the rest of the physical universe... The entire world shattered like fine porcelain. If the orc hadn't ran through one of his portals, he would have been annihilated.

Nobody is protected from the Scepter's power. Not. Even. You. Do not be a fool with this kind of power. It weakens the integrity of the physical universe every time you use it, such that Sargeras' initial entry was compared to the breaking of a skull and the tearing of flesh.

(Should you have have a wand, scepter, or similar magical focus, you may import it as The Scepter of Sargeras.)

Warrior

Strom'kar, the Warbreaker (Discounted Arms):

Human history is not complete without mention of Strom'kar the Warbreaker, the Trollbane, the blade under which the warlord Thoradin united humanity into a single nation. The sword represents the united tribes of all humanity, forged from the weapons of all the human warlords into one blade. To the trolls, Strom'kar is a nightmare - the king who wielded it a demon who cowed the Amani into a bitter shell of their former self. And for years, the blade was thought lost to time.

Strom'kar's story is one of violence and bloodshed, cunning and desperation. Yet in Thoradin's last moments, at the depths of the Tomb of Tyr as he stood against the great C'Thraxxi General Zakajz, it came to embody both courage and sacrifice. Thoradin gave

his life to prevent the old monster's rise, burying Strom'kar within Zakajz' skull and throwing him into dormancy.

Indeed, that sword kept Zakajz in a deep slumber for the next hundreds upon hundreds of years, for the enchantments wreathed along the blade kept the beast from regenerating - and will negate the regeneration of any of your future foes. To your foes who feel it's strikes and all others who attempt to lift it, the sword bears an immeasurable weight - yet in your hands is balanced and light. And it's years buried within a Void monstrosity's brain has lead the enchantments and steel to absorb the shadowy energies - augmenting it with, and allowing the sword to further feed upon, the void and similar forces of darkness.

(Should you have a greatsword or similar blade, you may import it to gain the history, force, and capability of Strom'kar the Warbreaker.)

The Warswords of the Valarjar (Discounted Fury):

Long before Odyn's "unjust" betrayal, he oversaw the creation of the Halls of Valor and the blacksmiths who would outfit his armies and warriors. One among these smiths was talented and astonishing, his shields light and strong. Odyn asked this smith to try something new, something offensive, and the two finest swords were made on that forge the very same day. Odyn took these two blades and blessed them himself, to give them to his finest warrior.

Alas, Odyn's chosen champion, Ingvar, fell the same day Helya was broken free of the Prime Designate's control and turned the Halls of Valor into a prison. She smote the warrior into oblivion, and took the Warswords. She made the realm of Helheim, and over millennia claimed as many souls of slain vrykul as she could - her ranks of Kvaldir swelling. One of these proved to be her champion, and so she took Odyn's swords and - with her own twisted blessings upon them - made a hero of her own.

The two blades bear the power of Odyn, the Prime Designate - such cutting force and fiery destruction they wield that a single warrior could take on an entire city's worth of forces and come out on top. Helya's own power permeates them, and clashes against Odyn's own - the swords feast on the souls of their foes, and throw their wielder into a berserker rage such that they become a bladed tempest that turns the slightest hint of resistance into stew meat.

The two blessings upon each blade clash against one another, blessed warrior. Maintain your control over them, and you will find untold glory on the field of battle.

(Should you have two over-sized, over-massive swords, you may import them to become The Warswords of the Valarjar.)

The Scale of the Earth-Warder (Discounted Protection):

The tale of this shield's birth is one of obsession - the obsession that one Magnar Icebreaker had for Neltharion and his lair. An obsession that had his compatriots killed, and resulted in him recuperating from wounds and ailments that lasted untold years. But it was his obsession that got him one of the Dragon Aspect's cast-off scales, the same scale that protected him from Neltharion's magma-flame breath.

It was that same fallen scale that Magnar would master the art of blacksmithing for, and would create the shield that would carry him to the title of King. With the shield and sword he made to accompany it, he reclaimed Stormheim for the vrykul and drove the Nerubians deep under the earth for millennia at fear of the surface world. King Magnar Icebreaker stood triumphant and mighty, and even when Helya sought to claim his soul, he stood enraged and defiant.

And now his shield, The Scale, comes to your hand. Durable and resistant enough to protect it's user from the concentrated breath of the mightiest of dragons, The Scale of the Earth-Warder also retaliates in the warrior's favor. Every blocked strike and attack from whatever source causes the shield to erupt with a fountain of magma or shadowflame that bathes the target in an angry stream. With the near-unbreakable Scale comes Magnar's sword, Scaleshard - the sword he crafted the same day he went to work creating his shield, using this same sword to smooth the edges and trim it down to the shape he needed.

These armaments are destined to bring glory and honor to their wielder, as Magnar was celebrated and honored.

(Should you have an existing shield, you may import it to become The Scale of the Earth-Warder. Same goes for any related sword or similar melee weapon and Scaleshard.)

Clearing Your Debt

“Racked up quite a debt back there, haven’t you?”
There was a gnome there, where there wasn’t one before. Something’s clearly off about him, what with the swirling aura of sickly green and violet. He runs a hand along his large, curly blue mustache as he adjusts his glasses.
“Tell you what. Instead of collecting on those payments, I’m going to offer you a deal. You get the express permission of dealing with some... nasty business. And in return, I’ll clear some of that extra CP debt. Hmmm~?”

You look down at the contract he has in his grubby little hands.
You may accept an additional **1,000 CP** in drawbacks, turmoil, and tragedies.

Barrens Chat (+100): You are going to hate *absolutely everyone* for the next few years, adventurer. You see... Their words will absolutely not fit with their actions, because for the next few years all you’ll be able to hear people say is garbage that would fit a forum or chat on a distant Earth - much as if you were listening to the titular general chat of the Barrens. Horrible jokes, trash talk, memes, forum drama, celebrity drama, any amount of garbage you can imagine. For added insult to injury, everybody’s voice will be modified to either that of a 12-year-old’s, or even worse - the scratchy, squeaky voice of puberty. And yes, all of this applies to your Companions.

And in case you’re wondering, no. Nobody else hears this strange filter that’s been placed over the world. It’s only for your ears.

Axis Armed (+150 CP): A foul allegiance laid low by stalwart dwarven adventurers, the Axis of Awful was formed from an alliance of the Mosshide gnolls, the Tunnel Rat kobolds, the Stonesplinter troggs, and the Bluegill murlocs. They sought to conquer Khaz Modan, and would have ignited similar conflicts - alas, the incompetence of all involved and the ingenuity of a dwarven lass with a skill at hunting put this uprising to an end.

Except now they have returned. Or maybe this was their goal all along. In the end, it matters not - you are hounded endlessly by the forces of the Axis of Awful. Or rather, mildly inconvenienced. You can expect Mosshide gnolls to make frequent attempts at robbing you of your shinies, murlocs rampaging through your holdings in a fish-scented fury, and the troggs and kobolds to begin undermining your operations. With gnoll-forged weapons of “””””indestructible copper”””””, they will be an ever-present annoyance and thorn in your side.

Felsoul Pawn (+200 CP - Requires Companion(s)): Kil’jaedan’s tongue spins many false promises and grand lies, and yet there are those individuals who fall for them since time immemorial. And unfortunately, it appears as if one of your own has let his honeyed words into their head. Heartbreak is in your future, adventurer.

One of your companions - chosen on a **1d8** from your most capable and most likely to fall - has sided with the Burning Legion, and with it they have brought their knowledge and skill. The Legion now sees you as an enemy - not a priority, but one to

be hunted on sight. And in the meantime, they benefit heartily from what knowledge and skill your companion brought or stole, and whatever armaments and holdings they keep.

What caused them to sway so easily?

Archmage's Note: You may be able to convince the traitor to lay down their arms, if absurdly difficult, but it will be up to you if - should they die in their fight alongside the Legion - their death is permanent.

The Whispering (+300 CP): The Old Gods work in twisted ways, whispering at the deepest and darkest corners of the mind at all hours. Even when a person sleeps, they hear the whispers scratching at the insides of their brain, coaxing dark thoughts up from the subconscious. Twisting the waking thoughts to turn friend against friend, brother against brother. Making the body act in ways that the mind does not recognize as bad, almost as if it were entirely natural.

You, whether you like it or not, are now factoring in to these plans. You hear their whispers at all hours of the day and night, needling away at the foundation of your mind and identity. Whatever protections you may have had against corruption, insanity, and darker influences have been washed away - leaving you horribly, painfully susceptible to their influence. Finding yourself thinking dark, horrific thoughts will be almost commonplace, and do not be surprised if you find yourself lapsing into unconsciousness - only to wake up having committed horrific crimes in the name of your new masters. You were always a pawn of forces unseen - just look to that which guides you. And when the time comes, and you are tossed aside, you will be alone in the end. Your benefactor, your 'companions' - none of them will stand with you. But... I will.
It is standing right behind you. Do not move. Do not breathe. Just...

Elemental Bonds (+300 CP): Your greatest flaws and virtues become your undoing, adventurer. At some point during the first half of your journey, you will be shattered into four fragments, each aligned to the four elements of Fire, Water, Earth, and Air. Each of these fragments will align to one of your strongest aspects - for example, Thrall's Patience aligning with the element of Earth, while his Desire was tied to Water.

Upon being shattered, you will have your remaining time spent here as an intangible, weak, and invisible presence - with your own powers and capabilities equally fragmented and weak. Only through either your own actions and self-contemplation to unite your elemental fragments, or the efforts of your allies, can you be made whole once more. Failure to reunite your fragments by jump end will result in a chain end.