

“This world has known war for centuries.

But peace is finally near.

We would deliver the princess to the kingdom across
the sea, where a marriage alliance would save us all.

Failing this mission would surely plunge us into darker days.”

Your stay in this world begins as you awake inside the small cabin provided to you during this sea voyage, bestired by the clang of clashing steel and the raging storm outside. The waves crash furiously against the ship, rocking the sailing galleon back and forth as easily as it would a raft, all while the crew’s blood is being shed from stern to prow.

Pirates assail the vessel, most likely seeking to ransom the Askarian princess to her homeland or to her Tristini suitor. Should you open your way through the marauders, be it through guile, brawn or wand, you will be met with a great kraekan of The Unspeakable Deep.

Whether you fall to it, defeat it, jump off to cast your fate to the will of the waves or will yourself away from the doomed vessel through some arcane art, you will find yourself pulled to the shores of the Nameless Isle.

There you will awake once more to the sound of waves washing on rock, your purpose clear as you remember:

“Failing this mission would surely plunge us into darker days.”

Whether you find Salvation or Dominion, you will remain here for a decade,
in this world of Salt & Sanctuary.

+1000 Salt Points

Creed

Whether you are an Askarian noble, a beastling from Jinderen, a Kadanian woodwraith, a lizard-folk of Gulchmire, a ronin from Kar'hi, a scholar from the Citadel or a Tristini swordsman, what matters most is not who you are… but what you believe in.

Choose one of the Creeds below. This represents the faith, philosophy or fellowship you carried with you before the waves cast you ashore. Perks and Items belonging to your Creed are discounted, with those worth 100SP instead being free.

Faith is hardly immutable, of course. You may abandon your Creed, join another or forsake them all during your stay, but the bargains made here will remain as they were.

The Stone Roots

"Men have invented, praised, and died for countless fleeting gods and demons, but our forest is forever."
– Stone Roots Alchemist

Long ago, forest tribes held many Gods. Each tree could be a God, and that tree could be three different Gods to three different tribes. These forest tribes had no structure or written belief system, solely believing the spirit of the forest itself, preferring the loose beliefs they carried. They believe that Gods of the forest are more of an elemental or spiritual nature.

Forest tribes, primarily in the eastern continent, are known to still hold the ancient tribal gods, which now fall under the moniker "Stone Roots". Followers of the Stone Roots are also known as Woodswraiths and tend to be skilled in alchemy, especially working with poisons.

Devara's Light

"The Old Pantheon contained 12 gods, typically: Diadel, goddess of sky, Azredak, god of bloodletting, Oema, god of the harvest, Pyrabella, goddess of fertility, Numen, god of dark things, Grull, god of forest creatures, Imrios, god of the sea, Ellenestria, goddess of luck, Oporos, god of health, Murlik, god of the dream world, Tartilia, goddess of the dead world, and Devara, goddess of light."
- Pantheonus

Eventually a more stable religion spread throughout the four continents, the pantheon of Devara's Light, of whom the title goddess of humility, kindness, and forgiveness; healer and protector of the downtrodden, is considered mother of, except for her dark brother Azredak.

While it is still kept by many faithful, the slaughter that turned the Dome of Light into the Dome of the Forgotten and the many sins that its clergy carries has taken its toll on the faith.

Her creed is the oldest known, though it could be the consequence of its cleric's meticulous recordkeeping. Pilgrims of Devara have been dying out for centuries.

The Three

“The New Gods, also known as The Three, emerged through monarchy and dynasty. Devara's made equal with that of two new deities drawn from Askarian royalty: The King and The Knight, divine incarnations of Askarian men.”
-Pantheonus

Ericho The Austere, Sir Amar The Proper and a violet-robed magistress whose name history has forgotten, have been canonized by Askarian royalty as having ascended to godhood, as per royal decree.

The King lends wisdom to men who lead and creates laws that all men must abide by, The Knight protects warriors in combat and carries out the King’s sentence on the guilty men and the Judge guides those who maintain order and decide when the King’s law is broken.

After the Great Unification Decree, which attempted to unite the kingdom under the Askarian crown, most worshippers of the old gods had to turn to The Three, at least publicly, to elude the Judge’s sentence, lest they break King Ericho IV, the Envy-Ridden’s law.

Keepers of Fire and Sky

“We worship the Sky, for in it lies the ethereal weave of Fire, most powerful of all magics. You’ve found our citadel, would you set aside the gods you now hold and worship the sky?”
– Keepers of Fire and Sky Mage

These mages and arcanists have casted off their belief in Gods, believing in the balance of ethereal power inherent in the essence of Fire and Sky.

It was during the rise of the Three that Askarian and Livean practitioners began to develop a science around the art of channeling the elements of Fire and Sky, eventually forming the Citadel after escaping the Great Unification Decree, a stone tower deep in the Pitchwoods of Liven.

Now they dedicate their entire lives to the scientific study of the art, secluded from the rest of the world inside their Citadel. Study for a Keeper of Fire and Sky revolves around experimentation and being able to replicate and document spells, whilst remaining well clear of heretical arts like alkymancy and Blood Magic.

The House of Splendor

“How can I mourn my affliction when my heart shines so brightly?”
– House of Splendor Merchant

Followers of the Fool and the Prophet, most of them afflicted by grayrot, understand the weakness of their flesh and crave the strength and certainty of the auric element as they drink from their wines, mixes of Rojiella and Aziema, bringing themselves closer to the Warp.

The Iron Ones

“Perhaps in response to Askaria's conquest for The Three, the Dorian Council of Steel declared the will of man to be greater than gods, and uniquely worthy of worship.”
– Pantheonus

Far north, amidst the mountain peaks, live hardy people who eke out a living from the rock & stone. The land is unforgiving and has shaped the people that inhabit it.

The kingdom of Makdor is nested amongst the harsh snowy peaks of the northern continent and holds both the lower lands of Taenibir and Dor Isle under its yoke.

A land of clansmen and mercenaries, craftsmen and blacksmiths, The Iron Ones bow to no gods or idols and believe instead in the iron will of man.

Order Of The Betrayer

“The Goddess Devara has already damned us all, and has promised to eradicate those with unforgivable hearts in divine light. But the Day of Judgement will belong to her brother, Azredak, our dark lord of chaos.”
–Follower of the Order of the Betrayer

Those who follow Azredak, god of bloodletting are often lost souls who believe the weight of their sins too heavy to be forgiven and so they throw their lot with her hateful brother, others turn away from the weave of Fire and Sky to delve into the dark depths of Blood Magic.

Followers of the betrayer spill their blood and that of others, for their god cares now from whence the blood flows, only that it does.

Perks

General Perks

Born of Salt - Free
"The worth of mankind is the salt on his brow for it is the essence of his life."
-Malthis 4:17

It is said that some people are worth their weight in salt and there are few worlds where these words are more fitting. Here, salt seems to be no mere condiment, but the name given to the material of which the very soul of people is made out of and yours too, now.

Henceforth, in this world and others, you will be able to absorb the essence of life that is the salt that resides in others to empower yourself, gaining a greater haul the more powerful the foe felled and a chance to find 'useful' remains from their corpse; be it ashes, ears or even ribs.

This salt can be channeled and coalesced at any creed's sanctuary into black pearls to develop your abilities with a moment of meditation, guided by a vision of your inner tree of life.

Bound by Sanctuary- Free

As long as your stay in the Nameless Isle lasts, you will be carried back to Sanctuary upon death by a mysterious cleric for a small stipend of your gold, should you have any.

This death will strip you of any salt, which will either be stolen by your killer or haunt the place of your death in the form of an otherworldly shadow known as the Saltbat, whose resilience and strength will scale with yours, though never amounting to more than a nuisance.

Slay whoever it is that claims your salt and find it returned to you until you fall once again.

A Brave, Foolish Curiosity - Free

You have history here, a life well or ill-lived, full of trials and tribulations that now seem small as you stand before the Isle. These memories are added to your own and you won't be any less 'you'. If anything, it'll just feel like you remembered something you forgot, which is not unheard of in these parts.

Choose one of the starting classes amongst Knight, Mage, Paladin, Thief, Chef, Cleric, Pauper, Hunter. You shall gain their skills, be it in wielding steel, bow, prayer, spells, incantations or cookery utensils.

As for your gender and nationality, they are up to you, though your age will be locked between a late teenage youth and an elderly adult.

Memory Smith -200SP

What are we but the weight of our memories? They are powerful things after all, and there are those that can harness that power, hidden within objects of great significance, and imbue it into the right arms and weapons using salt as a medium and sacrifice.

Some dear keepsake or memento, such as a lock of hair from a loved one, will have modest amounts of power, but the radical orders of a king, who decides and changes the lives of tens of thousands, will hold great power indeed.

As a bonus, you will be able to sense the historical significance of objects you come in contact with, being able to measure just how much power you could extract from it as well as for what arms and weapons it could improve.

Equivalent exchange -200SP

Unlike how the world would have you perceive it, the truth is that matter is mutable, changeable, moldable to your wishes, should a proper catalyst be provided.

You know of in's and out's of the secret art of Transmutation, to turn that which is into something that it isn't, so that it then is. The art requires three ingredients: some sort of remains from one related to the desired item from which to gather its shape and properties, an alchemical ingredient of great enough potency, often those extracted from great and eldritch creatures or exceedingly rare flora, to act as a catalyst and enough salt from a saltborne to fuel the whole process.

With all of these ingredients, you could make great and godly items, though be warned that the closeness, rarity of the ingredients and the cost in salt will be similarly great.

Build Perks

Not all growth is born from faith. You receive an additional +300 SP that may only be spent on the Build Perks below.

Fortified Strength -150 SP

Your muscles are hard as steel chains, the brawn you are able to bring to bear is tremendous. You are a master of all weapons that require a great might to control their momentum properly, such as swords, axes, reapers, greatswords, hammers, greataxes and greathammers.

Bolstered Dexterity -150 SP

Swift as a hawk in flight, your nimble frame moves as fluidly as the waves that brought you ashore. You are a master of all weapons that require finesse to properly wield them, such as daggers, polearms, reapers, spears, bows, crossbows and pistols.

Augmented Endurance -150SP

With a back strong as a pack's mule, your stout constitution allows you to bear great burdens and no armor in the Isle or the continents, light or heavy, is too cumbersome for you to wear. Wearing the Crypt Keeper's set would be akin to wearing regular armor while even the most burdensome light armor will feel like wearing nothing at all.

Renewed Will -150 SP

Your resolve is like a great storm, unstoppable and bearing a calm and focused center. Whether it is the rigors of battle or the great stresses that comes with the casting of spells and incantations, you have enough stamina to give long after others have faltered. This comes with a mastery of shields, with which you may bear any barrage, and whips which require immense focus to not be in your own receiving end.

Aged Wisdom -150 SP

A solemn and calm sagacity, you are tuned with the world around you in a way only immense talent or years of meditation could achieve, all the details of the world flow through you and little escapes your senses. This connection to the natural world also bolsters your prayers, allowing you to cast even the most complex and powerful miracles, should you have the focus to do so.

Enhanced Magic -150 SP

You have a deep connection to the weave of Fire and Sky, this link bolsters your spells and incantations allowing you to cast even the most complex and powerful evocations, should you have the focus to do so.

Creed Perks

Perks of each creed are discounted to them by 50%, with 100SP perks being free instead.

The Stone roots

Strangl'd roots -100SP

Few survive long in the swamps that birthed possmud. Fauna and flora both carry a myriad of hazards and the tribesmen of these marshes have learnt to adapt to such harsh conditions and so have you.

Most poisons, diseases and infections scarcely affect your body, only poisons great enough to fell the greater mammals and illnesses completely foreign to your anatomy could leave you bed-ridden and fewer still could actually kill you.

Shed chains of steel -200SP

Is not that you can't be chained or subjugated, it's that, as the askarian empire and the Queen of Smiles found out, your captors and tyrants will find it difficult to keep you that way.

A mix of cunning and opportunity will quickly give you the chance to escape your bonds before any severe harm comes your way and you'll find you have a distinct charisma to incite righteous unrest against tyrannical rulers. This alone doesn't guarantee success, far from it, but remember, sparks turn into flames.

Invader's blood -400SP
"Like vermin they emerged from hole, hill, and thicket. And her bow felled them..." — Yu'larandra 20:12

Much like dreaded Vilehawks of the Watching Woods that helped maintain the Askarian Great Unification Decree out of Liven, you've learnt the art of disrupting and weakening a superior force into submission.

While your effectiveness is bound to your surroundings, natural ones being far more favorable, your tactics are such that familiar woods could become an impenetrable barrier for much larger forces.

‘Til vines grow free -600SP
“Most modern medicines trace their roots back to Kadanian Rojiella...” — Chauncy's Medicine

Many of the world’s remedies, tonics and panaceas originated in the Kadanian mires, as well as the most potent poisons and even creatures most foul. Alchemists of the Woodwraiths are privy to the secrets behind all of these and you have inherited that knowledge.

Whether it’s miraculous elixirs, horrible venoms, or more esoteric application such as reenacting phenomena akin to magic through your brews, you are one equal to Ruzpin, Grand Ter of Alchemy and Salves. Just… do not follow too closely on his steps.

Devara's Light

Ageless solace -100SP
"'Don't lose hope,' they said." — Foley Knoll Horror

In spite of rabid persecution and... regretfully deserved criticism, faith in the goddess' light has not faded from the world and it persists despite the growing darkness.

You are one of the few, those that can stride into the valley of the shadow of death, illuminating the path for those that have lost their way with your words and prayers as you've learned to cast those of Class 1 and 2.

Despair will not set in your heart and witnessing your unfaltering faith will strike other's hope ablaze, giving them renewed strength to forge on.

Clasp'd by death -200SP

It's well known that providing healing to the poor is the main form of proselytizing of Devara's clerics and as such it is something that they have grown greatly adept at, despite their often limited resources.

You've learnt their techniques and fostered a great sense for effective home remedies and improvised treatments, which, while they won't cure complex conditions or enable you as a surgeon, should be enough to treat minor and moderate injuries and maladies or at least ease the pain of the less fortunate.

Curs'd no longer -400SP

Curses and maledictions are not unheard of in these lands. Be it weapons so drenched in blood that they radiate a chilling malevolence, others that influence their owners, causing them to descend into violent madness or cause their demise festering increasingly unbridled and self-destructive desires.

Whether it's any of the previous hexes or new ones, the kindling light of your prayers can drive back even the most insidious malison. No easy task, but spending your focus in prayer will weaken any curse and eventually break them, with the time and focus required diminishing as your prayers become stronger.

Gasping breath -600SP

After long hours of meditation, basking in the gross incandescence of Devara's Light a prayer dawned on you with the first few rays of sunlight as a new day was birthed anew.

A prayer even more powerful than the one that cleansed the fields of the Pencen Pilgrimage, one not of destruction, but of healing- no, revival.

By uttering this prayer with great sorrow, mortal humbleness and honest compassion in your heart, the recently deceased may be brought back from Devara's motherly grasp and returned ashore.

Do not take this gift lightly as reigniting a smoldered flame will terribly weaken your own and doing it too frequently will light one and consume the other. As your prayers become more powerful, you will be able to bring others back more frequently or one that has been long dead, but must always fill your heart in sincere prayer or your words will be only noise.

The Three

Bruis'd by war -100SP

Askarian history has been written in blood for a long time and your prowess reflects the 'brave' men and women who have provided the ink for the history books. You are a splendid soldier, capable of moving in formation, holding and pushing the line, marching for long hours, effectively leading small numbers should it be necessary and fighting well and long after the last man in your unit has fallen and then some.

Praise not the Three -200SP

It's a great power to decide the fate of men, more so when your words are the only thing between them and the gallows. Much like the forgotten magistress, you have a keen eye for the guilty, being able to perceive the criminals, though not their crime.

A sharp, perturbing gut-feeling will emanate from the criminals that you meet, as intense as the severity of their crime by your own moral compass, though never intense enough to weaken you.

Whether you give them a fair trial, act also as jury and execution or open a path for their redemption, it's all up to you. Just remember what is said about 'great power'.

Burning cities -400SP
"Askaria's successful campaigns of war and conquest led to The Three becoming the most universally held gods..." — Panthonus

There are those that propose there is a base violence that is necessary for change and you have grown quite formidable at bringing about change in such a manner. Yours is the way of the pillager, the conqueror, and the despot.

Planning a campaign, gathering allies and commanding them into battle, either ransacking your foes for their very last grain or putting down your flag to claim their lands and then pacifying any insurrection before it can grow whether through kindness or cruelty, the tools of a monarch.

All these abilities, along with an excellent grasp in logistics, make you a formidable warlord and possibly, someday, a king.

I am the Fourth -600SP
“The New Gods... emerged through monarchy and dynasty.” — Panthonus

The Knight, The King and The Judge. Each a forgotten pillar of Askaria’s dominion, each a link in a rusted, corrupted chain as the mere existence of the Red Hall of Cages exemplifies.

Yet those truly faithful, such as yourself, still see themselves granted their boons. The protection of the knight, will turn fatal blows into grave wounds, grave wounds into minor ones, these into gashes and gashes into near-misses. The guidance of the Judge will guide your search for truth and justice, leading you to clues and witnesses even when it seems injustice will prevail. Finally, the king grants you great wisdom as ruler, diplomat and legislator, enough that any community that you lead would prosper under your rule even if beset by strife, either from within or without.

All these boons complement your other abilities and enhance them. **Bruis'd by war** would see your skill become unparalleled in the battlefield, needing entire squads of professional soldiers to focus just on you to keep you at bay. **Praise not the Three** would see your gift amplified, allowing you not just to sense criminals, but accomplices and evidence as well. **Burning cities** would see you become something greater than a king, and emperor. One capable enough that conquering the four continents and ruling them through an iron fist and a velvet glove is not out of the question.

What’s more, all the boons combined will make those that fall under your authority see you as more than a mere mortal and could easily be led into worshiping you as divine, birthing a religion of fervent believers.

Keepers of Fire and Sky

Stifled Flame -100SP
"...devoting decades of study and discipline toward learning, mastering, and researching." — Panthonus

Years of scholarly pursuit have come to fruition. Through more error than trial you have mastered the fundamental principles of the weave and have proved yourself amongst your peers by passing The Crucible, a series of grueling magicals tasks.

This means you have knowledge of Class 1 and 2 spells of the weave and a strong grasp of the fundamental principles behind its function, such as elemental imbalance and how to prevent it from harming you.

Sky Above -200SP
"Incantations require complex focus of both mind and body..." — Titching Codex

Channeling the weave is a mentally straining process, but there are tales of those that could call upon it without even a staff. While you haven't become such a master yet, you have sharpened your skill so that the cost of your spells are greatly diminished, slashed by half their worth.

In worlds beyond this one you'll yourself equally talented, reducing the cost of other arcane pursuits similarly, as long as the approach to their study is as scholarly as that of the Keepers to the Weave.

Searing cold -400SP
"Fire and Sky are like two sides of an intangible dimension..." — Titching Codex

The Weave of Fire and Sky is a volatile force, dangerous if taken to extremes. Seeking true balance is a life-long pursuit for many as even the mildest instability can break it, it's remarkable then how easily you achieve equilibrium.

Elemental imbalance is an impossibility for you, as you expertly combine the two and you find that maintaining this balance serves to empower your spell the closer you are to the median.

Other such arts that require a balance to be found between its forces are similarly easy for you to control.

Pow'r immense -600SP
"...the highly attuned mage can feel its threads in all things." — Titching Codex

L'o and behold, flotsam. Elemental power akin to that of the old goddess or perhaps a certain resident kreaken. Regardless, you've taken into yourself the great vastness of the Sky and the fiery essence of Fire.

If the weave is a tapestry, then you are a seamstress. Spells knit themselves by your will and a few meager gestures, forgoing the use of a catalyst all together and incantations can now be cast from such, gaining a significant boon to their power. Even prayers are not beyond your grasp as you can easily emulate them via the weave and cast them as you would spell, though somewhat diminished.

In future worlds, you'll find yourself similarly talented, requiring no intermediate to manifest your arcane power and being able to replicate other forms of magicka, such as divine, psychic or natural through your art.

The House of Splendor

On failing flesh - 100

What doesn't kill you... will most likely keep trying, yet that doesn't mean you must succumb. No blight, parasite or sickness will drag you to an early grave. Your body is like a rock beset by flowing water, it will suffer a great erosion, but it will never be taken by the current.

Of course, this alone offers little respite and as such you've decided to do as the Seeker and in doing so you've found that recreational substances have no negative after-effect and are significantly better at dulling your pain.

Freed from gaol -200SP

Inhibitions are the manacles of the mind. We chain ourselves into a mindset, a 'common sense' which is often rare and ridiculous. So believed the god of wine, Gilbael.

You've found that these chains can be shed if only by indulging into the sweet Lilyred wine... or any other aforementioned 'recreational substances', really. Intoxication will draw out your natural connection to other magical energies, enhancing your abilities.

Love of gold -400SP

The House of Gold is not called so lightly, they are an intricate net of merchants and entrepreneurs which are exceedingly generous to their own, but ruthless businessmen to the open market.

You share their talent, seeing business ventures where others would not and could sweep the rug under the most cunning trader, making the most of every deal. Even a raw deal can be turned into a minor loss with that golden tongue of yours.

Becoming the richest man in even a sizable metropolis is only a few years worth of idle effort for one with your vision for commerce.

Bitter heart -600SP

"...seeing not things of this time, but of a time to come." — Kira the Blind, Burning Clouds

Much like the seer, Kira The Blind, you've been blessed by the less popular of the gods; Axigal, God of Visions.

His boon comes, as you might have guessed, in the form of prophetic dreams and trances that trigger before great and small perils, the former of which seem much longer in the dreamscape than they are in reality.

Whilst often obscure and sometimes even seemingly absurd, their true meaning will always become clear to you in time to prove useful.

The Iron Ones

Steel and stone -100SP

The men and women of the north live to work and work to live, carving out a living amongst the snowy mountains and their bodies give evidence to their lifestyle.

Like them you bear a stout, well muscled frame, a healthy resistance to even the coldest weathers and a good sense for rock and stone.

For iron home -200SP
"'I'll need good metal... Dorian steel, nothing less.'" — The Smith's Apprentice

It is not rare for Dorian craftsmen to be greatly sought after throughout the four continents as they've shown their mettle with crafts such as the Mountain Breaker hammer, The Aster Monolith and Stardust Spire. Though it should be mentioned their penchant for either sizable and booming weaponry.

Similarly to them, the forge and ore calls to you, whispering their secrets as you work the metal into great and mighty shapes. Be it weapons made of odd materials such as shockstone, clamorous roaring firearms or great and curiously shaped weapons like the northern cross, you will be able to present your creation amongst master smiths and be seen as equal.

Fleeting gods -400SP
"...the Dorian Council of Steel declared the will of man to be greater than gods..." — Panthonus

A zealot would see the great many achievements that the Dorians have created with only their blood and sweat and ask "What is a man to a god?" and the proud people of the north would respond "What is a god to a non-believer?".

Gods have little power over you, be it prayer or divine magic is greatly diminished when faced with your iron will, though this doesn't mean you must be petulant as truly benevolent boons may be accepted... if you so allow.

Will of man -600SP
"...of beasts, and of spirits, and of man. And of all of these, the will of man is the greatest." — Carvan 9:4

You are indomitable. Whatever calamity you might face in your ventures, your soul will remain unbowed and unbroken.

The fortress that is your mind is unassailable, be it by foreign influence, torture or insanity and your body answers only to you. As long as it is biologically possible for you to excerpt yourself, you will be able to do so no matter how excruciating the pain that runs through your body.

Even if beaten and mortally wounded, your heart and nerve and sinew shall serve you long after they are gone and onto your last breath.

Order of the Betrayer

Wicked will -100SP

The cult of Azredak is not for the meek and gentle souls, but a creed for the depraved and the criminal, the violent and the virulent, scum and villains. It'd stand to reason that you'd be able to fit right into any and all of these groups as even the most perverse acts against human dignity and cruel violation against basic decency wouldn't be able to make you so much as flinch.

Of course, this disdain towards any measure of virtue or morality is not a tragedy caused by your background, regardless of how tragic it might actually be, but a choice. As such, you may regain your sense of guilt at any moment… if you can live with what you've done, that is.

Sewn in steel -200SP

"The diligent shadow plunges her dagger beneath the ear... showing a great mercy." — Mierdre's Black Book

The art of brutality is often disregarded by the non-believers, but you are a true master of it. Your mind is filled with a myriad ways of maiming, butchering and mutilating your foes is the most gruesome manners.

This has the side effects of making frightfully efficient in combat and leaving those you slay as little more than piles of gore.

Spreading strife -400SP

"...the practitioners of blood magic and Salt Alkymancy will have enthralled most men..." — Burning Clouds

The Betrayer's shadow is not a simple absence of light, no, no, no. It's a pervading force that grows its tendrils into the minds of the weak and corrupt, but it doesn't do so on its own. It requires people, people like you.

You know how to drag people in a downward spiral of hate, fear and suffering so that they can be broken and reformed to suit the Betrayer's purpose… or yours.

Isolation, guilt, indoctrination and more are the tools of your trade and you? You are talented enough to build and grow your own cult, brainwashing your followers into believing even the most outlandish ideas and serving your design.

Heart of malice -600SP

"...rituals of blood magic and Salt Alkymancy, perversions of the order of life itself." — Burning Clouds

It matters not from whence the blood flows, only that it does. Following this principle you've unlocked the secrets of blood magic, an art so foul that not even in grim Tristin is it allowed.

Though a meager apprentice of the art, knowing only the spells of class 1 and 2, you've unlocked the power to use your and other's blood as sacrifice to pay the cost in focus, yours being the more potent of the two.

This darkness that you have welcomed into you left its mark, allowing you to mutate your form in a fleshy and bloody fashion to create tendrils, blades and more. The more permissive you are to corruption the greater your affinity for the dark arts will become.

Items

Many trinkets have washed ashore along with you. Be it on your person or close by you'll find these objects in your close proximity.

If your greed matches that of the Nameless God, you can take entire locations, which can be later dropped in another place in later worlds or added to your lair.

Items belonging to your Creed are discounted, those worth 100SP instead being free. Each individual purchase made from a Creed's offerings will also deepen your Devotion to it, with certain blessings growing more generous as your commitment mounts.

Life-time supply of potatoes - Free (Requires Chef Class)

This is an oddity without a doubt, but one should always be grateful for any boon, no matter how... quaint.

You'll find that reaching into anywhere on your person that is concealed from view, such as a pocket or under your sleeve, you'll always find a single potato of any kind you desire.

Whilst you can only take out one at a time by hand, or any other appendage you may have, surely one your background will see some use for this most peculiar blessing.

Starting gear - Free

Though you may be flotsam, at least you are not naked. Your belongings, or at least those you brought aboard for the voyage, remain with you and offer a decent supply of gear with which to fend off whatever the Isle has to offer.

You receive the weapons, armor and supplies normally associated with your chosen starting Class, as well as a single Gift of your choice. Nothing grand, certainly, but on these shores a pouch of salt or a few extra phials may be worth far more than their weight in gold.

Weapons & Armor sets - Varies

You won't last long on this isle without means to protect yourself. As such, you may peruse the existing items of the isle and buy one of your choice from amongst the following categories.

- Class 0 Free - Single Use
    - Mundane items that can be used as weapons should the need arise.
- Class 1 -50 SP
    - Mundane weapons used by foot soldiers and sailors across the land.
- Class 2 -100 SP
    - These weapons are more sophisticated and of superior craftsmanship, often found in the hands of more elite groups.
- Class 3 -200 SP
    - Weapons of this class begin to exhibit supernatural traits or have particularly grim history to them.
- Class 4 -300 SP
    - From the supernatural to the outright eldritch, many of the weapons in this category are beyond the hands of mortal craftsmen, making them both exceedingly rare… and powerful.
- Class 5 -400 SP
    - The pinnacle. At least, as far as you'll find upon this nameless isle. These are weapons of gods and Great Kreakens, each of them a symbol of great power and often tragic histories.

Rings -50 SP

Great many magic rings exist in this world, no mere jewelry these artifacts offer great blessing to those who wield them, though one cannot go two overboard with how many they fit in.

As such, for the price listed, you may acquire any ring on the isle, being able to wear no more than four of them at the same time.

Charms -100SP

More than trinkets for the superstitious, charms offer small boons for those that are wise enough to use them. As such, you may purchase any one charm present in the isle, which you may attach to any personal weapon you wish.

Stone Guide -100

Not all who wander are lost. This offering will attract the attention of a talented scout, one capable of transcending the physical plane and summoning a shimmering gateway to any and all sanctuary of your creed.

Whilst you and those with you can accompany you through this portal, nothing larger than an average single door's width and height may pass through.

Keepsakes and Mementos -200SP

Memories linger in objects that mattered to those who carried them, and a skilled blacksmith can draw upon that weight to strengthen arms and armor. A simple Lock of Hair may carry a soldier's promise to return to someone they loved, while a Soldier's Poem preserves thoughts of happiness and longing written amidst desperation. Higher still are the sealed orders carried by officers and commanders, bearing the decisions of lords and kings whose words sent men marching and changed the course of battles.

Their value follows the weight of the memories they contain. Locks of Hair serve the earliest improvements, Soldier's Poems the next, Lord's Orders the higher refinements and King's Orders the final work needed to bring ordinary equipment to its peak.

You receive a monthly supply of **9 Locks of Hair, 9 Soldier's Poems, 9 Lord's Orders and 3 King's Orders**, delivered to your lair or any Sanctuary you choose.

Beastly Remains -200SP

Not every memory worth tempering into steel belonged to a man. The remains of the Isle's beasts retain something of the unnatural persistence and hatred that animated them: an Endless Fang carries a trace of a life stretching back toward things far older than its owner, a severed Jawbone still yearns to bite, while the gaze of an Enduring Skull holds a spite deeper than that of ordinary men. Rarest is the Twisted Heart, warped by whatever ancient sin took root within the creature that bore it.

Blacksmiths use these remains to refine many of the stranger weapons and armors born from beasts and other unnatural creatures. Endless Fangs serve the first improvements, Hateful Jawbones the next, Enduring Skulls the higher work and a Twisted Heart the final refinement. Weapons as varied as the Kumo Sasumata, Chitin Obelisk and Mephitic Arquebus follow this same progression.

You receive a monthly supply of **9 Endless Fangs, 9 Hateful Jawbones, 9 Enduring Skulls and 3 Twisted Hearts**, delivered to your lair or any Sanctuary you choose.

Drowned Relics -300SP

Some memories survive rather worse treatment than death. Wooden dolls and lockets once carried by soldiers still remember the families and lovers for whom they were kept, while reliquaries preserve the weight of heroes whose bones they once contained and holy tomes the histories that clerics guarded above almost everything else. Fire may char them, cold may freeze them and centuries beneath the sea may suffocate their memories, but none of these indignities are quite enough to make them useless to a skilled blacksmith.

Three related families of these relics are known. **Charred** and **Frozen** relics progress from Doll, to Locket, to Reliquary and finally Tome, while the relics lost beneath the sea take the forms of Drowned Idol, Drowned Locket, Drowned Censer and Drowned Tome. Each serves the same ascending place in its respective line of equipment, with the Tomes reserved for the final refinement. The Drowned variety is especially scarce; a Drowned Tome is normally found only in the Blackest Vault or wrested from the Unspeakable Deep itself.

You receive each month **9 Drowned Idols, 9 Drowned Lockets, 9 Drowned Censers and 3 Drowned Tomes; 9 Charred Dolls, 9 Charred Lockets, 9 Charred Reliquaries and 3 Charred Tomes; and 9 Frozen Dolls, 9 Frozen Lockets, 9 Frozen Reliquaries and 3 Frozen Tomes**, delivered to your lair or any Sanctuary you choose.

Transmuting Artifacts -300SP

The art of Transmutation requires more than suitable remains and a quantity of salt; an alchemical catalyst of sufficient potency is needed to carry the change through. Silver Leaves, formed from the iridescent shell-material known as Nakra, serve well for simpler works, while Amber Idols are fashioned from the rare and pungent amberglisten said to be disgorged by Great Kraeken. Diamond Clusters are stranger still, containing the fragile roe of lesser Kraeken, and the unnaturally lustrous Shimmering Pearl is considered the most coveted of these ingredients.

Their value follows their potency. Silver Leaves are normally sufficient for Class 0 and l Transmutations, Amber Idols for Classes 2 and 3, Diamond Clusters for Class 4 and Shimmering Pearls for the rare transformations that produce Class 5 equipment.

You receive a monthly supply of **9 Silver Leaves, 18 Amber Idols, 9 Diamond Clusters and 3 Shimmering Pearls**, delivered to your lair or any Sanctuary you choose.

Branding Irons -300SP

Arcane sigils and mysterious markings. Within this bundle lie the irons used to bestow each Brand known upon the Nameless Isle, each one eager to sear its sigil into willing flesh.

Those marked by them will gain the same strange affinities their Brands would normally impart, whether that means moving through Redshift barriers, turning impossible leaps into effortless feats or otherwise bending the peculiar laws that bind the Isle. These gifts will continue to function in later worlds wherever their nature permits, adapting themselves to similar obstacles and phenomena when possible.

You may use the irons upon yourself or another, but removing the brand removes the boon. The irons burn when willing them to and their searing pain scorches even the soulless and unfeeling. See Notes

The Stone roots

Stone Acorn, Red & Blue Grass - Free (Requires The Stone Roots)

The Stone Acorn is a moss-covered icon, warm to the touch with the presence of forest spirits. It is said that the moss upon it needs no light to grow, basking instead in their warmth. Placed upon the altar of an unclaimed Sanctuary, roots and stone will mark the place as one belonging to the Stone Roots.

Kadanian Rojiella, better known as Red Grass, is a bitter medicinal herb found growing in the most poisonous reaches of the western swamps. Eaten, chewed into a poultice or packed directly into a wound, it causes flesh to mend with remarkable speed. Blue Grass, despite its name, is harvested from the vitalizing fronds of the poisonous White Aziema and will drive away fatigue, restoring strength to aching limbs.

You begin with one portion of each, both restored whenever you rest at a Sanctuary of your Creed. Through Devotion these boons will be augmented, granting you another Red and Blue Grass for each other Item of the Stone Roots you purchase.

Stone alchemist -100SP

A little stone figure carved in the likeness of a mysterious alchemist. Place it upon a Sanctuary's altar and before long a Woodswraith alchemist will arrive, bringing with him the reagents and tools of his trade.

He is a master of Transmutation. Given an Original to transform, an Ingredient carrying the shape and memory of what it may become, a suitable Catalyst and enough salt to fuel the reaction, there are few arms or pieces of armor he cannot turn into something stranger and greater.

In future worlds he will readily study new materials, creatures and equipment, gradually learning how their properties may be incorporated into his craft. Through Devotion the complexity and quality of what he can successfully transmute will increase alongside the equipment available to you.

Wherever he practices his trade, the Sanctuary and its surrounding region will also become mildly resistant to elemental forces through the accumulated wards and precautions of his work.

Mossy Pessmud & Wraithfangs -200SP

Poison need not be exotic to be effective. Kadanian Pessmud is little more than the thick, tar-like sap of the native tarvine and yet it has found its way into

wounds throughout the four continents for good reason: it is cheap, potent and unpleasantly difficult to wipe away.

This Mossy Pessmud is an especially virulent preparation, thick enough to be smeared across a weapon and remain there through repeated blows, poisoning those unfortunate enough to be cut by it. The Wraithfangs beside it are the signature throwing blades of the Woodswraiths, chiseled from stone and liberally coated in the same poison, allowing a practiced hand to spread the bounty of Kadania from a much safer distance.

You begin with one Mossy Pessmud and twenty-five Wraithfangs. Those consumed or lost will be restored upon resting in a Sanctuary and through Devotion these boons will be augmented, granting another Pessmud and another twenty-five Wraithfangs for each other Item of the Stone Roots you purchase.

Mephitic Arquebus -400SP

A stygian matchlock embellished with skeletal fittings encasing the entirety of its stock and barrel. Mummified scraps of rotted flesh still cling to the unsanitary bones, exuding a noxious miasma which permeates any ammunition fired from this ghastly weapon with a most odious toxin. Clearly devised by an evil mind, or else merely one teetering on the brink of abject insanity.

This particular weapon was wrought through transmutation using the tooth of That Stench Most Foul, a creature born from an alchemical experiment that escaped whatever modest expectations its creator might once have held for it.

Fire an ordinary shot and the miasma seeped into the Arquebus will poison it before it ever leaves the barrel, without requiring you to prepare the ammunition beforehand. Special ammunition retains its own properties in addition to this virulent gift.

Though normally a lesser weapon, this one has been refined to the pinnacle of its design, equivalent to a Class 5 arm.

Mire of Stench -600SP

A great stretch of poison-soaked wetland now follows you, its stagnant pools, twisting roots and choking vapors forming an ecosystem as hostile as it is astonishingly fertile. Plants, fungi and other simple organisms with medicinal, poisonous or alchemical properties will find the Mire particularly agreeable; those introduced from other worlds will readily take root where their nature permits and, given careful cultivation, grow into especially healthy and potent specimens.

Nor is its bounty limited to plants. Venomous beasts, toxic fungi and other creatures suited to such a place will establish sustainable populations with time, providing a renewable source of materials for any alchemist brave or foolish enough to gather them.

A Stone Roots Sanctuary sits upon one of the few patches of firm ground, tended by Woodswraith alchemists who know the difference between a miraculous cure and a spectacularly unpleasant death. They will gladly cultivate whatever useful specimens you bring them and experiment with ways of turning the Mire's increasingly peculiar bounty into salves, tonics and poisons.

Fortunately, the Mire knows its boundaries. Its waters, beasts and choking miasma will not spread beyond the property unless you deliberately allow them to do so.

Devara's Light

Earthen Vessel, Water & Cloth of Blessing - Free (Requires Devara's Light)

The Earthen Vessel is a humble clay icon held sacred by Devara's faithful. Place it upon the altar of an unclaimed Sanctuary and a statue of the goddess will rise above it, an endless stream of clear water pouring into the vessel beneath and marking the refuge as a haven for Her pilgrims.

Water of Blessing is made from the Eye of Hearts, a delicate descendant of Kadanian Red Grass, mixed with blessed lightwater said to bear something of Devara herself. A draught can mend even terrible wounds with startling haste while briefly wrapping the drinker in Her protection, turning aside harm that might otherwise finish what their wounds began. The Cloth of Blessing is a carefully embroidered canvas steeped for seven days in perfume and Blue Grass paste; rubbed against weary flesh, it drives away fatigue and restores aching limbs to vigor.

You begin with one Water and one Cloth, both restored whenever you rest at a Sanctuary of your Creed. Through Devotion these boons will be augmented, granting you another Water and Cloth for each other Item of Devara you purchase.

Stone cleric -100SP

A small figure carved in the likeness of a wise cleric. Offer it upon a Sanctuary's altar and a pilgrim of Devara will soon arrive, carrying little more than vestments, scripture and the implements of her faith.

Stranger or believer, sinner or apostate, she will offer rest, counsel and prayer without demanding conversion in return. She can teach and provide castings of common Class 1 prayers and equivalent divine workings, selling the necessary scripture and implements for a price in salt.

Through Devotion her repertoire will deepen, eventually encompassing increasingly powerful prayers and miracles available in the worlds you visit, provided they are neither unique to some singular being nor beyond anything that could reasonably be taught.

The Sanctuary in which she ministers will also strengthen prayers and other acts of sincere divine invocation cast throughout its surrounding region.

Orange Phial & Page of Light -200SP

The old Barony of Orange has long been associated with Devara's clergy, its most famous contribution to the faith being the carefully guarded Rites of Orange and the brilliant medicine prepared according to them.

A Phial of Divine Orange contains the culmination of these rites, a radiant draught that rapidly mends even terrible wounds, restores the exhausted body and mind and purges poison from the flesh. Beside it rests a Page of Light torn from a blessed tome, the strength of the mysterious Thousand Miracles still clinging to the parchment. Rub it upon a weapon and that blessing will pass into steel, wood or whatever else you wield, lending each strike a measure of holy power.

Through Devotion these boons will be augmented, granting you another Phial and Page for each other Item of Devara you purchase. Both will be restored upon resting in a Sanctuary should they be consumed.

Opal tusk -400SP

An opalescent crystal dagger carved from the tusk of a divine beast known as a Lightkin. Glimpsed only in the deep forests surrounding remote temples and shrines, these regal felines are thought to be attracted to holy sites and are widely regarded as omens of good fortune.

Yet the material from which this blade was transmuted belonged to another sacred beast. Kinoa, guardian of the Dome, once patrolled its skies and defended Devara’s pilgrims from bandits before the Untouched Inquisitor stripped away her will and named her his Third Lamb. Her Beak, together with salt and the proper catalyst, was enough for an alchemist to draw forth this weapon.

Light and nimble in the hand, the Tusk answers both practiced finesse and genuine faith, carrying holy power through every thrust and cut. Against those things profaned enough to recoil from the divine, what appears to be a delicate crystal knife may prove considerably more troublesome than its size suggests.

The Dome of Light -600SP

The place of Devara’s greatest tragedy has been restored to its incandescent glory, along with those who once dwelt within it.

The Dome serves as a Sanctuary of Devara’s Light, strengthening prayers and other divine magic cast within its walls while warding away evil and corruption. Those willing to renounce such influences will find their hold gradually burned away beneath its light.

The congregation once sacrificed as the First Lamb has been restored as well and will gladly serve as samaritans wherever the Dome is placed, tending the sick, feeding the hungry and spreading Devara's faith through charity rather than force.

Lainia, Lady of Light, once more presides over the Dome. Said to bear a striking resemblance to Devara herself, she is a powerful cleric and accomplished healer who will offer her services in exchange for acts of genuine goodwill, and may eventually agree to travel with you should you prove yourself an exemplar of her Creed.

Her hippogriff Kinoa has likewise been restored from the broken creature that became the Third Lamb. A mighty winged beast, she is strong and resilient enough to scatter armed men and may serve as mount, guardian or companion to those Lainia trusts.

The Three

Candelabra, Red Flask & Spiced Mead - Free (Requires The Three)

The forked Candelabra bears the colors of the Three. Set it upon the altar of an unclaimed Sanctuary and its drapes will unfurl across the walls, dedicating the refuge to King, Knight and Judge.

A Red Flask contains an officially prepared measure of Red, the syrupy healing extract of Crimflower whose cultivation and sale are watched closely by the Askarian authorities. Drink it and torn flesh knits itself together with remarkable speed. Spiced Mead blends invigorating Blue Grass derivatives with a strong, warming drink, restoring exhausted vigor without leaving the senses appreciably dulled.

You begin with one Flask and one skin of Mead, both restored whenever you rest at a Sanctuary of your Creed. Through Devotion these boons will be augmented, granting you another Flask and skin of Mead for each other Item of the Three you purchase.

Stone armorsmith -100SP

Technically a Stone Blacksmith, though the artisan it attracts specializes in mail and plate, having once supplied arms to Askarian soldiery with the fine steel and disciplined methods of Liven.

He will sell, repair and improve common armor from this and future worlds, and is particularly adept at drawing the strength hidden within significant materials and memories into protective equipment. His stock and craftsmanship will improve through Devotion, while weapons remain available at roughly two grades beneath the armor he considers his specialty.

Unfamiliar materials and technologies may be incorporated into his work once he has been given examples and sufficient time to study them, though truly unique equipment remains beyond his ability to reproduce.

Having a professional armorsmith working from a Sanctuary also provides a modest improvement to the physical effectiveness of those fighting throughout its surrounding region.

Imperial Pitchfire & Shockstone -200SP

Askaria is a vast empire and it is only fitting that the bounty of the lands beneath its protection should serve the soldiers who defend them.

Imperial Pitchfire is a thick black substance contained within a painted pot which, once set alight and spread upon a weapon, burns with a hellish ferocity without immediately consuming the steel beneath. Imperial Shockstone hails from the rich mines of the rightfully claimed Markdorian territories, dangerous mineral deposits that pulse ceaselessly with electrical power. Rub one against a weapon and lightning will dance along its edge, eager to discharge itself into the enemies of the Crown.

Either may be used to temporarily imbue a weapon with its respective elemental might. Through Devotion these boons will be augmented, granting you another Pitchfire and Imperial Shockstone for each other Item of the Three you purchase, all restored upon resting at a Sanctuary after use.

Red Hall of Cages -400SP

Every orderly kingdom eventually encounters those who mistake treason for principle, heresy for conscience and rebellion for liberty. Fortunately, Askaria has centuries of experience helping such unfortunate souls reconsider their errors.

The infamous Red Hall of Cages now answers to you, restored in all its sanguine grandeur. Its Red Lords bow to your authority, whilst gaolers, guards and torturers tend the cells, racks and innumerable less dignified implements required to keep the institution running. They once resembled men more closely; prolonged devotion to their profession has apparently taken something of a toll.

Any prisoner entrusted to the Hall may be securely confined, interrogated or punished as you direct. Mundane methods of escape are rendered all but futile by the prison's construction and tireless wardens, while its masters possess such refined knowledge of suffering that even creatures normally incapable of pain can be made to understand the concept.

A standing complement of personnel sufficient to operate and defend the Hall comes with it, and ordinary losses among these servants will gradually be replaced.

The Trinity -600SP

The greatsword, scepter and bardiche are the weapons of the Three and the symbols of their respective offices. It would be fitting then for you, as the Fourth, to wield each of them together.

The Trinity may take the shape of whichever of the Three weapons you wish to wield, flowing from one form into another at a moment's notice.

The Greatsword is deceptively swift for its tremendous size and steals a sliver of life with every wound it opens. The Scepter brings immense crushing force to bear without the ponderous motions such a weapon should demand, while the Bardiche answers faith and finesse alike, channeling holy power through its gilded edge.

Whatever form you choose, the Trinity is restored to the height of its glory rather than the faded relics found within the Crypt of Dead Gods.

Keepers of Fire and Sky

Living tome, Flask of Fire & Bottled Sky - Free (Requires Keepers of Fire and Sky)

The Living Tome is a book of Fire and Sky whose words refuse to remain still, forever rewriting themselves as the universe sees fit. Its script flows like flame and its knowledge seems as endless as the heavens above. Place it upon the altar of an unclaimed Sanctuary and the pages will stir with unseen winds, claiming the refuge for the Keepers of Fire and Sky.

Through ancient alchemy their healers have learnt to do what would seem absurd to lesser arcanists: make the elements themselves liquid. A Flask of Fire contains the same flame said to fuel the soul, its warmth racing through injured flesh and urging it to mend. Bottled Sky holds the eternal vigor of the heavens, clearing the exhaustion of body and mind and leaving the drinker ready to reach once more into the Weave.

You begin with one of each, both restored whenever you rest at a Sanctuary of your Creed. Through Devotion these boons will be augmented, granting you another Flask and Bottle for each other Item of the Keepers you purchase.

Stone mage -100SP

A small Stone Mage depicting one of the learned arcanists of the Citadel. Place it upon a Sanctuary's altar and a Keeper of Fire and Sky will answer its call, bringing with him the accumulated habits of a lifetime spent studying the Weave.

He can teach or provide castings of common Class 1 arcane spells and their equivalents, testing, documenting and reproducing each working according to the methods of the Citadel. Through Devotion his repertoire will expand to encompass progressively more advanced magic from this and future worlds.

This does not grant him spontaneous knowledge of every sorcery he encounters. Given access to its underlying theory, sufficient time and a magical tradition that can actually be studied and reproduced, however, he will gradually learn how to incorporate it into his teachings.

The Sanctuary in which he conducts his studies will also increase the potency of arcane magic throughout its surrounding region.

Sky Crystal & Clarity -200SP

Fire and Sky can be observed, measured, balanced and, with sufficient ingenuity, extracted into forms rather more convenient than the heavens themselves.

A Sky Crystal is just that: a fragment of the ethereal fabric crystallized into physical form. Crush it and breathe deeply of the power released, and for a time your connection to magic will sharpen considerably, lending greater force to the spells and incantations you cast.

Clarity takes a subtler approach. This carefully prepared draught places the mind into a peculiar state of magical lucidity, allowing the exertion of battle itself to feed your concentration. While under its effects, landing attacks and successfully channeling magic will restore some of the mental vigor spent upon your arcane workings, allowing a skilled mage to maintain an otherwise exhausting barrage.

You begin with one Sky Crystal and one Clarity. Those consumed will be restored upon resting in a Sanctuary and through Devotion these boons will be augmented, granting another of each for every other Item of the Keepers you purchase.

Cocoon Battledore -400SP

An ornate silk fan graced with a delicately embroidered butterfly motif. Woven with gossamer from the wings of Murdiella Mal, Queen of the Moonless Sky, this elegant instrument grants unparalleled mastery of elemental forces but answers only to those with the ironclad will to tame its tremendous power. The gentlest wave scatters a trail of ethereal scales in its wake, sowing devastation even as it flutters serenely amid the shimmering aster.

This Class 5 wand was transmuted from the ashes of the Murderfly herself, a Kraekan whose tendrils passed freely in and out of the celestial realm as she existed partly within the very Fire and Sky the Keepers devote their lives to understanding.

As a focus it offers extraordinary command over elemental magic, particularly workings that manipulate forces analogous to Fire and Sky. Greater power does not mean effortless power, however; the Battledore magnifies control as readily as force, but an undisciplined mage remains perfectly capable of turning unparalleled elemental mastery into an unparalleled elemental accident.

The Citadel -600SP

Rising from a secluded forest as it once did in the Pitchwoods of Liven, this great stone tower is a place built for one purpose above all others: understanding. Libraries, lecture halls, workshops and laboratories fill its many

floors, tended by a small but steadily renewing community of Acolytes, Mages and mundane scholars dedicated to study without superstition.

Learning within these walls comes unnaturally easily. Study is clearer, experimentation more fruitful and discoveries easier to record, reproduce and teach to another. This boon favors scholarly and systematic pursuits above all else, particularly magic, but a sufficiently rigorous science, craft or discipline from another world will benefit in much the same fashion.

The Citadel was founded by those who understood that not every secret deserves to be embraced. Knowledge brought within can be examined without corrupting the mind, twisting the soul or otherwise harming someone merely for understanding it. This protection ends where curiosity becomes practice; a blood ritual remains a blood ritual.

As new arts are studied, proven and documented, the Citadel will incorporate them into its archives and curriculum, allowing later generations of scholars to build upon what those before them learned.

The House of Splendor

Golden Face, Lilyred & Iris Wine - Free

The Golden Face is no painted bauble, but a mask wrought from solid gold and worn proudly by the followers of the House. Place it upon the altar of an unclaimed Sanctuary and gilded trappings will proclaim the refuge a home for those who keep the Fool and the Prophet.

Lilyred is a rich magenta wine pressed from the grapes that bear its name, its warmth dulling pain as wounded flesh knits itself whole. Iris Wine, a deep bluish vintage of iris grapes, instead returns vigor to exhausted limbs and a weary mind. Both are potent medicines in their own peculiar fashion, but indulgence has its price; drink either too eagerly and what first restored the body will begin poisoning it instead.

You begin with one bottle of each, both restored whenever you rest at a Sanctuary of your Creed. Through Devotion these boons will be augmented, granting you another Lilyred and Iris Wine for each other Item of the House you purchase.

Stone merchant -100SP

A pleasantly plump little figure carved in the image of a wealthy merchant. Set it upon a Sanctuary's altar and a merchant of the House of Splendor will soon establish himself there, bringing with him an appreciation for gold and the finer things that can be bought with it.

He will buy and sell non-unique equipment, clothing, ammunition, raw materials, provisions, luxuries and other ordinary goods from the worlds you visit, always at prices appropriate to their local value. Through Devotion his contacts and suppliers will expand, allowing increasingly uncommon and extravagant wares to appear upon his shelves.

He cannot supply truly singular treasures or anything no market could reasonably provide, but goods that are regularly bought and sold somewhere within reach will eventually find their way into his stock.

Trade also flourishes around any Sanctuary in which he sets up shop, causing coin, valuables and other forms of mundane wealth to turn up somewhat more frequently throughout the surrounding region.

Goldwine & Cleansing Cloth -200

Goldenwine is, despite the name, a liqueur in which flakes of enchanted gold drift lazily through the drink. A draught lends vigor to the flesh, hardens the body against harm and brings out a brutal strength in one's blows, all while fortune seems rather more inclined to fill one's purse. Like the other wines of the House, however, excessive indulgence will poison the body. Splendor has never been synonymous with restraint.

The Cleansing Cloth is woven from golden silk and embroidered in the shape of serpentine fangs. Where the fangs of flesh carry venom, these golden fangs draw impurities away; rubbing the cloth across oneself will purge poisons, magical imbalances, lingering curses and other temporary afflictions from body and spirit.

You begin with one bottle of Goldenwine and one Cleansing Cloth. Those consumed will be restored upon resting in a Sanctuary and through Devotion these boons will be augmented, granting another of each for every other Item of the House you purchase.

Ax of Splendor -400SP

A ceremonial axe cast from pure gold, carried by followers of the House as an everlasting symbol of quintessential splendor. Never actually intended for battle, it is absurdly impractical as a weapon: crushingly heavy, distressingly soft and worth considerably more hanging above a mantle than buried in someone’s skull.

This particular Ax has acquired a rather more literal understanding of the House’s creed. Feed it coin and the wealth will vanish into the weapon, gilded light racing along its edge as its normally miserable material properties are replaced by ones more appropriate to the price you just paid.

The more wealth sacrificed, the greater the improvement granted to its next strike. A modest offering may harden and sharpen the soft gold into something worthy of a true weapon; greater sums may lend impossible weight to the impact without burdening its wielder, allow the edge to bite into ethereal or intangible things, overcome supernatural durability or force its way through protections that would normally render an axe irrelevant.

The price rises rapidly with the magnitude and peculiarity of what you ask it to overcome, and no amount of pocket change will purchase victory over something incomparably beyond you. There is little upper limit beyond what you are prepared and able to spend, but once the empowered blow is struck, the Ax returns to its magnificently impractical normal state and must be fed anew.

Ziggurat of Dust -600SP

The great tomb of the Sun King is yours, though something within has taken the concept of grave goods rather further than its builders ever intended.

Each time you enter, the passages below rearrange themselves into a sprawling labyrinth of monsters, traps and forgotten chambers. Gold and common treasures lie close to the surface, but those willing to descend farther may find gems, rare materials, enchanted equipment and other prizes worthy of increasingly dangerous guardians.

Reach the heart of the Ziggurat and overcome whatever waits there and the place will acknowledge your conquest. The next descent will be deeper, crueller and considerably richer than the last, with no upper limit save what you are eventually willing to risk.

Once a descent begins you may not simply turn around when courage gives way to good sense. Victory or death are the only exits. Dying within will not end your Chain, but neither will it return anything gathered during that expedition, and you will experience the affair with all the unpleasant clarity normally expected of mortality.

The Iron Ones

Metal Icon, Hearty Roll & Blue Crystal - Free

The Metal Icon is forged from precious metals, not as an idol to some unseen power, but as a monument to the achievements of men. Place it upon the altar of an unclaimed Sanctuary and the refuge will be dedicated to the Iron Ones, who bow before neither god nor effigy.

A Hearty Roll is baked from powdered Winemoss, a hardy northern descendant of Red Grass, mixed with sweet dried fruits and grapes. It remains warm long after any ordinary bread should have cooled and, once eaten, steadily mends injured flesh. Blue Crystal is a softly humming mineral mined by the Mountainsmiths of Markdor; crush it against the skin and its substance seems to disappear into the body, driving away exhaustion with startling speed.

You begin with one Roll and one Crystal, both restored whenever you rest at a Sanctuary of your Creed. Through Devotion these boons will be augmented, granting you another of each for every other Item of the Iron Ones you purchase.

Stone weaponsmith -100SP

The figure is technically another Stone Blacksmith, but the Dorian it attracts specializes in weapons and brings with him the considerable metallurgical traditions of Markdor.

He will forge, sell, repair and improve common weapons from this and future worlds, from straightforward blades and hammers to firearms and more unusual instruments of war. Through Devotion his stock and craftsmanship will improve toward increasingly powerful examples, while armor remains available at roughly two grades beneath his weaponry.

Unfamiliar technologies and exotic materials are problems that can be overcome with study. Given sufficient time with a weapon, its materials and the proper tools, he will gradually learn to reproduce and improve anything within the reach of mortal craftsmanship. Singular artifacts and supernatural properties entirely divorced from craft remain beyond him.

Weapons maintained in a Sanctuary under his care will also strike somewhat harder throughout its surrounding region.

Metal Shockstone & Warhorn -200SP

The mountains of Markdor are cruel, but generous to those with the strength to wrest their bounty from the stone. Shockstone is one such treasure, dangerous ore whose ceaseless electrical pulse has found uses far beyond simple ornamentation.

This particularly fine specimen has been carefully cased in worked metal by Dorian hands, allowing its charge to be drawn out safely and rubbed across a weapon. For a time thereafter lightning will crawl across the metal, discharging violently into whatever has the misfortune of standing at the other end.

The Mountain Warhorn is a more traditional instrument of Dorian warfare. Sound it and its tremendous call will put fresh fire into weary muscles, causing stamina to return with unnatural haste as long as its echoes seem to linger.

You begin with one Metal Shockstone and one Mountain Warhorn. Those expended or lost will be restored upon resting in a Sanctuary and through Devotion these boons will be augmented, granting another of each for every other Item of the Iron Ones you purchase.

Mountain Breaker -400SP

A mighty hammer chiseled from a single immense block of granite. Carried by the fierce Dorian Mountain Lords, these weapons became a symbol of their unbreakable resolve and indomitable spirit as they fearlessly led their clansmen into battle.

Its transmutation begins with the ashes of the Tree of Men, an Askarian torture machine given hideous life upon the Nameless Isle—a monument not to gods or demons, but simply to the agony men are capable of inflicting upon one another. An alchemist can take what remains of that engine for **breaking men** and turn it into the favored hammer of men who pride themselves on refusing to break.

The Ruined Temple, Restored -600SP

Long before the ruin found upon the Nameless Isle, this temple was raised in the north as a testament to the power of man. No altar waited for divine favor and no idol demanded prayer; every block of stone, beam and ornament was evidence of what mortal hands could accomplish for themselves.

Vast workshops, forges, foundries and halls of learning fill the restored complex, staffed by smiths, masons, engineers and craftsmen in the Dorian tradition. Given proper materials and a design within the reach of mortal art, there are few things they cannot eventually build. Strange metals and unfamiliar

technologies may slow them, but once understood they can be incorporated into their craft and taught to those who follow.

The Temple itself encourages such work. Tools hold their edge a little longer, measurements come out a little truer and the thousand petty mistakes that ruin great projects occur less often beneath its roof. It will never make the impossible possible on its own, but it has a remarkable talent for drawing the best from honest skill and labor.

The old corruption has also been scoured from its stones. Cursed objects, malign spirits and other influences brought inside will find it difficult to twist the minds of those who work here, though this protection cannot save anyone who knowingly embraces such corruption of their own accord.

Order of the Betrayer

Skull Trophy, Blood Vial & Black Salt - Free

The Skull Trophy is a human skull crowned in candles of wax mingled with human blood, a fitting icon for a god whose thirst for suffering has never known satisfaction. Place it upon the altar of an unclaimed Sanctuary and the refuge will fall beneath the Betrayer's shadow.

The Blood Vial contains human blood preserved through profane ritual, prevented from congealing and made to retain something of the living essence of the one from whom it was taken. To drink it is to take that life into yourself, rapidly mending wounds at the cost of allowing a measure of the Betrayer's Corruption to take root within you. Indulge often enough and that stain will cease being something easily ignored.

Black Salt is stranger still. Salt is earned, salt is spent and sometimes salt is forever lost; that which remains abandoned for too long may sour, blacken and crystallize into these dark clusters. Crushing one restores exhausted vigor, putting strength once more into limbs made heavy by pain and exertion.

You begin with one Blood Vial and one cluster of Black Salt, both restored whenever you rest at a Sanctuary of your Creed. Through Devotion these boons will be augmented, granting you another Vial and cluster for each other Item of the Order you purchase.

Stone Blood Mage -100SP

A corrupted Stone Mage depicting one of the forbidden practitioners of Blood Magic. Place it upon a Sanctuary's altar and it will attract a former Keeper cast out from the Citadel for pursuing arts his teachers considered better left buried.

He studies Blood Magic, curses and other profane or forbidden arts, and can teach or provide castings of common Class 1 workings available to him. Through Devotion his repertoire will expand into progressively more potent examples.

In future worlds he will eagerly study necromancy, demonology, blood rites, hexes and similar practices wherever they can genuinely be learned and reproduced. Unique powers and secrets possessed only by singular beings remain beyond him unless he acquires some legitimate means of learning them.

Like other Stone Mages, his presence increases magical potency throughout the Sanctuary's surrounding region.

Page of Suffering & Flasks of Defilement -200SP

A Page of Suffering is torn from an unholy tome, its brittle parchment stained by a darkness that seems to shift whenever you look away. Rub it across a weapon and that shadow will cling to it instead, suffusing each strike with Arcane power. Alternatively, crush the Page within another Creed's Sanctuary and its profane influence will lash out against the sacred power gathered there, desecrating the altar and driving its inhabitants into a murderous fury.

The Flask of Defilement contains blood that has been made into something antithetical to healing. Hurl it against a creature and the glass will burst, coating the victim in tainted gore and inflicting a dark curse that strips away their protections, leaving flesh, armor and magical defenses alike frighteningly vulnerable until the corruption washes away.

You begin with one Page of Suffering and one Flask of Defilement. Those consumed will be restored upon resting in a Sanctuary and through Devotion these boons will be augmented, granting another of each for every other Item of the Order you purchase.

Saira's Staff -400SP

This is the staff of Saira, Witch of the Lake. It was once an ordinary instrument of clean and natural alchemy, but prolonged exposure to increasingly horrific experiments corrupted it beyond recognition. Aberrant energies released by those rites gradually fused metal with flesh until the staff itself became an extension of Saira's body. Even now it retains a fragment of her soul, conferring upon its wielder something of her fearsome and ruinous power.

Saira herself was no known acolyte of Azredak. She was an alkymancer of Salt, guardian of the unnatural reservoir feeding her sister's Alkymancery, and evidence enough that respectable magical boundaries can be crossed by more roads than Blood Magic alone. Curiously, some of the workings she wielded in battle were all but identical to the Dark Swarm and Dark Arrows practiced by the Order; whether imitation, common discovery or something else connected the two is unknown.

As a Class 5 staff it is an exceptionally potent focus for arcane workings, with an especial affinity for magic that is corruptive, transgressive or otherwise willing to treat conventional magical law as an obstacle rather than a warning. It will not grant knowledge of such arts on its own, but whatever dark craft you already possess can be channeled through the fragment of Saira still clinging to it with considerable force.

Blackest Vault -600SP

The Blackest Vault is a sprawling subterranean refuge hidden behind passages that resist discovery. Unless you wish otherwise, those without your invitation will struggle to locate an entrance, while divinations, prayers and other supernatural means of searching for what lies within will find their sight clouded by the malice steeped into its stones.

Within are chambers suited to the study and practice of forbidden arts: occult libraries, alchemical workshops, ritual halls, cells and vaults for cursed relics or other things better kept behind several layers of stone. Dangerous workings performed here are easier to contain, preventing escaped spirits, spreading curses and similar accidents from wandering beyond the Vault's boundaries.

This containment offers no protection from the working itself. A ritual that demands blood will still demand blood, a curse may still consume an incompetent practitioner and the secrets stored here remain every bit as dangerous as they would elsewhere.

At its deepest point waits a Sanctuary of Azredak and a small fellowship of acolytes, scholars and other lost souls eager to study whatever forbidden arts you bring them. Knowledge accumulated here will be catalogued and preserved, including those things other institutions would sooner consign to flame.

Companions

The Nameless Isle and its god drag many to its shores, men and women from all walks of life, thieves and nobles are no different from one another here and those who manage to retain their sanity are few and far between. Normally the Isle and its contortion of time and space would not allow you to meet, but cooperation is possible, if you are willing to pay the Price.

A single original companion of whatever call or **Creed** is discounted.

Shipwrecked sailors -100SP per.

Among the shattered remains of wrecked vessels and broken dreams, you may find the driftwood of humanity, these companions can be canon survivors or entirely original creations. Each custom companion receives a Creed, stipend, and freebies, as well as +600 SP to spend. They may not take drawbacks but are otherwise fully customizable within this jump.

Fleshy Flotsam -50 per. -200SP

The sea's detritus washes ashore as battered souls, remnants of shipwrecks and lost journeys. For 50 SP each, up to four of these imported survivors may be salvaged, or for 200 SP, up to eight may be gathered. Each imported companion receives a Creed, stipend, and freebies, as well as +600 SP to spend. They may not take drawbacks but are otherwise fully customizable within this jump.

A Memory Forgotten -200SP

A past, uncorrupted, less experienced and sane version of any **mortal humanoid boss**, taken from before whatever madness, curse, transformation or long decay turned them into the creature you fought.

They possess the two Build Perks that best suit them, along with the weapons and armor they wielded in life or the closest uncorrupted equivalent of their boss equipment. Their memories stop at the point from which they were taken, though they will have the odd but strong feeling that you have helped them greatly somehow, making them favor you no matter how cruel or unpleasant they might already have been.

This does not make them better people than they once were, merely restores them to what they were before becoming the boss you defeated.

If either the Witch of the Lake or the Architect are chosen, the other is discounted. The same is true for the three forgotten figures in their mortal forms.

Washed Ashore -200SP

Each of the following companions possesses the two Build Perks listed beneath their entry, comes equipped with the weapons and armor described at their highest normal upgrade and carries a modest supply of the consumables mentioned alongside them. Their equipment remains theirs unless willingly given away, as one would expect.

Kadanian Assassin of the Stone Roots

Bolstered Dexterity, Renewed Will

Born amidst the venomous marshlands and shadowed thickets of Kadania, this cold and methodical assassin has spent most of his life honing himself into a weapon.

His twin **Pessklaws** are kept coated in **Mossy Pessmud** and backed by a healthy supply of **Wraithfangs**, while his **Assassin's Armor** allows him to disappear into familiar terrain before striking from an unexpected angle. He has little interest in glory or cruelty, seeing death as little more than a trade he has become exceedingly good at.

Such focus has left little room for anything else, however. Having spent so long measuring himself by the next worthy opponent, he has begun to wonder what exactly remains once there are none.

Liveni Paladin of Devara's Light

Fortified Strength, Renewed Will

An orphan of unknowingly noble Remetian blood, this enormous young paladin hides a surprisingly gentle disposition beneath the heavy armor of his order.

He is patient, kind and particularly fond of children, the sick and anyone else in need of help, though none of this should be mistaken for weakness. His **Boeotian Shield** is stout enough to shelter others behind it and his **Morning Star** is wielded with the sort of strength that makes its spikes somewhat unnecessary. **Water of Blessing** and **Pages of Light** accompany his prayers when more direct divine aid is needed.

For all his imposing size he is far happier repairing a broken cart, preparing a meal or carrying someone who can no longer walk than displaying his own mettle.

Askarian Knightess of the Three

Fortified Strength, Augmented Endurance

Born to a minor house sworn to the Askarian Crown, this young knightess was raised upon tales of her parents' martyrdom at the hands of followers of the Old Gods and grew into an equally fervent servant of the Three.

Clad in **White Armor** and wielding the **Leviathan**, she has distinguished herself through long campaigns as both soldier and knight, enduring hardship with an

almost stubborn sense of duty. **Imperial Pitchfire** and **Shockstone** accompany her into battle when holy steel alone proves insufficient.

That faith began to rot after learning what truly happened during the Pencen Pilgrimage and how much blood had been spilled beneath the Great Unification. Memories of frightened pilgrims, dead clerics and those she herself had struck down began to follow her into prayer, until the difference between the martyrs she had been taught to honor and those she had helped create became increasingly difficult to bear. Still unable to renounce Askaria or the Three, but no longer able to live comfortably with what she had done in their name, she eventually cast herself into the sea and washed ashore upon the Nameless Isle.

Cloistered Keeper of the Citadel

Enhanced Magic, Renewed Will

This young magistress has spent almost all of her life inside the Citadel, recently passing the Crucible after years of study and discovering shortly afterward that one of her ancestors belonged to the long forgotten Bloodbrows.

Brilliant even amongst other Keepers, she has a particular talent for Fire and an almost encyclopedic knowledge of the Weave, though a lifetime of cloistered study has left her inexperienced with the world beyond the Pitchwoods. She is curious, overly trusting and prone to treating things she has read as considerably more reliable than the people standing in front of her.

Armed with a **Channeler's Rod**, her ancestor's **Bloodbrow Armor** and more **Flasks of Fire** than **Bottled Sky**, she set out to learn what became of the order her ancestor belonged to and see some of the world she had previously known only through books. The Nameless Isle has made that education rather more practical than intended.

Kulka'asi Luxurious Cleric of Splendor

Fortified Strength, Aged Wisdom

Radiating an infectious joy from behind their Mask of Splendor, this Grayrot-ravaged cleric has taken the House's lesson on failing flesh rather seriously.

Clad in **Resplendent Armor** and carrying the normally ceremonial **Axe of Splendor**, they stride into battle with considerably more enthusiasm than their decaying body would suggest, helped along by **Lilyred**, **Iris Wine** and the occasional **Goldwine**. To them there is little sense mourning what must eventually fail when there is still gold to admire, wine to drink and company to enjoy.

Still, even such optimism has its limits. After watching enough friends succumb to Grayrot, they began to wonder whether the House had truly found enlightenment in revelry or merely a pleasant way to ignore the inevitable. They took to pilgrimage in search of an answer and found themselves upon an island particularly well suited to testing the question.

Half-Blood Desperada of the Iron Ones

Bolstered Dexterity, Augmented Endurance

Daughter of a Tristini noble driven into exile during Carsejaw's reign and a Birian noblewoman whose family suffered beneath Dorian occupation, this young woman inherited the rebellious streak of both sides of her family.

She also inherited their weapons. A **Steel Centipede** and **Lucent Musketoon** rarely leave her hands, and she has become remarkably adept at moving between blade, whip and shot in the same fight. **Shockstone**, **ammunition** and **Grenados** fill whatever space remains, whilst a mixture of bravado and sheer panache sees her attempt maneuvers that more cautious soldiers would dismiss as unnecessary.

She waged a small one-woman war against the Dorian occupation of Taenibir and became infamous enough to make remaining there difficult, though nowhere near successful enough to free it. Setting sail in search of allies willing to continue the fight, she found the Isle instead.

Jinderen Hunter, betrayer of the Betrayer

Bolstered Dexterity, Enhanced Magic

The red-eyed pariah stalks those who make prey of others, caring little which creed, crown or cause they hide behind.

A **Recurve Bow** and **Steel Arrows** serve him at range while a pair of shortened **Flint & Steel** swords deal with anything that comes close. **Grim Armor**, **Grenados**, **Dragon's Teeth** and whatever incantations prove useful complete an arsenal built less around any particular school of combat than having the right answer when outnumbered.

Once an earnest man with an inconveniently strong sense of justice, years of betrayal and compromise eventually convinced him that such ideals were little more than another weakness to exploit. He joined the Order of the Betrayer willingly and learnt what he could of its darker practices, though doing so did not cure him of the habit of hunting monsters wearing human faces, nor from eventually recognizing Azredak as the greatest quarry his new Creed could offer him.

Drawbacks

It persists.

—The Scarecrow

It will struggle - Mandatory

Each time you rest in a Sanctuary or shrine, the Isle will remember the lesser foes you've slain into existence, save for those who are too great or singular to be so easily recalled anew. This ensures that progress can be made, but never underestimate the drowned and lesser Kraekan that inhabit the Isle.

They are no longer beholden to the constraints that once leveled your playing field. Attack patterns, artificial pauses, narrow fields of awareness and similar contrivances have no place here; these creatures may use their bodies, equipment, surroundings and whatever intelligence they possess as naturally as you may use yours. A Bronze Knight in full plate and carrying a greatshield should therefore be treated with all the caution such a description warrants.

Suffocating Despair - Mandatory

Death is not entirely without consequence upon the Isle. Each time you are dragged back into Sanctuary, your very will and sanity will be eroded, as the rocks of the shore are worn beneath the ceaseless waves.

Similarly, the bleak, subtle but nonetheless pervasive atmosphere of the Isle will drain the world of color and meaning around you. Friendship, faith, victory and purpose may hold this despair at bay, but should you truly give up hope or lose yourself completely to madness, there will be little left for the Sanctuary to bring back.

Should you truly surrender your hope or lose yourself beyond recovery to madness, there will no longer be enough of you for Sanctuary to restore. The Nameless God will claim your soul and your Chain will end.

Earn Their Escape +100

Your decade in this world will not begin whilst you remain trapped upon the Nameless Isle. Years spent wandering its drowned halls are still years you must experience and endure, but they will bring you no closer to the end of your tenure.

To begin the clock you must resolve the choice offered by the Isle: **Salvation or Dominion**. Escape to the lands above, or defeat the Nameless God and claim his dominion for yourself; either will suffice, but until one of these feats is achieved you remain here for as long as it takes.

Kingdoms of Dust and Lies +200

The Nameless Isle is a patchwork of memories and places stolen from across the four continents, locations that should be separated by kingdoms and seas somehow resting within walking distance of one another. This time, however, the Nameless God has arranged his collection somewhat differently.

Every location found upon the Isle still exists, but the paths between them have been thoroughly rearranged. A familiar doorway may lead somewhere entirely unexpected, old shortcuts may be absent and places once encountered near the end of your journey may now stand uncomfortably close to its beginning.

The Isle will remain logically traversable and no Brand or other necessity will be permanently sealed behind the very obstacle requiring it, but there is no similar guarantee that the road will respect the order in which these dangers were once meant to be faced.

And It Will Bleed +200

Normally you would have to contend with the few traps scattered throughout the Isle; nailed planks, hidden crossbows, swinging trunks and similar unpleasant surprises left behind by its many former inhabitants. Now they will be far more ubiquitous, varied and considerably better concealed.

Expect trapped doors, concealed pits, wires hidden amongst undergrowth and otherwise harmless passages arranged into crude killing grounds. None of these are supernatural certainties and a careful eye may notice, avoid or even turn them against others, but moving carelessly through the Isle will quickly prove a bloody habit.

Beaten and Broken +200

You did not make it through the wreck unscathed. For each purchase of this Drawback, one major limb or sense has been crippled or lost; an arm mangled beyond use, a leg severed, your sight ruined or some similarly severe injury is appropriate.

Whatever you choose cannot be truly restored for the duration of this Jump. Medicine, magic and regeneration may preserve your health and prevent further deterioration, while prosthetics and other aids may compensate for

what you have lost, but none may simply erase the disability or replace it with something superior.

This may be taken multiple times, provided each purchase represents another comparably serious loss.

And It Will Fall +200

Crushing an Egg of Wrath is an old declaration of battle, one whose challenge traditionally ends only when one of the participants lies dead. Normally such a challenge requires another Saltborn to crush the Egg in the first place. Here, invasions will instead occur without anyone needing to issue the challenge themselves.

At unpredictable intervals you will be invaded by hostile Saltborn, assassins, wraiths or similarly capable opponents intent upon hunting you down. Their strength and equipment will remain appropriate to the dangers you are presently capable of facing, but they are under no obligation to arrive while you are rested or otherwise prepared for them.

Only one such invasion will normally be active at once and Sanctuaries themselves remain safe, though an invader may wait outside for you to emerge. Killing them ends that particular hunt, whilst dying to them carries the same consequences as any other death upon the Isle.

Petty princes, corrupt lords +200

Your memory is not as faulty as you might have hoped; you were indeed tasked with safeguarding a princess, an Askarian princess no less, whose marriage to a Tristini prince could grant both kingdoms a precious respite from the war that has weakened them for so long.

The young princess survived the wreck and now hides somewhere upon the Isle. She is far better suited to a courtroom than a battlefield, but is cunning, resourceful and resilient enough to stay hidden for extended periods, and some of the weakest drowned may discover that desperation and a well-placed knife are not exclusive to soldiers. She cannot run and hide forever, however, and there is no clock to tell you how much longer she can manage.

It is now your mission to find her and guarantee her safe passage from the Isle however you can. Should the princess **die beyond any means available to recover her**, or her mind finally surrenders to despair, your Chain will end with hers.

Trivial Wars +100/+200 (Requires Petty princes, corrupt lords)

Getting the Princess off the Isle is only the first part of your forgotten task, for you must still deliver her to her new Tristini home and see the marriage alliance through.

Unfortunately, the newly betrothed have inherited rather too much of their countries' pride and prejudice. Both are intelligent, principled and far more compatible than either would initially admit, yet each expects the other to embody everything they have been taught to despise about Askarians or Tristini. Left to themselves they will fulfill their obligations, marry and make one another thoroughly miserable.

For +100SP you must help them look past these prejudices until both sincerely wish to make something of the marriage beyond political duty. Coercion or mind-altering powers will not satisfy this condition; whatever affection develops must genuinely be theirs.

If taken alongside **The Darkest Despair**, this Drawback is instead worth +200SP, as factions within both kingdoms will attempt to sabotage the union through scandal, political intrigue and assassination. Failing at this time won't endanger your chain, but it will spell a chain of events that will plunge the world into darker days.

The Darkest Despair +300

The flaws and grudges of the four continents have always threatened to drag them into darker days, but where cooler heads, fortunate circumstance or simple exhaustion might normally avert the worst of them, here those possibilities consistently turn toward their darkest plausible conclusion.

Askarian expansion and Tristini persecution rise again with renewed vigor, whilst the Dorian Council turns the Iron Ones' contempt for gods and foreign rule into ever greater militarism of its own. Kadania and Gulchmire retreat deeper into their poisonous lands, answering outsiders with growing hostility, while the rise of a Sun Emperor in Kar'hi and another ambitious king in Kulka'as sends the southern continent into a religious war. Liven and the Citadel are caught between expanding Askarian and Dorian interests, and in distant Jinderin the Order of the Betrayer takes root amongst those who find blood and vengeance more appealing than forgiveness.

None of these events came from nowhere, but every old grievance that might have faded will instead fester, every ambitious ruler will find the opportunity they need and every atrocity will prepare the ground for another. You may still

change the course of history, but left alone the world will fulfill the darkest possibilities already waiting within it.

Bound in Dying Flesh +300

Grayrot has taken hold of you, the same pervasive affliction that has ravaged entire communities and driven the Lepris to invent rites and gods in the vain hope that something might relieve them of it.

Your flesh gradually scars and decays, leaving you weak, chronically pained and horribly disfigured even when you are otherwise healthy. The disease will not kill you outright during your stay, but neither can it be cured whilst this Drawback remains; medicines, prayers and other treatments may soothe its symptoms or repair secondary injuries, but the Grayrot itself will persist.

Its outward signs may be hidden beneath clothing, masks or whatever other methods you devise, yet fate will periodically conspire to reveal your condition and expose you to the same fear, disgust and shunning that follows most of its sufferers, save in the few communities where those afflicted have found acceptance amongst their own.

I Take the Things I Desire +300

You have been cursed with the same all-consuming avarice as the Nameless God and maddeningly desire the one thing that you, one born of Salt, cannot naturally possess: a Candlelit soul.

This is no idle wish. Any rumor of ascension, stolen divinity, soulcraft or some other means of reaching what you desire will become nearly impossible to ignore, and acts you would once have considered monstrous will seem increasingly reasonable should they bring you closer to your goal. The compulsion does not make you mindless; you can lie, plan, wait and recognize when a particular atrocity would only hinder your search, which may prove considerably worse.

A monumental will may resist these impulses and complete isolation from temptation may grant some respite, but should you indulge them, there is one final cruelty awaiting you. When your time here ends the obsession will vanish and your conscience will return to whatever state it held before this Chain began, leaving you to fully comprehend whatever you chose to do in pursuit of something that was never yours.

Scenario

It Will Know Me in Time +100

Perhaps a decade upon the Isle was not enough for you. For each additional ten years you choose to remain in this world you will receive another **+100SP**, up to five times, though time spent here will prove somewhat less peaceful than one might hope.

Each decade will see some new development take root amongst the four continents, though only their beginnings are assured. Wars can be won, alliances preserved and catastrophes prevented from becoming worse than they need to be; likewise, failures will not politely vanish merely because another ten years have passed. What you leave behind in one age will be inherited by the next, for better or worse.

The Old Roads Open — Years 11–20

Deep beneath the Pitchwoods, the Keepers of Fire and Sky uncover an ancient Runeway, a gate of runes and stone not unlike those found in another, older land. With no small amount of experimentation the Citadel manages to open it once more, finding people and settlements that seem foreign enough to belong upon another continent, though neither side initially understands just how far away from one another they truly are.

The meeting is not an easy one. The Marked Inquisition has spent generations hunting Mages and regards the powers that create them as a danger demanding ruthless control, whilst the Keepers openly teach men to channel Fire and Sky and have spent generations proving that dangerous magic can be understood through discipline and study. Runic Arts, Magecraft and the Citadel's own carefully balanced spells soon cross the Runeway regardless, joined by less scholarly things such as weapons, maps and travelers. Whether this exchange becomes a fruitful alliance or a short and bloody war is largely up to you, and the difference may prove important once the dangers these people have spent generations studying begin appearing in your own age.

The rest of the world will not ignore a road into an unknown land for long. Askaria and Tristin seek whatever advantage can be drawn from it, Markdor's craftsmen have little trouble finding uses for foreign techniques and even distant traders begin carrying new wares between the continents. Kadania fares well enough from this growing commerce at first; its medicines, poisons and newly coveted ores already drew foreign merchants before your arrival, and the greater trade merely turns a few mining agreements into larger settlements and better roads.

The Age of Revolt — Years 21–30

The improved firearms and military techniques of the previous decade spread far more easily than the good judgement needed to use them. A knight may require years of training and a considerable purse to equip, whilst a musket can be placed into the hands of an angry farmer after a few weeks of drilling, a distinction not lost upon the many subjects who have old grievances with their rulers.

Askaria still bears the scars of its Great Unification, Tristin has no shortage of nobles and soldiers with grudges of their own, Taenibir remembers Dorian occupation and even Markdor's Council of Steel must contend with men who disagree on how the Will of Man ought to be expressed. Which revolutions actually occur depends upon what you have already changed; a peace between Askaria and Tristin need not collapse simply to satisfy history, though the men who hated such a settlement may well turn their weapons upon their own countrymen instead. A stable realm will weather this age better than a brittle one, whilst a massacre may merely teach the survivors patience.

Kadania remains largely outside these greater wars, but not entirely untouched by them. Foreign mines acquire armed guards, chiefs who profit from trade become increasingly dependent upon imported weapons and rival tribes begin seeking patrons of their own. None of this amounts to conquest yet, though a road built to carry ore serves soldiers just as well as merchants.

It is also around this time that the Order of the Betrayer begins leaving fingerprints upon events, though seldom enough to claim responsibility for them. A faction which should have run out of powder finds another shipment, some particularly vicious claimant receives money from an unknown benefactor and a messenger carrying terms of peace fails to reach his destination. Azredak has no need to invent reasons for men to spill blood when there are already so many lying about.

The Mage Plague — Years 31–40

Knowledge has an unfortunate habit of remaining useful after men have learnt that it is dangerous. By now the study of Runic Arts and Magecraft has spread far beyond those who first crossed the Runeway, and modern arcanists begin asking whether the horrors of the older age were failures of method rather than warnings against the practice itself.

The Citadel is particularly vulnerable to this line of thought. Its entire history is proof that once-dangerous mysteries can be reduced to a science through discipline, balance and experimentation, and Runic Arts themselves demonstrate that corrupt Magic may be handled without immediately becoming a monster. Thus someone eventually attempts to understand Magedom properly and, whether through brilliance or foolishness, succeeds well enough to become a true Mage, with others soon following their example.

What becomes known as the Mage Plague is not an illness carried by coughing or dirty water, but an outbreak of knowledge, ambition and imitation that proves rather harder to quarantine. Askaria attempts to regulate what it can, Tristin rediscovers an uncomfortable enthusiasm for witch hunts, Markdor would prefer the whole matter kept beyond its borders and the Citadel suddenly finds itself defending the value of scholarship whilst its own students occasionally turn into elemental abominations. Those who befriended the Marked Inquisition during the first decade will find their old hunting methods, Runic Arts and knowledge of Mages invaluable; those who slaughtered them may have to rediscover such lessons on their own.

Kadania suffers less from Mages than from those pursuing them. Its swamps make excellent places for fugitives and rogue practitioners to disappear, which soon brings hunters and soldiers across borders that would once have stopped them, sometimes with fire when the vegetation proves too accommodating. The tribes retain their lands, but learn that foreign respect for Kadanian sovereignty has a curious tendency to diminish in proportion to how frightened those foreigners happen to be.

It is during the long investigation into the Plague that the strangest truth of the Runeway is finally discovered. Zaruman Tam had not merely altered an old Mirrorgate so that it might answer **where** its travelers wished to go, but through Chronomancy taught it to answer **when** as well. The mysterious land beyond it was never distant in space at all, but separated from your own age by time.

The Shockstone Revolution — Years 41–50

The Mage Plague leaves mankind's appetite for power remarkably intact, though the desire to acquire it by turning oneself into an elemental horror becomes somewhat less fashionable. Markdor provides a safer alternative in Shockstone, already common enough in Dorian mines to be used in weapons and crafts, but now placed in the hands of Keepers, Runic scholars and engineers armed with several decades of new knowledge. Even before your arrival the Dorians were renowned for mining and strange weapons, and their Shockstone deposits had attracted Askarian attention.

What follows is less a single invention than an accumulation of them. Mines are drained by powered pumps, workshops grow into manufactories and artificial light becomes common in wealthy cities, whilst firearms become easier to produce and considerably more accurate. Crude vehicles begin competing with horses along suitable roads and experiments with Sky allow heavier machines to remain airborne, though these early aircraft remain dangerous and unreliable. Greatswords, cavalry and old magic do not vanish, but they now share battlefields with Shockstone artillery, alchemical weapons, wards, modern long guns and machines that would have been beyond the engineering of the previous generation.

Such industry requires more than clever engineers, and soon the mines, forests and roads that feed it matter nearly as much as the factories themselves. Markdor enjoys an early advantage, Askaria has the population and bureaucracy to follow, Tristin must modernize to keep pace and the Citadel finds its knowledge courted by states that once regarded its scholars as harmless recluses. Taenibir discovers that occupation grows no kinder when an empire suddenly values every miner twice as much, whilst smaller countries find themselves choosing patrons, enemies or neutrality according to circumstances that may already have been decided for them.

Kadania fares worst from this hunger for resources. Markdor and Coastrock had negotiated for access to its ores when mining there was merely profitable; once those ores feed industries needed for war, old contracts become increasingly flexible things. Foreign concessions are fortified, roads widened for armies and mines seized from one power by another, whilst tribes near the border are armed as clients or driven deeper into the swamps when they prove less cooperative. Most of Kadania's losses occur during this decade, not through some neat declaration of annexation but by the simpler process of foreign soldiers standing upon Kadanian soil and refusing to leave it.

Eventually these rivalries grow into the first war worthy of encompassing all four continents. How badly it scars them depends greatly upon the governments and alliances produced by the previous decades, though even a relatively fortunate world will provide the Order of the Betrayer with more blood, dead Salt and desperate men than it could have gathered in centuries of quiet murder.

The Day of Judgement — Years 51–60

By the beginning of your final decade the world bears little resemblance to the one you first entered. Revolutions have broken old dynasties, the Mage Plague has made forbidden arts common knowledge and the Shockstone wars have

learnt to spill blood with an efficiency Azredak's earliest worshippers could scarcely have imagined. The Order did not create all of this, for mankind has never required much assistance in finding reasons to hurt itself, but its followers have spent fifty years making certain that useful grudges remained bitter and useful discoveries reached the wrong hands.

Their purpose now comes into view. Blood Magic already offers the blood of practitioner and victim to Azredak, whilst Salt Alkymancy can shape living and dead Salt into forms nature never intended; combined with the knowledge of Magedom gathered from the older age, the Betrayers intend to fashion a vessel capable of containing far more than a mortal Mage should. The result, if allowed to mature, will be a **Mage of Blood and Salt**, a body prepared for Azredak to manifest through without destroying it.

The surviving powers of the world have good reason to oppose this, though agreement upon that point should not be mistaken for agreement upon what ought to happen next. Askaria has noticed that the Order is rather close to solving the same mystery by which its own dead gods once rose from mortal stock, the Iron Ones consider a manifested god a rare opportunity to settle an old philosophical dispute and while the Keepers have begun considering whether the Citadel can survive by abandoning this age altogether.

Your own Creed will decide what must be accomplished before the sixtieth year.

The Stone Roots — To Wrathful Mud

The Woodswraiths have spent several decades watching temporary foreign arrangements become roads, roads become forts and forts become occupied land, with most of that loss coming when the Shockstone wars gave distant governments reasons to value Kadanian soil more than the wishes of those living upon it.

What later generations may call the **Kadanian Restoration** will require you to retake the lands lost during the previous decade, remove foreign garrisons and concessions, restore what can be restored of the poisoned and stripped wilderness and leave Kadania capable of supporting itself without depending upon the powers that carved pieces from it. There is no requirement to forget firearms, metallurgy or anything else learnt whilst the borders were open; knowledge is useful, dependency less so.

By the end of your stay, Kadania must once again decide for itself who crosses its borders and what may be taken from beneath its soil.

Our Forest Is Forever

For thousands of years the Woodswraiths have protected their forests and claimed that the forest protects them in return. Having restored that bond when both Kadania and the world around it seemed intent on breaking it, you may carry something of the same relationship with you. The Stone Roots themselves hold that nature will outlast mankind, while their alchemist describes their forest as something permanent beside the fleeting works and gods of men.

Any substantial wilderness you deliberately protect and nurture may, over the years, begin to recognize those who live with it rather than merely upon it. Burned forests recover with unnatural vigor, polluted rivers slowly cleanse themselves and populations driven from the land return so long as enough of the greater ecosystem survives to remember them. Paths become difficult for invaders to follow, concealment comes easily to accepted inhabitants and hostile organisms, magic or other attempts to permanently corrupt the land find themselves resisted as though by a living immune system.

The older, larger and more varied such a wilderness becomes, the more formidable this protection will grow. A mature forest may prove nearly impossible for an occupying army to hold, whilst a planetary biosphere tended for generations could weather engineered plagues, hostile terraforming and spiritual corruption that should have reduced it to dead soil. This is no shield that simply turns aside whatever is fired at it; the forest survives by enduring, adapting and reclaiming, and so long as enough remains alive to remember what was lost, it will eventually grow again.

Devara's Light - Of Timeless Gods

Azredak is Devara's brother and enemy, and after fifty years of bloodshed it falls upon her champion to ensure that he does not gain an earthly vessel.

Stop the ritual before the Mage of Blood and Salt becomes a true avatar or, should the Order complete its work, hunt the creature down and destroy it before the end of the decade. How many kingdoms remain standing afterward is secondary to ensuring that Azredak does not.

The old gods have endured the rise and death of dynasties, the fading of faith and mankind's attempts to replace them.

The Thousand Miracles

Accomplish this and Devara will henceforth recognize you as her personal champion, her favor following you even as your Chain carries you to stranger shores. Henceforth you will be counted as her personal champion, recognized and favored by the Goddess of Light even as your Chain carries you to stranger shores.

Any prayer or miracle you are capable of performing will no longer consume Focus, nor whatever equivalent spiritual reserve divine magic draws upon in other worlds. This does not teach you prayers you never learned, provide sacrifices or materials demanded by a rite or satisfy whatever moral and spiritual conditions a miracle may require; it simply means that exhaustion of spirit will never again be reason enough for your prayers to fall silent.

The Three - From Icy Crypt

Askaria will gladly lend steel to the assault upon the Order, though its priests and magisters have no intention of allowing fifty years of research into divine incarnation to burn with the cultists who created it.

Secure enough of the Order's records, vessels and surviving expertise to understand how a Saltborn body may be made fit to receive a god, then apply what you have stolen to the King, Knight and Judge. Before your tenure ends, the New Gods must once again be genuine deities capable of answering their faithful rather than dead names receiving prayers meant for someone else.

Devara's faithful may destroy the ritual when they please, provided the useful papers have already been removed.

Deliver Me

The King, Knight and Judge will follow your Chain as exactly what you returned them to be: genuine deities, not Companions, summons or extensions of your

will. They retain their own minds and preferences, may receive worship and answer prayers according to their respective domains and will not be reduced to mundane men merely because a future world has never heard of Askaria.

Their strength may still wax with the faith and prayers offered to them, as gods of this world are known to depend upon mortal hearts, but a temporary absence of worship will no longer be enough to simply erase them from existence. The old dependence remains a source of strength rather than an immediate sentence of death.

They remember who restored them and may regard you with considerable gratitude, but retain their full independence and are under no obligation to obey you.

Keepers of Fire and Sky - Looking tow'rds

The Citadel has spent the better part of fifty years proving that knowledge can solve remarkable problems and create several entirely new ones. By now some amongst its masters have reached the reasonable conclusion that preserving the institution matters more than preserving the particular century in which it was built.

Evacuate enough scholars, apprentices, records and instruments through Zaruman Tam's Runeway that the Citadel can be rebuilt in the older age, then close the gate behind you before the Order or whatever remains of its work can follow. The tower itself may be abandoned, provided enough of the Citadel's people, knowledge and instruments survive for the institution to be rebuilt.

Eternal Sky

Once the evacuation is complete, Zaruman Tam's altered Runeway will become yours to carry onward.

Like the gate you have spent decades studying, it may join places separated not merely by distance but, where appropriate, by time. It cannot simply be pointed toward somewhere known only from a name upon a map, however; you must first have meaningfully experienced the destination yourself, whether bodily, astrally, mentally or through some other means by which your consciousness genuinely reached it. When travelling through time this familiarity includes the **when** as well as the **where**, for having walked through a city today tells you little about finding that same street a thousand years before.

Knowing the destination is only the beginning. Each genuinely new route requires several days of calculation, experimentation and drafting before the proper sequence of runes can be established, though a completed sequence may be recorded and reused thereafter without repeating the work.

The House of Splendor - Plunge This Splendor

The House has long understood that failing flesh is no reason to spend one's remaining days mourning it, and sees little reason why the same principle should not apply to a failing world.

Gather your people, dependents and whatever guests you care to invite into one great revel and keep it alive through the worst of the Day of Judgement. Wine, food, music and whatever other indulgences suit the company must continue whilst you protect those within from the wars, Mages and cultists outside, for the revel must carry its participants through the catastrophe rather than merely provide them a pleasant place to die.

When the danger finally passes there must still be enough people standing, laughing or otherwise capable of carrying on the celebration to prove the House had the right idea.

To Splendid Rest

Having kept one revel alive through the end of an age, your celebrations may henceforth become something not unlike a Sanctuary.

Those who willingly take part become increasingly resistant to despair, terror, spiritual corruption and other forces which would rob them of themselves, whilst the place around them acquires very real protection from physical harm. A handful of friends around a table may keep nightmares and lesser malice outside the door; a festival of thousands could shelter a city from siege, plague or supernatural invasion.

Given sufficient scale, duration and honest participation there is little reason for this protection to stop there. A world whose people genuinely join in one great revel might repel armies of demons, endure disasters intended to scour its surface or turn aside weapons meant to leave nothing alive upon it.

The protection lasts only so long as the celebration does and cannot be produced through coerced or false participation. Those sheltered by it must genuinely be taking part, though what constitutes a celebration may vary greatly between peoples and cultures.

The Iron Ones - On Bloodied Rocks

The Council of Steel has no interest in helping priests prove that gods are dangerous by preventing one from coming close enough to strike.

Let the ritual finish and allow the Mage of Blood and Salt to become a genuine incarnation of Azredak, then kill it. An unfinished vessel or interrupted ritual

will not suffice; the Betrayer must have invested enough of himself into the thing that no reasonable man could claim you merely murdered another Mage.

Once it is dead, recover enough of the corpse to return it to Markdor as a trophy.

Wrest From Sea

The corpse of Azredak's incarnation will remain yours afterward, permanently dead and beyond the god's ability to reclaim, resurrect or possess. Flesh, blood, bone and transformed Salt harvested from it will slowly replenish with time, preserving both the trophy and a renewable supply of materials drawn from a vessel deliberately fashioned to contain divine power.

A competent craftsman may put such remains to considerable use. Weapons incorporating them can wound gods, spirits, avatars and similar beings that would normally require some particular metaphysical weakness to harm, whilst wounds made by such arms resist supernatural regeneration and divine healing. Armor and wards fashioned from the same carcass provide exceptional protection against divine power, possession, Blood Magic and attempts by higher beings to impose their authority upon the wearer.

Even left largely intact, the trophy has value. Those who stand before physical proof that mortals slew an incarnated god find divine awe, terror and commands rather less convincing thereafter, allowing the corpse to serve as a monument to the Iron Ones' creed as well as a source of divine materials.

Order of the Betrayer - Mete the Master's

Your fellow faithful have spent half a century gathering blood, knowledge and Salt to prepare the perfect vessel for Azredak, which makes allowing him to retain possession of it seem terribly wasteful.

Ensure the Mage of Blood and Salt reaches full incarnation and that Azredak has invested enough of himself within it for the vessel to become stable, then turn the final Salt Alkymantic bindings against their intended master. The portion of the Betrayer that descended into flesh must remain trapped within the avatar whilst the creature itself answers to you.

This will not make the whole of Azredak your slave wherever the god truly resides, but it will leave his earthly incarnation, and all the power he placed within it, in your hands.

Our God of Blood

The avatar remains yours after the Jump, still the perfected Mage of Blood and Salt fashioned through decades of Sanguimancy, Salt Alkymancy and

accumulated knowledge of Magedom, with the manifested portion of Azredak sealed inside rather than stripped away.

It is a living weapon and servant of considerably greater scope than the Salt Alkymantic monsters of this age, capable of wielding the blood, Salt and divine power for which its body was specifically made. The avatar obeys you rather than the god trapped within it. Azredak himself remains otherwise independent, and the theft of his earthly incarnation does nothing to make him your ally.

End Choice

Salvation

Continue onward.

Dominion

Remain here.

Sanctuary

Go home.

Notes

-A lot of the lore is taken from in-game items and the Drowned Tome.

-Unless stated otherwise, a discount halves the listed SP cost.

-Changing Creed during the Jump does not alter discounts or remove purchases. Your chosen Creed represents your starting background for build purposes.

-I'm placing the House of Splendor in Kulka'as because the area is pretty boring otherwise.

-Kar'hi probably believes in something akin to the Old Gods, yokais, and such.

-The jump's structure itself borrows heavily from Elden Ring's jump and the other soul-jumps.

-Each build perk is equivalent to giving you each major node of mastery for weapons, spells, armor, etc and enough minor nods of that statistic to be an equivalent in power to one who chose another perk.

-While it's not as clear as the other locations, the black sorcerer mentions that the Ruined Temple 'was built in the north as a testament to the power of man', which most likely means The Iron Ones from Markdor.

-Devotion is simply the number of individual Item purchases you have made from a particular Creed. It is not spent or lost. The free Creed item does not increase Devotion unless an option specifically states otherwise.

-Starting Gear refers to the normal in-game starting equipment of the selected Class. Gifts likewise refer to the standard character-creation Gifts.

-Creed restoratives retain the general function of their in-game equivalents even where their effects are described narratively rather than numerically. Their healing and invigorating effects scale to the user rather than becoming useless as the Jumper grows beyond an ordinary Saltborn.

-The poisoning caused by House of Splendor wines and the Corruption caused by Blood Vials are part of the Items themselves and are not removed merely because they are fiat-backed. Abilities capable of resisting, cleansing or otherwise dealing with such effects may do so normally unless stated otherwise.

-All 400-Tier Weapons are upgraded to Class 5.

-The Branding irons adapt to future worlds: The vertigo brand will allow you to invert gravity for yourself and the redshift brand will allow you to pass through magical barriers unhindered when wielding any light emitting device.

-The NPCs attracted by purchased Stone offerings are fiat-backed service NPCs rather than Companions. They remain primarily attached to your Sanctuaries and will return or be replaced should they be permanently lost. Their ability to offer goods, crafts or magic from future worlds represents continued trade, study and experimentation rather than automatic omniscience. Unless stated otherwise, truly unique items, spells and abilities cannot simply be purchased from them.

-If you want a unique weapon from the setting, better go hunting for ears.

-Neither the Tristini Prince or the Princess are idiots, so they won't jump in harm's way except perhaps to protect the other. They may even surprise you and save themselves from time to time, but don't expect them to survive alone for long.