

Hawkmoon

By Carvin

Introduction

Welcome to the world of the Hawkmoon Saga, a series written by fantasy author Michael Moorcock in the late 1960s.

In the far future, 2,000 years after an apocalyptic event known as the Tragic Millennium, Europe finds itself trapped in an endless war. The Dark Empire of Granbretan, ruled by the mad, immortal King-Emperor Huon from his palace in Londra, seeks to conquer the entire continent and all that lies beyond. When their masked armies marched over the Silver Bridge of Deau-Vere into France, the squabbling duchies of mainland Europe stood little chance against the overwhelming numbers and technological supremacy of Granbretan.

Now, the Dark Empire rules the majority of France, Germania, Espanya, and Italia, and are constantly expanding east, their armies invading everywhere from Muskovia to Persia. To date, no land has resisted the Wolves of Granbretan. That is, no land except Kamarg in southern France, a land ruled by the legendary Count Brass, the greatest general of the age.

You enter this world just as Baron Meliadus of Kroiden, Chief Warlord of Granbretan and Grand Constable of the Order of the Wolf, enters Kamarg to negotiate an alliance with Count Brass, and a year before Duke Dorian Hawkmoon of Köln is captured in a failed rebellion against the Dark Empire.

You have 1,000 CP to spend as you wish.

Starting Location

You may pay 50 CP to choose your location, otherwise roll 1d8.

1. **Londra:** The capital city of the Dark Empire of Granbretan, through which the blood-red waters of the River Tayme flow. It is a grotesque place of towering spires, interconnected by a web of tunnels, corridors, and bridges. It is here that Huon, the immortal King-Emperor of Granbretan, resides.
2. **Kamarg:** A marshy, low-lying land in the south of France, surrounded on three sides by mountains and the sea on the fourth. Under the rule of the legendary Count Brass, it has so far remained free from the mad wrath of Granbretan. That may change in the near future, however.
3. **Köln:** The homeland of Duke Dorian Hawkmoon, Köln is a major province in the west of Germania. It is currently a relatively peaceful vassal state to the Dark Empire, but will not remain that way for long; within the year, Hawkmoon will lead a doomed rebellion against his masters.
4. **Simferopol:** A cold, dreary port city in southern Crimea, Simferopol is a miserable place made worse by the recent arrival of mad, murderous pirates serving a being known only as the Mad God. It is, fortunately, free from the Dark Empire at the moment, though that may be the sole good thing about this place.
5. **Hamadan:** Hamadan is the capital city of Persia, the most powerful nation of the Near East and the supposed border between Europe and Asicommunista. Though currently ruled by the beautiful Queen Frawbra, it will not be long before her brother Nahak, with the aid of Granbretanian agents, will attempt to seize the throne.
6. **Narleen:** Far to the west of Europe, across the impassable and treacherous seas, lies the semi-mythical continent of Amarehk. It is on this land that the great port-city of Narleen lies. While the people here have never even heard of Granbretan (for now), it is ruled by a cabal of equally cruel slavers known as the Pirate Lords.
7. **Asicommunista:** A mysterious land to the far east, the people of Europe know little of the place known as Asicommunista. Some say it is the location of the Runestaff, others that it is an empire of bizarre science and unrivalled might. Others still doubt its existence. It seems you will be one of the few privy to the truth behind these rumours.
8. **Free Choice:** It seems the Runestaff favours you. You may decide to start anywhere within the world of Hawkmoon for free, even if it is not listed above.

Background

Commoner

This world is filled with larger-than-life characters, from snake-masked mad scientists to jolly half-giants from an antique land. You, however, are not one of these. Perhaps you're a reclusive hermit, wandering poet, or just a simple farmer just trying to survive from day-to-day. Whoever you are, though, you are as close to neutral in the war against Granbretan as it gets. While this does mean you'll most likely live a quiet life, you have very little power and few connections in this world.

Warlord

In this age of nigh-endless war, many a great warrior, both for good and evil, has been born on the battlefield. You now count yourself among these people, having achieved great renown for your combat prowess. Maybe you're a gallant knight of Kamarg rebelling against Granbretan, or you could be a brutal and insane commander in the Granbretanian, perhaps even of the infamous Order of the Wolf or Vulture Legion. While this origin gives you a great deal of fame, power, and action during your stay in this world, it will not take much to accrue a long list of sworn foes.

Aristocrat

Ever since the end Tragic Millennium, almost every nation has been governed by some form of feudalist system. You can now count yourself among the ruling class of one of these nations, presiding over a decently-sized parcel of land. You could be one of the Barons of Granbretan, a European Count, or maybe even a spymaster or adviser to a king. Be vigilant though, for although the life of a noble is often one of luxury, it can have its drawbacks. Every noble of mainland Europe must deal with the forces of Granbretan at some point, and servants of the Dark Empire must remain wary of the ever-shifting web of intrigue in King-Emperor Huon's court.

Sorcerer-Scientist

So much scientific knowledge was lost during the Tragic Millennium, setting mankind back by centuries. Only recently have serious attempts been made to rediscover these lost secrets of old, and you are at the forefront of this effort. Many areas are experiencing unprecedented breakthroughs, including weapons technology, aeronautics, and even rudimentary time travel. Most sorcerer-scientists these days serve the Dark Empire of Granbretan, though those who work for other nations are not unheard of.

Your age is $18 + 2d10$ and your gender is whatever you were previously. You may change either of these to whatever you want for 50 CP.

Perks

All perks are discounted to their origins and 100 CP perks are free to their origins.

Commoner

Commoner Sense – 100 CP

You've managed to pick up all the basic skills any feudal peasant should be expected to have, such as farming and animal husbandry. In addition to this, you're also an experienced practitioner of a single trade of your choice: For example, blacksmithing, woodcarving, or cobbling. As long as it's a trade you could find in your average Medieval town, you can choose it for this perk.

Hunter of the Bulgar Mountains – 200 CP

In the barren landscape of Bulgar, hunting is an essential skill for survival, and you happen to be quite adept at it. You have extensive skill with all manner of ranged weapons, from bows to flame-lances, and are an extremely capable hunter, able to take down all but the largest beasts with contemptuous ease. Not only this, but you also have a knack for taking down fast-moving or flying creatures, predicting their movements before loosing an arrow.

Peace Amid the Chaos – 400 CP

It seems that almost everyone, from the most innocent to the worst of killers, simply wishes for a quiet life. While this is no more than a dream for most, you will actually have this. Miraculously, your very presence seems to exert a calming presence upon the world around you. Marauding armies leave your land alone, natural disasters leave you unharmed, and bandits never bother you while travelling. If you wish for excitement, however, you may toggle this protection on or off at-will, and adventure and danger will still find you if you explicitly seek it out.

Acolyte of Soryandum – 600 CP

It appears that, somehow, you have managed to harness some of the strange powers of Soryandum for yourself. At-will, you may assume a translucent, wraithlike form in which you become completely intangible, able to phase through objects as if they were air and immune to all physical, non-magical weapons. While wraithlike you may also fly at your regular walking speed without limit, and can use telekinesis strong enough to lift an adult man with ease. It should be noted, though, that magic and energy weapons, such as flame-lances, can still affect you in this form.

Warlord

Hawkmoon! Hawkmoon! – 100 CP

In the chaos of battle, it's difficult enough to tell friend from foe, let alone who's who. You, however, have a very distinctive battle cry which is strongly associated with you. It seems that whenever you shout this cry, everyone who hears it instinctively knows it is really you who shouted it. Additionally, any ally hearing this will receive a minor boost to their morale while your foes will find their resolve slightly shaken.

Master at Arms – 200 CP

Very few have mastered the blade to the extent that you have. To you, it is as if your sword is merely an extension of your body. Fending off small groups of trained soldiers is well within your abilities, and you could duel the greatest swordsmen of your time for hours at a time without losing any ground.

You are Now my Guest... Forever! – 400 CP

Needless to say, death is an extremely inconvenient ending for many people. But you needn't worry about that. Now, it seems that even your worst enemy will try to capture you alive instead of killing you outright, whether it be in an attempt to ransom you, interrogate you, or something else. Be aware that this protection is not absolute, however – if you prove yourself too difficult or dangerous to imprison or your foe has a great bloodlust, they may still decide to kill you.

A Warrior in Jet and Gold – 600 CP

It seems, much like the Eternal Champion Dorian Hawkmoon, you have a mysterious, otherworldly guardian to watch over you. Now it seems that whenever you are in great danger, close to death, or lost, this person will appear from nowhere to protect, rescue, or fight alongside you, give some advice on how to achieve your goals, and then vanish when they are no longer needed. This protector is not infallible, though. While they are nigh-peerless fighter and supernaturally durable, it is still possible for them to die. If this occurs, however, they will return to life after a year has passed or at the beginning of your next Jump, whichever comes first.

While your guardian appears as a human armoured from head to toe in golden plate armour wielding a beautiful broadsword in this world, their appearance will change in future jumps to fit that world's technology level. Notably, their equipment and skill with whatever weapon they wield will always be of impeccable quality.

Aristocrat

Wonderous Wordsmith – 100 CP

If there is one thing the diverse nobles of this world have in common, it is that their eloquence never falters. If you do not wish to, you will never stutter, stammer, or stumble over your words while talking. Furthermore, you become quite the talented poet and playwright, perhaps even rivalling the likes of Bowgentle and Elvereza Tozer if you truly applied yourself.

Webweaver of Londra – 200 CP

To survive as an aristocrat, it is essential to keep up with the ever-shifting alliances, rumours, and schemes of the royal court. While this is a struggle for most, you are a master manipulator, with the art of intrigue being little more than a game to you. People invariably seem to find you extremely trustworthy subject and a steadfast ally, and would never even suspect you would backstab them unless they had damning evidence otherwise.

Kamarg Shall not Falter – 400 CP

War is perhaps the only constant of life in Tragic Europe, so it is certainly a good thing you are one of the greatest generals of your time. You are a true master of strategy and tactics, the kind born once in a century and an equal of the likes of Count Brass and Baron Meliadus. Whether it be capturing a heavily-fortified city of elite warriors or defending your homeland against an army ten times the size of your own, you can devise and pull off a plan to accomplish it.

I Swear by the Runestaff! – 600 CP

When Baron Meliadus swore bloody revenge upon the Runestaff, he knew not the extent those few words would have on the destiny of so many. But while the effects of the Runestaff may be unpredictable, you have found a way to bend it to your benefit. Now, whenever you swear an oath to accomplish some great task, you will find that fate itself seems to bend to your favour. Not only will you seem to run into many more allies and opportunities to aid you in accomplishing this endeavour, you also find that your intelligence, charisma, and physical prowess are noticeably greater when acting to achieve it.

Be aware, though, that oath breakers may suffer the direst of consequences.

Sorcerer-Scientist

Sorcerous Learnings – 100 CP

The sorcerer-scientists of Granbretan are expected to possess a great breadth of learning, and you are no different. Your knowledge of Tragic Europe's science, both practical and theoretical, is now the equal of any respected sorcerer. This includes knowledge of how to build many of the technological marvels of the era, such as flame-lances and ornithopters, though more specialised devices like the mentality machine, black jewel, and Taragorm's temporal displacer elude you for now.

Caution of Taragorm – 200 CP

Without proper precautions, the work of a sorcerer-scientist can be just as dangerous as a career soldier. You never know when that fire cannon you're developing will spontaneously explode, or your prototype time machine will transport half your body centuries into the past. You, however, need not worry about such problems. You will never suffer dangerous malfunctions or mishaps in any of your experiments or inventions, no matter how dangerous your line of research. At worst they will simply stop functioning, suffering some minor internal damage.

Touched by the Black Jewel – 400 CP

The Black Jewel is one of the Dark Empire's most profane inventions. After the gemstone is grafted onto an individual's forehead, the sorcerer-scientists of Granbretan may then sense everything the bearer senses and, if they sense any sign of betrayal, kill them instantly with the press of a button. You shall never suffer this fate. Now, your foes will find it far more difficult to read your mind, hijack your senses, possess you, or otherwise affect your mind through scientific, magical, or psionic means.

War Without Limits – 600 CP

It is the aim of the Dark Empire to leave nothing unconquered and, indeed, they are proceeding well with this in the present. But what of targets they cannot reach, be they possessing of impenetrable defences or hiding in different universes altogether? You have the solution. Now, no matter what prevents you from reaching, attacking, or affecting your target, you can find a way to overcome it. If a defence seems impenetrable, you may yet find a weakness unknown even to the defenders and exploit it. If your foe flees in a parallel universe, you can develop a device to bring them back to you by force. Even if your enemy exists on a dimension higher than your own, you can train your powers to affect them no matter the difference in dimensionality. Truly, nothing is beyond the reach of your wrath.

Items

100 CP items are free for their origin, and all other items are discounted for their origin.

Commoner

Frenzy Gas – 100 CP

A strange and innocuous trinket, consisting of a long, hollow rod tipped on one end by a soft bulb, small enough to be inserted into a keyhole. By squeezing the bulb, a potent spray of poison, enough to affect a small room, is ejected from the other end. Once inhaled, the poison turns the victim mad, making them run wild and berserk before dying. The bulb can contain only one dose of the gas, which replenishes in full every day.

Mirror Helm – 200 CP

This perfectly-crafted helmet is featureless for two eye slits and an ornamental crest featuring a design of your choice. In addition to being indestructible, the impossibly-reflective surface is disorientating in battle, making your foes much less likely to hit you and warding you against minor sorceries. Furthermore, it will never stain or become dirtied so that its radiance can never be diminished.

Teng-Kampp Sphere – 400 CP

A technology found strange even by this world's standard, the Teng-Kampp Sphere is a futuristic land vehicle shaped like a perfect sphere with walls of shifting, flashing colours. Perfectly seamless while in motion, splits and doors can appear in the surface apparently from nowhere to allow entrance to a spacious and comfortable interior. Those driving the sphere will find that it easily traverses any terrain with ease and, while it has no weapons, is extremely durable, able to take impacts as if from a tank shell without breaking.

Crystal Ring of Mygan – 600 CP

Supposedly crafted by the Yelsh sorcerer Mygan of Llandar, these are simple rings made of a transparent crystal that grant the bearer a great power: the ability to teleport great distances. With a brief moment's concentration, the wielder can instantly transport themselves to any location they have already visited or seen in person, though not more than once per minute. Though it is not yet accessible to you yet, a great deal of further research and experimentation may also allow you to travel to similar locations in parallel universes, although this will be far riskier and more taxing on the ring's power.

Warlord

Noble Steed – 100 CP

It is a well-known fact that every great warrior needs a loyal mount, and you are no exception. You have taken one of the fantastic beasts of this world as your mount. This can be a horned horse of Kamarg, a giant flamingo strong enough to carry a man in full armour, or one of the enormous, horned mutant jaguars of Muskovia. Whichever you choose, it will be completely obedient to you, be able to take far more damage than normal, and, if killed, return to life after a day has passed.

Brass Armour – 200 CP

The value of a good suit of armour can never be understated, and this is one such example. A perfect replica of the beautifully ornate plate armour worn by Count Brass, this particular suit is stronger than steel despite apparently being wrought from pure brass. In addition, the bearer of this armour gains a greatly enhanced presence on the battlefield: Simultaneously a more awe-inspiring, commanding hero to their allies, and an intimidating, indestructible monster to their foes.

Mad God's Amulet – 400 CP

The Red Amulet looks like a large ruby on a leather cord, marked with the symbol of a staff. The power of this artefact is immense, and it is said to drive those unworthy to bear it insane. It is good, then, that you are considered a worthy wielder. While wearing it, you are completely immune to fatigue, feel no pain or fear, and are able to continue fighting at peak capability no matter how wounded you are. Additionally, you may expend the power of the amulet to gain a great boost to your strength, willpower, and durability for a minute. After doing this, however, the Amulet requires a while to recharge.

Sword of the Dawn – 600 CP

The Sword of the Dawn is a magnificent blade of incredible strength and sharpness, which glows with a fiery red light. The sword's main power, though, is its ability to bring forth the Legion of the Dawn. At-will, you may summon a small army of around one-hundred ferocious warriors, dressed in highly ornamental armour and blazing with rosy light, from thin air. The Legion of the Dawn follows your commands to the letter, and whenever one soldier is killed another will appear to take their place. You may dismiss them with a thought, though being disarmed, losing consciousness, or a dearth of willpower will cause them to disappear early, however.

If you wish, you may instead import an existing weapon that you possess to gain these traits.

Aristocrat

Masks of the Orders – 100 CP

In Granbretan, no nobleman would be seen dead without a mask. Indeed, masks serve a vital purpose in the Dark Empire's society, being an indicator of both rank, caste, and order. Those who wear wolf masks, for example, are the savage warriors of the Order of the Wolf, snake masks the sorcerer-scientists of the Order of the Snake, mantis masks the King-Emperor's personal bodyguards of the Order of the Mantis, and so on. You now possess a mask for every order of the Dark Empire, each intricately-crafted and decorated with valuable gemstones, allowing you to blend seamlessly into Granbretanian high society and perhaps access many areas you aren't supposed to.

Ornithopter – 200 CP

One of the greatest marvels of the post-Tragic Millennium era, ornithopters are small aircraft that fly by flapping their wings. This particular vehicle is a thing of great beauty fashioned in the shape of a giant griffon, all worked in copper, brass, silver, and black steel, with forty-foot wings. Two mounted flame-lances allow the pilot to blast their foes from above. While most ornithopters are powered by unstable steam engines and must be refuelled after short flights, yours will suffer none of these problems, possessing unlimited fuel and never suffering from spontaneous malfunctions.

Chirshil – 400 CP

Named after the Howling God of Granbretan who fought the demon Adulf before the Tragic Millennium, this is one of the great flagships of the Dark Empire's navy. Fitted with the latest technology, Chirshil is far faster and more manoeuvrable than you'd expect for a battleship of its titanic size, and is capable of carrying an entire army within its bowels along with a whole host of mighty flame cannons capable of melting through castle walls and reducing a man to burning dust in an instant.

Kamargian Artillery – 600 CP

When Count Brass became Lord Guardian of Kamarg, he brought with him an array of powerful, high-tech weapons to defend the province with. Indeed, such was the power of these weapons that they allowed the men of Kamarg to fend off a Granbretanian army ten times their size.

The first is appears to be a giant copper horn that, when fired, emits waves of a deafening shrieking sound. People it is aimed become incapacitated with pain, feeling as if their head would split, but its effect is much more powerful on those with better hearing than man. To them, it is capable of killing instantly.

The second is a green and purple cannon with a bell-shaped mouth that shoots forth a volley of white spheres. Wherever these bounce, great explosions of cold capable of freezing a man solid come forth.

The third is a catapult along with a seemingly-endless barrel of blue-tinted glass spheres. When shattered, these spheres release a hallucinatory gas that make those who inhale it see dreadful visions, overwhelming those affected with fear.

Sorcerer-Scientist

Flame-Lance – 100 CP

The most advanced ranged weapon of the era, flame-lances appear much like metal muskets tipped with a spiralling nozzle. These are thermal weapons that shoot a beam of hot red light that splashes around the target's body, often setting them alight. Unlike most such weapons, your flame-lance has an unlimited supply of ammunition, never requires reloading, and has no chance of overheating.

Acid Cannon – 200 CP

The acid cannon, the greatest invention of Baron Kalan of Vitall, is one of the most fearsome weapons ever conceived. When fired, the cannon spits out a huge globe of virulent green acid that floats on the wind towards its target. Upon contact, the globe explodes and corrodes anything it touches eating through men nigh-instantly and eating through stone as boiling oil might eat through ice. Fortunately, your cannon has no chance of malfunctioning and destroying its user along with everything around them.

Machine of the Black Jewel – 400 CP

Consisting entirely of delicate red, gold, and silver webs which move as if alive, this machine's intense beauty disguise its terrible nature. If a person stands amid the gentle strands, it will begin implant a device known as the Black Jewel into their forehead. After this has finished, anything that individual perceives is transmitted instantaneously to a device of your choosing by the Black Jewel, allowing you to see and hear exactly what they do. Furthermore, you may command the Black Jewel to activate with the press of a button, at which point it will consume the brain of its bearer, killing them instantly.

While it is impossible to remove the Black Jewel using modern medicine without killing its bearer, certain obscure sorceries can be used to dispel the strange science that powers it.

Artefact of the Wraith-Folk – 600 CP

This crystal machine, seeming to refract light at impossible degrees within itself, is just one of the many marvels created by the Wraith-Folk of Soryandum. When activated with a touch, the device rotates an area of space-time out of its universe of origin and into a parallel reality. This can affect an area up to the size of a city, instantly moving it to an entirely different universe. While a great amount of study will be required to have any real control over the destination universe, the artefact will default to the safest destination possible. If deactivated, the transportation is reversed instantly.

Companions

Import – 50 CP each

You may bring one of your current companions into this world. They gain a free origin, along with all of the associated free stuff and discounts, along with 600 CP to spend on perks. Alternatively, you may instead create a new companion. They gain all the benefits an existing companion does, but you also get to decide their appearance and personality.

Canon – 100 CP

You get the chance to make any one character that has appeared in any of the original Hawkmoon tetralogy a companion. Though you will have to convince them to accompany you, they will be naturally predisposed to like you and you will be guaranteed to have several opportunities to do this.

Drawbacks

There is no limit to the number of drawbacks you may take, and all drawbacks are removed at the end of this jump.

A Sickly Disposition - +100 CP

For the duration of your stay here, you will be stuck with a minor chronic illness. While this won't be anything serious, mostly being just frequent coughing fits, this can become annoying or possibly distracting if it occurs in battle.

Half-Man, Half... Something - +100 CP

You are stuck in the form of a half-man: A hairy, dwarf-like creature born from the bizarre coupling of a giantess and an experimenting sorcerer. While this won't affect your abilities very much, most people will tend to distrust you and making friends will be an uphill battle.

Surrounded by Madmen and Fools - +100 CP

You find it incredibly difficult to feel any emotion at all while in this world, taking the strongest of stimuli to provoke even the slightest reaction from you.

By Huon's Teeth! I AM BLIND! - +200 CP

You have been rendered completely blind for the entirety of this jump. Nothing, be it from this world or another, can restore your sight.

Servant of the Runestaff - +200 CP

Whether you like it or not, the Runestaff has appointed you its servant and will personally be controlling your fate. As soon as you arrive, a strange individual will appear to you, give you a quest to complete, then vanish. Upon completion of this task, another such individual will appear and the cycle begins again. No matter what you do, it seems you have no choice but to complete these tasks. No matter how hard you try, all attempts to abandon or defy these quests will fail, for increasingly improbable events will conspire to railroad you into completing them anyway.

The Jewel in the Skull - +300 CP

Unfortunately, it seems that the Dark Empire has decided to use you as a tool to further their own ends. A pitch-black gem has been implanted in your forehead, and while it is there the sorcerer-scientists of the Dark Empire can see and hear everything you do and, if they detect even the slightest hint of you betraying them,

the gem will consume your mind, killing you instantly. There is no way to remove the jewel without dying, though methods may exist to temporarily inactivate it.

Just a Man - +300 CP

All of your powers, skills, and equipment from other jumps, as well as your access to the Cosmic Warehouse, are sealed away and inaccessible to you.

Ending

Your ten years here are finally over: It's time to decide what comes next.

Decided that the life of a Jumper just isn't for you? Feel free to **Go Home**.

Taking a liking to this world and its characters? You can end your chain and **Stay Here**.

Or does the promise of adventure call you on to further worlds? **Continue On** your way, and may the Runestaff favour you always.