



(Lorwyn-Shadowmoor Part 1)

Lorwyn is a plane of two aspects. Bright and sunny Lorwyn, dark and dour Shadowmoor. They switch cyclically every 300 years, an unnatural event triggered by the Great Aurora.

Lorwyn is a world at peace, an idyllic storybook world of pastoral beauty where the warm sun never grows too hot and never sets. There are rolling, golden meadows; sunlit woodland trails, sometimes trodden by a flamekin pilgrim or an ambling treefolk; stony-bottomed, babbling brooks awash with tideshaping merrows; kithkin clachans ringed with springjack farms. Lorwyn has no large seas or oceans, only the merrow-controlled river Lanes and some ponds and small lakes. There are some mountain ranges, but they all seem pretty far off in the distance no matter how far you walk. Even its swamps are more like marshes or wetlands. Shallow, verdant, freshwater lowlands that support reeds, cattails, and pond lilies. The weather is summery year-round, and the plane doesn't have a proper nighttime. The sun almost goes down to the horizon, but then never quite manages to set. Glowky dusk is about the closest you get to night on Lorwyn, and then the sun climbs back up to midday. With the sun never going down and winter constantly held at arm's reach, the growing season is unending, which is the reason for the plane's incredible verdancy. Here there are no marauding dragons, no flesh-hungry undead, no selfish humans seeking to exploit the land and its people. Of course, just because there's no one out to destroy the world doesn't mean there isn't any conflict. With the wide variety of races and attitudes across the plane, it's inevitable that there will be some head butting.

Yet in the shadows of this world of eternal sunshine, trouble is brewing. Ancient beings are plotting to take advantage of the coming Great Aurora, which will come earlier than anyone expected. In the last few weeks of your stay, its coming will allow Shadowmoor's darkness to begin seeping into this world and corrupt some of its denizens into madness and hate.

You gain **+1000 CP** to spend in this jump.

THE GREAT AURORA:

This document is one-half of the Lorwyn-Shadowmoor jump, which is split into two parts. Lorwyn goes first, giving you ten years in this sunlit world before the Shadowmoor jump starts right as the Great Aurora sweeps across the land.

You have a separate CP budget for each of the two documents, but certain options chosen here may affect your experience in the Shadowmoor part. Most notably, you retain the Tribe chosen here by default (unless you choose a special option there to opt into another).

TRIBES:

Being one of the few places in the multiverse devoid of any humans, Lorwyn is instead inhabited by eight tribes of sapient races. You must choose one of these here.

Elf [Free]

Tall and lean, the elves of Lorwyn differ from most other types of elves in the multiverse in that they have large horns and deer-like hooves. And despite the veneer of elegance and grace they like to project, these elves are generally aristocratic, ruthless, and predatory. They act almost as if they've somehow ended up on the wrong side of the Great Aurora.

Flamekin [Free]

Beings of fire and mutable stone, flamekin are humanoid elementals with intense passions. The flame of their bodies normally burns magically cool, covering at least their necks and the back of their heads, but they can choose to burn hot at will. Still, being submerged into water brings with it a very real danger of guttering out and becoming just a rock on the riverbed.

Kithkin [Free]

Short and stocky, kithkin have stout bodies and faces that are round and almost pumpkin-like, with highly expressive features. While they are innovative and superstitious, their most prominent feature is their thoughtweb, a kind of empathic web all kithkin share. Thanks to this, kithkin are highly empathic even when speaking with the other tribes.

Boggart [Free]

Small and diverse in form, boggarts are Lorwyn's version of goblins. Apart from their general size, they come in a wide variety of shapes. Some have curving horns, others stubby ones, or none at all. Some may have long snouts, or claws, or tails. Even their skin varies from green to blue to beige to purple to red. But all are mischievous thieves and collectors.

Merrow [Free]

Fish-tailed and finned creatures of the rivers and water-roadways, the merrow are Lorwyn's merfolk. Often brightly scaled and talkative but lacking in emotion, they serve as couriers, intermediaries, and merchants. While incredibly fast in the rivers, they have severe trouble moving effectively on land without powerful magic due to their fish-like lower bodies.

Giant [100]

Aloof and individualistic, giants vary greatly in appearance. They're all big and humanoid, usually between thirty to forty feet tall, but other than that they can vary wildly in proportions. They tend to have one-track minds, with emotions as high as themselves. But still, they are easily the strongest individual warriors on Lorwyn and enjoy a centuries long lifespan.

Treefolk [100]

Ancient and wise, treefolk often serve as living repositories of lore due to their extremely long lifespans. Born from seeds like normal trees, they gain sentience and mobility through a process known as the Rising. The character, appearance and role of an individual treefolk on Lorwyn is mostly determined by its species. Most treefolk are ash, black poplar, rowan, oak, and elder trees, although there are a few individuals of other non-pine species.

Faery [100]

Whimsical, mischievous, and vain, fairies are mostly seen as nothing more than nuisances by the other races. Tiny and insect-like, their height is measured in inches. Nevertheless, their magic is surprisingly potent and faeries always come in threes. Together these cliques have fun, play pranks, gossip about secrets, and harvest dreams from the other races. While usually faeries live only a few years, by buying this you will be gifted with an extended lifespan by the Queen Mother, so you can actually live to the end of the jump.

LOCATION:

You are free to choose any publicly-accessible location in all of Lorwyn to start in, or you could roll 1d4 to choose one of the following options.

1: The Wanderwine River

Well, the shores of it, if you're not a merrow. The Wanderwine is the most merrow-trafficked and largest of Lorwyn's rivers, connecting to just about every waterway on the plane, and as such is always teeming with conversation and aquatic commerce.

2: Kinsbaile Clachan

The largest kithkin clachan in Lorwyn, Kinsbaile is surrounded by rolling fields that eventually give way to the forests of the elven Blessed Nation. The clachan also serves as a place for annual aurora celebrations, allowing people from all over to gather and share tales.

3: Giant Country

These mountains ring the plane's edges, home to far-ranging giants and wanderlust-stricken flamekin. The sacred (and volcanic) Mount Tanufel looms high in the distance, birthplace to many flamekin and the location of the Source of the Wanderwine.

4: Porringer Valley

A lowland region not far from the western border of the elves' Blessed Nation, thick with ash trees and boggarts. It is home to both a large number of ash treefolk shamans and warriors, as well as a variety of outcasts taking advantage of the treefolk's protection.

PERKS:

Idyllic Song [100]

Many of Lorwyn's people express themselves through song, and it would be strange if you couldn't keep up with them. You can carry a tune at the very least now, with a remarkably expressive voice even if you're not a particularly great singer otherwise.

You'll be able join in with your fellows whether they're singing a bold kithkin ballad, a sweet and ever-changing melody of the elves, or even a jolly river song as old as the merrows themselves and personalized by every singer. Though if you're hanging around boggarts, you might find that you're the only one not singing horribly off-key.

(Not So) Great Aurora [400]

Under the far-reaching glow of the Great Aurora, the Lorwyn its inhabitants know and have dwelled in all their life changes into Shadowmoor. Yet generally, they remember nothing of Lorwyn; to them, Shadowmoor is all there is, all that's ever been. Along with the drastic change of the world, the memories of the world's inhabitants are rewritten to comply.

While you might not be able to effect such massive transformations yourself, you do carry a sliver of this potential. When you make a lasting change through supernatural means, you may allow it to ripple through the world in a sudden, smaller aurora. Sixty heartbeats in which your transformation washes over the world, before it settles down in the blink of an eye. The result is a new world, one where your change was how things always were.

At least to most people. You may exclude those you choose from the effects of this aurora, just as the faeries do not change in the Great Aurora. And people more powerful than you or your spell will also be able to shrug off the aurora to remember what truly happened, though they gain no additional ability to reverse the change itself.



Faultless [100, free to Lorwyn Elves]

The faultless are the lowest caste of elf, the lowest status an elf could have and still be an accepted as an elf. To sink any lower is to lose nature's blessing entirely; such wretches have no status and deserved no name. These are cast out of elven society as the ugly, disfigured, or non-elves (which is by definition an ugly thing to be) are deemed eyeblights, creatures unworthy of respect or even, if it is deemed so, life.

Luckily, you now meet the minimum threshold of beauty and grace to be granted at least the basic rank of Faultless. Possessing no physical flaws and graceful enough that even as an untrained courtier you could somersault gracefully off a tall cervin mount, shimmy effortlessly up a tree, harvest a moonglove flower, and backflip fifteen feet to the ground while suffusing each and every movement with the agility and predatory grace expected of an elf.

Daen [200, discounted to Lorwyn Elves]

The daen are the leaders of the elf hunting packs, each of them an accomplished ranger such as yourself. Sure, swift, and silent. One could hold perfectly still, barely breathing, completely hidden by foliage and a hint of glamor, while you held an arrow unwaveringly fixed on an eyeblight below.

You have trained all your life for moments like those, mastering the sword and the bow and the trail so that when your nation demanded it, you could fight to preserve and expand its glory. Even your senses are sharp and discerning, your hearing and smell often telling you more than the sight of other people. More than that though, you know how to lead and maintain elfish discipline. With you leading a pack of elf archers, their perfect coordination would ensure no arrow would go astray and no target would survive the first volley.

And while not a true druid, you are still capable of calling on the magic of the forest for minor glamers to hide yourself, healing with or to a lesser extent without proper reagents, and could even channel the vital force of the forest into a wave of courage, ferocity, and loyalty if you had a verdant enough source.

Vinebreeder [400, discounted to Lorwyn Elves]

Elfish magic is the magic of the forest, wielded by the druids of the Blessed Nation to improve, cultivate, and if necessary, rearrange nature. You could serve the hunting packs as a battle druid. Launching dark green energy to kill a dozen fearies in an instant, drying them to twigs before they have time to squeal, or using greater magic to deal with larger pests.

But your more impressive talent lies with vinebreeding, the complicated practice of intermingling magical, thorny nettlevines with living creatures, producing living works of art that can be easily controlled like puppets. Elves used these vinebred beasts and warriors to help them secure their position of power in the world. The mere threat that those who opposed the elves risked becoming vinebred themselves was one of the reasons, perhaps the main reason, that the elves ruled most of Lorwyn.

If you wished, you could accept the embrace of the nettlevines yourself. Covering your body in a complicated network of nettlevines below your robes, shielding your chest with a breastplate of wood, and improving your strength and speed and focus immensely. Normally the use of the parasitic plant would shorten your lifespan to a matter of months, but with your skill the affliction is more of a symbiotic partnership.

Perfection [600, discounted to Lorwyn Elves]

Elf castes are ancient, immutable things that superseded tribal boundaries, an universal hierarchy of merit that separates the elves according to their inner worth and outer value. Perfect elves occupied the pinnacle of existence, so beautiful and so shrewd that they rule all other elves, being elite and exalted even among the nobility.

As one of the few elvish Perfects in the world, you are strikingly beautiful without any effort. With a modicum of time and skillful effort to groom your appearance, you may indeed make yourself perfectly beautiful. And as a Perfect, you can kill those of low rank with impunity. Those most susceptible to your perfect beauty, such as other elves, might not even try to fight back or defend themselves, for fear of the slightest marring of your perfection. But personal attractiveness is not the only thing to determine one's social rank. One of your talents is beyond comparison in beauty, whether it is something like having the most beautiful voice in all of Lorwyn or even astoundingly elegant ability to manipulate and sculpt the living trees of the Gilt Leaf forest.



The Path of Flame [100, free to Flamekin]

Flamekin are a much wiser race than one might expect for a race possessing such intense and passionate emotions, being adherents of the Path of Flame, a process of physical and spiritual self-discovery that revolves around the fires that constantly burn upon their bodies. Each stage along the paths marked by a different color of fire, and new stages are reached by exploring the world, understanding one's inner self, and deep meditation.

Though you have only started walking this path at the first stage, the red flame, your fiery nature still affords you some advantages. The flame of your body burns magically cool, but you can choose to burn hot at will. This and the ability to heat any weapons you carry into battle, makes you a deadly enemy to anyone, and especially to flammable opponents. On the more creative side, your flames could be used to draw burning glyphs in the air for a few moments or serve as a boon with any tasks that require fire, such as smithing.

Pilgrimage [200, discounted to Flamekin]

The strong, intense passions of the flamekin drive them to wander the world, leading them to semi-nomadic lifestyles. But it is devotion to the Path of Flame and their almost spiritual connection to the mysterious greater elementals of Lorwyn that truly inspires them to undertake their long pilgrimages all across Lorwyn instead of mere wanderings.

A flamekin pilgrim's path is meant to be a solitary one, a journey that shapes and is in turn shaped by an individual. As travelers and wanderers, the pilgrims touch the lives of many others, but only briefly. As messengers, they bear news to others - the dire and the wonderful, items trivial and profound alike. Even the elves have deemed the pilgrim's people worthy of being couriers, at least during times the flamekin were in their favor.

You can carry a bit of that trustworthiness with you, making yourself seem like an ideal courier to carry whatever message must be borne. More personally useful might be the ability to open yourself up to the guidance of the elementals, allowing that which guides you to impel you in the right direction. The path shall lead you either to new experiences and self-discovery, or simply towards places you wish to go if you favor more worldly concerns. They might even guide you with creative impulses in the crafts.

The path presents itself to the pilgrim.

Inner Flame [400, discounted to Flamekin]

Flamekin spells do not simply burn, and pilgrims seek far more than to simply ignite bigger and brighter fire. Flames are the magic's primary form, but it is not merely heat that flickers up from the eyes and joints of flamekin mages. It is initiative, inspiration, the itch of curiosity, and the impulse towards action. A flamekin's fire is joyous, creative, and urgent.

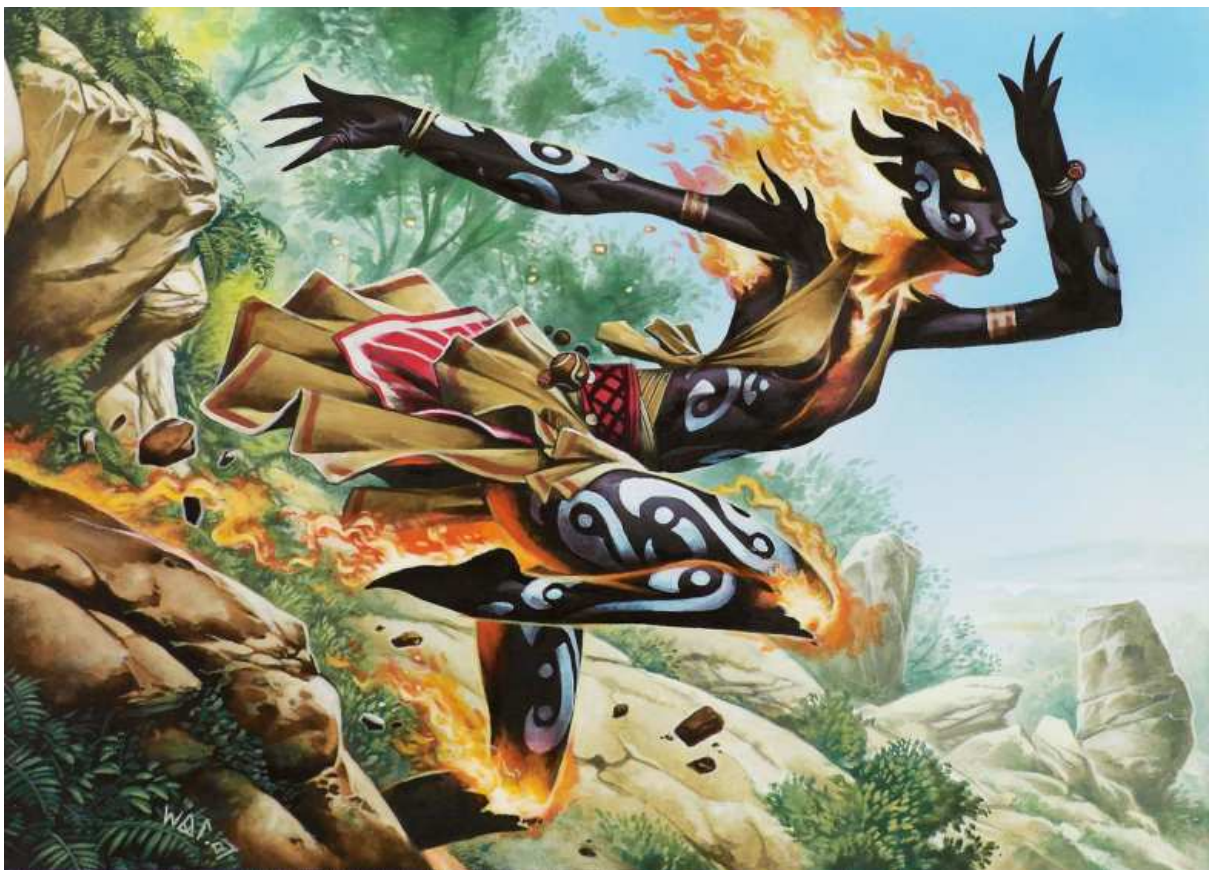
As a flamekin mage your flames have many uses, from the obvious combat use of throwing fireballs far hotter than any giant's forge, or the conjuring of sheets of plasma to incinerate incoming arrows before they strike you, to the more involved cool-burning blue flames that allow you to examine and heal the minds and bodies of others.

But the most potent flame you could produce are white flames, their misty silver-white fire suffused with your spirit and emotions as well as your intellect and discipline. It is a cool fire that soothes troubled minds, makes you more alert and energized the longer you sustain it, and can be extended to others to feel and awaken their own initiative and urgent impulses. You could let it fill the void of a mind suppressed and wake your subjects, or perhaps grant a spark of initiative and emotion to what had previously been a mere automaton.

Pure Combustion [600, discounted to Flamekin]

The blue stage of the Path of Flame, attained exclusively by the wisest and most experienced of flamekin mages. Beyond fire, these elders have the ability to unleash pure, infinite combustion and incendiary energy. They could, if they wished, cause destruction on a wide scale to reduce dozens to smoldering, unrecognizable corpses and blast the land. But they also have complete control over their flames and are specifically trained *not* to cause such utter destruction. The precision of a practised tribal elder is such that they could demonstrate their heat and precision by conjuring a perfect faerie-sized cage of flame that fit its occupant like a second skin. So long as the faerie didn't move, he was unharmed. If he touched the flames, they'd burn his bones to ash.

While you might have to find a faerie volunteer if you want to replicate that show, your own control over your flames and magic is suitably perfect. Collateral damage is a thing of the past, and calling on the pure energy of combustion grants unparalleled destructive ability. Other more practical uses of this control might include floating through the air on diffuse jets of light that match your flames, or sending forth a wave of almost invisible heat to cause stone boulders to explode.



Thoughtweft [100, free to Kithkin]

The fundamental force that drives kithkin psychology is the thoughtweft, an almost subliminal understanding of the minds of other kithkin. Thoughtweft naturally binds kithkin together into tightly knit communities; as the better they understand the thoughts and feelings of your fellow townsfolk, the closer they feel to them.

This isn't full-on telepathy or mind-speech, more like the empathic bond between twin siblings, but with a touch of magic mixed in. It's an extremely accurate reading of the body language and mood of other kithkin, that enables them to listen deeply to one another's souls. Kithkin are still individuals, and could "hide" thoughts from others if they so choose, but the thoughtweave connects their thoughts, moods, and actions subconsciously to their tight-knit communities and can even be called on from large distances. It lets the kithkin soldiers act in perfect unison, executing unrehearsed but flawless tactical positioning and movements, and gives them the ability to cooperate like no other species.

Connected to the thoughtweft, you share such famous kithkin qualities like their aptitude for empathy and sympathetic listening to the troubles of even other tribes. More than that though, if you involved others into the elaborate dances of the regular Lammastide Dance you could call on the magic of the thoughtweft to heighten and solidify these bonds... or create them where there were none, if you have strange friendships.

Powdermage [200, discounted to Kithkin]

Kithkin use a lot of powders and dusts to perform their spellcraft, which in turn necessitates a lot of containers - urns, jars, lockets, and pouches. There is an alchemical kind of magic, inextricably linked to their innovation. They build flying steeds that are part bird, part pottery, defying the wind with powers sourced from a big collection of jars and urns, they trap others in oblivion rings with circles of fine particles, and even nurse their own back to health with inscribed patterns made from specially-prepared dust laid out in a circle.

You are now exceptionally skilled at this, feeling at home with kithkin alchemy and knowing just which powders to mix and grind up to get the effects you want... and the right containers to carry without overburdening yourself with too much excess weight. You could also be considered a remarkable potter too, if you wanted to create your own jars and urns.

Innovation [400, discounted to Kithkin]

Beyond the thoughtweft and their community spirit, kithkin have other quirks. They are innovative builders and alchemists, using both craftsmanship and magic to construct melee weapons, armor of leather and bronze, bows, slings, traps, farming equipment, furniture, potions, powder-bombs, barrier rings, flight auras, and balloon-driven air vehicles.

Whether it be an ingeniously designed bow that could double as a flying device or a more obvious balloon, a gleaming suit of armor or a robe stuffed to the gills with trinkets and devices, you are a master at designing and creating all of these.

But it's when you try to mix this simpler artifice and magic seamlessly together into a complete whole, with perhaps a bit of alchemy as well, that your innovative genius truly shines and allows you to design and craft things unheard of before.

Your creations will be worth more than the sum of their parts.

Hero of the Clachan [600, discounted to Kithkin]

While all kithkin feel the thoughtweave in the back of their mind when they are amongst their fellows, a select few benefitted more greatly from the connection. The heroes of their villages are empowered by thoughtweft more directly than others. They may spend much of their lives relying on it, using the urging of the kithkin who love, respect, and admire them to guide their decisions and give them strength. Empowered by this hero worship, these kithkin are more like heroic avatars of their communities.

As the new Hero of your home clachan, you share in this bolstering. The faith of the village's kithkin raising you to heights few others could reach. But not just anyone could win a place as a clachan's hero, it does require actual skill too. Accordingly, you're a ranger without comparison. You know the fields, the hills, and the forests around your clachan like the back of your hand, could fly a glider better than anyone, and your skill as an archer is celebrated throughout the community. If you had a few minutes preparation, you'd be able to take down a full pack of a dozen elvish hunters without breaking a sweat (as long as you stay out of range from their swords).

And to keep up the living legend created around you, you will need more than mere deeds and skills. Luckily, you're also more than talented enough to translate your escapades into verse to form ever-popular, evolving ballads rhyming couplets about your exploit, ones that would joyfully compel kithkin festival-goers into spontaneous sing-alongs. You'll only have to teach them the words.



Sensational Curiosity [100, free to Boggarts]

Boggarts are collectors of sensation, their lives revolve around the novel and interesting. New sensations, new experiences, and new treasures. Anything to hold their attention. This is because, while they aren't particularly intelligent thinkers, they are extremely *perceptive*, at least in the sense that they perceive a lot. Your senses are just as intense: if you were to have a neurosurgeon look in on your brains, they'd probably find that the nerves from your sensory organs lead directly into your pleasure centers. Accordingly, you can enjoy almost any sensation, whether that be a delicious freshly-baked pie, a facefull of burning hot tar, or the squeak of a dying warren mate. You'd find pleasure in all of these sensations and more with your newfound sensory intensity. The stronger and stranger the better.

Skulking Thieves [200, discounted to Boggarts]

This constant desire for novelty is what gives rise to the boggarts' behavior of exploring and stealing. If during their travels through kithkin territory, they smell delicious pie resting on a windowsill, they'd steal it and bring it back to the warren. If they spotted a shiny stone in the river, they'd grab it and obsess over it all the way back to the warren. They skulk into towns to startle passing children by grabbing at their ankles from under a rock. They practice their goatnapping skills on kithkin herds, in preparation for the ultimate prize: a giant's cloudgoat. Your skills are no less, sneaking into the clachans of the kithkin like a mischievous, thieving ghost and confounding elvish hunting packs. If you had the opportunity, you might even be able to pull that greatest of giant goatnapping feats, by sneaking past a sleeping giant to steal their immense cloudgoat away.

But for most boggarts, their kleptomania is largely accidental. They only want to get their grubby fingers onto treasures, for the novelty of sensation it brings. So just remember the only real rule amongst boggarts: all new treasures and experiences must be shared. Those who hoard their gifts commit the one truly unforgivable sin and face exile if caught.

Swamp Magic [400, discounted to Boggarts]

Now, the Boggarts might not have been the smartest or the most learned, but they still have a certain kind of ingenuity to them. A skill of improvisation that allows them to come up with magic as disgusting as it is deadly, and as the newest shaman of your warren, your skills are counted amongst the evidence of this. Launching stinking balls of fodder at their enemies, or burning tar for that extra crispy experience. Though such spontaneous magic, as impromptu as the weaponry they cobble together, is hardly the greatest use of boggart magic. Through the practice of weirding magic, shamans can split an existing boggart in two, both the right and left sides of the creature turning into new boggarts to swell the warren's ranks.

They only need half a brain anyway.

But perhaps the most interesting of boggart magics ties into their beliefs of life and death. Unafraid of death in their shenanigans, boggarts believe they will be reincarnated as newborns if their curiosity gets out of hand. Usage of these mystical boggart birth rites allows you to reincarnate fallen warren mates as squalling newborns, primarily so they might tell you what they saw and felt in the beyond. You could even set up a rite in advance to bring yourself back from death, though such a feat would only work once a decade and still leaves you a helpless newborn. Not the best way to find new sensations. Maybe only try it once.

Auntie Jumper [600, discounted to Boggarts]

Boggart warrens are led by nominal leaders called Aunties. One part cunning, one part wisdom, and an optional part of madness, you share in the knowledge of the Aunties and hold great influence over both your own boggart warren and any other goblins. Because even if you aren't the oldest boggart in the warren, you're probably the most knowledgeable and wisest amongst them (and yes, if you're male, you're still called "Auntie").

You know many tales, like fables, which boggart Aunties tell to educate their warren, pass on crucial boggart teachings, and adjudicate disputes. The most famous Auntie fables are about Auntie Grub, a folk hero to the boggarts and probably a real ancestor. Auntie Grub's tales still guide boggarts today and are particularly helpful for informing young boggarts about racial enemies, dangerous predators, poisonous plants and fungus, and the like.

But knowledge isn't everything, since you also have the skills to herd cats, ahem, guide even such curious and excitable creatures as young boggarts. Tending to the children of other two-legged tribes wouldn't even compare in difficulty. In addition, your own tales are particularly memorable and over time your exploits would form into folk tales every bit as helpful as those of old Auntie Grub, setting you up for immortality in the fables of the boggarts. And any others you decide to guide with your practical wisdom.



Calm of the Father-Lane [100, free to Merrow]

Merrow are often thought to act somewhat like "cold fish" by the other tribes of Lorwyn, displaying only limited and restrained emotions. Even familial connection seems to mean relatively little to most merrow. Of course they make up for this with razor-sharp minds and razor-sharp tongues, but this detachment itself can be useful.

While you likely won't suffer the usual merrow difficulty in reading landwalker expressions, the opposite is not true. It would be supremely difficult for others to accurately gauge your emotions from your expression, courtesy of the fishlike stare you can affect at will.

It's not entirely an act either, because you may dull your emotions to keep calm when you need to focus. Like when you need to save your ferry passengers after your apprentice got eaten by an especially big and aggressive arbomander, or when you need to negotiate a price for a ferry ride while an entire pack of elves is chasing your prospective customers.

Wellgabber [200, discounted to Merrow]

Speaking of customers, the merrow are known as the most mercantile of Lorwyn's tribes, serving as intermediaries, diplomats, and merchants everywhere the near-omnipresent network of river-lanes reaches. Even landbound-villages usually have a well connected to riverways through underground lanes, allowing wellgabber envoys to pop up.

You might as well join in on these mercantile endeavors, as you already possess the quick wit and trading skills of the best of them, able to easily dominate conversations with landwalkers and your less-practiced fellows alike. The fact that you're well-traveled enough to be sure to have excellent tales to tell doesn't hurt either.

But your speech itself might be your most useful weapon, rather than any of the great tales you might tell, because it's not merely that your voice is steady, mellifluous, and rich with harmonics. No, you've learned to weave hypnotic glamers into your speech, which can prove quite influential to the unsuspecting listener. Some travelers have lost fortunes just by stopping to gossip with the clever merrows.

Ferry Magic [400, discounted to Merrow]

What most denizens of Lorwyn call "ferry magic" is indeed magical, a gift from an ancient merrow who had mastered the art of manipulating water. These days, the magic is so much a part of the merrow as a people that its use feels natural as breathing, even to a novice.

But it is the ability to shape water into functional and beautiful forms that separated the ferrymen from the fry. Experienced ferrymen can create elaborate ferries of shapewater, holding it in these magically-solid forms for as long as necessary for whatever journey they've been hired to perform. Along with a practical tricks like shapewater breathing masks or bubbles of air for any landwalkers you're taking down into the depths.

With your skill at these tideshaping arts you would be one of the more talented ferrymen if you ever decided to ply your trade on the rivers, and your swimming expertise does not lag behind. You could swim faster than most landwalkers could ever move by combining your movements with tideshaping, and effortlessly maintain balance with deft maneuvering through dueling currents, even as you enter the exact point in the river's tumultuous course where they meet. An art most merrow never needed to perfect, but one that was key to the ferryman's manipulation of the currents of magic.

Aquitect [600, discounted to Merrow]

The ferry magic seen by landwalkers is far from the only way the merrow use their ancient magic of water. Aquitects use their magic to redirect rivers and maintain their network of waterways across the world, shapewater orbs to allow for two-way communication between Tideshapers, and deep below the water's surface the architecture of the merrow primarily uses permanent shapewater to construct their gleaming walls.

You've gleaned these secrets now, your water manipulating magic growing more powerful to let you command and redirect entire river-lanes, even as you've learned the complex art of permanently turning normal water into gleaming shapewater. The magic used in the creation of these fixtures of merrow architecture has about as much to do with the magic used by merrow ferrymen as the kithkin have to elves, producing glistening crystals totally unlike the mere solidified water created by lesser merrow mages. Along with these, you've also learned a few more tricks of the trade, like the creation of linked shapewater orbs that allow one to speak and see through the two-way link with only a little effort of will (though it would take longer to create an orb a landwalker could use).



Name Sleep [100, free to Giants]

When a giant sleeps deeply enough, this can change them. These periods of sleep are called namesleep, and while they are rare through the centuries, all giants experience at least one if they live long enough. The one that gives them their initial name, revealing their purpose to them. Should their dreams be troubled by trinkets and machines causing all the world's woe, for example, a giant might take the name Tarvik Relicsmasher upon waking. You may take a name yourself now, one that summarizes what you do and believe in. Perhaps you take after the Meanderer, constantly babbling? Or simply dedicate yourself to a particular pursuit. Should you decide this is no longer what you wish out of living, you can let yourself fall into namesleep to take a different name. A giant called Moran the Destroyer might get so tired from a truly exhausting battle against treefolk that he falls into namesleep, and wakes again as Moran the Gardener instead. And if you are content with your current name? Then you can simply take a page from Rosheen Meanderer, and keep the name you had despite the namesleep.

Arbiter [200, discounted to Giants]

Giants are blessed with a, quite literally, lofty perspective and many of them are trusted by the smaller races as arbiters of difficult interpersonal conflicts. Even when a giant's verdict might sound illogical to others, his broad perception is trusted and accepted. Much like these massive arbiters, your judgment will be similarly trusted by others.

As long as you don't obviously show a bias or a lack of the broad perspective you're now assumed to have, people will continue coming to you for decisions on particularly tricky conflicts and will even accept any verdicts you pronounce unprompted if you seek out such situations. A judgement from you could end nearly any feud, burying the hatchet in favor of whatever you adjudicate. Only the most stubborn would defy your judgements, even if they are negative for themselves, and these most stubborn fellows are still more likely than not to play along at least until you have left the area. Angering a giant is a bad idea after all.

Oracle [400, discounted to Giants]

Some giants are renowned as oracles, trusted soothsayers who see the broadest view of all. They generally only lair at the very top of mountain peaks, reachable only by days or weeks of arduous climbing. Their answers can be among the most valuable experiences a traveler could receive while on Lorwyn. Others wander the world, sharing their foreknowledge in the form of indecipherable babbling.

Whatever you decide to do with it, you share in this foreknowledge now too, being counted amongst the oracles. Perhaps another sibling to Kiel and Rosheen, considering how strongly the foreknowledge runs in their family? It is not an infallible sense, but you will often start battles and ambushes already knowing the outcome. Perhaps one of the elves you're working with will trigger the ambush too soon, leaving you to pick up the pieces with a proper and fun smashing. Maybe don't mention that to the elf packmaster who is going to be disgraced for requiring your help, they can get so high-strung about perceived insults. Predictions over the longer term get muddier, usually cryptic and opaque until it is too late to do more about them, but accurate nonetheless. Larger events, like something that would affect an entire nation or a plane would be much clearer to your sight, allowing you to interpret those visions more easily and always keep ahead of the general happenings.

Ancient [600, discounted to Giants]

Forget sight, sound, and smell, most people know you are right in front of them without any of those. They can feel the deep magic coming off you in waves, forces churning and pooling against your considerable surface that are not natural but supernatural. Ancient beings amass huge stores of knowledge and magic over the course of their long lives, and you now count amongst the most ancient of giants.

You were born on a day when everything changed, during an aurora long ago. It was not your fault your birthday was special, it just happened that way. Now centuries later, your venerable age is perhaps only rivalled by the oracle Rosheen Meanderer and the yew treefolk Colfenor. Your very presence continually affects an area the size of a valley around you, concentrating the local arcane energy and perhaps even altering it.

Should you decide to take a long rest somewhere, whether you slumber in an isolated valley or someplace else, the sheer concentration of arcane energy swirling and accumulating around you might even start to draw in changelings in droves, as easily influenced by powerful magic as they are. It also provides a rare opportunity to the mages amongst the small folk: What is impossible anywhere else in Lorwyn might well be achievable in your shadow.



Roots of the World [100, free to Treefolk]

A treefolk knows much just through their connection with the soil of Lorwyn. Each step you take introducing you to new ground, new sensations, and new sources of nourishment that come in strange, exotic flavors. Through this, they learn the language of Lorwyn itself. With this understanding, you can glean much through your root-feet. The soil beneath your roots could tell you what happened to someone who vanished into the realm of elemental fire, could tell you where to find them when they touch the soil once more, and give you a general idea of the terrain and your path. The ground has no reason to lie, but some things might get left out. Rivers for example might only be identified by the shape of the riverbed.

Poplar Resilience [200, discounted to Treefolk]

Black poplar treefolk grow fast and regenerate even faster. They can spring back to life from a variety of injuries, and owe much of their regenerative power to the fertile mud of the swampy areas they live in. While you might not take root in such areas yourself, and might not even be a black poplar, you share in the incredible regenerative powers of these treefolk. Losing your leaves and even branches isn't particularly debilitating for you, with it only taking a moment for you to direct sap away from a branch, even one of your limb-branches, that has been broken off before you can move on. As a tree you don't feel pain like flesh creatures do, you feel it only as a signal of trouble. Then you can shut it off, and patch it up. There is never any prolonged 'hurt', and with your regenerative capacity rarely any long-lasting harm either. It'll still take time to regrow foliage and branches, but if you got burned through some terrible circumstance, the burns would already be growing over with hardened sap and green, new bark by the time you're taking stock of the situation again.

Treefolk Magic [400, discounted to Treefolk]

Treefolk character and roles are largely determined by their plant species. Ash, birch, oak, rowan, and black poplar all have different roles in treefolk society. And aside from their appearance and build, the biggest signifier of this is the magic they wield. Each species of tree has their own type of treefolk magic and though technically nothing prevents them from learning other types, they tend to stick to the tree lore they are most suited to. And suited to it you are, talented and knowledgeable in the magical lore of the treefolk, with the benefit of decades of education by the elders of your birth-grove. Depending on your species of tree, this can take different forms. Whether you are an expert at summoning magic like the mysterious rowans, the dark and poisonous magic of yew trees, or even the obscure shamanistic magic used by the black poplar Doran to turn the natural durability of treefolk into their greatest advantage. Should you wish to, you may purchase this multiple times at a discount to learn additional styles of treefolk magic.

Seedguide Sage [600, discounted to Treefolk]

Treefolk are born from seeds and grow into mundane trees, but some of these trees awaken into sentient, mobile treefolk through a process called the Rising. As a sage of the treefolk, you are a master seedguide. One of those treefolk elders who prepare the seedlings, tend to the saplings, and educate the youthful treefolk in the wisdom and oral history of their elders. Until finally, these treefolk decide to pull up their roots and wander the world. This is a long process, one that takes years, maybe decades, before a tree becomes conscious. And then decades more before they are ready to leave their birth-grove and

choose a name for themselves. With your mastery of root lore though, this need not be the case. With the appropriate spells, a seedling could grow into a six foot tall sapling within mere days, and open its eyes several seasons too early. But while such saplings could dredge their roots out of their planting beds quickly, they would remain dangerously naive without the benefit of the decades of wisdom and teachings normally provided to them. Additionally, you are adept at teaching the shorter-lived races your magic. No matter if it is the magic of your species of tree, the nurturing path of the seedguide, or something stranger still, you will be able to make even the least interested students learn. If they're not as eager to work with you as the elven seedguides the treefolk sometimes take on, they can even figure out inventive ways to adapt the magic to their own occupation and goals. More importantly, such mentorship forges a strong empathic connection to your students. You gain a vague sense of where your students are and what they are doing, and may contact them telepathically at any time. They too may speak to you through this connection, though they don't learn anything else, and may even ask for your aid in their spellwork. Calling on the arcane power and knowledge of a treefolk sage is a great boon for many here.



Clique [100, free to Faeries]

Faeries come in threes, forming small groups called cliques as they emerge one by one from the Great Mother, Oona, Queen of all Fae. Sharing a mind with your clique siblings, you are able to feel what your siblings feel, know what they know.

Hard distinctions between you and the siblings shattered once the youngest of your clique woke, received their name, and rose into the sky. Three faerie bodies and three faerie minds slipped into perfect coordination, parts of an unified whole, and drank deeply of the love and magic that Oona offered. You can still make individual choices, do things on your own, and if you really wanted to you could even hide your thoughts. But thoughts are difficult to hide, requiring concentration most faeries never bother to learn.

You also share with the Great Mother, one voice added to an uncountable multitude, joined together in a joyous cacophony of everyone speaking at once. Speaking to her would require you to get closer though, visiting her in Glen Elendra should you desire her attention.

Adding additional people into this bond is possible, but without the Great Mother's power and unfathomable ability to process the cacophony of thought, there is a limit to this. Only a few people at a time can share their minds with you, starting at just the three of your siblings and queen, with this limit expanding steadily along with your power and mind.

Dream-stuff Harvest [200, discounted to Faeries]

It is thought that faeries do not dream, which would explain why they spend so much time harvesting the dreams of others. Faeries can distill these stolen dreams into a sparkling energy that they carry around with them, like a bee carries pollen. Whether the faeries transport, store, or consume the dream-stuff for their own enjoyment is unknown, but in large enough quantities it could represent a significant amount of magical power.

But simply collecting dream-stuff is hardly the only reason for you to root around in people's dreamscapes. Digging around in thoughts and memories is also an excellent way to get your hands on information and control, two of a faery's favorite things. And while giants with their giant dreams are the best prey for dream-stuff, tuning into the thoughtweft of the kithkin, a feat which isn't difficult for you now, makes the joyous job of collecting dream-stuff and juicy information from them a breeze. Your clique could cover an entire clachan without even straining and without missing even a single story.

Mischievous Tricks [400, discounted to Faeries]

Everyone assumes faeries are insubstantial creatures, mischievous tricksters who traffic in games and glamers, little more than colorful pests, really. Some faeries especially love to shatter that particular illusion, and while you might not be interested in that, the fact remains that you most certainly could disabuse people of the notion if you wanted to.

You could sing a slumber song directly into people's minds, a soft, echoing sound that would be quickly picked up and enriched by her siblings. No audible voice could ever match this silent song's fragile beauty and to the ears and minds of all non-faeries, it is an irresistible push towards unconsciousness. You could leave dusty trails of color in your wake, trails that bend and swing to surround your victim before solidifying into thick and hard solid bars of smoke and light, forming a magical enclosure to keep even a giant captive in the air.

And that's only the beginning of the special magics you have if strangers don't remember their place, from spells to render a person silent or stupefied while you abduct them, to more creative ways to blight your victims. You're fully capable of giving someone the head of an

ass just to keep them from talking, and to visit them with an unquenchable thirst on top of that to leave them both silent and miserable.

Oona's Spare [600, discounted to Faeries]

You're not quite what you seem. Faintly alien in appearance, like someone wearing a faulty glamer of what you're supposed to be. You don't smell quite right either. Nevertheless, your strong grasp of magic leaves you an expert in the weaving of glamer, which makes it obvious your appearance is no half-baked illusion. Probably.

In truth, you are an avatar of Oona crafted in the image of another, a failsafe created just in case the Great Aurora could affect the Queen of all Fae herself. The only problem is that you became aware of this and realised you need not follow her orders. And while you might not be the Great Mother herself, you do retain some measure of power beyond the weaving of common glamers. With smoke and fog and the rustling of a hundred brittle wings you could mire your enemies in sluggish magic or cast them into arcane mists to vanish and reappear somewhere in the forest far away from yourself.

But perhaps most impressive is your mind, which is structured such that it would seem impossible, unacceptable, and inconceivable to all of Oona's many children. If someone were to be rude enough to try crawling around your thoughts they would be in for an equally rude surprise, as you would be aware of it immediately, even if you have been lulled to sleep by powerful magic. Not that they would be able to glean much, even if you didn't defend yourself. Your thoughts are like a great dark sphere, featureless and impenetrable. Not the absence of a dreamscape, but rather a very large and very well-protected fortress, a round, dense monolith that shall prove impervious to faerie magic.



ITEMS

Outfit of Leaves [100, free to Elves]

It wouldn't do for a member of the Blessed Nation to be improperly attired. You will gain a small wardrobe appropriate to your caste and tribe, as well as your personal tastes.

Whether that be the typical Gilt Leaf green and gold elven threads, the distinctive silver robes of Immaculate caste vocalists, the gleaming armor woven from rare silverwood bark worn by Exquisite-caste packmasters, or the rich yet practical attire of a courtier of the Mornsong adorned with hues of amethyst, sapphire, jet, and silver.

Additionally, you will have some basic equipment consisting of a silver dagger, a silver sword of a make appropriate to your station, and a bow complete with a quiver full of arrowgrass arrows ready to be envenomed.

Moonglove [200, discounted to Elves]

A frighteningly poisonous plant, the source of a poison highly prized and extensively used by the elves. Its poison is deadly even in small amounts, taking down even towering giants. In precisely controlled, highly diluted trace amounts, its necrotizing properties can be used to etch or carve living tissue, such as skin or bark. And though Elves are the only known species on Lorwyn to be largely immune to its effects, raw and undiluted moonglove can still burn even their skin just with its acidity.

Every elf, even Perfects, carried a small supply of the plant's extract somewhere on their persons for emergencies and etching way markers. Your own supply never seems to run out and should you require more for some reason, it would be almost trivial for you to find the distinctive blue-white bells in unoccupied stretches of forest.

Cervin [400, discounted to Elves]

The steed of choice for elves, the cervin resembles a long-legged deer. Sleek and elegant, with overlong limbs that placed the cervin's back anywhere from ten to fifteen feet off the ground on a typical ride. Smooth foreheads gave way to the soft fuzzy antlers both male and female cervins sported. Their silky coats were a pale tapestry of woody brown and sunrise orange, and mature cervins sported white, catlike whiskers on their muzzles, lending their faces a noble air of wisdom and experience.

Their limber, stilt-like legs allowed them to negotiate the most treacherous woodland terrain without slowing their remarkable pace, the flexible set of limbs far stronger than they appeared. To an onlooker, a sprinting cervin navigating a large obstacle often resembled some strange insect or snake, not so much hurdling or climbing the impediment as flowing over it with its graceful movements.

Certain bloodlines and breeding stock are reserved for high-caste elves; anyone of a lower caste or tribe risks execution for so much as touching one of these rare and beautiful creatures. Accordingly, your own mount is as fine a specimen as might possibly be appropriate for your caste.

Vinebred [600, discounted to Elves]

Under the direction of the Exquisite leadership, elf druids spent months or sometimes years rearing and tending the vinebred. Virtually any living thing could be controlled by the special magic nettlevines that were the key to the process, taking root in the spine and spreading across their host's entire body until the original creature was entirely encased in tough, flexible braids. Tiny thorns along the vines pierced the skin of the host, feeding on its blood even as the vines returned nutrients and powerful, strength-enhancing magic back in the host body. Retaining the same rough shapes as the creatures they once had been, it was easier to spot the host body within the tendrils, moss, and flexible wooden musculature when they were in motion.

Once enshrouded, the vinebred creature was magically bound to obey the commands of all elves. The higher that elf ranked, the stronger his control over his puppet warriors. Vinebred creatures were not mindless, and they were not the product of necromancy. They were alive, and the most useful were intelligent and aware of their abilities and place in the order of Lorwyn. As perfect slaves they were not just willing to follow orders, but actively wanted to and often made extraordinary efforts to achieve the goals set for them.

You now retain the services of two dozen of these exalted creatures for yourself, a honor guard of elite vinebred made from your choice of whatever host creatures you might want. Whether they were boggarts, kithkin, or even cast-out elves who had been blighted like the most perfect of elite vinebred are made of. You might even choose to take vinebred giants, though each of those massive eyeblights would take the place of eight smaller creatures. Should they fall in battle, or live out their nettlevine-shortened lifespans, they may be quickly replaced with new vinebred of choice.

Outfit of Steel [100, free to Flamekin]

Flamekin don't have much use for clothing in their homes, but when they wander their woven-steel clothing keeps them from setting anyone's furniture on fire. Accordingly, you've gained a few sets of woven-steel travelling garments appropriate for a flamekin pilgrim, including a wide-brimmed and metallic steel hat that mediates the flames on your head. If you wish, you could exchange these instead for a set of Ember Fell monk's vestments, composed of plates of rare ironwood bark woven together with steel cords. These carefully sewn vestments take more than ten years to complete in full, with nine of those years spent collecting naturally shed ironwood bark.

Lastly, you could instead simply bring in another outfit you already possess and have it be converted from cloth into woven-steel. It would be a little heavier, but less flammable.

Either way, you will also have a polished steel tea set and a slowly replenishing supply of the ingredients for kerosin tea, so you could enjoy a polished steel cup of it whenever you like. Kerosin tea is poisonous to a creature of flesh and bone, but it's exactly what a weary pilgrim needs to recover. Just drinking a cup makes a flamekin flare with an almost immediate sense of renewed warmth and vigor. They don't burn hotter, just healthier.

Shrine-Fortress [200, discounted to Flamekin]

Not quite a true monastery, this is more of a shrine and a fortress of sorts. One that served as a lookout in times of war proudly set upon a mountain like great Mount Tanufel amongst outcrops, protrusions of metallic stone, and spires forgotten and unused for generations. The structure was built on geometries and sensibilities that would have been impossible to imagine for any architects but those made of living stone and flame. Curved, polished obsidian arches asymmetrically support a convex roof lined with ironwood tiles that resembles the attire or flamekin monks more than anything else, but those that adorn the wall are cut into more regular shapes. The roof in turn supports a spire that resembles nothing more than a rough-hewn stalagmite.

Like a smaller sibling of a proper monastery, it could house a small group of monks to watch the mountainside without a problem. There they could practise their arts, or prepare for a defense against enemies wishing to climb the mountain.

Elemental Golem [400, discounted to Flamekin]

At first glance this would have looked like a bare cliff face, a piece of the mountain like any other. But from a few steps back it was easy to see lines and fissures upon the surface of the stone. The lines forming shapes in the cliff face. Two legs, two arms, a head.

If you press a hand against the stone, the wall comes to life. The shape seen in the wall glowing with golden light, light that burned hotter still until it was purest white, white tinged - but only just - with blue. It would pull itself out of the cliff face like a sculpture popping out of the mold, except this sculpture was a walking chunk of the mountainside fifty feet tall.

The stone giant's form is roughly simian - long arms and squat, with its head resembling nothing so much as six feet of stone column with a face, set with unblinking eyes that glow a silvery white. It has huge, toeless stone feet and mittlike hands the size of kithkin houses.

The thing could cover half its height in a single stride, each step shaking the ground.

And now it's yours, waiting for you to wake and command it. It will serve you well as a massive living engine of destruction and perhaps a guardian. But aside from that, its simple mind and clumsy mittlike fists would be capable of little more than crude labour.

Greater Elemental [600, discounted to Flamekin]

On Lorwyn, abstract entities such as hopes, fears, dreams, and nightmares are just as real as the grass and the trees. A feeling of hope, for example, can lurk in the heart of a single kithkin, or it can manifest into a glorious, shining creature - an elemental of hope.

Elementals are manifestations of the highest form of magic, power so strong that it becomes a living, immortal thing. Vastly different in form from other worlds' elementals, the greater elementals take the form of bizarre combinations of natural animals, many of colossal size.

Sometimes elementals on Lorwyn vary in prevalence just like the abstract idea underlying them. If elves wage war on giantkind, then many-clawed elementals of warfare and strife can be seen with greater frequency. On the other hand, if bloodshed keeps to a minimum across the plane, elementals of violent death may themselves die out until their time comes again.

As beings of elemental flame themselves the flamekin feel a connection to these great elemental spirits. They regard them as totems or demigods that inspire their creative impulses, or frustrate their understanding. You now share this connection, a singular elemental deeply connected to you. They shall guide you on your path and endeavors for now, and share their power once you find them and deepen your connection.

Book of Kith and Kin [100, free to Kithkin]

Kithkin children remember stories from The Book of Kith and Kin as some of their earliest memories, and kithkin elders quote it to their dying day. The Book of Kith and Kin is a sort of kithkin almanac that collects together bits of wisdom, short tales, legends, practical advice, aphorisms, and superstitions written for kithkin, about kithkin, and by kithkin.

Luckily for you, a copy of this book is provided to you, giving you the chance to flip to a random page and read what's written there. Along with this, you will be given a collection of basic and mostly unspectacular totems and fetish to perform traditional kithkin auguries with. Most kithkin were adept at these ritual castings, and you could use them to vaguely forecast such things as tomorrow's wind and weather, a river's flow and speed, and perhaps even reassurance regarding the fate of your clachan should you be travelling away from home.

Springjack [200, discounted to Kithkin]

An odd cross between a shaggy sheep and a jackrabbit, these stump-legged farm animals are prized by the kithkin both for their soft, curly wool, their milk and mutton, and their use as mounts. Springjacks are fast when spurred into a sprint, and from a standing start they could jump higher than any cervin. But on the flipside, they are nowhere near as light on their feet. The shock of each of the sturdy beasts' jumps and landings rattles up the rider's spine as it rumbles forward, feet pounding the forest floor.

This example would be the pride of any herd and its shepherd, strong and healthy with especially thick, sturdy horns to hang onto when riding it. And possessing luxurious wool that would make for excellent material when the time for sheering comes.

Wingbow [400, discounted to Kithkin]

A rare kithkin invention that gives a skilled user the power of flight, a wingbow looks like nothing more than an ordinary shortbow at first glance. Albeit an elegantly carved one. When you require the utmost haste in your travel though, a flick of the wrist would be enough to reveal it's true utility as a flying machine. The grip will twist the bow around a quarter-turn, locking into place with a click, and then a pair of batlike wings will slip from the elegantly carved and cunningly constructed weapon. Speaking the name of your destination to the bow will then cause a gust of wind to materialize from nowhere, filling the bow-wings to launch you and whatever cargo you carry into the sky and towards your goal.

It comes with a complementary pair of silver goggles to pull over your eyes once you've taken to the air. Something to protect your eyes from the piercing winds.

Clachan [600, discounted to Kithkin]

Kithkin villages are called clachans, close-knit communities each headed by their cenns, who function like town mayors. As the newly-appointed cenn of one of these clachans, the kithkin of this village will be looking to you for leadership from now on. A large responsibility, but one you should be able to manage with the support of your community.

You may decide on a specific specialty for your clachan to have. Whether it be a clachan of smiths like Burrenton, one known for its goats like Goldmeadow, or simply an especially large clachan like Kinsbaile. Whatever the case, these rustic villages are generally composed of a group of central buildings ringed by farms and rolling pastures.

Kithkin generally welcome travelers of other races to their clachans, but may the elementals help those who try to do harm to these thoughtweft-strengthened communities. If someone's looking to start trouble, they're bound to have the entire clachan coming down on them.

Implements of Improvisation [100, free to Boggarts]

boggarts aren't the greatest at blacksmithing, weaponcrafting, or even whittling. So when it comes to arming themselves, they improvise what they can't steal. Yet even more so than they do in their magic, they show their ingenuity in this. Whether they're firing hedgehogs from a slingshot, lashing frogs to a stick, or gathering hornets in a fragile glass sphere, boggart weaponry exhibits a range of creative solutions for the goal of making someone hurt. Luckily, you've got a seemingly inexhaustible supply of both somewhat-agreeable critters and insects, as well as simple parts like sticks, rope, simple hides, and a few fragile spheres. Now you too can feel like a proper shaman and wave around a deadly adderstaff or a stick with a frog dangling from it (the frog does nothing)!

I still wouldn't recommend wearing a mass of live arachnids as a wig, no matter what nonsense Auntie Flint spouts about how interesting her spiderwigs are.

Footbottom Fire [200, discounted to Boggarts]

Now this is a remarkable treasure to share with your warren. Whether stolen from some flamekin mages or "found" somewhere else, it is undoubtedly something that would be the pride and joy of a goblin tribe. Not just an undying bonfire, which would be interesting but not terribly more so than normal fire to a boggart, but a tool to share the wildest new experiences you've found out in the world with your warren mates and others.

Boggarts dance and sing their off-key songs around small bonfires just like these when the time comes for their most important festival, the Feast of Footbottom. An annual reunion of the warrens, to get together and share new things and sensations. Usually accompanied by a potent scent of rot and vinegar. You'd be a main attraction at the feast if you brought this bonfire there, for its magic makes the sharing of new sensations much easier. Did you end up stuffing your face with an entire, fresh kithkin pie? That would be a little difficult to share normally, unless you could get an entire clachan to bake pies for you, but the bonfire can provide an alternative. Reaching into the flames, a boggart could pull out glamers based on their experiences, short-lived but more than strong enough to give your fellow boggarts an accurate recreation of the experience. It's illusionary nature means you don't even have to worry about anyone dying when you get to the "burning oil" part of the demonstration!

Moving it around is as easy as using it to light a smaller flame, perhaps a torch, and willing the fire's properties to pass onto the new vessel. It'll leave the former magical bonfire just a bonfire, and lets you carry the fire to your warren and wherever the next feast will be.

Protected Valley [400, discounted to Boggarts]

Like a smaller cousin of Porringer Valley, this broad lowland was thick with trees to the point that it was impossible for any kind of sizable force to advance quickly by land or sky. While it may not have the formidable defenses of the thousands of ash treefolk living at their ancestral home valley, it is still an outpost and a sanctuary under their protection. The outer edges of these thick, endless groves are rife with criminals and vermin, outlaws from every

tribe, yet so long as the visitors make no mischief and do no harm to anything of interest to the ash treefolk, they are welcome to roam the valley for as long as they like.

Boggarts live here by the score, entire colonies sometimes squatting like rodents among the roots as they wait out whatever trouble they've stirred up. Random gangs of boggarts would run and hide here whenever they had cause to run and hide. And besides them, bandits and other fugitives hide within, not to mention the place also being a last refuge for eyeblights and other disgraced elves. The only thing they have in common is respect for the ashfolk, which keeps conflict within the valley to a minimum. Sanctuary for one is sanctuary for all, but anyone who starts a fight that resulted in injury to a tree tends to disappear.

And now it's yours to scurry around in, a wretched hive of scum and villainy for you to use as a hideaway and a sanctuary if you need it. And while it may not be the best place to build any structures, unless you are very careful about not harming the trees, it would be an exceptionally good place to host such things as the annual Feast of Footbottom.

Warren Hovel [600, discounted to Boggarts]

Living in the marshes and wetlands, as flush with life as any other place in Lorwyn, the boggarts were always surrounded by creepy crawlies. There they made simple hovels and shacks on the hills of peat and boulders between the marsh water pools. Some were just piles of sticks leaning against a hollow in a bog-rooted stump. Others were more elaborate hideouts built to house greater numbers of treasures. The Stinkdrinker warren's hill of salvaged trinkets for example, was large enough to cut a door in.

Set deep in these bogs, this large hovel built on, in, and around a massive dead tree and a small hill of stolen treasures, serves as your own hideout. Here you can store all your ill-gotten treasures, go through the existing (and growing) pile of other treasures, and share any novel sensations you discover with your eager warren mates.

Oh yes, you have warren mates now. It's a small warren for now, but with boggart breeding rates their eventual size is only limited by their suicidal curiosity and whether you can keep them alive for a while. On the bright side, they see you as their Auntie and informal leader. Even if you're not all that old or wise, they're ready to enthusiastically, if not competently, follow their new Auntie's directions. Especially if it gives them a chance to outdo each other with exploits that might become as well-known as those of Auntie Grub.

Outfit of the Rivers [100, discounted to Merrow]

Though merrows rarely wear as much clothing as landwalkers, due to the difficulties presented with wearing cloth while spending most of your time in the water, they do have some specialized accoutrements. Eelskin belts are common amongst ferry captains, providing a simple place to store the gold thread they are paid with and some pouches to carry other items. You may gain one of those along with an eel skin shirt or jacket if you wish to look more respectable to landwalker eyes, as well as a merrow spinebow made from whiskergill bones. Alternatively, you could take up the elaborate silver armor and battle helmets of the more martial children of the river, which comes with a silver spear instead.

Sunken Chest [200, discounted to Merrow]

Preparations for a day you had hoped would never come. The location marked by surface and subsurface landmarks, pointing at a spot on the riverbed where you can dig into the brackish mud and find a buried secret. A sturdy wooden chest the size of a full-grown kithkin, reinforced and latched with gold. Well, gold plating on bronze, but one would never be able to tell that without close inspection and certainly not down on the riverbed.

The contents change, depending on what great need spurred you to dig up the chest, but they are always useful to you. Rarely will it solve your problems for you, but if some great catastrophe threatened the entire world it would at least allow you to survive mostly untouched. Perhaps it would hold supplies to survive, something to warn people and be taken seriously, or even an artifact that protects you personally from the effects.

Whatever might be in it, you will be able to find and dig up a new chest each jump, landmarks appearing at the nearest river when you look for it.

Royal Redoubt [400, discounted to Merrow]

Deep below the surface of Lorwyn, hidden behind cramped tunnels lay the redoubts of the merrow, the final resorts in case of catastrophe. One of these is now yours, located in a mammoth underwater cavern some two hundred feet high from rocky floor to ceiling.

In the center of the cavern is a fortress built in traditional merrow style, one that highlights just how much the merrow had compromised in the structure of their crannochs to accommodate landwalkers. There was no wood used in the construction of this redoubt, only stone, bone, and gleaming shapewater walls that glistened like crystal to form spires, gates, and columns. At the center of the shapewater structure lays a palace-in-exile fit for the leader of any merrow school, the most impressive of the shapewater structures making up your new, personal underwater fortress.

Crescent of Morningtide [600, discounted to Merrow]

This piece of jewelry might look like nothing more than an unassuming piece of flat, carved bone. Closer inspection, and perhaps a great knowledge of merrow traditions, would reveal it is anything but. The polished bone of this small crescent is adorned with silver inscriptions, and hangs on a cord thick, woven gold, ready to slip over your head when needed.

It marks the wearer as the heir of Morningtide, a title inherited though usually highly contested by the heir's siblings. Thus, the right to wear the crescent is earned by every one of their siblings. *Your* siblings, now, as you carry both the pendant and the inheritance it signifies. Bearing the crescent marks one as important enough both to command the respect of all other merrows and grants the privilege (and ability) to speak to the great elemental known as the Source of the Wanderwine, the Father-Lane whom the merrow revere as their true father, mother, and creator. Assuming you can swim up to the river's source.

More importantly, the crescent is far more than a simple trinket of authority, being an artifact steeped in the source's unyielding elemental power. The Crescent of Morningtide preserves your self, guarding you from even such far-reaching and powerful transformations as the Great Aurora. Bearing it allows the heir to strike a light within the darkened lanes, until the long night passes.

Outfit of Stature [100, free to Giants]

Giants often wear clothing of stitched-together hide or rough wool, inexpertly made and often little more than a loincloth. Finding enough material to work with at the scale they require is a rarity for the larger giants. A rarity you seem to have had no trouble with, as you have a remarkably fine set of clothes fitted for a giant. If you'd like, you could bring in an existing outfit to have it refitted for your new stature.

Similarly, if they even have weapons, their armaments are usually made from wood (often entire trees) and stone, due to the rarity of sufficient quantities of metal to produce a weapon of appropriate size for a giant. However, the angrier giants are often also some of the most skillful weaponsmiths of Lorwyn. Their grudges fuel endless sessions at the forge and massive forges, heated to temperatures only surpassed by flamekin magic, allow them to forge excellent weapons of titanic size. Whether you'd prefer the product of one of those forges or simply a stone axe that uses a full tree as a haft, you can gain one here. Or bring an existing weapon in to have it resized to fit your giant hands, if you'd prefer.

Thousand-Year Elixir [200, discounted to Giants]

A massive jug, of roughly decorated clay filled with a particularly powerful tonic. One sip from this could give an elf the paradoxical energy to actually tilt the jug. Or more usefully, the strength to uproot a tree and other such feats of might. For a giant, it would be quite a bit easier to pick up and take a drink from the jug, but it also acts more like a pick-me-up that revitalizes and energizes them than something that would give them the strength to knock down mountains. Though considering a giant at full strength could wander for weeks without interruption, providing that level of energy with a single sip is still quite something.

While normally this elixir would take a thousand years to brew, this particular jug never seems to run out, always being full for another sip when you need one.

Just do remember to also eat and sleep every so often? Running only on this tonic for months on end isn't all that healthy, though in a pinch it'll certainly keep you going.

Giant's Lair [400, discounted to Giants]

The home of a giant is most often an equally giant subterranean lair, a cavern that can stretch huge distances and may contain a variety of odds and ends both sized for a giant and for the smaller creatures of Lorwyn. You've gained one of these yourself now, a comfortable and safe home appropriately sized for yourself, with an especially impressive dolmen serving as the entrance to the cavern turned home.

Depending on your inclinations, it may be filled with simple comfortable furniture, storage space for all your miscellaneous trinkets and junk, a forge and metalworking tools, small platforms along the walls for small folk to use when they visit, or even a mystical cavern with runes so ancient only one giant has ever deciphered them. No matter what though, it shall serve as a comfortable and appropriately enormous home for yourself.

As a final consideration, you may also gain up to three small folk attendants with this.

Whether they be three friendly kithkin quite agreeable to their job keeping your home and possession in order, a couple of elves captured and put to work to humble them, or even a caged flamekin used to provide warmth and light.

Cloudgoat [600, discounted to Giants]

Especially wide-ranging giant travelers keep enormous winged goats as pets and steeds. Being just about the only creatures on Lorwyn that could possibly carry the weight of a giant, barring an elemental incarnation lowering itself to so mundane a purpose, these creatures serve as trusty mounts that allow giants to fly to Lorwyn's most distant mountain ranges, and perhaps even beyond the mountains to regions unknown.

Now you have gained one of these rare creatures yourself, a gleaming, white-furred goat that towers amongst the clouds, almost indistinguishable from them from the perspective of smaller folk. It is more than large enough for a giant forty feet tall to ride, far larger, in fact, such that it could easily seat an entire trio of such giants and still lift itself into the air on titanic wings. This immense goat steed will allow you to ride it, and otherwise follows you around with an aloofness that only a stubborn, horn-headed herbivore could muster.

Maybe you could use the cloudy white wool for something too?

Wood is Not Flesh [100, free to Treefolk]

Interestingly, treefolk do not consider the use of wood taboo. While they would consider it wrong to kill a living tree, they have no qualms about crafting and using tools made from trees that died. It is, in fact, their preferred material when they need something solid to work with, only partially because their magic often lets them shape the wood with more ease.

Besides, many species of tree are perfectly capable of regenerating from careful harvesting of branches, and treefolk almost always prefer the use of such wood. Some treefolk warriors even consider it a point of pride to use armor and weapons made from their own bodies (though in the case of some of the largest ash treefolk, they have little other choice).

You have a choice on your own armament. You can either gain armor made from tough but normal wood, along with a cudgel, staff, or even sword made of the same material. Or you could gain the same, but made from wood harvested from your own body. The latter would, of course, require that you're actually a treefolk.

Mantle of the Wanderer [200, discounted to Treefolk]

While most ash treefolk tend to stay in one place for long periods, Flann the Wanderer was one who wandered the world for her entire life, almost never returning to the grove of her birth. Flann was a wielder of powerful magics, and many sought her for advice. Though a recent forest fire claimed her life, she still managed to pass her mantle of Wanderer onto you. Or perhaps the young ash who would've found her otherwise passed the mantle on again, knowing she lacked the wisdom of her predecessor.

Whatever the case, you now find yourself with a weathered bag of magical tools, the title of the Wanderer, and very little additional knowledge. Nevertheless, you'll find that pilgrims will come to find you, each looking for answers and advice from the Wanderer, knowing the reputation for worldly wisdom that follows the name. Should you decide you are not able to provide the wisdom these pilgrims need, or if you get tired of giving cryptic advice to deflect their questions, you could also pass the mantle on once more for the duration of your stay in a particular world. Gifting the bag of magical tools to someone, with a ceremonial passing on of the title, they would then be known as the new Wanderer and attract their own pilgrims.

Murmuring Grove [400, discounted to Treefolk]

Treefolk are sometimes said to value the life of a tree more than that of skinfolk, which may have something to do with the fact that almost any tree could awaken as a new treefolk if it was ready to go through the Rising. Accordingly, they protect their groves fiercely. A duty that now falls to you as well, as you have gained ownership of a small grove of the Rising, a protected birthplace of treefolk filled with trees of your choice, whether they be one particular species of tree or a collection of all Lorwyn's species like a parliament of trees.

Trees planted here grow at an astounding rate, to the point that poplar saplings might shoot up to grow nine feet tall in less than a handful of days, and they seem to Rise more often than the trees in other groves do, even if left unattended. But it is the older trees who truly give this grove a special character, for the trees here speak and remember much. They might not be treefolk, having not undergone the rising themselves, but are still aware enough to speak amongst themselves and share their wisdom. Treefolk and druids can empathically understand them as though they were speaking, and if people of other tribes stay perfectly still, they may be able to hear the trees gossiping among one another as well.

Seedling [600, discounted to Treefolk]

A single seedbody, large enough to fill an elf's hands. Perhaps a compact, segmented cone or an oaknut in its shell. Most likely matching your species of tree, or one of choice if you are not a treefolk yourself. It holds the next generation of your line, old rituals ensuring that it is all but guaranteed to go through the Rising. More impressively, it shall be in possession of all your knowledge, though lacking your long lifetime of habits, opinions, and quirks.

Already the casing has cracked, revealing tantalizing slivers of green within. It is ready to sprout. If you plant this seedling just before your death, the sapling grown from it will strive to faithfully carry on your plans and preserve your memory and knowledge. So long as this sapling has sprouted and remains alive, you will not count your death as a failure of your chain, being revived at the start of the next jump. Your offspring's naivety might prove a hindrance to actually carrying out whatever plans you might have had though, no matter how much knowledge you pass on. Alternatively, you could simply plant it and raise a reverent sapling possessing of all your knowledge, if not your wisdom and experience. Either way, you will receive a new seedbody at the start of the next jump after planting it. And should you wait to plant it, it shall be patient in kind, its development frozen as long as you wish.

Outfit of the Fae [100, free to Faeries]

While most faeries don't tend to wear much clothing, they do occasionally supplement their insectile carapaces with tiny armor or clothing. They might even carry weaponry and take up such pursuits as fencing, though most of the time the only 'weapons' they have on them are their stingers and the gleaming, silver-white knives they use in harvesting dream-stuff.

As one of the more fashion-forward or perhaps just more serious faeries though, you do have some covering and maybe armaments in addition to that. Whether you just want a tiny dress or a more practical set of faery-sized armor with a shield to strap onto your arm, you can get a set here along with a weapon like a (very) short sword or a needle-like saber.

If you'd like, you could even bring in an existing outfit and weapon to be shrunk down to tiny proportions and refitted to be usable by a faery.

Groundling Town [200, discounted to Faeries]

At first glance this 'village' might not appear as such at all, as it consists of a large, rotten log along a rough, overgrown path. The log is about three feet in diameter, dead and rotting yet still teeming with plant and animal life. Amidst which the groundling fae have made the nests and huts they call home, a tiny three-story moss-wood tower serves as their leader's housing and broken twigs serve as a bridge to the outside of the log.

Here there live perhaps twenty of these groundlings, each one virtually identical to a normal faery but for the lack of silvery wings. They seem to think you are important, and as such have pledged themselves to aiding you. While they might not be able to fly themselves, they're just as strong as a normal faery and have their pride. As well as enough ingenuity to create curious wing-like contraptions of leaves and twigs to which they attach living, buzzing dragonflies and mayflies. Which allows them to take flight for short periods at least.

Faerie Rings [400, discounted to Faeries]

Throughout the world you'll find small rings of speckled white mushrooms growing just a few moments of fast-paced flight away from wherever you start looking. Along the western fringe of a village, at the foot of the mountain you're about the climb, in a clearing by the grove you're visiting. The kithking called these faerie rings, and believed faeries create the fungal circles when no one is looking. The faeries themselves also call them faerie rings, but not for the same reason as the kithkin.

The faeries call such growths by that name because they use them to travel to and from the glen that hid the being that was, to them god, master, queen, and mother, all in the same package, travelling across the world in the blink of an eye. You however, are a bit special, in that you won't need to call on the Queen Mother to use these faerie rings for travel.

Simply concentrating at the center of one of these rings is enough to let you disappear in mere moments, to reappear at another ring of mushrooms with wing abuzz and scintillating powder swirling around you. You could easily cross half of Lorwyn and back again in hardly any time at all by way of these faerie rings, even if you had to carry a victim along.

Glen of Faeries [600, discounted to Faeries]

In the heart of Lorwyn's mountains lies this mystical valley, protected by glamers and guile, and twin to the legendary and elusive Glen Elendra that harbors Oona, queen of the fae.

It is not a large place, barely a hundred acres of gently curving hills covered in a thick blanket of trees, shrubs, and grasses. But in the daylight the glen is rife with blooms and blossoms of every size and color, and the air is filled with birdsongs.

At sunset, the glen's beauty is quieter, but perhaps even more breathtaking than it is when seen in normal daylight. Jasmine flowers bloom, catching and reflecting the light, as silver-white moths flutter between the vines. Sparkleflies and will-o'-wisps flicker everywhere, wreathing the misty grounds and the towering greenery in a festival of light.

This obvious exterior beauty is all any non-fae will ever see of the place, unless invited to enter the glen by yourself. Countless layers of the most powerful glamers ever cast by the fae, and therefore the strongest magic in the world, conceal it. Anyone who happens by or seeks the glen out instantly forgets about it as soon as they drew near. Even a ranger with a map, two cuffhounds, and a guide cannot hope to enter this sacred place. His map would change to confound the trails, his dogs would bolt off in separate directions, baying after tantalizing hares; and his guide would lose his memory and all sense of direction.

LANDS:

Basic Lands [100/300]

Lorwyn is an idyllic world, so the desire to take some of it with you once your visit concludes is understandable. The forests are calm and tranquil, the fields cool and breezy. Instead of oceans, a network of cold, clean rivers and ponds crisscross the landscape. Even the swamps, as smelly and slimy as they are, are full of life and hold few of the threats many other worlds' swamps do. Lorwyn's distant mountains ring the plane's edges.

You can purchase some of these mana-rich environments to own and take along. Plains, Island (more properly a river or pond here), Swamp, Mountain, and Forest are all available for your enjoyment and use for either 100cp a piece or 300 for a set of five.

Velis Vel Grotto [200, discount Changeling drawback] - *colorless mana*

The secret spawning ground of the changelings, said to be the origin of Lorwyn's race of chameleon-like shapeshifters. The grotto is a subterranean cavern with walls encrusted with quartz crystals and a floor that is an underground stream. Once a year, sunlight penetrates directly into a hole at the top of the grotto, causing a flood of light to reflect and explode throughout the cavern, its walls glinting and glimmering with the same strange quality as the changeling's mutable skin. During this time changeling behavior changes drastically and they are drawn to Velis Vel, before new changelings spawn from within the caverns.

Windbrisk Heights [100] - *white mana*

A sunny, grassy plateau raised so high you can see clouds roll by. A quiet, peaceful place with a great view. Though, if looked at from one angle, the cliffside looks surprisingly... avian? Those outcroppings a wing, that one a beak, those trees a feathered crest?

Shelldock Isle [100] - *blue mana*

A small, bulb-shaped island set in a river, with a modest bit of forestry, a small dock built on one side, and a large opening that would allow a boat to row under (or into) it. Yes, it looks like the shell of some sort of turtle, but what beast could possibly have a shell this big?

Howltooth Hollow [100] - *black mana*

A watery swamp, filled with mists and surrounded by large rocks jutting up from the ground like great stone teeth. Most peculiarly of all, a large rock shaped a bit like the head or skull of a truly massive canine juts out from the shrubbery-covered land and over the water.

Spinerock Knoll [100] - *red mana*

A lonely, strangely-shaped mountain covered in grass and spine-like rocks. From a distance, you'd almost think this was a sleeping dragon. Aside from the fact that dragons don't exist of course. Maybe this is where all those silly legends and myths of dragons came from?

Mosswort Bridge [100] - *green mana*

A bridge set over a small forest brook with an oddly-shaped, barren tree on one end of the structure. The entire thing is covered in moss, hanging especially thickly from the tree that blocks normal usage of the bridge. Strangely, those branches look almost like fingers...

COMPANIONS:

Import Companions [100/400]

Lorwyn is a place where people tend to stick together, though some few do make friends across tribal boundaries. Primarily the empathic kithkin, while giants and treefolk tend to keep to themselves. Whatever you might be here though, I'm sure you've made some connections elsewhere. For 100cp each, you may import one of your existing companions or create a new one, granting them a budget of 600cp to spend. If you'd prefer to bring more people though, you could also spend 400cp to bring in or create up to eight companions, each with their own 600cp budget to spend on the above options.

Canon Companions [100]

But if you'd prefer to make some new friends here, you could also take this option instead. Every 100cp spent here grants you the opportunity to take along an existing character as a new companion, provided you can convince them to come along with you.

As a special consideration, Oona would be difficult to convince to say the least. And she is stationary with roots throughout Lorwyn, which makes the idea of leaving a bit more of a practical issue for her as well. If you have some way to deal with those obstacles though, you are welcome to try and convince the Queen Mother of the Fae to join you.

Faeries Come In Three [200, free to Faeries]

Why this is so, only the most learned of Lorwyn's sages can say, but it is the truth. And so, you have gained two siblings to fill out your clique and share your mind. An unified whole, perfectly coordinated, yet still likely to bicker and gossip about each other. They are still faeries after all. Though as clique-prime, the eldest and first to awaken, you carry the awful burden of responsibility. Responsible for a faery that is, which mostly means keeping your siblings in line and enjoying life to the fullest.

If you are not a faery yourself, then the Queen Mother of the Fae instead bestowed upon you great influence over a full clique of faeries as a gift, a remarkably generous gift. Mother Oona might demand this particular gift returned, but not before you're through with them.

As their new mistress (or master) you know what they know, they know what you know, and most importantly, they shall do as you command. With a thought, you could call them to attend to you and send them out on whatever missions you like. Just don't keep them on too short a leash, or they might get sullen about the lack of mischief for them to get into.

Either way, your clique won't count as companions or take up a slot unless you decide to import them somewhere else. You may also decide to import existing companions into these roles, though they won't gain the benefit of following without taking a companion slot.

And if one clique isn't enough for you, you could also purchase this a second time, without any discounts, to recruit a swarm of young blossoms. Two dozen much younger faeries, not yet able to talk and weave much magic. And while they aren't connected to you as closely as your own clique, they're nonetheless eager to volunteer and join you in your endeavors (if perhaps only because they hope to be there when the fireworks starts).

Similarly to your own clique, these faerie volunteers won't take up any companion slots.

The Rising [100]

Treefolk are born from seeds like any other tree of their species, growing into mundane trees like any other sapling, until at a certain stage in their development the trees gain sentience and motility through an event known as the Rising. Before a treefolk undergoes the Rising, it is indistinguishable from any other sapling, and thus gets no more attention than any other sapling. A treefolk's seeds might generate hundreds or even thousands of saplings during their long lives, and most never go through the Rising.

Should you wish for a particular tree to become a treefolk though, perhaps one you're bringing in from beyond Lorwyn's most distant mountain ranges, you can import them here. Depending on how old this tree is, they might either make the decision to Rise immediately and open their eyes to greet you. Or they might take months or years longer before they decide to go through the Rising. A treefolk's life cycle is long, slow, and deliberate after all, even if they are guaranteed to Rise from their sessile state with this purchase.

DRAWBACKS:

If a thousand choice points is not enough to acquire everything your heart desires, you could take on a few extra challenges in return for extra points. No limit on how many.

Kithkin Superstition [+100]

Kithkin are superstitious folk at the best of times, and you seem to have picked up almost all of their little smalltown rituals. From using dubiously-effective auguries to determine what to wear in today's weather and what to eat for dinner, to all the hundreds of odd little folk practices kithkin use to protect their good fortune, you follow these superstitions faithfully. Now of course there's the occasional bit of wise folk medicine in there, but a lot of it is utter hogwash. Still, everyone knows wearing a bit of silver on your knife hand when eating jack mutton prevents the rest of the herd from becoming nervous or irritable, right?

Flamekin Passion [+100]

Flamekin are passionate creatures, their intense emotions often making them daredevils and adventurers. Driven to wander the world out of a desire to explore new lands and experience life to the fullest. These strong, intense passions fuel their flames...

But they also make them prone to the occasional terrible decision motivated by their emotions. Even a destined saviour might doom her people in an act of vengeance, if pushed too far by the patronizing manipulations of her supposed allies. Regrettably, you now share this trait with them. You will ignore wise counsel because you dislike the speaker, and throw fire at your problems before even considering the possibility of peaceful solutions.

Cold Fish [+100]

Or dispassionate, if you prefer. Not that I expect you to have much objection to the term, seeing how little emotion you have to express. The merrow are often said to be more than a little emotionless by the other races, but they simply see things differently.

An experience you can attest to now. After all, it's not a big deal if your young cousin ends up dying under your watch just as you're trying to teach him the family trade, is it? It's just kind of an annoyance that you'll need to find a new apprentice afterwards.

Boggart Urges [+100]

The boggarts' quest for new sensations leads them to continually seek out new experiences, to explore headlessly of any danger, and to rampant kleptomania when faced with anything shiny or delicious. Nothing is as important as new experiences, even injuries might be welcomed if it's accompanied by a suitably novel sensation. Luckily, the auntie's tales can usually tell boggarts how to avoid dangers instead of seeking them out.

It might be a good idea to listen to those tales yourself, because you've become just as much as an addict to novelty and new sensations as most goblins. Doesn't matter whether it's fresh kithkin pies, incredibly loud noises, burning tar showers, or even the psychedelic effects of some swamp frogs, you're here to try it all.

Pie Thieves [+100]

For the most part, the boggarts' kleptomania is largely accidental. They want to get their grubby little hands (or claws) on treasures for the novelty of sensation it brings. The idea that these treasures might belong to others is one that rarely occurs to them, as they themselves are expected to share all their treasures amongst their warrenmates.

Still, not all boggart thefts are spur of the moment decisions. They sneak right into kithkin towns for pies, they practise goat-napping on grazing herds, and they stalk after jumpers to steal their lunch. Oh yes, it looks like one boggart saw you with something nice, and told just about every other boggart on the plane about it. Now they just won't leave you alone, plotting to steal away your food, filch other things they mistake for food, and possibly nab interesting trinkets of yours that happen to catch their very distractible attention.

Changeling [+200]

You're not actually part of your tribe, being in actuality a changeling in disguise. Well, I say in disguise, but changeling disguises aren't terribly convincing. You look roughly like a member of "your" race, but with chameleon-like features (and a chameleon tails), a pot belly, and blue green, rubbery, almost gelatinous skin (with scales). Suffice to say you won't actually be confused for someone of "your" race, except from perhaps at a (long, long) distance.

However, despite the changelings usually being only semi-sapient, you've retained your faculties. Instead of mindlessly mimicking whatever you're standing next to at the time, you can actually think and go about your business as you please. Though your body still mimics things automatically, maybe you could find acceptance amongst your "adopted" people? After convincing them you're actually intelligent instead of just parroting them, that is.

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Meanderer [+200]

You're quite exceptional, you know. You started talking with your first breath, though for a long time no one understood a word you said. And you haven't stopped since, you just keep on talking. Always talking, a constant mumbling drone that amounts to so much gibberish, a constantly evolving chant that has lost all meaning through countless repetitions.

Your constant babbling makes it quite hard to follow what you're saying even when you're trying to communicate with people. Making sense of your meandering requires people to just patiently sit and listen to the babble for a long time. And if they keep on listening, it just goes back to nonsense, so they have to pay attention when it counts. Hopefully the people around you are patient enough to not get tired of listening to it all just to hear the bits about them.

Exiled [+200]

Somehow you've earned the ire of your own tribe, resulting in a permanent exile from your former home. Maybe you're an elf who was scarred or broke a horn, maybe a kithkin who went against the community for your own reasons, or a boggart who tried to hoard a new sensation for yourself, keeping the shiny gift you acquired for yourself.

Regardless of the specific reasons for it or even how deserved your exile actually is, your new situation is the same. You'll have to survive and live in this world alone. Or at least, without the support of your tribe. Maybe you can find sympathy amongst some members of the other races, though it would be an uphill battle to live with them. Or you could simply try to hide away as an outcast, living from the green lands and what scraps you can steal.

Fairie Target [+200]

The fae are ubiquitous on Lorwyn, their insect-like wings taking them all over the plane for reasons known only to them. One could slowly go mad trying to figure out why the faerie do what they do. When they bother to interact with "big folk" at all, they rarely explain why they are being interactive. It's better not to ask too. Not unless you want an hour-long session of word games and banter that leaves you exhausted but none the wiser.

But at least when you're involved, the faeries' motives seem pretty clear. They're here to pester you, and you in particular. They'll know exactly when you don't want them to show, and pick that moment to come say hi. They'll charm, distract, and lead you astray, using their magic to play pranks and pester you like petulant children at play. But the worst of it is that they seem just so eager to get at *aaall* your closely-guarded secrets and dreams. They'll be listening in on your conversations, diving into your mind when you're asleep, always hoping to find some juicy, juicy tidbits of gossip or information to take back out.

Colfenor's Schemes [+200]

The last of the ancient yew sages has taken notice of you, and has started to incorporate you in his plotting. While not a malicious being, Colfenor is cryptic, toxic, and prone to assuming his plans are the only way for things to properly progress. His eventual goals might be noble (or at least rarely selfish), but he will try to reach them by manipulating and using the people around him like nothing more than disposable pawns.

And now you're going to be stuck dancing to his tune more often than not in your time here, while he pays little regard to your feelings on the matter. Oh sure, you could try to ignore his machinations, but he has millennia of practice at manipulation and directly thwarting his plots is generally a bad idea even if they aren't perfect plans. Just ask Ashling how that went.

Eyeblight [+300]

You are ugly. Hideous even, if you asked an elf. Maybe just unattractive if you asked a boggart. Perhaps you were born disfigured, perhaps a magical catastrophe mutilated you, or perhaps you simply bear the scars of battle or sickness. Whatever the case, you're likely to repulse and shock people when they look at you for the first time, and that's the best case scenario. Even amongst boggarts you'd stand out as a particularly unsightly creature.

Perhaps wearing heavy clothing to cover yourself up would be a good idea? While most of the people here would simply not want to look at you too much, meeting elves could be disastrous. Eyeblights are killed on sight by most elves after all, and you are an exceptionally horrid blight to their sensitive eyes.

Vinebred [+300]

The elves tend to the parasitic nettlevines and train them to grow into and around their hosts until there is no distinction between the two. The resulting vinebred creatures are considered living, functional art to them. Rejoice then, in the knowledge that you have been made beautiful and powerful through the nettlevines that now cover and hook into your entire body. But as beautiful as vinebred might be, at their heart they are prisoners in a living hell scarcely imaginable. Doomed to follow every order of their elvish masters, even while the vines feed on their body and life. To many, it appeared to be a fate far worse than death. The threat that those who oppose the elves risk becoming vinebred being one of the reasons, perhaps the main reason, that the elves rule most of Lorwyn. Surely you don't mind becoming a ~~slave~~ soldier for the glory of the Blessed Nation?

Clueless Sapling [+300]

Something went wrong with your entrance into this world. Oh sure, you still have all your memories and power. But you lack the experience and wisdom that should have come along with those memories. Or even the experience that would come with a normal life here. The memories of your life here, and of all previous worlds you've been, seem distant and hazy as if they were not quite your own. You'll have to sift through the memories if you want to figure out how to use your powers, skills, or magic. Using them in creative ways instead of simply mimicking what your past self did will be even further off. Perhaps more pressingly, your lack of personal experience means you don't really get social interactions, at least not until you get a few years experience. Exchanging information in entirely literal fashion is fine, but you've become astoundingly naive and unable to really tell when people are honest, joking, or being sarcastic. Nevermind reading people's moods. At least if you pay close attention to the context, you should be able to figure it out?

Wrong Side of the Aurora [+300]

Something went very wrong with your entrance into this world. While normally you might've seen some changes and signs of the Great Aurora's coming in the last few weeks of your stay, now it seems you yourself are already infected by Shadowmoor's darkness. The exact nature of this depends on what tribe you have taken as your own. Kithkin would grow paranoid and distrustful of anything but each other, merrow and boggarts turn savage and hungry, flamekin become creatures of hate and fatalism, giants become confused and lethargic, treefolk sicken and become spiteful, and even the elves are not spared this, as their arrogance and ruthless nature is only amplified. Only as a faery, immune to the changes brought by the Great Aurora, do you not change for the worse. Instead, you simply can't seem to shake your loyalty to your dearest, beloved, most glorious Queen Mother, wishing dearly to be her favorite (of course you are).

ENDINGS:

Ten years passed, the Great Aurora lights the sky and washes over the world. And now, it's time for you to make one more choice, before everything goes dark.

The Great Aurora: There isn't a Lorwyn for you to stay in anymore, but you can go directly to the Shadowmoor jump (part 2 of this Lorwyn-Shadowmoor jump) from here.

Continue: Or perhaps you've seen enough and you'd like to get out before things get bad? This is the option for you, taking everything you got here and moving onto the next jump.

Go Home: Or, if this idyllic setting just made you feel a sudden case of homesickness, you could call this chain quits entirely and go back to your original world with all you gained.

NOTES:

Yes, Perfection can be taken multiple times for different talents. No, I don't really have any real idea how good-looking that would make you.

To clarify, the (Not So) Great Aurora perk does not give you any magic on its own. Instead, it allows you to enhance any magical changes you make to "retcon" them into existence and make it so that people remember whatever you changed as always being like that.

For example, if you had the ability to genderbend someone, you could then use (Not So) Great Aurora with that to also alter everyone's memories so they remember your target as always having been that gender. If you decided to curse someone with the head of an ass, everyone would believe they were somehow born like that. And if you used a larger spell to change the layout of a city, the memories of the inhabitants would change with it to make it as if it has always been like that (allowing them to walk around without getting lost).

These changes/"retcons" do require the change you made to be relatively long-lasting, as they only last as long as the magic itself. If it's a permanent change, the effects of the aurora are permanent as well. If the spell ends after some time, people's memories are restored to normal along with whatever you changed.