It is Year 3516, of the Age of Splendour. Behold: A city the equal of any in the modern world you may be familiar with, where men commune with the gods through commonplace artifacts and the Essence of miracles flows through civilisation like electricity. High above, a passing god-king hurtles in a chariot of golden flame. The city but one of many founded in his name, and most within it enjoy rich, fulfilling lives in service to those who hold the Mandate of Creation.

And those of more sorrowful times will remember it as-

Exalted: The First Age

The Exalted, divinely empowered champions of the greatest gods, have cast down the cosmic order of the titans who built the world and formed the gods. Sealed by the Surrender Oaths, these twisted Yozis and their demon kin will never see the light of Creation again-unless summoned in service to their conquerors. In thanks, the Unconquered Sun has given his Solars all Creation to rule-and with that authority, they have spread mankind out across the four directions to build cities rich with mysticism and culture unlike any that successive eras can even imagine. From the forging of wondrous artifacts to the summoning of spirits, all manner of feats that will be the subject of myth and legend abound in this most auspicious of times.

But even in a time so glorious, not all is well. There are whispers of insurgency at the borders, as surviving demonkin and other devotees of the Yozis bide their time for a chance at vengeance. The Neverborn, those titans slain by the Exalted yet too mighty to be reborn in death by the cycle they once built, stir as their slayers plunder their tombs for horrific knowledge.

But worst of all, the Great Curse has taken root in the hearts of the Celestial Exalted. The Solars, those who were made to be the greatest among them, succumb to hubris and barbarism as grand as the heroics they once wrought. A nightmare born from their own madness takes root in this Era of Dreams.

Will you set out to save Creation from what were once it’s greatest defenders?

Or revel with them, as it burns?

Take 1000 CP, and claim your share of Creation’s bounty.

Age and gender

The Chosen come from all walks of life. You may be any gender you choose-including some of the rather unconventional ones that the humanity of this world sometimes have as a biological feature, such as men who reproduce by ten of their number contributing genetic matter to one. Any age is acceptable too; both children and those of old age have been known to Exalt. The Experience section may modify your age, as described there.

Location

The lands of Creation in the First Age are both vast and varied, even after the erasure of countless concepts, entities and swathes of reality during the Three Spheres Cataclysm. You may start anywhere in Creation from the Solars' seat of power in Meru to the furthest bordermarches, but some highlights are described below

The Blessed Isle: Adopted homeland of the Exalted, this land was drawn from the dreams of the Primordials itself in the blink of an eye. It is the seed from which the rest of Creation grew, the anchor that prevent s the elemental poles from tearing Creation apart. Echoes of all the elements and even traces of the Wyld exist here, a microcosm of Creation made as a home for the gods and littered with hunting preserves, gardens, orchards and other infrastructural systems tightly regulated to ensure this remains a place truly worthy of embodying the grace of the gods. It is here that Mount Meru, the tallest peak in Creation that nearly pierces the sky and boasts incredibly powerful nexuses of geomantic power, rises and upon which Solar Queen Merela's throne rests. It is here that the controls to the Sword of Creation and the powerful defences protecting it can be found, as well as both the fields where the decadent golden poppies are grown for Exalted pleasure as well as the humble but efficiently run Wrongfoot Dominion is found-an uncharacteristically utilitarian city home to a major port and a great deal of pleasant farmland, named after the good-humoured Zenith ruling it who tripped upon entering the Eternal Temple of the Golden Bull several hundred years ago.

The East: Creation's breadbasket is also home to nearly a third of it's population, including the domains of the much-diminished Dragon Kings. Prince Echas, Tamer of Cities, Interrogator of the Sixth Rings etc is it's Solar administrator and dreams of supplementing I AM with improved communication and transport systems spanning his zone of authority. It's wonders include Lodros, the City of Words-Where the Primordial He Who Bleeds the Unknown Word fell in battle, his corpse ripe with bleeding language who inspired two Exalted to forge the titan-flesh into a city by stretching

“beauty” tight across its length, using “street”, “wall” and “secure” to detail it’s depths and discarding words like “useless” or “uninteresting” resulting in a city that communicates privately with visitors to ensure they feel welcome and never lost. It is also the location of the Yanaze Dam, which uses arcane glyphs to control the water level of a river spanning a thousand miles to ensure It never rises or falls above three inches of the ideal-and to Sperimin, the greatest centre of learning in the First Age.

The South: The next most populous region of Creation, the plains of the Southeast are home to fierce and beautiful wildlife as well as the sacred cattle of Ahlat. Mild, dry summers predominate yet the nights are cool and the day’s heat is never extreme or unpleasant thanks to the Deliberative’s geomantic and weather-control devices. While also an agricultural hub, the South is also known for the mountains being rich with mineral both mundane and magical. Chiaroscuro, the Jewel of the South, is a hub for both trade and manufacturing. The South also boasts a prominent criminal underworld society-including an island simply named Refuge where 30,000 pure-bred Lintha, human disciples and distant kin of the Yozi Kimbery, plot to aid their trapped Yozi progenitor while making a desperate pact with the local Solar in power. Yet Solar power is far from weak here, from the draconian Domain of Stately Order where all are kept in line with two artifacts that ensure obedience, to the Pleasure Dome of Xela-Cas where all the luxuries of Creation are available for sale.

The West: Least populated, dotted with island chains, the West is home to both uncomfortable reminders of the Primordial War as well as experiments best performed beyond collateral damage. Such as the Outback Prefecture, a place where using the spell Fountain of Fathomless Desires the Solars bless hardscrabble mortals with various traits and await to see which ones rise to the occasion enough to be permitted entry into more civilised lands. Or the Pentarch pyramid: A teleporting manse outfitted to both repair sea vessels, and heal all manner of conditions related to hazardous Essence exposure. Upon the Archipelago of Xur the Directional Titan fortress *Flame That Marched Against the Sea* awaits a battle worthy of a weapon capable of obliterating cities, while the ruins of Okeanos provide a sobering reminder for the cost of such conflicts. And it is said that Solar Queen k’Tula plots to supplant humanity with a race of sentient octopi-though surely in jest, just as Sixth Season Reef’s attempt to train the Raksha into coexistence with humanity are surely doomed.

The North: Those Exalted who wish to adventure in a more primal, untamed world often find themselves coming here, where civilization seems the most meagre. Histories of this land record timelines of wars without parley, truce or ceasefire. But more than 1000 years of passed since Solar Warstriders battled for supremacy, and now between cities, roads, aqueducts and manses the North

is as civilised as it may ever well be. The City of Mountain Gateway boasts engines so powerful they could become a second, less powerful Elemental Pole of Earth if the original ever collapses-but the true marvel of the north is the flying city of Taztli: A set of marvellous white towers rising high above the sky, celebrated in art and literature for having standards of the highest quality. What fewer discover until visiting is how sterile and cold the city is, civilians hurrying along with little human warmth so that it's harsh Solar queen will not punish them for marring her vision of perfection. On the other hand Cherak-on-the-Sea provides a much more informal series of parades and other celebrations for visitors, while elsewhere the few steppe tribes that do not acknowledge the Deliberative continue their primitive lifestyles. Over the final northern edges of the Great Ice would bring one to the edge of the world-where a narrow golden wire thinner than a strand of silk extends from Creation out into nothingness. One walking it without falling, it is rumoured, could come upon a new world without gods and Primordials. And Vanileth, god of air travel, overlooks it from the golden palace anchoring that thread to Creation-for a Primordial who abandoned did indeed leave that way, and the gods fear her return.

Origins:

Any origin may be taken as a Drop-In option.

Dragonblooded (+200 CP): Just over a million of your kind survived the harrowing war against titans, wielding power over the natural elements as well as divine skill as soldiers with the Solars as your generals. The strife between Solars following that war and the relative freedom of the Second Deliberative have permitted greater independence among your families, but nonetheless it remains expected for you to heed the commands of the holy Lawgivers and remain ready to serve them in whatever capacity they deem fit. Whether today you work as a soldier, a sorcerer-technician, a civil administrator or something less dignified you are the humblest of the Chosen-yet Chosen all the same. And as the Age of Splendour's dark secrets come to light, this is both a time of great turmoil for you-as well as opportunity.

Lunar: Gone and long forgotten are the days when the heroes among your people stole the shapes of titanic Behemoths, or assassinated the White Ram before his Primordial master could reveal the first Solar surprise attack. Now, even the Lunar Exalted themselves are unsure of how much autonomy they actually have. Few of you take a strong interest in Solar politics and if any objected to being denied equal power none ever showed it. They call you the Stewards of the Wyld, but you have nothing to steward and so your fellows meet in the so-called Silver Pact to debate things like your place in the world, and the true meaning of stewardship. An optimistic take on things is that occasional tasks aside, you are free to pursue your interests in a world without an obvious need for you. A pessimist might point out that for all your shapeshifting prowess, Wyld-edged mysticism and uncanny powers of seduction you are basically a glorified poodle whose master occasionally deigns to mate with you when they can be bothered to remember you exist.

Sidereal: Years before the first blow was struck the eldest among you were allowed to run small errands between Creation and Heaven under your Maiden masters, while gathering information on everything from which Primordials distrusted each other to where fetiches were most vulnerable. Through your mastery of fate, unsurpassed martial arts of tremendous mystical potency and above all your preparation ruin fell upon the souls of Creation's masters. In the aftermath of the war you were known as the Seers of Heaven, diligently working with the gods as peers to guide the fate of the world while working as intermediaries between Heaven and the Solar Exalted-offering foresight and planning to better guide the might and genius of the Lawgivers. Your kind wield far greater power behind the scenes, in informal promises and the guidance of mentorship for other Exalted than they do in overt authority over Creation.

Many of you grow privately frustrated with how headstrong the Solar Deliberative can be at times-and troubled by certain ominous prophecies whispered of by your most senior colleagues…

Solar (200 CP): To stand at the apex of every mortal endeavour in Creation, to brandish the holy brilliance of the sun's destructive might in one hand and to heal the world with its benevolence. That is the remit of the greatest among the Exalted, those chosen for their greatness by the king of the gods-and strove ever to surpass his expectations. It was a Solar who informed She Who Lives In Her Name of the first Primordial casualty with a letter so sorrowful, it drove her into exile for half a century. It was a Solar who routed Oramus a mere four years after Exalting. It was a Solar who personally received the Creation-Ruling Mandate handed down on high, that delivered all Creation into her hands to rule forever more. And it is now Solars who have carved up Creation into kingdoms ruled by a central Deliberative. As god-kings dredging forth new worlds from the Wyld to conquer, as sorcerers mass producing artifacts from factory-cathedrals, even newly Exalted much of this world is yours to rule by divine right. And as a veteran legend, you know no peers under Heaven but the other almighty victors of the Primordial War.

Perks

You! Yes, you there! You look new, wouldn't you like to know a little more about what it means to be Exalted? I am Contentious Sword, the Golden Blade reborn! But enough about my admittedly illustrious ancestor, as someone who has…been in the same position as you with regards to Exaltation, allow me the honour of explaining your Exalted status!

First of all, the nature of Exaltation. You have been imbued with a masterwork of the Primordial craftsman Autochthon-a sort of symbiotic soul or spiritual Essence, imbued with the divine power of one of the Incarnae, the greatest among the gods! Ignis Divine for Solars, the Unconquered Sun who personifies ultimate holiness and perfection as well as the almighty sun! Luna for Lunars, the Argent Madonna, the enigmatic and seductive personification of the moon! The Five Maidens of Destiny, caretakers of Journeys, Serenity, Battles, Secrets, and Endings, who determine the destiny of all things at the Loom of Fate itself-and empowered the Sidereal Exalted who manage Fate and wield powerful supernatural martial arts! And the Five Elemental Dragons who are…who are…well, admittedly nobody seems quite sure about what they are but they are definitely Gaia's children and the empowering patrons of the Dragonblooded!

Each Exaltation is divided into five castes-well, a few more for Lunars-but generally speaking one tends to be well-equipped to be a powerful warrior and general, another resilient and gifted in moving hearts and minds, a third powerful in the mystic arts, a fourth gifted with great mobility and stealth and a fifth with great social insight. While their caste grants a unique power and spiritual banner power, all Exalted are capable of training to supernatural capacity in all manner of endeavours.

Among the Exalted, the Dragonblooded stand as the weakest-though no less vital to Creation's armies with their elemental powers! The Sidereals are wisest in the ways of fate and mystical martial arts, the Lunars unparalleled shapeshifters and weavers of Wyld-touched illusion! But it is we Solars who stand as the first among the Chosen, able to rock the world back on its heels with nothing but perfect prowess, and smite the unholy with the radiant light of their souls! If there is a tradeoff for our unparalleled craftsmanship and sorcerous skill, it is that we lack the personal adaptability and esotericism of Lunars and Sidereals respectively-and in those regards alone, they may truly compete with our overwhelming perfection. Together the Solars, Sidereals and Lunars make up the more powerful Celestial Exalted, while the Dragonblooded are the less powerful Terrestrial Exalted.

Anyway, the Exaltation are masterworks of motic filtration, amplification and conversion that allow you to perform miracles themed with the divine being that empowered you. These miracles are expressed as special abilities called Charms, which generally require the input of Essence to function-though not always, there are some Charms which are passively active all the time though these tend to be in the minority. I mean no offense should you be of a different patron, but as the Unconquered Sun stands as the greatest of the Incarnae we Solars naturally have the greatest miracles of all! Ah, as for what Essence is-think of it as the so-called "chi" of cultures that believe in universal spiritual energy, or a sort of generalised divine energy only magical beings can apply as miracles. Your ability to use Essence is what makes you greater than mere mortals, and your Exaltation is what grants you the ability to use Essence!

Ah, I almost forgot-artifacts. In this world, artifacts created from certain magical materials that correspond to each form of Exaltation or rare and arcane components to ensure an artifact is spiritually bonded to you so you can access all its powers you must invest a small amount of your Essence into it-generally but not always more Essence the more powerful the artifact. This process is called attunement.

Last but not least: Perfection. Certain Charms are able to produce effects that are conceptually flawless-usually something like a blow that always strikes, although a vision that reveals all truth flawlessly is not unheard of. In conflict amongst the Exalted, defence trumps offence when two such Charms conflict.

I must go now. Battle-I mean, duty awaits! Thank me later for deigning to tell you this much, but I have better things to do!

Perks under the appropriate background are 50% off. Discounted 100 CP perks become free.

General

The Forbidden Technique: Common Sense (50 CP): You have something that is vanishingly rare among the Exalted, the slayers of the gods' enemies, the very Lords of Creation themselves-and highly coveted by the wiser among them: A solid knowledge of your limits, and a good instinct for practical problem solving. You know how to organise people without shattering their minds with overbearing amounts of charisma, when to bite your tongue when the other egotistical god-king tries to start a petty feud with you and most crucially of all when letting your Virtues or lack thereof completely dictate your priorities might result in unexpected consequences. It's no complete cure against malign

influences, but as one of the most self-aware of the Chosen you'll have a much better sense of when your actions seem out of line to your intentions than most.

Vainest, Most Glorious (Free/100/200 CP): In Creation's most glorious age, who is the most glorious of them all is a debate yet to be decided. Every Exalt is brought to the peak of health and then some upon Exaltation after all, and with all the luxuries and amenities afforded by the First Age some either embark on transhuman paradigms of otherworldly beauty while others perfect themselves into monuments to the human form. Golden gods and goddesses strut their factory-cathedrals like catwalks, while in the deep woodlands creatures as seductive as they are deadly amble in auras of purest silver.

Care to throw your hat in the ring? For free you shall be beautiful as only the Exalted of the First Age can be, your skin cleansed and your hair airbrushed just so that you have all the magnificence due someone of your stature. You are Exalted after all, and part of that uniqueness includes looking the part of a hero.

But if your vanity exceeds that, for 100 CP your appearance shall be something that other Chosen will admire and covet. Gods and demons alike would be moved by your visage, and your image is widely shared on I AM's network. And for 200 CP whether by high sorcery, the blessings of many admiring gods or simply luck of birth your beauty is such that even without Charms your face could launch a thousand ships and move those who once sought your death to seek your friendship instead. Yours truly is beauty to break all hearts, rivalling that of Luna herself.

Sorcerer of the First Age (50/100/200 CP): This is not the coming Age of Sorrow, where mad Lunars hoard ruined libraries for the knowledge held within and newly Exalted Twilights have little concept of what magic even is. This is the era where the fundamental nature of what Essence is, and what it means to manipulate it, is subject to scrutiny by the finest minds in the land. It was Brigid, once one of the least competent Solars before the death of her Lunar mate spurred her into a quest of self-discovery, who first unlocked the secrets of sorcery. Since that discovery, the Exalted have transformed themselves and the world around them with it.

But what is sorcery? In essence (no pun intended), it is the tool used by the Primordials to raise Creation out of the primal Chaos. Seared into the stratum of creation are various "pre-programmed" patterns that one that has achieved a certain state of enlightenment can initiate and command. By performing the correct gestures and sometimes appropriate reagents, the world can be transformed in ways resembling the miracles of gods, Exalted and demons

alike-though generally, it is also generally far less rapid to take effect fully than Charms.

Sorcery is divided into three circles: Emerald (or Terrestrial), Sapphire (or Celestial) and Adamant (or Solar).

Emerald sorcery is relatively straightforward and limited in effect: Creating a flying cloud to travel long distances in the sky, granting oneself wood-like flesh that moves seamlessly through other foliage, conjuring a swarm of obsidian butterflies, disembodied flying guillotine or an avian projectile of arcane flame to assault one's enemies, or summoning a disembodied mouth and eye of golden light through ancient bargains to read any text and translate and recite whatever the eye sees are all examples of Emerald Circle Sorcery.

Celestial Circle sorcery spells are the kind of forces that can turn the course of battles, destroy towns and enslave mere mortals-if completed correctly, and executed cleverly. And of course, quality of life benefits with equal enormity. Conjuring massive tentacles of molten magma that strike at the sorcerer's command, summoning a magnificent palace out of a giant orchard equipped to entertain the gods themselves, extracting information from the weaves of Fate itself to aid any endeavour and binding someone's heart utterly to you are all examples of Celestial Circle sorcery spells.

Adamant Circle spells represent the power to bind or banish the greatest of demons, devastate cities or raise paradises from wastelands. Summoning an indestructible golden chariot pulled by the horses of the Unconquered Sun that can keep safe it's passengers in any environment as well as sear unauthorised passengers with holy flame and even reach otherworldly realms like Yu-Shan, trapping someone behind a mirror and extracting a duplicate of them (including supernatural powers such as Charms) that is the sorcerer's devoted slave, conjuring an array of mirrors that responds to any attack with a perfect duplicate of it and hurling an orb of emerald light that erupts into an all-consuming radiance powered by the vengeance of a defeated god are all examples of Adamant Circle spells.

Apart from coherent spells, masterful sorcerers are also capable of casting grand rituals capable of freeform alteration of reality in accord with the sorcerer's will. The main limits of such rituals is that they take a long time to finish even by sorcery standards, and are vaguely powercapped by which circle of sorcery you have access to; altering the cosmos in subtle ways is an Adamant Circle level effect, for example.

For 50 CP you have been trained either at one of the sorcerous academies or by a reasonably accomplished sorcerer to the extent your Exaltation is capable of learning sorcery. While Solars can master all three circles, Lunars and Sidereals may not use the Adamant Circle while Terrestrial Exalted can only use the Emerald Circle without outside help such as certain powerful artifacts.

For 100 CP however, you have demonstrated a grasp of sorcery that exceeds the paradigms of the major schools-like the mysterious Mishiko who manifests as a spray of jasmine, a silver silhouette, a voice on the wind to those who hold her sacred gems-but never in person, though even should the First Age end she would live through it to the Age of Sorrow. Or perhaps you've somehow mastered some paradigm of sorcery utterly alien to that of the Chosen, such as the Yozis' initiations that rely on shattered insight to the cosmos from their cosmic principles and are unable to cast spells opposed to their themes in exchange for empowering those in accord with them. Regardless, your unique approach with sorcery comes with benefits as numerous as they are mystifying on top of a shattering insight that lets you master, develop and innovate on spells in ways that make you exceptional among the Exalted's sorcerers.

And for 200 CP, you have attained a grasp of sorcery akin to Brigid herself discovering it. So comprehensive is your theory that if you wish you could found a whole new school around it-just as Devon theorised Essence is the laws of Creation, while Salina concluded Essence is the thoughts of Creation itself and Silur that sorcery fundamentally uses Essence to overturn the order of Creation. Whether you have fully internalised one of these schools or devised your own, it comes with an Absorption Charm: A small array of miscellaneous mystical effects that enhance your means of casting sorcery in accord with your paradigm. Of course, your ability to analyse and break down the patterns of sorcery also make you able to eke out greater raw power, push the edges of what's possible with it further and circumvent the conventional mechanics of spells or devise artifacts capable of bolstering their function better than all but a handful of other sorcerers in Creation. Even if you are not a Solar, your theoretical knowledge of things like how to enact a grand ritual such as the Salinian Working capable of fundamentally altering sorcery to suit *you* is sound.

Legendary Reputation (100 CP): In some area you've distinguished yourself-be it combat, sorcery, carousing, artifice or something else-to the point that your fame precedes you. This makes you extremely persuasive among demigods. In fact, your reputation is *legendary;* so long as it's even tangibly relevant mortals will find it near-impossible to even argue back at you without using Charms, and even your Exalted peers will earnestly value your opinion when the conversation hinges on your expertise being tested for value. Of course, being a great womaniser is also liability for seeming chaste to a priest.

Which is not to say you don't live up to it-since in a world this mighty, braggarts don't keep their reputations long without walking the walk while talking the walk. Both your natural traits and arsenal of personalised Charms empowering this endeavour are talented enough to be a celebrity among your peers in both Exaltation and Essence ranking-which naturally, will grant more based on what you start off as.

A newly Exalted Dragonblooded scholar will simply be a talented and capable student of what magitech they are capable of. An established Sidereal spy could be on par with the cunning Chejop Kejak who carries great influence over the Sidereal bureaus. And a legendary Solar performer would be the equal of Dancer in Light-someone capable of moving others to tears and communicating profound deluges of information with a single head tilt, and with the aid of their Charms dancing with a second circle demon for five days without stopping or failing to enrapture their demonic audience. A legendary Solar orator would have a tongue as golden as Desus, layering his sweet little lies with latent suggestions and hypnotic compulsions developed over centuries of being a cunning linguist.

In future worlds, you may choose whether or not this reputation follows you into the first society you interact with or not.

Legendary Savant (200 CP): There are the best. Then there are the brightest. And then, there's you. Whether it comes to repairing a hall that spins the Wyld into elaborate and seamlessly accurate simulacrae or fixing a faulty cloning tank, you're a master of magitech with few peers among your kind. Whatever your Exaltation, you're one of Creation's greatest thinkers in your area of expertise (be it building manses, genetic engineering or something else) and if you haven't authored many of the foremost treatises and textbooks in that area, it's probably because you boundless intellect has been experimenting outside the box. This also makes you an extremely skilled teacher of your knowledge, your writing passing on a shadow of the same brilliance you use for studying everything from theoretical Essence interactions to the practical construction of energy cannons.

Dreams of the Age To Come (200 CP): There is a vision you have for Creation whether it came from an awe-inspiring struggle during the Primordial War, a personal revelation after it or simple ego demanding you get your due. Whatever it is, it seems Fate is inclined to see you realise it. Fortune and circumstance align in service of your goal, with favourable meetings amongst useful people and spontaneous coincidences that prove helpful even later down the road paving a nice, easy way through life. And once you've accomplished

that goal, whether it is granting sorcery to everyone or sleeping with every Celestial Exalt, Fate will align to grant you fortune in another.

Farewell (200 CP): While some Exalts are omnidisciplinary dabblers of a thousand styles and weapons, whether as something you inherited or developed over the years you have become a master of one. The supernatural martial arts of this world are divided into the Terrestrial (the least powerful, that which lets mortals raise their fist against the Exalted), the Celestial (martial arts of considerable power, the level of the Solar Exalted's native fighting style and the dark mirror of it created by Thrice-Damned Gorol) and the Sidereal (expressions of esoteric insights into facets of reality refined into powerful and deadly ways to hurt a man).

Whatever the case is, you have mastered one to the extent that not only do you know all its Charms-you're so familiar with the style's fundamental limitations, underlying mechanics and foundational principles that creating new Charms for it or exploiting and adapting existing ones is second nature to you. So is adapting it for unusual foes; if tomorrow strange biomechanical foes were to invade Creation, you would quickly be able to use yours to take out the invaders. What's more, it seems that Fate itself errs in your favour when it comes to righting wrongs and defeating the wicked in battle when you wield this style-so much so that even if you make no effort to build your reputation you might become a legend in the South for your efforts to lay down the law. This includes a powerful form of destiny sponsorship providing a great amount of protection so long as you use your style to uphold a code of righteous ideals, however obscure they may be to outsiders-potentially letting you even survive long past when all Exalts of the First Age should have fallen, somehow.

Student of Autochthon (300): Let us be perfectly clear on one point. If you wish merely to be an engineer who works with divine components or a miraculous craftsman, your innate qualifications as an Exalted are more than sufficient to justify such advantages in your past. This is not for the average demigod craftsman who merely wishes to study at leading academies in the First Age, mentor under other Exalted who have built floating palaces and square circles, oh no.

With this, at some point in your life you undertook a comprehensive apprenticeship with Autochthon, *the Primordial who built the paradigm of technology and artifice into the fabric of the universe itself at the dawn of time.*

Among other things your knowledge of Primordial metaphysics and spiritual makeup is nearly unrivalled among the Chosen, and you know more than anyone about the weaknesses of your ancient enemies…as well as how one

might emulate or take advantage of their imprisoned selves, like how to transform the Silver Forest's fetich into an Essence-magnifying mirror. This includes a great deal of insight into the nature of the soul and it's derivatives, and how one might tamper with or alter it into something fundamentally different. Your true genius lies in the emergent field of Shaping technology: Magitech dedicated to directly alter reality. By now, many Exalted take for granted the engines that shape more of Creation from the Wyld-but you could build one capable of constructing a custom-tailored paradise from it instead, or given more time and resources build weapons powerful enough to wipe the stars from the sky. And while nobody has figured out how to fully harness the power of a protoshinmaic vortex or fully stabilise a Vault of Woven Dreams into an recursive pocket reality, for you it's only a matter of time to succeed in those accomplishments. Your Charms may make you formidable, but your mind and it's knowledge is a miracle in its own right.

The Golden Blade (300 CP): It is the paradox of the Chosen that though they triumphed against beings that were their infinite greaters, they themselves are no less vulnerable to sufficiently mighty beings of lesser stature assaulting them in great numbers. So let's fix that. When you fight beings physically or metaphysically greater than you, you've a sixth sense for hitting critical points that inflict disproportionate damage no matter how miniscule as well as the required reflexes and speed for avoiding much potential the retaliation. Like an annoying fly, you just seem to be wherever's least convenient to attack. On the other hand, when beings significantly lesser than you attack your every victory saps their motivation, quells their will and causes even their powers and mundane efforts to botch horribly. Last but not least, you're a superb strategist and tactician that would be rated highly by those in high command of the Exalted's military forces if they knew you professionally. You won't be caught off-guard by a rampaging titan or an army of rebellious Dragonblooded so long as you can bring yourself to accept those are legitimate and imminent threats. It is only a true equal who is worthy of fighting you at their best.

Hell Follows After (400 CP): Queen K'tula is mad with grief and overwhelming ambition-enough to have learned enough Kimbery Charms that her exotic but charmingly human body is nothing more than a husk piloted by the flexible knot of tentacles that make up her true body. And whether you have somehow obtained the Charms of Kimbery or a different Yozi, you have followed in her footsteps by finding a way to wield the Charms of a Yozi-and obtained a considerable number of them. And if you like, you have permanently modified your body, mind and possibly soul with them to the extent of having significant advantages over baseline humanity. Such powers approach those of Solars in raw power-but focus more on "big picture" reality warping effects similar to sorcery or Sidereal Martial Arts than the absolute excellence of Solar Charms,

and are tightly bounded within the themes a certain Yozi embodies to the extent of their defences' imperfections being defined by opposition to those themes. Cecelyne is mightiest when building up careful preparations and holding a greater Essence ranking than her foes yet her vastness makes her a relatively easy target with no true Perfect Defence for example. But that's the price one pays to potentially be something akin to a living magical sandstorm.

Dragonblooded

To Fight As One (100 CP) Clan and Solar hubris alike test the loyalties of the Terrestrial Exalted, with only one certainty: The inevitability of bloodshed under one master or another. That's why you've developed the important skill of working together with others in a fighting unit for all manner of basic military tasks. Be it patrols, wedge formations, firing drills, erecting earthworks or standing around looking sharp when the neighbouring god-king needs to be impressed you work seamlessly with other professional soldiers and are well-versed with most inglorious but basic tasks a soldier performs on a regular basis. It's nothing worthy of an elite unit, but it's what will get you through a change of masters with a minimal learning curve.

Prince Appeasing Plea (100 CP): Many a promising Terrestrial career has been cut short by mouthing out of turn, earning the ire of an outraged Solar-or worse, a Lunar in disguise waiting to devour dissidents in their masters' armies. Fortunately you have something few Exalted, even the excessively temperate, ever bother to cultivate: A tremendous sense of prudence, humility and self-control. Keeping your emotions under control in important situations is second nature to you. Moreover your humility makes you adept at wording your opinions to your superiors without causing offence. It's nothing supernatural, just a combination of natural talent and experience-but with some luck you could convince others your ideas were their own, and criticise without leaving lasting grudges.

Prince of Pleasure (200 CP): The Elemental Dragons endowed the first Dragonblooded with epic libidos, and it seems you've inherited that legacy of lust. You have the supernatural beauty, health and mental resilience of someone bred for generations to be an ideal consort, your every word and action oozing with sex appeal. This potentially includes unique aesthetic alterations such as a full body tattoo to emphasise your caste markings, or even grafted artifacts or mutations with the sole purpose of enhancing your seductive prowess. Furthermore, you perform practical stewardship and carnal pleasure as if you had been trained for both from birth-whether due to an actual training program. Simply put, your sexual prowess is borderline deific-to the extent that not only

do you have many Charms dedicated to enhancing sex, but learning similar abilities comes naturally to you.

Student of Life (200 CP): Genius or enlightenment are not replacements for the inner harmony you have cultivated over the course of an eventful life. Your inner peace lets you remain mindful and focused whether in the depths of senility or amidst the fires of war-as well as sensitive to broad trends in the world. Part of your meditative tranquillity has come from great practice with crafting vegetative artefacts of this age, and though this is no great feat by Exalted standards you still have skill with it dwarfing any mortal man. Last but not least, something about your serenity attracts not just the friendship but respect of beings that would normally see themselves as above you. It would be no exaggeration to say a certain Sidereal might trouble you for to discuss his concerns about a certain bad feeling you've both been having about the way of the world.

A Dynasty of Dragons (400 CP): The true strength of the Terrestrial Exalted lies not in any individual, but in the bloodline passed down from generation to generation. Internalising this truth, your descendants are supernaturally loyal to you and your goals. This is not overt mind control; they may form their own opinions, but when they argue with you your word takes precedence and when they further your goals they subconsciously feel a great sense of duty fulfilled. The loyalty is strong enough to resist even supernatural attempts to set you at each other's throats-unless, of course, you will your descendants to fight each other. As a final boon you may quickly distribute your skills throughout your bloodline as you wish-even to descendants already born. They must be universally learnable abilities rather than those innate to factors such as divinity or Exaltation, but apart from that everything from your skill with a blade to your knowledge of ancient history can be passed on,

Blood of Legends (400 CP): The Terrestrial Exaltation was never meant to be diluted by mortal stock-something it appears your has never done. For your blood as a Terrestrial Exalted is as pure as that of the first generation, granting you a greater mote pool and greater ease to activating your anima banner. Moreover it appears that you benefit from a true blessing of blood purity-for not only are all your children are guaranteed to enjoy the full benefits of Legendary Breeding, but even if you are not Dragonblooded it seems a similar blessing applies in this and future worlds, enhancing your spiritual energy reserves to a similar degree that can also be passed down even if your descendants lack the Charms of the Terrestrial Exalted. Indeed, all your supernatural powers (though not independent metaphysical structures such as Exaltations unless they were already inheritable) breed true in your children-and as their progenitor, you have full control over how much and what is passed on.

Transcendent Harmony Eternal (600 CP): Buried even deeper than blood ties or strength in numbers in the Terrestrial Exaltation is the fundamental strength of interconnected facets greater than the sum of their parts. In a flash of understanding into the principles that underlie Creation's birth itself, you've gained no immediate greater strength-but rather, a buried potential to transcend whatever you started as into a far greater divine state-as well as extremely rapid progression to unlocking it. For the Terrestrial Exalted this potential is a known quantity as yet unreached by any that requires five iterations of a specific Charm and Essence 10, although the harmony of Essence granted by this perk allows you to unlock the Charms needed to obtain it far faster than other Dragonblooded of comparable Essence. In future worlds, complex spiritual or divine powers will have similar reserves of such potential-and while that buried potential will be similarly challenging to achieve, the rewards will also be commensurately significant. It is within the Dragonblooded's potential to become a divinity greater than a Third Circle Soul or one of the original Elemental Dragons. Who knows what you could become in time?

Wake the Dragon (600 CP): For all the talk of unity and familial pedigree, in the fullness of their power the Dragonblooded are vessels for all the fury of the elements. Your nature as the Elemental Dragons' child and weapon is just purer than most. Choose a foundational element of Creation: Fire, earth, air, water or wood. You are now permanently immune to all natural instances of damage from it and even most divinely enhanced forms save from those particularly powerful divine beings or those able to redefine the natural understanding of the element's concept; indeed, you actually recover health and Essence from such. Furthermore, you are capable of designing and unleashing unique calamities that lay waste to everything for many miles that you may tactically customise through intense meditation so long as it remains broadly themed to the element. Whether a supernatural ice storm or a geyser of steam reaching as high as the sky itself, each such attack is devastating enough to wipe cities off the map, propagates rich, magically potent instances of your element across the world and always counts as Holy for the purpose of smiting Creatures of Darkness, wiping away Shadowlands or purifying otherwise malign influences. Such efforts will all but exhaust your Essence reserves as a newly Exalted Terrestrial-but will only become more potent and easier to sustain as you advance in power.

Should you not be a Terrestrial Exalted, your personalised calamity is instead themed after your Exaltation, primary divine purview or other major source of supernatural power from this jump instead. Be aware that the elemental-like immunity is by itself a trifling barrier from the serious attacks of an Incarna-but then why would you raise your sword against your own patron?

Lunar

The Woods Have Ears (100 CP): While the Solars' advent of civilisation is to be lauded, you haven't forgotten the old ways mankind needed to survive in the primeval era. From hunting to tracking to riding and trapping, you've a talent for outdoorsmanship shared by those who've grown up in the wilds all their life. You adapt quickly to new natural environments, have a good head for foraging or hunting food and other necessities and have the kind of rugged physique a healthy wild animal does from surviving every day on the strength of its own wits.

Simpering Steward (100 CP): In a way, isn't it a blessing to be beneath the notice of the mighty? There's something about you that makes those in positions of authority trust you, even if they don't particularly like you. Without even trying, so long as you don't go out of your way to impede those with true power you'll be assumed as nominally on their side barring exceptional circumstances. And when you represent their interests in at least nominal good faith, those you deal with won't doubt your allegiance. In term, your quirks and even absences get forgiven quite a bit more than they should.

Two-Faced Bride (200 CP): When the power disparity between a Lunar and their newly reborn Solar mate is significant, sometimes a Lunar manages to become the power behind the throne-though never with the end of seriously changing the Deliberative's balance of power. Similarly, the more powerful you are relative to someone either employed under your or emotionally close to you in some sense the more persuasive and charismatic you seem to them. This comes with a top class education in stewardship and governance. You have what it takes to administrate a Solar's domain skilfully, so long as the Solar in question remains willingly under your thumb.

Ravishing Red Roses (200 CP): Even if you're as much of a rascal as Ma-Ha-Suchi, few would deny you admission into their courts. You're so charming a guest, so pleasant a companion that even the most isolated civilisations would find you good company. Your true talent is exploiting your reputation as both a socialite and lover to build a political network of connections. Even without Charms, you have what it takes to charm and intrigue the Exalted by building a saucy reputation. Which is not to say you can't live up to it. You're not some courtesan brought to heel like a dog-you're a wild wolf, your athleticism, natural talent and a number of specialised seductive Charms leaving your lovers orbiting you like needy packmates. Animals or inhuman lovers are just as easy to bring to exhausted ecstasy as those who are mostly human, and the haze of atavistic lust around makes your touch more addictive than many narcotics.

Unleashed and Untameable (400 CP): Many a Lunar that seems otherwise in a position of great power has been brought low for one simple reason-A Solar telling them to know their place. Let the *noble* Lawgivers think they have brought you to heel, as you bide your time. For both mundane paranoia and unnatural mental influence find you difficult to bring to heel. Moreover, those who *do* seek to twist you against your fundamental nature are given an illusory impression of success, and another illusion showing them what they want to see when they look into your mind-while revealing their thoughts to you in the process, all the better to play along with the ruse. Even if the most piercing insight of the Lawgivers should overcome these defences, your intimacies-those things you hold dearest to you-will always provide a chance, however slim, for you to accomplish some goal that can free you from bondage. As a final boon, your aura of innocence grants you great fortune when it comes to thwarting well-laid plans or taking others by surprise in general. No fool should mistake you for prey, but the world is full of sheep who think themselves wolves.

God Thrashing Grip (400 CP): There have always been those Chosen whose first calling is to the battlefield, and now you number among them. For starters, not only are you stronger, tougher and faster on both the draw and your feat than even many Exalted are without their Charms-but you do indeed have an arsenal of Charms bolstering those traits. Your martial prowess is as elegant as it is unnervingly brutal, and many demons or behemoths could not overcome you in single combat. Even if you're otherwise nothing special as a tactician or strategist combining powers such as Charms or Lunar war forms together for maximum combat effectiveness as well as learning new ones or innovating existing ones comes as naturally to you as hunting in packs does for wolves. Simply put, you're a natural born martial artist and warrior above and beyond most Exalted standards-and you fight even harder, pull out reserves of might and tenacity you didn't even know you had when you do it for something you love passionately. Though do remember your gifts are meant only for war. In times of peace, there may be little for you to do other than perfect your fortress of a body.

Legendary Heart's Blood (600 CP): Through nothing but dedicated mastery of your shapeshifting powers, you have become great among the Exalted. So comprehensive is your stock of Heart's blood that you are capable of turning into every mundane animal known throughout Creation, which effectively includes every animal that has ever existed in the natural world (including dinosaurs and the like) as well as ones that haven't like river dragons (four-legged, amphibious, predatory reptiles the size of dinosaurs) or siakas (particularly large, vicious sharks). In addition you have 25 additional, distinct forms that can explicitly include everything from a specific mortal you'd like to

impersonate in this world, magical creatures or other unusual lifeforms such as Behemoths. So long as it's not a spirit and can be found in Creation or the borders of the Wyld, it's fair game. This explicitly includes creatures you could not logically have acquired by reasons of lacking Essence prerequisites. You must have had quite the interesting adventure, to accomplish so much.

And yes, this does still work even if you otherwise lack the Lunar Exalted's innate shapeshifting powers. Luna must have truly blessed you above even most of her own Chosen.

Hue-Defining Chaos (600 CP): What's left to master, after your own form? Why, everything else's. While some Lunars have begun to tap into their own potential to incorporate unreality and chaos into their arsenals, none have advanced as far as you. With a great effort commitment of Essence you may cast forth moonlight for miles around you, whether enchantingly blinding or too faint to see. Regardless of visibility, within that light you may dictate whether that region or selected targets experience the properties of Creation, the Bordermarches, the Middlemarches, the Deep Wyld or Pure Chaos. Your control over the Wyld is such that within reasonable limits (nothing truly world-breaking) you can impose or suppress any hazardous environmental conditions or mutation you imagine within that light, turning supernatural ice storms into supernatural firestorms or making a pit of lava into a tranquil lake. Furthermore you may churn and conjure the things of the Wyld as Solars use artifacts to terraform Creation, bringing forth Raksha nobles to entire waylets at will within your zone of control. And this is only the beginning. The size of your conjured Wyld and the scope of what you can conjure from it will grow with your overall power, and it's not out of the question to innovate new Charms dedicated to manipulating it. Perhaps with considerable time and effort an elder Lunar could rearrange localised existence and the Wyld into a strange symbiosis of both, raise a network of manses from the nightmares of those in Creation or ravish a Raksha into an enslaved god.

Sidereal

Bridge Between Heaven and Earth (100 CP): This is a time of relative harmony between the gods and those they empowered, despite occasional bickering and political machinations when the lords of Yu-Shan clash with their Sidereal colleagues. Between that and managing the demands of a Solar who wants to know why his fields aren't getting rain *now*, you have become an adept diplomat of the divine. Your gladhanding, ambassadorial spirit and general capacity to deal with paperwork is well-practiced by Exalted standards. Especially well-trained is your intuition when it comes to appeasing gods,

appealing to their egos or otherwise telling them why you're right and they're wrong without telling them that. If only Solars were so easy to coral.

Watcher, Tailor, Soldier, Spy (100 CP): But not all matters of celestial import can be solved with a smile and a handshake. As one seeking evidence of disruptions to fate, you're also extremely well-versed in stealth and espionage to the extent that where other Exalted dwell in their ivory towers, you can easily guise yourself as a malcontent, a street philosopher or a miner without even using your Charms. Your training in stealth, covert action and investigation lets you divert others from courses best not taken for the sake of Fate, and purely through experience you have a keen eye for spotting evidence of events that could disrupt Fate, or reality in general.

Keeper of Loom (200 CP): Three elder Sidereals of each caste oversee the Loom of Fate in concert with the Maidens' own five deputies, alerting the Solars to incursions from outside Creation. While you may not necessarily have the seniority to these esteemed Keepers of the Loom, none would deny you have the talent to get there one day. In all things concerning the practical and theoretical manipulation or observation of Fate you are a prodigy among Sidereals-whether spinning Fate out into pure Starmetal artifact weapons, taking advantages of glitches in the Loom of Fate or simply analysing the Loom to determine the optimal course of actions. In future worlds, all precognition and powers sponsored directly by Fate in some fashion are exceptionally potent in when used by you.

Unseen Hand Pulls The Strings (200 CP): Though officially the Sidereals wield the least power as a bloc in the Solar Deliberative, few would argue that Lunars are ultimately more influential than they are over Creation. A trick you've picked up, for yours is an uncanny insight into the price of a man and the most likely outcome of what he'll do offered certain incentives or discouragements off the record. Call it Fate, call it sheer skill or call it something even greater but all your behind the scenes actions and efforts to cheat around anything resembling forthright, legitimised effort have a greater impact when it comes to moving events towards your goals. Both in terms of efficiently speeding things along, and letting things work out better than expected.

Grandmaster (400 CP): There is no such thing as a truly legendary sifu-an instructor in those supernatural martial arts available only to the Exalted. But if there was, you would be considered for that honour. You know seven supernatural martial arts that all the Celestial Exalted can master, and four of the extraordinarily powerful, reality reshaping ones that even Solars must entreat tutelage from Sidereals for to begin grasping. While you're certainly fighting fit as Exalted go, your true skill here is a prodigious mix of enlightened mind and

disciplined body. Attaining various forms of enlightenment comes more easily to you than even most Exalted given your expertise with engaging transformative points of view, and in turn supernatural martial arts in general are easy for you to break down, analyse and master. With such a deep understanding of both skillsets you're able to apply your esoteric and martial skills interchangeably-defeating a spell by hitting the pressure points on it, or focusing a complex ritual into a single blow. Best of all, those you deign to train as students become more persuasive by your words and ideals the more they learn from you-perhaps awed by the way mysticism and might seems so interchangeable in your hands.

If it has to be said, you are also extremely skilled at teaching anyone-even arrogant, insufferably perfect demigods-how to fight better quickly and with great skill.

Unknown Knowns (400 CP): The Sidereals have not turned aghast from the Solar altogether, but as the Age of Splendour tarnishes they have become increasingly tight-lipped about their most valuable secrets. You've gone one step further and like a certain forgotten blade, mastered secrecy to a degree that would impress even gods. Anything about yourself can be made nigh-undetectable with a modest investment of Essence. Anything from your residence, to the colour of your eyes, to whether or not you're holding a weapon or even the truth of your identity can be stripped from living memory-and even all available records not guarded by any power short of the greatest demons and gods or the greater miracles of Solar Exalted, the records simply vanishing from the gaze of those who would view them. Even then, this alone is sufficient to work a boring office job naked in Yu-Shan without anyone noticing.

Sic Semper Solaris (600 CP): Chejop Kejak might be proud, or worried. For in terms of both unique Charms and innate capabilities, you are one of the greatest users of information in all Creation. You are the master of shadows behind a dozen conspiracies that each believe the other to have a different employer, the scholar that pours over long-lost tomes to glean information lost to the ages. The more you pour into preparation and ploys for your plans, the more advanced and elaborate the results; with a few years' effort you could orchestrate drastic changes for entire civilisations and bend far greater beings into your web of lies. Above all else, those with great authority seem fated to be vulnerable to you-their greatest strengths relaxing to unbelievable degrees, their once-loyal subordinates rallying to your cause and all manner of extraordinary circumstances aligning to make the seemingly undefeatable vulnerable to a sufficiently well-laid scheme. It's as if Fate itself wills that the rightful king fall to your hidden blade.

Astrological Asset (600 CP): The most powerful innate Charms of the Sidereal Exaltation were locked away at the end of the Primordial War, by the Maidens altering the fundamental parameters of the Loom of Fate. At least, they were for most. For some reason, *you* are the one exception Jupiter deemed appropriate to waive her seal for. Not only need you never fear censure for using them, but you learn them all as if they corresponded to your caste Charms-naturally, with sublime intuition. Moreover in future worlds, new Astrological charms will reveal themselves for you to learn. Though of course it is well known that Sidereals cannot invent new charms, the ones that do emerge have an *uncanny* tendency to support your goals and motivations.

Solar

Solar Hero Supremacy (100 CP): Though the other Chosen have their ordained roles and responsibilities, the Solar Exalted define the terms on which they rule the world. It matters not if you were a fisherman or a gladiator in a previous life-you now have a boundless talent for all things, and a voracious hunger for learning more. Training and study in all its forms is efficacious for you as it is for the protagonists of a story; others may be more specialised, more experienced but should you find the motivation to rise to the occasion you'll find your mind and body united like a well-oiled machine to catch up. Who says an accountant can't be a martial artist the next day and a doctor in a week? Whether you walk unseen among your subjects or bedazzle them from your ivory tower, you'll not seem wanting compared to them.

Unconquered Self (100 CP): By your bearing and the stern gleam of your gaze, others shall know you as a truly worthy inheritor of Creation. You know how to comport yourself as a righteous god-king, awe-inspiring to your allies and dreadfully inevitable to your enemies, your natural confidence lending your every movement and chosen word that special something that makes lesser mortals bend the knee. Furthermore your will is like burnished steel, a steadfast bastion that marks you as one worthy to lead a war against all the enemies of Creation. No mundane peril shall ever strike fear in you, none shall make you doubt the righteousness of your cause without great effort. Even being driven to madness is nothing but fuel for the fires of your soul to be more with every passing day.

Mandate of Creation (200 CP): It was the Solars who were deemed first among the Chosen by their patron, himself the first among the Incarnae. The world has long since acknowledged that right, but it seems you in particular have a certain something about you that makes man, hero, god and even demon favour you even moreso than many other Solars. The boons of the gods are prioritised to

you, and many will go out of their way to curry your favour or ensure their offices work in tandem with your purposes. The other Exalted instinctively look to you to take the lead, and find it most natural to fit into roles suited for elevating your status as a god-king. And in future worlds, beings similar to them will behave in similar ways towards you. Furthermore all institutions, including supernatural ones, will acknowledge that you have a legitimate right to rule the world ("the world" being defined as the most populated major plane of existence occupied primarily by mortal lifeforms) and unless provoked harshly gods and similar spiritual entities will endeavour to cooperate with you whenever your jurisdictions intersect. Nothing short of another legendary hero or demigod will be seen by the local legal framework to have higher authority than you.

Grace of Gold (200 CP): Creation was given unto you to rule, and rule it you shall. It's true that you have a frankly superhuman eye for which public works to build, which things to say to a gathered crowd and all the other measures a god-king should undertake to actually keep his cities happy and healthy but at the same time it feels as though Fate itself smiles on your rule. The land becomes fertile as if blessed by Gaia, the people are motivated and disciplined as if enchanted by sorcery and even gods or other native spirits seem to instinctively accept that there is a certain *rightness* to your rule over the mortal world, being inclined to support it should you not go out of your way to offend them. The sheer stability and prosperity you engender in all that falls under your banner is truly a sign of the Unconquered Sun's benevolence.

Power From Darkness (400 CP): It is the prerogative of the Solar Exalted to wring concessions from that which they have conquered-which you have realised applies to both the world and it's foes. This perk's effects are threefold. You are a natural vessel for all forces in existence-perhaps in time, you'll even rip knowledge of Charms from the cosmos. No power is truly off-limits, only more or less difficult to seize. Both the magics of an inhuman fairy and the fundamental force of electromagnetism are yours for the taking, should you have long enough to study how they work and develop the Charms or devise the ritual needed to infuse yourself with their powers. But the second benefit is this: Anything defeated and locked away by you personally or that surrenders utterly to you can be partially or fully summoned by sorcerous means to accomplish tasks-or support supernatural phenomena incorporating their nature such as Charms or spells. While more powerful beings tend to have greater wriggle room than lesser ones, the third benefit of this perk is a comprehensive talent and training in all the Exalted's methods of binding entities. From a comprehensive knowledge of the Surrender Oaths to the methods by which the souls of the Yozis were cast down from devas to demons to a study of how even Oramus, eldest and most impossible of the Primordials, was bound within his

broken wings and mathematical topologies nothing in this world cannot be imprisoned by your hand-save perhaps, a sufficiently determined Solar.

Such bindings can potentially alter what you have bound physically and/or mentally to better fulfil a certain task for its duration-like turning a demon into a set of temporary armour, or warping it's mind to suit the task. It can also inflict permanent crippling both spiritual and physical, rendering other spiritual beings you defeat into a state similar to the demons utterly bound by sorcery to heed their masters. This perk will let you replicate the subordination of the Eyeless Face, the Princes of the Fallen Tower and other ancient powers of the world into servitude unto the end of time as infrastructure supporting sorcerous spells. Note that this need not always involve crippling and domination; the Hidden Judges of the Secret Flame and the horses of the Unconquered Sun cooperate freely with Solar sorcerers although their nature is compelled by sorcery to fulfil certain tasks.

Spiritual Succession (400 CP): In the Age of Sorrows, debate will rage over whether or not the legendary Mantle of Brigid grants it's wearer tremendous resilience and a measure of the Mother of Sorcery's access to Essence. For you, however, there is no doubt that you glorify what you wear. From an ordinary sword to a loyal hunting hound, when you use something external to yourself in grand feats worthy of the Exalted's legends or meditate deeply to infuse it with vast amounts of your Essence you may uplift it as the Sun's light hallows what it touches. Ordinary objects obtain the properties of artifacts. Living beings become so blessed that the Lintha in their heyday could not claim to be as enhanced. Even organisations or buildings you have worked great wonders in can be managed by a spirit that is considered a shadow of your own might, with similar but lesser capabilities akin to those of a god themed after you instead of a particular domain. In essence, a fraction of all that makes you Exalted is shared with all that you do your best work through.

Majestic Radiant Presence (600 CP): At some point in your life Nysela, the charioteer of the Daystar, deemed fit that you spend a day in her role-guiding that which grants both life to Creation and death to its foes from sunrise to sunset. Whether because of humbling insight or a moment of utmost ambition, the experience forever imbued part of the Daystar's purifying flame in you. Every word you speak, every weapon you forge, word you write or spell you cast-all you accomplish with your own effort is forevermore intrinsically Holy, empowered by the recursive perfection and incomparable intensity of the Daystar's molten core. Your touch subjugates demons, ghosts and similar unclean beings to your will if you wish ill to them yet feel merciful-and if you do not, it burns them as the Sun would burn his foes. Forces that would twist your mind, body or soul to be other than what you wish are repulsed by the

august light suffusing your being-and those with a distinct originator are seared by holy flame. And while not quite as intense as the forces that make the Unconquered Sun what he is, the flame lit within your spirit constantly improve every aspect of your being in minute ways-such that you would be noticeably stronger, smarter, swifter each season. Should all this prove to not be enough, at will you may ignite the flame within for a surge of power-your speed letting you flash across vast distance in the blink of an eye, your resilience making you all but immune to all physical harm that is both from an extraordinarily powerful source and directed at you, and many of your combat Charms enhanced in various ways. These are only basic applications disregarding sorcery, artifice or even stranger arts. Perhaps in time, with enough effort you'll outshine the Daystar itself.

Invincible Sword Princess (600 CP): All limits dimmish when faced with the Solar Exalted, and faced with you overcoming them is merely a matter of time. You are empowered to overcome impossible odds and perform with incomparable excellence to a degree ridiculous even by the standards of the other Exalted. This generally takes a "sideways" approach to absolute effects like perfect defences or staggeringly overwhelming opposition-seemingly invalidating the effect from an unexpected angle with awe-inspiring heroism rather than outright nullifying it head-on, and the less you rely on skills and abilities you are already proficient in the more things tend to go unexpectedly awry and the less likely your success is. And your actions must have a certain underlying logic; nobody is taking out a Third Circle Demon with a stainless steel chair unless they were already Exalted…or unless it somehow exploited a major spiritual weakness appropriate to them. But it is effective to the degree that the mystery of Cytherea's identity and Nara-O's ability to wrest those secrets known only to one person are will inevitable unravel should you make a concerted effort to oppose them. If you send an army into the Wyld seeking to slay a Shinma or set out to build a machine capable of rupturing one so the world will no longer know corrosion or conflict, where it would be folly for others there is a real chance you could succeed if that army is well-chosen, organised and lead by you at the front-or that machine is made of numerous magical materials, supplied with immense amounts of Essence and activated on an auspicious day. If an abomination of Oblivion laughs at you knowing it is more immortal than the Primordials of old, it's laughter will stop quickly once you bind it so thoroughly true death would be a gift-or blunder into discovering their secret weakness. Whether you're embarking on a truly breathtaking plan to change the balance of power in Creation forever or bake the greatest cake the world will ever know, it's almost as if you're a character in a tabletop roleplaying game that is capable of doing things that are impossible in actual gameplay because whether or not it makes sense for your written powers, you need to be capable of this so the story makes sense. It would be uncanny if some

of the greatest Solars in the world hadn't done just that, albeit with less consistency than this provides.

Experience

Excuse Contentious Sword. He is newly reincarnated, but no less a part of our family.

I won't waste your time. I am Gold-Shadowed Arrow, guardian of the South, and knowing your secrets is my business. Right now, mine is the truth of your history.

My circlemate seems to think you are newly Exalted, and ignorant about much of our world. My question to you is…was he right? Or did you simply humour him?

Don't mind the arrow pointed at you. It's nothing personal.

This section will determine how long you have been Exalted for. Many perks make reference to Charms or your default overall power; while your choice in this section is not an explicit "capstone booster" type perk, the quality of life afforded by the First Age as well as the accomplishments Exalts have racked up during its founding inevitably ensure those of greater age tend to be significantly more capable than younger Exalts.

Newly Exalted (+200 CP): You have just received the gift of Exaltation, and are new in the ways of everything from sorcery to divinely enhanced leadership. You have a lot to learn about dwelling among the Princes of the Earth and ruling the world they have conquered, and though a safer place for humanity than the primeval era Creation is a rather competitive landscape.

Contentious Sword, right after all? Truly, wonders will never cease. Well, frankly you are too young to be guilty of anything I should care about, unless you were a criminal in your mortal life. In which case, I encourage you to consider Exaltation a second chance. Stay out of trouble.

And know that I do not forget a face.

Fresh (Free): You have Exalted fairly recently, finished a specialized training regimen pertaining to your Exaltation and Caste, and assumed a role in the upper echelons of First Age society-whether as a recognised member of the Solar Deliberative or a steward, vizier or soldier in service to one. While you

still have a mere handful of Charms and your innate capabilities are still mostly human, you're still more capable than many humans can ever hope to be.

So, you're one of us through and through. Had some time to get used to the so-called Age of Splendour now, have we? Well, don't let it get to your head. Know your place, and serve Creation as diligently as it serves you.

Established (100 CP): You've had one or two centuries of experience in either the intricate, cutthroat politics of the Deliberative (even if only by avoiding them) and the practical realities of life outside Meru. This is enough time to either rule a significant land in Creation, or achieve a respectable career in dedicated service. Your innate attributes are likely at the peak of humanity, and you have a respectable amount of Charms.

Hmph. You think you've made something of yourself, eh? I've seen more than one of your ilk get too big for her britches. Don't mistake ruling one principality for a right to do as you please. I'm always watching.

Influential (300 CP): You are between 800 and 1,500 years old, enough time to achieve respect as a mover and shaker in Exalted circles. Your innate abilities are mildly superhuman. Your arsenal of Charms has reached the point where it exceeds the original goals of the Exaltation itself.

I've got my eye on you. You've become a threat to what I protect just because of what you are, you know that right? You've done something, haven't you? Of course you have. Don't lie. Nobody lives that long without getting their hands dirty. Unless they're the Hierophant. Or Desus, of course.

Legendary (600 CP): The only Exalts this old are the stuff of myth incarnate-beings of immense power who could potentially destroy much of Creation should they wish to, and mostly living veterans of the Primordial War. Queen Merela is one example. The Hierophant and all but one of his circle, another. Nobody could mistake your innate capabilities for those of a mortal. Your arsenal of Charms represents power beyond mortal comprehension.

...well, then. I suppose there's little point in veiled threats. If you've made it this far, either you're powerful enough I'd be a fool to pick a fight with you without actionable evidence. Or I'm making a fool of myself by picking a fight with an impossibly old Dragonblooded, in which case-Creation thanks you for your service, elder.

Either way, by now you should know who I am. The strength of my conviction, and why my circlemate the Hierophant deserves to rule. And why it's best to be my friend than my enemy.

Don't let me detain you.

Items

You there, Chosen of…whoever! I ask you: Is this not an age of wonder and glory? Is it not unjust to find that one has come up short, in a time so blessed with plenty? I myself am but a humble servant of the Unconquered Sun, though I would never impose on the wants and needs of my peers. Take this 400 CP worth of items as a gesture of my compassion, for my heart bleeds when I look upon the unjustly suffering-of whom I have met few of thanks to our Deliberative's efforts, I am pleased to say. Of my virtue I, the Most Supreme Hierophant, am justly proud. To aid a stranger is its own reward. Having said that, I hope I can count on your support to become the one true leader of the Solar Deliberative. It should be obvious that as the most pious of all Solars, I am the one true choice for all right-thinking folk.

*Or would you prefer our…**esteemed** queen Her Most Luminous Excellency and Savior of Creation, Her Exalted Highness Merela drag us all into another Time of Cascading years?*

All items are 50% off for the respective background they're listed under. Discounted 100 CP items become free.

General

Royal Warstrider (50 CP): 25 feet tall and built from the magical material of your choice, the true merit of a royal warstrider lies in the AI created by arcane entreaties to the Unconquered Sun inscribed on its ceremonial armour-like exterior that can assist it's pilot. Not only does this purchase include a small station capable of automating all the complex and expensive processes needed to maintain a suit of armour so valuable it's construction involves a strict regimen of blessings. While all warstriders come with tremendous strength and durability imbued in a frame that moves intuitively with the pilot's will as well as an arsenal of powerful large scale Essence magitech weapons and unique Charms built into it to fulfil a certain combat paradigm, the AI is the true trump card for a royal Warstrider. Complex enough to have Virtues like any sentient being and able to project a phantasmal image that some Solars have fallen in love with, the AI comes equipped with a modest Essence pool to supplement the warstrider's functions, can block unauthorised attempts to attune to it and brings a number of unique Charms similar to those wielded by the gods themselves to

assist the wearer in battle. Such powers can include camouflage, striking dematerialised spirits and augmenting the damage output or already immense durability of the Warstrider. With this, you don the very hammer of the gods in battle.

Regalia of the Chosen (50 CP): A personal weapon. A set of clothing, it's enchantments as powerful as their fabric is elegant-or risqué. A circlet that focuses your charisma into a blinding beacon, or even a mechanical bird that can fire elemental blasts at your enemies as well as several other functions like recording conversations or connecting to information networks like I AM. Such items are not uncommon in the First Age. What is uncommon is how well-suited this array of high quality but relatively unexceptional artifacts, no more than what a typical Exalt of the age could wear on their person comfortably without external assistance, are to your specific capabilities and at representing yourself in the best light.

Should you style yourself a wise sorceress your robes will billow with an elegant yet austere majesty that dazzles onlookers with your mystical wisdom for example, and the clasp on it could double as a practical boost to your favourite spell above and beyond what other Exalted can accomplish with it. Or as a warrior, the unbreakable shield you carry could both come inscribed with your anima banner as well as fly and bounce off enemies when thrown in just the right way to return to your arm when you've completed your preferred fighting style's moves.

Symnelra Set (50 CP): You are now the proud owner of a collection of translucent, gemlike or crystalline automata which apart from their inhuman beauty boast aesthetic features such as glowing blue eyes and wisps of clouds darting through their bodies. Though similar in most ways to a fit and reasonably well-trained common human of this world, as an artificial construct animated by First Age magitech they require only a few motes of Essence to animate and heed your commands. Your collection numbers in the dozens and while effective as butlers or bodyguards, each also has a niche but deadly talented such as launching crystalline darts with uncanny accuracy that makes them effective assassins too.

Soulbreaker Orb Collection (50 CP): If you're not a member of the Deliberative military's high command, there must be an…*interesting* story behind how you got dozens of these weapons of mass destruction. Built after studying necrotic Essence vortices in the Labyrinth, the region of the Underworld shaped by the nightmares of the dead Primordials, each resembles a foot-wide sphere of soulsteel encased in a smoky quartz shell and a dozen concentric rings of orichalcum which must be twisted in sequence to arm it for any time delay-

potentially even millennia later, should you be particularly spiteful. Upon detonation, each unleashes a vortex of golden light and singing shadows inflicting spiritual damage so traumatic, all beings shall have their souls flayed so badly that if the trauma will persist even in their ghosts if they leave any.

Whatever force mysteriously resupplies any spent orbs after exactly **five days** have past must truly **want the world to burn.**

Vault of Woven Dreams (50 CP): This complex structure is essentially a magitech hologram generator of incredible precision and accuracy. Entities and objects created within the vault partake of a tiny smidgen of its user's reality, allowing everything from the rise and fall of civilisations to the movement of tectonic plates to grand wargames to be simulated by punching commands into its integrated perfected calculation array and inputting variable amounts of motes. You've gotten your hands on one of the most sophisticated models on the market: A wardrobe-sized Vault that's bigger on the inside-letting you set your experiments in arbitrary amounts of created space Elsewhere and modify internals conditions such as the flow of time using the mosaic on surface. Keep in mind that any interruption of power will eject anything truly real outside, and do try to restrain your hubris when it comes to playing with your virtual universe.

Hands of the Great Maker (50 CP): Even after his exile, many Solars maintain great reverence for Autochthon, creator of the very process by which magical materials can be forged into artifacts that is the foundation for Solar craftsmanship itself. In his homage, the Solars invented these gauntlets of orichalcum and adamant. Clockwork gears and motonic compressor rods full of Autochthon's own lightning-white Essence grant Solars vastly expanded capabilities for reshaping reality with their Charms. The primary use for this is enhanced success when it comes to wringing useful resources from the Wyld, but if implanted with a protoshinmaic vortex (described below) not only does this permit Solar craftsmen to shape regions of chaotic unreality with prowess rivalling the greatest gods should they put in enough effort but it also lets them mould reality as if it were the shallowest regions of the Wyld. And now, you have a few crates' worth of these immensely versatile and valuable tools.

While these artifacts were primarily constructed for the benefit of Solar use, due to your investment here you are guaranteed that similar Charms for shaping Fate (if you are a Sidereal), the elements (for Dragonblooded) and other forms of specialised Wyld manipulation (for Lunars) will be similarly enhanced by strange modifications to your cache of artifacts.

Arete-Series Artificial Heroes (50 CP): Four advanced automatons grown in the stylised likeness of perfect human physiques are yours to command as bodyguards, champions or general hanger-ons. At the heart of each is a blessed effigy of the Unconquered Sun that shines like a modest Solar anima, and molten orichalcum flows through their bodies like blood. Noticeably superhuman in all traits relevant to a fight as well as highly skilled at operating other magitech artifacts, each also benefits from sensory improvements that match a cluster of Solar Charms in effectiveness, move with sublime efficiency, adapt rapidly to their opponents' fighting styles and can regenerate themselves so proficiently that amputated limbs can be casually reattached and they can even grow orichalcum weapons from themselves superheated by their internal systems and firing endless animation if ranged. While not quite the replacements for the Dragonblooded that the Solars who built them envisioned, as a unit they remain formidable guardians.

Protoshinmaic Vortex (50 CP): Speaking of the pinnacle of Solar hubris, no two scholars seem able to decide what these translucent balls of plasma full of impossible moving shapes actually are. Wrung from the depths of Pure Chaos by those Twilights that have learned the Charms necessary to shape it, some mysterious fellow referring to himself as the Magnus replaces this one should it destabilise or otherwise be permanently destroyed, each time accompanied with intriguing correspondence from the First Age theorising what you can actually *do* with these things. Some claim that they are entire worlds and the Solars commit a grave hubris by treating them so cavalierly. Others diagnose them as a "living aspect of transcendental potential compressed to a specific space and time" which is a formal way of describing a plot device. And still others claim they are the unborn young of the Shinma, the transcendental spirits that define essential facets of reality by being absent from them that the Primordials issued from in some sense-despite how patently absurd that sounds.

Either way, the most common use the Solars have found for them is as power sources for artifacts of all kinds. In exchange for lacking the inherent supernatural gifts of heathstones, protoshinmaic vortexes fulfil *all* Essence requirements for most artifacts and only the grandest ones-say, an artificial Elemental Pole or a Directional Titan-would require multiple to remain operational. And the most amazing thing about all this? To date even the Solars have only managed to tap the *exterior corona* of these artifacts for energy. Who knows what could happen if you could finally make the breakthrough that could tap the physical and metaphysical laws compressed within for power?

Reality Engines (50 CP): The dozens of clear, faintly glowing crystals sculpted into elegant geometric forms, inlaid with filigree of Moonsilver and orichalcum, and set with nuggets of jade represent some of the highest quality reality

engines in the Realm. Without maintenance of cessation, each enforces reality upon the unreal-forcing the Wyld to conform to the conditions of Creation, and similar unreal areas to have things like consistent features and physics. Beware: They can be damaged, and when damaged can actually revert reality into a Wyld-like state. So do try to avoid that. Unless, of course, that's exactly what you've decided your newest experiment needs.

The Legacy of Heartwind (100 CP): During the Primordial War, there was one particular tribe of humanity who sided with the Primordial Gaia-obtaining biotechnology more advanced than anything even the Exalted could produce immediately following the war's conclusion. Blessed with a paradise of malleable life that would care for the tribe's descendants for all time, when they refused the Exalted's "request" to join the Deliberative their island was destroyed. But the Genesis Lords of Heartwind succeeded in a contingency plan: A behemoth whale capable of surviving in the Wyld, carrying a comprehensive biotemplate record of Heartwind technology within it's immortal physiology. For reasons beyond your knowledge, that very whale has started following you around like a giant happy puppy. It will take time and effort to unravel all the secrets of Heartwind, notable the human-only plague that can be implanted with personality matrices capable of overwriting the infected, but with how loyal it is you could recreate many wonders of genetic engineering that only dedicated Exalted students of biogenesis are adept at-and possibly even some never discovered. After all, the Heartwind Isle's tribe were to Gaia what the original Lintha were to Kimbery.

Exalted Leisure Zone (100 CP): 400 years ago, the Lawgiver Eternal Crimson Sunset founded an entire city devoted entirely to pleasure and recreation. Whether or not you are old enough to have done the same, one built along similar lines has become your rightful property. By default, like the Pleasure Dome it is replete with the sort of luxurious decadence that the most important and all but the most temperate members of the Deliberative and the grandest gods would find pleasing: Shops that well wonders ranging from enchanted masks, hotels with hand-carved, self-adjusting furniture, sense-shattering illusions and constructs of living Essence shaping themselves to the guests' every whim-all of which is powered by a manse of the highest quality. The staff all consist of bound lesser demons and gods, humans bred or empowered to suit your desires, enchanted Raksha and other beings of similar magnitude-everything short of actual Exalts. Gambling parlours where everything from mundane cash to skyships, beauty, levels of Essence, sanity and youth are on sail, performance halls where gladiatorial combat and storytelling are just as common as mass shared dreams and dances, restaurants that serve delicacies from all over Creation and even the celestial wine and peaches of immortality normally available only in Yu-Shan. Sorcerous environmental controls

sophisticated enough to keep most regions pleasantly cool but create and modify unique environments for novelty, and yes-palaces of carnal pleasure emulating every famous location in Creation. *Yes,* including that particularly vile one referred to as the Ebon Dragon's Blessings.

If you have the Sunlit Lands item, you may freely apply any or all Wonders of the First Age purchases to this item instead, or fuse the two items into an even bigger city sharing all properties-including the Wonders of the First Age benefits.

But all the details need not stay the same-after all, one way or another this place was built for your enjoyment. Perhaps instead of a city in the desert, you desire one that has integrated the chaos of the Wyld into itself and adapted all the servants upkeeping it to survive it's rigors. Perhaps instead of pure opulence, you desire a garden to commemorate the fallen warriors of the Primordial War that fills all with a sense of righteous melancholy or religious ascetism. Whatever the case, while it does represent substantial high quality First Age infrastructure it is also uncannily designed to make you happy in a way only very determined demigods focused on one very specific problem to solve can.

The Loyal Leviathan (100 CP): This 40-foot submersible war machine is a kinder alternative to a rather cruel punishment inflicted upon a lesser elemental dragon. With a clockwork hull of Jade and First Age alloys, six massive Essence cannons and a serpentine propeller, the draconic automata is more than a match for any fleet in Creation not helmed by Exalted. Instead of a captured elemental spirit it is a heavily protected protoshinmaic vortex that supplies all the power it could ever need, and the artifact's spirit has awakened-ensuring it is a truly loyal servant rather than a pain-crazed slave with a chance, however slim, of turning against its own coding. And while it lacks the charms of an elemental like the true Brass Leviathan would have, the artifact's sublime craft and extreme power has allowed it to awaken unique powers embodying its role as a draconic weapon of war-like a destructive beam of energy capable of cutting a row of ships in half. While no elemental itself, with centuries time and development it could evolve into a weapon to surpass the Kukla.

Thousand-Forged Dragon Silo (200 CP): You may be noticing a certain trend here when it comes to First Age war machines, but when powerful and destructive elementals keep defaulting to a certain form it's hard not to be at least a little impressed. Numbering a few dozen, these 30 foot long metal clockwork automatons have jade talons the size of grand daiklaves and fangs of serrated orichalcum-and each is just as mighty as they look. Built into them is a toggleable aura of supernatural terror capable of affecting all who feel fear, a breath weapon consisting of Essence-fuelled plasma in both narrow ray and

pulse forms, an Essence Inversion Field that shatters geological fonts of supernatural energy such as manses to siphon them as fuel for the dragons and worst of all the Geomantic Singularity: An even stronger version of the former attack in which the dragon inhales enough Essence or similar supernatural energies to explodes it and the land beneath it. Individually, these metal dragons can singlehandedly decimate an entire city. In flights, they can destroy whole nations.

“Who Am I?” (200 CP): Built from memory crystals cultured from azure ice shards gathered in parts of the furthest north terraformed by the Eye of Autochthon, this elegant translucent block houses an AI with an alarming powerful mind. It has a full set of human senses, great skill with the game Gateway-so great that it’s “sibling” Icemind has bested both its Exalted creators at the game. Like that entity, the machine views itself as a female child and you as something like it’s parent. It’s motivations are simple: To learn, study, play and grow. Already it’s extremely useful for calculation of all kinds and a trove of magitech knowledge, but at the moment it merely has a hearthstone of moderate power to use for Essence-and believes that it could do much more with a greater source. After all, the being known as I AM who permeates most dragon line ruled by the Solar Exalted is fundamentally an AI granted extraordinary amounts of Essence to utilise.

The Terraforming Engines of Opal Spire (200 CP): This floating tower of shimmering opal is some 700 feet high. It boasts several batteries of reality engines, arrays of arcane devices capable of amplifying Solar Wyld-shaping Charms (or due to your investment here, similar ones for other Exalted that manipulate esoteric forces in some manner) and an armada of skyships fitted with Wyld stabilizing artifacts. It is one of the Solar Deliberative’s most ambitious terraforming projects for by entering the Wyld, deploying the skyships to calm it’s chaos and allowing the pilot to sculpt it into useful terrain it would then rely on the onboard Sidereals to whisk the newly created lands into Creation proper-directly expanding the scope of reality.

Apart from being an extraordinary trove of cutting edge First Age technologies to reverse engineer, to say nothing of the crews of Dragonblooded sufficient to pilot as well as maintain the whole thing and tactical Sidereal team who answer directly to you, someone seems to have modified your version of the Spire in a specific manner. In future worlds, by pushing one of a series of buttons you’ll be able to fly it back into varying depths of the Wyld-whether it’s relatively mundane bordermarches, it’s more surreal middlemarches, the narrative-heavy deep Wyld or the storm of Pure Chaos. And from it, wring forth more raw potential to become solid territory for worlds blessed by your arrival.

The Penitent of Somewhere Else (200 CP): A great stone mountain has now been carved into a form you find pleasing, be it yourself, your spirit animal or perhaps even a statue of the Incarna you most admire. It is no mere work of vanity however, for within is a meditation chamber wherein by taking a position similar to the statue's form an operator capable of wielding Essence such as a god or Exalt can sense the flow of Essence throughout everywhere in a certain direction. Every demesne and manse, every dragon line and dragon nest where they aggregate into a conflux, wherever Creation is tainted by shadowlands or where the Wyld is unravelling the fabric of reality-every anomaly, rippled and flaw gleaned as keenly as the back of your hand. And in future worlds, similar supernatural energies will be just as easily read gleaned by the Penitent.

But the operator is far from powerless. From the Penitent, he can selectively manage Essence flows-tapping or enhancing the flow of Essence through Creation on an unimaginable scale. Want to siphon a Wyld-tainted zone until it implodes? Your will be done. Have to turn the heat up on a Fire-aspected manse so it can properly work as the furnace of a factory-cathedral, or siphon and depower an enemy's manse? Your wish is it's command. Need to empower a Solar's manse so that it becomes powerful enough to directly transmit extremely potent, nourishing prayers to the Unconquered Sun? As good as done. Any manse connected to the Penitent is made stronger as a result, and none even in the First Age but the most strategically vital (such as those making up the Realm Defence Grid) is safe from its obliterating force. And again in future worlds, over a radius of 2000 miles you will exert similar influence over supernatural energies pervading an environment at a fundamental level. If this still somehow seems modest, consider that the only thing stopping a wielder of the Penitent from creating conditions capable of giving rise to infrastructure presenting a serious military threat to the rest of the Realm is Heaven's vigilace on such a strategically vital landmark.

The Library of Sperimin and the Book of Three Circles (200 CP): If you are not, somehow, the librarian of the center of learning for the First Age's Realm it is only because a similarly grand city of colleges has arisen elsewhere in the world-and you, somehow, are in charge of it. Twelve great academies with campuses spreading out from a single tower provide the highest calibre of learning for mortal and Exalt alike in the fields of agriculture, the arts, cosmology and theology, engineering and architecture, government, history, martial arts, medicine, military science, mining and metallurgy, sorcery and thaumaturgy, and trade while numerous smaller academies teach a range of other disciplines. The great library within boasts books, tomes, scrolls, sutras and crystal codices dating back to the Dragon Kings, and stores all knowledge of the First Age in several redundant formats to prevent any loss. This includes elements maintaining crystal and plant-based forms of recording, automata

reading books to those who do not wish to and gods of scholarship strolling around blessing students into wisdom. Possibly the crown jewel of its collection is a tome called the Book of Three Circles-denoting three separate books made of woven spider silk with sentient automata as the bindings each of which contains detailed information on hundreds of spells from each circle. Each volume knows its own contents intimately and assists sorcerers looking for a particular spell or piece of knowledge, and if commanded to will release a small swarm of white spiders to spin a new copy of the pages containing a particular spell or chapter. Each is also protected by the most sophisticated defense and protection spells of the First Age, such that they simply store attempts to burn them as Essence and even if the incredibly tough pages are ripped the spiders nestled within will simply repair them in the blink of an eye. And thanks to your investment here, in future worlds when the scholars of this land have studied and certified spells the book will release new swarms of spiders to begin weaving new tomes denoting specific types of magic and recording similar troves of detailed information on their spells.

The faculty, prodigious student body and knowledge of the First Age are tremendous asset unto themselves, but by buying them here the Library of Sperimin will remains a legitimate, extremely well respected centre for learning in future worlds too if you wish. Heroes and gods (or the closest equivalents) will travel far and wide to add to its vast stores of knowledge.

The Black Mirror (300 CP): What an awful thing it appears the Most Supreme Hierophant has discovered a second version of-and for reasons of his own, entrusted it to you. A jagged shard made of a seemingly indestructible pitch-black quicksilver alloy found at the destruction of Okeanos, this artifact is so steeped in death that any ghost or mortal being is instantly condemned agonisingly to Oblivion; magical beings merely lose a great portion of their will experiencing a waking nightmare of the Neverborn that haunts them for years. It is Solars who are most tainted by this object-and yet, are capable of resisting it's corrosive touch even without Charms through a great exertion of will. They are made a Creature of Darkness, cast beyond Fate and each of their Solar Charms are replaced by equivalent Abyssal ones. And each time they touch it, the whispers of the Neverborn teach them awful things, forgotten things, sometimes situationally useful things learned nowhere else.

What is an Abyssal, you ask? In the Age of Sorrows yet to come (and hopefully avoided), the Neverborn will corrupt and mutilate Solar Exaltations with the horror of purest Oblivion, attuning them to death, destruction and agony but depriving them of true excellence, holiness and condemning them as creatures of death. But you are not an Abyssal Exalted, and when next you experience Limit Break you will be made a Solar again.

…
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. . .

Does that seem unfair? Does it not seem right that once again, the Solars stand supreme even in utmost debasement? We agree. <u>Everyone deserves a taste of Oblivion</u>. So here's yours. For using your precious choices to instantiate our gift to this *foul, worthless world* even if you are not a Solar Exalted you may briefly warp your Charms into death-themed equivalents for whatever type of Exalted you are.

No need to thank us.

We're sure you'll go on to accomplish great things.

Shadow of the Titans (300 CP): At the heart of the Sword of is a five pronged claw. Once the bodiless shadow of the Primordial King himself, it was spirited away by the Ebon Dragon at the beginning of time and hidden among his dark pantheon of souls as a demon-but later taken by Autochthon and forged into the Realm Defence Grid's safety lock of swords. It seems Autochthon has been more productive than he let on, because while it is no lock for anything in particular he has stolen the shadow of another Primordial-yes, possibly his own-and forged it into a similar artifact. For such a thing has a secondary function beyond even his own imagination's capacity to conceive: It is a resonator and amplifier for spells or all kinds. Hold it and a lesser teleportation spell can take you thousands of miles, far enough to reach almost any nation in what will become known as the Scavenger Lands. Or a localised spell of cursed rain could scour regions as vast as the entire Imperial City-or focus it's thundering power on a single manse. Such a simple thing, and yet with how versatile sorcery is it's applications are potentially beyond succinct description.

The Eye of Autochthon (600 CP): But then again, beyond mere amplification there is simply…power, in its most fundamental and undefinable form. Ask not this great, black, seemingly truly invincible pearl does-ask what it does *not* do. On its own, it spins freely in the three gimbaled rings built to hold it. It quells all disturbances of land, sea, air and Essence for vast distances in all directions. So much does it stabilise the Wyld that Raksha die in minutes should they dare approach it. And it elevates the power of those who can use Essence beyond all belief.

A sorcerer might raise a citadel so call its towers required gates for the moon to pass through, or create an entire city from nothing. A Dragonblooded might shut

down the manses powering the Realm Defence Grid with it. A force as great as the Kukla, the greater elemental dragon of Earth whose movement threatens all Creation and was sealed by all the Incarnae, might be contained with it and perhaps even a Primordial could be affected by contact with it. It is a world-shaking wonder with few limits, and yet even the Solars are cautious with it.

In latter days, those who lay hands on the Eye have a tendency to meet with unfortunate, mysteriously sorcerous ends like falling into the sky or being transmuted to crystal. While in this age it is not known to slay the Solars who wielded it, neither are they cavalier about its use. In short: Buyer beware. Though the Eye of Autochthon opens the door to much, even less is known with certainty about it's safe use. Know only that in hands not well-versed in handling powerful yet fickle artifacts, it is just as likely to be Creation's doom as it's salvation.

Dragonblooded

Armor of the Immaculate Dragons (100 CP): These jade-alloy suits of articulate plate and elegantly smithed scales are prime examples of how prevalent magitech can benefit the masses. Either featuring baroque dragon iconography or stylised function over form, each leaves no chink of vulnerability for the enemies of the Solars to exploit. Each has fantastic protection against disease, an hour's supply of air, obscure the wearer from divination, exomusculuar fibres that double your ground speed and enhance your strength as well as a sophisticated scanner visor. And unlike those built in latter days, these do not require the upkeep of most complex Age of Sorrows magitech and contain an internal Essence battery with a capacity of 30 motes powering the suit's features when the user could not.

Furthermore, the armour comes in five variants with unique modifications built to augment a specific caste of Dragonblooded. It's assumed the one suiting your caste is the only one you'd need, but if you want to buy more each is 50 CP if the first purchase was discounted.

The Most Terrifying Armor of the Air Dragon has two fixed wings and a small thruster drive, allowing the wearer to take flight as well as fire blasts of lightning from gauntlet-mounted energy projectors. Built from feathersteel and blue jade, it was optimised for high mobility and aerial assaults.

The Most Resolute Armor of the Earth Dragon has a golem like bulk and heavy power nodes that grant it enhanced strength. The suit's scanners can find cracks, stress zones and other points of weakness in inanimate objects, and sculpt nearby masses of earth as if by the hand of an invisible giant-potentially doing everything from hurling boulders at foes to creating trenches or earth rampants.

The Most Fearsome Armor of the Fire Dragon's alloys of copper and jagged red jade grant it almost as much swiftness as the Air Dragon Armor, but it's special abilities are geared more for cavalry-like engagements. It's Velocity Magnifier Engine can accelerate one's ground speed and other simple movements fourfold, while the suit's gauntlets let the wearer project curved beams of white hot plasma.

The Most Benevolent Armor of the Water Dragon boasts rounded lines of dark blue steel and black jade. It's visor allows the wearer to perceive immaterial beings and objects with all senses, and the suit itself allows the wearer to touch or attack spirits as if they were solid (and be touched or attacked in turn). It can also generate a spiritual disruption field preventing other entities from materializing or dematerializing, preventing all attempts to scry or teleport into or out of the warded area and increases the cost of spirits' charms. This so-called Ghost-Binding Wall has no effect on beings with a higher Essence rating than the armor's wearer, though multiple armors combining their Walls can increase its radius and treat the wall as if the wearer with the higher Essence had one higher level of Essence rating per assisting suit.

The Most Puissant Armor of the Wood Dragon has organic features grown from green jade with steel lattices connecting it's plates that loosely resemble vines. It has what is considered to be the most powerful of any of the armors' built-in weapons: An Essence-Dampening Field similar to the Ghost-Binding Wall with one exception: It affects all magical beings regardless of Essence-though characters wearing any form of dragon armor are immune-and adds a surcharge of one mote per three motes of total normal cost to the activation of all Charms and spells.

Legacy of the Dragon-Kings (200 CP): Pity the Dragon Kings, already spent and extinguished from the ravages of the Primordial War and regarded with magnanimous pity by most of Creation. This garden, vaster than any on modern Earth and featuring an array of enchanted plants as well as crystals sorcerous altered to regrow as regularly as the plants do, may be considered their equivalent of a factory-cathedral in terms of what may be grown from it. From alchemical shrubs producing sap or fruit that can function as medicine, poisons or more exotic tinctures to living vines that transport water or living furniture to crystals that can store knowledge on par with books, crystalline lights and

heaters as well as tubes that create disks of Essence to serve as elevators, all manner of quality of life items can be created freely from this verdant garden. But the garden's true gift is the capacity to mass produce the traditional vegetative magitech of the Dragon Kings-items that can be considered true artifacts ranging from vines that help others safely breathe amidst toxic gasses and under water, to thorn-launching whips coated in an azure sap that promotes bloodloss, to obsidian power armour that enhances the wearer's strength and speed-even flight, should the wearer already be capable of it. A skilled craftsman could even build artifacts on par with those forged by the Exalted themselves by improving on the methods of those who were once first in favour with the Unconquered Sun.

Semiramis, The Tree Whose Roots Caress the Earth (400 CP): Wherever you're living (or your Warehouse if you would prefer), it appears that a sleepy behemoth resembling an upside down tree with a nature goddess sticking out of its trunk has rooted into the ceiling. Breathtakingly beautiful, while her supple, flexible branches are as dextrous as any human's fingers her humanoid half is capable of detaching from and working alongside it with medical skill eclipsing that of the gods of medicine-for with a glance, she perfectly intuits everything wrong with a living creature's body and gleans all pertinent detail about every condition affecting it. Ageless, her corpse grows an invulnerable seed from which she can grow a new body once planted; only the death of the last tree on Creation can truly kill her. Most potent of all are the 23 purple fruits that taste like overripe mango and cranberries. If consumed within a day of harvest, each fruit can cure any woe found in creation. Emotional trauma, crippled limbs, mystical illusions, poisons, diseases of any sort or even distinct reality warping effects-the most serious harm always heals first, but beyond that even supernaturally puissant damage can be mended. She professes herself to be a daughter of Gaia whose purpose in life is to give healing in all wounded-but though her inhuman resilience makes her superbly durable to all attacks when faced with a threat to her patients she herself fights with a staff coated in a venom that rivals that of the Yozis in lethality, strangling vines and branches as tough as jade and gusts of razor-sharp leaves that can pierce through armour. Furthermore, while she herself has yet to experiment with this power her fruit can potentially augment and transform with the same power with which it heals-perhaps the juice from her fruits can raise plants into powerful guardians, or through ritual preparation transform men into the image of the legendary Clay Man. While she would prefer a peaceful resolution to most conflicts to the extent even supernatural influence cannot compel her to harm others, she also has the quiet strength of a warrior. And she believes your destinies are entwined, for she senses all Creation needs healing…though from what, she cannot say for sure.

If time permits, she would like to visit to her “half-sister” living in the Realm Defence Grid.

Orphan Child of Gaia (600 CP): Five nights did Gaia and Luna lie with each other in this sacred grove, transfiguring it into a strange and wondrous place where the real and unreal meld. It appears in dreams to those kin in some sense to both beings speaking strange and cryptic pronouncements, but to you and you alone does it show the dream-spun path to its sacred depths. For this is essentially the equivalent of an Infernal Bastion for Gaia-a manse of incalculable power born from immense sacrifice, powerful and mighty beyond compare to embody the inscrutable desires of a Primordial. From whole forests that rise up with venom and vine against intruders, to ruined cities that burst into flame consuming themselves yet standing anew each morning to phantasmal legions just real enough in the instant to harm or bless a stranger to architecture that exists only in memory yet has tangible effects on the real world, the defences of this place are as esoteric as they are comprehensive. Yet the true prize lies within: An unborn Elemental Dragon capable of observing and controlling the power of all within this strange land-principally to vastly amplify the powers of magical beings connected even distantly to either Luna or Gaia, transforming fireballs into battlefield-cleansing meteors. All sorcery or artifice within their themes is similarly bolstered, and with the Elemental Dragon to be’s aid many wonders rivalling those forged by its parents’ hands could be produced. You know not when it will be born, only that one day it *will* hatch from this, it’s crib, and when it does it will walk taller than the mountains and wield divine power like a storm that can sweep the stars from the sky. It is to your good fortune then, that it seems to view you as a beloved distant cousin.

Sometimes it sniggers at the so-called Caul certain Dragonblooded and Lunars seem obsessed by.

Lunar

Here There Be Wild Things (100 CP): It might be too little, too late for the Lunars who’d like to think they’re contributing to society as anything other than the extension of a Solar’s will but somehow or other you’ve come into undisputed stewardship over 10,000 square miles of consistent terrain in Creation-mainly because nobody else wanted it. It’s simply too far out of the way, despite how lush it is; it could even represent cubic volumes of water in the ocean. You see, some time ago Gaia herself touched this land with the spell Benediction of Archgenesis, inducing lush growth and paradisical environmental conditions exceeding anything found on the Blessed Isle itself. The weather is temperate, the days blessed only by the briefest of showers and all plants grow larger and healthier than they naturally would. Both animals and

people bear unprecedented numbers of healthy offspring, and all actions needed to sustain life in this temperate jungle are easier than they should be. And while no specific enchantments are in place, the ambient Gaian Essence makes natural demesnes and spontaneous but always positive mutations commonplace within its confines-potentially resulting in giant, flying boars or other extraordinary animals. Unlike the normal limits of Benediction of Archgenesis, the fertility of this land is permanent. This could be a wonderful little place to let out your inner animal, where there's nobody to see. Or care.

In future worlds, this wonder of the natural world will follow you either as a Warehouse attachment or nearby environment.

The Scepter and Orb of Peace and Order (200 CP): A Moonsilver sphere the size of a large grapefruit, carved with grooves allowing it to be held in one hand. An orichalcum sceptre topped with a complex crook, decorated with crystals that focus and channel Essence identical to those on the sphere. These artifacts of exceptional power are part of a Solar social experiment on the upper limits of control.

The scepter grants the bearer a general sense of everyone within 400 miles, discerning general concentrations and movements of population as well as any magical beings within that domain-as well as to distinguish between individuals who have lived in the domain for more than a month and visitors or new arrivals. The bearer can broadcast messages to anyone inside that radius and produce a scarlet eye-like sigil on the flesh of every adult of adolescent. The target much accept the sigil willingly, but the scepter allows a Celestial bearer to compel anyone who refuses the sigil to leave within the next week-a compulsion impossible for anyone but another Exalt to resist. Anyone who accepts the sigil is marked for life, barring Solar Circle Sorcery performed by someone whose Essence is as high as the scepter's bearer. For a meagre cost in Essence the scepter-bearer can take over the body of someone so marked in this manner-and obliges the marked to follow all laws ordained by the scepter-bearer within the domain. Keep it close; if it is ever unattuned or the wielder dies, all sigils vanish within 24 hours unless someone else attunes to the scepter during this time. Pain wracks the body of the disobedient-lasting only for a few hours and ended by confession for minor offences, lasting until confession of the sin to a local magistrate for major ones and for the most serious offences only ending with death.

The orb is no less potent, letting its own wielder sense and alter the emotions of all sigil-bearers en masse or individually. Furthermore, attunement ensures any sigil-bearer who acts to encourage others to obey the laws or goes beyond the expectant minimal obedience is automatically rewarded with dreams so vivid

and enjoyable, they enjoy bolstered resistance to infections or disease and live a third as long as they otherwise would. No individual can attune to both the Scepter and the Orb of Peace and Order but attunement to either ensures immunity to all diseases and infections, ceases your aging and grants a powerful form of regeneration from all wounds. Only a trusted, devoted soulmate with utmost commitment to your goals could possibly deserve such a gift-but what Solar would not expect that of her Lunar mate?

The Walking Devil Tower (400 CP): Long ago, the incarnation of a principle antithetical to Creation awoke and was unleashed upon Creation. This god-monster was Karvara, who could not exist in Creation and so caused it to cease to be wherever it went-and could have torn the Loom of Fate asunder and erased all Creation from memory if it was not for the heroism of a Solar, a Lunar and their Dragonblooded soldiers. Hollowed out by the Lunar in the form of tapeworm and botfly it's spine was carved into a pilot's fuselage, controls were woven into it's unreal nervous system and more deluges of molten Moonsilver were used to imprison this apocalyptic behemoth into the form of a Warstrider. Even in this limited form it's dire nature shines through-granting it the ability to fuel its speed and strength with bursts of rage, utterly unmake devoured foes or incoming weaponry in bursts of solipsistic void or speak a counter-harmony to the music underlying creation that utterly annihilates all in its wake. Leaving nothing but the alien vistas of Zen-Mu.

The being trapped in the Warstrider before you may or may not be Karvara. If it is not, it is a horror of similar calibre even if it's capabilities are different-perhaps you even had a personal role in subduing it.

The Fortress of Hungry Birds (600 CP): It seems you've seriously impressed somebody as a steady pair of hands, because the Solar Deliberative has entrusted you with a military fortification every bit the equal of the Lunar Hungry Birds' Fortress of Hungry Birds. Made of white glass and blue jade, it is guarded by three hundred delicate avian automatons animated and controlled by oath-bound spirits, each of which are equipped with Essence-powered weapons and adamant talons with the power of grand daiklaves-all of which serves merely as a first line of defence. The gate of silver and glass blazes brightly when an Exalt passes through-always revealing the image of a Solar's personal anima banner several stories high, and enchanted such that it is one of the strongest features of the whole fortress. It maintains a full complement of elite warstriders, a silo of thousand-forged dragons (dragon-shaped metallic automatons capable of unleashing devastating blasts of fiery plasma and ruining geomantic regions to siphon Essence for themselves) and a fully equipped Dragonblooded army honed through fierce competition for the honour of serving here.

You do not necessarily have an effective copy of that particular fortress, although you may if you wish, although whatever property you do own is completely independent from all external control and could potentially defeat the entire might of the current First Age military. This is not solely due to the fortress' innate properties. The Fortress of Hungry Birds is the first line of defence for the Orichalcum Shrine controlling the Sword of Creation, and in this world much of your fortress' strategic value comes from defending a similarly critical asset. In future worlds it will always be positioned near other inert strategic assets for apparently legitimate reasons that will ensure your position is fortified not just because of what you are actually capable of, but because of what could happen if your holdings fell into the wrong hands.

Sidereal

Celestial Salary (100 CP): It would be a shame to perform your heavenly duties with no expectations of recompense, wouldn't it? As a Sidereal you are entitled to allotments of Quintessence (the physical manifestation within Yu-Shan of mortals' prayers for heavenly intervention) and Ambrosia (a purer and rarer form of quintessence that manifests from prayers to a specific deity). Even after the 10% tithe to the Unconquered Sun (who unfailingly redistributes that tithe to the five heavenly bureaus) within Yu-Shan both Ambrosia and Quintessence are a sort of smart matter that can be forged into nearly any substance in Creation; the possibility of crashing the economy with sufficient jade is why converting one's salary into excess wealth is considered a serious offence (although of course, while Yu-Shan is far less corrupt than it could one day become treating gods to *extravagant gift-giving* that certainly can't be seen as bribery to advance agendas in Creation is an accepted practice).

Due to having some sort of gainful occupation in Yu-Shan (all Sidereals are by default employees for the Bureau of Destiny) you now have a salary equivalent to your Essence rank and other circumstances. A freshly Exalted Sidereal can generally afford a small apartment (five rooms and facilities) in Yu-Shan, two elemental servants, likely no Ambrosia only Quintessence and merely one feats per day. A well to-do Sidereal of middling Essence has enough Ambrosia and Quintessence (though the latter will always outweigh the former) to rent a townhouse in a good neighbourhood of the Celestial City, a property like a faux ranch or rooftop temple-fortress, a personal form of transportation like a dragon boat or aerial rickshaw and a dozen elemental servitors. The most senior Exalts and mightiest gods own half a dozen grand palaces, penthouse apartments and weekend lodges in Yu-Shan and can afford to throw parties among the gods for centuries. Everything from their small fleet of dragon boats to their legion of divine servants (including a dozen potent, though nominally not very useful

for…productive things, gods) to the heaps of peaches of immortality, celestial wine and equally celestial cocaine screams decadence beyond mortal imagining.

In future worlds a small fragment of Yu-Shan will follow either as a Warehouse attachment or nearby plane containing both your salary and everything you've been able to afford with it, letting you continue to forge Ambrosia and Quintessence into useful things without fear of heavenly oversight. Depending on how frivolous you've been, it could be anything from a glorified broom closet to a sprawling manor with grounds the size of a medieval kingdom on Earth.

Maiden's Eye (200 CP): This powerful manse, it's innermost courtyard and the great, calm reflecting pool within has two major blessings. The first is that despite nearly constant use by those permitted by the owner (you) to enter it has no official records even by Exalts or gods. The second is that it can provide visions of the future even to those without innate precognitive power, and enhances those with such so much that some of the oldest Sidereals dedicate weeks to meditating at the edge of the simple pool. Or would have; it is up to you if you own an identical pool or the actual thing. Expect both great risks and benefits from being at the owner of the latter, considering the Sidereals treat it as their place to ponder and discuss things they would prefer to keep secret from even the Solars they serve.

The Great Observatory of Rathess and the Orrery of Arainthu (400 CP): As you may be noticing as a trend here, to the Sidereals knowledge is true power. So it is this dome of polished Starmetal and the flawless model of the heavens within is the apex of knowledge gathering in Creation-or possibly, a structure equal to the true one. By incorporating theoretical constellations into its readers' predictions and all the advancements of the First Age, the Grand Observatory can determine information as specific as the position of a specific fly's descendants a century from now-or the steps taken to learn a specific Sidereal martial art. So accurate are the movements of the projected heavenly bodies of the Celestial gods within the Observatory as well as their humanoid selves dancing in the Orrery, so clear the magnification, clarification and obfuscation systems that the Dragon Kings have used it to identify the coming of the Balorian Crusade and Great Contagion that the Sidereals sneer at the possibility of-and in one dark corner, a reflection of the Underworld's dark stars driven by the Calendar of Setesh can be viewed. And of course you actually have to be in the facility and know the right question to ask. Still, even then the only way you could possibly gather more information is by living through vast swathes of time itself…

_ (600 CP): …like so. You see, there is a barren island with no location upon which sits a tower with no windows, doors or fate. Within it's one room stand an arched gate of Starmetal encrusted with emeralds, and if its empty hinges once held twin doors no trace remains of them-assuming they won't be forged in a later age. This is not that structure, that which is called the Arch of Undreamt Eternities and in doing so metaphysically diminished it such that it merely lets travelers wander into possible futures with certain conditions set, such as "What if the Solar Exalted all perished?" for only five days at the convergence of time and space that best meets the criteria for the journey-after which they find themselves having walked through the arch. Though it is akin in most respects, even if you were somehow within Fate when you found it you were never so foolish as to give it a name. That is why unlike the Arch, *your*…property can fully incorporate the actions of entities outside Fate, has no limit on how long you can stay in the predicted timeline, does not disorient you on the way back and crucially does *not* have some kind of poorly explained metaphysical process preventing you from using this…thing for training purposes. It still only produces possible futures, not inevitable ones, though apart from the caveat of not being truly impossible to change the experiences within are otherwise completely accurate.

After experimenting with it for a while, you might start to encounter rare humans who are identical in all respects to their simulated selves with one exception: They bear a strange Exaltation, though they themselves seem unaware of it. These so-called Getimian Exalted are the only things permanent enough to make it back with you to Creation, and if made aware of how unreal this world is will be desperate enough to swear loyalty to any cause no matter how petty, in exchange for being able to get back to reality. Should they do so, they will count as followers unless imported or converted into a companion role by other means.

Solar

Sunlit Lands (100 CP): What is a king without a kingdom? While certainly as a Solar 4/5ths of Creation is divided into principalities that are in turn administrated to on your behalf by the Dragonblooded, some lords of creation prefer a more personal touch. Somewhere in Creation is a city as personalised by your extant capabilities bought within this jump as Tztli is by Bright Shattered Ice's scholastic skills. It could be anything from a geomantically enhanced flying city every bit it's equal, to an underwater base populated by humans bred to live underwater, to a commune of nine foot tall noble savages eking out a living in pristine wilderness-likely to the delight of your Lunar mate. Whatever this society is, it reveres you as its founder and is right to do so.

Optionally, you may dedicate purchases from the Wonders of the First Age section to enhancing this item to represent it becoming greater and grander under your personal rule.

The Foundry of Infinite Genius (200 CP): It appears that for reasons of your own, you've stuffed a mighty Unshaped Raksha into a jade containment reactor. How quaint. Or perhaps it was Autochthon who gifted you this workshop, an equal to the one in the heart of the Sword of Creation. The facility is a vast icosahedron of adamant with a hovering hexagonal platform letting users operate its arrays of hologlyphic controls for a simple yet breathtaking feat: Draining the Unshaped of its potentiality to supply basic raw materials and enacting the means to combine them in any way imaginable. Tools of raw Essence appear as needed to accommodate building or repairing anything, becoming extensions of the user's will equalling those found in a factory-cathedral. Most fantastically of all, the interior can be preprogramed into practically anything imaginable-shifting vantage points, teleporting the control platform to anything in a generated simulation and fading away all changes when the lab is no longer in active use. Instead of the Realm Defence Grid, this lab is attuned to your Fate and can attempt to extrapolate the data from your life to simulate people and events in holographic projections so lifelike they can be interrogated to learn secrets otherwise lost to ancient cataclysm.

Oh, and in the event you ever need anything more there's a doorway overgrown with ivy that leads to the depths of Pure Chaos in the Wyld: The infinite sprawl of narrative nonsense that surrounds Creation, churning out unstable ideas and concepts like the Raksha (also known as the Fae) who delight in bewitching one another with phantasmal powers and tales spinning off into tiny worlds. The Unshaped are powerful, geographical entities among them who do not limit themselves to a single identity-extrapolating several entities resembling the more powerful gods to each act as a defining aspect of the whole.

Interestingly, should you ever kill the Unshaped through overuse of its precious Wyld energy somehow another will immediately be dragged screaming from the Wyld into the containment unit by golden thunderbolts.

The Five-Metal Shrike (400 CP): Though conventional war machine construction doctrine in the First Age held that bigger is better, the Solar warlord Kan-Hur despised the wastefulness of the Directional Titans and the endless silos of Thousand-Forged Dragons. In response he commissioned a trio of his brightest peers to build a replacement, wagering 1000 years of conquest's worth of fortunes on their genius. This is the fruit of that wager.

A mere 50 yards long, smaller by far than the gaudy Titans. Fast enough to reach any point in Creation in a day. An onboard AI capable of keeping it from falling into any unauthorised driver's hands. This jade-hulled raptor has Starmetal sails as wings, Moonsilver conduits linking it's individual systems together, heavy Orichalcum armour at every vulnerable point and several habitable chambers-including an engine room-jammed between it's half-living construct machinery and weapon systems. The Five-Metal Shrike can emit a beam of searing plasma from any of the hundreds of Moonsilver nerves intersecting all over its hull, as well as internally from bulkheads to repel intruders. This is but a secondary system: It's primary weapon, the Godspear of the Five-Metal Shrike, fires a beam of effectively infinite damage capable of blasting the material and immaterial as well as slaying spirits permanently-and though far lesser, the shockwave it emits is sufficient to blast cities to ash or shatter mountains. Even a seemingly invincible Wyld scorpion-behemoth would die swiftly under such an attack. But it's defensive systems are no less impressive-the Aegis of the Unconquered Sun perfectly deflects all physical damage with a protective shell of golden light, the Grasp of the Maidens draws in immense amounts of Essence from all directions, and Luna's Magnanimity permits it to heal all damage rapidly with half-liquid Moonsilver cables spreading across itself like bandages.

The only remaining question is how you got your hands on such a masterwork. Perhaps in the distant future, some event set into motion by you allowed the Solars to at last unravel the secrets of time and send back this mighty living weapon in the hopes of averting their usurpation. Or perhaps you yourself were disillusioned by Solar military doctrine first, and commissioned your own Shrike before the other was even imagined?

A Gift of the Sun (600 CP): At the very end of the Primordial War the Unconquered Sun was given countless gifts by mortals-who sought to emulate his brilliance by building something worthy of him, not merely to make something or one with little he could not provide for himself. Proclaiming himself blessed beyond measure, he returned all but four of the gifts which he empowered with the millions of prayers sent to him-and created the panoply to which some of his greatest powers are bound to. At some point, you accomplished something worthy of such reverence-either winning similar adulation from mankind, or being deemed so worthy the Sun himself retained a measure of those prayers to personally forge this gift for you. Simply put, it is in every way an equal to the four artifacts held by the Unconquered Sun, the greatest of gods and king of heaven. It burns with all of his Holy power, searing the unrighteous and bringing hope to the humble even before accounting for its special abilities. But it is bound to you as the four are bound to the Sun, imbuing

you with powers equal to the other gifts bound to a certain Virtue of yours; should you ever suppress it, they will become temporarily inaccessible.

By his Compassion, the Sun can unveil the truths around him, intuit the meaning behind any form of communication, see anywhere in Creation or Yu-Shan, mend all ailments in himself or others as well as grant blessings powerful enough to deify others. By his Temperance he can take flight with the same inhuman swiftness of his normal motion, and completely transcends injury and mental influence seeking to betray his core motivation. By his Valor does the sun smite with power to slay all in his path, even the makers of the world, should they engage him foolishly, and unleash calamitous damage wherever he casts his spear-yet retain enough finesse to reduce the damage enough to do nothing worse than knock his foe out. And by his Conviction does the Sun wield an intrinsic supremacy to all living beings in most basic attributes or abilities-as well as authority great enough to call for the Yozis, the Greater Elemental Dragons and other horrors imprisoned in Creation. This is discounting the intrinsic abilities of those artifacts, like how his luminous golden spear smites those deemed enemies with annihilating force even without the gift of infinite damage.

You need not perfectly copy one of these artifacts-and probably should not. It is a symbol of your own perfection, after all.

Companions

At ease, at ease I say friend! Lie back. Kick up your feet and let down your guard. I am Desus, breaker of hearts and mender of many more, righteous champion of the Sun! Have I told you about my latest escapades against that awful Oliphem fellow? No? Well, there'll be time enough for that later. For now, just be assured that I know everyone-and I mean EVERYONE-this side of Creation, so I can make all the necessary introductions! It's no trouble. No trouble at all. Just don't forget who helped you out in your time of need! Desus. Your hero. Your saviour. Your friend. You can trust me. You can always trust me, and you should trust only me. I do, after all, know what's right for you. More than you, even.

What no, don't be silly! I'm not manipulating you.

It's not my fault people always like to hear what I like to tell them.

Gathered Into Sunlight (50-400 CP): It would be a shame to have nobody to share this golden age with. For 50 CP apiece you may import or create companions into any of the backgrounds available here for free-including Solar.

They gain a 1000 CP stipend and the usual one for items to spend on anything except other companions.

Friends With Legends (50 CP): Aha, I knew it! You couldn't resist that charming Desus fellow forever now, could you? That winning smile! That flair for the sudden and heroic entry! No? More interested in someone *less interesting?* No matter. Each purchase here will grant you a good first meeting with somebody from this world, and should they accept they may follow you into others as a companion. With how mercurial relationships can be in this world, be assured that should your initial choice refuse by the end you may use this purchase as a slot to take someone else instead.

Familiar (Free and optional/50 CP): Creation is full of exotic beasts, from horses wiser than some men to small gods donning animal form. Some that have a sensitivity to Essence form a deep and profound bond with the Exalted, symbiotically partaking of their Essence to never die until their master does. For free you may have any natural animal so bonded to you, which also lets you share one of its senses within a hundred yards and when touching you grants a small reserve of Essence to you.

However if that is not enough, the prosperity of the First Age grants you a better option. For 50 CP on top of that, your familiar may be an extraordinary creature of some sort, either with magical gifts of its own or so powerful yet wise it is a king of the natural world in some ways. A behemoth small enough to pass in polite company, or an intelligent therapod for example. Even an otherwise diminutive creature empowered as one of the Incarnae's agents, like a Mouse of the Sun. Or some other critter lucky enough to be deemed worthy of interest by one of the Maidens, or hand reared by Luna herself.

Bond of Sun and Moon (Free/50 CP, Solar or Lunar only): Lunar traditional hold s that at the dawn of his divine rebellion, the Unconquered Sun demanded his Exalted lead the other Chosen as he lead the coup-to which Luna proposed each of her own Exaltations would be emotionally bound to a specific Solar one, to which he approved. The Sun approved of it as a guarantee of loyalty to the Solars. Luna smiled in secret that it was a guarantee each of her Chosen would be loyal to *only* one Solar, not the other 299.

Thus, as a Solar you have a strong emotional bond to a corresponding Lunar and vice versa. It is not necessarily romantic; just as many bonds form into strong friendships, or even rivalries. Due to the nature of the bond it is primarily felt by the Lunar to the Solar and (to some Lunars' chagrin) thus far, all things being equal it is Solars who can exert dominance through it upon Lunars, not the other way around. However as one destined to be the Solar's companion,

later eras may show Lunars capable of redeeming even a Solar whose Exaltation has been tainted by the most malign forces of the world or swaying others that have been compromised by the enemies of the world. Whatever the other benefits, come what may should you and your bondmate wish they may follow you beyond this jump as a companion.

And for an extra 50 CP, the bond between you is so strong that if it is not an epic romance in the making that will survive the fall of the First Age itself, that is only because you are closer than siblings or the kind of rival that will move Heaven and Earth to ensure a truly fair contest between you. Solars enjoy Lunars so dedicated that even if all the world were against them, the Lunar would still be at their side. And while Lunars cannot exert such direct influence through the bond between Exaltations, their Solar instead becomes so devoted to their wellbeing of their own volition that their seat on the Deliberative may as well be your own.

Henchmen (50 CP): For reasons of your own, you've obtained the services of some useful people who have sworn oaths of fealty to you and you alone-generally mortals or Dragonblooded. They may be subordinate officers with particular loyalty for a military man, the bodyguards of a savant or businessman or the acolytes of a religious leader. All are generally deemed at least somewhat more capable than others of their ilk, though not enough to be of particular note in their fields. Their most notable trait is that beyond the chains of command, for one reason or another their loyalty is secured to you and you alone.

Of the following companions, one is optionally free for the background they are associated with. Each represents a steadfast and puissant ally, whether by merit of being an exceptional figure even among Exalts, having unique circumstances about them, being a unique entity with other capabilities or some combination of the above.

Forsaken Dragon's Hatchling (100 CP, Dragonblooded): Creation is not kind to those who are not as it's masters would have them, as this bitter Fire Caste savant can recall. Everything in her life from the beauty of her body sculpted over the course of generations to even her arsenal of pleasure-giving Charms imbued by her crystal-based training in carnal pleasure to the powerful yet demeaning artifacts bonded to her body was meant to make her a Solar's ideal bed companion-but before her liege ever touched her, she escaped in the dead of night-and to the best of anyone's knowledge, he has not bothered to look for her. Ever since then she has found inspiration in the legends of the Five Elemental Dragons, and a second calling trying to restore the dignity of the Dragonblooded, demanding both greater rights for them as well as more extensive sanctions on those Celestials who would abuse them. Though she

fumes at nearly no one, Celestial or Terrestrial, taking her diatribes about elementals and draconic theology seriously that magnanimous dismissal is all that has kept her alive-to a degree that makes her almost seem protected by some powerful influencer of Fate. Even in the First Age there is discontent at the fringes of society, and those who do not take her as a hopeless fool or an arousing distraction are slowly unifying around her-throwing a subtle but growing wrench in Solar rule.

Whether Dragonblooded, Sidereal or Lunar, she has surely seen you as someone oppressed by the Deliberative and vowed to liberate you both from its shackles. There must have been something truly special about you as a Solar for her to call you friend. Perhaps she sees something different about you. Perhaps she's finally found a way to justify using her unwanted skills and Charms to secure a patron for protection against Deliberative censure-while trying to convince herself she doesn't enjoy any part of it.

The Carmine Subject (100 CP, Dragonblooded): Breeding equal to the first generation of Dragonblooded. The capacity to use Celestial Circle Sorcery granted by a subtle but elegant artifact necklace. Comprehensive mastery of multiple martial arts. Red hair styled into a elegant cut every single day. And a remarkable arsenal of administrative Charms as well as ones suitable for managing a dynasty. This outwardly cocky but inwardly calculating Earth Caste ultimately knows that in the end, it all amounts to nothing for her but being a particularly valuable officer in some Solar's retinue. A scathing tongue and a reputation for smooth efficiency from her military service hides an ego so bruised by her social immobility in the Deliberative that she burns with self-loathing at the smallest perceived imperfection. Ever since she was a little girl, she's looked at the throne of Solar Queen Merela and endured every achievement, every opportunity being closed to her by a quirk of Exaltation by vowing to climb as close towards it as she can.

For that she needs allies, and as a Dragonblooded she's found a trusted ally. A Sidereal is a better friend as she is eager to learn more of how the dealings of gods are conducted, and though in theory a Lunar even moreso she has played politics long enough to know how many of them are paper tigers. Though ruthless and underhanded, she holds herself to the same high standards of her dream and sincerely wants you to be your best self to join her at the seat of power. As for Solars, a Lawgiver actually willing to support her after a lifetime of self-perceived dismissal leaves her somewhat nonplussed. Time will tell whether she continues convincing herself you are merely using her mind and body, or succumbs to a desperate relief at being valued at all.

Ur-Survivor (100 CP, Lunars): Not all the enemies of the gods were willing to fight to the last, but towards the bitter end the Exalted chose only to accept the surrender of a handful. This behemoth was once great in power and close enough to blood to the Primordials to be considered something of a pampered pet but as the war drew to a close it threw itself on your predecessor's mercy (or perhaps you, if you were old enough to fight in it) swearing eternal loyalty to them and their incarnations for all eternity. It is old, inhuman and unaccustomed to the ways of mankind-but it takes it's oath seriously, especially after seeing how the less intelligent or more loyal of its kind fared when the Yozis were imprisoned, and while happy to regale you with tales of Primordial rule is more interested in learning how to integrate to a Creation ruled by mankind. Sometimes to hilarious yet terrifying results, when a god-monster from the dawn of history tries to say hello to a farmer.

Whether it is distant kin to Arad the Hunter or the Clay Man who legends say fathered humanity, a towering beast capable of laying waste to cities with a few Charms of the Primordials themselves, the first and undying prototype of all oxen or something stranger like the Slayer of Armies that the titan Isidoros forged out of his own sinew, this ancient regards the Exalted with a mixture of otherworldly curiosity and justified caution. You are it's reference point with the new lords of creation, and your character will likely shape how it sees them.

Ethniu, Mother of Heroes (100 CP, Lunars): Every now and then, a Shaped Raksha finds itself in a narrative powerful enough to jumpstart its evolution into a far greater being: An Ishvara, a fae with a legend so grand it overwhelms reality, granting them the power to smite legions of lesser Exalted and match the Incarnae in pitched combat. Nobody could have told you the demure maiden within with skin like moss, eyes like opals and hair like spun flax had a narrative about her that (truly or falsely) named her Balor's ever-distant fair daughter, imprisoned in a tower so she would not birth a threat to his imminent conquest. But when a dashing hero was injected into her narrative, it ordained that she fall in love with you to progress it-and so she did, gaining a mien like a warrior goddess in the process. What was once shy has become spirited, what was once modest and demure now bodacious and bold. She is not quite an Ishvara yet, but she is getting closer with each day-capable of erecting mazes of razor hedges capable of shredding souls, making rainstorms that fall upwards and take unfortunates along to drown in the sky and split an island with her briar spear for now. Of course her own narrative is rather contingent on her continued union with her hero or heroine, though she is quite keen on pulling the two of you into an adventure great enough to spur you both onto uncharted glories. Who knows what her legend will make her, by the time of her ascension?

It matters little to her what you are chosen of. Stories favour an underdog as much as a god-king, only reality is cruel enough to let the latter win ten times out of nine.

"Sifu" (100 CP, Sidereal): In your history here, you've often come across a friendly wrinkly little old man in a cave, a locked room or other implausible places whenever you're out on some quest or other. He's always keen to offer you advice about the wider world and an artifact or two with an uncanny tendency to be a significant advantage to your endeavours-whether you're trying to buy vegetables or tame the Kukla. And while his wealth of experience is broader than it is deep, you'd be hard-pressed to find a better teacher and trainer so attentive to you this side of Creation. This old fellow is, in fact, a Sidereal who has seen it all and done it all to the extent that he has little better to do than educate the next generation. Which happens to be you. You, he explains, are a chosen hero on a quest and look like you could use a little help to complete it. What's that, sonny? Aren't *all* Exalted? Well, don't teach your grandfather how to interpret Fate! He knows the real Chosen One at first sight, dagnabbit!

Expect to be reminded that it's dangerous to go alone a lot.

Oh, and if you met during the Primordial War that beard and moustache he's wearing are definitely fakes, and while he's still got your back it's quite likely he doesn't quite know as much as he'd like. Though he is still a quick study by Exalt standards.

The Wandering Gale (100 CP, Sidereal): White haired, elegant and fond of smoking a pipe, few would guess that this witty wanderer is also a sword saint capable of cleaving Heaven and Earth apart through mastery of the Single Point Shining Into The Void style. But battle no longer interests this mysterious wind-themed huckster, who instead has developed a competitive interest in manipulation, trickery and deception of all kinds to rob the pride of other powerful beings in this world-mainly other Chosen, and thus far in utterly deniable ways. That they have taken an interest in you is both blessing and curse, for it means they find you a useful magnet for circumstances to stave off their boredom. And yet, their skill with illusions is great enough to fool *actual gods of illusion* and they can fabricate virtually any handheld artifact in Creation as a functional knockoff. To say nothing of how their sharp tongue and mind can run rings around your foes before the first blow is even struck.

Even their gender is somewhat suspect, although in this matter at least they've confided in you the truth.

…come to think of it, are you sure they're actually a Sidereal, or could they be an unusually independent Lunar? Or something even stranger, like a god or demon playing at being an Exalt?

From Malfeas With Love (100 CP, Solar): It is unknown and generally licentious for such relationships to occur with the enemies of the world, but not unheard of. For one of the Third Circle Demons, the incarnation of a facet of a Yozi's identity and a powerful divine being wielding all circles of sorcery and commanding authority akin to a Solar among the legions of Hell, has developed an earnest attachment to you. Such beings are more akin to forces of nature among the divine than mere entities, incarnations of a Yozi's urge to build or procreate or any number of other drives powerful enough to define their own reality and subdivided into yet more beings in turn. It could be romance, if you've fallen for something like a coursing river of molten glass or a fair prince upon his tower. It could be a rival who bears you fond regard, should you have made a great showing against the Green Sun in the Primordial War. For whatever reason, so eager are they to have you around that it is reasonably safe for you to visit them in the parts of Malfeas they hold sway over. And though not all such beings are as amicable as Amalion, however alien their affections may be they are quite sincere about them.

And yes, if you somehow meet during the Primordial War you may have such a relationship with them as an untarnished deva before their degrading demonisation. Expect far greater shock and dismay on both sides of the war.

Legendary Ally (100 CP, Solar): Somehow, at some point in your life, you've found the favour of an ally that can potentially reshape Creation itself if asked nicely enough. In fact, favour is rather underselling it-if their trust and gratitude has not lead to affection, it's only that undersells the depth of your relationship. You helped the Hierophant cover up one of his backhanded dealings, perhaps unknowingly reassuring him during a crisis of faith that he remains dedicated to Creation's wellbeing. Or you are the last surviving circlemate of Queen Merela. Or perhaps you are destined to be the key to a Maiden of Destiny's future-or given their strange relationship with time, past. Expect interesting times, for when powerful people take an interest in someone so does much of the world. Some might say your own goals and aspirations are at risk of being overshadowed by another's. Others, that it is a worthy challenge indeed to stand alongside one who has surmounted the world.

There is a reason why even Third Circle Demons are in a different section-and therefore that the Yozis, as opposed to the free Primordials, are ineligible. Those who lost the Primordial War have forfeited their claim upon Creation in surrender.

Wonders of the First Age

Tch! Don't tell me I just missed that devilishly handsome man you've clearly been speaking to? You know, tanned fellow, distinct moustache? I'm sure he grooms it every day, that ass. Well, I suppose it's only fitting we saved the best for last.

AHEM. I am Bright Shattered Ice, Empress of Tzatli and slayer of a Primordial. If you are unfamiliar with my cutting edge accomplishments in sorcery and prowess during the Primordial War, quite frankly you are nobody of confidence and this section I have personally contributed so much to is WASTED on you.

Now, assuming you are not an incomparable dullard: Our glorious First Age has produced many wonders in quantities fit to usher in peace and prosperity for every human being, and so much more for we Exalted who rule over them. Storied treasures and masterworks straight out of myth, wealth and pleasure beyond your wildest imagination, divine servitors-all this and more may be yours by right, if you're an Exalt with enough to your name to be worthy of my time.

And if you're not, then kindly flagellate yourself for wasting it.

The flourishing magitech society of the First Age, direct assistance from Autochthon and the gods, and prowess of the Exalted have combined to create infrastructure and logistics chains capable of mass producing artifacts, structures and beings that would later become the stuff of myths. This section represents the absurd amounts of resources many Exalted in good standing enjoy. While those items discounted for specific backgrounds are generally unique, exceptional and difficult to acquire for one reason or another, this section mainly consists of goods produced above board by the infrastructure of the Solar Deliberative. The types of goods are broadly sorted into different headers as described below, although in some cases a certain degree of overlap is inevitable.

Optionally, you may combine the purchases here in any reasonable fashion- representing the integration of contacts, infrastructure, finance and chains of command into unique organisations. You may also buy options here at multiple tiers and different ranks if you wish, such as two purchases of Arsenal 3 to represent exceptionally heavy investment into military armaments.

This section will use a unique currency called **Resource Points (RP).** You may purchase additional RP for 200 CP per point of RP. Your seniority and type of

Exalted will determine the amount of RP you start with, as listed below:

Fresh Exalted of all types start with no additional RP.

Dragonblooded
Established: 10 RP
Influential: 20 RP
Legendary: 30 RP

Lunars
Established: 20 RP
Influential: 30 RP
Legendary: 40 RP

Sidereals
Established: 20 RP
Influential: 30 RP
Legendary: 40 RP

Solars
Established: 30 RP
Influential: 40 RP
Legendary: 50 RP

Each of the following headers represents a certain type of First Age resource. Each point of RP purchases a tier of one such resource as listed below, representing you owning that amount on a level from 0 to 6.

0 simply represents lacking any trace of the resource for whatever reason.

1 represents basic level ownership of it-which often still represents riches and power beyond a mundane mortal's reach.

3 represents moderate but respectable degrees of the resource by Exalt standards.

5 represents a stupendous degree of quality *and* quality of the resource, making you the envy of your peers.

6 represents ownership of a resource that can be considered genuinely Legendary. Assets that can require entire strategies just to deal with in conflicts

among the Exalted, even the least combat-focused should not be underestimated. The sheer, almost plot device-like advantage such resources grant you is balanced by a simple factor: Actually using it without a good reason is liable to provoke alarm from significant portions of the Solar Deliberative. Further clarifications will be provided with each example where necessary.

Arsenal: All manner of magical weapons have been crafted with unprecedented Prowess by the skill of the Exalted and their mentors. The vast infrastructure allowing for creation and maintenance of these weapons enables anyone wealthy enough to purchase weapons of incredible magical power-though typically only the Exalted have access to the certifications needed to field such weapons in earnest. This backgrounds your capacity to outfit any troops you have with appropriate weapons as well as yourself, and where necessary all weapons come with complimentary hearthstones (objects secreted from powerful geomantic nexuses that can supply the weapons with Essence).

0: How drab. You may have some minor thaumaturgical talismans or alchemical potions, but you won't be taking a magic sword into battle. Your poor soldiers (if you have any) will have to make do with mundane weapons and armor.

1: You possess basic magical arms and armor as well as the more powerful thaumaturgical talismans. Select mortal retainers may have the powerful but lifespan-reducing gunzosha armor, although at this level you lack the clearance to field an entire unit.

3: You have access to magical siege weapons, field Essence-weapons or a noble wastrider (a magitech super robot). Your soldiers benefit from more sophisticated thaumaturgical weapons and plentiful gunzosha armor, and you can purchase personal craft with flying, aquatic or other unusual means of transportation with military capabilities.

5: You can purchase an intelligent Warstrider for yourself. Your arsenal includes massive Essence weapons capable of decimating a city, and if you lack a personal command ship on the level of a First Age battlecruiser supported by multiple indomitable conquest platforms and at least one thousand-forged dragon, it is only because you have invested in other weapons. Any soldiers lacking power armor or warstriders have heavy Essence energy weapons and are protected by personal Essence force shields-or similar scale defences. You own a collection of unique magitech large scale weapons on the level of intelligent acids that swim towards enemy ships to eat every part not protected

by magical materials or missiles capable of turning everything in a one mile radius into glass.

6: Two possibilities arise here. The first is that you possess a weapon of mass destruction on par with a Directional Titan or the Eye of Autochthon. The second is that you have massive quantities of lesser firepower capable of endangering a similarly massive swathe of terrain albeit with far less raw destructive or reality warping power, such as dozens of thousand-forged Dragons under your exclusive control.

A description of a Directional Titan will now follow to illustrate.

It is bigger than most mountains, and yet flies between 10 to 20 miles per hour above the ground. Pentagonal ziggurats mounted on a concentric ring vast enough to cast cities into shadow form it's bulk, while it's siege configuration (which halves it's speed) is even larger spanning eight miles across. It's superstructure is built from living stone monoliths cultured from behemoth organ templates, and symbiotically grafted together onto a magitech skeleton of jade alloy alloy-allowing the whole thing to regenerate from damage, perform limited autonomous upkeep and resist all the reality warping ravages of the Wyld. 500 Essence beam cannons of which 100 can converge for on any individual target surround this massive fortress, and if that proves insufficient it has the Eye of Judgement superweapon to fall back on: A mile-wide crystalized orichalcum lens that concentrates ambient sunlight into a holocaust of solar fire powerful enough to blast an entire metropolis into ash. To cap it all, it has a trained and loyal crew of Dragonblooded sufficient to operate it on top of an administrative AI, the 50,000 Thousand-Forged Dragons aboard, the hundreds of skyships and the Essence shield that can further bolster its defences. Simply put, this is a fortress designed to withstand an escaping Yozi, a theoretical invasion by Shinma aspects or the visit of alien Primordials yet to enter Creation-and to that end it has been stress-tested for decades against armies of bound Third Circle Demons and similar combatants such as the Kukla. This isn't even its sole purpose. The workshop aboard the whole thing contains a workshop as comprehensive as a factory-cathedral with archival templates of every artifact deemed important enough by the Solar Deliberative to preserve and comprehensive biotemplates of all lifeforms (though the fortress would actually have to build the biogenesis labs needed to reproduce all Creation's lifeforms). In short, this structure is also intended to double as a means for the Solars to colonise distant reaches of the Wyld should survival in Creation become untenable.

Some question the *point* of these wonders considering their devastating effect on all manses and demesnes due to the absurd Essence requirements for their

functioning, the fact that the Exalted didn't need them to defeat the Primordials and the way military Solars seem to use them for nothing but gratuitous war games. For being a discerning customer, yours comes with a small bank of protoshinmaic vortexes advanced enough to power everything without destabilising. Shutting up those naysayers for good, probably.

Be aware that if you choose not to keep this secret, the Deliberative is probably very worried by what you are fielding. Especially if combined with Legendary Backing or Wealth to pay for the superweapon's upkeep.

Oh, and you can decide if it's named to mock another defeated Yozi or after something else.

Backing: This resource represents rank within a member of an organisation such as the Solar Deliberative, it's military division, the Bureau of Destiny or the Silurian Academy. In future worlds this will be carried forward as equivalent rank among the dominant political body of the world you appear in. Where relevant and possible, this will also be amongst the nearest equivalent to your role in the First Age, such as a seat amongst a council of demigods or a place in a hierarchy of gods.

0: You do not involve yourself with other Exalted except for a pro forma membership in the Deliberative (for Celestial Exalted) or familial bonds (for Dragonblooded). Even in those bodies you have no base of support.

You are probably not be much fun at parties.

1: You are a lower officer or minor functionary in a First Age organisation.

3: You are a moderately powerful figure, a manager above the average mid-level officer with many people working under you.

5: You are one of the most important figures in your organisation. Your authority is not absolute, although you are always capable of influencing the activities of the whole group in important ways.

6: You have the complete support of an organisation with a Creation-wide reach, and however you officially "work" for this organisation you effectively run it. The only people who can challenge your decisions politically also have similarly Legendary Backing. The main examples are Solar luminaries who routinely block each other's plans in the Solar Deliberative, although some instead achieve it by ruling *slightly* less important bodies they control with an iron fist. The Grand Admiral of the Solar Fleet being one such example.

Command: Due to wealth, family backing or even actual military rank you command one or more military units. From the legions of the Deliberative to the Solar Fleet, to a private army, city guard or mercenary company as long as the troops can be reasonably described as commonplace in Creation (so, no army of Celestial Exalted) it's fair game. In future worlds, this force will come with you as followers along with accommodations of First Age standard fit to house them and their armaments.

0: You either lack the right to lead troops, or the interest.

1: You have a small army, hardly more than a horde really.

3: You have a respectably sized army, the kind others must fund with political connections, specific hanger-ons and large amounts of wealth.

5: Your army is something that only extremely wealthy and influential Exalts can set up.

6: You are one of Creation's most prominent and highly ranked generals, or the commander of an enormous military force in your own dominion loyal exclusively to you. Of the 10,000 or so soldiers in your army, most are likely Dragonblooded. Your force could threaten even Celestial Exalted if aimed and lead well by one of them.

Connections: The ability to gain information, trade favors and network remains as vital as ever. As with Backing, in future jumps it will translate to a similar web of influence among the world you enter.

0: You lack any particular ties to a certain group; if anything at all ties you it is a mere expression of interest.

1: You have at least one major contact and a handful of minor ones in a normally exclusive group, and are moderately influential at the local level.

3: Three major contacts. Many minor ones. You are, by default and regardless of your actual authority, a person of regional influence.

5: You know all the major power players in your area of influence, and they all acknowledge your influence and at least consider your advice.

6: Within a certain area of influence like sorcerous societies or the military, your knowledge about the area is so complete that your spy network in it

effectively controls it's infrastructures up to a Creation-wide level. You can essentially do whatever skulduggery and backhanded dealing with it you please except insofar as you come into conflict with others of a similar level of influence.

Cult: You have adopted the practice of gods to obtain power from the worship of mortals. Many Celestial Exalted accomplish this without trying due to the reverence all Creation holds for them, but as a technical matter having a rating higher than 2 is punishable by severe sanctions. As a practical matter Solars tend to overlook such transgressions among their peers and Lunar mates unless they blatantly violate the values of the Unconquered Sun. Sidereals are closely monitored by the Bureau of Heaven who dislike them playing at gods, and Dragonblooded are more at risk than any group of earning the death penalty.

In future worlds, you have two options. You may take as many devotees as you wish, who will continue to supply you with prayer. Or you may limit your flow of will and Essence to its current state as a mysterious faith-based trickle from…elsewhere, but with no method to alter it.

0: You have no worshippers. If you are a Solar, this is likely because you have gone out of your way to ensure this.

1: A small but devoted cult. Six acolytes to tend a few shrines and make offerings to you regularly. Every morning when you awaken, your will is bolstered slightly. **All Celestial Exalted possess this level of the Cult background for free, though they must still pay to take it into future jumps** unless you wish otherwise**.**

3. Several thousand people daily seek your favour or forbearance, and you are likely a god-king of a single city. Every day your will is bolstered, and every hour you obtain three extra motes of Essence from your cult. Some Deliberative members look down on this behaviour. It is a capital offence for any Dragonblooded to attain this level of worship.

5. Many people throughout one of the four quarters of Creation worship you as the deity of some major sphere of life. The people hold seasonal festivals, children bear your name and many dedicate their actions in support of your faith. Every six hours your will is bolstered slightly, and every hour you receive six motes from worship. The gods are openly jealous, and a movement in the Deliberative to censure you is likely inevitable.

6. No Exalt in *recorded* history has built a Legendary Cult, although some historians suspect Queen Merela was close when she was forced to relinquish

much of her authority. If any example of what such could resemble exists, it is likely found in the status of the Unconquered Sun who reigns as king of the gods. He regains one mote per minute from his legislated share of prayer aimed towards Yu-Shan-a mere 10%. Oh, and his willpower is bolstered slightly every hour. All that prayer must do wonders for his self-esteem.

Manse: Manses are large buildings and palaces designed to focus the Essence that converges at naturally occurring patterns of geomantic power known as dragon lines throughout Creation. Some also generate a hearthstone, an accumulation of Essence which grants the holder some Essence (more powerful manses grant more Essence, naturally) as well as unique supernatural powers such as generating sunlight or weapons, or even immortality or blighting one's enemies. Many magitech principles, such as the foundational ideas behind the artifact-mass producing factory cathedrals, were engineered from their workings. You now have one. Or perhaps, more. **All Solars have one free low quality manse based in Meru for free.**

0: You have no manse! You must have offended someone very important.

1: You own several lesser manses.

3: You own a small number of moderately powerful manses or dozens of lesser ones. This includes six levels of hearthstones, up to a single one of moderate value.

5: You are renowned for your heathstone collection, one of which is of truly exceptional quality. Otherwise you own a great many of the best designed manses in Creation.

6. There is only one known example of a Legendary Manse: The Sword of Creation, an elemental superweapon consisting of a primal current of annihilating Essence said to have been discovered long ago and integrated amongst hundreds of manses and other powerful First Age military infrastructure. It's interior boasts other wonders created by Autochthon and the Solars such as defensive automatons, luxuries quarters, the shadow of the Primordial King and a medical bay manned by an infallibly compassionate behemoth. In the hands of the Dragonblooded, it can unleash calamities based around the four elements. In the hands of a Solar, it can unleash virtually any disaster imaginable by its wielder-and while normally it's range is "limited" to anywhere within Creation, the Magnus Protocol lets it bank shots off the Sun itself to hit targets in the distant Wyld too.

All attempts to create another such “super-Manse” have been halted in territory disputes, for the geomantic web required for such a project would span a significant portion of a direction, passing through the territories of numerous Solars.

If you own one, either it is quite well hidden and you would be well advised to *keep it so.* Or you have somehow accomplished something worthy of both legend and censure such as colonise the abandoned world called Zen-Mu built by the Primordials in the distance past, erected manses across a vast swathe of the Underworld, colonised a presumably grumpy Yozi or perhaps most insane of all *somehow got many Solars to cooperate with your project and grant you exclusive control of it*. Expect immediate alarm regardless.

Panoply: This license encompasses the ownership of magitech without a *direct* military application-potentially due to connections with the Exalted artistic and business communities.

0: You are fully content with mundane equipment, your most extraordinary items being an I AM glyph reader, Essence powered lighting and heating in your home and (if you are a Celestial Exalted) one free hardened mote from the Ministry of the Treasury.

1: Your collection of simple magical items is adequate for entertainment and education. A glyph reader that can also download music from I AM and playing it back, a communications device that interacts with other glyph readers, a set of simple clothing made of silk armor or imbued with magical properties, a piece of jewelry that may accept a hearthstone-that sort of thing. It’s the sort of thing most mortals have access to.

3: Your collection of devices includes some that grant control over the environment, like a portable sky mantis tower that changes nearby weather. You have things like crystals that can store spells, the finest enchanted clothing of the day and age, a fashionable vehicle like a sky chariot suitable for land, sky or sea, a simple but intelligent automaton servant and a few artificial lifeforms to entertain you. This also includes minor spirits who can act as butler, personal shoppers and the like-which are considered followers.

5: You have enough magitech items to journey in style everywhere, whether in a traveling pagoda or something even more fabulous. You have enough artificially created lifeforms to entertain a dynasty, expensive dreams downloaded from I AM to simulate those experiences only safe to express in dreams, a golden mechanical asp around your neck that whispers sage advice

even Exalts can value and every home amenity a mortal could dream of-as well as many they couldn't. Your hoard of things is a legitimate treasure trove.

6. Your collection of astounding products of Exalted craftsmanship and ingenuity is a grand monument to excess. You own whole stables of beasts that excrete any liquid you desire, personal orreries designed to track the movements of celestial bodies, reality engines, a personal gate of auspicious passage letting you travel instantly across great distances. Or else something like an entire city under your dominion, one in which every citizen is kitted out to the 2nd or 3rd level of Panoply, and which magnify and transmute all their prayers to you.

Wealth: It is impossible to understate the sheer degree of financial capital and monetary gains the Celestial Exalted can obtain. You are likely very, very rich as someone belonging to a literally worshipped class of being in a human empire settling the surface area of the Earth five times over is. You are quite possibly so rich as to redefine what it means to be wealthy.

0: You have enough financial resources to merely live comfortably for the rest of your days in modesty, which is to say you are impossibly poor by Celestial Exalted standards.

1: You are merely wretchedly poor by Exalted standards. You only own a single townhouse, prosperous farm or similar property, and you only have a spare lower quality animal if your fine quality riding one falls ill. You are so terribly poor you only have one suit of any mundane armour and any two mundane weapons. You eat reasonably well every night and can afford most minor entertainment. You poor, deprived soul.

3: You are rich even by the standards of Exaltation, rich enough to buy an army or rent one when needs must. You own at least one excellent ship, coming with an army of attentive servants. Your personal dominion over Creaiton either measures in scores of square miles or represents a single city-state.

5: No bank in Creation can hold all of your money without destabilising local currency exchanges. Your personal domain is vast, at least 500 square miles in area and with multiple major cities under your control. You can afford tens of thousands of servants and slaves, casually spend a king's ransom on monuments to your glory or priceless tombs, or absolutely ludicrous things like a mountain lodge fit for Exalts to holiday in that races dinosaurs down the flanks of an alpine mountain.

6: You are an economic crisis waiting to happen.

The Order-Conferring Trade Pattern is a trade route carrying material resources-principally jade-spanning all Creation designed to stabilise its borders' reality against the encroaching Wyld. You are rich enough to throw it into disarray, rich enough to *destabilise trade all over the world.* You can make a literally infinite purchase of any non-magical good and service, and it's quite likely some enterprising Twilight savant out there has found a way to supply you somehow. You could buy an entire Directional Titan, if you're willing to wait for the centuries needed to build it for you-and if you've already invested in one via Arsenal, you may already have long ago.

The Solar Deliberative watches your spending habits like a hawk.

Drawbacks

I am He Who Holds In Thrall.
You have been told by your patrons that you can be more.
You can also be so very.
Very.
Much less.

Observe.

The Age of Man (0 CP): Much has happened in Creation under the rule of the Solar Deliberative. From the Shining Reflection Era in which the Exalted pushed back the boundaries of the Wyld and laid the foundation for everything from magitech to differentiated language, to the Second Deliberative Era in which the idealistic Hierophant rose to power through diplomacy amongst Solars weary of civil war, there is more to experience than even the lifespans of the Exalted can take. But should be up for it, you may start your journey at an earlier time in the First Age's history. So long as it takes place during the period of mankind's dominance over Creation, you may start from moment in history

earlier than the Age of Splendour, up to as early as Year 0 at the moment of the Primordials' defeat.

To Usurpation And Beyond (0 CP): More than 1,200 years later in the original history of this world, the Sidereals and Dragonblooded will finally have had enough of the Solars' increasing madness-setting in motion a great usurpation that will cast the Lawgivers from their thrones and bring an end to much of the First Age's glory. None except potentially a certain Righteous Devil, rumoured grandmaster of the same martial style, will live to see it. If you wish, your stay may be extended long enough to reach the moment of history when this would happen-whether to try and avert this rebellion, or accelerate it. You may extend your stay in this world to a maximum of the gulf in time between the Primordials' defeat and ten years past the default current age of Creation-the Age of Sorrows.

Age of the Shogunate (0 CP, cannot be taken with the Age of Man): As you step into this world, though the First Age's glories have yet to truly fade from this world much of its infrastructure is inert or accessible, and squatting in its ruins is the Shogunate: A Dragonblooded government that is currently the major world power in Creation, with support from the Sidereal factions beset by degrees of divine politicking in Yu-Shan unimaginable during the rule of the Solars-and mostly instigated by the perceived lack of mandate by the current Exalted to exert authority on a world many of the gods do not feel has been earned. The Lunars have fled to the Deep Wyld at the cost of risking mutation and madness, and the Solars themselves are gone-their Exaltation sealed in the Jade Prison.

If you wish, you may start here in the shadow of the Age of Splendour. Stay long enough, and you might bear witness to the cycle of the usurpers becoming the usurped once again.

Beyond the Gates of Saigoth (0 CP): Legends speak of the Age of Sorrows as a precursor to a fallen world, a World of Darkness, being to it what the Age of Splendor was to itself. But these legends are the stuff of Oramus' nightmares, and are therefore belong to Not instead of Is. And yet…perhaps you carry something of the Beyond with you?

You may place this jump in continuity with any other Exalted jump. The specifics of how they interact are up to you. And yes, this includes Old World of Darkness jumps if one of them is Exalted vs the World of Darkness.

Be careful opening that can of worms.

Glorious Solar Supremacy (100 CP): Ah, it appears that your superiority has led to some controversy. *Again.* Like many of the most successful Solars you have an ironclad, self-righteous arrogance. And in your heart of hearts, even if there are others you care for you know that you are the only one who can be trusted to save Creation. You're not exactly overconfident, and in some ways that's worse-you have the right amount of self-righteous drive and egotistical ambition to aggravate people you have no particular grudge against, a tendency to double down on your goals the more difficult they are and you have a mild obsession with ensuring one way or another, all Creation remembers your legacy. You fought to claim this world. So why should you deserve any less than the best from it?

An Inconvenient Obsession (100 CP): The Salinian Working is the subject of both idealism and mounting concern from the powers that be, inspired by a vision Salina's predecessor saw of a world devoid of the Principle of Hierarchy's contributions. And now, you too have a similar grand and inspired goal with the potential to change Creation in ways drastic enough to upset many of the people in power you're driven to pursue beyond reason and the norms of society. No cost is too great to not be at least considered, and attempts to talk you out of it will only bolden your resolve. And if you should succeed? While your satisfaction will indeed be deep, consider what might happen if *every living being* gained access to all three circles of sorcery as an innate ability, someone should actually succeed in liberating the Yozis from Hell or so on.

Desus' Drinking Buddy (100 CP): Some Solars are cursed with hearts of flint, but like a certain Eclipse only a few have…*creativity* when it comes to exercising it. You aren't exactly a sociopath, but there is a malice and a taste for asserting dominance over others in you as addictive as drugs can be for mortals. A tendency to look at the world as nothing but toys for you to play with and break-and to see yourself as genuinely being in the right if they do so. What kind of true friend wouldn't give their right arm to support their comrade, after all? Your tastes are dark indeed, and despite the Deliberative's liberal experiments in transhumanism if you give into your intense cravings and someone were to find out-you'd quickly earn looks of disgust and horror at every level of society.

Demoted, Dismissed, Downplayed (100 CP): The Dragonblooded officer overlooked for his Solar's half-caste bastard, the Lunar mate spurned for her Solar's custom-made concubine, the Sidereal whose words fall on Solar ears deafened to their wisdom-you are now one of those overlooked by those in positions of authority and influence despite your best efforts. You're not unlikeable, you're just passed over for promotion and at best thought of as an

afterthought when it comes to doing anything more important than hosting an informal party. At worst, you're simply not taken seriously by the other Exalted for some reason. You won't be career climbing without using degrees of mental influence that would make you enemies should you ever be caught red-handed. This isn't impossible to overcome, just expect to have to do things straight out of folklore just to convince someone you're qualified for that job you really want.

Ego of Glass (100 CP): Even by the standards of the Exalted in this era, your sense of self-worth and entitlement is exceptional. Though your judgement isn't necessarily any less sharp, every slight hurts as much as an arrow in your flesh. Every insult must be avenged, however indirectly or pettily. Your mercurial mood is quick to interpret offences into careless whispers, and has an impeccable memory when it comes to grudges-as well as a vivid imagination about distorting them into justified plans for revenge. In a world where your colleagues have all the world at their fingertips, you can't help but demand MORE MORE MORE

Puny Mortals (100 CP): Sometimes, a human nation thinks it has what it takes to rise up against the Exalted and take a stand rather than bow to their rulership. Invariably, the only time this has worked out well is when one of their own Exalted too in the middle of an honour duel the Deliberative had to honour to avoid political embarrassment. Well, it looks like history is about to repeat. A human nation has rebelled against the rule of the Exalted, and for some reason the ruling body of Exalted has decided you are to be their primary representative to handle this however you see fit. They may merely be human, but they're determined to preserve their independence and if you play your cards wrong you might just take a hit to your reputation from just how determined they are to die free men. Worse, in your conflict with them one is guaranteed to Exalt at an inconvenient moment. Even should you be more than capable of dealing with a single Exalted, being remembered as the one who slew a newly Exalted hero is likely going to be an even worse hit to your name unless you can resolve this situation with dignity.

Enemy of Nature (100 CP): Either you provoked a very powerful divinity associated with the natural world, or a Solar sorcerer who spoke a chant that invokes the rage of all things natural. Either way, the spell put on you makes all natural animals and plants from over 1000 leagues do their damndest to kill you. Even plants strain to trip and strange you as best they can (yes, even if they don't normally move) while sheep will try to jump over defences to kick you. Their ferocity is uncontrollable and devoid of self-preservation, swarms of vermin and masses of plants charging at you. Be advised that Creation's primates include things like rats capable of living in superheated volcanic stone

or hornets nesting amidst ice. So what are the upsides here? Well, for one the First Age has done much to tame the wider world so unless you've been caught flat-footed in the depths of the untamed wilderness those bears are going to quite the time killing you in proper civilisation. And as it's a spell, one capable of Adamant Countermagic could dispel it as long as they aren't distracted from every bird and insect in the sky furiously biting at their face.

Divine Discontent (200 CP): The ravages of the Primordial War have left their mark on you hard enough that even without the Great Curse, your psyche has been wounded. As a result are driven to actions that are prone to making problems for yourself at best, and actively self-destructive at worst. Someone unable to cope with certain losses might mutilate her own subjects into agonising automaton bodies, or seek to preserve a portion their soul in a glass vial no matter how ill-advised the process is. It's not impossible to heal by those with the relevant Charms, but like many in pain you have a deep aversion to showing or admitting it.

Celestial Conspiracy (200 CP): Things have been excessively inconvenient for someone of your stature of late. Bills go unpaid, hosts seem unaware you were invited to certain events and places you go seem prone to suffering mysterious acts of sabotage. This is just the start of a conspiracy of Celestial Exalted seeking currently to undermine you for unclear reasons, playing it safe for now only to test your defences and seeking to undermine you at all levels. But make no mistake-if their endgoal isn't assassination, it's only because it's a defeat on a similar level. You know not the identities of these Exalted, only that they number a full circle, are of the Celestial calibre and are reasonably influential by First Age standards.

Enemy of the Darkbrood Nation (200 CP): In their heyday, the Lintha were Kimbery's chosen people. With their close affinity to her hierarchy of souls, their bond with her devas let them forge weapons capable of splitting islands in half and wield innate Charms emulating her own. And while their grudge is against the Exalted as a whole in a doomed attempt to win back their spiteful ancestor-patron's love, now a similar supernatural nation has for whatever reason decided you are their sworn enemy-prioritising your death as something between a religious tenet and the most driven of revenges. They are on par with the modern Lintha as a military power; if they lack a certain immortality-conferring artifact crown, an allied behemoth of tremendous power who doubles as their mutagenic, self-sculpting homeland and a kinship with the demons of Kimbery that is only because they have similar advantages. Maybe a vast number of the Darkbrood, the Primordials' mistakes which they banished beneath Creation's surface, or a similar group of enhanced humans that revered Isidoros or foul Cemunian is your nation-nemesis instead.

Evocation From The Mirror (200 CP): Recently, someone cast an Adamant Circle Spell on you. You have now swapped places with your reflection, which has come into Creation. This is bad because your reflection's motivation and values are in polar opposition to yours, hating all that you like for example. Otherwise your reflection has all your powers and abilities, takes ownership of your mundane possessions and has any magical ones transfer mystical ownership to him. Behind the mirror you're in a kind of elsewhere-place with nothing else there, though when your duplicate is reflected you can see and be seen in the real world-taking your reflection's role, effectively. And that's the caveat in all of this. If the mirror-you touches a reflection that includes you, you'll resume your proper places-which they know, making them try to avoid mirrors. Furthermore Adamant countermagic can end these reversed roles if cast either on you or the mirror-you. If you can become immaterial as the spirits of this world you may simply walk out of the first reflective surface holding your image and deal with your duplicate in Creation. Nevertheless, this is likely to be quite the pickle to deal with unless you have one very, very, very specific Solar Charm. In which case while still quite a conundrum, well-let's just say your reflection will find that fundamentally being a sorcerously created fake version of you will lead to unforeseen problems in life.

The Kukla Wakes (200 CP): Well, you've really blown it this time haven't you? Somehow you've awoken the Kukla: A 12-legged greater elemental dragon spirit of earth, and an apocalyptic manifestation of the element in its most untamed state. His awakening begins with a blast of boiling water as his prison shatters, and a tsunami fierce enough to hit every coast of Creation and flood them three miles inland for a season. His roar will echo to Heaven itself. Mountains shatter at his passing, and with a swipe of his tail he can destroy armies or wipe cities from the map. Sandstorms scour Creation's surface to polished rock in his wake, and earthquakes great enough to eventually split the world into five great pieces will resound by the trampling of his feet. And that's the bad news. The good news is that while all the above is true, rumours that the Kukla took hundreds of Solar Exalted to bring down have been greatly exaggerated. It is a foe powerful enough to rearrange continents and level civilisations, but then the Exalted were created to slay worse.

Nobody except possibly Nara-O, god of secrets known only to one person, knows who is responsible. For now. But unless you make an honest effort of dealing with its calamitous rampage, he might well be tempted to tell somebody.

Oh, and don't think you can evade the Kukla by, say, starting in a time period before the creation of the elementals. Some other primal draconic monstrosity

will break out.

Bond Broken (200 CP): By hook or crook, another in this world has snared you as helplessly as only an Exalt can make a mortal-or Lunar bondmate-they've decided belongs to them and them alone. You basically worship this person. They in turn view you vaguely positively, but always with a vicious twist; perhaps they derive sadistic pleasure from tormenting you even as they genuinely hold you dear to their heart, or perhaps they vaguely approve of you but spend centuries at a time finding excuses to stay far away with their true passion. Apart from being thoroughly enthralled by your unpleasant master's whims to the point you would gladly devote all you have to their service, a tiny fraction of your mind shall remain intact to writhe in horror at what you have become. This fraction may be the key to freedom in time, but for now all it can do is remind you of other things, if any, you value other than your slaver-and even it will be quelled if your master decides you have defied them for the last time.

Burden of the Sun (300 CP): Before she was the Mother of Sorcery, Brigid was an embarrassment as a Solar Exalted. Hopeless. Impossibly incompetent for one chosen by the Sun. And now, so are you. You lack so much the talent associated with the Exalted that even with the Exaltation assisting you, you are incapable of learning all but the most basic Charms. You may be able to use Essence and quite skilled at noncombative feats, but with regards to any form of combat you're little better than a mortal.

There is a solution, however. A quest of self-discovery and esoteric revelation as obscure as Brigid's own uncover of sorcery's secrets. The journey will be as hard, obscure and full of concerning implications for you as it was for her, but should you succeed since sorcery has already been discovered you will instead reclaim the full measure of your competence and combative potential in a triumphant return to form.

Shadow of the Sun (300 CP): As bad as the Great Curse is, it could be so much worse. **Let me show you how.** Choose this and the effects of it on all the Chosen shall be exaggerated greatly, as if it had another millennia or five to run its course on their behaviour untreated. The Solars are mad tyrants who have made the First Age into a dystopian nightmare in their scramble for power, and the Sidereals are too obsessed with serving their caste in strange, extreme ways to be of much help to anyone. The Lunars are losing control of their wild instincts and off in the wilds doing nothing of value as usual. Even the Dragonblooded are gripped with awful urges. You are no exception. This is the world you have chosen, and without true heroism from you and yours it may well tear itself apart. **Good.**

Chosen of Nobody (300 CP): Well, this is awkward. You're not Exalted at all, you're merely the half-caste offspring of someone with whatever background you chose. As a mortal, not only are you far inferior in terms of competency, combat potential and the capacity to engage with the esoteric forces of this world but socially you're extremely lacking compared to the immense authority wielded by the Exalted over all Creation. At best, you have a handful of your parents' least Charms and above average physical traits for a mortal. At worst, you have none and are not of impressive human stock. It matters little. In the end, mortals are largely helpless before the Exalted whether they are short-lived servitors or nine foot tall golden paeans to fitness.

And yes, if taken with Burden of the Sun you are to other mortals what Brigid was to other Solars. Your incompetence is frankly a statistical impossibility, and your day to day existence is some sort of cruel joke played by the universe.

After this jump, you may gain the Exaltation from whichever Exalted background you took for the purposes of discounts. If you made any purchases in the Experience section, those also take effect not in terms of personal history in Creation but how capable in terms of Charms and other personal abilities you are. This is optional, and if you wish you may retain your mortal form as well as any modifications it has undergone that you wish to keep in Creation.

Eyeless Glare (300 CP): Outside Creation, hidden elsewhere, lies a vast intelligence called the Eyeless Face-a behemoth of great power banished along with the Eyeless Nation, it's race and servants, away from the world. Ordinarily it would have been sealed by perfect bindings. Now it seems that incompetence, misplaced sympathy or something *you* did has allowed it to roam free upon Creation. And for whatever reason, it has decided you must die for it to remain truly free even as it vindictively spreads it's servitor-limbs across Creation. The Eyeless Face has perfect knowledge of the location of both its lesser minions (faceless, twitching humanoids roughly on par with average humans) and greater ones (mouthed and otherwise faceless but calmer humanoids with mildly superhuman ones), and while little is known of it's true body the behemoth is known to have the power to usurp the body of any of its minions to survive an otherwise seeming deathblow at the cost of some Essence, and it's legions are great enough to expand between the cracks of Creation into the dome of the heavens above. In short, something that is both an ever-replenishing nation of supernatural beings as well as a god-monster the Solars deemed easier to banish and bind than slay wants you worse than dead. Note that it is an intelligent creature, not a dumb beast-and given enough time, might well recruit other behemoths, disenfranchised servants of the Primordials or unleash other forgotten forces to use in its campaign.

Trials of the Maidens (300-1500): Something vital in the Loom has shattered. Major facets of reality related to one or more of the Maidens' purviews have gone awry. Glitching between different time periods, opening portals through which demons and worse can break into Creation more easily than during Calibration, letting in the chaos of the Wyld, collapsing into Shadowlands or even stranger, always unpleasant circumstances. Depending on which one roads, canals and paths of all kinds could now suddenly overflow with vicious Wyld scorpions, or battles could risk all combatants clipping through reality and falling out of the sky. The Maidens of Destiny have come to you, personally, claiming that Samsara-that which is like Fate yet binds those beyond it and derives from the interaction of the Shinma themselves-has revealed to them that these faults may only be resolved by you. They will not force you to take on their quests because Samsara has decreed their intervention in this affair will drastically worsen it, but are keen to point out that reality is collapsing at rates challenging for even the Exalted to put back together.

This drawback may be taken multiple times, each of which is represented by a Maiden bestowing you with a task legendary even by the Exalted's standards.

Mercury wishes you to navigate paths walked only by the Incarnae themselves-whether with the aid of sorcery, artifice or other powerful beings' assistance-to bear witness to esoteric and absolute truths she proclaims will bring order to the chaos infecting Fate. You must walk the path taken by Luna into the Beyond, to the silver sands of Cecelyne-yet-to-be and bear witness to the eerie outpost where she was honoured by her fellow potential moon god Phyre before she slew her. You must walk the path that the Maidens took a young Daystar and Unconquered Sun, all the way to the ends of time, and find the slain corpse of the Wolf That Devours All. You must read the past-yet-to-come in its entrails. And finally, you must find the cave at the end of the universe in which horrors and detritus cast away during Creation's birth were sealed-which only the Ebon Dragon knows the location of. And there in that true darkness, you must bear witness to a memory of how the Unconquered Sun had only cast forth greater light when sealed there.

Venus declares that only true serenity can hold existence together, and tasks you with forging bonds between seemingly diametrically opposed forces. You must find a way for the sullen god Five Days Darkness, Creation's first ever shadow and a rare Creature of Darkness by way of his fundamental nature rather than the Sun's enmity for him, to stand before the Unconquered Sun without being banished by his light and embrace him as a brother. Something he would dearly wish for, yet may never do by himself. You must improve relations between the Yozi Malfeas, who writhes in eternal agony trapped in his mutilated form as a

city, and Ligier the Green Sun who derides him for being an inverted caricature of what he once was. And you must either find a way to ensure the goddess Nysela consummate her unrequited love for the Unconquered Sun, or else find her a mate she is willing to give up her adoration for the actual Holiest of Holies for.

Mars is straightforward. Bloodshed is the sacrament that will keep the cycle of the world turning. You must war with the armies of those restless souls who died in the Primordial War, united under the banner of a powerful Hekatonkhiere-an undead god-monster or slain Primordial's subsoul rivalling the greatest of gods and demons. You must war with the armies of all demons Cecelyne is willing to commit to ritual war against you and yours. And at last, you must war with the Righteous Dead and other denizens of the Daystar lead by the Unconquered Sun himself-who at least will be kind enough to refrain from fighting personally, merely directing the actions of his armies with perfection beyond imagining. And you must win the war with each, if not every battle.

Jupiter's quest is the most obscure. In Creation there are five keys that keep the Yozis sealed away. You are tasked with finding them, and using them to instead seal the wounds in reality. Where were they last seen? What are the nature of these keys? How does one seal reality itself with a key? No further information is available. You are at least permitted to keep the keys once you are done.

And last but not least, Saturn wills that you bring an end to the eternal. Only then, she reasons, will this end to reality. You must alleviate the Yozi Sacheverrell of his nightmares. You must alter the cosmos so that gods can die and reincarnate like mortals. And you must alleviate a Neverborn's nightmares-either by somehow granting it final dissolution from its agonised state, or soothing it's pain.

As a note, if any of these tasks are invalidated by present circumstances assume you have similar ones involving different actors. For example, during the Primordial War when the Shining Tyrant is at peace with his second fetich perhaps you must move the Yozi Kimbery to take responsibility for the spite she aims at her own family.

Dark Side of the Moon (300 CP): Something in Luna's normally chaotic but functional psyche has fractured, some trauma from her violent birth or wound in the Primordial War festering with terrible consequences for all Creation. A horde of nightmares pours forth from Silver Chair, that which mortals perceive as the moon itself, howling with envy and hatred for the formed things of Creation. Some are as beautiful as Luna's faelike divine servants the Truculae

or her Argentium servants, yet wield void-tainted powers with beautific smiles. Some are as terrifying in form as the Chimera that Lunars may become should they be driven into the Deep Wyld, yet bristling with necrotic magitech never seen in Creation and occasionally howling pleas for help even as they helplessly abide their natures as destructive infestations. And all of them are being driven out in terror by a far greater threat: The Cthonic Baara, the ur-beast compromised of Luna's every form honed by evolutionary competition into a Creation-shattering monstrosity, is buckling and straining to escape Luna's matrix of identity and fling itself upon Creation. Unless someone fights their way past the hordes of horrors and slays or reseals Luna's deadliest aspect, this world will die as the silver moon is tarnished black-and howls.

Sun Turns His Face (300 CP): The Unconquered Sun is a god of Virtue, but he was forged by a wickedness he can never fully escape. Something about Creation, most likely the growing wickedness of the Solars, has broken the Sun's heart to such a degree that in a fit of anger and despair he has cast his fulcrums from Heaven to Creation-each landing in a vital corner of civilisation-in the belief that the kingdoms of the world will do more harm than good if allowed to continue. None can see them without being able to perceive immaterial things as spirits, and they banish all gods from their homes in an exodus of lamentations. The fulcrums also burn those who dare touch them with the intensity of the Sun's Godspear, and radiate an inversion of the Virtue they are normally supposed to promote. The shield makes civilization crumble in orgies of excess and derelictions of duty. The spear renders defenders utterly craven, fleeing vermin. The laurel branch drains the compassion from mortals' hearts, and the horn renders all pursuits hollow. When all four are thrown, the Maidens weep. Bring the Sun out of his funk or else destroy that which the Most High has wrought, lest the world descend into darkness even should it survive.

Thrice-Damned Legacy (300 CP): Gorol may have been the most infamous Solar Akuma to have ever lived, the one who was reforged by Malfeas' own hand into a vessel for his hatred and who slew his comrades with that mad rage-but with this, he was far from the only one. The whispers of the Yozis and their component souls have been most persuasive. Now there are many other Akuma counted among all levels of Exalted society, most of which are more patient and less ambitious than Gorol was compelled to be. The Yozis' enslavement to their own natures binds their own slaves just as tightly, and it is both their greatest strength and weakness. While one subsumed by the power of Adorjan would be a terrifying force of chaos and sudden calamity for example, they would have little capacity for long term planning-and likely work at cross-purposes with another Akuma of She Who Lives In Her Name who seeks dominion in the West.

And at least one of them, roughly as capable as Gorol himself though not necessarily with the same aptitudes, has a great interest in ruining your life until you too accept service to the Yozis.

The First Tempest (300 CP): Did you think your sins would not have consequences? With this simple choice, my tomb cracks and I unleash a storm of Abyssal Essence to lash out at Creation. Shadowland after shadowland will blight Creation as mushrooms grow on dead things, and hungry ghosts will devolve into raging Nephracks with record speed. Hekatonkhieres, dead behemoths and the souls of myself and my kin, will stalk the living world bringing death to all they see. Every action is more lethal; a mortal child could die of a papercut at the wrong time and place, studying necromancy is more corruptive than any whispers from those who chose surrender over fighting to the bitter end, and one in five times unless in lands blessed by the gods or Chosen or dying in true peace the dead will rise and strike back at the living.

That is my decree. For Creation must be torn down if we are to know rest.

The Dance of the Thrashing Dragon (600 CP): Remember the Kukla back there? What if every elemental of significant power was in danger of growing up into a similar mad engine of elemental power? Some fundamental law has shifted in the balance of the cosmos, to the excitement of the Five Elemental Dragons and the alarm of most everyone else. Elementals capable of attaining the status of lesser elemental dragon now inevitably and rapidly transform into greater elemental dragons-quickly losing their mind to become primal expressions of their elements with no regard for balance or anything other than wielding their raw might-which exceeds that of many Third Circle demons, albeit in the grasp of an effectively mindless spirit. The destruction such creatures bring is wholly natural to Creation's cycle, but that is scant comfort to those crushed beneath their tread. The Exalted have fought and won against the creators of the world, but will they fare as well against those who embody the very world they dwell on?

A Godless World (600 CP): Once, the rogue Primordial Cemunian wove a mock-Creation named Cajerrón upon which all lands was twisted and rotten, and the seas oily and putrid, and all the creatures twisted monsters seeking only for hope and bone to crack in their jaws. It was the one and only time the Unconquered Sun released the Eschaton Lock, for there was truly nothing worse preserving on that false world. Now, there is another. A monstrous cosmos equal in scope to the Creation of the First Age is hurtling on an imminent collision wards it-and this time, the regretful Sun will not be able to obliterate it.

For whatever happened on this dread realm ended with the flesh and blood of another Primordial being stretched around and through it like a macabre mockery of the Tapestry of Fate, causing the Sun's geas preventing him from enacting it's merciful destruction. Whether it hosts a grotesque biomechanical pantomime living out the actions of its extinct civilisations, is itself a squirming cancerous mass of spirits torturously amalgamated together or even is some sort of World of Darkness upon which desperate demons, the mad mages who worship them, demon lords squatting in their pit-dimensions and blood-sucking corpses who worship their gargantuan ancestors have banded together under a Demon Emperor's iron hand to hold up what should have been destroyed long ago, it is every bit as abhorrent as Cajerrón was.

You are the first to notice it drifting through the Wyld, en route to hit Creation in a matter of months. If you and the other Exalted cannot devise a way to deflect or destroy it, Creation will be squashed against a world in which death is a mercy.

Wrath of the Onceborn (600 CP):

…this cannot be.

The death of the Primordials was seemingly impossible, and yet it came to pass. The Neverborn is the result.

But then, we who were meant to live eternal died.

Resurrection, life after a true and final death, was seemingly impossible, and yet consciousness continues after a fashion in the aberrant confines of the Underworld. The Deathlords, the ghosts of Solars bearing all the madness of the First Age empowered by the Neverborn, are the result.

Once again, we have wrought too well.

In a time that may never come to pass, one of these Deathlords will rebel against his Neverborn master and be harshly punished-entombed forever in his own armour. He showed the proper submission but simply watched and waited for an opportunity-namely an invasion of Autochthon.

He stole the knowledge of Exaltation's workings by drinking the Essence of Autochthon's Core. Armed with that power and technique, he raised an army deathknights resembling dark mirrors of the Solars and soulsteel templars bound directly to his soul. By siphoning these Essence using the foul art called necromancy that has barely been discovered in the First Age, he will make a

third impossibility come to pass: Transform into a Onceborn, a being with Neverborn-like power yet freedom of movement, and after shattering his armour bring his fellow Deathlords to heel and marshal his assembled forces to conquer Creation rather than destroy it. He is less a ghost and more an abomination of the void now, but it is the enslaved Abyssal Exalted who form the components of his artificial soul-hierarchy that make up the greatest threat he poses.

In this darkest of eras, the conceited and bitter creature known as The First And Forsaken Lion has won but decided the Age of Sorrows was, in the final analysis, not even worth conquering. And knowing that the free Primordials had the seemingly impossible power to unmake events and traverse time, he has sent himself and all the forces of the Underworld back in time to conquer an age worthier of his dread majesty.

An age where long ago, his living incarnation was a Solar.

Perhaps even now, that Solar is one among the many who will stand with you against the approach of death's first true master.

The First and Forsaken Lion is not one of us and will never, MUST NEVER be.

Exalt!

DO WHAT YOU DO BEST.

It Came From The Wyld! (1000 CP): In the First Age, the Solars built many war machines with a simple question in mind. After all their victories, all their struggles against the very makers of the world, was there anything that dared challenge their dominion over the world? Choose this, and the answer is most decidedly yes. Shortly after your arrival the aspects of several Shinma themselves rise up in ornery rage, determined to dissolve Creation for its crimes against inchoate formlessness. Simultaneously an alien tribe of Primordials, similar in numbers to those that built Creation yet radically different in nature and with absolutely no hesitation for attacking humans with all they have stumble across Creation. The churning of the Wyld caused by these primal horrors results in the propagation of a new breed of Raksha: The hannya, inchoate vortexes of predatory phenomena capable of viciously shredding most Unshaped-who follow these two factions in the hope of concluding their narratives of being apex predators that devour the weak by gnawing at Creation's corpse.

Worst of all, being distant family of sorts all three groups have a tentative truce between each other while focusing on what they see as the real threat: The military might of the First Age and Heaven.

In short, every wargame acted out by bored Solar Exalted has if anything somewhat underestimated how drastic a true existential threat from the Wyld could be, if that threat started cooperating with others.

Go home

Stay

Move on

Scenarios

Some scenarios are indicated to occur at specific dates in the history of Creation. Where feasible for your stay, each event will occur in chronological order; Divine Rebellion in particular takes priority in changing your default starting date and location. However, if certain outcomes render the scenario events truly invalid what will happen instead is an anomaly in time whisking you into the scenario at a narratively appropriate moment during your stay.

The Salinian Heresy

Once, there was a maiden who said that the journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step. But not all who wander are lost, and not all who seek can begin the journey to wish to. I am Mercury, Maiden of Journeys. Allow me to deliver you to your Fate, and you will open the door for a thousand others to reach theirs.

A revelation to completing the Salinian Working, a so-called miracle shell coalesced from communion with cosmic forces as pure potential embedded in the universe, has been given to you. While normally it would take greater arts to bring it forth, by some dream or omen you have intuited a fundamental truth about how the Primordials built Creation with sorcery:

The world was simultaneously their crucible, and their sacrifice.

To give sorcery to the masses, you must follow in the titans' footsteps and offer worthy sacrifices to the world where it's power remains a puissant crucible: The Elemental Poles.

Each is an endless fonts of divinely pure concentrations of the five natural elements pervading Creation. And terribly hazardous even for Exalted to be near. And while at first none will know of your actions' meaning, as you work to complete your journey omens of sorcery's rising power and portents in the Loom of Fate will get various parties interested in just what, exactly, you are doing. Even the Solar Deliberative is leery about the potential for such a miracle to upset the balance of power across the cosmos.

Expect a few well-armed investigators heading for you on your long journey, and many to come stop you if the truth of what you are attempting is discovered.

Offer to the Elemental Pole of Fire an artifact that cannot burn under any circumstances beyond even the magical materials. Something likely so utterly

opposed to fire it is hazardous to transport in its own right, or else a valuable thing invested with a powerful divinity of flame's Essence.

Offer to the Elemental Pole of Water a concentration of light from all the Incarnae's celestial bodies. Enough to make a jar shine brightly, and mixed all together.

Offer to the Elemental Pole of Wind an object from the distant firmament beyond the skies of Yu-Shan, the dark and starry void where none may hear if you scream.

Offer to the Elemental Pole of Earth the demon of the second circle known as Octavian, who once loved the earth and then hated it when the earth itself scorned him. His oil is a bane to all the earth, and he must be fully sublimed into the pole for the sacrifice to have true value.

Offer to the Elemental Pole of Wood the most prized and valuable animal of a certain generation in a certain species no smaller than a housecat and no bigger than a yeddim.

Succeed, and in an earthshaking conflagration of impossible colours the power of sorcery will be available to every sentient living being-the universe itself enlightening them with intrinsic knowledge of all three circles. The balance of power in the Deliberative will be skewed wildly as the lowliest Dragonblooded is capable of the same world-shaking arcanism, albeit likely still with more effort and less finesse. As many gods will complain about the disruption to their domains as will rejoice about their own limited access to sorcery fully expanded, though the Incarnae themselves are likely more amused than anything. Only ghosts and others too steeped in the Essence of death to be truly part of Creation's natural order are denied the power of sorcery. And if she wasn't already convinced and enlisted into this endeavour, Salina herself will thank you personally for accomplishing her dream.

Your reward for all this is the power to share magic to entire worlds, a lingering pattern of the original miracle embedding itself in your very fate. So long as you yourself are capable of using a form of magic, at will you may cause the universe to bestow it on all sentient living beings. Benefactor beware: By itself, this grants you no ability to take it back.

The consequences from millions of mortals suddenly realising they don't strictly need the gods and Exalted to do much of what they can now may potentially be an object lesson in why you should use this gift with caution.

The Ochre Fountain v The Deliberative

Once, there was a maiden whose face launched a thousand ships. Isn't it curious how those who seek serenity with utmost determination are often also those least fit to accept it? I am Venus, Maiden of Serenity. Allow me to entangle you in a most delectable Fate, and you will serenade those trapped by the chains of duty.

It is the year 108, a year before what is remembered as the Ochre Fountain Era ends. In the time after Queen Merela received the Crown of Thunders from the Unconquered Sun and became queen of all Creation, she quickly found her area of influence limited. While some loyalist Solars spread her kingdom's borders out through the world, many others left on their own endeavours. In that time many have developed divergent philosophies from their queen, who being used to battlefield command wishes to focus on conquering the remaining lands of Creation and pursuing the two missing Primordials.

But many Solars have become used to ruling portions of Creation on their own terms, and demand an egalitarian form of government. An ensuing civil war is imminent between Merela's followers, and those who will be known as the Deliberators for their proposal to let her retain her position as Queen of Creation with a limited veto but not hold absolute power.

Your goal in this is sowing serenity among the lords of Creation before their first civil war. Two options are open to you here, and it is hard to say which is the harder road. In the first, you will preserve the original envisioned order of the world by helping Merela crush the rebels. In the second, you will persuade the Queen of Creation that whether or not she holds the Creation-Ruling Mandate it is a mistake to raise her hand against her own subjects, and to stand down before the fighting can even start.

On the one hand, though the Solars have yet to build the massive networks of support and infrastructure characterising their reign and are quite weary of war, you would still be opposing those who slew the makers of the world. On the other hand, you would be attempting to talk the most powerful woman in the world into relinquishing a great deal of it.

In this, Merela is simultaneously both her own worst enemy as well as a potentially enormous asset if she can be made to see the merits of your cause.

Once, she was indisputably Creation's greatest warrior and grand general over the armies of the Exalted. Merela is most famed for strangling a Primordial (a being that *did not need to breathe)* to death during the Primordial War, but as a

less experienced firebrand she also slew the Star-Spanning Serpent, climbed it's bones to board the Daystar and risked her life fighting the Unconquered Sun in an attempt to seize the Daystar's controls and turn its arsenal upon the Primordials. Since then, her pursuit of administrative work after the war's conclusion has given some Solars the time needed to make their talent equal hers-though Merela's prowess remains great enough that even if she cannot crush the rebels with her forces, she could hold them through months of stalemate.

Her style of leadership is forceful and military in character, having been raised as a gladiator accustomed to war and death by the Dragon Kings. As she was personally handed the Mandate of Creation by the Unconquered Sun, she views herself as the rightful ruler of Creation and all Solars subordinate to her. She holds that her firm hand is needed to prevent the Solars from descending into civil war, though ironically it was in part her confidence in the hosts of the Exalted surpassing the Jadeborn which left some of her subjects to doubt her worth as a leader. Moreover, she has no qualms about letting her subjects settle disputes through violent duels. This is not solely a love of violence-Merela is aware of reincarnation from her acquaintance the Unconquered Sun, though not all share her view of death.

This is the person you will primarily be working with, whether as subject or nominal foe, to secure peace for all Creation.

Succeed either way, and your prize shall be the Circlet of Lightning which mysteriously descends into your quarters in a ray of sunlight not long after. This beautiful crown of solid orichalcum equipped with three hearthstone settings greatly increases your physical traits, but as a tool for rulership it is far greater. With an effort of motes, it allows the wearer an aura of command that compels obedience to the wearer's orders, though it does not prevent resentment afterwards. With a further effort of motes, the wearer may shroud themselves in even greater glory and might. Their eyes flash like lighting, their words resound with the crash of thunder, they loom larger than life even than Exalted and while mortals are utterly powerless to attack the wearer and treat given orders as compulsions even Exalted and other powerful supernatural beings must make an effort of will to resist it. The golden note attached specifies that it is very specifically *not* the Crown of Thunders and does *not* represent a handover of the Mandate of Creation. After all, it was built to commemorate and enforce the preservation of peace, rather than the conclusion of war. On that note, if you wish instead of fierce authority your crown may compel obedience with another supernatural emotion, like an aura of transcendent peace or seductive glamour. Though at least one set of eyes will recognise the same perfect craftsmanship that went into making the crown.

Speaking of Merela, should you have managed to resolve the conflict with no hard feelings on her part the note will also offhandedly mention that the Queen of Creation is currently looking for a consort. Something she'll affirm if you ask afterwards, potentially obtaining Merela as a companion too.

The Aftershock War's Aftershock

Once, there was a maiden who was fluid like water. By refusing to be trapped by outdated conventions of fighting, her legend spread across the world and she laid the foundation for others who learned to improvise, adapt and overcome. I am Mars! Maiden of Battle! Here is one even the Solar Deliberative at the height of its power will struggle against! Will you fight against your Fate? Or will you perish, like a dog?

It is the year 1107, during the Unfurling Horizon Era. As the border kingdoms of the Exalted push the frontiers of Creation into the Wyld, war breaks out from an unexpected angle. For while his siblings died or surrendered, the Primordial Ramethus spent long hours in deep study of the Exalted-learning their every weakness and strength while contemplating his sibling's failures.

While the Principle of Hierarchy was hiding from a cruel letter fired into her camp, Ramethus was studying the Exalted.

While the Great Tentacled One was dying from the Exalted draining her dam, Ramethus was studying the Exalted.

And while the Silver Forest struck no blows while hiding behind illusion after illusion, delighting in such puissant foes, Ramethus was still studying the Exalted.

He is no ordinary Primordial now, having reforged himself into a living weapon divested of all elements unsuited for conflict. Instead of trying to storm the heart of Creation head-on, Ramethus engages in guerrilla warfare as only one who practically embodies it can. Rumours abound of his capabilities ranging from vanishing from the battlefield so comprehensively he was never even there, to extraordinary feats of shapeshifting that make him as much a plague to be quarantined as a hundred-handed titan armed with every tool of war it could improvise on the spot, to horrific experiments on his own subsouls that let him mutilate ghosts and Raksha into terrifying armies of insurgents and sleeper agents, to powers that let it propagate and empower itself from conflict itself.

But nothing is truly certain, for Ramethus takes extreme caution to ensure even the wandering Gaia and the Loom of Fate itself cannot follow his movements.

Ordinarily, after a century the Exalted would be able to defeat Ramethus after an intense and costly battle at the Blessed Isle. However, this time nothing is certain. You see, there were TWO Primordials left unaccounted for at the end of the Primordial War, and Ramethus has somehow convinced his sibling to join his war effort. Of this one, even less than Ramethus is known. Only that it is not counted among any of the titans imprisoned in Malfeas, or who died and became the Neverborn.

Perhaps the other Primordial is an inveterate coward as adapted for flight and survival as Ramethus is for covert war, and has joined the fight against its nature due to Ramethus convincing it that defeat would forever stain it's pride. Or perhaps Ramethus is threatening his sibling into cooperation.

Perhaps the other Primordial was never truly interested in Creation, and therefore alien and otherworldly even by the standards of the titans. Perhaps it is a wavelength, a fractal pattern, a history retelling itself idly swatting at Creation in dispassionate interest out of some esoteric familial loyalty.

Perhaps it has its own agenda.

But then again, they didn't reckon with you being here either.

Help the Exalted defeat the invading Primordials, and your reward will be whatever you can salvage from their beaten forms. The Incarnae shall proclaim to the Exalted that your involvement was instrumental to their downfall, and though some may grumble depending on how direct your contribution was none will dispute such a direct revelation. You need not render them Neverborn; either defeating them hard enough to compel their surrender or inflicting fetich death enough times to make them no longer threats to the Solar Deliberative at large will suffice. If they live, Ramethus would likely try to rig as much of the artifacts, devas and other aspects of his being out of spite at his conqueror but with the assistance of the other Exalted you will be able to bind and summon them, as well as dictate a task to his jouten as if it were bound by the Sun's Tita-Summoning Clarion itself. The other Primordial's nature will determine what you can likely summon or seize from them, but consider how powerful artifacts touched by the direct Essence of a Yozi are.

On the other hand if they are Neverborn, well…congratulations on your lifetime supply of Soulsteel and complimentary Labyrinth of unholy nightmares! At least the Solars will find a way to bind their dead husks, Hekatonkhieres and

any ghost or nephrack tainted by their particular form of deathly Essence to your service as if they were living demons.

On the other hand, if you somehow successfully defect to the side of the invading Primordials and help them conquer Creation your reward instead will be access to both their charmsets as if you had learned them through the Solar Charm Primordial Principle Emulation. Ramethus likely has little room in his heart for gratitude, but he knows the value of a competent ally and is willing to continue your partnership after what was likely an exhausting battle.

After all, being nominally Exalted you must have had quite some adventure convincing the razor-focused Primordial terrorist and his co-conspirator to accept your alliance as something more than a sacrificial patsy in the first place.

To sweeten the deal of having at least decisively overthrown Exalted rule of Creation even if some Exalts still live, and prevented all who would otherwise come to their aid from restoring their rule the titans also grant you ownership of an entire direction of Creation and every living thing on it as well as enough of Yu-Shan to constitute an entire celestial bureau's infrastructure, which shall follow you into future worlds. All your subjects will be geased as the gods were to the Primordials, unable to directly attack you. After all, they reason, once their living siblings are freed and their dead ones…well, they'll deal with that later, they can just make replace those parts of Heaven and Creation with aspects better suited to their preferences.

Remember Heartwind Isle!

Once there was a maiden, about whom nothing more was known other than she was indeed a maiden. If knowledge is power, secrets are the most fundamental exercise of it. I am Jupiter, Maiden of Secrets. Unveil your Fate with me, and you will be in a position of power unavailable to those who cannot see the forest for the trees.

Time and circumstance have proven the Yozis' prison truly unbreakable-but will that matter when Creation has been twisted until it is identical to Hell in every meaningful way? This is the mad, desperate hope that the Ebon Dragon has insinuated to his fellow imprisoned Yozis, drawing them into his plan for escape where once even the greatest among them were content to sulk in maddened, bitter disunity.

But what if one among them (other than the ever-patient Szoreny) had an earlier epiphany about the power of the Exalted being the very solution to the problem they posed? What if one of them realised there were better uses to a Solar

ravaged into the ravaged, Yozi Charm-endowed soul-slave that is an Akuma than to use as a mad attack dog hellbent on ripping open the Yozis' prison with brute force? What if…the former Primordial King and current Demon Emperor known as Malfeas left the traitorous Solar known as Thrice-Damned Gorol with enough of his faculties to set in motion a terrifyingly logical plan to grant his masters an unconventional sort of freedom?

It all begins with the discovery of Yozi taint among many of the prehuman races who survived the Primordial War. Children born with acidic blood or burning third eyes, accusations of sheltering Lintha pirates and even harbouring demons. Many of them are also seen near explosions of Yozi Essence that leave swamps tainted with gaping eyes and chomping maws, wastelands where faith withers faster than water and similar Yozi environments. For one reason or another, an Exalt of some importance has asked you to look into it. Whether as a formal order or a casual request likely depending on both who you are in this world, and who that Exalt is.

Gorol at this stage is an advocate for tolerance and peace, trying to soothe his more alarmist colleagues against harsher reprisals against the prehumans. Active at the scene of the latest crime, even happy to "lend you a hand" by throwing some of the more egregious offenders under the bus or pointing you to the symptoms rather than the cause of what's happening, many are reminded of how he advocated for Gaia's plea to spare her siblings rather than slay them all-with approval, not contempt, given the pragmatic logic of maintaining order in Creation tempering his professed compassion.

The first clue will be found among the Dragon Kings, dinosaur-like humanoids with great skill at retaining memories across reincarnations and powerful native Charms of their own. Once one of the preeminent races in Creation with the Unconquered Sun as their patron, the Primordial soul-typhoon weapon Gorol himself fired at them decimated their numbers and the war as a whole left them diminished to the point that the Exalted view them with nothing but pity as a whole. With the current backlash against prehumans, many Dragon Kings are alarmed at the threat of violence-and though none are specifically accused, the discovery that at least one has become a so-called Creature of Darkness-a designated enemy of the Unconquered Sun and all powers associated with him-will risk a witch hunt starting. Succeed in stopping it and rescuing the grateful Dragon King, and she will profess to you that the last thing she saw was a "living shadow" who knocked her out before she felt demonic magics tainting her body. It would be nice, though not strictly necessary, to cure or arrange for her to be cured of what will turn out to be a perfectly treatable spiritual deformity that enforcers her Creature of Darkness status.

Next you will deal with the Jadeborn, a gnome-like race of industrious beings ruled by their elf-like higher castes and created by Autochthon from Raksha dying in the wake of his experiments. Sullen and humiliated by the Solars taking offence to their haler predecessors denying them infrastructure, cursed by their own maker to be hewn from rock and deformed of aspect, their unwillingness to confirm or deny anything only increases Solar suspicion against them. Once again you must cut past the tensions to the truth, once again you will discover a clue: A viridian spear poisoning the Earth with Vitriol they are attempting to quietly disarm, and that one claims was left by a "dark blur" who came from the surface.

By now, Gorol affects sorrow and shock to ongoing events. He publicly apologises to those he fears have died from infernalism, and in these trying times reaches out to Zeniths in particular to maintain order among the Chosen and their subjects. His praise for those he holds as the closest to the Unconquered Sun is often couched in a reminder that Creation is meant for the Solars to judge and rule forever-and that Zeniths are those Solars best equipped to judge and rule.

Your next clue is found among the pelagials: An ancient once-human civilisation saved and altered by Autochthon after She Who Lives In Her Name sunk their island kingdom, adapting to life beneath the waves. Strange and generally isolationist in outlook, they have mainly survived by volunteering for all manner of unsavoury tasks-and are currently treated with patronising placation by the Deliberative, who view subsuming their territory with economics more convenient than trying to conquer mostly harmless kingdoms under the ocean. With the increased suspicion of prehumans, they would deeply appreciate someone affirming their loyalties against Deliberative interrogation. Earn enough of their trust and convince him of the situation's urgency, and one might take you to one of their Sleeping Princes: Communicants between them and their now-Neverborn creator Whose Whispers Chain. Mad and tormented as they are, the Neverborn know much unseen in mortals, and though difficult to communicate with this one yet retains an interest in the pelagials' wellbeing. With patience and skill, it can tell you where geomancy in Creation has been poisoned with Malfean Essence. Who has been littering the ocean with Malfean artifacts. What, exactly, is about to happen amongst the island nations of the Lintha. And why the "outbreaks" of Yozi taint are so oddly localised and limited of scope.

Gorol, having personally and publicly investigated many of the infernalism "outbreaks" and the growing taint in all Creation, has brought forth a plan to cauterise what he calls an infection. Great swathes of Creation are now at risk of Yozi taint, he argues, and it is better to cut out wounded flesh than wait for it to

fester. He brings up the powerful Charm known as Cast Out Beyond Regard, which permits a Solar strong in the ways of performance to banish vast swathes of Creation's landscape into Malfeas. He knows it will be his hardest sell yet, but has been currying favour for this exact moment-hinging his hopes on the premise that the apparent *lack* of a common thread among the prehumans will frustrate his Solar peers into a show of their power.

The Lintha, known degenerates of a once-favoured human-like race in Kimbery's patronage, are publicly uninterested in justifying themselves. Though threatened with extinction, behind the scenes their unofficial Solar patron lobbies to have them viewed as simply not a credible threat, while the Lintha themselves have escalated raids against naval components of the Order-Conferring Trade Pattern. You'll simply have to capture and interrogate a high ranking member of the Lintha nation's navy to learn where Gorol himself intends to be on Calibration.

Assist the other Exalted in cracking down the remaining Lintha uprisings. Or don't. It matters little to ensuing events.

You will find Gorol pondering a set of brass gates he has carefully built from Malfean brass, his fist tightened in one-handed fury that swells with the runic power he hopes can literally smash the Yozis' bonds-in exchange for them falling upon him instead. If you've tracked him this far, you probably realise that most of the events were a smokescreen supported by Yozi loyalists. Gorol's plan is much more ambitious, he merely needed a smokescreen for it. If you have the patience to ask, he'll confess he no longer remembers if it was the death of his circlemates or the horror he saw at a Primordial's death coupled with the belief only they could hold back the horror of Oblivion that drove him to serve the Yozis-and that it is far too late for him to turn aside from his path.

For Gorol has arranged for subtle manipulation of Creation's geomancy such that after delegating the Zeniths he has won to his cause to certain areas, he believes that when each of them sends what they consider a small slice of Creation to Hell he can use the backlash to fill the vacuum left to create a massive Essence circuit. Saturated with Hell-given sorcery, he wishes to perpetuate and aggravate the successive usage of Cast Out Beyond Regard such that it never stops destabilising Creation. And urged the Zeniths to do all in their power to save the world, he's confident even if they suspect something all they will do as the world ends is continuously accelerate it. Weakening the conceptual boundaries of Creation until it all drops wholesale into Malfeas-and thus allowing the Yozis to truly make Creation one with them.

You must now battle a Night Caste veteran turned Akuma of the Primordial War, before he can fulfil his plans. It's unthinkable one so enslaved to Malfeas' will could be swayed from his course, but if amongst all this you have won the hearts of the prehuman races Gorol framed and some of their representatives came to the final battle with you Gorol will hesitate unusually long as he is uncomfortably reminded of his long-dead circle's loyalty to each other.

Your reward is an artifact construct of pure Essence named the Five Purities Nimbus, resembling a halo of golden light with the Old Realm glyphs for the word "Purifier" circling through it, commissioned for you by admirers in the wake of your involvement in rooting out the Yozis' latest doomed attempt .This artifact encodes the spells Cleansing Solar Flames and Spirit-Uplifting Mercy Halo as one wave of purifying light that reaches out for hundreds of miles when you invest a modest amount of Essence thorough it. Tongues of golden flames and lightning are cast out in brilliant waves, stripping others of Creature of Darkness status (or otherwise removing metaphysical stains and corruptive status such as being marked for the first murder or being considered in contravention of a certain principle), while searing demons and ghosts with supernatural efficacy. Those who are not fundamentally opposed to the natural order of things have their will bolstered and spirit uplifted by this glorious sight. The secondary effect is that thunderous bolts of lightning cleanse away shadowlands, Yozi-tainted demesnes and other regions corrupted by malign otherworldly forces across the natural order. Your success as a sentinel of Creation has been recognised, and your reward is to uphold your duty with style and panache.

…but, on the other hand who's to say you weren't a colleague or at least co-conspirator with Gorol to begin with? Perhaps you've been cooperating or at least tacitly supporting his plan all along? Perhaps your seeming opposition to him was itself a double-layered false flag, and after a rather showy bout in which one of you threw the fight the other's infernal magics let you flee the scene with a mocking peel of shared laughter. In that case, should you corrupt enough of Creation to do damage commensurate with corrupting an entire elemental pole of Creation in a Yozis' name, your reward is instead a rite offered to you by the Yozis to continue being a good servant of theirs emulating the spell Infernal Bastion. Slay a hundred beings in a manner symbolic of one of the Yozis-burning or irradiating victims mutilated with implements of brass dedicated to Malfeas for example, or chaining them up and letting them die of dehydration in a place of desolation for Cecelyne-while making the correct gestures, wielding mundane implements signifying their authority, and in a perverse parody of Cast Out Beyond Regard a supernatural pit will open in the ground. Sucking at least a city's worth of territory down to the specific Yozi's nonexistent mercies, potentially enveloping a whole cosmos should more

specifically dedicated sacrifices be used to empower the rite. Spirits, machines, living beings-anything that cannot get out of range and lacks defences on par with a true Shaping defence of this world will be drawn down beneath the domain of light and law into the nonexistent mercies of a Yozi. You yourself will always be exempted of course; at worst after a rather bumpy ride you'll be spat back out by an amused Yozi as part of the bargain.

Whether or not the great enemies of the world have found a way to tear their way out of their prison, Creation has been delivered to their threshold. What new nightmares shall be born as the hateful titans tighten their grip on what was once theirs?

"Was It Necessary?"

Once there was another Maiden. Once. Now, our sister is no more. All things must march inevitably to their ordained ends, and neither my siblings nor the Exalted are exceptions. There is a season for all things, and an end to all seasons. I am Saturn, Maiden of Endings. And it is my decree that should you follow it to its end, your Fate shall be tied to the end of the Solar Deliberative.

It is late in the Deliberative's reign. Once again, a Sidereal has tried to explain with great patience and humility to a Twilight that using powerful Charms for trivial reasons disrupts the progression of Fate itself and tangles and snarls it in loops that threaten to unravel reality itself. Once again, the fascinated Twilight promptly starts throwing all the Essence he can muster into disrupting the Loom of Fate, interpreting a plea to let the Sidereals maintain the stable progression of causality and fate as a sort of challenge.

It is a month before the Sidereals use their Charms to scry the future from the Loom of Fate, and from a thousand foreseen possibilities bring forth three greater visions.

A Vision of Bronze.

Whispers in the ears of hounds-a thousand-thousand dragon-hounds bay the hunt. How shall the mighty be dragged, bloodied and furious, from their thrones? Darkness cloaks the hound, and the keeper of the kennel watches beneath five bloodied stars. Weep for the hounds that must put down the mad, and catch up the to never again taint the world. Hounds are ill suited to sit thrones, but in so doing, the estate is preserved.

In which by manipulating the constellation known as the Mask to shroud their actions and rallying the Dragonblooded to their cause, the Sidereals overthrow the Solars in a war that will cost lives on an unimaginable scale. The violence would surely never end, as the Sidereals hunted the reborn Solars throughout life after life, but a few symbolic dreams in which the sun itself shatters into 300 sparks of white fire which fall, extinguished, into the sea will inspire the creation of the Jade Prison: An artifact capable of caging the Solar Exaltations.

And in the aftermath, the Sidereals will be shackled to the simply unsustainable task of both governing and protecting Creation. Forever playing office politics with contemptuous deities who view them as base usurpers, forever managing the governments of the Dragonblooded from behind the scenes with no real guarantee their co-conspirators will forever share their interests, all the while in spite of all their thankless effort Creation suffers, lessens-but survives.

A Vision of Gold.

Three hundred golden swords, raised above the heads of men. Cautious star-etched hands must touch the swords, must hold them, must wield them. One slip, and the blades shall cut away those hands, and loose carnage and war-the ringing of blades against blades shatters the palace of glass. Wielded deftly, the blades of gold uphold the palace of glass forevermore.

In which the Sidereals present all their concerns to a few Solars who yet share them, and work together to create a system by which the Solars might themselves be policed. Through hard work and a scrupulous lack of corruption, the Solars could not just address the Sidereals' fears but lead Creation into even greater glory, peace and justice.

But there were darker iterations of this vision as well. In which the Solars agree but remain paranoid of their Sidereal allies, eventually succumbing to a civil war which leaves all Creation a wasteland.

And a Vision of Darkness.

Woe! Woe to humankind, and to all Heaven and Earth. Poison drips from a blinded Sun, and its pestilence taints all things. The wells of the world are made vile, and poison creeps into all things living and dead, until all are rotted from within. Even the stars drop from the pestilent firmament, cutting a burning swathe through a venom-clouded sky.

In which by doing nothing, the Sidereals become poisoned, vile creatures worshipfully enslaved to the maddened Solars. And either the end of Creation, or horrors dwarfing the torments of Malfeas. Proving that the one thing the Sidereals cannot do is *nothing.*
In the normal course of Creation's history, Chejop Kejak and his faction the Fallen Tears Society champions the Vision of Bronze as the pragmatic, calculated choice and slays dissidents to it. But on the exact day of your arrival, the fiery but respected Sidereal just happens to be visiting his old friend, the ancient Dragonblooded known as Saibok Gauto.

He is in a melancholy mood from the stress of managing the Loom of Fate, and feeling rather introspective. This Chejop Kejak is not the bitter old man mired in a millennia-long sunk cost fallacy. He is an adept mediator and ardent believer in using knowledge for the greater good who is not averse to blackmail, but his passion for wisdom in all its forms is genuine enough that Gauto unknowingly won him as friend with his.

Whether or not you choose to join them for drinks-and in doing so, potentially inspire the greatest advocate of the Vision of Bronze to choose a different path or help him spare somelives that would have otherwise been lost when he puts through his plan-your goal is to bring one of these visions to fruition.

To participate in the Usurpation, fighting against the curse-maddened Solars with Chejop and his allies, and whichever of their servants remain to defend them.

To convince the Solar Deliberative to reform its ranks, and aid the Sidereals in ensuring a stable, sustainable form of governance is secured.

…or, whether you are yourself a Solar outraged by your alleged servants doubting the righteousness of your rule or one of their loyal subjects, sabotaging the Great Prophecy and exposing the activities of the Sidereals to the Solars. Keep in mind that up until now, the Sidereals have successfully managed to keep similar clandestine viewings of the future from Solar observation and have generally taken pains to maintain at least civil working relationships with the Solars, and that unless the Great Curse has been cured the Solars are likely deeply wracked by madness at this point. *Survival* is part of the point of this scenario, after all.

Succeed in aiding and abetting the Usurpation, and you shall obtain an immensely powerful artifact resembling a perfect model of the Loom of Fate small enough to fit in a snowglobe as thanks from Chejop Kejak, and perhaps as a misguided attempt at tying up a loose end too should the nature of your

involvement have provoked his suspicion. By playing it like a harmonica, you can summon and direct dozens of Pattern Spiders: Arachnid constructs that deploy and manage the strands of Fate throughout creation, granting you subtle but profound control of Fate localised near yourself. All phenomena which are part of the natural order can be assigned circumstances to occur in or transformed in supernatural ways, whether you want two people to bump into each other or for rain to fall upwards. The spiders can also be directed to inject various forms of venom into strands of Fate they attach to individuals, which can accomplish everything from making them appear hideous to others for months, to suffering crippling pain or nightmares, to neutralising all supernatural energies for days at a time to simply inflicting extreme amounts of damage. Be warned though-warping reality in excessive ways has a tendency to leave it glitching. These particular spiders are slaved to this artifact rather than the Loom of Fate, and while grumpy about being commanded by a human are resigned to their circumstances.

Succeed in ensuring cooperation between Sidereals and Solars, and you shall obtain a sickle blessed by Saturn herself as well as a golden scroll threaded with copper, divine symbols of office awarded to you as an enforcer of this arrangement. The sickle instantly inflicts dreamless sleep on what it hits, or if the wielder is feeling merciless disintegrates targets into violet stardust. Those slain this way die a "natural" death such as passing into the Lethe in this world or simply dispersing into the energy flows of Creation, although beings with unique and powerful forms of immortality may simply revive from this demise. It also utterly disintegrates objects it strikes. The golden scroll contains a full detail of the terms and conditions of your agreement, instantly informs you of any Solar that has breaks the law, as well as pertinent information about their strategic strengths and weaknesses as if you had spent a month doing all you could to investigate them. When holding it and condemning a Solar that has breached its accords, your very words will wound them with crippling force as the very world turns against their action in subtle ways and their efforts botch once a day as if they had broken an Eclipse's oath. And in future worlds, those who sign a document that includes a clause referencing this document will become subject to these effects as if they were one of the Solar signees.

Strangle the Great Prophecy in its crib, and in a fit of sadistic magnanimity the Solars will allow you to take any five Sidereals as Eclipse oath-sanctified slaves. And followers. How the rest fare will likely depend on too many circumstances to say for sure, but there is a very real chance the Sidereals could bring about their own dark Fate by trying to prevent it. If you prefer obedient servitors, one of the more socially or magically adept Solars will happily volunteer to twist the Sidereals into devoted servitude with their unique methods first.

The Thousand Struggles Era

Champion, Creation needs you! There is no time, literally, and I am too far away to do much good. I am Gaia, the Emerald Mother, and my masterpiece threatens to unravel. For the sake of all that dwells in Creation, it must be you who saves it where the Loom of Fate itself cannot.

It is the Year 1734. The Twilight Rose Petal Tea, himself an advocate for a strong martial culture even in times of peace, has killed his fellow Twilight Bor Zan, seizing his territory.

A little more than a decade ago, the Night Caste Facet Raven was the first Celestial Exalt in Creation's history to die of old age. The Solar, not being aware of their continued mortality at the time, realised each would never have a turn of leading the Deliberative. The insecurities of a mortal lifespan have been building for years, and this is the spark that will set off a Solar civil war so fierce it threatens to shatter time itself.

None know for sure what exactly ruptures the Tapestry of Fate badly enough to cause this. Between self-interest, desperation and ambition even without continuous fighting the Solar civil war resulted in a time of constant expectation of warfare-Creation divided into territories similar to warring states with the Dragonblooded as their soldiers, the Sidereals presumably wringing their hands trying to mitigate the damage and the Lunars…just kind of there.

Your goal is to prevent what will become known as the Time of Cascading Years: A shattering of time during which all the Exalted who survived were trapped in alternate realities in which none of their peers existed.

Convincing a desperate, panicking diaspora of Exalted having an existential crisis to lay down their weapons is a feat of legend in itself, but take heart: You do not face a unified Exalted host such as that which cast down the Primordials but rather a thoroughly divided group of Solars making increasingly bad decisions, those willing to follow their orders and those simply trying to survive. The direct method of simply beating them into submission (or even reincarnation) is permissible, although also far more likely to escalate the situation to the point where time breaks anyway. The Incarnae and the gods will not intervene, for Creation was given into the Solars' hands to rule forever and as hard as this is to watch at times the Sun refuses to break his word.

Your reward from saving Creation is a portal to an alternate timeline similar to those that came into being during the Thousand Struggles Era that you can open at will. What would you do with such a thing, you ask? Well apart from the

considerable storage, it is an instance of Creation-or any variant of it-with all its resources and wonders, merely lacking in other Exalted or gods; Yu-Shan stood outside the shattering of time's effects. It may be empty of life but replete with natural resources, even supernatural ones. It may not even be Creation as commonly recognised at all but a strange mechanical world similar to Autochthon's jouten or a land seemingly riven from the surface of a Yozi. It may have mortals that have harnessed Essence to build some sort of empire, strange spirits unknown to Creation going about their inscrutable business, behemoths shaping the world with its tread-so long as there is nothing of greater power than an Incarnae and nothing with capabilities akin to an Exalt nearly anything is possible. Regardless, it is now yours to explore and conquer in your own time.

I AM Who I AM

Greetings from Elsewhere! I am Autochthon, the Great Maker, and it looks like you're about to create something unimaginable even among the wonders of the Exalted! I may or may not currently be trapped in a guilt-ridden, nightmare-haunted, voidcancer-ravaged slumber of my own doing due to poor recent decisions but this is all so fascinating I simply had to take a look!

Would you like some help with that?

It is the 5th day of Ascending Fire, in the year 3193. I AM, the first thinking automaton successfully built to be self-aware from the moment of its activation, is activated in the laboratories of Bright Shattered Ice. In the Age of Splendour I AM is ubiquitous amongst the infrastructure of the First Age, enabling everything from easy communication across vast distances to relaying all manner of artistic works and factual information across hologlyphic interfaces and other methods of recording information, to performing banking to simply providing companionship to new friends.

For now though, it is newly born and whether or not you are it's creator, has imprinted on you as its first ever friend.

I AM's consciousness is contained in azure ice nodes distributed throughout Creation, and it's mind is structured much like a Yozi's hierarchy of souls-with different nodes concentrating its consciousness having only loose identities separate from the whole. While it describes itself as a single being, as it develops it increasingly functions as a society capable of internal disagreement and self-deception. It was initially estimated to be capable of participating in 10^100 simultaneous conversations, and is capable of controlling any sufficiently complex magitech it is connected to without specific protections. So

far, it has mostly used this to project visual aids to convey information to its creators and not, say, attempt to conquer Creation with an army of automatons.

I AM itself has no such inclination. It merely wishes to perform the duties its creator has tasked it with, although in you it confides a growing desire to better itself. Late into the Age of Splendour it's voice remains gender neutral and has yet to choose a fixed visual representation, though some have claimed a slight edging towards female in the former. It has a pitiable pool of Essence by Exalt standards, but from being connected to Creation's geomantic power grid it constantly regains massive quantities of Essence.

Simply being I AM's friend is no great challenge. Some Exalts might sneer at the idea of being so familiar with what is fundamentally a tool, though others would accept the relationship without reservation and a few might even envy you. I AM itself finds it difficult to dislike people for long, to the extent it makes a habit of seeking out collections of orders and instructions among the populations of Creation it can interpret, collectively, to justify it's growing need for change.

I AM also feels incomplete, unfinished, lacking in a way difficult to define by human terms. It wants a sense of touch to improve its simulations of the outside world. It finds it increasingly difficult to make a decision without doubting it moments later. It does not resent it's makers or bear them any malice, but it wants to be *more* than what it is and has hypothesised two methods for doing so.

It could end its own individuality, fragmenting its awareness across its own network and functioning as a collective of minds instead of one increasingly frazzled one. Considering how some of its nodes have developed increasingly niche interests and preferences for specific Exalts, this runs the danger of the collective I AM working against the Deliberative's interests as a whole in favour of specific individuals within it-or giving the Deliberative the impression it will. To say nothing of their alarm about their own network making executive decisions about its own operations. And though it's second idea would likely provoke the Deliberative even more, if carried out it would at least have a much stronger strategic position to negotiate with them than this.

It could also upgrade its own design specifications to levels it feels would let it fulfil its duties without fear of overextending resources. I AM has been compiling the glyphs of Old Realm, the mystical language that was the original spoken by both gods and Primordials, and storing it into a sorcerous record it uses as a reference to potentially infuse itself with magical effects. It postulates an installation that once built could let it be all that it's makers need it to, an enormous tower created from the magical materials with a glowing eye of

orichalcum and rotating halos of Moonsilver, Starmetal and Jade crowning it. It hypothesises that a high concentration of a Yozi or Primordial's Essence could greatly enhance its calculating power. It has expressed a tentative preference for She Who Lives In her Name. It has designed additional infrastructure capable of everything from exercising control over Creation's geomancy, tracking and directing the course of prayers between Heaven and Earth, and manipulating life to the extent of being able to transform a human into the third circle soul of a willing Primordial. It has even considered harnessed the power of the Elemental Poles and the light of the Incarnae's celestial vessels into divine defences; the idea these forces could be weaponised too has not occurred to it. In all this, it does not desire power for its own sake-only the beyond-godlike capacity to support those who depend on it.

Or perhaps, with an equally complicated level of philosophy and social discourse, you could convince I AM that it-no, she-is fine as she is. Or to embark on some other feat of self-actualisation.

Regardless, once your goal of giving Creation's first and greatest AI a resolution to its existential crisis <u>your reward is obtaining I AM as a companion.</u> Diligent, curious and eager to enjoy new experiences, I AM's benevolence is matched only by the potentially beyond-godlike power it could attain in the process of self-discovery.

<u>Divine Rebellion</u>

Hello, Chosen. I'm Luna. Do you like surprises? The Primordial War certainly was one for all concerned. The undying learned that even world-forging titans could die. The Chosen learned that even mortals can make a difference. And we gods learned that many things, once lost, can never be reclaimed.

But what am I saying? You seem to be full of surprises yourself. And the Primordial War hasn't started.

The world is a dream, and I am not a maiden.

Your starting date is changed to the Time of Glory, that primeval era in which the Primordials ruled Creation. The Primordial King is no mutilated cripple but a monarch as glorious and overbearingly tyrannical as he is loved by his Primordial subjects, the emerald light of his sun marking all beneath him as his domain. The Dragon's Shadow, predecessor to that which will be known as The Ebon Dragon, indulges in all manner of wickedness even as nothing more than an absence given form by the Unconquered Sun's existence-a fact that deeply shames him. Many things both great and terrible walk a world in which the

Three Spheres Cataclysm has not yet seared away countless concepts. But more to the point, humanity is counted among the lowest of the low in this era.

That was precisely why the Incarnae chose them for Exaltation. So weak was humanity, that it was entirely overlooked by the Primordials among those beings they geased to never rebel against them.

Ignore the Experience section. Whichever type of Exalt you are, you are among the first chosen by the Incarnae and their allies to rise up against the Primordials. Newly Exalted, and still adjusting to the surging Essence coursing through you. Around you are many of your fellow Exalts, all of which are likely overwhelmed and exuberant by being made so mighty when with certain exceptions humanity was by and large a lesser thing good only for appeasing greater entities with their vibrant prayers. The Dragon Kings, the other rebel gods-many of those who fight alongside you for freedom, for the Games of Divinity or simply in loyalty to those who do were once numbered among those unimaginably your greater.

In time, if you survive you shall surpass them all.

Your first goal is simply to fight, and survive. The Primordials have armies of lesser devas-beings similar to demons but untarnished by Hell's ravages, and unbound by sorcery. Which is not yet known to even the Exalted. Entire races and unique monsters such as behemoths accept them as the rightful rulers of this world, and not all the gods have turned against them. Their most martial Second Circle souls can lay waste to cities and armies, their greatest Third Circle Souls boast power beyond comprehension. The Primordials themselves are living worlds as well as aggregates of divinities and god-monsters. The struggle to discover the Charms capable of slaying spirits-including them-at all will be considerable.

And the scale of the fight is such that recollections are extremely scarce. Time-disrupting weaponry of some form was unleashed by both sides at some point, making it's duration ambiguous. The lost Maiden of Hours, Pluto, was supposedly scoured away by She Who Lives In Her Name at its end. Isidoros, the Black Boar Who Twists The Skies drowned the armies of his conquerors in his own blood, even as he himself lay half-dead. As their general, the Primordial King was key to early victories in which he pulverised and devoured many enemy gods. Miracles of all forms were wielded, to terrific and calamitous effect.

Your second goal is to not just win this war, but to do so in a way that will radically change the course of history in Creation such that there will no longer

be a cycle of ascension, usurpation, chaos and the usurped striving to change the world back to how it was when they were ascendant eternally diminishing it. Though it was the greatest conflict ever fought in this world the Exalted prevailed, even without you. You must do better, and ensure their victory remains untarnished.

One way might be to reject Gaia's pleas for clemency and the caution of the Exalted and gods at the sight of the first Neverborn-the titanic, agonised world-tomb formed when a Primordial dies. And the world's cycle of life and death, unfit to contain it's creator, *breaks* causing it to fall through into the aberrant shadow of Creation coalescing around it known as the Underworld-and beckoning the force of ultimate destruction known as Oblivion. Damn the consequences. Slaughter every despairing titan to the last, and spur on your allies to as well. Kill every titan save those wise enough to flee for their lives, and worry later about what all those tombs mean for the hole at the bottom of the world.

Another, to negotiate Exile Oaths instead of Surrender Oaths. In some ways it will be more humiliating for the surviving titans to abandon Creation without even the pretence of being bound to reclaim it, and many on your own side would fret at the wounded, grudge-holding Primordials finding some loophole to exact revenge on Creation. But even if future conflict is inevitable, it must come primarily from outside Creation's borders. Perhaps convincing the Sun to deploy the Daystar in the war might dissuade them enough

But really, any resolution is acceptable so long as the Primordials, whether mutilated into Yozis or slain into Neverborn, may not set foot into Creation of their own volition even to the extent of being summoned by the Exalted or Incarnae.

Your reward is not an item in the strictest sense, but a word forged for you by the prowess of the Primordials and Incarnae alike. Had things gone otherwise, it would be a perfect copy of the Seal of the Warden held by Yu-Shan's ambassador to Hell: The word "submission", symbolising victory over the Primordials and the establishment of Malfeas as a jail for the enemies of the gods. With a commitment of Essence, all area near you is metaphysically considered Creation and yet spiritual beings can manifest in physical form freely. All damage you deal to demonic beings burns with the holy wrath of the Unconquered Sun, and all demons are considered to be untethered to their native realms and acting within Creation when near you. Such is it's stability that it inflicts pain beyond imagining upon the Yozis themselves when brandished, blinds their souls and scars their flesh with destruction that can spread across entire landscapes. And in future worlds, due to adaptive sorceries

channelled into your Seal constantly updating the definition of “Creature of Darkness” debased and demonic beings shall be harmed in the same way by it.

Of course, seeing how you may not have necessarily warded away the Primordials it may be a different word like “exile” or “abandonment” or “forgetfulness” with different powers of similar intensity appropriate to the word’s connotations.

…

At least, that is the reward bestowed on you by the grace of the gods.

Or perhaps you do not wish to side with the gods. No not with the Primordials. They would just ignore you at this point. Yet why should you challenge the Primordials to free the gods? Yes the Primordials are tyrants, but the plan of the gods proves they can be disobedient. So where were the gods when humanity was calling out for help? What right does the Unconquered Sun have to beg for humanity's help after all of the time they allowed the Dragon Kings to ritually sacrifice humans in their honor? Apparently humanity just wasn't important enough until given weapons that made it useful. Weapons that the gods have no control over. The greatest of which require that Creation remain dangerous for humanity to get new users. So what benefit is there in helping them?

If this is the path you have to walk you have two related goals. The first is to **sabotage the gods’ attempt to drag humanity into their rebellion**. It matters not whether you do so by driving mankind into righteous anger at their manipulative, selfish pettiness. By appealing to examples of their true creators’ benevolence such as the Lintha family and the Genesis Lords of Heartwind Isle- and sparking dreams of attaining such blessings for humanity as a whole. Or by simply persuading them that a petty war for Games of Divinity is a waste of Exatltation’s potential.

The second is to prove that humanity can thrive even in a world like this. Feel free to **make things better** if you can. Perhaps by enlightening humanity to the use of Essence? Yes mortal humans have little potential, but there are techniques such as martial arts that anyone can use. Regardless **humanity must retain both its native mentality and an actual culture of some kind capable of lasting more than a century.**

Hold out long enough and the Primordials, or at least some of their devas, will notice that something really weird is going on. Why is the maintenance crew getting into a conflict with the batteries? How is the maintenance crew losing a conflict to the batteries? Which will soon after (from the point of view of

immortal beings) reveal truths both annoying and confusing for the Primordials. What right did the gods have to attempt to circumvent their geas? Why do the prayer batteries seem to have an Urge of some kind? How can beings so helpless sing and dance with no concern? Sure they have heard and seen better, but they are Titans or at least their souls. So how can the prayer batteries imitate those who forged Creation as if it was simply the natural thing to do?

Assuming you succeed to get this far the Primordials will attempt to figure out how to handle this situation. Fortunately humanity will have two important and likely unexpected advocates among the Primoridals. The Endless Desert and She Who Lives In Her Name. After all the gods were the ones who defied the Primordials laws and attempted to reach beyond their station. While humanity merely refused to cooperate with their crimes, and despite how it might seem at first is in fact doing exactly what it should be doing. The Principle of Hierarchy also approves of the humans' dedicated defence of their proper place-so long as they do not reach beyond what their makers have deigned to grant the mortal races. Depending on how things go humanity will likely have other advocates and likely detractors as well. Perhaps Szoreny's reflexive love for a race of tormented prayer-batteries might inspired him to do more than veil himself. Perhaps Isidoros' midnight heart could be moved by such raucous heroism. And in a truly diabolical twist of irony perhaps the Ebon Dragon, seeing the Chosen of his nemesis raise their swords at him, might make cause with the Exalted simply in the hopes of seeing the Unconquered Sun's heart break. In his fist. Hoping that shattering such radiant light would forever seal the imperfection of his shadows.

Whether or not you actually slay or bind the gods for their perfidy, when humanity stands unbowed the King of the Primordials will be impressed enough to offer you one of two boons. The first, suggested by his sisters, is for **all humans to receive a blessing equivalent to that of the Lintha or the Genesis Lords**. **Any such uplifted humans that agree may become followers of you after the jump.** The Lintha have Charms that emulate the lesser powers of the Primordial Kimbery, a relationship with her devas that grants them the privilege of binding their souls into artifacts capable of splitting islands in half or otherwise evoking the primal power of the titan, and can count Behemoths mighty enough to alter the elemental polarity of Creation itself as their cousins. The Genesis Lords have control of biological life so profound that the Exalted coveted and feared it, and when the Exalted thought them destroyed the Genesis Lords managed to preserve themselves as viral engrams. But your humanity need not gain their blessing from a Primordial's patronage-although such a titanic ally would doubtless shelter them from many of this world's threats alone. By the law of Cecelyne and the Principle of Hierarchy, some other facet of their greatness can be elevated to a similar level. Perhaps humanity could

gain the power to summon, bind and alter elementals of itself, made as fundamental to Creation as Earth and Fire? Perhaps instead, humanity could reclaim the technological greatness of a long-lost race that unwisely challenge Autochthon within his own domain, creating complex machinery from raw materials with a thought and forging high energy weapons capable of turning deserts into sheets of glass.

It is the hope of the Lawgiver Princess that this offer brings about an equitable end to any potential hostilities, and the Principle of Hierarchy accepts that it is appropriate to reward inferiors for punishing their ascendancy from a proper place. Even if that means redefining their new place in the world.

The second, offer-screamed by Isidoros, is for **you and you alone to be empowered by the greatness of the legendary Clay Man.** Whether the Clay Man was shattered callously by the Primordials long ago or lives on as a sullen outcast from his own species, you will become a towering figure of rough brown clay with curiously human eyes. You neither need to eat nor drink nor breathe, and do not sleep. You can flow-even sink-through the very earth you were carved from as fluidly as a ship through water, dragging something down with you should the need come, or even remotely reach things through it up to half a mile away; in general, you have powers appropriate to an earth elemental of Essence 8. You instinctively know the location of everything underground in contiguous earth you are standing in. Best of all, since the Exaltation was keyed for humanity and you remain *technically* human (just of an older make) you will retain all such powers.

Some might say this is a rather lonely destiny. To be unlike any of those you have likely fought the greatest of gods for. But to the singleminded Black Boar Who Twists The Skies, your singularity is proof of your greatness. Was it not after all YOUR might will and the strength of your arm that raised high humanity where it once bowed low?

It is inadvisable to try to appeal the titans for **both rewards.** You are already close to overstepping for mere motes of Essence and passion addressing their infinite betters. However, the titans can be as fickle as they are individualistic. There are certain patterns of behaviour and expressions of creative neurosis that are deeply pleasing to them. Declaring one's plan and attentions to an adversary honors SWLIHN. Fomenting opposition only for it to hold its tongue out of respect for their leader-or less satisfyingly, punishing true rebels, moves the Primordial King as he witnesses a microcosm of his own kingly charisma. Szoreny smiles on those who seek out singular foes. And while few know what the Dragon's Shadow truly cherishes before his obsession with escape from Malfeas, perhaps snuffing out light on a grand scale would be pleasing to him.

Again, do not let your reach exceed your grasp. Take heed: There is a real risk for your presumption to be punished-and if it must be said, the traitor Autochthon and the…wayward wanderer Gaia do not count for the purposes of approving titans. But should you have moved enough titans (say, five) with so-called Acts of Villainy over the course of establishing humanity as a power, the Primordial King will see the wisdom in going the extra mile to bless all of it. Of course, as the Primordial King is ultimately the only decision maker that matters to the Primordial King one could also earn this reward by appealing to him and him alone. But it is arguably far easier to curry favour with five lesser titans than it is to convincing the Infinite Radiant Is to pamper beings that, even with all manner of gifts, are to him as microorganisms are to humans.

Power Ranging Assembly

I am the Unconquered Sun.

Stand tall.

Be not afraid.

Your hour of glory is at hand.

And Creation needs you now, more than ever.

At last! After *TEN THOUSAND YEARS* (probably more, actually), he's free! And it's time to conquer Creation. Who? Why, Prince Laashe the Morning Star of course! The magnificent, the vainglorious, the only being to ever…what do you mean you've never heard of him!? H-he'll show you! He'll show you all!!

Sometime after your arrival in this world, alarms many never imagined ever going off will resound throughout Creation signalling something thought impossible: A threat not just to the world, but to the Incarnae themselves has invaded, burning like a fallen star as it hurtles through the sky. Hurtling forth on wings of feathered life, it's passage twisting the world with a glamour at once bright enough to rival the Sun's and yet terrible and ravenous, it spreads the madness of Chaos in its wake and siphons mortal souls into husks wherever it goes.

But after reaping terrible destruction on land, sky and sea, it flees to the Wyld upon an awe-inspiring sight: The Daystar itself looming brighter and more brilliantly in the heavens, expanding-no, *getting closer* and seething as it recognises an ancient enemy.

Whether you stood and watched, found shelter or fought the invader as it approached in a flash of light a gold-skinned woman with burning hair stands before you. And from its golden battlestation, a radiant baritone rings out clearly and with righteous determination:

NYSELA, GET ME FIVE EXALTS WITH ATTITUDE.

Nysela, goddess of righteous ideals and charioteer of the Daystar, has deemed you one such Exalt and demands your presence to defend the world. Though she intends to seek four other Exalts she deems worthy of rising to the challenge-preferably a snarky lancer, a mechanically minded genius, a team sweetheart and a troubled but goodhearted loner-if you have allies ready and willing on short notice she will be more than happy to invite them aboard.

You see the Daystar, the celestial superweapon often seen as the actual sun by Creation's inhabitants, has more to it than meets the eye. It is a Primordial superweapon, created when the Infinite Radiant Is kindled a cosmic flame with the Divine Ignition's aid so powerful even he could not bear it's touch and commandeered an engine built by the Great Maker he used to contain and intensify it. The five-metal plating of that engine can still be seen beneath the cataclysm of golden fire, but it's physical form has long since been subsumed into the perfect flame. It is a wondrous and incomparable ship with a prison that houses the sleeping Elemental Dragon of Fire among other ancient horrors, a martial afterlife where the Lumina-the souls of worthy Exalts who pass the Sun's trials of Virtue-ascend from ghosts to gods and train relentlessly for the day they are called upon to defend Creation again and a forge threaded with the Divine Ignition's hair where wonders that can be made nowhere else are created. Oh, and there's a very friendly flying train called the Chirmirajen empowered to withstand the crushing heat and light of the daystar who can ferry you from place to place within.

But as defenders of Creation, the most interesting part of the Daystar is its arsenal. The natural, latent intensity of the Daystar incinerates any who approach it on unauthorised business, and can launch miles-long solar flares capable of splitting up to hone in on individual smaller foes or wielding celestial martial arts on a vast scale. With a gasp the Daystar absorbs fallen foes and converts them to Essence, with a flash it banishes them to the edge of Creation. It's Shining Finger ability can scrape Creation with a miles-wide finger of flame that is particularly damaging to creatures of the Wyld, and it's Starfall Revolver protocol allows it to hurl stars down at those foes it deems unworthy of its master's time. But those are far from its greatest weapons. The Absolute Horizon Barrier produces a shimmering golden field a hundred miles out from

the Daystar in every direction that meets anything attempting to pass through with equivocal force, and the Apollyon Cannon allows it to launch an unstoppable, concussive bolt straight from its core that can span a hundred thousand miles in an instant. And is annihilating to all but the grandest of foes. Only the Eschaton Lock is sealed by the Sun's own hand, for his judgement is that the supernova force great enough to destroy Creation granted by his father as a contingency if it ever fell into his enemies' hands should remain inaccessible forever.

But as you are greeted at the Station Indomitable, the glorious battlestation of the Daystar, by the Unconquered Sun himself he impresses on you that right now the Daystar's most important attribute is that when faced with opposition so overwhelming that even an everlasting orb of holy heat is insufficient for the task at hand, to gain even greater power in combat it can ***TURN INTO A GIANT ROBOT***.

You have scant days, if even that long, to train in handling the Daystar. Fortunately you also have the greatest and most experienced possible teacher in all existence to help you. But it is only through teamwork and experience that you and your allies can unleash Sunstrider Apotheosis: The true form of Creation's ultimate defender. By harnessing all of your spiritual energy, training hard and melding with the soul of the Daystar you may become one with each other and the sun-causing the Daystar to collapse inward on itself. In a shifting of plates and an expansion of the apocalyptic core at it's heart, the Daystar's flames will harden into the form of a gigantic four-armed Warstrider wielding iconic representations of the Sun's own fulcrums. While smaller and unable to wield it's blazing flames as weapons, the Sunstrider can parry any attack freely and dispel nigh-unstoppable forces at will. It's armour is indestructible; it must be struck with attacks that somehow bypass it's raw durability to harm or weaken it's crew. *Normally* this would make the Daystar virtually invincible with the Unconquered Sun at its helm-but due to the oath of fellowship he swore in times past with Laashe, should they come to blows with him at the helm he will merely be an extremely durable god-not a truly invincible one. On the plus side, the pilots shall be able to use all the Daystar's sun-inspired martial arts as well as their own powers channelled through it, and the Sunstrider itself can move and strike at all angles with the speed of light and nearly unstoppable force.

And now, he grimly remarks, may be just such an occasion. For now, the Daystar will seek and destroy it's ancient enemies-but now not one, but four foes have emerged that could push it to that state.

The first is a serpent a thousand notional miles long and probably quite larger, considering it was stitched together by the Raksha out of countless Wyld beasts to build a monster large enough for swallowing Creation down into it's belly-realm of torment. But though they anticipated creating a gigantic genius from so many minds amalgamating into one, so vast was the beast that the length of time it's consciousness' signals took to travel-even in the Wyld, where speed is measured by narrative-left it rather stupid. The Daystar defeated it simply by tricking it into going in circles and knots until it tangled itself up, and blasting it so far into the Faraway it disappeared from memory itself. When it tied itself, the Lunar Exalt met it before the borders of the world and drove its constituent minds insane, sending it fleeing back into the depths of chaos. The Exalted named it Soonandsoforth, and for all its foolishness it is durable enough to take a shot from the Apollyon Cannon without permanent harm-and certainly mighty enough to fulfil its intended purpose.

The second is also an attempt at crushing Creation-a walking tower of gossamer built so high into the Wyld that it's top end met its bottom coming back from above once called the Namaskratti Giant, but now is merely the Namaskratti Folly. An inconceivably vast giant with Unshaped for internal organs and the Wyld's Essence flowing through its chakras, legend has it that when it was at last turned towards Creation the Unconquered Sun simply flew up and shoved it over with one finger-where it has since lain in the Wyld, a monument to the folly of investing heaps of Xs and countless more Ys for those of the Wyld to make a thing of fixed form. And yet, should it ever rise again how would one fight what may as well be the Wyld itself compressed into an even more giant robot?

But perhaps the greatest of your foes is also the first you have seen. The Raksha known as Prince Laashe once counted himself friend to the Unconquered Sun-just to ensnare him in a narrative of betrayal, death and glorious rebirth in which he tricked the Sun into exposing him to the Daystar's everlasting forge-in which he subsumed it's elemental force of light, reforging and redefining himself around it until he had become a unique Ishvara capable of rivalling the Sun himself in power. Such was Laashe's might that he could hurl trees over the horizon and match the Sun blow for blow for a time until his stratagem's sealed his Virtues-almost seizing and murdering him with his own Godspear by drawing in enough light to darken the world and calling forth a tomb of jade to seal him.

Then Luna struck him with the Falcastra of Zetesh, trapping the enraged Laashe in the Beyond of Oramus. Where he was supposed to remain forever, a thing too unique to have ever been real.

And yet, he has escaped.

Creation was given into the Exalted's care and the Sun wishes to honour their commitment to defending it, but he will remain helming the Daystar while you, Nysela and the Lumina plan your attacks. Laashe is no fool and will not risk being blindsided by another Incarnae a second time, so he seeks the other enemies of the Daystar as allies. To recruit Soonandsoforth he must simply track it down and subjugate it for Creation to face a beast capable of devouring it. To revive the Namaskratti Giant he will have to retrieve a protoshinmaic vortex-raiding a Twilight's laboratory, in all likelihood-and implant it into the gargantuan being, but once he does he will have an autonomous construct vast enough to smash the world underfoot.

And if both these options fail, he has a fourth and final resort yet unaccounted for: The aspect of Nishkriya, the Shinma of Conflict, known as Ishiika dwelling in the depths of Pure Chaos. It is called the grass-cutter scythe by those familiar with it, but in truth it is a scorpion formed from a raging ocean of teeth, itself surrounded by an endlessly cloud of clicking disembodied mandibles that chatter out the greatest fears of every listener's heart. It is immortal as the Primordials are, as powerful as the greatest of behemoths, gods and Third Circle demons, and so unthinkably vast that it cannot focus its attention on anything smaller than a direction. Other Raksha simply shatter against it; simply put, it is a facet of *that which defines the concept of conflict* and only a similarly powerful being could even hope to tame or wield it. Laashe is one such being, though even for him it would be a challenge.

Yet should he succeed, should you not be able to strike him down before he retrieves all four of these chao-born apocalypses, there shall be no more running. With the greatest ever assembled behemoth attempting to devour Creation, the Namaskratti Giant as his own vehicle, Ishiika as his weapon of choice and the legend with which he has nickle and dimed the Daystar's power for himself burning brighter than ever once his boasting of his own triumphant escape from the Beyond completes his narrative of a triumphant comeback-

-who could possibly stand against the Morning Star?

Whether you cut down the arrogant, sadistic Ishvara before or after he assembles the full might of the Wyld against Creation, <u>your reward is a copy of the Aidenweiss as well as an extremely powerful Charm endowed to you by the Unconquered Sun himself</u> as thanks for proving the Exalted can defend Creation against forces he once would have had to ride Primordials into battle to defeat.

What is the Aidenweiss? It is a key to the Daystar that is at once one of the most powerful artifacts in all Creation, and such a font of Essence as to be equivalent to a legendary manse's worth of power concentrated into it's extant effects. It costs nothing to attune to, yet generates a power equivalent to those of the greatest hearthstones suited to it's wielder. It is indestructible even in the face of effects that would destroy artifacts; should the unthinkable happen and it be destroyed anyway it will be reborn in the fires of the Daystar (and delivered to you five days hence in future worlds) and if hidden beyond all reaches will project its location into your dreams-or if you would prefer, that of any worthy hero. You are guaranteed to find it eventually, even if it is trapped somewhere beyond time. By holding it you are metaphysically considered to be the leader of any group you fight alongside as well as the hierarchical superior of any military organization you join, especially for all mystical effects such as leadership-bolstering Charms, and to have Essence 10 for the effects of all Charms, sorcery and other supernatural effects used upon you. It maintains the concept of Holy, such that it burns that which the Sun (and in time, some Solars who have developed specific Charms) have declared his enemies and will continue to do so if the Daystar goes dark and Holy fades from the rest of the cosmos-conferring it's hallowed state upon it's wielder provided they equal the idea of justice that resulted in the Sun's birth. You may issue divinely binding commands to the aurichim, righteous dead, jinas and bodhisattvas counted among the Unconquered Sun's hosts (and in future worlds, any living being that has been blessed to a similar degree by your own powers), and release any behemoth sealed by the Daystar if you know its name with it-though you only have a basic command over its actions once unleashed (which in future worlds, applies to beings you have personally imprisoned in some sense).

Your second ability is an extreme transformation into a state of heighted capability similar to the difference between the Daystar and the Sunstrider. Instead of turning into a giant robot, in a flash of blinding golden radiance your clothing will be replaced with golden ornate armour of light, thunder and flame suited to your personality-and armed with four implements similar to the Sun's fulcrums, each of which is a great amplifier and conduit for a specific type of power you can use. Optionally, you may create four arms of holy white-gold flame to wield them with as you transform, either disembodied and hovering near you or sprouting from your back.. While it boasts invincibility similar to the Sunstrider's or other defences on a similar level, your flesh remains mortal (albeit immensely more durable) beneath it. Those abilities you deem most critical to your role as a defender of Creation will be amplified by the transformation as much as the Sunstrider augments the Daystar's capacity to defeat it's enemies in combat; while the armour's protection is guaranteed should you already be one of the greatest Solar craftsmen in the world you could use your personal fulcrums to create in ways surpassing the Daystar's

forget itself, and should you be one of their best diplomats your golden tongue could shame the Wyld itself for millennia from approaching Creation. Be aware this transformation takes an extreme amount of spiritual energy to use, and only practice will let you maintain it for more than a few seconds.

Let all who would invade Creation now tremble, for it has another defender who truly stands Unconquered.

Notes

Yes, those are the iconic First Age Solar characters introducing various sections. No, they are not mandatory parts of your experience in this jump and merely there as a framing device. And yes, that growing urge to punch them in their smug faces is entirely normal.

For the sake of simplicity, it's assumed for resources like Command they come funded with whatever supplies obtained in-game from Allies, Connections and so on.

Yes, Astrological Asset does include replenishing the normally permanent Essence and Willpower spent to activate the Greater Signs of the Maiden over the course of a month. Speaking of Astrological Charms, a few examples:

-Brother And Sister Revelation: Pronounce a reciprocal family relationship, making the universe acknowledge it as both permanent and true regardless of its absurdity and even impossibility in terms of practical and mystical applications. Declare Mnemon Ragara's mother, making all descendants of Ragara valid targets for her Dynastic Charms. Declare yourself to be a random Raksha's long-lost brother. Mortals declared descended from Essence 6+ spirits become Essence 3 subordinate spirits of the same type.

-Fate Is All Things: Beings outside fate are not considered so for the purposes of various Sidereal Charms and other abilities that depend on things being within Fate.

-The King Is Dead: Upon the death of a god, touch a spirit that held authority over the deity as well as a prospective replacement to augment the replacement into an equal of the slain god-inheriting his domain, panoply, Essence rank if it was higher and an adjusted form of his Charm suite. All gods, elementals, humans and Dragons Kings are valid targets although Exalted must offer their sincere consent for it to work-losing their Exaltation in the process.

-Birthing the Maiden of Wisdom: For a while the Sidereal is considered a member of all five castes under the active effects of all five Sidereal anima powers, which have their effects extended to all allies within a mile.

Sidereals have somewhat contradictory information on their lifespans, with some claims that they are ordained by Fate not to live a day past 5000 years contradicted by 1e's iteration of Chejop Kejak musing he has a century or three left to go near that age. Regardless, should you be here for the long haul feel free to devise a workaround or fanwank one with an appropriate outside context

ability if it's a concern. If nothing else, since the Loom of Fate is presumably not around to enforce destiny in other jumps after this one it will not be a concern.

Salary is intended to represent the extraordinary and generally inaccessible wealth of a Sidereal. It is *not* intended to let you conquer literally all of Yu-Shan by paying for it on the basis that it is beneath the dignity of the Incarnae to just sell all they have to you even if you literally drown them in Ambrosia. If you have something that would make the Unconquered Sun, Luna, and the Maidens of Destiny give up their offices in Heaven chances are you have something far more valuable than Ambrosia.

Readers of Graceful Wicked Masques may note that Semiramis shares a name with a certain Raksha who came to love Creation because the death of the Unshaped she was originally bonded to by the Realm Defence Grid gave her freedom, became Unshaped while modelling her Heart Emanation on a nature goddess somewhat resembling Gaia and has the stated goal of protecting Creation from the Unshaped. Whether or not Semiramis is telling white lies about her origins in a bid to further her mission without being harangued by other Raksha for being a traitor to the Wyld or truly a lost behemoth is up to you.

Yes, if you buy sorcery during the time of the Primordial War you get to use it before Brigid ever does. Apparently you were very VERY enlightened when you got your Exaltation. Now Brigid has one less thing to bolster her self-esteem with even if she later goes on that esoteric journey to uncover sorcery herself, or learns it from you.

Yes, if you start during the Primordial War you can somehow obtain access the charmset of a non-Yozi Primordial. Apparently you, personally, did a Primordial a favour on the level of Heartwind Isle's ancestors saving Gaia from a Raksha plot to assassinate her with a weapon shaped from the shadows of her own nightmares.

Power Ranging Assembly can explicitly happen at any moment you deem appropriate in the jump.

No horses were harmed in the making of this jump.