
DUNGEONS
&
DRAGONS
HONOR AMONG THIEVES

Dungeons and Dragons: Honor Among Thieves

A jumpchain by SpazzWave. Version 1.2



Welcome to the Forgotten Realms, a world of staggering scope and frankly unreasonable danger. It is a place where humans, elves, dwarves, halflings, tieflings, and every other manner of creature you could imagine share cities, taverns, and an apparently endless supply of reasons to get into trouble together.

Where magic is as real as the cobblestones beneath your feet. Where adventurers, those particular breeds of capable, reckless, and frequently underpaid individuals, make a living doing whatever dangerous and poorly compensated thing the world needs done at any given moment, be it slaying monsters, escorting caravans, recovering stolen artifacts, or simply being the only people in the room willing to walk through a door that everyone else has decided is a very bad idea.

Somewhere out there, archmages are rewriting the rules of magic for fun, gods are conducting their affairs with all the subtlety of a tavern brawl, and ancient dragons are sitting on mountains of gold and nursing grudges that predate most civilizations.

It is, by any reasonable metric, a lot. None of that is your problem right now.

Right now, a disgraced former Harper by the name of Edgin Darvis has just been thrown into Revel's End alongside his barbarian companion Holga. You have a few months before the two of them break out and set into motion a chain of events that will eventually involve a stolen tablet, a Red Wizard with her hand around Neverwinter's throat, and a heist that has absolutely no business succeeding.

Use the time wisely. You have **1000 CP** to spend.

Races



The Forgotten Realms is home to an extraordinary variety of peoples, from the commonplace to the genuinely unexpected. You may choose to be any race (and of any age and sex) that an ordinary citizen of Faerûn might reasonably be, such as **humans**, **elves**, **dwarves**, **halflings**, **tieflings**, **half-elves**, **gnomes**, **dragonborn,** and many others. If you can picture them holding down a job, paying rent, and complaining about the weather, you are probably fine.

If your first instinct was to ask whether you could be a **dragon**, the answer is no.

Origins

Any origin can be taken as a Drop-in

Bard

You are a dreamer with a lute, a head full of stories, and a smile that has gotten you into considerably more trouble than it has gotten you out of. Bards are, depending on who you ask, wandering entertainers with delusions of heroism, or the most dangerously underestimated people in any room. Both are accurate. You live by your wits, your words, and this has taken you to interesting places, gotten you into interesting situations, and introduced you to interesting people, which is either a blessing or a curse depending on how the evening is going.

Barbarian

You grew up in a tribe, which is a polite way of saying you grew up in conditions that most people would describe as horrible and that you would describe as home. It made you tough, self-sufficient, and possessed of a completely unironic appreciation for a good potato. It also meant that your education in the finer points of civilization was, to put it generously, incomplete. You are working on it. In the meantime, you hit things very hard and have never once in your life been unable to find something worth hitting them for, which, when you think about it, covers most situations.

Sorcerer

Somewhere in your family tree sits a name that means something in arcane circles. You have that name. What you do not have, at least not yet, is everything that came with it, the raw magical firepower that made it famous, having been somewhat misplaced somewhere between your ancestor and you. What you do have is cleverness, creativity, and a talent for the subtle magics that people with grander ambitions tend to dismiss right up until those same people find themselves completely outmaneuvered by someone they had already written off.

Druid

The wilderness raised you, or at least had a significant hand in it, and the relationship has been mutual ever since. You know how to live in places that would kill most people before nightfall, how to read weather and track animals and find food where others see nothing. The animals, for their part, have decided you are acceptable company, which in wilderness terms is essentially a glowing endorsement. Nature, in your experience, is less a force to be survived and more a conversation to be had, and you have always been a very good listener.

Paladin

You swore an oath, and the oath swore back. Whatever you were before, what you are now is someone who made a formal and binding commitment to stand between innocence and everything that would devour it, and has been living with the consequences ever since.
People feel it when you walk into a room. Evil feels it considerably more.

Red Wizard [Recommended Only for Humans]

You are a Red Wizard of Thay, which means you are either a brilliant and ambitious practitioner of magic from one of the most feared arcane institutions in the Forgotten Realms, or a scheming, tattooed villain in a red robe, depending entirely on whose city you are currently standing in. The distinction matters less than you might think. What matters is that you are patient, you are methodical, and you have a very clear idea of where you want to be and an equally clear idea of who is currently standing between you and that destination.

Locations

Neverwinter



Neverwinter is one of the busiest and most welcoming cities on the Sword Coast, the kind of place where a human, a tiefling, a half-elf, and a halfling can share a tavern without anyone thinking twice about it. Currently, it is also under the rule of a charming and well-dressed conman who has absolutely no business being in charge of anything, and a Red Wizard of Thay quietly pulling strings from the shadows with plans for the city that its citizens would find deeply alarming if they knew about them.

Emerald Enclave



Tucked inside Neverwinter forests, far enough from the treeline that most people never stumble onto it by accident, the Emerald Enclave is home to wood elves who have been watching over their forest since before Neverwinter had a name. Unlike most elven communities, they are genuinely open to outsiders, welcoming anyone who has demonstrated a sincere respect for the natural world. Whether you were born under the trees or simply learned to appreciate them the hard way, there is a place for you here.

Revel's End [+100]



What happens when someone decides some criminals are too dangerous to keep anywhere near civilization? The answer is a maximum-security prison carved in the frozen wastes of Icewind Dale, meticulously designed so every cell can be observed from a central tower, accessible only by ship, airship, or a horse-drawn sled nobody wants to ride in winter. It currently houses two people worth keeping an eye on. You do not begin here as a prisoner, though you are still hundreds of kilometers away from the nearest signs of civilization.

Underdark [+200]



Below the surface of Faerûn, past the dungeons adventurers like to complain about, lies something else entirely. A vast network of tunnels and underground realms stretching beneath the entire continent, populated by things that adapted to a world without sunlight and emerged considerably more dangerous for it. It is not a place people go by choice.

General Perks

OST [Free]
Life is better with a soundtrack, and the soundtrack of the movie is quite good. You can choose anytime to play the OST of the movie during your adventures here. The songs will always feel appropriate; you can toggle them off anytime, and if you wish, even other people can hear them.

Shape of Will [Free for Sorcerer and Red Wizard/400 for Other Origins]
Magic is not a list of spells in a book; it is a fundamental, cosmic energy that flows through the world, waiting to be shaped by a will strong enough to command it. You possess such a will, either by study or bloodline, that grants you the innate ability to tap into this power and manifest magical effects by using gestures and incantations. These effects could be as simple as conjuring a small flame in your palm, magnetically attracting jewelry and gold coins at a distance, or changing gravity. With practice (on the scale of a few years) and power (or the use of a component pouch if your power does not match your skill), you can achieve truly potent feats: erecting shimmering shields of force, invoking meteors, or even bending the flow of time in a localized area. Your only limitation is your understanding, and your will to impose your design upon reality.

PG-13 [Free]
Reality is quite messy, you know, with all the blood, grime, dirt, and all manner of unpleasantness that an adventurer may face in their daily lives. But you will find out that you can, for some reason, completely remove these things from your general perception, almost as if something (like a movie production) was censoring it. Be the dirt on your clothes, the smell of a bathroom, or even the entrails of a random enemy you just murdered, all of it can simply be replaced out of your awareness at will. Sure, it has no actual effect on reality, but you will find out that it is quite convenient for your general experience.

Fantasy Protagonist [Free]
Adventuring has a way of sorting people out very quickly. The weak, the slow, the unlucky, and the fragile tend to die early, while the ones who stick around are those who have something extra. And sometimes this something extra is just being a little bit better at everything than they have any right to be. You are stronger than most, faster than most, and noticeably more resilient. You recover from injury and exhaustion more easily, get sick less often, and tend to handle stress better than the average person would in your place. Nothing about you is superhuman, and you are not the peak of your species, but you sit just above what people would call “normal.”
What makes you truly unique is your luck, as it’s tilted enough in your favor for you not to be unlucky. You arrive just in time, the rope holds just long enough, the guard looks away at precisely the right moment, and the wound turns out to be slightly less serious than it first appeared. Nothing dramatic, but convenient enough times that people around you start calling it “weirdly fortunate” rather than a coincidence. A great thing to have in such a dangerous career.

Babel-Speak [100]
The world is a big place, so wouldn't it be nice if you weren't limited by language barriers? You will find out that you have a natural talent for picking up languages with very little effort. You start knowing two additional languages of the Forgotten Realms of your choice (such as Common, Elvish, or Thayan), and from there, learning more becomes surprisingly easy. As long as you can hear a language being spoken, you'll start to piece it together almost immediately. You won't master everything instantly, but as long as you have a week of exposure, you'll be able to understand and hold a conversation without much trouble. Reading and writing take a bit longer, but they follow the same pattern once you've read enough of the language.

Flexible Interpretation of Sacred Vows [100]
Oaths are, by all accounts, a very serious business. Binding. Sacred. The sort of thing people expect you to actually follow. Fortunately for you, you've discovered a fascinating loophole in the metaphysics of promises: as long as you have a good reason, the universe is willing to look the other way. Be it a paladin who needs to commit a crime in order to achieve a greater good, or a Harper who needs to steal a very important artifact from his own faction in order to bring someone back, as long as your justification is completely reasonable in your mind, you'll find out that there are no consequences to breaking oaths, vows, and pacts. Except, of course, your own guilty conscience, which unfortunately is not covered by this perk.

Running Away From Your Problems [100]
Every adventurer develops a specialty. Some master the sword. Some dedicate themselves to the arcane arts. Some commune with nature, or forge sacred oaths, or spend decades perfecting the art of divine magic. You have spent roughly the same amount of time, with roughly the same dedication, running away from things. You are one of the best runners alive, being in phenomenal running condition and with a stamina that borders on ridiculous. You can run at top speed without strain, maintain that pace far longer than it should be possible, and recover almost instantly once you stop (or once you are reasonably sure nothing is chasing you anymore). More impressively, you can hit your maximum speed immediately, making it so you always have an advantage at running away from your pursuers. If your mother could only see you now, she'd be so proud of how fast you're leaving.

They're Doing Fine, Actually [100]
Most goodbyes in life are messy. People drift apart, things end badly, and usually someone walks away with at least a little resentment, regret, or a dramatically retold version of events. Not with you. For some reason, everyone you've ever meaningfully left behind (exes, former allies, old colleagues, traveling companions, even people you technically "defeated" in some capacity) tends to land on their feet afterwards. Their lives continue in a generally upward direction, or at least a stable one, and they rarely attribute their misfortunes (if any) to you. More unusually, they remember you fondly. The ex you left is doing surprisingly well and is ready to help you in your quest. The colleague who stormed out of that last meeting has built something good and, upon seeing your face again after all this time, will sigh deeply, shake their head, and ask what you need. Somehow, your absence helps people build better lives, and frankly, that's all a person could ask for.

Head Empty, Heart Safe [200]

There are many kinds of intelligence in the world. Yours is… not the one people write treatises about. Fortunately, this turns out to be a tactical advantage. Your mind operates on such a delightfully simple wavelength that most forms of psionic probing just… slide off. Telepaths looking for complex thoughts find nothing to grab onto, mind-readers get static, and anything trying to sense your consciousness is left squinting into what appears to be an aggressively uninteresting void. One interesting consequence of this is that any creature that preys on intellect and brains (such as intellect devourers) looks at you and decides that they're not that hungry at all. Whether it's the lack of complexity, the absence of "flavor," or just an instinctive sense of disappointment, your brain simply does not make the menu. Who would have thought that being stupid would finally pay off?

Teaching Peasants [200]

Most people who are exceptional at something are absolutely terrible at explaining how they do it. The best swordsmen make the worst instructors. The most gifted wizards wave their hands and say, "you just feel it" to students who very much cannot just feel it. Having the gift to transform talent into instruction is quite rare, but luckily for you, it is something you do without much effort. You can break anything down into a lesson. Be it complex techniques, abstract concepts, martial arts, survival skills, or academic knowledge, you can turn it into steps, explanations, and examples that other people can actually follow and learn. The interesting thing is that this applies to magic too, letting you teach and guide others through spells even if they aren't as intelligent, academic, and talented in magic as most wizards. Just don't expect them to become archmages overnight.

Staff in the Works [200]

Villains love their plans. Grand, intricate, many-layered things that account for every variable… except you. Your mere presence introduces small but critical errors into the thinking of anyone plotting against you. Not stupidity, just slight misjudgments that seem perfectly reasonable at the time. A guard decides you're not worth the effort. A commander delays dealing with you because there are "more important matters." A mastermind opts to capture you later instead of killing you now, or lets you step into the arena instead of removing you when it would have been easy. Simple, small mistakes that seem natural up close but in the grand scheme of things unravel everything. Because let's be honest, who would imagine that sending you to the arena would result in you gaining an audience, an opportunity, and a fighting chance? If only these villains were more pragmatic…

True Seeing [200]

Magic leaves traces. Most people walk past them every day without ever knowing, which is how a disguised assassin can stand in a crowded room for an hour before anyone notices something is off, or how an illusion holds long past the point it should have been questioned. With training, one can learn to notice these traces, and you have developed your sense to quite a high level. Be it the wrongness of an illusion, the feeling when a spell is being cast nearby, or the subtle distortion of a shapeshifter holding a form that isn't theirs, you pick up on all of it. With time, you may even sharpen your sense to the point you can detect which spell was cast or other fine details, until nothing magical in your vicinity goes unnoticed or unidentified.

Silver Harp, Golden Fingers [400]
The Harpers are, depending on who you ask, a noble organization of protectors dedicated to the preservation of freedom and the balance of power across the Realms, or a secretive network of meddling spies who show up uninvited and rearrange things they weren't supposed to touch. Both descriptions are accurate, and neither one is a criticism as far as you're concerned. What matters is that you are one of them, and more than that, you are one of the best of them. Be it espionage, disguise, lockpicking, stealth, infiltration, reconnaissance, and many other skills required to be a Harper, you have been trained in them all, and to a level few other members can match. In fact, such is your skill that you could shadow a Red Wizard through four cities without being seen, plan a heist of the most secure Neverwinter vault, or spend a month infiltrated inside any organization without anyone suspecting you were ever anything else. The ones who could genuinely claim to match you can be counted without running out of fingers, and most of those would still hesitate before saying it out loud. Post-jump, you can choose a similar organization to join as an agent.

Quest For The Right Tool [400]
Aww, shucks, your quest to destroy the big bad villain runs into a very inconvenient problem: the thing you actually need to deal with them just isn’t in your hands right now. I mean, where would you find a magical artifact that bypasses magical immunity? Fortunately, that’s rarely the end of the story for you. You see, if you ever require something to move forward in your quests (something like a book, a mystical artifact, or just a pile of gold lying around), you will usually find that there is a way to go and get it. Somewhere out there is a ruin, a hidden vault, a forgotten dungeon, or a very talkative stranger who just happens to know where the thing you need was last seen. Even if your quest is to beat an unbeatable villain, there’s usually something out there that can push things forward if you’re willing to look for it (like a prized memory that might soften their heart). Of course, you still have to go on the journey and deal with whatever problems are guarding it. But if you ever need something, there is always a way to find it.

The Legend of You [400]
Somewhere along the way, between everything you have done and everywhere you have been, people started talking. And the truly useful thing about your reputation is that you get to decide what they are saying. If you want to be feared, word will get around that you are not someone to cross. If you’d rather be known for kindness, people will have heard about your good nature.
If you want to be charming, infamous, dangerous, maybe even a good lover in bed, that’s the version of you that people seem to know. Of course, acting against your chosen reputation will eventually erode it, but as long as you don’t contradict it, rumors, stories, and first impressions will consistently lean in whatever reputation you bought. Post-jump, you can choose a new reputation to have.

Veteran of a Thousand Quests [600]

Adventuring is a fun profession, if you are one of the lucky ones. The dumbest, the weakest, and the unlucky die early, leaving only the hardest, toughest, and smartest adventurers ready to face the best quests and the worst dragons. And luckily, you can be counted among them now.
You have real experience under your belt, the kind that only comes from surviving things that should have killed you but didn't have the chance. You know how to move in a fight, how to read your opponent, and how to be as efficient as possible in anything you do. This also means you never make any adventuring mistakes, and planning and preparation come naturally to you at this point. If you are a spellcaster, this translates into access to higher-level spells appropriate to your field, such as **Meteor Swarm** or the famed **Time Stop**. If you are a warrior, such as a Paladin or Barbarian, you're practically a one-man army. If you are a Bard or a Druid, your versatility and adaptability are just as dangerous, with you being able to talk your way into a heavily fortified keep or survive the worst environments imaginable.



Bard Perks

Perks for Bards are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

Bard with a Capital B [100]

At some point between "I am a bard" and "let's save an entire city from the forces of evil," most people stop and think: maybe I should play something. Luckily for you, you are actually good at it. Whether it's the soulful twang of a lute, the mournful wail of a flute, or whatever weird hybrid instrument some eccentric gnome shoved into your hands five minutes ago, you play it like you've been practicing since the womb. And your voice? You can sing a ballad so tender it'd make a dragon weep or a drinking song with such energy that everyone in the tavern starts singing with you. You could actually make a living with this if you wanted, but you won't: there's adventures to be had and the stories you sing about afterward are worth way more than a life of comfort.

Found Family [200]

You are a bard. A dreamer. A man with a lute, a head full of stories, and a smile that has gotten you into and out of more trouble than any sensible person would care to count. You are not, on paper, the kind of person people choose to build a life around. And yet, somehow, everywhere you go, people end up in your corner. You make friends easily, the genuine kind, and once people are in your orbit, they tend to stay there. More than that, they tend to start looking out for each other. The disgraced paladin and the career criminal find common ground somehow. The reluctant ally who joined purely for the coin starts turning down better offers without quite understanding why. The one who was definitely going to betray the group by the end of the first act sits down one evening around a campfire with everyone, hears someone laugh at something stupid, and quietly decides they would rather not. Because when a group of idiots gets near you, they stop being just a group of idiots and become a family. And that is worth more than anything in the world.

A Talent for Creative Honesty [400]

You are in trouble. Deep, serious trouble. The person in front of you is powerful, evil, and has every reason and every ability to end this conversation permanently right now. The smart move would be to stop talking. But you don't, and it works. You see, it doesn't matter if it's a guard three seconds away from executing you, a crime lord who has heard every excuse in the book, or a full-blown omnicidal villain; once you open your mouth, the words that come out are the right ones. Because you are, simply put, one of the greatest talkers who has ever lived. You can fast-talk, slow-talk, smooth-talk, and talk your way out of situations that really should not have a "talk your way out of this" option in the first place. Of course, this doesn't mean you'll always walk away clean. Sometimes the best you can do is talk your way into a slightly better disaster than the one you were already in. Sometimes "it worked" means you're alive but also inexplicably scheduled to fight in an arena tomorrow morning. But you'll be talking the whole way through it. And that, at the end of the day, is really something.

Everything Goes According to Plan [600]

I must say, you are quite lucky, friend. Not in the "stumbling face-first into a pile of gold" kind of way (though honestly, don't rule it out) but in a much more specific kind of way. The kind where you make a plan, a deeply optimistic plan with more holes in it than a wheel of cheese, and then the universe just... fills in the holes. Every contingency you didn't think of gets covered. Every variable you couldn't account for conveniently accounts for itself. You need a specific person in a specific place at a specific time, and you had absolutely no way of guaranteeing that? They're there. You're fleeing on foot from a prison in the middle of nowhere with no transportation and no prospects, and you really could use some horses right about now? There are horses, right there, just standing around. Even the villains might be in a good mood on the days that matter. Of course, it does not mean nothing will go wrong, but the bones of the plan? The core of it? That part holds, somehow. Turns out the universe rewards optimism. Or possibly stupidity. At this point, what's the difference?



Barbarian Perks

Perks for Barbarian are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

Love a Good Potato [100]

The bad part about being raised in a tribe is that your standards for basically everything are absolutely terrible. The good part about being raised in a tribe is that your body is built like a fortress and laughs in the face of things that would flatten a normal person. You can eat almost anything, sleep almost anywhere, and endure the kind of physical discomfort that would send most people into a spiral of complaint and self-pity without so much as a grumble. Bad weather is just weather. The ground is just a bed that doesn't move. Mystery stew is just stew, and frankly, it smells fine. Stop being dramatic. But the real gift is that you know how to be happy. Actually, genuinely happy about the small things in life. Be it a fire that catches on the first try, a dry pair of boots, or even a good potato, you always know how to appreciate it like it’s the greatest thing that happened to you all week. Which, to be fair, it probably is.

I’m Gonna Kill You With This Chair [200]

Growing up in a tribe taught you something that no fancy combat instructor has ever once taught: the world is full of weapons, and most of them are just sitting there, waiting for a barbarian with good sense to pick them up. Be it a rock, a bone, a chair, a bottle, a torch, a bucket, or even a fish if you’re desperate enough, all of them become weapons capable of ending a fight in your hands. It doesn’t matter if it's awkward, fragile, too light, or too heavy: once you hold it in your hands, it becomes not only a lethal weapon, but a weapon you have trained with for your entire life. You could use a brick to deflect an axe (despite its durability), throw a potato like a rock to knock someone clean out, or beat three armed soldiers into unconsciousness with a chair leg. Frankly, the only limitation is your imagination, and you have never had much of that, which means you just pick up whatever is closest and get to work.

Amazon Princess [400]

You grew up in conditions that had a very straightforward policy on weakness: survive or die. And what’s left, after all of that, is you. Your strength sits at the very top of your species, letting you achieve enormous feats of physicality. You can lift grown men with one arm, rip cobblestones clean off the ground with your bare fingers like they were loose teeth, tear doors off their hinges without breaking stride, and many other feats that would make trained soldiers be scared shitless. Your durability is also increased proportionally, making hits from grown men feel as soft as a light breeze. Sadly, you aren't immune to magic or proper weapons, but frankly, that's a very short list in a very large world, and the overwhelming majority of things that will ever try to hurt you don't qualify.

Rip and Tear [600]

There is a version of you that is calm and measured. That version is already terrifying. But when someone makes you angry? That's when things stop being a fight and start being a natural disaster with a personal grudge. The angrier you get, the stronger you become. At first, when you are irritated, it's subtle: your hits land a little harder, and things move a little more easily. But when you get properly mad? Suddenly, effort becomes irrelevant and grown men become projectiles. This rage even increases with pain, too, meaning the more you are hurt, the stronger you get. Sadly, you are still mortal, which means this cannot increase indefinitely. But as long as there is still something left in you worth fighting for, or alternatively something in front of you worth hitting, you will find that the line between "critically injured barbarian" and "unstoppable force of nature with a grievance" is a great deal blurrier than anyone standing across from you was hoping it would be.



Sorcerer Perks

Perks for Sorcerer are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

Great-Great-Grandchild of Greatness [100]

Congratulations! It looks like somewhere up in your family tree sits a wizard of considerable renown! Sadly, while you might share the name, it is mostly ceremonial, and the actual greatness got a little diluted somewhere between them and you. But you see, it doesn't matter, because while you aren't capable of doing great feats of magic, you have a remarkable talent for subtle and clever magic. Be it illusions, parlor tricks, or telekinesis, you excel at using discreet magic to compensate for not having flashy spells. You can create convincing distractions to fool guards, manipulate small objects from a distance, or even fool an entire audience into believing something far more impressive is happening than what you are actually doing (which is probably stealing everything under their noses since that part doesn't require a lot of magical power, just good timing and questionable ethics). Sure, you might not be leveling castles with your magic, but you are very good at quietly emptying them.

Arcane Multitasker [200]

Most sorcerers, for all their innate magical talent, still have to do the one thing nobody talks about in the recruitment pitch: think. Concentration is the unglamorous backbone of half the spells worth casting, but luckily for you, you have quite a sharp mind capable of focusing through any type of distraction and pressure that a sorcerer might find (such as the middle of a battle). The truly interesting part is that you can split that focus in two, letting you do things such as holding a spell together while fighting, talking, running, or just doing things that have nothing to do with a spell. And with time, you may see this limit increasing to three, four, or however many your brain decides it feels like handling that day, stacking spells on top of each other like you're running errands, which, to be fair, is exactly what this is: just errands where the grocery list is written in fire and at least two of the items on it are actively trying to kill you.

Magic? No, I Don't Think So [400]

Spells are among the most powerful things ever wrought by sapient hands in the history of the universe. Civilizations have risen and fallen on the backs of them, and wars have been decided by a single well-placed incantation. It's no wonder that nullifying them became an art form in its own right, and luckily for you, counterspelling is something you have an innate talent for as a sorcerer. You can counterspell spells of your own caliber as effortlessly as breathing, easily nullifying them as long as you have a chance of doing some gestures. Stronger spells might take from seconds to minutes, depending on the power difference, but as long as you can maintain line of sight, the outcome is only ever a matter of time. And who knows? With enough practice, even that power gap might be closed entirely.

Believing in Yourself [600]

Your magical potential is immense. Unfortunately, so is your ability to get in your own way. Be it doubt, hesitation, or that quiet voice insisting you're not ready, not good enough, not meant for this, these are the chains holding you back. But every time you face a hardship and push through it, something cracks open. Every dungeon cleared, every enemy defeated, every impossible situation that had no right to end well and did anyway translates directly into magical growth.

The harder the challenge, the greater the reward. Survive something that should have killed you and feel your power expand in response. Talk your way out of something that had no talking-out-of and find your concentration sharper afterward. Solve a problem that had no solution and discover that the magic that felt out of reach yesterday is suddenly considerably closer today. Solve enough trials of your life, and you may find yourself turning from a mediocre sorcerer into one of the most powerful mages alive, standing toe to toe with archmages and winning, not because something was given to you, but because everything you needed was already there, waiting for you to earn it.



Druid Perks

Perks for Druid are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

The Wilderness Provides [100]

Most people look at a forest and see trees, maybe some birds, and a concerning number of things that could kill them if they're not careful. You, a druid, look at the same forest and see a home. You know how to live and thrive in any type of wilderness. You know what's edible, what's medicinal, and what will make someone deeply regret their life choices if consumed. You can find food and clean water in places most people would look at and see nothing, build a shelter before dark, read the weather before it arrives, and navigate by stars, wind, and the behavior of animals. And those animals? They like you. Or at the very least, they don't want to kill you, which in the wilderness is practically a warm greeting. Such is your demeanor that the wild itself recognizes you as one of its own, which is to be expected of any druid worth their bark and berries.

A Word With the Wildlife [200]

Druids speak often about being one with nature, about hearing the heartbeat of the world and feeling the pulse of every living thing beneath their feet. What they speak about considerably less often, presumably because it is harder to make sound poetic, is that this connection is a two-way street, and nature has some things it would like to discuss with you as well.
From the wolf with strong opinions about strangers it smelled this morning, to the raven that witnessed something interesting from a high altitude, or even the monster seeking to kill you, you can hear and communicate with all manner of animals and creatures found in the world. This is quite useful, as animals notice everything and have no reason to lie to you. Monsters are trickier, as while you can communicate with a displacer beast, convincing it not to eat you is an entirely different matter. Still, who knows, it might even respect the attempt (it won’t).

Wild Acrobat [400]

Growing up in the wilderness means learning, very quickly, that standing still is how things catch you. So you didn’t. You have developed a quite lean and agile body capable of many feats that would make acrobats feel pride, if not a little bit of professional jealousy.
You can sprint through dense undergrowth at full speed, vault almost any obstacle in your path, and change direction so quickly and naturally that anything pursuing you will have a very hard time keeping up, let alone catching you. The most important part is your evasion, as you can easily avoid attacks even from behind you, with your body reacting before your mind fully catches up. It’s not perfect, and it won’t save you from everything, but against anything that relies on speed, aim, or timing to land a hit, you are an absolute nightmare to deal with.

Many Forms, One Druid [600]

There is a reason Wild Shape is the first thing people bring up when druids are mentioned in conversation, and that is watching someone transforming into a half-ton bear tends to leave a lasting impression on anyone present.

With a thought, you can change yourself into any insect or animal, be it one that crawls, swims, or flies, with complete ease and full access to everything they are capable of. The strength of a bear, the flight of a hawk, or even the maneuverability of a dragonfly are completely accessible to you, with you controlling your new body as if you were born to it. Your only limitation is a ceiling of five tons (that will improve with a mastery of a decade) on what you can become, which rules out certain options (no, you can't become a whale and fall from the sky) but leaves an almost offensively large number of them firmly on the table. You can also freely mix any alt-form you may have. Additionally, you have a special transformation that surpasses all others: you can be one monster of your choice, such as a powerful owlbear or even a cunning displacer beast. There are few things that can kill a druid who can become an owlbear, and most of them have the good sense not to try.



Paladin Perks

Perks for Paladin are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

Aura of the Righteous [100]

A paladin does not need to argue that they are good. It shows. You radiate a clear, unmistakable aura of goodness, the kind that comes from conviction, oath, and actually trying to do the right thing. People pick up on it immediately, feeling the instinct to trust you, hear you out, and assume you are acting in good faith. More importantly, when you speak the truth, people can feel your sincerity, recognizing honesty in your words without needing proof or reassurance. If you turn truly evil, the aura disappears just as quickly as it came, but as long as you remain good (or at least neutral), it stays with you.

Eyes of the Vigilant [200]

The darkness that blinds other men is just another room to you. Your senses are sharpened beyond mortal limits, letting you navigate, track, and fight under the worst conditions that would blind your senses. Darkness is no obstacle to you: what others call night, you navigate as if it were merely dim light. Your hearing is just as keen, picking up footsteps and whispers at distances that should be well outside range, through walls, and around corners. And then there is something more: you can feel the presence of evil, sensing wrongness in the air and something that is similar to a foul smell that arrives before any evil-doer or evil creature does. With your senses, there are few things that can sneak up on you, surprise you, or hide what they truly are for long.

Oath of the Ancients [400]

You swore an oath to protect all that is good and light against the forces of darkness, to stand as a living barrier between innocence and what would devour it. It is not a vow spoken lightly, and as part of this oath, you may infuse anything you wield with sanctified power. Any weapon you wield, any shield you raise, any bow you draw, can be blessed with pure radiant force, the kind that burns against those who are evil, corrupted, undead, or otherwise aligned with darkness. Against such foes, your weapons strike with increased power, searing through your enemies and making them feel every inch of the oath behind the blow. The undead feel the worst of it, as the strikes actively unravel their dark essences. Evil was never going to enjoy meeting you, and your weapons make sure it understands why.

Economy of Violence [600]

Your swordsmanship is not the kind that gets songs written about it. What you have developed, through oath and discipline and an uncountable number of hours with a blade in your hand, is something considerably more dangerous than impressive: a form of swordsmanship so refined and so precise, it can strike terror in the hearts of your foes.

You possess a level of swordsmanship that borders on the sublime, where every motion is exact, every cut deliberate, and nothing is wasted. Not only do you not make mistakes anymore, but you strike faster than the eye can see, and such is your mastery that you could step into a circle with Thayan swordsmasters, undead who have spent centuries perfecting their craft under the harshest conditions imaginable, and walk back alive. Few things can survive your blade, and fewer still have ever seen it coming.

Red Wizard Perks

Perks for Red Wizard are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

Thayan Necromancer [100]

Under the rule of Szass Tam, the land of Thay did not merely study necromancy; it perfected it. As a Red Wizard, you are adept at necromancy magic, knowing a dozen spells and being able to channel negative energy directly through your touch. With it, you can sap vitality and weaken foes, bypassing many forms of conventional resistance through evil magic. More importantly, you can raise the dead to serve you. At first, you are limited to reanimating a single corpse at a time, creating a loyal undead servant that follows your will. As your magical power grows, so too does your capacity, allowing you to command dozens of undead at a time.

Mask of the Red Wizard [200]

Thay is not universally beloved, which means walking into most cities with a red robe and head tattoos is a good way to have a very short and very unpleasant afternoon. Thanks to that, Thayan wizards who operate outside Thay develop a particular set of skills, and you have them exceptionally well. You're a master at magical disguises, having mastered simple techniques from changing the color of clothes to more advanced magical spells that completely change your appearance. You could recolor your Thayan robes to a darker color, or dye your skin an entirely different shade, or reshape your face into someone else's entirely, or shrink yourself down to look like a child if the situation called for it. The disguise goes as deep as you need it to and holds as long as you want it to, convincing enough to fool guards, merchants, old acquaintances, and people who are specifically looking for someone who looks exactly like you used to look. Only powerful magic or someone with very good reason to doubt what they're seeing has any real chance of seeing through it, and since most people never get that reason, you can walk through the world as whoever you need to be without ever giving them one.

Undeath [400]

Death, for a Red Wizard of Thay, has always been more of a professional inconvenience than a personal concern. A problem to be solved, studied, and ultimately removed from the list of things that can happen to you, and you have done exactly that. You no longer rely on the fragile processes of the living. You do not eat, breathe, or sleep, and the passage of time has lost its ability to erode you. Age does not touch you, disease cannot claim you, and exhaustion is simply no longer a factor in your existence. Your body regenerates, pain matters little, and only truly catastrophic damage can bring your existence to an end. Your undead state has not only changed your body, but your mind as well: your memory is eidetic, boredom does not linger, trauma does not accumulate, and the creeping weight of ennui never takes root. Your focus remains sharp, your purpose intact, and your thoughts as clear after centuries as they were on the day you made this choice.

Because undeath is not about escaping death. It is about removing every weakness that made it inevitable in the first place.

The Hand That Guides the Crown [600]

There is a particular kind of ambition that has no interest in sitting on the throne. Thrones are visible, thrones are targeted, and thrones require you to spend your evenings attending banquets with people you find tedious. Far more interesting is the chair just slightly out of frame, close enough to whisper and far enough to avoid the knife. The Red Wizards of Thay have always understood this, which is perhaps why they have survived as long as they have, and why you, one of their finest, have made an art form out of it.

You possess a genuinely remarkable talent for scheming and manipulation, the kind that makes you understand people, what they want, and how to use it. More specifically, you have mastered the particular art of the proxy: finding the right person, someone with ambition or desperation or just enough vanity to be useful, putting them exactly where you need them, and then stepping back while they take the credit, the attention, and, when things go sideways, the blame.

Such is your talent for this that, given a few months and room to work, you could easily install someone in a position of real authority, shape their decisions from the shadows, and have an entire organization, court, or even city moving in the direction you prefer without your name ever coming up. Zulkirs have built personal empires on less.



Items

You have a 300 CP stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Locations may be imported or recreated in future jumps as Warehouse attachments, if you wish. Items destroyed or lost restore themselves in three days. Items scale to your size. You also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here.

Convenience Pouch [Free]
A small, unassuming coin pouch that always seems to have just enough gold in it for life's minor expenses. Be it room and board, a warm meal, a ferry crossing, or even a bribe for a disinterested guard, the pouch covers it. It will not make you wealthy, and attempting to use it as a source of serious income will prove disappointing. But at least you will never find yourself embarrassingly short at a tavern counter.

Adventurer's Pack [Free]
A sturdy and well-packed bag containing everything a sensible adventurer thinks to bring and everything an unsensible one wishes they had. Rope, torches, lanterns, oil, rations, a bedroll, basic tools, a tinderbox, bandages, and a dozen other small but critical provisions that tend to matter enormously at the worst possible moment. It restocks itself slowly over time, ensuring that whatever was used, lost, or thrown at something in desperation finds its way back eventually.

Living Map [Free]
A map that updates itself in real time, marking your current position as you move and keeping an accurate and current record of every city, town, settlement, and road within the known world. It never goes out of date, never shows you where a city used to be, and has never once sent anyone down a road that no longer exists. For an adventurer who spends a considerable amount of time in places they have never been before, it is indispensable.

Trusty Steed [50]
Every adventurer needs a reliable mount, and this horse is exactly that. Strong, well-trained, and sure-footed, it is capable of handling long journeys, rough terrain, and the general chaos that tends to follow a life of adventure. More importantly, it has a knack for being nearby when you need it. Whether left behind briefly or separated by circumstance, it will find its way back to you in a reasonable amount of time, ready to continue the journey as if nothing happened.

Bag of Holding [100]
A plain, unassuming sack that belies its true nature, this item contains a stable extradimensional space within. The Bag can hold a far greater volume of items than its size would suggest, easily accommodating large amounts of gear, treasure, and supplies without increasing in weight. No matter how much is stored inside, it remains light and easy to carry. An invaluable companion for any adventurer with more loot than they have hands for.

Silent Shoes [100]
A pair of finely crafted shoes that, despite their elegant appearance, serve a practical and magical purpose: any noise produced by the wearer's equipment is simply nullified. Particularly valuable for paladins and fighters who would otherwise announce their presence to every room they enter three corridors in advance.

Anti-Magic Cuffs [100]
These are golden bracelets made with the purpose of disabling spellcasters. Clamp one onto any spellcaster, and their ability to cast magic is nullified completely for as long as the bracelet remains on their wrist. This set comes with ten cuffs and can be purchased multiple times.

Hat of Contemplation [100]
An ancient and slightly battered wizard hat that has, over a very long life, developed opinions and absolutely no intention of keeping them to itself. Put it on, and it will read your entire personality in about thirty seconds, after which it will spend the rest of your time together offering second opinions on everything you do. It thinks before it speaks, weighs your situation carefully, and the opinion it offers is usually the one you should have had in the first place. It also knows your tendencies, your blind spots, and your recurring mistakes, and factors all of them in before opening its mouth. The result is something between a trusted advisor and a conscience that actually does its homework.

Amulet of Truth Detection [100]
An amulet made with the purpose of detecting falsehoods. Whenever someone speaks a deliberate lie within your hearing, you become aware of it immediately. This does not reveal the actual truth, so it remains up to you to interpret, question, and act on that awareness.

Holy Water Flask [100]
A silver flask that never runs dry, filled with infinite holy water. Not only is it quite sweet to the taste, but it burns undead and evil creatures on contact with an intensity that no amount of magical resistance seems to fully blunt. Useful for anyone.

Squirt of Lemon [200]
A small vial of lemon juice. A single drop in contact with flesh induces immediate pain, entirely disproportionate to its source and deeply unpleasant to see. It’s recommended to administer a single drop in the eyes of people you dislike for maximum effectiveness.

Hither-Thither Staff [200]
A gnarled wooden staff with a crystal core inside of it, the Hither-Thither Staff allows you to create two linked portals. Place the first on any surface you can see, then place the second somewhere else. Anything that passes through one portal instantly emerges from the other, regardless of the distance between them. The staff holds ten charges per day, with each portal placement consuming one.

Necklace of Superior Invisibility [200]
A beautiful pendant with a green emerald that, when activated, renders the wearer completely and utterly invisible. What makes it remarkable is that it does not stop at fooling the naked eye. Be it magical detection methods, arcane senses, divination spells, or anything else that might otherwise betray an invisible person, none of them can find the user. As far as the world is concerned, you are simply not there.

Blue Wizard's Vial [400]
This small crystalline vial was enchanted with the purpose of defeating the magic of the Red Wizards. Fill it with any water, and the contents are transmuted into a potent healing solution capable of closing wounds and purging curses. Even wounds inflicted by a Red Wizard's Blade, which by all rights should never close, close. Poured over a corpse, it strips away any curse affecting the body or the spirit of the deceased, clearing whatever magical complications might otherwise make resurrection difficult or impossible. It does not bring anyone back on its own, but for anyone with the power to do that, it ensures nothing is standing in the way when they try.

Ring of Time Stop [400]
A simple, unadorned ring that feels strangely heavy for its size, as though it carries seconds that do not belong to it. Once per week, the ring may be activated to cast Time Stop, freezing your immediate vicinity entirely in a moment of absolute stillness. You and your Companions are unaffected by this temporal suspension, allowing you to move freely and act however you wish while everything else is locked in place. Quite a useful thing to have.

Chonky Dragon [600]
You gain a… well-fed Themberchaud. Massive, round, and undeniably draconic, he is far more interested in comfort, food, and resting than traditional displays of menace or combat prowess. He is not much of a fighter, and while his fire breath is hardly the world-ending inferno one might expect from a dragon, he's still perfectly capable of coughing up great gouts of flame when sufficiently motivated or annoyed. What he lacks in ferocity, he makes up for in sheer presence: his enormous size alone is often enough to deter trouble, even if his temperament is closer to indulgent housecat than apex predator. Despite everything, he is remarkably affectionate by dragon standards and has a particular fondness for companionship, warmth, and being treated like a very large, very dangerous pet. Treat him right.

Class Manual [600]
A quite unique magical book that teaches you the basics of any profession through magic, letting you become a druid, wizard, sorcerer, barbarian, bard, paladin, or any other profession. The knowledge is directly imprinted into your mind, giving you an immediate grasp of the fundamentals of your chosen path. Additionally, the book also gives you a small portion of the innate talent associated with that chosen profession, such as giving the intuition of a druid, the conceptualization of a wizard, or the magic potential of a sorcerer. However, what is granted is only the basics. It does not provide mastery or advanced technique, as those must still be learned through practice, study, and experience, as with any natural progression of skill. Additionally, a person can only use this once every ten years.

The Old Man's Discount Bin [Variable Price]

Would you look at that? A strange old man at the edge of the market is selling, with great enthusiasm and very little credibility, what he assures you are genuine magical artifacts at a remarkable discount. How he gathers them is a mystery in the first place, but he assures you they are all completely legitimate and absolutely not stolen. His wares are as follows:

1. **Extending Quarterstaff [100]**
   A staff that extends or retracts to any size instantly, from a pocket-sized rod to something that could clear a room. Useful in more situations than it has any right to be.

2. **Invisibility Cloak [100]**
   Makes the wearer completely and reliably invisible for as long as it is worn.

3. **Shield [200]**
   Projects a force field on command and absorbs impacts better than any conventional shield has any right to. The old man considers this one his best value item. He is probably correct if you are a paladin.

4. **Energy Bow [400]**
   A bow that requires no arrows, conjuring projectiles of pure light in their place. They fly straight, hit hard, and can be detonated mid-flight at the wielder's discretion.

5. **Barbarian’s Club [400]**
   A club that enhances every strike with a concussive force far beyond what any arm could naturally produce, letting you crush through doors, shields, armor, and anything else unfortunate enough to be in the way.

6. **Hat of Conjuration [600]**
   Reach inside, and it produces whatever object you have in mind, as long as it can fit through the brim and into your hand. Be it a key, a knife, a vial of poison, a torch, or even a sandwich, if it fits, it's there.

Properties

The Trusty Tavern [200]

A well-established tavern in a good location, warm enough to feel welcoming and reputable enough that people actually come back. The food is genuinely good, the ale is cold, the beds are clean, and the staff know what they are doing without needing to be told. It turns a reliable and comfortable profit without requiring your constant attention, and provides a warm meal and a warm bed whenever you happen to be passing through.

Revel’s End [400]

A place built for those deemed too dangerous to be left anywhere else, Revel’s End is a maximum-security prison carved into the frozen isolation of Icewind Dale. Its design is meticulous and unforgiving: every cell can be observed from a central tower, movement is tightly controlled, and escape is considered nearly impossible, thanks to antimagic cast into the very foundation and cell bars strong enough that not even barbarians can break them. The surrounding wasteland serves as an additional barrier: bleak, cold, and far removed from civilization. The facility comes fully staffed with disciplined guards, and it is capable of holding powerful, cunning, or otherwise problematic individuals, making it an ideal place to store enemies, dangerous assets, or those you simply cannot allow to roam free.

City of Neverwinter [800]

The Jewel of the North itself. You gain ownership and control of Neverwinter, a major city of wealth, influence, and constant activity. Its markets are busy, its districts well-developed, and its position makes it a central hub for trade, politics, and adventure in the region. The city comes with its full population, infrastructure, and institutions intact: guards, officials, merchants, and all the moving parts needed to keep it functioning. It generates a steady income through trade and taxation while also attracting a constant stream of adventurers, opportunists, and trouble. The city will not collapse without your input, but guiding it well can turn it into a powerful base of operations or a cornerstone of greater ambitions.



Bard Items

Bards have a 50% discount here, with **100 CP** items being free

Bard's Lute [100]

A fine lute of excellent craftsmanship that holds its tune regardless of weather, travel, or the general chaos that tends to follow an adventurer around. It is also, somewhat improbably, completely indestructible - which makes it an excellent musical instrument and, in a pinch, a surprisingly effective blunt weapon. It will still be perfectly in tune afterward.

Pouch of Convenient Distractions [200]

A simple leather pouch that always seems to have exactly what you need to create a minor, non-magical diversion. Reaching into it might produce a handful of ball bearings for a slippery floor, a bag of pungent spices to throw in someone's face and cause a sneezing fit, a loud firecracker, or even a single, inexplicably angry goose. It won't solve a fight, but it's perfect for creating an opening to run or hide.

Harper's Black Book [400]

This is a black journal that contains what appears to be a harmless list of names and locations. It is not a harmless list of names and locations. It is a carefully curated network of contacts spread across every major city in the Realms: fences, informants, forgers, smugglers, corrupt officials, discreet physicians, and a dozen other professions that don't advertise. Whatever you need and whoever provides it, there is almost certainly a name in this book that can help. Show the book to any contact listed within it, and they will trust you immediately, no questions asked, and no introductions required. The book vouches for you, and in certain circles, that is worth considerably more than a letter of recommendation. Post-jump, it updates with new contacts.

Tablet of Reawakening [600]

Little is known about the Tablet's origins, who created it, or what power went into its making. What is known is what it does: once every ten years (or after the end of a jump, whichever comes first), the tablet may be invoked to return a single deceased individual to life by speaking their name to the tablet. This resurrection is absolute, even if the person died of a more ‘’permanent method’’ such as body or soul destruction. Once used, the tablet becomes inert, its markings dimming for a full decade before it may be called upon again.

Barbarian Items

Barbarians have a 50% discount here, with **100 CP** items being free

Hand Axe [100]

A single-headed axe weighted and balanced with throwing in mind, without sacrificing anything in the way of cutting power. The edge is sharp, the grip sure, and the weapon is almost indestructible, which makes it great for any barbarian with too much strength and too little concern for what happens to anything they throw.

A Good Cooking Pot [200]

There is something almost magical about a good meal shared between people, and in this case, that something is actually magical. This is a cooking pot that, once you put some water and a handful of vegetables in it, makes the best food you will ever taste in your life. It feeds up to a dozen people, adjusting quantity and quality as needed without any loss in taste. But what makes it truly great is what happens to the people who eat from it: for the following twenty-four hours, everyone who shares the meal feels a genuine warmth toward each other and you. Old grievances feel smaller, new bonds form more easily, and cooperation comes naturally even among those who would otherwise struggle to trust one another. It is, in the oldest and most honest sense of the word, hospitality. And maybe that's all you need between friends.

Armor of the Evermoors [400]

Much is not known about the Battle of the Evermoors, only that it ended with the death of the dragon Rakor at the hands of a great barbarian warrior, and that what remained of the creature was carefully and deliberately harvested afterward. From those remains, this armor was made. Composed entirely of interlocking dragon scales, the result is an armor as light and flexible as leather, but completely resistant to any type of mundane weaponry. No sword, dagger, or arrow can pierce or cut this armor unless it's magical, making it one of the most durable sets of armor ever worn by a living person.

Dragonslayer [600]

What remains of the historical record of the Battle of the Evermoors tells of conflict between the Cult of the Dragon, the dragon Rakor, and the Uthgardt warriors in pursuit of the Helm of Disjunction. What is not widely known is that a great barbarian warrior ultimately brought down Rakor, wielding this very spear. Forged and enchanted specifically for the purpose of slaying dragons, this weapon carries potent draconic-hunting magic. When thrown, the spear accelerates as it flies, gaining increasing speed and force the longer it travels through the air, making it devastatingly effective against large or flying targets. Upon striking its mark (or after five seconds in the air), the spear returns directly to the hand of its wielder, ready to be thrown again. Designed for repeated use in the hunt of even the most powerful of wyrms, it is a weapon made to bring down dragons that believe themselves beyond reach.

Sorcerer Items

Sorcerers have a 50% discount here, with **100 CP** items being free

Basic Component Pouch [100/400]

A device worn at the belt containing basic material components a spellcaster might require to compensate for gaps in their own magical power. Where raw ability falls short, the right components can bridge the difference, allowing a wizard or sorcerer to achieve effects that would otherwise exceed their reach. With the basic version, any spellcaster can empower their spells to be at least a quarter stronger than they would otherwise manage, twenty times per day, which is a modest but reliable improvement that adds up considerably. The components replenish overnight, and for an extra price of **400 CP**, you may instead acquire a pouch stocked with high-quality materials of considerably greater potency, capable of doubling the strength of any spell.

Amulet of Speak With Dead [200]

A small amulet that, when held over a corpse and activated, reanimates it just enough to answer questions. The corpse retains everything it knew in life and will answer up to five questions put to it plainly and honestly, after which the effect dissipates, and it returns to being simply a corpse again. The amulet cannot be used on the same body again until three days have passed.

Scroll Case [400]

A sturdy and well-crafted case containing a set of blank scrolls of fine quality. Any spell you know can be inscribed onto one of these scrolls, bound to a keyword of your choosing. Whoever holds the scroll and speaks the word triggers the spell exactly as you would have cast it, regardless of whether they have any magical ability of their own. The scroll is spent upon use, and the case replenishes its blank scrolls slowly over time.

Helm of Disjunction [600]

A legendary helm forged by a master wizard of immense skill, this artifact embodies the power to unmake magic itself. When worn, the Helm grants you the ability to shatter and dispel any magic by sending a powerful anti-magic wave. Spells unravel before they can take hold, enchantments collapse, and even the most potent wards or artifacts can be broken apart under its force. Even effects that would normally be absolute, enduring, or beyond dispelling can still be undone, as long as they are products of magic. Quite powerful.

Druid Items

Druids have a 50% discount here, with **100 CP** items being free

Elven Sling [100]

A simple sling of elven make, woven from fine, durable materials. Light and compact, it can be easily wrapped around the forearm when not in use, remaining close at hand without hindrance. When employed, it offers exceptional accuracy and control, allowing stones or similar ammunition to be cast with surprising speed and force. Well-suited for druids who favor subtlety.

Forager's Pouch [200]

A worn leather pouch that smells faintly of earth and greenery, regardless of where you are. Reach inside with a specific plant in mind (an herb, a berry, a small fruit, a medicinal root), and you will find it there, fresh and properly harvested. It will not produce anything of significant size, and it is not a substitute for a meal, but for anyone who relies on specific ingredients for cooking, medicine, or alchemy, it is quite an invaluable thing to have on their person at all times.

Displacer Beast Kitten [400]

A young displacer beast that has, for reasons known only to itself, decided you are its favorite person (or mom). It has all the hallmarks of the species (the sleek black fur, the six legs, the two tentacles it hasn't figured out yet) scaled down to a size that is, frankly, unfairly cute. Its displacement ability is fully active, meaning it is never quite where it appears to be, which makes petting it a humbling experience and picking it up a genuine ordeal. It will grow in a year into an adult. Treat him with care.

Druidic Pestle [600]

A pestle of carved wood and stone, worn smooth by years of use and smelling faintly of everything that has ever been ground inside it. Anything crushed within it has its natural properties amplified twentyfold: a mildly sedative herb becomes something that drops a grown man in seconds, a berry with gentle healing properties becomes a potent restorative, and a mildly toxic root becomes an incredibly powerful poison. With this, any druid can turn even the most ordinary plants into something useful.

Paladin Items

Paladins have a 50% discount here, with **100 CP** items being free

Full Plate [100]
A masterfully forged suit of full plate, crafted from the finest steel and fitted precisely to its wearer. Despite its weight and coverage, it moves as though it were a second skin, offering full protection without restricting motion or endurance. Perfect for any paladin.

Xenk's Codex [200]
A thick, weathered journal filled from cover to cover with a century's worth of careful and meticulous observation, written in the steady hand of a half-elf paladin who has spent the better part of a long life making it his business to understand the things that threaten the innocent. Choose a single subject: be it a faction such as the Red Wizards of Thay or a creature such as a dragon, you will find that the journal has a comprehensive body of information detailing their methods, habits, internal structures, and, most importantly, their weaknesses. A useful book for those who fight against evil. Post-jump, you can choose a new subject for your codex.

Compass of Safety [400]
A finely crafted compass that points not towards north but safety. When consulted, it can be asked one of two things: where safety lies, or how to get out. The first turns the needle toward the nearest place of genuine refuge: not just an unlocked door, but somewhere you can reasonably expect to stop running. The second points toward the fastest way out of wherever you currently are, be it a dungeon, a burning building, a hostile city, or a situation that has gotten thoroughly out of hand. If lost, it returns to your hand.

Holy Longsword [600]
A weapon of exceptional make, this longsword is as close to indestructible as such things come. Its edge is unnaturally sharp, parting steel with the same ease it would flesh, and it shows no signs of dulling, no matter how often it is used. At will, you can release a burst of searing light through the sword that travels outward, burning through whatever it strikes but proving especially devastating against undead and creatures aligned with evil. Reliable, enduring, and deadly in the hands of the righteous, it is in every sense a weapon against evil.

Red Wizard Items

Red Wizards have a 50% discount here, with **100 CP** items being free

A Gift of Red Friendship [100]

There is an old saying in the Forgotten Realms: beware a Thayan bearing gifts. This is one such gift, a beautiful and finely crafted trinket valuable enough to be a genuinely desirable gift and understated enough to avoid suspicion. The craftsmanship is impeccable, the material clearly expensive, and whoever receives it will wear it proudly and thank you warmly for the gesture. Over the following weeks, they will begin to feel unwell. Fatigue at first, then headaches until the victim is bedridden and fading, slipping eventually into a coma from which they do not wake. No magical examination will reveal anything unusual about the trinket itself. It is, to every sense and spell, a perfectly beautiful and perfectly ordinary piece of jewelry.
The old saying exists for a reason. A shame not everyone has heard it.

Thayan Blade [200]

Forged in the shadowed traditions of Thay, this blade is steeped in necromantic power designed not merely to kill, but to ensure nothing comes back. Any wound inflicted by the Thayan Blade resists all forms of healing: flesh does not knit, magic fails to restore it, and even regeneration is suppressed where the blade has cut. Additionally, anyone slain by the blade cannot be resurrected or revived, making this weapon particularly feared even among those who would normally treat death as a temporary inconvenience.

Undead Assassin Cell [400]

A unit of five undead assassins, bound to your will and yours alone. They are intelligent enough to follow complex orders, operate independently, blend into a city for weeks without drawing attention, and make sound judgments when things do not go according to plan. They communicate with you through a minor telepathic link if you are a necromancer, can report back what they have seen and heard, and will not stop until the task is done or they are destroyed. Sadly, while dangerous, they are not comparable to an experienced adventurer, which is why they prefer to work in the shadows rather than openly. When one is destroyed, a replacement takes several months to prepare.

Horn of Beckoning Death [600]

An artifact of grim provenance, this darkish red horn is said to have been used by Szass Tam in his takeover of Thay. When activated, the horn causes storms to gather overhead and draw down from the sky crimson strands of pure necromantic power that are channeled through the mouth of the horn. After that, it spews red smoke that slowly expands in radius until it has swallowed everything in a range of several kilometers. Every living being caught in it dies and is transformed into an undead slave loyal to the user. The smoke moves slowly enough that anyone with open ground and the sense to run has a genuine chance of escape. It also requires your full concentration to maintain: the moment that concentration breaks, the smoke dissipates and the spell ends. Both of these facts are worth keeping in mind when choosing the moment to use it, as an open field and a distracted caster are the two shortest paths to wasting what is otherwise one of the most devastating instruments of mass destruction ever devised. The horn may only be used once per year.

Companions

Recruit Anyone [Free]
Anyone you want to recruit in this world is free to join you as a companion if they agree.

Create/Import [50 CP for 1, 200 CP for 8]
You can create new Companions or import existing Companions. They get an Origin, with all freebies and discounts, along with 600 CP to spend. They do not get Item Stipends. You can also import any companion you bought here for a CP stipend. Alternatively, if you want, you can import all your companions for free, but they will only get their freebie perks from their origin.

The Lost Six [50]
A good party, these are. Six kids who, thanks to some unexplainable accident involving an amusement park ride and a blinding flash of light, ended up here in Neverwinter. While they are not experienced as adventurers - and they will remind you of that loudly and often - they each carry quite powerful artifacts that more than compensate. **Hank** uses a mystic bow and is quite the natural leader, **Diana** wields a quarterstaff and is quite athletic, **Presto** uses a wizard's hat and is timid, **Eric** uses a shield and is sarcastic, **Sheila** uses an invisibility cloak and is compassionate, and **Bobby** is a child who uses a barbarian's club. They are loyal, surprisingly resourceful, and desperately want to find their way home. In the meantime, they are yours to travel with.

Chaotic ~~Good~~ Barbarian [50]
This thickly muscled, enormous barbarian is a warrior dedicated to defeating evil at any cost, and if he must become an absolute lunatic who solves problems with excessive violence, torture, and occasional battlefield wrestling moves, then that is a sacrifice he is willing to make. Previous companions have described his methods as "deeply unnecessary", "genuinely upsetting" and "please stop, they are already dead", none of which he has taken as criticism. As long as you are not conspiring to do evil, however, you have absolutely nothing to fear from this man. In fact, he will be genuinely delighted to help you in any quest, as long as it offers him even a small opportunity to murderize the forces of evil. What a great guy.

Bob [50]
Nobody takes Bob seriously the first time they meet him, and Bob has been keeping a list of everyone who has made that mistake since the year he graduated from the clergy, which was a long time ago and a long list. He is two and a half feet tall, dark blue, and pink eyed, wears a white robe that technically fits him, carries a staff that technically does not, and has dedicated his considerable clerical talents entirely to healing and protection, which is a noble calling that he pursues with the grim determination of someone who did not choose it so much as accept that it chose him and decide to be the best at it out of spite. He will keep the entire party alive, even the ones he doesn't like (i'm talking about you, bard), not because he has any particular investment in your continued existence, but because he's a fucking professional. And don't call him cute.

Life Mage [50]

There is a story that gets told in certain academic circles about a council of mages that faced a necromancer immune to every form of hostile magic ever devised, and how one of their number, rather than accept defeat, locked himself in a library and did not come out until he had invented an entirely new branch of magic from scratch. This new magic, called Life Magic, causes no damage, destroys no spells, and cannot harm a single living thing. What it can do is force its target to feel things they have never felt, conjuring experiences whole cloth inside a person regardless of whether they have ever lived anything remotely close to them. The necromancer in question was defeated by First Crush, staggered by Childhood Summer Evening, and finished entirely by Love of My Life, a spell that he has since described in his academic papers as "a proportionate response to the situation" and that everyone else has described as the single most unexpected thing they have ever witnessed in a magical duel. After that, he felt complete. He had faced the worst the world had to offer and answered it with human experience, and there was nothing left to prove. What there was left to do, however, was find someone worth teaching, because Life Magic is too important, too strange, and frankly too dangerous to die with him. He has been looking for the right disciple ever since. Maybe you are the one he's been waiting for?

Dragon Tamer [50]

Do not be fooled by the appearance. The cheerful elf child skipping ahead of the party and humming something pleasant has been alive for a thousand years, has personally domesticated forty-seven dragons across three continents, and has a life goal so ambitious that most people assume she is joking the first time she states it: every dragon in the world, tamed, domesticated, and put to productive use for the good of the people. She is not joking. Her philosophy is simple, absolute, and completely non-negotiable: the only good dragon is a domesticated one.
She does something to them, nobody is entirely sure what, that reduces creatures capable of leveling cities to the behavioral equivalent of a very large, very scaly house cat. Ancient dragons that have terrorized civilizations for centuries have met her and come away from the experience following her around and waiting to be told what to do. She has saved countless lives this way, and she intends to save countless more, one dragon at a time, for however many centuries it takes, because a thousand years has taught her one thing above all else: patience is just ambition with better time management, and she has plenty of both.

Lich Wife [50

Most liches, upon achieving immortality, turn their attention toward conquering death, unraveling the secrets of the universe, or accumulating enough power to make gods nervous. This one decided her immortality was best spent on a more personal project, which she has been refining for several centuries and which she will describe to you, in complete seriousness and considerable detail, as the creation of the perfect husband. She is a transmutation specialist of genuinely terrifying skill, has developed an entirely original branch of magic primarily so she could continue simulating bodily functions despite being technically deceased, which she considered a basic professional courtesy to any future spouse, and has a list of criteria for said spouse that she keeps in a leather bound journal and updates periodically as her standards evolve. Her criteria are straightforward: big, serious, and pretty, with the caveat that pretty is negotiable because she has a transmutation spell for that and has had it perfected for decades. She has decided you are interesting, which in her vocabulary is the highest compliment she gives before the formal evaluation process begins. If you are a woman, she would like you to know that this is also not a problem. She has a spell for that too. She has had it ready for some time, just in case.

Cultist [50]

The One Who Waits, whoever or whatever that is, made an interesting choice when it selected this particular tiefling to go forth and build a cult in its name. They are short, soft spoken, and possessed of an energy that reads considerably more like a friendly neighborhood organizer than an agent of an unknowable patron, which is either a very clever disguise or simply who they are, and after spending time with them you are no closer to knowing which. What you do know is that their crown shifts into whatever weapon or tool the situation demands, that their followers are inexplicably content, and that every small task asked of them gets done with a personal care that makes seasoned adventurers feel vaguely ashamed of their own work ethic. They have two mysteries attached to them that nobody has managed to solve: the nature of the One Who Waits, which they deflect with a smile that could mean anything, and their gender, which after considerable observation remains genuinely, completely, and possibly deliberately unclear. They have decided you are worth following, for now, up to a limit that exists somewhere in an arrangement you were not invited to read. They are also, and this bears mentioning because it continues to be relevant, very cute in a way that a goat themed tiefling warlock cult leader simply should not be. What a funny person.

Lord Whiskers [50]

He is a cat. He is also, technically, a vampire, which explains the longevity, the mild aura of menace, and the complete absence of any reflection in any surface he passes, which he finds undignified to discuss. He has been alive long enough to develop what he describes as a refined intellect and what everyone around him describes as an insufferable personality, delivered entirely in an accent that suggests either centuries of exposure to very specific aristocratic company or a personal affectation so deeply committed that it has become indistinguishable from genuine character. He is not especially threatening to look at. He is, however, extremely intelligent, extremely opinionated, and possessed of a vampiric capability for violence that he considers beneath him in most circumstances and entirely appropriate in the right ones. He will aid you, conditionally, provided you meet standards he has not fully disclosed and show sufficient appreciation for his commentary, which will be ongoing. He expects a comfortable place to sleep. He will find one regardless of your answer.

Sofia [50]

This towering amazon is a novice adventurer who looks like she was built to wrestle monsters and split siege gates in half, but in practice has the coordination of a startled deer on ice. Despite her impressive size, she is timid, easily flustered, and has a well-documented habit of tripping over flat ground, her own weapons, and occasionally the concept of doorframes. Previous companions have described her as “physically a raid boss, mentally a dropped tray of dishes,” none of which she has taken as criticism. Still, she is relentlessly positive. Every mistake is followed by an apologetic laugh, a determined promise to “do better next time,” and usually another accidental fall. What she truly wants is simple: someone she can trust, who believes in her enough to stand beside her while she slowly, awkwardly becomes the adventurer she is trying very hard to be, preferably without tripping over them in the process. If only she could meet such a person.

Scenarios

The Shadow Over Neverwinter

Neverwinter is a city on the edge of something terrible, and most of its citizens have no idea. Sofina has been working quietly and patiently for longer than anyone realized, embedding herself into the city's power structure with the cold precision that only a Red Wizard of Thay could manage. The High Sun Games are approaching, the population is distracted, and the pieces of a plan that will reshape this city in ways that cannot be undone are almost entirely in place. You know what is coming. The question is what you intend to do about it.

Stand Against Her

Sofina is powerful, methodical, and operates from a position of complete confidence. She has spent years building toward this moment and does not consider you a serious threat. Historically speaking, that is a mistake people only get to make once.

Should you choose to stand against her and defeat her evil plans, you will receive the following rewards:

Silver Harp, Silver Trust

The Harpers do not give their trust easily, and they do not give their resources to just anyone. In acknowledgement of what you did for Neverwinter, you will find yourself in possession of a Harper signet ring that opens doors across Faerûn. Safehouses, contacts, intelligence networks, and the assistance of one of the most capable organizations in the Forgotten Realms are yours to draw upon, and the people within it will treat you with the respect owed to someone who proved themselves when it actually mattered.

The Helm of Disjunction

In the aftermath of everything, you will find yourself in possession of a legendary artifact. Forged by a master wizard of immense skill, the Helm of Disjunction embodies the power to unmake magic itself. When worn, it grants you the ability to shatter and dispel any magic by sending a powerful anti-magic wave outward, unraveling spells before they can take hold, collapsing enchantments, and breaking apart even the most potent wards and artifacts under its force. Quite powerful. If you already have the item, your CP is reimbursed.

A City's Debt

Neverwinter knows what happened, and more importantly, it knows what you did. The Lord of the city, the real one, ensures personally that your contribution does not go unacknowledged. A property in one of Neverwinter's finer districts is deeded to your name, a generous sum of gold is arranged without fanfare, and the most influential figures in the city, its merchants, its officials, its nobility, find themselves well disposed toward you. It’s good to have friends in high places.

A Nose for Trouble

Stopping a Red Wizard's plan to turn an entire city into an undead army is, objectively, an impressive thing to have on your record. The universe seems to have noticed. From now on, you have an uncanny tendency to find yourself in exactly the right place at exactly the right moment when something genuinely terrible is being planned somewhere nearby. With this, schemes and conspiracies have a way of stumbling directly into your path, and you into theirs, at precisely the moment when they can still be stopped.

Aid Her

Sofina's plan is, when you look at it from the right angle, not without a certain elegance. Neverwinter is a city of considerable resources, considerable population, and considerable strategic value, and an army of undead answering to Thay is a goal that Szass Tam has been working toward for longer than most people have been alive. You have decided, for whatever reason, that this is a cause worth lending your abilities to.

Should you choose to aid her, you will receive the following rewards:

Szass Tam's Teachings

Among the things Sofina leaves in your possession is something that very few people outside of Thay have ever laid eyes on: a spellbook written by Szass Tam himself, intended exclusively for his most promising apprentices. It contains necromantic secrets that most practitioners spend entire lifetimes chasing and never find, techniques so advanced and so precise that simply reading through it will fundamentally change how you understand the relationship between magic and death. Study it long enough and seriously enough, and the gap between where you are and where the most powerful necromancers in the Forgotten Realms stand will begin to close in ways that should not be possible in a single lifetime.

The Gift of Undeath

By choosing to help Sofina unleash the Beckoning Death upon Neverwinter, you have been transformed by the same dark magic that swept through the city's population. Unlike them, however, you did not become a mindless servant. What you became is something considerably more powerful: one of the undead, in full possession of your faculties, your ambitions, and your sense of self, with mortality removed from the list of things that can happen to you. You will not age, cannot be claimed by disease, and will never again lose anything to the simple passage of time. Your mind has been sharpened rather than diminished by the transformation. You will forget nothing, suffer no ennui, carry no trauma, and find your capacity to study and master the secrets of magic expanding in ways that a living mind, with all its frailties and limitations, could never quite manage. If you already have the perk, your CP is reimbursed.

Thayan Resources

Your association with Sofina has not gone unnoticed by the broader Thayan network operating across the Forgotten Realms. You now have a direct line to personnel, resources, and infrastructure that the Red Wizards maintain outside of Thay, people who move things, acquire things, and make problems disappear without asking too many questions. They are professional, they are discreet, and they are very good at their jobs. Whether you use this connection for something grand or something quietly practical, it is there whenever you need it.

Drawbacks

Continuity [Free]
Perhaps this is not your first time in the Forgotten Realms? If you wish, you can make it so the consequences of your previous visits to Faerûn carry over into this jump. Empires you built will still exist, and anything important you changed in the setting will become part of its history. Of course, whether this is a blessing or a problem depends entirely on what kind of mark you left behind.

Wrong Movie [Free]
I'm sorry, were you expecting to arrive in Faerûn? The Sword Coast? Neverwinter, perhaps, with its cosmopolitan streets and its cast of charming, competent misfits? Looks like you took a wrong turn somewhere, and ended up in Izmer, a kingdom divided between the Mages who rule it and the commoners who very much do not. Here, two thieves are about to stumble into an adventure that will, somehow, determine the fate of the entire realm, and coincidentally, you start just near them in a tavern (like all good adventures). Good luck!

Supplement Mode [Free]
This jump becomes a supplement to another jump of your choice. Your CP will be separated between both jumps, and taking drawbacks in the supplement will affect the entire universe you are jumping to, but only give points for the supplement. You also have the choice of fusing both universes.

Canon Replacement [Free]
You can replace any canon character you wish as long as they are connected to your origin.

Early Start [Free]
Perhaps you wish to start before the events of the first movie? With this option, you may choose when your stay starts, allowing you to begin years - or even decades - before the events of the movie. You could arrive during major historical moments such as the Battle of the Evermoors or Szass Tam’s takeover of Thay, placing yourself directly in the middle of events that would later shape the setting.

Extended Stay [+100]
You can extend your time in the jump by ten years with this option. It can be taken multiple times, but you can only get **200 CP** total from it.

Hero's Burden [+100]
A good adventurer never walks past a problem they could solve, and you are a good adventurer. Be it an old woman or a stranger in trouble, a lost child, a broken cart, or a suspiciously convenient plea for help, you will feel compelled to step in and help them. Sure, some people will figure this out and use it against you, but a hero doesn’t get to pick and choose when it’s convenient to care.

Utterly Literal [+100]
You are, quite simply, a simple man. Nuance is lost on you, irony passes by unnoticed, sarcasm sounds like sincerity, and double meanings might as well not exist. You take words at face value, subtle humor will go straight over your head, and you may find yourself responding very earnestly to things that were never meant to be taken seriously. This can make social interactions… interesting, especially around those who rely on wit or implication. Like a certain famously straightforward paladin, you approach the world with complete sincerity (whether it was called for or not).

Ill-Gotten Booty? [+100]
You swore an oath, and unlike most oaths sworn in the heat of a moment by someone who did not think it fully through, this one stuck. Any treasure you acquire in your adventures, be it gold lifted from a dungeon, artifacts recovered from a villain, or coin earned through your considerable talents, goes to the townsfolk of the Realms. You can try to keep more for yourself, but doing so will weigh heavily on you, gnawing at your sense of honor and making it difficult to enjoy what you've taken. It's a noble promise. An expensive one, too.

All Because of This Damned Dungeons and Dragons Ride [+200]
In an old story, a group of children were pulled into a world very much like this one and spent a long time trying to find their way home, chasing portals that closed before they could reach them and leads that went nowhere. You always thought that sounded like a terrible situation to be in. Funny how things work out. Much like them, your exit from this world is not going to be handed to you. You will have to find it, which means tracking down portals that are invariably located in places no reasonable person would voluntarily go, fighting through whatever is guarding them, and then arriving to discover that the portal closed three days ago and the next closest one is on the other side of a continent that has recently become very dangerous. This will happen more than once, and possibly more than several times, which may extend your presence here by a few decades. On the bright side, at least now you know exactly how those kids felt.

Power Loss [+200]
All your out-of-jump powers, perks, and abilities are disabled for the duration of this jump.

Let Yourself Go [+200]
You are, to put it diplomatically, not in the best shape of your life. You are fat, jumper, rotund, pudgy, obese, and many other words to describe a unit such as yourself. For you, running will be hard, stairs will be hard, and any situation that requires you to move, climb, or fit inside somewhere will be hard - and the world, as it turns out, is full of situations that require exactly that. Look on the bright side: at least you will never be mistaken for a rogue.

Villain Energy [+200]
You have quite the ego, jumper. Be it subtlety, restraint, or common sense, all of them tend to lose against your overwhelming confidence in your own glorious abilities. You love to do dramatic speeches, unnecessary monologues, and explain exactly how impressive your plans are to anyone willing (or unwilling) to listen. Worse, when you finally have your enemy cornered, there is always a speech to give first, a point to make, and a moment to savor. And by the time you are done savoring, they are already gone. What can you say? You are simply too interesting to be efficient.

Attunement Rules? In My Movie Adventure? [+200/+300]

You spent your CP wisely in the items section. Excellent choices, all of them. It is a shame, then, that you can only actually use three of them at a time, thanks to the new attunement rules you will be following now. You see, all your other items will sit in your bag until you find at least an hour of uninterrupted rest to swap one out (properties do not follow this rule). For an extra **100 CP**, you are as bad at this as Simon Aumar (which means pretty bad, and probably requiring a small spiritual journey, a crisis of confidence, and at least one heartfelt moment before attunement works properly).

Hello There, Cutie [+200/+400]

You might not be a tavern, but you sure attract a crowd of unwanted visitors. You see, thanks to your reputation, appearance, and many other qualities you sure have, you have managed to acquire an admirer. Several of them, in fact. They are big, mean, ugly, and certainly not charming. They will try to court you constantly, send gifts you did not ask for, and show up at the worst possible moments with declarations of intent that you will have to talk, fight, or run your way out before getting back to whatever you were actually trying to do. At the higher tier, they are even worse, having resources, connections, soldiers, and deciding they will not accept a rejection gracefully. Be prepared to fight some armies for your chastity (if you still have one).

Everything to Lose [+200]

You have quite a big family here. Brothers, sisters, a mother, a father, and even some cousins, too. Unfortunately, someone with considerably more power than conscience has figured this out, and your family is currently in their hands, which means that before you do anything else, before any quest or plan or personal agenda, you have a more pressing matter to attend to. They are alive, for now, but whether they stay that way depends entirely on how quickly and how cleverly you move, and what you are willing to do to get them back. If you are able to save them, they can come as companions in your chain.

Vancian Vexations [+300, Exclusive for the Shape of Will perk]

Bad news: all your magical abilities are now subject to a hard daily limit (including exotic ones out-of-jump). Rather than freely casting magic until exhaustion, your abilities are now rigidly limited to a fixed number of spells per day. And once these uses are gone? You are done casting until you can properly sleep and recover them. The exact number of spells you can cast depends on your overall skill and experience, so a veteran, competent adventurer might manage around a dozen spells in a day before running dry, while a less experienced caster may find themselves running out after only a handful, forcing you to consider each spell before casting.

I Just Play the Lute [+400]

Some people are mighty warriors. Others are powerful archmages. You play the lute. All of your combat abilities and offensive magic are gone for the duration of this Jump. You can still use charisma, intelligence, and non-combat talents normally (like a certain bard), but if swords come out and people start casting fireballs, your survival will depend heavily on having more competent companions nearby. Looks like your best contributions to your party will be support, planning, and playing inspirational background music while everyone else does the dangerous part.

Murder Squad [+400]
Somewhere in Thay, a Red Wizard is annoyed at you specifically, and the consequence of this is a squad of undead assassins that will, at irregular and inconvenient intervals, show up wherever you are and attempt to kill you. They cannot be killed by conventional means, which means that unless you are a paladin or have the right equipment on hand, your options are limited to running, hiding, and buying yourself enough time to find someone or something that can actually deal with them. If you do manage to destroy them, you will earn for yourself some peace and quiet for some months until the Red Wizard notices and sends another squad. They do have a lot of undead after all.

Magic Trials [+400]
Magic has a funny way of doing things. At most inconvenient moments, whenever you attempt something particularly important, difficult, or transformative (attuning to a powerful artifact, escaping impossible circumstances, preparing to face a great enemy, and similar moments) it will stop you and pull you into a magical trial of the mind. These trials force you to confront manifestations of your own flaws, fears, doubts, regrets, and insecurities, given form through magic and made painfully personal. They will know exactly what to say, exactly what to show you, and exactly where to strike to make the experience hurt as much as possible. The only way forward is to confront these truths honestly and overcome whatever part of yourself the trial is centered around. Until then, magic itself will refuse to let you proceed.

Critical Fail, The Enemy Hits You and You Explode [+600]
There is a theory, among certain philosophical circles, that the events of a person's life are determined by forces entirely outside their control. You have begun to suspect that in your case, those forces are a pair of dice that have never once landed on anything good. Whenever there is a range of possible outcomes, you have an uncanny tendency to land on the worst one. Plans go wrong at the worst possible moment, opportunities slip through your fingers, and anything that could fail has a habit of doing so in the most inconvenient way imaginable. This does not make success impossible, but it does mean you cannot rely on chance to carry you. If something is going to work, it will be because you forced it to work despite the odds, not because fortune favored you. In short, if life were a game, someone is rolling 1s for you.

Ancient Evil [+600]
Szass Tam is, by any reasonable metric, one of the most powerful and most dangerous beings in the Forgotten Realms. He is a lich, an archmage, the Regent of Thay, and a man with enough resources, influence, and magical power to ruin entire kingdoms if sufficiently motivated. Unfortunately for you, he is now sufficiently motivated. For one reason or another, you have earned his attention in the worst possible way, and Szass Tam has decided that your continued existence is a problem that needs solving. Expect Red Wizards, undead squads, assassins, spies, and worse to become recurring features of your life until you either kill them or die. The good news is that he is very busy. The bad news is that he has all the time in the world.

Ending

And so your time in the Forgotten Realms draws to a close. Perhaps you rode alongside a band of unlikely heroes and had a hand in saving Neverwinter from a fate its citizens never even knew was coming. Perhaps you were the one who conquered it instead, with a Red Wizard's patience and a conman's smile. Perhaps you spent your time in the wilds, or the Underdark, or somewhere else entirely, doing something that had nothing to do with any of the above. Now, you have to choose.

Stay

The chain can wait. Faerûn is a vast and complicated place with no shortage of things worth doing, people worth knowing, and problems worth solving, and you have barely seen any of it. Stay as long as you want.

Move Forward

Onwards. Everything you earned here comes with you, perks, items, and any companions who have decided that wherever you are going sounds more interesting than staying behind. The next destination is waiting whenever you are ready for it.

Return Home

The road home is open, and everything you picked up along the way makes the trip with you. Whatever is waiting for you on the other side has absolutely no idea who just walked back through the door.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition
V 1.1 - Small fixes, small changes, added a line about altform mixing to the **Many Forms, One Druid** perk.
V 1.2 - Edited the Chonky Dragon item, added the Barbarian, Bob, Sofia, Life Mage, Dragon Tamer, Lich Wife, Lord Whiskers, and Cultist companions.

If you already bought the Undeath perk and finished The Shadow Over Neverwinter scenario on Sofina's side, your CP gets refunded.

The **Head Empty, Heart Safe** perk has no effect on your actual intelligence, so don't worry.

If we take undeath, do our genitals still work, and would our hair/nails still grow?

- Yes

If we take Thayan Necromancy and Veteran of a Thousand Quests, how many undead can we control?

- At least two dozen.