

# Expeditions: Viking Jump

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v1.1

## Introduction

Welcome, traveller, to Denmark. I am called Grimnir, and like you, I am a wanderer. Perhaps unlike you, I know these lands well, and so may yet assist you with some sage counsel. And... given the propensity for power tied to Jumpers, perhaps more. Though this land may seem mundane to you at first, if you should seek it out, you will find *more*. Belief carries its own kind of power here, quiet and hidden away, and the superstitious may at times see more clearly than the sceptic. Or perhaps not; such is the ephemeral nature of what lies beyond perception. Doubt it, and it may vanish, to be realised only by those who envision it true.

Yes, I believe I may assist you. Allow me to oversee your usual expenditure of power for power. But first, you must know more of where and when you have arrived.

The year is 789 AD, and much occurs of note in this period of the world. Christendom advances on the southern borders of Norse held lands, as Charlemagne has all but conquered Saxony. In Pictavia, a great chieftain among chieftains – a King, for all there have been many Pictish kings, rallies the banners of clans all across the highlands. To the south of them, a civil war brews in Northumbria between an ousted king and he who wears the crown now. But these are events far from the coastal village of Skjern, where this story conventionally begins. Where a warrior-thegns body has been laid to rest, as his spirit ascends to Valhalla. Where his second child, chosen long since as heir, now must contend with smaller matters... at least to start. No great Viking has yet laid true waste to the British Isles, nor conquered any land of note there. Nor has any true friendship between the lands yet been forged, though powerful alliances may yet be struck. Across the sea are bountiful trade lanes to make wealthy even the most minor of thegns. The possibilities are multitude, and the choice for the future is yours.

Provided you can survive making it.

After all, it wouldn't be much of a choice if all options led to success.

Take these **1,000 Vikingr Points** for a fighting chance.

Ah, but I had nearly forgotten. There is another introduction to this story, one which is yours by right to receive. Whatever your choices below, traveller, spend your power for power wisely.

*Your father was a great warrior, and a good husband, but he was not a strong chieftan to his clan. As he travels to join his brothers in Valhalla, you must take his place.*

*Our clan is beset by petty squabbles.*

*Some amongst our people would contest your claim to leadership.*

*As they sow discord, our neighbours plot against us.*

*Gather your trusted clansmen.*

*Together you will face dangers which none can predict.*

*You will be challenged on your leadership, your resolve, your wisdom.*

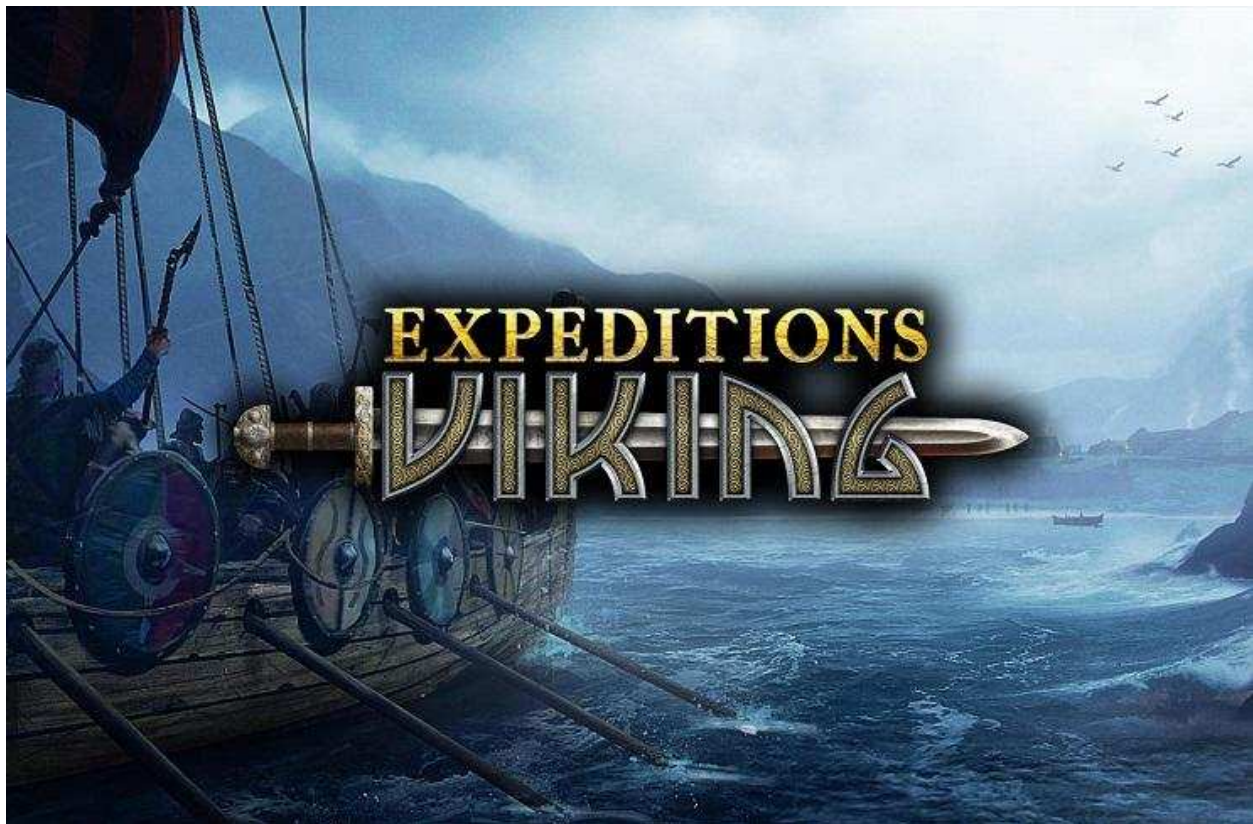
*Build a ship and take your huscarls across the sea.*

*Power and strength for our clan must be sought outside the Norse lands.*

*If you show yourself to be bold, the gods will follow you into battle.*

*Your legacy will live for a thousand years beyond your time!*

*Our clan MUST prevail!*



## Origins - Background

By convention, you will begin as the second child of the former thegn of Skjern. *However*, if you so wish, you may instead opt for another path; that of the Drop-In.

### Thegn of Skjern



You are the chosen heir to become thegn, chieftain of the village of Skjern. Your mother, Astridr, and your gentle elder brother Rurik are dedicated to supporting you in this task. Thankfully, you also have your two closest companions and childhood friends to aid you; the shield-maiden Nefja and the hunter Ketill. You may choose your gender and sex freely, though your age is set to be twenty-five to start. You begin the Jump in your father's longhouse— now *your* longhouse, hosting his funeral feast. Surrounded by family and friends, but also by visiting thegns and jarls, discontent clansmen and potential enemies, watchful for your first mistakes.

You *will* be challenged, and more than once, for your right to rule your clan and govern your lands. But with effort, wisdom and a well managed hird of huscarls you may yet come to be more than a minor thegn, and more than even the warrior your father was known to be.

You begin healthy and able-bodied, with a body of your general but unremarkable description befitting your age and choice of lifestyle.

## Stranger from Ribe



The Drop-In option, as promised. You may optionally receive a new body as your own, free of charge, healthy barring drawbacks and of your general but unremarkable description. You will begin a stranger in these lands with no memories to guide you. Your presence in Skjern will be excused with only that you are in passing from the great city to the south, where many foreigners and natives of the three kingdoms of Sigurdr Hringr pass through. If you've taken the offer of a new body, you may choose if your body is of the stock of Norseman from any part of Scandinavia, or perhaps from the recently conquered Saxony? Or yet still from further abroad—a Pict, Gael, Northumbrian, Mercian... or perhaps a culture more far afield entirely? This offers only marginal benefit, whatever you may choose, though language may be one of them as per the perks below. You may choose your sex and gender freely, and be of any age you please, but gain no benefit for being older or younger other than people's expectations of you.

You begin in the coastal village of Skjern in Jutland, during the period where the new thegn is hosting a feast in honour of their fallen father. You aren't invited to the longhouse, of course, being a stranger. But perhaps you may yet have a chance to ingratiate yourself with them in the near future.

## Origins - Archetype

Significant to both these choices, however, is your choice of lifestyle which you may choose freely. This choice largely determines your discounted perks ahead, and if *Thegn of Skjern*, what you've invested time in and are known for being practised at and in. These are commonly referred to as archetypes, and while they do not dictate your progression, they do inform it.

### Combat Focused

There are a plethora of options for violence, no matter your background. Common Norse weaponry includes axe, sword, spear, shield, dane-axe and bows, slings and long knives. Whether a warrior in heavy mail or an archer in less cumbersome hides, you have a skillset that translates or is traditionally built for battle and the perpetuation of violent means as a solution.

### Support Focused

You should not be ashamed of this; far from it. Great leaders exist in this archetype, with a lessened focus on outright violence and more on strategy and tactics. Those you may not think of as warriors still find themselves on the battlefield; *gydja* and *gode*, the religious witches and spiritual leaders with their knowhow of poisons and curses, as deadly as any blade. The deft acrobat may serve as the best of scouts, if they know the land, and any combination of these may alter the course of a clash by being more than skilled with the heft of an axe.

### Non-Combat Focused

There is much need for other skills, of course. Life and war both require many of the same things: skilled craftsmen, as capable of building door frames as war ships, of fashioning sturdy armour just as much as a warm coat. Hunters, scouts and cooks are all vital to a hird, war camp and the vitality of a village alike. Never to be forgotten, there are also healers that focus less on patchwork battlefield remedies, and more on long-term plans. Such as the creation of poultices and salves, and the overall improvement of a patient's health. While it may not necessarily always be the most glamorous of work, the success of many campaigns and a good living is often made within these skill sets.

# Perks

## General Perks

**Soundtrack** [Free]: Travel is long in this world and time period, Jumper. Whether in saddle, carriage or longship, don't let yourself be wanting for distraction and at least mental comfort. Take instead, for free, the full range of instrumental soundtracks from *Expeditions: Viking* the game, and newly created music in the same style and general range on a regular basis. It appears as a mental playlist that you can sort through effortlessly with a thought. You can toggle the music on and off at will, and it can optionally be heard by you alone or by everyone in a small area with you when you desire it. People here are quite superstitious, so this really is a steal for convincing others of any supernatural ability you might have. Just mind the Christians don't burn you as a witch or sorcerer for it.

**Heavy Sleeper** [-50 VP]: Restful sleep is hard to put a price on, so this offer should be of interest to you for such a trifling amount. You now may fall asleep any time, anywhere, no matter how uncomfortable the position or how loud the surroundings. You're fully rested, mentally and physically, after four hours of undisturbed slumber. Coincidentally, being disturbed no longer encompasses sounds, smells or discomfort. Not to worry; you're actually able to wake up very easily, if you should need to, and are slightly aware of your surroundings even while deep asleep. Should your resting site be disturbed or a sound indicates approaching danger, you may react as you will and wake up early.

**Constitution** [-50 VP]: In a land where medicine is still in development, and remedies from inexperienced healers may lead to ineffectual treatment, it is important to look after yourself. You are now hardy, whatever the makeup of your body or physical traits otherwise. You simply do not get sick, save for anything but truly supernatural illnesses, and even those are lessened in effect. You also are guaranteed to heal from any wound or injury, though not necessarily at any accelerated rate, provided you can take time to rest and perform even simple care to it. You'll never suffer from necrosis and no matter what water you drink, or food you eat, you'll never suffer from parasites. You're very welcome.

**Low Profile** [-50 VP/Free for Stranger from Ribe]: It's not that they underestimate you, Jumper, it's... Well, it depends, for each individual. What matters is that if you wish to go more or less unnoticed, now you can. People will still notice you if you're doing something truly noteworthy, most of the time, but you're easily lost in a crowd and are the most effective Waldo in all of the Norse lands. On a battlefield, an archer will almost never single you out as a target, and the rushing axe-wielding giant will always defer to cleaving someone else first— unless you give them good reason to focus on you instead, of course. You also find it very easy to deflect attention onto someone else, whether that be by pointing someone out in a crowd and then taking your leave, or setting them up for a fall by walking into the spotlights in your place.

**Language** [Free/-50 VP]: You by default receive a native fluency in the Norse dialect spoken by the residents of Jutland. If you are the *Thegn of Skjern*, then you also receive a middling fluency in Saxon and are an excellent rune carver. Should you be a *Stranger from Ribe*, then not only do you keep the middling proficiency with the Saxon tongue, but gain a second native fluency in the most prominently spoken language from your body's prefabricated culture.

Alternatively, you may, if you wish, spend 50 VP to gain a robust, expert linguist's level of fluency... In every spoken and written language commonly kept in Europe in 789 AD. Communication is the cornerstone to trade and, in some cases, to certain types of war. Don't underestimate the value of a beyond proficient ability to communicate your intentions and enact verbal persuasion. Post-Jump, the 50 VP purchase evolves into teaching you all mundane languages of each new setting, at the described level of competence.

**Actually, They Looked Like This...** [Free for Stranger from Ribe/-100 VP upgrade]: If you should not have chosen to intertwine your fate with that of the story of Skjern, O' traveller, then might I offer you this? It is the means to help decide their character. Not the circumstance of their story, not of birth or destiny, but of skillset, appearance and moral fibre. For free, you may as the Stranger of Ribe choose whether the Thegn of Skjern is a man or woman, honourable or more cunning, charitable or greedy. And so on and so forth, within the limitations of that they remain a Vikingr bound, trained in matters of self-defence if not in war, and are a leader of men. And since their name is unimportant to fate... You may, if you wish, decide that as well. Within reason; they are a Norse born and Norse raised thegn-to-be. For the price of 100 VP more, whether Stranger or Thegn, you may take this ability to define character into other worlds. It will work only to the extent that it does here, and only on the "protagonist" of a story you find yourself involved in or observing from the sidelines. Nothing that will intrinsically change their fate, or tip the odds in or out of their favour, but enough to make real the distinction of who they were before and after.

**The Most Vain Viking** [-100 VP]: What exactly one finds attractive is a variable thing, and the standards of this time can be somewhat different from those you may think of elsewhere and elsewhere. Still, standards do still exist as mentioned, and some things can simply be *set to be*. No matter trifles like sex or gender, you are now attractive in a way befitting the wants of the time period and setting. Whether masculine or feminine, you possess a fine mixture of aristocratic and personal features that make an unforgettable face. Your body is made well shaped and desirable, your choice of anywhere between voluptuous or just well defined, ripped or just lightly muscled, with genitals matching your preference in appearance and size. Your teeth are kept permanently clean, strong and you will never have bad breath. Your posture is perfect, but more than the mere physical— you have a certain way about you, not outright seductive or necessarily charismatic, but one others cannot help but be attracted by. No one could ever reasonably suggest you're not at least an 8 out of 10, while for those whose strike zones you're already in, you'll always be a 10 or 11.

**Lessons from Kyre** [-200 VP]: Ah. The Dowager of Eoforwic. Certainly, she is beautiful... But more than this, she knows how to wield it. You'll find no more skilled seducer or manipulator in the British Isles. Enough so, a pious Norseman may suspect her of being Freyja herself in disguise. Having inherited some of her skill and knowledge, you're now an exceptional bedmate in all matters sexual. You're capable of pleasing even the most dispassionate of lovers, and have an almost frankly unfair skill at seduction and matters of romance beyond that. You could convince jealous rivals to share you, though not necessarily happily unless you put effort into both relationships, and convince a dedicated partner to allow you infidelity. You also, like Kyre, know how to utilise your skill to inspire admirers to terrible means. At the most ensnared, others will be willing to kill for your attention, and the most dedicated will go to great lengths to excuse poor behaviour so long as you continue putting a marginal effort in keeping them ensnared. If you should happen to be *The Most Vain Viking*, as well, then your legend may very well come to include wars fought by those jealous of or inspired to it by you.

**Personality Reader** [-200 VP/Discounted for Stranger from Ribe]: Knowing those around you can be a time consuming, tiring task. While many in this world and period may wear who they are, proudly and uprightly, for all to see... Others may not. What this does is give you a unique perceptivity, centred around a set of general personality traits. You may at will when looking at someone, whether in person, through a looking glass or in other settings a computer screen, identify roughly where they stand on four features of personal identity. This helpfully includes their feelings towards you, in a very broad sense, as metered by a -10 to +10 in general approval, without specifics for why or in what exacting sense. As a rule of thumb, however, someone with -10 is likely to despise you and wish you extreme harm, while someone with +10 is utterly devoted to your person and would require extraordinary change to make them disloyal. For those in close proximity to you, you may if you wish be notified on a person-by-person basis when this approval rating changes.

The personality traits you may identify others by are preset, and includes a list of opposites. Each person will be defined by which four of this list of fourteen most strongly represent them, and it may change as the person evolves in character or faces situations. The list includes: Aggressive (opposed by) Peaceful / Altruistic (opposed by) Greedy / Conceited (opposed by) Open-minded / Cooperative (opposed by) Independent / Cunning (opposed by) Honourable / Optimistic (opposed by) Pessimistic / Sceptical (opposed by) Superstitious.

Of course, people may behave contrary to their general principles at times, and as mentioned these traits may shift as a person changes. But you can track such changes in real time, so long as you're looking at the person in question. While it may not offer great specificity, you'll always know fundamentally what drives that person in the sense of these fourteen traits, at least. This continues to function regardless of setting, though it may translate somewhat strangely in terms of identifying what core traits from the list someone or something unknowable is driven by.

Cthulhu won't outright defy the perceptivity, but it may struggle to certify whether an eldritch abomination is optimistic or pessimistic.

***Master of the Hird*** [-200 VP/Discounted for Thegn of Skjern]: In matters of leadership, persuasion, and organisation you now excel in smaller group environments. Like a thegn leading their hird, you have a natural talent far exceeding most on how to command and safely guide a small, more tightly knit group. And you find creating such groups, and making them tightly knit, far easier. You could bring a disjointed crew of mercenaries together, and inspire them to become life long comrades and the most loyal of followers. At the most, such a group might include just over a dozen, with any more than that affecting the efficiency of the perk and becoming more divided and in need of sub-management. For those you lead personally in this smaller group, however, you inspire more than loyalty. They will be more effective at whatever task they set themselves to, learn skills under your command more quickly, and become nigh-immune to morale break, treacherous offers, and even mind-affecting supernatural abilities.

## Combat Focused Perks

(All Perks in this tree are 50% discounted for the relevant Archetype. The 100 VP Perk is free.)



**Thor's Blessing** [-100 VP]: You must be strong, agile and possessed of sharp reflexes if you mean to survive as a Vikingr in distant lands. A body built for war and plundering overseas won't guarantee your survival, but it will absolutely tip the odds in your favour. Choose between strength and endurance to specialise in; you'll become *just* beyond the peak of Norse physiques in one, and gain an Olympian level talent in the other. In whichever case, you may, if you wish, increase your height to be anywhere up to just shy of seven feet tall, and built broad enough to be mistaken for a charging bull at a distance.

You'll find maintaining this beyond-peak human physique (because Norsemen are the peak of humanity, of course) is effortless for you, and you'll require no more nourishment or calorie intake than you did prior, no matter your increase in mass from this perk. As a last benefit, you also become a proficient but not expert hand-to-hand brawler, in the Norse style. Sufficient to defend yourself if caught unawares, and enjoy keeping your own in more even-handed brawls and bar fights.

**Tyr's Teachings** [-200 VP]: Skill in your chosen weaponry is a critical undertaking for a warrior, though many may choose to become proficient in - even master, with time - multiple weapons. To start you off, however, choose between melee and ranged. For the former, you may choose

two between the one-handed axe, sword, spear, shield, dane-axe and seax, which is a kind of long knife. For the latter, you gain both the bow and sling.

In either case, you now have proficiency in these selected two equal to a very skilled veteran warrior. As an example: more than simply knowing how to draw, aim and fire with a recurve bow, you know how to maintain your weapon, how to take wind into account, what types of fletching on arrows will mean for your shot, an awareness of your own limits and that of most bows you handle. And similar additions to the skill, learned through a combination of experience and good training in this age, before simply factoring in that you're a gods-damned good shot too. Provided you have the strength and stamina to match, you're more than capable of holding your own in a holmgang with a seasoned warrior, and would be a worthy choice for any hird, whether intended to raid or stand as companions to a thegn. You also gain a natural ambidexterity, meaning you can use your left or right hands interchangeably with the same level of skill, gaining a notable leg-up on dual-wielding weapons with practice.

You may repurchase this perk as many times as there are more weapons to gain experience and skill in, and purchases after the first are discounted (becoming 50 VP for *Combat Focused* archetypes).

***Ulfhedinn's Hide*** [-400 VP]: The average Vikingr of the age is considered "well equipped" with a fine set of hide armour, perhaps reinforced with metal buckles and a hard cap of the same. All thick and tough enough to help slow or catch a blade. The finest huscarls of the age instead wear long chainmail, with steel aventailed or masked helmets, but nevermind them. This isn't an item— this is *you*. While you may look no different, your skin now has the toughness and general durability of the god-king among wild boars at its tough flank.

This means you can now weather knives and to an extent even swords; you may still be injured, but lethal strikes on another man are shallow marks on you. Arrows will stick in your thickened skin, and in other settings, you can even stop small arms fire. This protection is applied universally across your body to every part of your skin, so the eyes and open mouth remain a potential weak point. Your bones are hardened to match your toughened skin, and you're far more resistant to breaking bones from falls or the strike of a fist or hammer. You also now would find it very difficult to be killed by blood loss. Your blood coagulates very quickly at wounds, and you recover thrice as quickly again as any mundane human from any injury gained in a fight or battle, or otherwise caused by violence, though not by accidents outside it.

Finally you may, if you wish, gain a fantastic beard of *mostly* whatever style and length you like, though at minimum it should cover most of your face and be bushy enough to sink your fingers in. No one will find this beard strange in Norse lands, even if you are a woman, and the superstitious may suspect your beard is the secret to some of your powers.

**Valhalla Bound** [-600 VP]: It seems Odin smiles upon you, O' einherjar in the making. Let the shields clash, the sword cleave, the axe tear, and your spear and arrows bite with the ferocity of Fenris Wolf! Life is fleeting, but significant nonetheless for the glories we win. It matters not where you stand at the end of the fight, so long as you fought till your last breath. Glory! It permeates the true warrior, and the more you fight, the more you will be bathed in it.

This perk has two effects: the first, that any fight of at least generally equal skill on each side you survive (regardless of victory or defeat) provided you fought as hard as you could, you will gain a sort of renown for. This can be toggled off for fights you'd rather others not know of, but the exact specifics of each fight aren't what people are liable to care about, or focus on. It is that you fought at all, and to your very best attempt at victory. This renown carries the best effect with others martially inclined; warriors in a setting such as this, soldiers in another, or those inclined to admire martial pursuits and victory through violence. You inspire your fellows so inclined, gaining an instinctive and innate favorability with them. They are predisposed to like and trust you, and will recognise your exploits, even if only in the sense that you are someone experienced enough to respect. Taking command of such men becomes simple, with renown.

The second: You dream of glory, and Odin has heard your need for it. Once a week to start (though this may be increased to once a full 24-hour cycle with practice) while you sleep or choose to meditate specifically to experience it, you may take part in the greatest of all battles. An event of the inevitable, cast in long years past any conventional lifespan: Ragnarok.

You will stand at Odin's side, in command of or simply alongside a herd of fine warriors here for their own glory at the end of all days. You may fight until you fall. In your hands there will be, at your choosing, whatever assortment of weapons you've personally experienced. Whether that be a dane-axe or a weapon of greater technological means, you may conjure and dismiss weapons as you like for so long as the dream-vision continues. You gain no renown for this dream, but your fellow warriors are excellent teachers for all manner of warfare, and you may freely experience true war in this blood-soaked field of soot and ash. Your opponents, the Jotunn, will accommodate the settings you experience in order to give you a challenge: here, in this world, they are the height of Norse tactics and equipped with good steel weapons. In another, they may be a trained military regiment with artillery and automatic firearms. Those Norse warriors who join you in battle will upgrade in the same style. No time will pass while you dream or meditate in this fashion, and no injury sustained will return with you to your true body.

If one day you should be capable of sweeping even the near-endless armies of Ragnarok aside in this dream-vision, fret not, warrior. Odin will share his fate with you, with the grim satisfaction of seeing an einherjar stand so tall. You may fight alongside him all matter of mythical monstrosity, culminating in the Dread Wolf itself: Fenris, who by each dream-vision shall slay the one-eyed god who has gifted you this power. No matter your level of skill and power, Fenris Wolf shall always challenge you, as a guarantee. Do not attempt to save Odin from this dream-fate, even if you have the skill to try. Vengeance is a glory of its own for you to achieve.

May you one ashen day be capable of slaying even the wolf of the end of the world.

## Support Focused Perks

(All Perks in this tree are 50% discounted for the relevant Archetype. The 100 VP Perk is free.)



***Heimdall's Senses*** [-100 VP]: It matters not whether you are a leader of men, with a view over the battlefield or caught in the thicket, or a healer carefully inspecting the rot-chewed wounds of an injured hirdman. Even more important than a robust and powerful body, is the cunning of mind and spatial awareness needed to evaluate the field of battle, to call out informed commands, and the attention to detail to avoid making otherwise avoidable mistakes. You now are keen-eyed, attentive to both small details and the greater picture, and have an excellent sense for character and deception in all forms. Your spatial awareness is increased massively from any baseline human, and you can keep track of multiple moving targets in a chaotic row without suffering for the split attention.

As an added benefit, your other senses are quite sharp to go along with your eyesight. You can hear, smell and taste with far greater accuracy and precision, picking out small details and

identifying anything from noises to cooking herbs without increasing your risk of having these senses overwhelmed.

***Sleipnir's Blessing*** [-200 VP]: This is good for any form of combat, but it also makes you an invaluable supporting character in a battle. That is, the ability to move unencumbered in even ill-fitting, bulky armour, a preternatural skill for closing the gap against ranged opponents and the combination of reflexes and timing to avoid a loosed arrow.

This isn't perfect evasive manoeuvres or the ability to dodge all incoming strikes. If your armour is heavier than you can reasonably move in, then of course you aren't going to be better about moving in it to dodge or sidestep attacks. But within reason, and perhaps at times just beyond that, you have the means to be incredibly quick and hard to pin down. Armour you wear is naturally less restrictive, turning flexible mail into the equivalent of a linen shirt for purposes of movement. You could cross a battlefield in Olympian track times, without being slowed down by the masses of pitched duels and shield walls in your way. If you can see or hear a projectile headed for you, your reflexes are sped up to a maximum of 200% to assist you in avoiding it. This tires you only as much as strenuous exercise, like fighting for your life in the first place, would. Notably, this perk also makes you much better by instinct in matters of stealth, as you innately have a sense for where to step to make the least noise, and can keep track of the people around you and gauge their ability to notice you as you move.

If you should have taken *Tyr's Teachings* with a focus on a bow and sling, you can also nock, aim and let loose arrows or sling bullets on the move as effectively as you do stationary.

***Words of Odin*** [-400 VP]: It is a dangerous thing to dabble with spells in this world, but those well learned and brave may make fine use of them on and off the field of battle. What this is, is Galder, or shouts and incantations for those who know how to evoke the magic of them. Or perhaps it is simply a set of shifting wordplay that inspires in more mundane means. But the effects certainly appear supernatural, and now you have the words and the means by skill to use them. These spells affect not only Norsemen, but all those that would be willing to fight alongside or for you. They may be the words of Odin, but those with the mind to hear them may be inspired even if not privileged enough to be born in the Norselands. In any case, only those you deem allies may benefit from them.

Your spells, to start with, all last only a brief time, enough to tip the result of a battle in your favour by their well timed inclusion. They include Tyr's Favour, which raises the hardiness of allies and their ability to weather injuries and stay on their feet. Balder's Favour, which can render your allies immune to the effects of poison or the touch of the elements, like fire and biting cold. Thor's Favour, which increases strength and the might with which allies strike at foes. Odin's Favour, which shields allies from mental effects both mundane and supernatural. And finally, Loki's Favour, which raises the perceptivity and ability of allies to find weak points in everything from enemy formations to the slight gap in their armour. More spells beyond this may

exist, and whether in this world or Post-Jump, you will always be able to learn spells that inspire and protect with a supernatural advantage to the time and effort spent.

As a side effect of learning the secret art of Galder, you are also surprisingly persuasive and adept at convincing others of the wisdom of your words. Whether or not your words are actually wise is entirely on you, but people will more readily believe they are and heed you as a counsellor and leader for it.

***The Gydja's Darker Art*** [-600 VP]: Whether or not you're a student of Hulda, you know much of her profession and its best applications. The sceptical will dismiss the power of Norse witchcraft, but rightly will fear well brewed or distilled poisons. Those hardy and proud of their bodies may not fear the poison, but shy from the talk of curses and ill omens. Neither understands the significance of both, and that you can debilitate, change and even kill with the combination of them. You gain an encyclopaedic memory for all manner of curses and ritual performed in Norse lands, and know every recipe that the venerable Hulda does for poison. This also includes the addition of recipes largely unknown to Norse lands, like those of the Gaelic witches, for where they differentiate in materials and process.

But far more than this, you know a magic that other witches and sorcerers of the age would kill for. How to quicken the process of your craft, and its application, to deadly or deleterious effect. You can now instantly, once a day, convert any medicinal plants or materials otherwise used in the creation of poisons or psychedelic drugs into a finished product you know how to create. How much you can prepare at once depends on your familiarity with the process, beginning at a minimum of a single dose, with a hard cap in this world of enough created at once to metaphorically drown ten grown Norsemen in it. It'll be as if you took the time to prepare the result laboriously with all proper utensils and methods. You can also, through the process of short ritual and spoken curses, apply these creations with preternatural skill, whether it be by coating a knife or casting prepared dusts into a crowd of enemies.

Your concoctions may be of any variety you like that you know how to make, though you will be limited to start in these lands by the materials available to you. Even so, the basic curses through poison you create can disorient those struck by them, erode the body and leave it wracked in pain, confuse, frighten and wreak havoc on the mind, and at its most powerful even beguile an enemy into seeing you as a friend for a short time. This beguilement, or suggestion of the mind, is strong enough to "charm" an enemy on the battlefield into striking his own brethren, breaking lines and confusing ranks.

You must still provide the materials, and the more powerful the curse, the more demanding the ingredients will be in either quantity or quality. The truly strong willed may better resist the mental effects of your curse, but few in these lands would ever be able to outright resist them entirely. And as your practice and familiarity with them grows, so too will your ability to overwhelm the senses. Post-Jump, the limit of preparing your cursed poison once a day will be increased to four. Those who are conventionally immune to poisons are not immune to your

curse, and those conventionally immune to curses are not immune to your poison. The effect may be halved, but never outright dismissed. In the case they should be immune to both, it will instead be greatly weakened in effect. In time, and certainly in other settings you should visit, you will always be able to create more varied effects by combining the power of curse and poison into one.

## Non-Combat Focused Perks

(All Perks in this tree are 50% discounted for the relevant Archetype. The 100 VP Perk is free.)



***An Honest Trade*** [-100 VP]: Individuals like you are the foundation of Norse society, and for this you must be respected. While you may or may not also be a warrior, or a healer, or a leader of men – you are trained to undertake the task of a less glorious, but equally important endeavour. Several trades are absolutely vital to both a temporary camp for a roving herd, and a fortified village looking to stand tall among its neighbours. The choice of what, exactly, is yours.

Choose between carpenter and shipwright, blacksmith and tanner, scout and watchman, hunter and cook. These trades encompass the skills you'd expect, and you're now an expert in whichever set you choose, inheriting several years of experience in the active practice of the trade. Your body is upgraded to be sturdy and built for whichever form of labour, if it should require it, and you find expanding similar skill sets and learning new tricks to your trades surprisingly easy. As a shipwright, you're capable of overseeing (and directly partaking in) the construction of longships able to cross the sea to Pictavia, and navigate the narrow rivers of

Hordaland. A blacksmith knows the secrets of forging steel weapons and armour in a crucible, and a scout how to expertly both stay silent on the move and navigate through a variety of terrain while keeping their senses sharp. Even a cook, so often overlooked, can create a banquet out of meagre ingredients prepared over a campfire, as examples.

You may, if you wish, re-purchase this perk up to three times, to acquire all four sets. If the perk was free for you, you may acquire it again at 50 VP each time.

***Skill of the Dvergar*** [-200 VP]: There is craftsmanship, and then there is... this. You are a true artisan now, whatever your craft. Your creativity and ability to implement that creative design to anything related to your trades and craft is remarkable. It is greatly enhanced and innovative in a way that stands out as both unique and useful. This applies to all mundane pursuits and implementations, but much more importantly, it applies to something... more.

When you create an item or produce something through your trade, the result can be imbued or fitted with additional traits, or enhanced design to further its effectiveness. This ranges from the outright supernatural, like imbuing fireproofing and poison resistance to a set of chainmail without altering its physical components noticeably, to what the sceptical might more readily be able to dismiss. In the event that you haven't selected a trade or craft, you retain your ability to add unusually effective and slightly supernatural effects to items you fashion personally, even if they're not as useful a base item.

What you can add to what sort of item is limited in this world, with protective features like fireproofing, poison resistance, or a mild regeneration to armour and clothing. Weapons that bite more deeply, or enhance the strength of the wielder. But beyond these relatively limited choices, there are *special properties*. They can't be chosen, occurring whenever you create an item by your own efforts, but with a random property. An armour, weapon or tool might become unbreakable, a longship might gain a supernatural boost to speed, a cook's meal greatly enhancing a physical attribute, or a hunter's snares be able to entrap even supernatural entities. Post-Jump, the restriction on what you seek to implement into an item is removed, leaving your creativity and determination to decide your success, though the special properties will remain randomised. In the case of those trades above that aren't craft-related, this instead affects any tool used in the enactment of your trade just for as long as you're using it.

***Hands of Eir*** [-400 VP]: Healing is a most respectable craft, and the very best and most esteemed gydja and godi are beloved for it. Unfortunately there are many lesser healers, who know only so much, but you are now among the most elite selection of Norse medicine-practitioners. You have a robust understanding of herbology, the distillation and preparation of all types of plants and liquors for the sake of creating salves, ointments, dusts and draughts. Your knowledge extends from treating rashes to closing wounds, from treating long enduring sickness to brewing sedatives for man or animal. Truly, there's little in Norse lands you haven't seen or heard of that requires diagnosing or the treatment of a healer's hands.

But to be Eir's hand in the world, this is not sufficient. Some would call your touch magic, and the words you know to utter, incant and command of a body while you treat them holds real power. You know how to identify curses, entreat with the spirits of the land for good fortune, the warding against misfortune, and fertility and health in a household. The success of such entreaties are variable, but much more often positive than not. But most of all, you possess the means to quicken the good effect of any treatment you apply, turning a slow recovery from crippling battle wounds to a day of bed rest and warm draughts. And in the case of an incurable illness or injury, so long as you can brew or fashion a treatment that would see their ailment lessened, then the treatment will also be some level of effective in treating the actual cause. You may not know the cure to cancer, but you can identify what helps the body fight it off, and when set to course by your hands it may become a cure of its own.

In general, so long as there's something you know how to treat, it can be dealt with through a full day's hard efforts at its most grievous. If you don't, but can surmise the equivalent of painkillers to a migraine, the painkillers will actively work to deal with the underlying cause, albeit more slowly than an actual cure. Post-Jump, your healing hands will be able to heal any physical malady in a tenth of the time it takes you here, converting life-threatening conditions into an hour of treatment at the table.

***The Wonders of Tinker*** [-600 VP]: Behold, the creativity and variety of a dvergar's workshop. Or so I would like to say, but in truth, what you're capable of far exceeds the standards of tinkerers in this world. While those specialised in a single trade are capable of creating great weapons, ships, architecture, traps and fortifications, a tinkerer is something more than a single speciality. You now know something about every practical craftsman's trade in Norse lands, and the British Isles as well. Specifically, this knowledge is centred around creating useful, but unlikely instruments or environmental effects to assist you in some way. You may not know, like a shipwright would, how to build a longship – but you know how to set metal spikes into its forward ram capable of punching additional holes in a ramming action, or how to jury rig your own makeshift catapult to its side, or how to create a system of hammocks that's both comfortable and space saving. Isn't that just oh-so more useful than an average carpenter?

Your creations can vary between the small and unassuming to the large and impractical that just... somehow, manage to work out to surprisingly positive effect. Given sparse materials and an idea, you can create helpful tools on the battlefield: barricades, traps to pour out grease, acid and fire, cleverly disguised pit traps with poisoned spikes, but also more elaborate and bizarre things like a ballista made of stripped wood and animal parts that shoots spears, rather than arrows, capable of puncturing armour. You can brew tonics to numb pain, send someone into a frenzy, or reinvigorate them by mixing the random ingredients you find in a forest. How did you know that combination of flowers did that? You just knew. It's a combination of knowing something about everything, but it's also intuited, and as the master tinkerer, you just have a knack for knowing what's useful when slapped together. How did you know how to make a ritual spear that is guaranteed to incapacitate anyone it hits, but only the first time it's thrown? Well,

spears have a tendency to take anyone out of a fight regardless if it's a good throw, but your overheard spells combined with good craftsmanship slapped haphazardly together surprised you too! Who knew the combination of spit, metal scraps and a sacrifice to Odin would do that?

You are, in essence, the MacGuyver of the Norse. If you can imagine something to work, and have enough parts or materials about, you can likely figure out a design for it. And anything you create that isn't larger than yourself, you can also make in record time. Something complex but no larger than a handheld pot, you can make in a minute or minutes. Something your own body size but simplistic can be made in the same amount of time, with complexity pushing it to an hour. You can utterly redefine a battlefield given only a short time to prepare it, or make useful contraptions and additions to any camp or settlement by letting your creativity loose. Tired of opening the gate by pushing or pulling? Well, you have an idea for an elaborate pulley system... Wish the pigs could feed themselves? Oh, boy, have you got a solution to fill the troughs without ever needing to get out of your chair.

But these are merely ideas of convenience to the woes of one living in this time period. Improvised weapons and conveniences of life are well and good, but there is more awaiting you after your time here. Post-Jump, your creativity and mish-mash of knowledge will be guaranteed to include both technological and magical upgrades. The most curious methods to slap together unlikely solutions to problems will forever be yours. Need to pass an iris scanner? Using a bit of glue, a contact lens and a captured image, you... Well, no one is really sure *how* you're about to get past that, but you sure did, provided it is the least bit plausible that your invention could. Because no one can stop the almighty tinkerer. How did you figure out that area blocking spell formula that took the mages years? You didn't, they just made the mistake of giving you a few minutes to figure out how to jimmy the lock with a piece of its own spell and a sewing kit you found. These solutions may not hold up twice if they're truly unlikely, or may always be destroyed upon activation but succeed in the process anyways. Truly, the tinkerer supreme.

# Items

## General Items

Each Archetype receives a [+200 VP] stipend, as a gift from I, Grimnir. Any item of similar type to another you already own may be imported to the one you pay for here, transferring the purchased properties to your item, or vice-versa. Rather than set categories for each Archetype, I have prepared them for your choice of Background. Each Archetype instead receives a gift below, to take with you in addition to what you may pay for.

***Lifetime Supply of Mead*** [-50 VP]: Little more needs be said, for you are blessed with an abundance of this golden liquid. You may call upon a few large casks of the honey-wine each day, to enjoy with friends and family, to entertain your hird or offer hospitality to guests. These casks are perfectly sealed and resistant to wear and tear, and will save indefinitely if left in a cellar or other storage space. The mead will always be delicious, whether served hot or cold, and even those with unconventional tastebuds or alien digestive systems will find it both tasty and easy on the body. The casks you receive each day are independent from those of the day before, so feel free to stockpile as many as you please.

***Norse Fashion*** [-50 VP]: Let none say you are unprepared for the feast, at least in terms of wardrobe. You now have access to a wide variety of undergarments, gowns, tunics, coats, shoes, pants and accessories like belts, brooches, earrings and even torcs to make yourself presentable. This assortment conventionally appears in a carriable trunk, neatly folded and prepared for you, but it may take up space in your warehouse or another piece of furniture if you prefer. None of the items within may be sold or given away, returning immediately to the trunk in such an instance, *except* shoes. Should you ever come across someone without shoes, you're very welcome to give them any pair of fine or simple shoes this collection has to offer. Though you can't sell them, only make a gift of them. Any outfit or article of clothing lost or destroyed will always be there again the following morning made whole, and there will always be more shoes should you give any away.

***A Small Trove*** [-50 VP]: "Valuables", let us call them. The catch-all for different mintages of coins, statuettes, jewellery, unrefined precious metals, rich fabrics and worthy knickknacks. Trade is not so simple as to pay coins for goods, and so many are the valuables that others will accept for their craft or trade. Each week, this small trove will replenish, sufficient to purchase half a dozen hides, a few armfuls of scrap metals or a week's worth of rations for a hird... Or something thereabouts, as resources and trade are rarely the same village-to-village, or month-to-month. While it may not be a fortune, it is a start, and it will continue to collect in any vessel or location you wish for it each week. Whether that be your warehouse, another property, or the urn you keep in your home. Post-Jump, this will conform to things of precious, but not staggering value for each new setting that you might be able to sell or trade.

**Rations for the Hird** [-50 VP]: It may not be the tastiest, but these dried rations aren't bad either. They're very filling without being heavy on the stomach, and the rations save well provided they are kept dry. It includes a variety of dried, salted or smoked meats and fish, an assortment of nuts and dried fruit, with hardtack breads or crackers. And of course a waterskin to go with the meal, guaranteed to be enough to keep a working adult on their feet. You'll receive sufficient rations to feed ten adults each day, unless you wish for less, and you may save any excess, to stockpile, sell or give it away as you like.

**The Camp Cat** [-50 VP]: This is a cat, O' traveller. Do not be surprised that it is on offer, for cats are useful creatures. This one in particular can survive any environment, is a natural hunter of any form of living nuisance smaller than it (particularly vermin), and is immune to sickness and parasites. It requires only scraps of food to survive, a small amount of water to drink, and is comfortable to rest with and pleasant to stare at as it goes about its day. If you should ever lose track of it, it will find you soon enough again afterwards. It also cannot be harmed; instead vanishing if the subject of violence by anything larger than it (it cannot be defeated in its size bracket, for it is a cat), until it is safe to return. It responds to the name Bygun, but you may if you wish rename it to whatever pleases you.

**Tokens of Affection** [-50 VP/Free for those who purchased Lessons from Kyre]: Hmm. I shall not judge you taking after the dowager of Eoforwic, and there *is* power in these tokens. They are not a single or set of items, pre-defined, but are instead of your choosing. They must be of precious make, but any such you may designate, up to four at a time. A silken glove, silver ring, decorative brooch... So long as it is ornate, and given as a gift you may imbue it with this power. Give them to one who accepts it in good faith, and you will thereafter always know where the item is if kept on their person. No matter the distance, you will always be able to discern the direction to them, their general state of being and approximately how long it would take you to reach them by whatever transportation means are available to you. You may at any time revoke the blessing a token has, to imbue another in its stead.

**Norse Talisman** [-100 VP]: A symbol of some small, but certain power, to be sure. Whether the hammer, the valknut, or the horn... or yet another symbol of power, or a rune of the same. Choose between a talisman of the Æsir, and receive a drop of power for it. Choose between Odin, Thor, Freyja, Heimdall, Baldr and Tyr to symbolise in your talisman. And then any effect between speed and agility, resistance against spells and mental effects, a small boost to charisma, increased perceptivity, or a minor resistance to all forms of physical harm. You may repurchase this as many times as you like, for more talismans, or to imbue the first with additional benefits. Re-purchases are discounted to [-50 VP]. None of them are great in power, but all are somewhat noticeable for their effect when worn.

***A Warrior's Tools*** [-200 VP/Free for Combat Focused]: This is a gift of two-in-one, because a warrior must be prepared. First, take this armour; it is serviceable chainmail, better than what many in these lands have available to them. While it carries no special properties, no questionably magical strengths, it is made of good steel and is both flexible and durable. If damaged or lost, it will always be where you need it the following morning, repaired to its perfect state. It will also remember any modifications or improvements made to it.

The second part of this gift is a weapon, or a set of them as it may be. If you have not purchased *Tyr's Teachings*, then you may choose any two weapons from the list there to receive. If you have purchased it, then you gain every weapon type you've selected there, including re-purchases to gain more. These weapons are of excellent, sturdy make, of the best available materials and enough to make any warrior proud to bear them. Crucible steel for metal weapons, yew for shields and war bows, and even the simple sling would be of the finest make from perfect wool. While unique and powerful weapons exist to replace these, you would do very well even were you to carry them throughout your stay. Like the armour, they will be repaired if broken, found if lost, and remember any upgrades or intentional changes made.

***Runes and Nightshade*** [-200 VP/Free for Support Focused]: Yes, I believe I know what gift is most befitting your skillset. First, a collection of runes carved into easily transportable sticks and carved wooden tablets. These are a collection that mirror your knowledge of Galder, if you've purchased *Words of Odin*, and a few more you may study and work to implement into new oral commands and inspirations, or spells, if you prefer such terms. Careful study of them may even improve the incantations you already know in the case of such a purchase, enhancing their effects provided you take the time to practise them. If you haven't, then the same study may begin the task of learning them for yourself.

Secondly, I will offer you a collection of flowers and extracts of beasts found in the Norselands, that are useful components in the creation of poisons and psychedelic mixtures. Enough to make several doses of either, refilled twice a week, and delivered to you safely separated and kept in a small crate. Once your adventure here is done, post-Jump, this will include a small variety of reagents and ingredients native to each new setting you visit.

***Scrap, Herbs & Hides*** [-200 VP/Free for Non-Combat Focused]: And a good many other things, I suspect. By default this is a heavy crate, filled to the brim with scrap metal, dried plants, good pelts and hides, and odd bits of cut lumber. It will additionally accommodate any materials used by any purchases of *An Honest Trade* that you have. If you've purchased it for hunter and cook, as an example, then this includes meat, seasonings and vegetables, replacement string for a bow, and everything you need for traps and snares. The crate holds a deceptively large amount of goods, and is never too heavy to pick up – though it can't be filled with anything other than what it began with. It will refill each new week, or if left filled, a second crate will appear

where convenient for you. Once emptied, the crate will fall apart, turning into mundane but usable lumber and nails.

***Jarldom of Orkneyjar*** [-400 VP]: You wish a title, lands and men to occupy it? I will not lie to you, O' traveller. Orkneyjar has been held by several Norsemen, and several Picts before them. It has traded hands, not because it is so desirable, but because it has been difficult to fortify and make livable. It is possible, however, and the soil is rich enough, the fish plenty to be caught, and the islands could make a petty archipelago kingdom. But the winds here are biting, the weather unforgiving, and you reside close to the clans of Pictavia. Not all are friendly, but entreating with them is a task for you to handle on your own.

With this purchase comes fifty Norsemen to attempt to settle the largest of the islands, and an agreement with Steinn the Clever to stay on for a time while they settle in. He's happy to hand over the reins, and you can enjoy being referred to as Jarl. These settlers are loyal to you, and possess a variety of unremarkable skills required for farming, fishing, gathering and simple construction work. King Sigurdr shall not gainsay you; the isles are yours. As Jarl, you are afforded with the potential of greater say in politics among the Norse, though a title with little to show for it shall not win you respect.

I believe you'd refer to this purchase as a "fixer upper", but rest assured, it is not without value. Orkneyjar holds a dream yet unrealised for foreigners to the British Isles, and in some ways for the Picts, as well. For no better platform for invasion exists, no closer but unattached base of operations for those seeking conquest or plunder. Whether you should seek to target the Northumbrians, the Mercians, the Picts or Gaels, Orkeynjar is a perfect site to make your plans from. Any invasion or raid you begin that sets off from the islands here, shall be twice as effective and thorough as one planned and launched from anywhere else. Your men shall be fiercer, your longships faster and more durable, your strategies less predictable or foreseen. Despite knowing a Vikingr resides in Orkneyjar, your neighbours still seem unprepared for your assault, even if you've assembled a thousand Norsemen and scores of longships beached at your shore.

Post-Jump, you may take Orkneyjar with you to be settled wherever you like in each new setting. Without direct input, it will take the place of or be new islands close to any landmass similar to the one it neighbours here. The islands shall remember any structures, upgrades and modifications you make to it, and after this world your starter of fifty subjects will increase to five-hundred. Any growths in population size thereafter will be remembered, though the people living on the islands will change each new Jump, related but distinct, like grandchildren or further descendants. They will keep otherwise only their loyalty to you and an updating skill set for each new setting. Last but not least, it will adapt its ability for making invasions and raids more effective. Any neighbouring kingdoms or countries to it, within a few days at the most of sailing by longship from where it is situated in a new world, are now vulnerable to the same weakness as the aforementioned are in this world.

## Thegn of Skjern Items

(All Items in this category are 50% off for the Thegn, with the 100 VP item being free.)

**Family Heirlooms** [-100 VP]: These are old, Thegn, but useful still. They belonged to your father, and your uncles, Grimulfr and Sighialmr. While Grimulfr still lives outside Skjern and has gifted you his old dane-axe, those belonging to your father and Sighialmr have passed to you in due inheritance. Sighialmr's spear and helmet, though not the very finest examples of craftsmanship, are tried and true. They have survived countless battles, and may survive countless more in your hands. Your father's sword, held before him by your grandfather, an old and weathered weapon that has seen the longest years of war, and with it the shield he had commissioned for you before his last expedition. Your uncle Grimulfr's old dane-axe, a gift to you before he left on the expedition where your father died, is a heavy weapon of war with good reach, but is not as fine as the one he took with him. And finally, your old bow, passed to you by the local hunters Sigridr and Ljotr in celebration of your first hunt. And as a gift from I, Grimnir, I shall make them all unbreakable but impart no further enhancement, to ensure they endure the ages until your own children may one day wield them. Use them well, O' Thegn, and may they bring you glory as they did their previous owners.

**Your Longship** [-200 VP]: A fine beast of sturdy wood, is this marvel of a ship. It features an intimidating figurepiece, to strike fear into your enemies or inspire your allies, a sizable storage space and is quite the speed devil on the open sea. It is large enough to hold as many as twenty-five, maybe thirty crew, and nimble enough to navigate small rivers around Scandinavia and Pictavia. It is unusually comfortable for a longship, more durable than any other vessel of its time period, and no one will ever be thrown overboard unless they're intentionally diving off the side. Any damage taken to the sails or hull will be repaired after a full day, to ensure it is always seaworthy. And of course it must have a name! By default, it shall be known as the Dragon, or Dreki, but you may name it whatever you like. If you should take this as the *Thegn of Skjern*, then it was made by your village shipwright and carpenter, Torfinn, though if you are a carpenter yourself you may have participated in its construction. Post-Jump, it may transform to whatever transportation best suits a vessel of war and trade in one. Aeroplanes, spaceships, submarines. Your dragon shall be what you need of it, though it may adopt a new form only once every new setting, and only what is technologically appropriate. Go forth, and let it carry you into legend.

**Your Longhouse** [-400 VP]: You are the master of this hall, and unlike the battle for Skjern, none may debate it. It is a fine structure, long and wide enough to house several hirds as guests and keep permanent quarters besides. The feasting tables are long and finely decorated, the hearth large enough to warm all even in winter, and with comfortable sleeping accommodations and a robust series of lofts for storage and out-of-the-way sleeping arrangements. But more than this, your longhouse is a place of both diplomacy and war. Any emissary or guest you host here shall be taken by your hospitality, no matter the luxury or decadence they are accustomed to, or awed by your might, no matter the armies or wars they have known. While they will make

their own decisions, or carry the will of their ruler, none may ever deny your bounty and presence while within this longhouse. Any effort to broker peace, or plan conflict, shall be doubled in effectiveness so long as it is carried out here, by you and your allies or followers.

To ensure due bounty, you may declare once a week that a feast shall be held. The longhouse comes with unremarkable, but skilled servants and thralls to look after the needs of you and your guests. But at the call for a feast, you shall also find it filled with wine, mead and succulent meats. Breads, butter, jellies and steamed and roasted vegetables. Fowl or boar, elk or fish, always enough to fill the stomachs of all who would crowd into the great hall that could host a hundred in seats of honour, and more in its courtyard where further tables may be set. And when the feast is done, the food shall disappear, vanished as all is clean and kept once more. Outside of feasts, each day the tables will fill with simpler fare, for you and as many as you should keep at your tables as guests or residents.

In future settings, your longhouse will convert to whatever structure befitting a man of great means might be expected to keep; a high-rise, castle or elaborate walled manor. Always shall it be grand, populated with enough staff to keep it clean and running smoothly, and ever shall your name be venerated and envied as its master.

## Stranger from Ribe Items

(All Items in this category are 50% off for the Stranger, with the 100 VP item being free.)

***A Useful Horse*** [-100 VP]: Does this horse seem strange to you? It's of an unremarkable breed, and expresses only the intelligence (which is still quite intelligent, in fairness) of any other equine. And yet... It always seems to know where you wish to go, spoken or otherwise. It is remarkably hardy, and is never far from where you need it to be. Sail from Pictavia to Mercia, and forget to load the horse aboard the ship? Strange, how you find it waiting for you at the beach. Just un-excitedly nibbling at a bit of brush, waiting to be saddled again. Should it ever be slain in war or to an accident, an identical horse will be waiting near you the next day. Surely... not the *same* horse? Strange.

***Roman Aquila*** [-200 VP]: This is a relic of a bygone time, one of the last surviving true inheritances of the Romans, when they ruled the lands where now sits Northumbria and Mercia. This ancient standard of one such Roman legion, cast in gold, is already incredibly valuable for its history and the value of the material and craftsmanship. But far more than this, it is made priceless for the effect it has on those you lead in battle, or otherwise inspire on the field.

It carries an almost religious significance to anyone that accepts commands from you in a fight, and so long as the aquila is kept safe and out of enemy hands, no one that fights for you will ever suffer morale break. They will be more resistant to any mind affecting abilities, fight far

more organised than without it, and have a better sense for their surroundings even in a pitched, messy melee. It won't turn a rabble of peasants into a trained military, but said rabble will not flinch in the face of greater odds, and fight far more aware of one another and their space than without. Those allied with you, but not under your direct command, will receive a similar but slightly lessened effect so long as they know the aquila is both on the field and out of enemy hands. Even non-combatants, like support staff and camp followers, are inspired to perform more efficiently before and after a battle while the aquila is within any visible distance.

Of course, should your standard ever fall into enemy hands, this effect will be broken. But rather send your allies and followers into despair, it will evoke a frenzied fury; its own drawback, if you need cooler heads to prevail. But also a guarantee that they will be inspired to reclaim it from those who have stolen what represents your might. And you shall always be guaranteed to be able to reclaim the standard; if not by might after a battle, then by some other circumstance that will see it return to your hands within a week at most. Post-Jump, the Roman Aquila may transform into whatever standard best suits your needs that could potentially be stolen with some effort; the figurehead on a mighty prow, a flag and banner, the great spire decorating a spaceship. Whatever may be seen, that it may inspire.

So hold it aloft, stranger, and let all who rally to you know of your pride and your glory.

***The Last Legionnaire*** [-400 VP]: Or more specifically, the equipment of the last legionnaire. The equipment encompasses body armour, helmet and shield. Do not doubt the worthiness of these items, Stranger, for very few like them exist in this time and place. Perhaps none, in truth, that you or your companions do not make while here. Not yet.

The first and most powerful is a lorica segmentata of spectacular make, offering a robust protection from swords, arrows and even bullets as if it were magic. No finer protection exists in this time period, and it is *somehow*, perhaps indeed by magic, utterly fireproof and bestows upon the rest of you a similar immunity to fire in turn. There is also a small chance, whenever you are grievously harmed in battle, that the armour will restore you at the final blow. Just enough to weather a single hit still, keeping you on the edge before death's embrace. This death defiance can trigger once per fight, meaning if you have a breather on a battlefield, it has the potential to reactivate in every fight between short breaks in the violence. The helmet and shield are of less outright miraculous effect, but are both the height of craftsmanship and offer superb protection against blade, mace and arrow. The helmet also offers a mild resistance against mental effects of all kinds, though less pronounced than the abilities of the body armour.

The equipment is in the Roman style, both helmet and shield to go with the lorica, but you may post-Jump adapt them to whatever style you like in each new setting, whether that be visually appearing as kevlar or even an armoured spacesuit.

## Huscarls & Hird



***The Hird, New and Old*** [-50CP/-200 VP]: - With each purchase of this option, you may import one of your previous huscarls— my apologies, you refer to them as *companions*. Import one of your previous companions, or create a new one. If you'd like a more fleshed out hird instead, you may pay 200VP to bring in 8 companions old or new. Whichever they may be, they gain 600VP, an Archetype of your choosing but may not take either Background. You may decide instead if they appear as drop-ins or have a pre-established life and story here, befitting their purchases in the perks and items sections. Companions may take up to 2 drawbacks. If they take drawbacks with wide sweeping effects, then they will also affect you. Doubling up on drawbacks that affect the world makes them worse. They gain any discounts native to their archetype, the same as you. Newly created companions are of your description and as loyal as you make them.

***You there, join my Hird!*** [Free/-100 VP]: Have you taken a liking to someone here, O' traveller? I am sure the gods take no offence, of course, and I know they shall claim no possession over the lives you meet that those individuals do not swear themselves. Should they wish to join you, you may take whomever willingly agrees to it. A cunning Pictish princess, a wise old druid, or the champion of Eoforwic? They are all excellent choices, and I'm quite curious to see who you would be most inclined to. Whichever it may be, should you befriend someone and convince them to join you, you may for free take them with you as a Companion when you leave. Optionally, for the price of 100VP, you may give them the Hird benefits of 600VP to spend on any Jump options and an archetype's discounts before you leave together.

***The Shield-Maiden and the Wolf*** [Free and Exclusive to the Thegn of Skjern]: Camaraderie is a fine thing, and here you have two lifelong friends to be counted upon. You know them well, thegn of Skjern, for they have been raised alongside you since you were young children. Nefja Holmunardottir is a brave, stalwart young woman. She is hardy, dexterous and quick, and a most able hand with a spear. She will defend you with her life, and fight any battle at your side. Your other childhood friend is Ketill Kolbjarnarson, raised by a pair of local hunters in Skjern and a fine marksman and scout himself. His quick wit and keen senses have served you before, and will continue to do so going forward. Both are useful members of a hird, and will not balk at being brought into a fight, or even into war. They take well to any martial training, particularly that which suits their present styles; a spear for Nefja, and a bow for Ketill, with both of them favouring speed and agility. And as your longest friends and most trusted allies, save other companions you might acquire, they will unflinchingly follow you even into other worlds.

Post-Jump, both Nefja and Ketill count as a single companion slot for import and purchases, though you may, if you wish, convert either or both of them into a follower on a setting-by-setting basis. They will always take well to new instruction for warfare and combat, even without the purchase of perks, and learn technological upgrades to weapons as easily as they do new manoeuvres and tactics here.

***The Witch*** [-100 VP/Discounted for the Thegn of Skjern]: Roskva is a talented young woman, as you may know already. She has learned much from Hulda, the gydja of Skjern, on medicine, poison, spirits and nature. In truth, she is well enough prepared to step out from her apprenticeship, and all know she is ready to become the true gydja of the village once Hulda's failing health sees her final voyage into the afterlife. Though she is somewhat shy, and perhaps at times a little awkward, her knowledge and competence is deserving of that acknowledgement.

You may take her with you, for in truth, she does not long to be kept in Skjern. An orphan is she, with no family save the mentor who now only half-remembers her in her ailing age. Roskva desires adventure, and to be free of seeing her mentor's deterioration day after day. She is loyal, cunning, perceptive and spiritual; she can advise you on matters of faith and spirituality, but also tend to your wounds, or inflict them with poison and curse on your enemies. She asks little but the right to join your hird, to be your companion, and experience what else life has to offer. I would appreciate it if you were kind to her, O' traveller. Her life has not been an easy one.

***The Warrior*** [-100 VP/Discounted for the Thegn of Skjern]: This is Asleifr Grimvardarson, though you may know him already. Some manner of cousin to the young thegn of Skjern, though the families are in some discontent over leadership. Asleifr himself, of course, is an honourable man and a fine warrior. He carries a sword and shield, and is strong, courageous and proud as befits his skill. He is well liked in his village, and respected as a man of his word. His word, that he now gives to you. Despite being something of a pessimist and always keen on

the use of his sword, Asleifr is no fool, and his moods will not stand in the way of his service to you.

Because that is what his word means, should you take him as a companion. To acknowledge you as his leader, to stand in your hird as your trusted right hand. To be relied upon in the shieldwall and in all other matters you deem him fit for. He longs for glory, though he will shy from talk of it, having experienced the poverty and struggles of what a glory-seeker for a leader has done to his home village. He would appreciate it if you might make the life of those in Skjern who labour easier, but he has no compunctions over enriching yourselves by plundering others. A true vikingr, this one, and now at your command forever more.

***A Travelling Woman*** [-100 VP/Free for the Stranger from Ribe]: Hmm. This young woman appears to have travelled far, as well, in coming here. Though I do not believe she has intended to reach this place, or for that matter, this time... Or that she has even done so knowingly. Allow me to introduce to you a woman from an island nation, far from Norselands. She is Isabela de Yruenes, and she does not belong here. She has no home in these lands, and perhaps none from where she departed, as well. She does have skills that would suit a hird, however, and would be grateful to find companionship and camaraderie in a place as strange to her as this.

She is trained in the arts of war, from a sword and shield to a bow, and is made of hardy stuff. Though she is unfamiliar with the climate and make of these lands, she will learn, and is both stubborn and courageous enough to face any threat without turning away. She is beautiful as a flower, and as tough as any shield-maiden, and should you accept her, then as loyal and fierce as any valkyrie in service to Odin. Perhaps as a curiosity of her misadventure that has led her so far from home, she seems to have gained a preternatural talent for learning new skills. She has the equivalent of a growth perk, allowing her to learn any new skill in half the time it should normally require, and guaranteeing she may always learn new skills of war and wilderness survival, no matter how foreign or bizarre the subject.

As with young Roskva, I would be grateful. Truly, O' traveller, if you were kind to this one.

# Drawbacks

I understand the desire for more. It is the nature of many beings to covet power and wealth, and balk at the limitations fate has set for them. In this instance I may be able to assist you, a last time, before you begin your journey. You may, if you wish, assume the trials and tribulations in exchange for more currency; the power to power you have traded in already. I shall not haggle or barter over price. These are for your benefit, to add to the weight of the glory you achieve here. To that end, there shall be no limits on the number of drawbacks you may take.

***I Don't Need Ten Years*** [+0 VP]: Indeed? If that is your wish, then I shall not gainsay you. Complete the conditions of this story, and I shall be satisfied that it is concluded. Defeat Jarl Skule Skullcleaver, see the conflicts in and between Northumbria and Pictavia settled, and the family matters of the Thegn of Skjern - your own, should you be they - resolved. Do this before ten years are done, and you may leave early. Should you take other drawbacks, they will be amplified or hastened in effect, to ensure they trouble you still despite their brevity.

***Excuse Me, Viking?*** [+100 VP]: You will be a curiosity, even if you should remain in familiar Norselands. I will make it so now. And beyond it, an obligation from you, albeit a minor one. Now, wherever you go or remain, there will be select individuals who have tasks for you, drawn to your nature and this spell I set upon your fate here.

In truth, the most adventurous and curious may find this a boon. I hope this is true of you. Because you may no longer refuse these tasks, and though they need not be your sole or greatest priority, they must be seen to completion. Each will be different, sometimes requiring travel, other times merely your judgement or skill. Rewards will be forthcoming, but minor, though friendships and enmities earned are yours to keep regardless.

***The Literate Must Write, The Storyteller Must Speak*** [+100 VP]: Your adventures promise to be an affair worth remembering, O' traveller. Surely you will not be remiss in recounting them? Now, whenever you complete a task that has required any effort beyond the daily affairs expected of a thegn or stranger, you shall feel compelled to make them immortal. You may fulfil this condition in either of two ways; write it in rune or other script, to be immortalised in stone or on vellum page. It must be descriptive, detailing the efforts you took and the result that became of it.

Or you may fulfil this by speaking the tale to friends and onlookers, around a campfire with a hird or in a mead hall. So long as several others hear of your deeds, a drink to toast to it, and though not strictly required, I much prefer a meal after my stories. Some might think you a braggart if the tales you tell are of minor events, but there is joy in living proud of your accomplishments, and the occasion to toast to a day that has brought you something new.

**Superstitious** [+100 VP]: It is debatable if such might be called a “drawback”, for there is nothing wrong with respecting the wisdom learned at hearths from a gydja or godi. The enforcement of its traditions, however, is another matter. You shall now fear, perhaps rightly, what is unknown and beyond the ken of mortals. This is not the fear of cowardice, to drive you to flight, nor to disgrace yourself. It is the fear of respect, though not necessarily deference. You shall respect the Old Ways. To leave offerings to the dead, rather than plunder their corpses. To avoid and respect a Nithing pole, and be wary of sites of mystical power. Where the sceptic may scoff at the tales of elves in a cave system, you know otherwise, and shall have to consider whether it is worth leaving an offering for them to not disturb your passage. You see the signs and omens taught to you by your elders, or will come to learn them, for your need to not *unknowingly* trespass on that which lies beyond mortal boundaries.

**Campsite Occupied** [+200 VP]: The lands you shall travel to, whichever they may be, are not unknown or unlive. There is much open ground, territory lush with sites for homesteads and settlements. And yet, at an alarmingly recurring rate, whenever you should find an ideal camping site on the road... It shall be occupied. You may pass it by, to look for another, and find it *also* occupied. This shall not be every site you seek to stop at, but often enough you may wonder if you are watched or followed. Without fail, for each occupied site, those who stay there shall take the greatest, most violent offence if you were to seek to share the grounds. For the pleasure of a good camping ground, defensible, with game to hunt and sheltered from the weather, you must time and time again beat or slay those who have claimed it before you.

While none of them will be champions among men, they will still fight to defend what they believe to be theirs, and most viciously so. Should you have alternative means of comfort on the road, then rest assured trouble will find you in a similar circumstance, to make good on the tribulation you seek payment for.

**Zealous** [+200 VP]: Care you for matters of faith, O' traveller? I shall divulge to you that many gods care little for the devotion of humanity, but in their part to play, serve a purpose in mortal minds and hearts. For this currency of power you seek, I will set in you a flame of faith. You may choose between the Norse faith, what Christians call northern paganism, held dear in Scandinavia and a cousin to the faith of the Saxons. Or you may choose the faith of the Suffering God, Christ, held in such high reverence in the lands of Charlemagne and the British kingdoms. You shall feel compelled to act in favour of your faith, to dismiss and think lowly of those who do not follow it, though they may earn your respect elsewhere. Those who deride your chosen faith shall earn your ire, if not your wrath, while men and women of religious authority belonging to your faith shall know your respect.

This is not a simple matter, for dealings with the kingdoms of Britain are mired in matters of religion, and the Norse lands alike are heavily influenced by the faith long held there. You are not incapable of engaging with those who believe differently from you, but your zealotry shall make peace and friendship the more difficult prospect.

**The Filcher** [+200 VP]: A byname I hope you do not earn, O' traveller, though with this set upon you... It is possible you might. For now you suffer an urge, and inclination, whether or not you have the skill to see it done. In towns like cities, in villages like homesteads, there are things of value. Pelts left on the rack, chalices on the table, tools at the anvil. You shall desire them, even if you have no use for them, and be often inclined to take what is not yours.

Should you have the skill to filch without being seen, and the mind to hide the deed once done, then rest assured I shall not divulge your theft. Nor will this urge strike you at home. Should you be the Thegn of Skjern, your village is free of this inclination. And as a Stranger of Ribe, your immediate neighbours, should you have them as per a city block, will also have their belongings protected from this. Beyond they, however, you must guard your mind and keep your fingers 'lest you are prepared to commit the crime. And it shall not be easy, not ever, to keep the inclination in check. You may suppress it for a time with effort, but it will come back stronger for having been denied. Choose your targets with care.

**Hunted** [+400 VP]: The get of Fenris... They call it the barghest, in Eoforwic, but the result is the same. A wolf hunts you, O' traveller. It is a feeling I know well... I do not envy you for it, for even should you defeat this creature, it will return. It shall never be beyond your skill to battle, instead preferring to always appear as a challenge enough to slay you, or be slain should fate favour you over it. Should you face it alone each time it appears, then it will respect your valour. Should your hird or other allies join you, it will bring forth a pack of wolves to face them.

There are only two permanent solutions, the first being your death at its claws. The hunter shall return for you once a year, at its own convenience, to hunt you anew. This wolf is to be your rival, and should you fail even once, your doom. But it is also a test and a boon, for it shall never attack you when weakened or ill, and will instead prowl on the outskirts of camps, villages and even cities awaiting your recovery. Should you miss a year, it will hunt you twice in the next to make up for it. You may yet learn to hone your skills by besting it, and be assured it will return to test you again. There is a comfort in knowing you shall always have a partner in growth, at least so long as you remain here.

Should you survive the wolf for the full duration of your stay, or having fought it at least ten times and prevailed should you have taken *I Don't Need Ten Years*, or another drawback to lengthen the duration of your stay instead, then this hunter may yet become a friend. Should you wish it, and should your manner not offend them, you may thereafter take the wolf as a companion. It will never transform, no matter the import, from being a creature of canine description. Always shall the wolf at minimum be powerful enough to defend themselves in a new setting, their pelt growing tougher, their fangs and claws more fierce, their ability to survive more dogged. Earn this creature's respect, and perhaps together you may earn glory.

***Earned by Merit, Not Inheritance*** [+600 VP]: I believe this is a common trial for those who pass between worlds. Leave behind what powers you have taken from elsewhere. Stripped of all ability but the base modification to your body, when you began your adventures, free of “perks” and their effects. This story is quite achievable with what you may take for yourself here, and is not glory only true and rightly acclaimed when a struggle you’ve beget to claim it? Embrace your role, whether Thegn or Stranger, and live a time worthy of song.

Should this be your first passage into another world, fret not. You may take this instead as a gift. I, Grimnir, give it to you freely, that you may remember the first of your adventures began with friendship. Use it as you will, and recall the deed in the long years after, should it please you.

# Quests

These are not required, my friend. You have gazed into the moments before your plunge into the world surely long enough. But if you insist... There are a few additional matters, subjects of fate, you may be inclined towards. Do not feel obligated to champion them simply because you have looked. You may turn away whenever you wish, and claim the story laid out for you, without the interference or guidance of scenarios such as these.

You may commit without cost, if the price of failure troubles you. It is not you who will bear it, but this world, for fate left ignored or unwoven is a penalty for... No, it matters not. It is your right to choose, and we shall what you succeed in. After all, as I have said before.

It wouldn't be much of a choice if all options led to success.

## ***The Isle of Apples***

This is not a quest without a sister, for I will tell you the greatest reward of this requires assuming another scenario in addition. But it may be taken alone, if you wish, and there is still value in doing so. I will explain first by describing this one alone, and then its sister, and then what both may give if championed side-by-side.

There lies a secret on the isles where sits the kingdoms of Pictavia, Northumbria, Mercia and those not conventionally part in this story. It is much a subject of chance, as of seeking it out. I will gift you this clue, and we shall see if you might find at the end of the search what awaits.

Seek runestones in the two kingdoms at war, with themselves and each other, on the south of Orkneyjar. From the stones find wisdom, and from wisdom the isle and its inheritance. These stones are not marked, and while some are known, others carry little significance to their surroundings. Should you find them all, however, and follow the clues they in turn guide you towards, you will have earned a most valuable reward.

**Reward:** An island of ruins you have found, guarded by a sisterhood who are dedicated to a tomb. You are not who they have awaited, and yet you are remarkable. And for the prize of finding your way to Avalon, a piece of something greater is yours.

You may take with you the ***Sheath of Excalibur***, which appears as a scabbard fit for a sword. And yet it may hold any weapon that requires only a single person to wield, and while sheathed, the weapon will repair from any damages and regenerate any magical charge or enchantment it has laid on it. The more severe the damage, the more drained the magic, the longer it shall need to rest. But never more than a day at a time, before the sheath shall see it restored.

It is not the prize of the buried king's own weapon, but it is a worthy gift.

## ***The Conqueror Returned***

The more difficult of the two sister quests, for this one requires not only your own wit and skill, or even the vagaries of chance. It requires you to be a leader of men, an opportunist in matters of politics, and legendary in a feat of war. You are a Vikingr, whatever you began as, and this tapestry of fate requires you to be King.

Become Jarl of Orkneyjar, whether through purchase of the isles as an item, or by convention in this world. Conquer then Pictavia and Northumbria, O' traveller. You may spare those you wish, slay those you do not, so long as the peasantry remains at least 50% of what it was before the war. Should you have the power and means to simply wipe out your opposition and claim each throne, reconsider. For this is not the way of the King that is destined; you must draw to you warriors from this world, and with hird and army take what is to be yours. Your conquest is to live in legend, your deeds recorded in history books a thousand years after the event. You may conquer more than these, if you have the means, but the two kingdoms must yield before you to see the quest's resolution.

**Reward:** Glory to you, O' King. You are the equal, if not greater, to King Sigurdr now. As King of Northumbria and Pictavia, Jarl of Orkneyjar, and should it be your choice of fate, Thegn of Skjern. None could have predicted your rise, and none shall underestimate you here again. You have earned a valiant prize, for you are a King the likes of which has not been seen in an age. You may take the ***Kingdoms of Northumbria and Pictavia***, with their capitals of Eoforwic and Perth, all lands surrounding them within their nominal borders, and the subjects who live within them. An army of one-thousand strong Norsemen that has settled in the lands of the Danelaw after the conquest, as well, for their wish to follow so great a Vikingr. Not all will remain as soldiers, perhaps only half, but the rest shall become farmers, tradesmen and craftsmen to stand as the backbone of your combined hegemony.

Beyond your conquest, however, you have also earned this inheritance. It is from the last great monarch who ruled. Use it as you see fit.

***Excalibur*** is yours. Here, in this world, it appears as a gladius of peerless make, with the unique ability that it cannot be blocked by any shield or barrier, is utterly unbreakable, and strikes with the force of a greathammer despite being so slender a blade. In other worlds you take it to, it may adopt another form; always a sword, but the make and model of your choosing. It shall cleave effortlessly through shields, rend the flesh of those who oppose your rule, and stand undaunted even into the next age. You have earned it, O' King, and all glory that comes with wielding such a blade.

## ***The Clever King***

(Requires successful completion of both *Isle of Apples* and *The Conqueror Returned*)

I am pleased, O' traveller and King. Fate has seen a course most unlikely now fulfilled, and you may take both rewards from your victories with you. But you have earned more than this, for completing these sister quests together, as they were always meant to be. It is your right to take this, and it is my pleasure to see it into your possession.

You may take ***The Island of Avalon***, a mystical place shrouded in magic fog that wards off all but the most determined and perceptive of intruders. The island has been fit for many years with little but ruins, but I shall make them whole for you. A roman fortification, a castle of yesteryear, and one that remembers all upgrades and modifications you make to it now after. The island is rich and fertile, the weather gentle outside its great fog. You may farm and fish here, and any invasion or violence brought against your shores shall always be at a disadvantage. The old king's tomb shall remain, a place of beauty and solace, where you may always find peace and tranquillity in the reflection of your adventures. Any rest or recuperation done in the space of the tomb shall be doubled in effectiveness, and the garden will never wilt.

Should you make this island the seat of your new kingdom, as well, then you will find it a most effective seat of administration. All edicts, laws and commands set from Avalon will carry more weight, seals more importance. Any and all subjects no matter how far removed but still beholden to your ultimate authority, shall feel the weight of it, and pay heed to missives and news sent from here as if you were delivering it yourself in person.

But there is a second set to this prize, and I would not have you leave without taking it. Or them, as it may be, for they have long awaited you. The ***Sisterhood of Avalon*** has kept vigil for generations, until few recalled their purpose. But always have they awaited the return of the King, and you now are this figure. Nyneve and her sisters are warriors by training. Farmers, fisherwomen, foragers and builders by necessity. Twenty is their number, but unquenchable is their fervour and loyalty. They shall be as your own valkyries, gifted in matters of war, administration and homesteading. To tend to Avalon on your behalf, or make to war as you decree. Should any fall to battle or old age, they will arise the next dawn rejuvenated and de-aged to their prime. For their oath is absolute, and they are bound to you now forevermore. All twenty count as a single companion slot for purposes of import and purchases, or may be made into followers for each new Jump.

I hope it is all you wished for.

## ***Einherjar***

(Requires purchase of *Valhalla Bound*)

I surmise you have discovered the truth of me. Perhaps long since? I am Grimnir, O' traveller, but perhaps a man may be more than one thing at a time. Names pass but between lips, and not always does the loudest of them need to be cried out. At times, we must pass quietly, to be where we must. To do what fate requires. And... at times, to sate our curiosity.

Ragnarok shall now be pressing upon you, O' traveller. O' einherjar. You have taken a power, gifted by my own hand, to prepare you for eternal war, which is as you know the eternal glory. It exists as the ultimate struggle desired by mortal kind, to shape the reflection of what eternity must be sought out. Peace is not for all to aspire to, and your spirit is now restless for the fight.

The circumstance of your dreams in the end of the world shall change, now, for having assumed this quest. Small marks of harm will decorate you, by the killing blow, when you have been felled in your dreams. They will accumulate, lesser in the waking world than the illusionary one, but cumulative. And no longer is there a wait time, a penalty between re-entering the fight. Join it as many times as you are able, as often as you are able. You *must*. Because anything less than dedication to the war that rages there, may see you fail.

You must fight! Fight until you stand at my side, fight until we face together the horrors that lie beyond the Jotunn horde. No creature of myth shall be more than you could face in ten years of effort, but they shall be effort enough to crush you, if you do not each second of the fight give it your all. Slacken and they will devour you. Flinch and they will tear you apart! Be brave and bold, and unrelenting in the glory of this clash! And do the greatest of deeds, O' my einherjar.

Avenge me, and slay the Wolf.

Overcome the armies of fire and ash, and the beasts of Loki and Surtr. Until Fenris Wolf Himself awaits, and slay then the Wolf that has devoured me, taking the place of my son in the deed. Do all of this, and I shall be more than grateful. I shall be proud.

**Reward:** You will not see me again, my friend. This is the last. Even should you hear my voice when you depart this world, it is not I, but the memory of me. For in your story, in your struggle, I am devoured and gone, as I must be. Take from the body of Grimnir, in your waking world, my spear. And with it, the loyal summoning of your fellows. They are but a portion of the einherjar you fought with, and yet the bravest and boldest of them tied to your story.

**Gungnir** is a spear of power, and it may shorten and elongate at your command, from the size of a short sword to that of a twenty foot pole. It strikes with the precision and keen edge of the swiftest, most clever of arrows, and you may pierce through any barrier at the lunge or throw, with effort. No magical ward or wall of adamantium shall stop the spear, and while it leaves no mark for its bite, any on the other side will feel its passage. It may even pierce through several foes at once, impaling a line of those foolish enough to stand in your way.

And you must take also with you, as I have said, a hird of einherjar. To call when you require them. ***The Hird of Einherjar*** are made up of eight, the most stalwart and among the most competent of all mortals passed into the war of the end of the world. They are led by the fallen father of the Thegn of Skjern, and made up of those who followed him in life. They are peerless in matters of war and combat, and will appear from thin air once a day that you call them to life. They may last as long as there is battle to be fought, with short respite between, even going days or weeks so long as the next foe is quickly found. But always must a day pass between them dissipating into smoke, and when they may next be called upon again.

They are possessed of a supernatural durability, one that allows them to shrug off most wounds that do not see them decapitated or the majority of their body torn apart. Nor can they ever be permanently slain, only banished for a time. They are immune to all mental effects that would lead them to fight against you, and will always accept your commands to the best of their ability on the battlefield. Fear does not touch them.

In other worlds they shall be upgraded to stand as the absolute best example of special forces seen in that setting. They count as Companions for the sake of any perks or items you wish to give them, and will receive them divided between all eight, but take no "slots" to see brought into each world you travel to; call, and they will appear as you require.

Lead them as you have in your dreams, my friend. I know victory shall be yours.

And on the day it is not, embrace it. We all must win, until we die. The ending is not so bitter.

# Ending Choices

We arrived here at last. Has it been what you desired? The story was yours to experience, and your own to shape. Little was predetermined, and yet none could have occurred if not for the advantages you were given. Know the world is touched by your presence, and changed by your actions, whatever they may have come to be. But now lies before you, the final choice to be made in this world. And as before, it is ever only of your choosing.

## ***Go Home***

So it is peace you desired in the end? I bear no judgement, for your journey was always yours to determine its end. Have you not earned the respite in such a choice? I believe, truly, you have. I shall hope it is all you desire of it, days in a world you long left behind. Take all glory, power and property with you. Shape the world of your origins or leave it as it was. You have this right; the right of choice.

## ***Stay***

I welcome you. Others, too, shall welcome you. As a comrade, as a rival, as a dire enemy. Your adventures may continue here, in a manner of speaking, if that is your wish. For there is more than old Grimnir to witness your might, and those better suited than I to challenge it. Reside with all you have earned, and partake in the shaping of this world. O' traveller, no more.

## ***Continue***

Is it not the expected choice? Do not let expectations guide you, however. Choose it because you have the will to. Are you sated? Do you not long for the next horizon, for greater glories and sights unseen? There is so much more that awaits you. O' traveller, I shall not forget. The choices you have made, and the imprint upon the world you leave now behind.

# Notes

## CHANGELOG:

### v1.1

Added perk *"Actually, they looked like this..."*

Added extra rewards to *"The Conqueror Returns"*

Added extra rewards to *"The Clever King"*

Minor re-phrasing for the *"Einherjar"* quest