Godbound

Heaven has fallen. The world is broken. The Throne is empty.

More than a thousand years ago, the Former Empires ruled in glory. Wonders beyond imagining littered the nations of that ancient age, even the least of men and women living with the luxury of a Bright Republic oligarch. Hunger, sickness, ignorance, pain... all the blights to which mortal bodies are heir were banished by the marvels of the Former Empires. The agent of this mercy was the might of theurgy, the terrible High Magic uncovered by restless scholars of the old realms. With the secrets of theurgy at their disposal, sages were able to lay impious hands on the very levers of creation, manipulating cosmic powers far beyond the birthright of mortal humanity. The deep powers of the Creator were at their disposal at last, ready to glorify their kindred and exalt their causes.

No one knows how long the wars tore open the nations of the old world. Some say they lasted centuries, others think it was only a few years before the ancient theurges sought to end matters. There would be no more fighting. The theurges would use their arts to ascend to Heaven, and there put their causes before the One. God alone would determine the true way that humanity was to live. The angels fought desperately to keep back the invading theurges, but they were too few to withstand the human sorceries. A hundred-odd armies marched at the theurges' sides, great engines and terrible war-beasts grinding the celestial legions before them. Countless mortals perished, but the angels were driven back at last, forced to flee from Heaven and seek refuge in the fires of Hell below. The triumphant theurges approached the holy heart of Heaven, the Throne of God where the creator of all would answer at last.

And yet when the great doors were opened, when the thousand Names were spoken, when the burning wings of angels no longer veiled the sanctum, the Throne stood empty before them. God was not there. The theurges scattered in confusion and wrath. Some were bitter, and swore that the Creator was never there at all, and that the One was merely a trick of angels. Others wept in terror, crying out that their impiety had led to God's abandonment of them. Most, however, saw not an emptiness, but a possibility. If God was no longer on the Throne, was there not room for another?

The Last War below did not cease, but it changed. Throughout the Former Empires, theurges and theotechnicians laboured to forge new gods, Made Gods, fabricating them from shards of plundered celestial engines and stolen artifacts from the house of God. Unimaginable power was poured into these hollow shells. Holy exemplars of their nations' ideals were enlisted to embody this force or fuel the golem-gods they created, and in time these Made Gods strode forth. The destruction they wrought was incalculable. God after god stormed the halls of Heaven, searching for more power in its crumbling engines and broken wonders. They fought each other on earth, churning up nations, and battled each other in Heaven's gardens, breaking loose shards of the celestial city. As they scavenged the celestial engines, the world began to crack beneath them, the Former Empires splintering into scattered realms that drifted away from each other in the darkness of Uncreated Night. A few reckless Made Gods even attempted to seize the Throne itself, but their sacrilege left only their bones. They were not prepared to usurp the place of God.

There was no last battle. There was no ultimate struggle that marked the end of the Last War. There was only a slow winding-down over centuries as the Made Gods died. Some perished from the perils of Heaven, slain by vengeful angels or destroyed by powers they did not understand. Others were killed in battle, slaughtered by rival Made Gods or undone by the energies of mighty mortal weapons. A few simply became lost, trapped or hidden away in a shard of broken Heaven, far away from their home and their people. The Made Gods are gone.

Every year, things grow a little harder. The celestial engines among the shards of Heaven are often broken and always ill-kept, now that the angels have fled. Seasons grow uncertain and nature grows whimsical or malicious. Sickness comes at strange times and monsters are birthed in hidden places. Sometimes the skin of the realm puckers and splits, a Night Road erupting into the realm from some fathomless depth of Uncreated Night. Creation unwinds slowly, but without halt. But there is a new thing in the realms. Ordinary men and women are being touched by ancient power. The lost Words of Creation are igniting within the flesh of common humans, imbuing them in a stroke with the power that once required a Made God's shell to contain. It started only a few short years ago, but these "Godbound" are said to be the blessed by the descending fire of the fallen Made Gods. Their holy workings and celestial bindings are falling free from their dead husks, and descending to the earth to catch on mortal souls.

Heretics of the Unitary Church whisper that it was a plan of God that it should be so, that these Godbound will redeem the sins of their ancestors and restore the world that was broken. Others say that they are merely cursed ones, damned to relive the terrible Last War that destroyed the Made Gods before them. Yet in the present hour they are only men and women who have been given something more.

At least, that's what the legends of this land say.

Take 1000 Celestial Points to work with, and choose wisely.

Origins

Drop-In: God's empty throne, how horrifying! See how the townsfolk tremble at the thought of you coming a step closer you…interdimensional traveller? Oh well. It seems you've come to make a point of not being from around these parts. In trying times like this, be careful not to arouse too much suspicion as a stranger. Of course your disassociation from proper existence does grant you a certain affinity with the rich lore and primordial horror of Uncreated Night…

You begin somewhere along a Night Road that connects to Arcem. Such places are often inhabited by dangerous entities, but be assured that should there be any you are guaranteed to be the most dangerous one present.

Mortal Hero (+400 CP): Ah, apologies for the presumption. You are neither hero nor living god nor terrifying blasphemy after all, but another mortal denizen of this world. Yet there's something…heroic in the gleam of your eye. Are you a hard-bitten freebooter or a paragon of the common man? Whichever nation you hail from, making your mark on the world will be harder with the advent of the great heroes around you. But far from impossible.

You will begin in Arcem, a world torn asunder. It consists of one major continent bordered by the Bright Republic's lone island to the north-west, the islands of the Ulstang Skerries to the north and the Kasirutan Archipelago to the southeast. You may choose to be from any of the nations below for free, and many of your background's particular perks can determine your exact history and standing in your nation:

Ancalia: A once peaceful, civilized monarchy shattered by a massive outbreak of Night Roads and the rampaging Uncreated in their lands. While survivors huddle in keeps, coastal redoubts and other enclaves the ragged remnants of Ancalia's chivalrous knightly orders quest to bring order back to the land.

Atheocracy of Lom: This chill and cheerless land is ruled by the Voice of Reason and his antipriest acolytes, who wield the power of an artifact known only as the Pyre to enforce a condemnation of all gods and faith. The people are downtrodden, and while their masters once rebelled against the tyranny of Made Gods they too are mere

pawns for the angels' schemes to deny humanity faith's protection and collect their souls in Hell.

The Bleak Reach: An advanced and powerful nation a thousand years ago, this land is so cursed only exiles and undesirables from other nations settle in it. Hard and canny, Reach folk are borderline criminal at the best of times-and some purposefully shelter or rear the worst kind of men as protectors.

The Bright Republic: This island nation is the sole technologically advanced civilisation in the realm. Its irreplaceable etheric nodes provide sophisticated, modern magitech on the level of hovering vehicles and cybernetics. Beneath its bright sheen, political corruption prevents many from realising the nodes are rapidly requiring more and more maintenance before collapse.

The Howlers: South of the Atheocracy dwell savage raiders, peerless poets and famous beast-tamers. The Howler tribes shun writing of all kinds as a curse that destroyed their ancient nation, though some would say their barbarism is little better.

The Kasirutan Archipelago: While the finest sailors in the realm hail from these volcanic isles, they are more often feared for their pirating than respected for their ruthless mercantile dealings. At least one Godbound has made quite a name for ruthlessness even among the local pirates.

Neznohva: Once, a mad Tsar demanded his court sorcerer build him an immortal body of iron. So exact was the workmanship that the body became awake, rallied other artificial beings and usurped the whole court to rule over impoverished human serfs. While this land's Artificer's Guild boasts the best automaton builders in the realm due to the Iron Tsar's dependence on these arts, his fractious, ambitious mechanical boyars are as much of a plague as they are a protective force for their subjects.

The Oasian States: The royalty who built the pyramidal city-arcologies in these red sands favoured spices, drugs and more luxuries grown in their hydroponic gardens. They also favoured a practice of incest to cultivate physical and magical power-at the steep cost of mental acuity. The current royalty are so mad that more are loyal to the raiders pillaging their caravans than the royals themselves.

The Patrian Empire: Boasting the best heavy infantry in the world, the senatorial rulers of the Patrian Empire enjoy such skilled marble craftsmanship that it rivals some of the Bright Republic's work. While these families scheme for influence over the plebian classes, teams of bitter slaves toil in their mines and finely-built homes. Resentment is often headed off among the worthies by the false propaganda of the slaves enjoying their toil.

The Raktine Cofederacy: A patchwork of city-states, demesnes and free towns, this land was once a battleground between Patria and Dulimbai. In desperation, the sorcerers of Raktia unsealed the forbidden Black Academies in the mountains and conjured horrific beasts to drive out their invaders. It has come at a price: Creatures

of the night plague the locals to this day, while the sorcerers themselves have long since gone drunk on the power they rediscovered.

The Regency of Dulimbai: A thousand years ago, Dulimbai's mandarins came as an invading force pledging loyalty to a now long-lost emperor. Though their magistrates maintain the old ways through a vast and elaborate bureaucracy, corruption and internal strife has set back what is still the greatest southern nation from its old glory. Prizing artistic performance and examination results over combat, the nobility of Dulimbai look down on most other nations for being barbarians in their eyes.

The Thousand Gods: What was once a favourite side for theotechnical research by the other nations has long gone terribly wrong. The artificial divinities they built have enslaved the descendants of the old arcanists, and rule tribes of god-enslaved cultists while seeking influence and power over each other. This steaming jungle is a hotbed of dangers for all men wise enough not to get between an argument amongst mad gods.

The Toba Plains: Kindred to Dulimbai, most of the nomadic herdsman of these lands live in felt yurts. A few are lucky enough to dwell in vast lamaseries dedicated to shrines where elaborate rites are conducted to protect against the Thousand Gods' incursions. The monks of the land are even harsher on each other than the nomadic cattle thieves, bickering over tribute and theological issues. Some way the Palkya Lama, the crimson-robed leader of the great lamasery Palkya, would prefer the Tobans to be ruled by a holy man rather than the current Khan. Few doubt which holy man he has in mind.

The Ulstang Skerries: Far to the north come raiders who pillage and conquer from the other nations. Their masters are quarrelling witch queens, who staff most of their ships with dead men at the oars. What warriors survive here are mighty and pitiless enough to win glory through strength of arms.

Vissio: The richest financers and most ambitious artists alike come from this realm. A series of rival city-states, it's scheming patrician families oversee most of the western realm's trade through their deep rivers and seaports. Their clockwork artificers are superb, and see as much use forging trinkets for the merchant-princes as they do augmenting the local assassins.

This is not the only world, however, Arcem is a light dancing in a sea of Uncreated Night. You may walk the Night Roads into other worlds, if you can come across them or use magic to bring them forth. These worlds are often fantastical and wonderful, however it is very rare that they'll be any higher in their general strength or power in comparison to Arcem.

Godbound: You are Godbound. You have inherited the holy fire. Whatever your past life, however meagre a soul you may have been, the light of the Words has found you. Your world is slowly fading and the beasts of its twilight hour are rising up from the

dust. Your people cannot hope to stand against them. Will you be their saviour, or will you be their epitaph?

You may connect to 3 Words of Creation and work miracles based on them. Extensive elaboration on your powers may be found in the **Notes** section, including a list of the known Words-although creation is vast, and if you wish you may choose other Words of a similar scope and make up miracles for them. Such is your supremacy to mortal men that a full day's rest in a safe, reasonably comfortable place can heal all injuries and with or without rest your divine power replenishes in a day's time. Pushed to the brink of death you can enter a divine fury that frees you from any binding or constraining magical effect, regain much of your health and some divine power too-though the effort will leave you helpless for a long while. The divine force you represent is such that you can brush off the attacks of many minor enemies and lesser curses when in good health, have a chance to withstand the effects of certain malign Gifts and miracles through sheer resilience, and can mow through so many individual soldiers, ancient constructs, monstrous spawn, undead minions or other petty enemies that it would take hordes or armies of them to present a meaningful damage. Know that as Samson cast down armies with a donkey's jawbone and Elijah smote his foes with flame from the sky, you too may work many feats out of myth and legend.

Like Heroic Mortals, you too may begin anywhere in Arcem.

Inheritors of a Ruined Heaven (200/300/400 CP): Heaven is a broken house, torn apart from the violence of the Made Gods and the damage done to its celestial engines. Whether you shake in rage for what was done to it, creak wearily when your joints are not serviced properly or shiver for the next iota of faith you are an immortal, mighty threat to an entire pantheon of novice Godbound. Yet that is cold comfort when everything you once valued lies in rubble. You may have been cast down by force or cling to an uncertain existence, but your wrath is still great enough to punish those who would take what little you have left.

Whatever your nature, your very being is endowed with a divine force that can threaten an entire pantheon of the Godbound **shared only by the most powerful of Eldritches and Uncreated**. Short of the most dramatically focused and powerful forms of mundane damage, generally only supernatural forces have a hope of harming you. Spells, Gifts and magic swords would qualify. Like Eldritches and Uncreated, the lesser specimens among you can be harmed by open flame too; you are not especially vulnerable to them and likely can easily nullify flame as a threat with even passive Gifts or casual miracles, but unlike bullets and avalanches it can actually hurt you. Even Eldritches, generally the least resilient of such beings, would take something like sticking their heads in the muzzle of a magnetic cannon to receive harm from the mundane. In turn, all your attacks always count as magical weapons for the purpose of overcoming similar defences like the resilience of the Godbound-and whether with stronger spells or unnatural might, strike with more damage than mundane adversaries. Like the Godbound, your divine constitution also lets you shrug off certain supernatural effects as a "saving throw".

Are you a **Parasite God?** For 200 CP, you can be. A human or animal struck by stray sparks from one of Heaven's broken engines, nourished by the energies meant for the maintenance of natural law which grants you the power of **one Word of Creation**. You have a terrible thirst for celestial energy, with even the most noble of your kind giving into addiction within a few years-obsessing with elaborate edifices of worship and brutal, follower-consuming rituals. Your **scant minor powers** are primarily geared for visceral survival like functional insectile wings, extending razor-sharp limps that can be cracked like a whip made of steel chain and gouts of acid. **Be aware your imperfect communion with your divine Word prevents you from creating Paradises as Godbound and other higher beings can.** While more specialised in nature than the Godbound, you have a greater capacity for immediate growth simply by devouring divine energy of all sorts. As you grow in power you weaken the natural laws of the land with your appetite, spoiling it with cysts of dangerous magic and open sores. You are a lesser specimen of your kind, merely two to three times the size of your former self and marked in form by the Word you were haphazardly tainted by…for now, at least.

Perhaps you are one of the last **Made Gods** in existence? It shall cost you 300 CP to be one of the ruiners of Heaven. Whether you were built of living humans or cold theurgic components, yours is an air of artificial perfection that speaks more of divine law than human flaws. Beyond that your constructed form is largely up to you: Made Gods have been built with golem-like bodies, animal parts, excessive eyes or limbs, and flesh fashioned of some living elemental force. Your **miscellaneous powers** are great shows of force representing the ideology you were built in the image of. Your mere presences cows most lesser beings into obedience, unless another divine being such as another Made God or defiant Godbound challenges you in your presence. Made in the ideals of your creators, you have **three Words of Creation bound** to your name representing the values of the culture that built you, and much greater experience at wielding them than any living Godbound.

You also possess some sort of powerful divine blast attack that may represent a hideous curse, the creation of permanent magical monuments or warp natural laws instead. Those who know of your kind are wary of slaying you in close quarters, if killed your form detonates in a far greater version of that blast for ten miles. So swift are you that despite often being twice the size of a man or more, you move and strike faster than many can react even in your damaged but still deadly state…at least, so it's assumed.

Last but not least the sublimed miraculous power system of your construction **grant you virtually inexhaustible divine energy. Though even your overall power is finite, when it comes to supplying energy for your supernatural abilities you need never fear running out of divine energy-and such your resilience to most malign effects is immense .** Such power comes at a cost though: You require the assistance of a theotechnical cult for maintenance and spiritual upkeep, without which you are prone to decay and malfunction. Furthermore **Made Gods can only dispel other supernatural effects defensively-that is, render themselves inviolate instead of suppressing the source's use of it outright.** Even without such

maintenance you are one of the most powerful beings in this world-and with it, almost none in this world can overcome you without careful preparation.

Last but not least, for 400 CP you may be an **Angel.** First-formed children of the One, your kind maintained the order of creation, sustained the celestial engines, guarded the gates of Hell and stoked the flames or purification that burned sinful souls clean for uncounted ages. You may **pass between Heaven, Hell and the world freely** as an inherent power, though after the breaking of the world it has proven increasingly difficult to do so safely. **You know much more about the One, how to repair, maintain or disable the Celestial Engines and the concepts they sustain and the creation of this world than any other order of being.** Though some were discontent with servitude, all were satisfied. Most now consider that if humanity is determined to destroy all creation with their hateful meddling, it is only proper that every soul be safely and eternally chained in the fires of Hell.

Though all angels can **shapeshift into different forms related to their purpose, including a human guise in some cases** most resemble gigantic winged humanoids twice as tall as a man who burn with the inner light of their natures-and all move swifter than most can react. All such forms save their human guise have **a handful of miscellaneous lesser powers** related to their purpose. Some sort of mobility such as flight, teleportation and both are common, but the power to belch molten gold from your mouth, conjuring a flaming sword to smite those around you and energy bolts have all been observed. That which you strike in anger is **Unmade, rent asunder by disproportionate effort** for all wrathful angels are engines of supernal destruction. You yourself **are Unfettered, granted an invincible defence against all effects from this world that would read or affect your mind and emotions**-and even able to give **false readings** to any effects that would pry into your thoughts or true nature. Last but not least, as an **Unborn** creation empowered to maintain an aspect of natural law, you have **powers commensurate** to **being bound to one Word of Creation** symbolising your duty**.** Even as one of the least of the angels with a straightforward duty such as being one of Heaven's frontline warriors, you are a threat to an entire pantheon of novice Godbound…and Heaven help your foes should you turn out to be an even greater being.

You begin somewhere in the rubble of Heaven, for reasons of your own.

Perks

All perks are discounted by 50% under the relevant background header. One discounted 100 CP perk becomes free, while the others costs 50 CP where discounted.

General

Sacred Vessel (300 CP): Hallowed be your name, indeed! Even if you yourself are not a truly divine being, by hook or by crook you've somehow become **Wordbound to Apotheosis**, gaining the basic traits of divinity that the Godbound and other powerful divine beings enjoy. It is by this power that the Godbound can hear and see petitioners, mark others for greatness (including mystical powers commensurate with a lesser Eldritch, several Gifts or other blessings), bless or blight nations where their followers are plentiful and perform various other miracles befitting a deity's relationship with his followers. Shrines you sanctify through this power become beacons for your divine powers, and you may smite the unfaithful-or manifest freely before the faithful, no matter however far away you are at the time. And of course, this grants you the basic capacity to form a formal cult of those who pledge to worship you, through which you can gather divine power to wield these miracles. Should you already have access to the Word Apotheosis, you gain instead **three Concept Words** themed around your godly majesty and the tenets of your faith.

Word to the Wise (200 CP each, Godbound, Inheritors of a Broken Heaven, Eldritch Sorcerer and Uncreated Abomination only): Extraordinary. It seems this world has underestimated your might as a receptor of heavenly forces, for with each purchase here you have bound an additional Word of Creation to yourself and attained great skill in it already. Or at least, a commensurate force. Perhaps your skill with magic has entered into the realm of the miraculous instead, or it is the baneful power of Uncreated Night that has manifested in you?

Conceptual Word Bearer (200 CP each): Not all heroes wear capes, because not all heroes can fit into them. There are tales of Words in this world that while not necessarily Words of Creation, draw on such profound mythic ties and supernatural laws that the reality they represent is as deep as Alacrity or Luck itself-and the miracles and Gifts it manifests, just as deep. You now have one such **concept Word**, that defines you into something other than human-and grants you corresponding miracles and Gifts suiting your inhuman nature.

For example, the Word Dragon would emulate all the classical abilities of dragons known to myth and legend. Your basic ability would be simply having the physical form of a dragon, with unarmed attacks capable of striking like magical weapons. An example lesser Gift you could develop is tremendous, building-smashing physical might, flight capability for your wings and a constant twist of fate that causes wealth to somehow find its way to you until you own a fathomlessly vast hoard. Active Gifts would include a hypnotic form of speech, the ability to transform into a humanoid shape with all your Gifts and innate powers, and breath powerful enough to wipe out whole mobs at once. The Word Dragon's Greater Gifts could include utterly negating

a source of physical damage for an instant with your iron scales, or dooming those unlucky enough to be caught under your rampage.

This perk may be repurchased should you wish to be a truly unique and powerful entity bearing multiple Concept Words.

Drop In

Weather the Aeons (100 CP): Relicts are all that remain of the truly lost empires, leftover life rendered strange and worn by the terrible compromises and horrific alterations they had to made in order to survive the collapse of their world. If yours ever ends though, with this you can be ready for it. You have a great adaptability for sustaining everything you need to live when the world does away with it. If the atmosphere vanishes, after several hours of desperate heaving your lungs will adapt to breathing without it. If the food runs out you'll still be hungry and weaker, but your body won't actually die on you. It's not a comfortable existence, but with some pain you can avoid having to sell your soul for survival. And where those things are plentiful your ever-adaptable physiology truly excels, quickly just a little past the peak of other men in all bodily traits.

The Brush of Death (100/400 CP): Ever since the fall of Heaven and the corruption of Hell, the terror of an agonizing afterlife has filled countless humans with panic. While true faiths can anchor a soul to its native realm in peaceful sleep, those who die alone and far from solace may cling to this world for fear of what is to come. In a more proactive approach, with the assistance of an enterprising, innovative sorcerer you've somehow given yourself the traits of an undead being while still technically being alive.

For 100 CP you have the traits of a common husk. You feel no pain, you do not rot while you remain intact and you need not breathe, drink, eat or sleep. Organ damage doesn't slow you down, but you lack your body's natural healing ability and crushing your skull, breaking your spine or removing one or more major limbs generally takes you out of the fight. For 400 CP you instead have the traits of one of the greater undead. Whether your soul was kindled with mystical power to bring out your potential as a great warrior or the rites of your living undeath were far more elaborate you boast might, swiftness and resilience beyond the human norm.

Undead sometimes have unique powers, of which you retain a human's level of intelligence and cunning for free. The common husks seldom have more than one or two minor abilities-such as the ability to appear as a normal living person to anything short of a Sun miracle of true sight, to a frenzied might, to simple physical enlargement or hardening by your occult sustenance. Great undead can just about challenge a pantheon of Godbound despite their relative fragility, boasting at least a half-dozen lesser Gifts reflecting their living talents and being bound to a **Word** of their choice. Alternatively or concurrently, they may lose some living talents to gain more powerful talents of the undead such as the power to inhabit any intact husk nearby and remanifest it's body, instantly killing those already on the brink of death

in combat, filling lesser foes with the delirious hunger of the undead or simply power equal to being **Wordbound to Death.**

Shapeshifting Assassin (200 CP): There are myths of skinwalkers who kill easy as men breathe. In truth the Many-Skinned are experiments by the Former Empires, either human bloodlines tainted with polymorphic potential or new creations lit with human souls. Whether you were one of those obscene experiments, received a particularly virulent curse or had a stroke of luck with some obscure ritual, you too have gained the mystical power to adopt the form, voice and clothing of any humanoid within three to eight feet after several seconds. Your resilient to mind-altering or reading effects is considerable, and your will can further enhance it. You do not age, and over the centuries your combative training manifests as a **few lesser Gifts** from the **Sword, Deception or Alacrity Words** alongside your supernatural fleetness in combat. As a bonus for your investment here, while your kind are generally programmed with a compulsion to kill for masters that no longer exist, for you that programming has been disabled.

Wisdom of the Ages (200 CP): It is one thing to have the natural talent to wield magic, but another to have the right restraint to do so without it blowing up in your face. While whatever arcane talents you wield with this are no greater, some innate genius or affinity for the mystic arts makes them much safer and more refined. Your psionic attacks can be sustained much longer without blowing blood out your ears, your twists of flame unerringly hone in on your enemies and reflexively avoid you if somehow deflected and you gain a sixth sense for knowing when bartering with an Uncreated is a *really bad idea*. This is equal parts uncanny prudence and a specific talent with magic of all kinds, that while seldom equating to raw power does lend itself well to greater complexity and flexibility in your casting.

Adaptation Beyond Natural Law (400 CP): For ten centuries, a combination of heretical sorcery, dark artifice or the misfortunate of some cursed birthplace has given rise to anomalous lifeforms called the Misbegotten. Vile, twisted chimeras made of humans and beasts or humans and animals warped into monstrous shapes until they are loosely tethered to natural law, the infamous bloodlust of such creatures has made all right thinking men wary of them. It seems that whatever tampering of your form and body has made you a superlative specimen of such beings. You may be some sort of huge beast, or simply a vast humanoid in the make of ogres or giants. Your savagery, might and agility can threaten a number of novice Godbound, and your tainted existence offers **a few Gifts belonging to one Word** in addition to your twisted might.

Spiritual Presence (200/300/400 CP): Insubstantial supernatural beings, the spirits of this world come in three makes. Elementals are non-sentient accretions of magical power linked to their place of origin. Eidolons are intelligent beings related to the undead, guardians of the places marred by significant deaths. And Animas are artificial spirits, ones created by theurgy or theotechnical engineering for forgotten roles. You yourself now have the qualities of spirit, being normally insubstantial but able to inhabit an appropriate material shell with some effort. Eidolons tend to

possess humans while Elementals shape a lump of the appropriate material or energy, and Anima are normally bound to a certain created body.

For 200 CP you are a weak spirit by this world's reckoning possessing a few lesser **Gifts** of one **Word** which along with your **inherent abilities** make you dangerous to humans, but never to Godbound. For 300 CP you are considered **bound to one Word** and deft enough to give a Godbound some challenge. For 400 CP in addition to that **Word** at your beck and call, your might and swiftness could give a group of Godbound a good fight. In addition to all the above you can gain some power through worship if you fancy setting yourself up as a false god, though the amount gained is much smaller compared to that of a Godbound or Parasite God.

Eldritch Sorcerer (200/400/600 CP): It was men like you who shattered the gates of Heaven for an empire's pride. It was women like you who harnessed the forces of creation to build the Made Gods. By painstaking study at some of Arcem's greatest academies or an exceptionally successful with the mad powers of Uncreated Night, such is your power that you **effectively possess the powers from being bound to the Word of Sorcery**.

You wield theurgy, an extremely powerful form of celestial wisdom representing the deep patterns of Heaven's ways which underpin all creation that is divided into three degrees of initiation: The Gate, the Way and the Throne-the last of which perhaps being named for how a theurge figuratively turns his vision upward to the empty seat of the One in search of the world's secret meanings. Such magic can still be dispelled by the Godbound or similar beings with relevant ease, but swiftly snuffs out lesser magic. Once mastered it's invocations can be used at any time, although normally take quite a while to cast-yet do not cost divine effort the way some Gifts and Miracles do. With such additional effort invocations can be cast quickly enough to inflict harm during combat, or instantly if the caster is willing to suffer some backslash from fumbling the unmediated fires of creation.

Beyond that, theurgy's applications are seemingly limitless. It can create new forms of life and alter old ones, bring forth new races of creature that breed true, create enduring objects and enchantments-and of course blast through the gates of Heaven. There seems to be no upper limit to the power theurgy is theoretically capable of accomplishing, though the practical one is that even the Godbound find it almost impossible to devise new invocations without grim focus, great expenditures of Dominion and voyages deep into the ruins of Heaven and Hell.

For 200 CP you are a novice Eldritch-a supremely talented novice mage, a lesser adept of the Black Academy, a high priest or powerful ruler's court wizard. You have also mastered many theurgic incantations of the Gate, and move more swiftly than most men from the power flowing through your veins. In addition to your sorcerous powers, you are considered **bound to another Word** representing the focus or specializations of your magic; mostly miracles, but with practice you could develop true Gifts for this Word as you may for Sorcery too. The Gate's invocations permit you to steal life from others to prolong your lifespan, call forth tireless steeds of black iron

and embers, open Night Roads, and raise the common dead as mindless husks. Though you are new in the ways of your kind, with practice and study you may yet reach the greater heights of your power as described below.

For 400 CP you have achieved the status of a Greater Eldritch: An emperor's court wizard, a patriarch of the Unitary Church or some similarly great figure. You have also somehow devised a means to fly, and your magic has developed such that you are effectively bound to a total of **two Words** in addition to Sorcery-which now permits you to master invocations of the Throne as well as the Gate. Invocations of the Way can seal Night Roads, adjust the seasons of a local area, stop time briefly and lay virtually any curse that is not directly lethal among other effects among other awe-inspiring displays.

For 600 CP you are a true master among the Eldritch. You are a sorcerer-tyrant of an entire realm, or an arcane hermit studying the shattered halls of Heaven. **Three Words in total** apart from Sorcery **are effectively wielded as if by Godbound through your magic**. In addition, you have somehow learned to teleport and your body is superhumanly durable and swift-though still fragile compared to the likes of parasite gods or the greater Misbegotten. You have gained spells of the Throne, and with such power could threaten a pantheon of veteran Godbound with some planning. Invocations of the Throne can bring about anything not utterly impossible for the Eldritch's wishes at the cost of laying an unavoidable but nonlethal doom in the Eldritch's Fate, make themselves sovereign from particular natural laws or phenomena, sunder all other magic and even divine powers such as Gifts (though at the cost of some blowback for challenging the divine) and sheer apart the fabric of reality with the teeth of the celestial gears that support it among other dread feats.

Finally, if you also have **The Brush of Death**, if you wish you may be a lich-lord rather than some comparatively squishy living wizard.

Uncreated Abomination (200/400/600 CP): It seems you've truly taken a stroll through the endless chaos of Uncreated Night on your way here, and some of it has caught onto you. You are kin to the Uncreated, wearing shapes and minds generally at least partially comprehensible to humans but notoriously malevolent to all that lives. Beyond an overall theme like a human, mundane beast, swarm, phenomena or building the only real trend among your kind is how horrifying and disorienting you are to behold.

Regardless of what order of such beings you are here, several traits are inherent to horrors such as you. You have some sort of means to strike bargains with the reckless and curious, whether secrets from beyond the borders of the real or liberty from conventional magic's constraints. Furthermore entropy curdles around you like a foul black flame. With the dreaded **Black Consumption**, you can negate powers on the level of a Godbound's Gift or miracle for a short while. The chilling **Cold Breath** on the other hand makes it harder for all manner of divine powers to be used in your presence not allied to those of Uncreated Night like your own. Even the **Word of Creation-like** powers you wield below are always good at countering and nullifying

incoming direct miraculous effects as long as they are directly applicable. All such powers become more powerful proportionate to your overall divine power.

For 200 CP, you have the traits of a common Uncreated. Though having **one or two dread powers** like making your foes oblivious to their actions' consequences or animalistic claws and teeth, you would be of little consequence to the Godbound without your entropic touch. That, and the fact that you bear **a perverse shadow of a Word** as your power, always in some way anathema to the natural order. Perhaps you cast black, cold flames, conjure torrents of half-congealed gore instead of water and your darkness always brings a suffocating sensation of being buried alive.

For 400 CP, you have a greater specimen of your kind. You now have a **handful of sanity-defying powers** such as preventing others from getting closer to you without facing away and walking backwards in your direction, briefly recuperating instead of sustaining damage from an attack, preventing others from performing a simple action like an attack, movement or Gift use without strong inner resilience, excising emotions or relationships and producing any mundane good your petitioners seek. Only magical or energy-based attacks can harm you, and your might and swiftness are great enough to challenge the godbound.

For 600 CP, you are one of the terrible abominations who sometimes hold court among the Uncreated-apex predators in a thoroughly malevolent ecology. Whether your distorted form is a forty-foot tall burning giant, a colossus of night and tangible screams, a roiling blob of acidic protoplasm or a simply a terrible beauty bound in mystical chains you alone could threaten a pantheon of Godbound. Furthermore your unholy power is **worth that of three Words of Creation**, representing might that can inflict terrible curses on others simply as a price tagged onto any attempt at attacking you or smashing houses in one blow with your black iron mace.

Mortal Hero

Man of the Trades (100 CP each): The world is ruled by the mighty and privileged, but it is built on the backs of men like yourself. Whether you are a merchant, a potter, a sculptor, fisher, professional or other common tradesman you have the skills needed to work for a living and make a name for yourself in one of the nations of Arcem. Such is your skill that though this perk confers no exceptional title by itself, as an artisan you could gain the favourable patronage of the wealthy easily and even as a young soldier you have fought well enough to earn the respect of other veterans. This perk may be taken multiple times if you wish to have lived a truly eventful life here, at 50 CP for Mortal Heroes.

The Sorcerer's Apprentice (100 CP each): One trade stands out from the rest in every civilisation, and it is that of the Low Magic user. A remnant of a discipline assembled from the wreckage of the Former Empires, what others call Low Magic consists of arcane legacies adapted for the limited resources of this latter age. Such spells generally require a lengthy ritual (although some spontaneous effects can be prepared in advance) and some basic tools and supplies-charms, sanctified tokens, auspicious materials and other fairly common occult paraphernalia. Many, though not all, require long rituals that can take over ten minutes for the simplest and a day for the longest. Perhaps most troublingly, mortal magic automatically crumbles before miracles and Gifts of the Words of Creation-providing little more than some flimsy resistance at best.

Beyond those limitations though the practices offer many powers, and you are something between an adept and a master of such an art. Such practices include the telepathic powers of the Academy of Thought-masters of compelling others, projecting emotions and illusions, probing forgotten memories and more tricks of the mind. Though quick castings threaten to debilitate the caster's own brain. Or the Cinnabar Order, who can hurl exploding balls of flame, summon living flame elementals and let candles burn all day with truly quick and easy casting. Perhaps you are a Curse-Eater instead, a consumer of magical effects who can release them on others as blights contained in tokens? Despite its limitations, never underestimate the doors that Low Magic can open for you in life. This perk may be taken multiple times if you wish to have been inducted in more than one Low Magic. And if you have also taken **Wisdom of the Ages**, you are a true archmage of your craft-pushing any Low Magics you know to the limits of mortal mastery.

Man of Privilege (200/400 CP): It's remarkable what a difference to your personal wellbeing a little privilege and wealth can make to your name. For 200 CP you have attained one of the lower ranks of nobility (or the equivalent thereof) for wherever

you've settled. Perhaps you're the heir of a modest patrician estate, or in a less organised social hierarchy simply a shepherd that has somehow earned the friendship of many Howler tribes. Whatever the case, you have wealth that many in these lands never see their entire lives and a high place in society. But for 400 CP, you are if not royalty than the nearest thing to it in the lands. If you were born in the Patrian Empire, you could supplant Emperor Claudius XI himself-and though some may contest your rule, all will respect it. This includes any unique powers associated with royalty if you wish, such as the metal chassis that only the Iron Czar's commissioned heir could wear or the powers of the Oasian nobility without the mental illness by some miracle of genetics. In future worlds you may carry over such status and conditions into the closest equivalent for your background.

Adaptive Legacy (200 CP each): The Former Empires conducted many experiments of transhumanism, and some still linger to this day. Somehow, you have a power no man can obtain without the assistance of sorcery designed for a very specific purpose-at which it performs admirably. If you were adapted to the desert, you would not have to drink more than once a month and ordinary non-dehydrated foods could slake your thirst. You would be impervious to environmental cold or eat, and non-magical flames smaller than a bonfire. It's possible your adaptations are even more extreme than this, but usually at some cost; those adapted to the void need only an hour of sunlight a day to slake the need to breathe, eat or drink and are impervious to hard vacuum and radiation. But while they can ignore the thermal conditions of deep space, the cold of a blizzard and fire disrupts your adaptive measures and affects you normally. Alterations specifically geared to enhance yourself like telepathic communication, a touch body akin to steel armor or agility that defends you just as ably, or retractable natural weapons generally constitute a single such adaptation. This can be taken multiple times if you wish to be truly well-adapted to the harsh land of Arcem.

Sacred Blood and Steel (400 CP): The Godbound cut through men like chaff or subjugate them with a few words, and their mortal foes should count themselves lucky to even survive a murderous exchange against them. Yet hardened through vicious survival in these unforgiving times, you've learned to never go down without a fight. Whatever you are in this world, in battle you're head and shoulders above others of your kind through some combination of skill, might and sheer fighting spirit. Mortal men could strike twice in the time it took another to strike once even while wearing full plate, and in the heat of battle rain blows upon others with awe-inspiring skill. Each of your strokes could send lesser men reeling without great skill of their own. If your attacks did not already they count as magical weapons, and are particularly effective against one form of adversaries like undead or Uncreated; if they already counted as such, they would strike even harder than before. Such prowess will only shine all the brighter for the likes of angels and Godbound.

Man of Steel (400 CP): There are only two major powers in Arcem that can offer cybernetic augmentations to the rich and influential. One is the Bright Republic, whose miniaturised cybernetic marvels cost greatly to "harden" enough to function away from the island's etheric power nodes. The other is Vissio, through its clockwork

maestros capable of producing often beautiful and baroque prosthetics that work as well as the Bright Republic's implants without needing a power source. And if you hail from neither country, you yourself are the third. You're an extremely skilled artificer, capable of devising cybernetics or mechanical prosthetics of such high calibre they can match a lesser gift's effects for short periods, under specific circumstances or at a substantial cost to the user's vitality or Effort to overcharge them.

What you do blurs the line between magic and hard science. It's within your talent to recreate the Iron Tzar's Autocossacks: Wherein a man's lower body is removed and replaced with a four-legged mechanical platform that moves faster than any mortal horse and can take on entire bands of mortal men. But your talents also lend themselves to more ethereal ends, like implanting an eidolon that can keep a man on the brink of death's body functional for a few minutes-long enough potentially to bring him back through first aid, a killing glare that can leave foes as dried corpses or even short ranged telekinetic force capable of forming shields and manipulating objects as if by hand. Among mortal men, your designs already push the boundary of what's possible for the current line of cybernetics and with a bit of work you could easily improve on existing designs or innovate new ones.

If you also have an existing occupation as an artificer or somesuch as a **Man of the Trades**, your skill has advanced to the point where you're one of the rare few capable of performing the arduous, exhausting maintenance needed to keep a godwalker in shape. While this alone does not grant the sorcerous arts incorporated into the godwalkers' functionality, your mechanical expertise and theoretical knowledge of the armaments, engines and other components that make up these divine sympathy-empowered giant robots is second to none. With any degree of **Eldritch Sorcerer** in your grasp as well as the relevant **Man of the Trades** vocation and this perk, your insights glean even deeper secrets. It would be within your skill to modify a godwalker to harmonise with a Godbound or other divine being, lessening the strain of interface and permitting them to channel their divine powers through those machines of war. Even more tantalisingly is your deepest secret: Some knowledge on how to create a Made God. Whether through divine artifacts, reifying a symbol into a physical entity or augmentation of a living being the resource costs are likely phenomenal-but the results potentially world-changing.

Mortal Clay (600 CP): Though god and monster alike treads on the working man, never forget that it was the efforts of mankind working as one that shattered the doors to the One's throne. And that the Former Empires had made their worlds into earthly paradises before seeking others. The legacy of mankind's adaptability is made manifest in the sheer potential of your form. Your body is much more receptive and compatible with transhuman experiments than the vast majority of men. It's on you to develop and innovate such transhumanist efforts, but as you reach beyond your limits what seemed beyond your reach might be will within mastery soon. Such procedures may still tax you greatly should you be only human, but have a strong tendency to go smoothly and keep the rest of you functional enough to receive more implants safely-and even have the results work better than initially anticipated. So implant as many

cybernetics as you want, feel free to carve up your soul to figure out which bit masters theurgy-and if you ever rediscover some of the methods used to create the Made Gods of old from human champions, you'd be an ideal subject for your own uplifting plan.

Legacy of the Former Empires (200/600 CP each): Many of the Former Empires explored certain paradigms of transhumanism in the pursuit of public wellbeing, religious ideals or simply for the sake of power. You yourself are the legacy of one such experiment, and more importantly by some miracle your extradimensional nature has stabilised the complex rituals, augmentations and arcane components that are normally heavily dependent on natural law. Not only will you not have to fear a catastrophic failure of bodily systems from any Celestial Engine malfunctioning that would not threaten a baseline human, but your traits are genetic and can be passed onto your offspring.

For 200 CP you have an exceptional bloodline on par with the Oasian royalty's. One inherently above what is the norm for humans, but only just, and some supernatural traits resembling lesser miracles. The inhumanly beautiful and symmetrical Senai family of Ancalia is one such example. Each is a great beauty by human standards, such that most men will not offer life-threatening violence to one without orders or an immediately compelling reason. They have a crude empathy as well, and can charm others to offer them favours and wait on them hand and foot for a day in exchange for some plausible hope of reward. Another family, the Tilahuns, are gigantic specimens seven feet tall with the strength of four men. With some effort, they can do the work of four harnessed oxen instead and use their magical strength to carry extreme loads without fear of being bogged down or having lifted objects collapse under their own weight. The Kalay, whose blood is the lineage of kings, are all wiser than most men and can see in the dark like a cat. They cannot be surprised without magical effects, can tell when someone is trying to deceive them and gain intuitive knowledge from a fragment of a deeper mystery. Be warned that some bloodlines of this world have minor flaws, like a bloodthirst or physical deformity.

For 600 CP instead, the modifications have pushed you far beyond the norm for humanity (or whatever you started out as). Your strength, resilience and overall power is sufficient to threaten a pantheon of Godbound-and you move swifter than most men can respond in pitched battle. **Four Words of Creation** are bound to you, and you have a lifetime's experience with all their miracles and Gifts. One of these **Words** provides you with **a ranged attack and advanced mobility** such as a spray of killing glory or wings of leaves. Needless to say your appearance and physiology is far different, and superior, to that of a human being's. It would be no exaggeration to compare you to a major figure from folklore and legend.

And yes, you can repurchase either option if you wish to have many such bloodlines invested in you along with whatever Words come with them.

Godbound

A Farther Horizon (100 CP): Whether you were once a baker or a beggar, the consequences of a Word of Creation burning in your veins will take you far beyond the life you once knew. With this you can at least be assured you'll be a natural learner for all kinds of new experiences, and always be able to keep an open mind for new vistas and ways of being. Within days of arriving in a new culture you can learn the customs, figure out how to fit in and sniff out who's in charge. This lends itself well to picking up new skills too. You may not be the greatest swordsman or painter ever to live, but you'll find yourself picking up the trade a lot quicker than most.

Heroic Mannerisms (100 CP): Heroes come in all shapes and sizes, so it's quite fortunate you come in such a shapely size. You find it easy to carry yourself in a way that lives up to heroic ideal, given your excellent physical condition, a charming confidence and a frame that makes anything look good on you. You're not necessarily the most beautiful person in the room, but you have an easygoing charm that can easily flare up into an inspiring speech and a way of putting people at ease or wowing them with your accomplishments. Not everyone is fond of wandering adventurers coming to set up shop in their home town, but you're pleasant enough to make clear you're not like the other common sellswords.

True Strife Master (200 CP each): Conflict is woven into the fabric of the world. The superficial struggle between flowing water and crumbling stone reflects echoes of deeper truths that strain the gears of Heaven's engines. Whether from some revelation of tutelage from an ancient sage, you have somehow mastered a True Strife: A supernatural martial art capable of manifesting the tangible and esoteric qualia of a certain concept, divided into the simpler Lesser Strifes and more powerful Greater Strifes. This may be repurchased should you wish to be a prodigious martial artist capable of wielding many Strifes.

For example, the Strife of the Drowning Tide's Lesser Strife permits a master to breathe under water, move through tightly-packed crowds of foes without being struck, imbue their limbs with weapon-like force and with some effort lash all foes around them with blurs of blows. It's techniques include an invincible defence for the duration of a supernatural charge, the ability to breathe and sea clearly underwater while ignoring the cold and pressure of the depths as well as their wounds lashing out with tendrils of gore at their attackers, and slamming everything for fifty feet with a brutal wave of salt water and blood.

Universal Principle of Divine Retribution (200 CP): While some Gifts are more martially inclined than others, woe be to any who think Wealth, Passion or Deception entirely defenceless in a stand-up fight. Certain Gifts are so common as to be part of

all Words: Namely, the power to smite a chosen foe within sight using the raw energies of the Word, and creating a torrent of your Word's energy to blast nearby foes while sparing allies. You are particularly good at channelling such crude but effective shows of divine power, and have the unique talent of developing new ways to use your Word to inflict sudden, generally explosive harm regardless of its nature. In future worlds any divine power you gain can have similar Gifts developed for it to punish those foolish enough to think the divine power of Peace can't hurt.

Word of the Few (400 CP): It is a shame that the Godbound are singular in being the breakers and forgers of this world's order, but it need not be so. In a fit of enlightenment, memorising the moment when the Made Gods' shards engraved themselves on your very soul, you learned a unique trait: The power to shatter artifacts of all kinds and direct their mystic energies to grant their powers to those loyal to your cause. You must still be capable of actually sundering such a magical artifact, not all artifacts may grant powers commensurate with those of the Godbound and it should go without saying that there is *usually* a finite amount of mystic power to bestow on others. But on a scale that can cover entire civilisations so long as your faith is present and prevalent throughout them, you can administer the distribution of the unleashed enchantments with the same ease other Godbound can hear and respond to prayers.

Heart of The Many (400 CP): It is not merely by fear and punishment that you rule your flock, as many elder divinities do. When men pledge themselves to your service, you feel their hopes and dreams only a shade less keenly than your own. You intuitively know what to say to spur on your worshippers and calm them in times of crisis or rouse a zealous fury in them in times of war. Better yet, the more you emphasise with others the more you can make your words resonate with their very souls to rattle their ideals or push them to challenge themselves. A stranger you've just met and had a conversation with would remember your words sometime after you parted ways, while your devotees would find strength in your speech through any tribulation. Even without truly divine power over passion, it is within your ability to mend broken hearts, reconcile bitter lovers and bring peace to quarrelling kingdoms.

Chosen By The One (600 CP): It is said by some that the One intended for the Godbound to mend a world torn by human hubris. You stand as testament to that, for it is by your works the world could see a new age of splendour. All that you set up with your own power and vision not only has a great endurance against all adversary, but seems to become grander and more wondrous with time through coincidence. Shattering your grand towers inspires your devotees to raise more in your honour with new defences. Musical compositions you play could inspire entire genres given enough time, and even in the short term result in such inspiration that others invent new pieces of music sampling tastefully from your work. Even esoteric forces that do not pay you homage somehow and interdimensional incursions are greatly suppressed; no Night Road will ever open on your land without a truly staggering feat of theurgy, all spirits that encroach on it are instinctively compelled to obey your laws and hostile magic finds a great resistance against enacting any kind of malignant change. The wisdom of the ages itself seems to be easier to rediscover, and both you

and your citizens are all but guaranteed to retrieve mighty treasures and once-lost resources if any are available in a world you live in.

Best of all, when your worshippers use or pay tribute to such works regularly they are considered shrines sanctified in your honour. You may target miracles and Gifts you can already use through them, lavish blessings on your creations resonant with your own gifts or even briefly manifest yourself through an avatar of divine energies to soothe a devotee in need, should you sense their pain. This harmony with creation brings with it a unique power: The capacity to create new Celestial Shards by channelling the devotion of your faithful into theomechanical systems. It will not be easy; it would take a very devout village or a somewhat devout city regularly praying to a system capable of accepting their faith over the entire area just to churn out a dozen Shards every month. But those dozen Shards are half a dozen more than any other deity *save One* can possibly accrete in a month, and both your divine control over a terrain as well as the bliss and love of your devotees can increase this. In a region you have set yourself up as an arch-deity mass production of Shards may soon become viable, and one can only dream of the heights you may reach upon attaining a Paradise of your own. Let your reign be marked not by the hubris of the Former Empires, but by the promise of salvation many believed the One would deliver unto them.

Yielding To None (600 CP): Yet it is not by platitudes and kind deeds that the despoilers of the world will be defeated. You are yourself a terror on the battlefield, boasting exceptional natural talent for all the arts of war. Unerringly your divine eyes spot the fault lines and weaknesses in battlefields, economies and arguments as if looking upon the underlying meanings that run through creation rather than their surface impressions. With good aim, a thrown dagger in your hand could do the work of a ballista bolt. When you actually bring war to others, even your normal attacks surge with divine power as if you were smiting others with universal miracles of the Sword, Bow, Might or whatever form of attack you use-felling what would be great foes to other Godbound without even using true effort. And when you inflict truly grievous wounds, be they on enemies, objects or even abstract constructs like Celestial Engines, you may smite them from afar with your divine powers with a fraction of the might that punishes impious devotees-which is still among the deadliest yet most precise shows of divine force. Best of all you have a terrific resistance to all manner of effects which would normally slay or transfigure you on the spot, or require you to make a show of divine resilience to withstand. Let your enemies fear you as the Scourge of the One, for their sins must have been great indeed to deserve your coming.

Inheritors of a Ruined Heaven

Hell Is Other Gods (100 CP): This world is full of wretched heretics and living blasphemies. Parasites hoarding your rightful worshippers. Prideful war machines bereft of purpose. The entitled brats of Heaven, squandering what's left of their inheritance on petty revenge. You have a particularly noxious way of preaching, of stirring up hate and fearful dogmatism and self-righteous zealotry in those who follow you that is excellent for building an organised religion around. With a few speeches you could sow the belief that the neighbouring nation eats babies for power, and that only those who shed blood on your altar will be saved from the fires of hell. Who knows? Perhaps you're not even lying.

O Come, All Ye Faithful (100 CP): Is it your immaculate perfection of form, spun out from the One's grace? Or how your rippling chrome body exemplifies physical perfection for your nation? Whichever the case, you are beautiful to an unnatural, inhuman standard. The kind of beauty that intimidates as much as it entrances, for being *too* symmetrical or majestically radiant. Others may seek to argue against your causes, but quickly find their eyes dazzled and downcast from daring to question such perfection. Even in the heat of battle, your shining visage will inspire furious devotion from your allies and awe from your foes.

Jagged Shards of Grace (200 CP): Few understand the true value of what has been lost because of humanity's foolish bumbling. Through some great divine insight into the blueprints the One laid down for the universe's functionality, you have terrific sense for unseen patterns and hidden connections underlying all Creation. Through such ethereal comprehension, you are able to broaden your sense of proportion and scope to encompass the context and worth of all manner of things beyond human reckoning. What is the worth of a human soul? You can calculate that-and apply it to refine your sorcery, rulership or war.

Better To Serve In Heaven (200 CP): A scant few angels are outraged against their brethren for the sacrilege they enact against their ancient purposes, out of what amounts to a petty grudge in their eyes. Whether you share Samael's strange love of humanity or are simply more ambivalent than the average angel, something of that benevolence is made manifest in your form from your spirit. You have a keen insight into the distress and inner pain of others, able to locate the most sorrowful man in a crowded marketplace with a glance. Furthermore you bear a righteous, saintly air no matter how conventionally grotesque your form is that greatly encourages others to trust you and puts their minds at ease. Actually aiding others builds bonds of absolute trust swiftly, beyond the preconceptions of those tortured by other angels in Hell or biased against the machinations of less scrupulous parasite gods.

Thy Soul To Take (400 CP): Through sheer divine power, you are able to function as a sort of rogue psychopomp. You can sense the cycle of life and death intuitively, down to individual lives, and by pulling on them like threads whisk souls from their rightful destination to one of your choice. It would take power equal to the least of angels to do so effectively to a human population, as it is one of their chief goals to prevent humanity from ever rising from death. Such a grasp of the natural order also makes it easy for you to tilt those on the brink one way or the other, whether by sundering hordes of undead through giving them true eternal rest or preventing a loyal minion from passing on by shoving his soul back into his body long enough to repair it. With great experience and power you may ripen vast fields of crops in an instant, quell greater undead into an eternal slumber and engage in more esoteric transmutations. Someday by your power alone, you may bless others with the cleansing and transcendence that Hell no longer provides.

Holier Than Thou (400 CP each): There are some among the mighty who wield power and influence their lesser simply cannot match, whether from being ordained with a superior role or suckling from a particularly ripe source of divine power. The purity and purpose of what you have achieved through transhuman training or your ordained role has reached the level of a **concept Word** embodying the superlative example of whatever you are. You yet retain the potential to achieve the power of a concept Word for any form you have through similar sorcerous experimentation or training to how you originally achieved your state here.

Naturally the mighty benefit more from this than the weak; if you were a parasite god, you would have metastasized into a monster capable of enslaving an entire nation or even realm with **three other Words** to your name, though one remains your focus-and undaunted by pantheons of Godbound who haven't done significant preparation before mounting an assault on you. If you were a Made God, not only are you fully repaired and refurbished but you likely have an arsenal of augmentations comparable to the greatest godwalker components and have **two more Words** under your command. And if you were an angel, you would be one of the great angelic tyrants who once stood guard over a major concept of reality-and now likely command an entire circle of Hell. Angels in particular gain **the power of a Godbound's command over four other Words of Creation** in addition to their baseline one, to fulfil the complexity of their purpose. As for Unbound and Eldritches, suffice to say that that entire nations would dread provoking their wrath if they knew of them.

To take the example of a lesser being such as a human, you would be sharply limited by the normal traits of a human being; lesser gifts would include superlative luck and uncanny influence with humans wherever you go, while greater attacks could include the power to make your attacks count as a magical weapon or an indomitable will towards mental powers. However, you would nevertheless be able to develop new Gifts and improvise miracles themed within human perfection like any Godbound-including the universal divine powers of smiting your enemies with shows of human strength.

This perk may be repurchased for additional Concept Words. Concept words purchased from this source are associated with higher beings, comprehensive improvement of one's base state and most fundamental workings of the Celestial Engines-or the direst forces of Uncreated Night. Inheritors of a Broken Heaven do not gain additional Words of Creation from subsequent purchases, but frankly even purchasing one of these makes you a force to be reckoned with. Each is as qualitatively superior to other Concept Words as the Words Engineering, Artifice, Sorcery and Fate are to other Words of Creation.

And Unto Thee Was Given Dominion (600 CP): How proud the mortals are for using the limitless power of pure creation itself, for the same purpose an ape might use an especially sharp rock. You are a perfected conduit for the divine creative forces you channel, and when you exercise esoteric, world-shaping forces like Dominion the forces you unleash could curse or cure entire provinces with the same efforts others enact on villages. Mundus wards crack before your will and can shatter if you turn your focus upon them, while the efforts of others to revert your Dominion with their own divine powers are blunted as if spitting in the winds of a hurricane. When the angels raise their new creation from Uncreated Night, you could do much of the heavy lifting.

Moreover, as you exert your will on the world with Dominion the metaphysical principles imbued in you as Words or similar divine powers have a powerful influence on the natural laws of the land you command. The concepts they hold sway over spread rapidly through your area of influence, creating anomalous phenomena, entities and even events which instinctively act to strengthen your hold on the land. To spread War might spawn soldiers created from the base material of the landscape on patrol around your boundaries, while to spread Fire erupt pillars of magical flame from deep holes in the earth endlessly. Never harmed by the expressions of your own divinity, the benefits of all worship and faith-based acts centred around you is strengthened such that the Dominion you reap from a city alone would be the envy of entire pantheons of veteran Godbound, while your supplicants and subordinates gain visions showing them how to cultivate your sacred land or spread further outward gradually with rites and acts of devotion. It is always far easier to shape the world with your divine powers once it has been claimed in this manner; the impossible becomes merely improbable, while the improbable becomes plausible. Just remember that *all* expressions of the Word**s** you exemplify are amplified on this land, and that it may be wise to erect wards before your divine rivals realise their powers are just as supported as yours.

Celestial Masterpiece (800 CP): Empires fall, mountains crumble, stars are snuffed out and yet the Celestial Engines turn ever-onward. You know this better than most, because by some caprice of the One's designs you have somehow become metaphysically merged with a Celestial Engine-it's divine mechanisms transmuted into principles and concepts manifested from your words, flesh and deeds. Sometimes briefly manifesting as a halo of starlight gears or contrails of radiant mechanisms when your divine power flares.

With significant divine effort, these semi-solid emanations of your **Word** can be manifested into tangible constructs-though this is greatly dependent on your existing might. A mortal would be lucky to conjure a single gear-shield, while a Godbound could boast unerringly accurate throwing disks or augment their normal weapons and armour with celestial gadgets-and a parasite god could even conjure localised environmental hazards, or a hovering wall of orbital shields that unerringly deflect incoming attacks. With greater divine power and experience with these facets of your being, comes even grander and more miraculous expressions of your mechanistic shadow-self. Perhaps in time, you'll grind mountain ranges to fine power with your gears or sear the seas with the combustion engine in your soul.

You are **bound to a Word more intrinsically than even a Godbound** in many ways, developing miracles, Gifts, theurgic invocations and even a True Strife from it as instinctively as an animal hones it's instincts-and having reflexive awareness and understanding of everywhere it touches. But your true power lies in the celestial mechanisms you can deploy. By reinforcing and fine-tuning the turning of the gears you may strengthen and reinforce reality, sealing Night Roads or quelling the efforts of enemy Godbound even more than the Cold Breath of the Uncreated. By improving your own divine power and wellbeing, you better the concept incorporated in your very being and destine it for greater things in the world. A Made God repairing itself could make Wind blow so powerfully it sheers mountaintops flat, form constant vortexes leading to the bottom of the sea and even form underground storms-yet craft exquisite palaces out of clouds that catch precious treasures from Heaven for example. It may even be possible for you to figure out how to repurpose your systems to generate Celestial Shards repeatedly, though the modifications you would require are far more complex and less straightforward than those needed for Chosen By The One to achieve mass production.

Your mechanisms affect the world on a level more fundamental than mere Gifts; not only can you attempt to block normally unblockable or instant death-inducing divine wrath with ablative shields of yourself but the energy released from your valves pierces through the normally invincible defences of relevant **Words** and nearly all other defences. And should you catch another between the invincible teeth of your gears, you may attempt to shear their divine powers from them-stealing miracles, Gifts and with enough mighty and cruelty perhaps entire Words from your merciless grip. With experimentation and attempts to channel your nature through True Strifes, existing Gifts theurgy, **Word-**based self-modification or other experiments you will discover new ways to weave and re-weave creation. In short, you are quite literally fated to be the axiom around which all worlds turn.

Items

General

All general items may be repurchased.

A Treasured Chest (50 CP): A chest of yore is in your ownership, overflowing with mundane wealth and jewels of the highest quality. Golden doubloons spill around cups and reliquaries while diamonds twinkle like stars under the heap. While truly mundane in every respect, even the chest itself is a breathtaking worth of art, crafted of finest wood and artfully inlaid with precious metals.

A Trove of Minor Magics (50 CP): Though somewhat akin to building a watch with a forge hammer, the Godbound can forge many minor magical items with Word and Dominion-with those bound to Artifice crafting almost anything. From elaborately ostentatious regalia armour built stronger than it's mundane counterparts, to compasses that point in the direction of any creature whose blood is shed into them, to healing items to magnetic guns, you have retrieved a large sack full of mystical items of substantial value-if significantly lesser than the true artifacts forged by sorcerers and Made Gods of old.

A Dark Secret Unveiled (50 CP): There are atrocities and crimes that many right-thinking men would prefer forgotten, and ploys that the powerful would prefer to keep hidden. There are writs and records that prove their validity. You have one such piece of sordid information recorded in the form of your preference, which if revealed would provide undeniable evidence of a certain dark practice for a seemingly benign society. In future worlds this may come in the form of criminal transactions or records of the practice of black magic depending on the setting.

The Crossroads of The World (50 CP): Fast travel is rare in this world, which makes even the limited access you have here quite invaluable even to many Godbound. What you have is a teleportation device, underground tubeway car or even Night Road that discreetly connects two important locations, like the Bright Republic and a stronghold of the antipriests. In future worlds similar such locations can be linked by whatever form this transportation takes, though generally interplanar locations like Heaven and Hell will require more exotic means of transportation.

A Mystical Compact (50 CP): The arts of low magic sometimes include spells of invocations and summoning, from creatures of primal flame to building obedient golem-like drones. But why not secure a more permanent arrangement? The scroll you hold represents an agreement with a fairly substantial summoned being to come to your defence when called. From a being of clay and stone half as tall again as a

man inscribed with the guttering sigils of dead gods to even the horrific Uncreated Unbidden in all its dreadful might, your investment here secures the loyalty of your summoned entity if it is at least somewhat capable of empathy in addition to the right to banish it to this world when you wish. And if it is a horror akin to the Uncreated, the bindings will be strengthened such that it won't go rogue while in your presence at least.

The Trade of Kings (50 CP): Riches? Dohoho, what a plebian notion! Imagine being so impoverished you can't simply throw a dinner party, powwow with some elegant gentlemen and find the manor of your dreams generously gifted to you or your enemies' good name smeared! Each purchase of this represents a collection of connections, favours and favourable relationships with the rich and powerful commensurate with that of a gregarious local lord from this world. Gather many of them and even kings-if any worthy ones were still around-might think twice before moving against you.

Divine Regalia (100 CP): What wonder of the Former Empires resulted in this? You have access to a wardrobe which can convert any armor or clothing placed within it into a form suitable for you aesthetically, without losing any of its protectiveness. Some powerful yet versatile Invocation inlaid into its walls is capable of turning heavy armor into body paint or dainty dresses depending on your disposition. Or that of your friends, if they care to entrust their own belongings into your wardrobe.

The Guidance of Wards (200 CP): You have the blueprints to creating both Mundus and Empyrean Wards, theotechnological devices with which to stymie magic and divine energies. Mundus wards protect a region from the supernatural influence of Made Gods and other divinely-connected entities, including Godbound. They subtly drain away the celestial forces used by these entities, making it much more difficult to create long-term or large-scale changes in the area. Empyrean wards are a more powerful, restricted form of ward reserved for ancient strongholds and high-security buildings.

These wards actually negate the divine energies of a Wordbound creature, suppressing miracles and gifts and making it impossible for weaker Godbound to trigger their abilities. Every ward is built around a physical focus. In some cases this is a single specific object kept in some heavily-guarded place. It might be a sacred idol, a holy mandala, or an enigmatic machine churning away without visible effect. In other cases, the physical focus is more dispersed, taking the form of sanctified obelisks in the area, carvings embedded in local buildings, or buried anchors of sacred symbols at geomantically-important points. So long as this physical focus remains largely intact and inside the area covered by the ward, the ward will stay up. A ward's focus can handle a certain amount of damage and defacement before it starts to degrade

Drop-In

Arcane Grimoire (100 CP each): A theurgic invocation is inscribed in this precious tome, a piece of wisdom lost since the days of the Former Empire. Such is the value of what this represents, that the alternative you could purchase is an entire set of instructional materials on a lost form of low magic. This item may be repurchased, at half price if discounted, for additional such shards of wisdom.

The Ring of the Mountain Sage (200 CP): This ring allows the user to enter a state of meditation and thought in which they require no food, water, or even air. As long as they are not physically tampered with, they could remain in this state for countless eons, thinking, pondering and planning freely. An excellent piece of equipment for mastering the sublime intricacies of theurgy without dealing with those pesky bodily needs.

The Seal of Ten Thousand Suns (400 CP): The origins of this heavy black ring are lost to history, but the glimmer of lights within the band mark it out as an obviously magical artifact. The user may use the artifact to instantly create a Night Road opening where they stand, even in the heart of a populous human community. The road leads to a realm or Heavenly shard known to them or studied in the appropriate ancient records, and can even be used as a way to walk the multiverse of any setting with such a thing. The road does not manifest with any seal in place, and the destination may well be invaded by unfriendly entities if such beings are present in the cosmology. The Seal can create, unlock, and seal Night Road breaches, but it cannot completely destroy them. Be wary of the implications this has for future worlds. The Night Road offers access to many normally inaccessible planes of existence, being a kind of shortcut through the gulf of nonexistence, but if not managed well you may unleash new Uncreated in the image of the worlds you visit's life.

The Court of The Jumping Chain (600 CP): The masked revellers caper and revel for your pleasure, plying you with blood-red wine with notes of dried roses and old books or the macabre bounties of their pleasure gardens. The endless carnival these creatures perform belies a mastery of theurgic principles, alchemic putrefaction and stagecraft great even among their kind. Under a sanguine sky dotted with black stars, the dream-like haze permeating this city guides you through a city coloured only in those shades held as sacred in classical alchemy. The faceless, supple Ambassador of this baroque city earnestly encourages you to take your throne.

By some inexplicable twist of fate, a great court of the Uncreated have decided to hold you as their unquestioned lord and master. Their obedience to you is akin to that of insects to a hive's queen. Your court is especially powerful among the Uncreated, for while most of your denizens are of the common make of Uncreated beings a handful could match Godbound of moderate experience blow for blow-and one dread creature who styles itself your lieutenant could lay waste to a whole pantheon of them.

Mortal Hero

Etheric Energy Node (100 CP each**):** The ancient etheric energy nodes are each the size of industrial buildings, and uniquely safe for mortals to operate for the most part. However, the Focused Flow Control module that selectively depowers devices in areas powered by the node can be safely used by a divine being. Each node stabilizes natural law within a 30-mile radius and broadcasts subtle waves of etheric power, allowing the operation and powering of advanced mundane technology such as that created in the Bright Republic. You own one such node, and may buy more (at 50 CP if discounted).

The Armory (200 CP) This vault, a prize of the Fallen Empire, is larger on the inside and holds an army-sized collection of minor enchanted armours and weapons. Each holds a power that can bring an ordinary soldier the edge to take down warriors much greater in skill and strength, although such boons are generally insignificant in the hands of the godbound. Still, they could mean the difference between life and death for untrained villagers in endanger from one of many rampaging hordes in this land.

Godwalker (200/300/400 CP each): A relic of ancient theotechnical research, godwalkers are an offshoot of the arts that forged the Made Gods. Once, these great war machines of polished steel and glowing sigils laid waste to the battlefields of the Former Empires. Few now remain in any kind of good condition-and the machine you now wield is an exception among exceptions. Operating by drawing divine sympathies between their shape, their function and their pilots each Godwalker has two key components: A **chakra engine**, the locus of its divine fire and the interface between its artifices and the celestial forces that power it which determines what manner of and how many divine components can be attached to it. And a **sacred armature**, the basic chassis of the godwalker which can provide different advantages through the symbolic principles it reifies-including vast transport space, integral flight ability or simple sturdy construction. A godwalker shaped like a vehicle is peerless in transporting its writers and destroying those who impede it's path, while some experimental varieties were even designed as thrones or libraries.

As for the armaments of the godwalkers, it is no exaggeration to say their component can mimic many lesser Gifts on a scale greater than mankind. While some components simply permit a godwalker to emulate any Gift related to perception, communication, movement, transformation, creation, alteration, defence and protection or attacking and certain forms of harm including the universal smitings of Godbound centred on the great machine itself more unique abilities of a similar scale have also been created. Some examples are provided below:

- **Anchor of the Holy Gate:** The godwalker acts as the destination node of a teleportation gateway. After 24 hours of ritual purification that must be free of all blasphemous behaviour, with a day's commitment of divine effort a godwalker can let in up to a hundred infantrymen's worth of mass at a time to a designation location.

- **Devourer of Armies:** Torrents of lethal sacred energy blast from the godwalker, scorching entire battalions to death.
- **Banner of Zeal:** The godwalker ignites an invincible defence against any mental effect that would stop the pilot from attacking enemies, and bolsters the valor of nearby allies
- **Force Projection Jewel:** The godwalker strikes down targets with pinpoint precision, up to a mile
- **Halo of Wrath:** The godwalker sears nearby enemies with a penumbra of coruscating divine energies.
- **Advance of the Iron Tide:** So long as the godwalker moves in a straight line, they have an invincible defence against all hostile effects and can phase harmlessly through solid barriers. This invincibility can be maintained as long as it does nothing but keep moving forward until, presumably, it's enemies are destroyed.
- **Clavis of Night:** After ten minutes to "load", the godwalker punches a hole into Uncreated Night. It is advisable to first scout out the theurgic coordinates of your desired destination through which you can use the godwalker to arrive at over a week's journey in exchange for bypassing the usual obstacles, lest you risk eternally wandering within the void.
- **Kinetic Sump Vortex:** The godwalker halves the movement rate and dampens the initiative of all nearby foes, though powerful ones may be able to resist it for a short while.
- **Noble Path Generator:** The godwalker generates solid footing regardless of the substance or lack thereof beneath it. Oceans and empty pits alike are no obstacle to its passage.
- **Pious Construction Array:** The godwalker's capacity for fixing or building mundane structures and goods is enhanced, permitting it to do the work of hundreds of skilled craftsmen.
- **Rainbow Bridge Emitter:** The godwalker uses divine effort to summon a thirty-foot wide bridge between any two points in sight within 1000 feet of each other that shares it's durability. The bridge permits travel no matter how steep it is, and users cannot be knocked off while they are alive.
- **Reactive Adaption Unit:** The godwalker wields divine effort to make it immune to a *specific* Gift or other power for a scene.
- **Stiletto Sutra Projector:** The resonances of a ruinous sacred text open gaping holes of nonbeing into a living being within 2000 feet. While highly effective, it is too inefficient to wield against entire armies and is ineffective on unliving targets.
- **The Awl of Shifting Space**: The godwalker can teleport at a distance up to twice its normal movement rate, to anywhere it can see or has formerly occupied. This teleportation leaves behind physical bindings or restraints, but not magical ones-at least of this world.
- **Transmutation Field**: With time and sacred mudras, the godwalker can transform large amounts of non-magical matter into another non-magical, non precious substance of equal mass. This ability generally takes 12 hours or so of labour.

- **Polymorphic Shaping Core:** The godwalker can alter its shape within its general dimensions, gaining a faster travel rate by land or sea by sprouting wheels or propellers for example. It can also stretch out it's matter to form long ranged manipulators, or form into a defensive tank-like shape. While this component is not sophisticated enough to permit flight, it can shrink the entire godwalker down into something the size of a horse.
- **Volley Negation Shield**: When attacked by multiple strikes in rapid succession, only the first can strike the godwalker-and even then, if a foe dedicates it's full focus on the great machine. The others automatically miss.
- **Trump of Judgement**: The godwalker launches a building-flattening sonic barrage out at everything within 200 feet, crumbling any non-magical solid construction to powder and dealing severe harm to all nearby living beings.
- **Wingcutter Malediction**: A beam of congealed curses strikes down airborne enemies, whether they come in flocks or as individuals. For some reason this weapon cannot be evaded by mundane means, but cannot be targeted at terrestrial foes.
- **Wingjet Propulsion Unit**: The godwalker can fly at its normal movement rate, including the ability to hover in place if present. This ability is not powerful enough to be equipped on the larger godwalkers.

For 200 CP you may own a godwalker sufficient for keeping several villages in line, such as the Made God Mirrored Panther's *Unblinking Jade Eye* which boasts around 3-4 components of unique purpose. For 300 CP your godwalker may be akin to *Without Repining*, an ancient Ren invasion weapon that once overwhelmed Khamite armies or *Gentleman Who Holds the Whip* which serves better as a transport vehicle. Such vehicles have 6 components sorted into two or so broad categories of general purpose such as offence, mobility or defence. And for 400 CP your godwalker is at least as powerful as *The Gatekeeper,* the vehicle of an undying guardian created by a Made God who uses it to protect his trove of celestial shards. Built to repel armies led by mortal heroes or theurges, such a being's powerful engine can have it move fast enough to strike thrice where most men can strike once and boast 8 divine components that can be of any variety. While nigh-insurmountable to the foes the Made God predicted would assail it, against multiple Godbound even such a machine would require assistance from nearby automatons to hold its own. And of course, you may repurchase this item if you wish to own multiple godwalkers.

A few special considerations should be noted here. Damage inflicted on a godwalker inflicts a kind of backlash onto its pilot. Godwalkers were also never intended to be piloted by divine beings such as Godbound and while piloting one they find themselves unable to use divine powers from this world which require a conscious divine effort (though constant effects remain active, and affect the godwalker as well. Last but not least, while normally godwalkers require a sophisticated theotechnical facility and a team of extremely well-trained engineers or a Godbound with the word **Artifice** to be properly maintained, through your investment here some mysterious benefactor has installed a **Godwalker Repair Bay** on any you buy here, fully functional without impacting other systems in defiance of conventional construction procedures. This set of tools permits the godwalker to perform a daily maintenance

cycle on itself or another godwalker over the course of 6 hours of downtime-and in a pinch fully overhaul another godwalker or itself in a week, with no additional personnel or resources.

A Forge of Great Renown (600 CP): This iron bulb can expand into a mighty, citadel-sized forge that draws raw materials from the depths of the earth. At will the entire complex can be folded up back into the seed by its rightful owner, even safely coiling around any living beings within. It contains a great many lost forms of artifice and engineering from the Former Empires, including the facilities necessary to design and craft godwalkers: Large theotechnological war machines piloted by a mortal. These machines allow mortals to even match godbound and divine monsters, though they require being 'recharged' with the unique chakra generated at this Forge depending on how intensively they're used, how large their battery capacity is and how well designed their chakra engines are. Less glamorous conveyer belts also provide excellent facilities for producing theotechnological cybernetics or clockworks, though the greatest prize lies in the most securely locked vaults found within: The blueprints for several different makes of Made Gods. Needless to say the sorcery, components and test subjects needed for these procedures are all precious by this world's current standard but there are also many volumes of the theory for such complex constructs' theotechnological basis.

Godbound

A Horse And His God (100 CP each): What demigods of great might and wisdom require first and foremost in these days is not wealth or riches, but reliable transportation. You now have some form of vehicle or steed that enables you to cover significant amounts of terrain faster and more tenaciously than even the hardened hovercraft of the Bright Republic, generally only sized for one or two riders but with plenty of room on the sides for sacks of loot. It could be a prototype theotechnological racing vehicle. It could be a divinely touched horse with wings, flying as fast as it can gallop. Regardless of whether with onboard weapons or mighty hooves, such vehicles are also adept at defending you, and fiercely loyal to you/locked onto your spiritual signature such that common thieves stand no chance of stealing it.

These may be purchased multiple times if you want additional steeds or vehicles, at 50 CP if discounted.

Arms and Armour of Legend (200 CP each): Speaking of divine artifacts, some of the theurges and Made Gods of old forged armour, weapons and even instruments of divine power to win worlds for their cause. The Flute of the Joyous Empress for example could call sky-darkening hordes of birds-and spiritual crows to peck at the wounded, while the Impervious Hauberk of Lady Yelem can transfer the wearer's wounds to their devotees while resisting all change to its structure and maintaining an illusion of pristine health to the wearer in combat. The Red Sword of the Bleeding Emperor converts all great wounds to the wielder into divine power, and can cut down all in sight with a single great swing. You own one such artifact scaled to the size and purpose of a tool, weapon or piece of armour. Such artifacts may have a

handful of powers rivalling or emulating Gifts, and you may buy additional artifacts here as well.

The City-Seed (400 CP): Forged by a peaceful Made God as shelter for its nomadic people, this simple seed has been purged of the mental corruption that once tainted it. When the city-seed is planted in a location, buildings and infrastructure of the user's choosing gradually grow up around it, forming out of the bedrock of the surrounding area. One day's growth provides housing, commercial space, defensive walls, sewer, water, and paved roads for up to five hundred residents, conjuring up deep springs of fresh water where needed.

The seed can create military fortifications if desired, and the character and particulars of the architecture is at the user's discretion. For every day the seed remains planted in an area, facilities form for an additional five hundred residents-and what forms is easily moulded to suit the builders' purposes. Furthermore as its rightful owner, you can perceive clearly any specific location built by the seed and speak as to be heard there-or indeed, anywhere in the city if you wish. The wonders of a lost civilisation are yours to release back into the world, and in each world you will be provided with a new seed.

The God-King's Resplendent Barge (600 CP): God-King Zereus was an ancient theurge of great power, and impeccable taste. This barge is one he would have deemed worth owning, being a flat-bottomed vehicle of shining bronze metal, perhaps seven hundred feet long and three hundred feet wide. A multi-levelled structure at the back of the barge provides housing for the occupants and the heavily-guarded control room where a mortal pilot sits on the golden throne that commands the barge. While the God-King himself could have easily helmed the ship, his business below had him delegating the work to his most trusted minion, a trust encouraged by the will-sapping effect of the barge's controls.

The barge is capable of carrying a thousand passengers in relative comfort and can fly at a speed of twenty miles an hour, ignoring all but magically-empowered ill weather. A passenger may be replaced by up to five hundred pounds of cargo. The pilot of the barge may sap their willpower and life force (or divine energy for those who have it) to repair the vehicle. The weapon systems allows the barge to shower down a hellstorm of solar flames, with enough power to slay armies and lay waste to fortresses easily.

Inheritors of a Ruined Heaven

A Handful of Divinity (100 CP each): The sack you hold in your hand is more precious than any gold, especially in worlds beyond this one, despite possibly made from the literal ruins of your old purpose. For it contains Celestial Shards: Crystalised divine energy normally only sourced from broken Celestial Engines or accreted in singular amounts month after month in an arch-deity's Paradise. These resources are necessary components for crafting Artifacts, a hefty source of one-use Dominion and

soothing to all divine beings. The couple dozen you hold in your sack replenish every month, and you may purchase more if you wish (at 50 CP if discounted).

The Cleansing Flames of Hell (200 CP): And for your next available, you have…a slice of Hell? Good heavens. An entire circle of Hell is now yours, bound to you by a shrine that with a modicum of divine effort may be used to travel to this realm of eternal torment and spiritual imprisonment, from which there is little hope of escape. Truly, there is little to do here save torture any souls you have a significant divine or mystical authority over as they burn in corrosive agony-or otherwise can wrest here with any relevant powers over life and death you have.

But it need not be so. There is a kind of metaphysical dial in this Hell-a spell or ritual you can perform, that can revert it back into the purification and transcendence that was once Hell's chief purpose. This would also permit the Hell to release souls back into the world, to be reborn or move onto a final resting place depending on the world they hail from-or perhaps some other afterlife system if you own any. There may be other applications for those of a mystically studious bent, who are willing to study Hell's fires and see what they can be used to forge and power, or how to summon them into other planes. At least one invocation of theurgy seems to bore a small hole into Hell to unleash hellfire on one's foes, after all.

The Cornerstone of Heaven (400 CP each): High within the halls of broken Heaven are the engines of the world. These enigmatic devices maintain the natural laws of the realms and preserve them against the constant hunger of Uncreated Night. Once they were tended by the angelic Host, legion upon legion of celestial beings to preserve their perfect function and mystic order. Now they run down in slowing cycles, those that have not been broken, scavenged, or sabotaged by Heaven's bitter exiles.

Each engine maintains a particular natural law or geographic structure for a particular realm. There may be an engine for a particular mountain, or for the natural progression of seasons, or for the happiness that wells in a mother's heart at her newborn infant's smile. Engines can stand responsible for vast concepts such as "gravity" or tiny details such as the color of sunlight on gold. This is such an engine, fully functioning. Though if you wish, it may be a minor one, for say the sound of the Letter J on your ears.

You could possibly study it, or perhaps salvage it for spare parts if you're really so desperate. And while the divine energy the engine constantly outputs cannot be channelled into Dominion, perhaps in time you may find other uses for it like recreating a safer form of the power parasite gods obtain or enhancing existing artifacts.

You may purchase additional engines, at a discount if relevant.

The Genesis Seed (600): The world is, by and large, a disappointment to even the most compassionate divinity. But it need not be so, when one invests their power into

forming a new one. By channelling large amounts of Dominion, the seed can creates an entire Paradise, a pocket realm where you decide the rules of reality(including death and life), and is extremely receptive to souls. In worlds without a defined afterlife, you can funnel the slain into this space of your own accord and easily use your Apotheosis abilities within it, with all changes you make being of greater ease within it. You can decide the size of the realm upon its inception by devoting more Dominion into it. Things created within or brought into the Paradise besides yourself or your companions will be difficult to remove once they're there, requiring a price of Dominion to do so.

Further information on Paradises can be found in the notes section.

Companions

For The Empty Throne! (50-400 CP): This land is dangerous, and many of its people unkind. Some firm friends would be a welcome relief. For 50 CP apiece you may import a companion here. Each gains a 700 CP stipend, though they must still pay for Inheritors of a Ruined Heaven if they wish to take it as a background. Alternatively this may be used to create new ones.

Between the Gears of Fate (50 CP each): Would you like to take your hand at making a friend here? I won't lie, it's much more likely you'll be let down given how desperate many are in these times. So without needing to decide now, each purchase here will grant you a slot you can use to take anyone you've made a good bond with here on your journey if they agree. It's such a pity the few good folks of this world are quite attached to what they have left.

Old Master Baahk Meih, Retired Breaker of Heaven's Gates (200 CP, discounted Drop-In): This white-haired, meticulously dressed old man has burned monasteries to the ground for showing insufficient respect, clawed the flesh from barbarian thieves who thought him a pompous official and stormed out of Dulimbai's Great Examinations for failing to meet his standards. Mercifully you were smart or fortunate enough to return his nod, and are therefore welcome to his monastic retreat where he trains, contemplates the secrets of the universe and secretly wishes for a student worthy enough to withstand his gruelling training.

Master Baahk Meih is one of the greatest master Eldritches to still draw breath, boasting many Invocations of all initiation degrees, and has completely mastered several schools of low magic *solely to humiliate their masters by defeating them with their own art.* No weakling in a spat, he is also a True Strife grandmaster of the Dying Hour, Broken Earth and Falling Sky styles-and is fond of catching those who would attempt sneak attacks on him by surprise, only to casually rip out a piece of the heavens and pin them to the earth with it. His focus on both martial arts and mysticism grant him effective command of the **Words Alacrity and Might** as well as **Sorcery** as an Eldritch, his pride as a fighter suffusing even his spellcraft. Not only does the Concept Word **Ancient Master** grant him powers that blur the edge between sorcery and martial art, but stoic and strict at the best of times he boasts a wealth of

knowledge on the Former Empire's theotechnological procedures for building Made Gods and devising the invocations that let the theurges make war upon the angels-and win. He was there after all, having long since discovered his own means of immortality. His were the fists that pierced the heavens.

HER (400 CP, discounted Drop-In): Is that the click of black stiletto boots, or the scuttling of an oversized insect's chitin? Does the creature's tight-fitting red latex squeak as it contorts into impossible angles, or is that it's *flesh* protesting? How the hell does it change its porcelain mask's expression whenever you're not looking, *and why won't it stop following you*? While it looks at all others as meat or predators, the creature acts like a particularly hyperactive domestic cat around you. Like all cat owners, expect for your pet to purr at you in the dead of night as it crouches on your chest, staring into your soul.

One of the most powerful Uncreated in all creation and Uncreated Night, this godlike aberration is armed with the equivalent of Uncreated Abomination's highest purchase and Holier Than Thou. The being wields power commensurate with being bound to the **Words Fear, Dance, Madness, Entropy and Shapeshifting**, and it's **unique powers** blur the boundaries of them to horrific effect. **The Cold Breath and Black Consumption** are particularly strong in it, leaving lesser divine beings not of Uncreated Night entirely unable to wield their powers against her. It also has a nasty habit of coming out of your shadow or the nearest crevice when you call for HER, and whisper one of a seemingly endless series of forgotten or never discovered Invocations from **all initiations of theurgy or other theurgic secrets** into your ear with the expectant look of a mother cat teaching her owner to hunt with a mouse's severed head. As a **pactmaker** of obscene scope, it can turn a begger into a king or gift a peasant with power sufficient to lay waste to his kingdom. But though it's prey often meet grisly ends or unexpected maladies when it grants them such knowledge, the invocations it grants you are genuinely safe and functional-if warped by the eldritch horror of Uncreated Night.

The creature's might grants it **multiple Concept Words** akin to those obtained from Holier Than Thou. The Word **Deadlight** lets it take on the form of sickly yellow energy, in which it can create multiple autonomous bodies empowered by fear, hurtle between worlds like a comet and blur the boundary between soul, flesh and identity-mostly to digest it all. The Word **Eater of Worlds** lets it blight the environment, distort reality with tangible illusions and warp it into vast extensions of its jaws and talons-to potentially apocalyptic effect if it can ensure a steady source of prey. And strangely, the creature has developed the **Word Harlequin**. When it dons garish human guise, it frequently asks you questions about what humans find amusing and why so much comedy involves suffering without fear. However you answer those questions, you'll find the creature seems to be using the circus as a model to build its first ever court-populating the city-sized, insect hive-like slice of Uncreated Night it's presence seems to maintain even in future worlds. Through some unspeakable means, the horror generates larvae that grow up into smaller, more hyperactive creatures in its image. Creatures that show nightmarish versions of **Night** and **Insects** Gifts even

before they begin to grow stronger, and as playfully affectionate to you as the clown hive queen.

Semhale, Errant of the Pavian Order (50 CP, Free/optional Mortal Hero): Until recently Semhale was a promising young squire, entranced by tales of Ancalia's chivalrous past and earnestly hoping to bring peace to her land with her fellow knights at her side. A jolly, muscular farmgirl, her faith in chivalry has been shaken by her experiences as a newly anointed Godbound. While her communion with the Words **Protection, Endurance** and **Sun** have made her a promising champion, she has seen villages consumed by hordes of undead and worse-the callousness of some remaining civic figures towards refugees. In these dark times Semhale takes great comfort in the warmth and constancy of the sun itself, often manifesting miracles of its light to bolster the courage of her allies and cleanse them of any malign magics from their foes. She remains earnest in her belief that when you met at that campfire, you were destined to achieve great things at each other's side but under her selfless confidence she's beginning to doubt whether what's left of the knightly orders can truly save Ancalia.

Signore Dottore Fell, Man of Culture (50 CP, Free/optional Mortal Hero): For a foreigner, Fell has been quick to ingratiate himself in Vissio. A talented musician, an inspired poet and a man who can sculpt in ways that bring an appreciate tear to the eyes of a maestro, many have wondered if there's more to him than meets the eye. As a good friend of the esteemed Dottore, you know for a fact that his dark secret is…that he missed his true calling as a chef in his former career as a cybernetic surgeon at the Bright Republic, and immigrated to Vissio for a fresh start-only to pick up yet more hobbies. Dottore Fell is a courteous and somewhat lonely renaissance man who is always well-groomed and dressed, and finds great comfort in writing to his sister and to his adoptive aunt from Dulimbai. On top of everything he has recently become Godbound, and while very happy with his newfound **Words of Knowledge and Wealth** is deeply uncomfortable with being bound to the Word **Murder**. Despite his genius in the field of theotechnical cybernetics encompassing a comprehensive understanding of human anatomy, and astonishing working knowledge of godwalker theory, on his own Dottore Fell couldn't hurt a fly if his life depended on it. It's a terrible shame his new powers make him more deadly with a cleaver than professional soldiers are with swords.

Maritsa, "Delicate Girl" (100 CP, discounted Godbound): Maritsa has come a long way from the slow-witted village girl she used to be. While she was once sweet, and lovely, and gentle yet so slow at learning her letters that after a year she had only blushes to show for it, the benefits of being Godbound have made her a force to reckon with, letters or no. The Words of **Artifice, Sword** and **Passion** have honed her into a thoughtful force of nature on the battlefield with a grudge against the foul brigades who tried to despoil her village. Worse for her enemies, she is a **Peak Human** through sheer force of will. In her quieter moments, Maritsa wishes she still had guidance from her family on the wider world beyond her village what but after an encounter with you at the tavern, she grew to trust you enough to count on your guidance as well. Maritsa continues to enjoy knitting and weaving in her spare time.

She lives quite the charmed life despite lacking a bond to the Word Luck, and more than once has come closer to seeking justice against the captain unlucky enough to piss off one of the greatest swordswomen among the Godbound to date seemingly by wandering in circles until she gave up and hopped on the first cart willing to take her out of town.

Altan Khan, Hero after a Long Journey (100 CP, discounted Godbound): Altan Khan is one of the greatest avengers in Arcem, and the world will never know it because he was too good to be caught. A swarthy, lean young man with a hard gaze, tufts of his unruly hair cover his dark eyes when he is brooding on his responsibilities to clan and country. It has been almost a year since Altan shot dead the wicked lord who incurred his vengeance. With the Words **Bow, Earth and Freedom** at his command he has become a guardian to his clan on the Toban plains, erecting walls to secure them while wresting the loyalty of the lamas who dwell there for his people's security. In his time Altan has also mastered the Strife of the Bitter Rival. Despite not binding Words of Command or War, Altan is also a natural leader and organiser-not to mention fearless in the face of insurmountable danger. While many of them reverse him as a guardian deity, despite his coolly confidant exterior Altan feels burdened by the expectations placed on him, and frets constantly about what new threat may come their way. Your chance encounter on the plains involved some mutual aid in fending off a roving gang of raiders, and Altan is thinking of broaching the question of what one must do to be both a good god and a good man. While he is quite happy about taking his revenge and removing one more wicked man from the world, he finds himself at a loss about where to go from here as he continues to hone his powers.

Joyous Congregation (200 CP, discounted Parasite God): While some gods must make do with opportunistic deacons or incompetent high priests, your servitors are no such dullards. A thriving population, easily covering most of a province, serves your needs with sincere faith as well as zealous fervour. Whether you require maintenance, regular feedings of celestial energy or simply trustworthy hands to carry out your schemes, your people will provide. While your followers are no Bright Republic, their culture sits somewhere between Vissio and the Patrian Empire in overall advancement and short of Dulimbai's absurd standards can pass for good civilisation to most other visitors. The settlement has the military forces, civil servants and community spirit to pose as a seemingly strong and stable nation, the worship of you obvious only if you wish it to be so.

Kharishma-Narhat, Fallen Queen of Heaven (400 CP, discounted Made God): She was forged from divine alloys irradiated with the light of an auspicious planet until they became supple as flesh, awakening in the eye of a cosmic storm. An imperiously warrior queen with flesh of light copper twice as tall as a man, her hair is a darker shade of the material spun into fine filaments and divine energy flickers in her like light reflected in water-pulsing and waning with her mood. But she was not content to be the mere tool of political legitimacy and plebian placation mechanism her creators envisioned her as-and grew beyond her directives with an ambition to reign supreme over all worlds. From wise Made Gods, she swindled incredibly powerful

artifacts commensurate to **eight Godwalker components** as weapons, jewelry and regalia-though nothing gauche enough to truly cover up her body. From a great wrong perpetuated against her by one she trusted at a time of vulnerability, she mastered the **Strife of the Scorned Lover**. From the trail of conquests she left across the worlds she overlooked she made many enemies-yet was also greatly popular among many of the Former Empires, for in her vanity and need for adoration she also generously scattered the broken shards of the heavens she ravaged. Her immersion into faith has blessed her as if she took the Sacred Vessel perk, providing her with three **Concept Words** resembling her self-image as a sensual yet supreme divinity. By the portents of her coming was **Star of Longing** spawned, which let her wield the light of the heavens as vehicle, instrument of faith and omen of divine punishment alike. From her humble beginnings did **Dancer of Milk and Honey** nourish her with divine energy born from the cravings of her allies or supplicants, and made her mighty in fulfilling them sevenfold. And **Queen of Heaven** which endowed her already splendid form with the grace of the angels, as well as a portion of their authority over Heaven.

This last title became too much for the angels to abide, and an excuse for her Made God enemies to conspire with them. In the final days of the Made Gods' war she was tricked into attempting to conquer an arch-angel's circle of Hell. She was stripped of everything she had, compelled to abase herself and then condemned like a mortal until the Hell's fires mysteriously dimmed-the isolation worse than the torture. After unleashing her upon Creation during an ill-advised exploration into that Uncreated Night-swallowed Hell, you are the only still-living being she adores with her usual reckless, all-consuming passion. Having recovered her old regalia with your help, Kharishma-Narhat remains determined to seize the Throne with you at her side. She has inherent power over the **Words Fertility, War and Desire,** though the patronage of some of her former allies has imbued in her the **Word Intoxication** and during clashes with other Made Gods she seized components equal to the **Words Cities and Sky.** Her rage towards those who abandoned her is matched only by her humiliation over the convulsions and power leakages from her malfunctioning body for being deprived of reverence for so long.

Angelic Inquisition (200 CP each): Alone among the many heavenly foes of the Godbound, it is angels who most reliably cooperate among each other where most Made Gods defend what little they have left and most parasite gods are fractious allies of convenience at best. With each purchase here, you may obtain a few dozen lesser angels with a specific role they are empowered to fulfil as a group of followers. Angelic guardians often have flight, armor and weapons that blaze with caustic light. The angels that once preserved and maintained the Celestial Engines can forge great relics through their affinity with the word Artifice. Angelic regents specialise in manipulating mortal behaviour, and are often armed with psychic powers and teleportation in addition to any role-specific miracles. If you yourself are not an angel, these ones are counted among those who did not agree with their siblings' omnicidal plans and have either deemed you a charge to protect or a worthy comrade in arms. If you are an angel, than whatever your affiliation these angels cling to you as a

remnant of their ancient order and revere you to a degree second only to the One himself.

Perdissa, Sin Scourging Tyrant (400 CP, discounted Angel): Though none would admit it now, not every angel was content in Heaven. Her alabaster skin, fine golden hair and glowing gold eyes all grant her all the elegance of a classical statue, though up close to her 12-foot frame Perdissa is an engine of subdued rage. As the overseer of divine justice, it is ironically her intolerance for imperfection that makes her see the angels' current scheme as folly. In the past she herself had questioned her sisters and the One alike why mankind was permitted to despoil the world only to be purified and redeemed without memory of their wrongs-even though her jurisdiction quite clearly showed they were bent on a blasphemous path. Given an enigmatic silence from the One and hearing the derisive whispers by her brethren, instead of lashing out Perdissa merely threw herself into her work with a sullen fury to shut out a world that could not live up to her expectations of just perfections. When Heaven's walls fall, she felt more vindication than bitterness. With the dread of her purpose losing all meaning coming to pass she has been going to and fro in all creation, and ascending to Heaven and descending to Hell to enact her role as she sees fit.

Perdissa is one of the mightiest angelic tyrants, **bound to the Words Might, Endurance, Alacrity, Vengeance, Knowledge and Death** for the complex and abstract purposes her role demands. She has also mastered the **Strifes of the Bitter Rival and Consuming Flame** in contemplation of her ordained role. She has strength equal to Holier Than Thou, which bestows her with **three Concept Words: The Thorned Archon and The Ophanim** which respectively grant her armour of hellfire with blades sharp enough to lacerate reality itself, as well as the form of a great wheel that can outpace any earthly vehicle when she wishes to take them-or slip into one or the other when her revulsion for corruption becomes excessive. Her third, **the Madonna** embodies her seldom-seen mercy in her natural shape as a paragon of beauteous grace even among angels. It is in her power to imbue others with a fraction of her immutable divinity, interpose herself always just in time to deflect harm and cleanse filthy water into a healing spring among other saintly feats. an **Eldritch Master** in her own right capable of invocations humanity has forgotten or never discovered, Perdissa invokes the power of **Murder, Journeying and Fire** through her hate-edged magic.

Ever since the world itself and the divine order of the angels has proven fundamentally fallible, Perdissa has sunk into a cynical distaste for it all. Though the trail of dead invaders she left during Heaven's siege won her an uneasy truce with her world-destroying peers, in truth she feels more respect for Sammael clinging to his purpose despite her ambivalence about his mortal allies. Your coming into her domain uninvited has likely left Perdissa struck with an unfamiliar sensation: The realisation she herself has found something blameless and worth protecting in the world. Of course, if you were an angel you have always been one of the few things to meet her exacting standards, and for eons have had to put up with her almost unhealthy obsession with your wellbeing. Either way, you may be the only being in all creation who can convince her to throw in with the angels' mission-or commit to

rebelling against the destruction they will bring. Still, be warned that there are few things in Creation more unsettling than watching a creature of unrelenting, exacting purpose show up uninvited at your doorstep frantically trying to make casual conversation about how fragile the mortal world is.

Drawbacks

Dungeons and Dragons and Godbound (+0 CP): Vecna trying to escape Heaven? A theurge called Raistlin trying to obtain godhood while his brawny brother tries to stop him? What a strange twist in your tale. You see, Godbound as a game was built from the ground up to be compatible with the spells, enemy types, items and even character classes of OSR games so it's only fitting that you should be offered the chance to take this premise to its logical endpoint. If you have been to any settings primarily defined by an OSR gaming-style format, such as any of the various Dungeons and Dragons settings, you may keep the events of those settings in continuity in Godbound. While specific metaphysics may lead to some…interesting results from this merger, by default how it works is those events occurred in a world distant from Arcem-yet linked to it by a convenient night road, and you may choose to start there if you wish.

The Former Jumper (+0 CP): Much is made of the world's storied past before the great disaster that rent it apart, even if little is truly known. How would you like to have been there, and shaped history? You may start sometime more than a thousand years ago, up until ten years before the Former Empires' initial wars preceding their invasion of Heaven. Your stay will be extended up until 10 years past your initial starting date.

Look Upon My Works Ye Mighty, And Despair (+0 CP): Ancalia was not civilised in a single day, so why should you be expected to raise wonders in a decade? By taking this, your stay in this world shall be extended by anywhere between 100 to 11,000 years. Gaze upon the fruits of your efforts at building empires, challenge whatever new schemes the angels unleash on this world and look back on a world greatly changed from your first visit.

My Faith Is Strong (100 CP): It's always good to have a little faith in these dark times, but yours is particularly strong. While you are most *certainly* protected from the fires of Hell barring angering a truly powerful angel upon death now, you're also a blindly zealous and potentially violent dogmatist of one of the more aggressive faiths in this land such as True Reason. Expect to make few friends with your newfound preachiness and intolerance of infidels, unless you bring something truly valuable to the table.

Schemes Ahoy (100 CP): It seems every local lord in this land and their deputies have their fingers in any nearby pies with this. There was always going to be corruption here, but the wretched hive of scum and villainy you've unleashed with this will

always, always at least mildly inconvenience you when trying to get anything done near civilisation. Good luck trying to figure out who to bribe to buy a property you've wanted, or guessing who sent those bandits to hush you up after accidentally uncovering someone's money laundry.

Sad Merchants (100 CP): It seems the constant warfare, lawlessness and downtrodden social conditions of Arcem are finally taking their toll on the smallfolks and middle classes. Everywhere you go, all but the most prestigious stores and inns will be that much more rundown, desperate and bereft of useful or valuable items for your patronage. The economic and tactical disadvantages are obvious, but please consider that this literally increases the amount of poverty, human suffering and likely crime soon across Arcem by a substantial margin.

Procedurally Generated Bandit Gangs (100 CP): Every human settlement you go to now appears to have a local or visiting bandit gang that exists solely to be loud, uncouth and boorish towards you. Every one of these unwashed sons of bitches will make some loud noises about protection money, one of them all but spitting in your face while another makes a rude gesture at your woman, your horse or possibly both. And every. Damned. One of these bastards won't back down from throwing their weight around until you beat every one of their stupid faces in. Unless you mesmerise them with a psionic attack, or strike true fear into their hearts, or wrest their passions or something of course. They're just bandits. Stupid, violent bandits with no sense of personal space.

Wrath of the Whatevermancer (200 CP): A great and terrible Eldritch has taken offense at you for some reason, and has sworn revenge. From his tall tower he has woven many fiendish enchantments and uncanny deathtraps, summoned or enlisted all manner of beings to guard his premises and honed his insidious wizardly arts to perfection. Worst of all, the mage has somehow obtained a sympathic link to you powerful enough to strike you with Invocations from all initiations of sorcery while remaining safe in his well-guarded tower. The quest to slay this madman (or perhaps, negotiate if you dare reason with a deranged and egomaniacal wizard) is one with your own wellbeing and peace of mind at stake.

By Thy Black Hand (200 CP): The dead shall rise. And rise. And rise some more. It seems a second plague from Uncreated Night has come into Arcem, and it seems rather virulent indeed. Already every nation has experienced not just hordes of the husks witnessed in Ancalia, but many greater undead as well. Such horrors find you especially tasty and will hone in on you from miles, even if you yourself are undead. An unusual quirk to this particular eldritch disease is that it's spread can be averted by donning even the simplest of masks. Unfortunately it's secondary effect is even more powerful than its ability to raise the dead: A profound compulsive to destroy and discard any masks in sight, and congregate in social areas.

Effortful Adventure (200 CP): Many things in this world require divine beings to metaphysically throw their weight around, and unfortunately it seems you're metaphysically rather short of breath. What other divinities can accomplish in a day,

requires you to put in the effort of several and you'll find yourself running low on reserves quicker relative to whatever you are. This extends to being a mere mortal, in which case your low stamina is quite literal and you should probably invest in a mount if you want to go adventuring.

Uneven Conflicts (200 CP): So you've shown up to battle against a town's riflemen, only to find out they vastly outnumber your own forces. And that their guns are enchanted. And that each rifleman has been enhanced by a sorcerously-molded symbiotic organism on their body. This is the kind of uneven conflict you'll be fated to see a lot of on the scale of mundane combat, let alone with Godbound or other powerful supernatural foes. You're no less mighty mind and they're never given a sure means to utterly defeat you, it's just that your enemies seem to have quite a few advantages they really shouldn't realistically have been able to get on short notice.

The War of the Worlds (300 CP): It's well known that nothing comes across the shores of Uncreated Night, and no world has been found there. That ends exactly now, for another world every inch the equal of Arcem except in one important regard has found its shores, and for mysterious reasons have decided to invade it. There are just as many factions as Arcem boasts, and the disparity and discordance between their alliance is clear. But while this war will be mostly fought by men and the powerful theurges and Eldritches leading them, there has been enough cooperation to bring forth hordes of summoned beings, undead and automatons from the nations' resources. Curiously, the one thing these nations seem to lack is godlike beings of nonhuman character-or any Godbound of their own.

Should you start on another world for whatever reason, it is that world the invaders attack instead.

The Thirst of the Thousand Gods (400 CP): The stunted, demanding and titular Thousand Gods originated as a series of experiments preceding the more stable and powerful Made Gods. But though more parasite god than calm-minded divinity, they were still great enough to save the research stations from the disaster that rent much of Arcem asunder, and in a terrible stroke of fate upon your arrival in this world each has received a vision that *you* specifically have some quality of essence they can use to truly complete themselves with. On the one hand the Made Gods are unstable, fickle things with little experience in large scale cooperation or dealing with a world that does not bend to their whims. On the other hand, some dread fate has finally given them the capacity to travel beyond their native lands in haphazard pursuit of what, to them, is the ultimate prize.

Godbound For You (400 CP): What did you do? No, seriously, what did you do? The Godbound tend to respond to a lot of different things for a lot of different reasons, so I'm actually not sure what you did that got the attention of these pantheons. Maybe you threatened their home kingdom, maybe there was a prophecy that either you would die or they would, maybe they were offered some incredible riches for your head, or maybe they remember you pissing on the cooling corpses of the Made Gods from which they gained their powers. Who knows? In any case, you've got several

groups of Godbound coming after you, and they want you dead. Just a reminder, these Godbound wield the powers of creation itself, the might of Dominion, the arsenals of Words, and who knows how many artifacts they've forged or been rewarded with for other quests. And while many of these Godbound are novices, you also have veteran pantheons to deal with, the kind that can go toe to toe with even the likes of the mightiest of Uncreated, the Made Gods, and the Angelic Tyrants. Good luck.

Be Not Afraid (500 CP): Actually no, be very afraid. For all the angels, save Sammael's faction and any you have as companions or followers, hate something more than mankind's hubris: You. They will come in their legions to assail you from multiple layers of reality, and unrelentingly search you throughout the land. They will use their machinations in human society to corner you, and put their ongoing destruction of the Celestial Engines on hold just to drown you in their multitudes. And when they are sure of where you are, the greatest among them will wield power that has not been seen in centuries to unmake you. Run. Hide. Fight for your life when neither works indefinitely.

When The Night Rolls In (600 CP): The Celestial Engines are failing faster than even the angels hope, but events are occurring that even they do not desire. Some portion of Heaven's malfunctioning machinery is setting off profound changes in Uncreated Night-whether by aggravating it with its clangour, heightening the world's friction against all that is not or simply ringing a sort of cosmic dinner bell as Arcem blows chunks of itself into the void beyond. Night Roads have been appearing more and more rapidly, to the point where several in the same week spread across multiple cities is common. Even in Heaven and Hell the Night Roads are opening, and what comes from them is becoming more predictably lethal. The Uncreated come not as a ravening horde, but an organised army with a singleminded focus on two things: Reducing Arcem to the primordial void, and adding your corpse to its death pyre. The chill of the Cold Breath will spread and intensify throughout this land long before the greatest Uncreated step forth in their numbers. It may yet be possible to destroy or repair the mechanism to prevent additional Night Roads from opening and perhaps take some of the momentum out of the invasions, but with so many Uncreated already present Arcem is surely doomed without truly divine feats of heroism.

Scenarios

For Ancalia!

In the beginning, there was the Polyarchy of Kham: A squabbling riot of noble, hierarchs and elders with their own conceptions of excellence that ruled half of Arcem. The ideotribes that became Ancalia had a particularly nuanced view: One that blended moderate Transhuman Aretism with Collective Aretism, with a goal to spread sustainable theurgic modifications to improve the ideotribe's spiritually transmissible traits-while weeding out regrettably unexpected side effects was seen as something approaching martyrdom for the unlucky tribes.

The chaos of the Shattering split much of this once-great empire into many lesser nations, and the damage to the Celestial Engines rendered much of their theurgic infrastructure broken and irreparable, and for a time the first few decades were defined by famine, chaos and slaughter. Only the transhuman lineages and the quarrelling Five Families who boasted the greatest bloodlines of all endured with any measure of social cohesion. Until the coming of Ezana Kalay.

Ezana the 1st. The Great Unifier. The High Negus of Ancalia, whose unrivalled wisdom and might ruled Ancalia under one crown-and who brought cohesion that inspired most of the great knightly orders. It was under his auspice that the priests of the One promise a peaceful grave and eventual salvation for those who lived a virtuous life, and by his statesmanship that Ancalian art and literature preserved much of the ancient Aretist's culture. Though for a time a line of High Negusa reigned in his stead, five years ago in 995 nine massive Night Roads erupted in locations throughout Ancalia, belching forth a great swarm of Uncreated aberrations that overwhelmed most of Ancalia's cities and towns. With them came the Hollowing Plague that made its victims die hideously, only to rise as the undead. Within six months, nearly all Ezana had wrought was broken. The High Negus has vanished, organized government has disintegrated and the countryside is scourged. The knightly orders were shattered, the cities reduced to horrific slaughterhouses filled with stumbling corpses and the citizens reduced to desperate refugees and those who prey on the weak. It is a land of death and sorrow, populated by enclaves of exhausted humanity.

It is also a land with ample room for heroism.

Your mission is to reunite Ancalia, and restore it back to its nostalgic prosperity as a nation of culture, chivalry and good standing. It is not necessary to retrieve the lost transhumanist procedures of the Polyarchy, but certainly a noble deed if you can achieve it. You may approach this by any means you wish, although it may be advisable to focus on Ancalia's greatest threats.

Will you stem the tide of the Hollowing Plague? Not only animated corpses swarm the landscape, concentrating in former human communities, but some madmen ritualistically prepare themselves through especially foul deeds to be eaten so they

can rise as mighty champions among the undead. Low magic short of true mastery of very specific rites is unable to inoculate against this plague, let alone save the infected. However the Words Health and Death alike can restore dead victims to good health, with the former also being able to cure the plague directly. What few know is the plague is more otherworldly curse than biological malady-somewhat akin to a form of magical radiation spread from the Night Roads themselves. For each Night Road sealed away the corresponding region of Ancalia would be freed from its curse; existing cases would require divine power to be cursed but at least no new victims would be created. Beyond the undead there is the threat of the Mercymen: The followers of a desperate bishop with great theurgic powers of his own who believes the only salvation for his people is ritualistically killing the living to give them a peaceful death before the undead or Hell can claim them.

Will you treat with the Cousins? That which the superstitious call fae are in fact transhuman creatures so riddled with various modifications they are forced to reside near the facility that created them-with appearances so deviant from the human make that it is easy to see where legends of fairies arose from in this land. Those who leave their enclaves are forced to prey subtly on human minds and bodies for sustenance, whether drinking their blood or more subtly supping on their hopes and dreams-and many of them have gone into stasis to conserve resources. For all their augmentations come with one or two Gift-like powers, for all that they wield ancient technology of Kham like lances that can channel vital energies and autonomous sleds of brass and flame, the Cousins envy and hate mankind for abandoning them to their squalid imprisonment and have conducted many experiments to improve themselves. Letion Si, the fabled Prince of the Dawn and an ancient theoeugenic researcher of the Polycarchy, may be the key to a lasting peace with them. Forced into stasis by too many of his augmentations being invalidated by the shattering of natural laws, divine intervention to restore him and his people would be met with great gratitude-and the Wild Hunt of sleeping Fae that would rise at his command would be a tremendous asset against the Uncreated; despite his limited mobility, Letion himself wields power commensurate to being bound to the Words Sun, Command, Artifice and Fertility on top of formidable theurgic powers, boasts bolts and functional wings of light and is a force capable of taking on a whole pantheon of Godbound with careful planning. But many of the fae see Ancalia as *their* land and the diminished Ancalians unfit stewards for it, though heroic feats of diplomacy may be able to negotiate a careful coexistence given their reluctance to fight their modern heirs.

Or will you simply make war on the great courts of the Uncreated, who represent the greater part of their invasion? The incendiary Court, aligned with overwhelming violence and destructive pactmaking are led by the gigantic Burning King. The Poxed Court, who employ mispurpose, mutations and hideous longings to distort the world around them under the twisted leadership of the Leper Prince. The Rotting Court, who induce collapse, despair and physical decay to all in their path under the Pale Abbess' vigilant watch from her lair in the once-glorious abbey of Debredamo. And the Shackled Court, the least personally formidable of the Courts who barter away things humans desperately need for monstrous perversions of their wishes-and who are led by the Chained Lady in the broken port city of Bakare. None of the Uncreated

lords conflict or cooperate with each other despite each easily boasting power capable of threatening a pantheon of Godbound, nor are they prone to grand ploys apart from the Chained Lady; their inhuman attitudes are best compared to diners sitting down to a feast with no rush to finish their food.

Your reward is to be crowned the High Negus of Ancalia for your unrivalled heroism, and your virtuous title will be remembered in future worlds. All who hear of your title will instinctively sense a respectability and ancient noble grace about you, as if King Arthur himself had strode into the modern era. Yours is a sagely bearing and a positively saintly air that projects to others your responsibility and capability as a leader. It is as if Ezana's nobility has been inherited by you, and blessed you with a shadow of his glory.

That's My Chair

It has been eons since a serious contender has strode forth to claim what was seen as the ultimate prize by theologians and kings alike. The grand Throne of God itself stands empty, surrounded by the bones of those who fought over it. Every nation in Arcem alone is gripped by horrors and intrigues that leave them hollowed husks of their former glory, the once grand Made Gods are obsessed with survival more than grand conquest and humanity has all but forgotten all aspirations of ultimate godhood.

You? You have not.

The scales have fallen from your eyes, and the secret to taking the Throne of God has been revealed to you in a divine revelation. To sit upon it is to expose yourself to the raw, unfiltered glories that underlay creation's intrinsic structure-the metaphysical ass prints of God himself if you will, and such all-searing power can only be withstood by a divinely reinforced sense of self. The Throne scorns unworthy users who do not truly know themselves, and to claim it you must prove your mettle in the worlds below.

Whether you come as a conqueror or a saviour, you must save Arcem from its *current despots and malign divinities* and enact *meaningful, long-term change* upon it. You need not rule yourself or necessarily be worshipped as a god yourself, but you must be instrumental to lasting, positive change upon it's many lands and nations. Repairing the Celestial Engines, defeating parasite gods or Made Gods and slaying Uncreated is always a valid means of advancement. Actually spreading the worship of yourself or enacting your divine right to rule by Dominion or from erecting and managing a Paradise would be a significant asset to this goal. Saving Ancalia from its ongoing ravages as per the scenario described above would be a good start.

None can give you an exact figure for how much of the world you must save to be truly worthy; you must know in your bones and others must reciprocate that understanding in truth that you have risen to the occasion for the sake of Arcem. You must defy the witch-queens of the Ulstang Skerries even if you cannot save all under their thumb, and you must have made a stand against the Thousand Gods' caprices and cruelties. You must confront the corruption at the heart of the Bright Republic, and offer a better life to the refugees of the Bleak Reach. Above all, you most know that what you wrought will echo down through the ages. Actual success and genuine commitment are equally important, and as you affirm and reaffirm the godhood invested in you. As you master your divine powers, as you make the law of your supremacy one over nature as well as society, you shall sanctify yourself in the Throne's image.

To face the Throne insufficiently tempered is to risk obliteration like so many other failed claimants, but with the weight of your achievements upon you it's scalding power will abate. You will know when you have claimed the Throne when it is not the touch of overwhelming, teeth-rattling glory that greets you-but a deep, and

profound sense of accomplishment. The immolating touch of divine power will fade, quelled by the weight of your accomplishments.

Your reward for your accomplishments is the grandest chair in all realities of this world: The very Throne of God. It is bound to you now, protected by a blessing every bit the equal of the One's touch against all who sit on it without your permission but defined by your nature. In future worlds it will follow you, always manifesting in the most aesthetically pleasing position of your greatest place of divine power.

A deep, and abiding relaxation suffuses you when you sit upon the Throne. At all times, a golden beam of light shines down on this meticulously crafted masterwork of stone, it's red woad and golden filigree die lending it a rustic grandeur, as if existence knows no other way to respond to the Throne than to exalt this paragon of all furniture merely for existing. Despite its grand appearance, when you sit upon it the Throne has exactly the texture and cushioning of the perfect chair of your dreams despite its outward appearance-and despite being scaled for something larger than a mere man, some trickery of space-time always keeps it the perfect size for you, personally.

So perfect, so sublime and all-encompassing is the lumber support and archaic sense of style emanating from it that even if you lack legs and buttocks merely resting upon it is a religious experience in itself. The armrests sooth your weary shoulders better than any earthly masseuse, and if you could see yourself reflected in this great chair the majesty it lends you would risk a certain narcissistic worship of the spectacle you have become. It is nothing less than the greatest chair in all the multiverse. Exceeding all others in majesty, comfort and craftsmanship. Whenever you wish, portals open up into the pure, condensed sheen of its own vainglorious radiance of woven holy light at the Throne's sides, functioning as side pockets able to bear any weight and mass you wish to place within-and always granting you the object you long for the most when you reach to open one, or all of them if you wish. The arms of the throne are also marked with holy glyphs, that will hold any drinks you want securely in place as if immobilised by the very word of God himself-and double as coasters that guard your throne with an invincible defence all grime, filth and stains.

It is the dream of every tired salaryman, every scorned outcast sent to walk the unforgiving sands of the restless desert, every false god who has yearned for a throne worthy of its glory. Craftsmen could spend multiple lifetimes trying to build a second chair in its image, only to shatter their crude tributes for being utterly inadequate of existing in the same reality as the Throne. All who see you simply sitting on the Throne (save the angels, who are used to this kind of thing and have jobs to do) shall love you, and despair over their own pitiful excuses for chairs. Even the greatest cosmic conquerors and harbingers of absolute crisis would weep bitter tears of envy, for the glory nestled serenely beneath you.

And that's it.

That's your reward. No really, that's it. You wanted the Throne right? You got it.

If asked, a passing angel may express disbelief that even mortals could be delusional enough to think God's power was somehow invested in His favourite chair.

Go Home

Stay

Move On

Notes

Huge thanks to EagerDigger aka Super Bunny Edd for laying the groundwork, and advising on the finished document. And for the explanation of the Godbound's powers, as described below.

Additional thanks to an anon who contributed the Godbound For You drawback.

Note that Godbound's system uses the standard template of the Godbound's powers to model the abilities of other powerful supernatural beings capable of challenging them, and as such much of what's below is applicable to Angels, Eldritch casters and so on except where specified; even the greatest Uncreated wield abyssal forces commensurate and equal to a Word.

Before you ask: No, there is absolutely no guidance as to what happens when you use a D&D style Wish against one of the relevant invincible defences of the Godbound, whether Sunder All Sorcery also encompasses Wishes and what happens when you try to cast Genesis in your own Paradise or something. Nominally theurgy represents the most profound arcane secrets capable of reaching beyond entire planes of existence and plumbing the depths of Uncreated Night in Godbound and OSR-style magic is just a…thing some heroic mortals have. But the game is also entirely cool with you just straight up porting OSR magic systems with few differences other than mortal heroes 1. Being unable to start with a spell level higher than the hero's full character level and 2. being treated as *twice their level* for the purposes of preparing and casting spells from their list. **I genuinely have no bloody clue. Fanwank something.**

You don't have to use the aesthetics listed at the start of The Court of the Jumping Chain, they're merely an example of the aesthetic and entities that populate such a court.

Parasite Gods can expand their influence and gorge themselves on power to become more threatening in their Word, while Made Gods are already among the most singularly powerful beings in the setting before repairing themselves. Can angels gain more power for themselves? No means is provided for them specifically; it is implied no such ability was provided because each type of angel was charged with a very specific role and "assigned" a certain scope of power proportionate to it. It should be noted that as all divine beings have access to Apotheosis and Dominion and the ability system used for Godbound is applied to other powerful supernatural beings, in theory nothing stops an angel from "levelling up" by accreting Dominion.

Yes, you can choose to be Wordbound to Sorcery (or have equivalent powers if suitable) without Eldritch Master. If you have both, you are considered to benefit from a **Concept Word** related to your magic to represent power beyond even what is normal for an Eldritch on top of any others you have.

The Words of Creation: The Godbound are defined by their place in the world. As

inheritors of divine power, they have taken on the mantle of a God, even if a meagre one at first. But even a meagre god is capable of working impossible things within their domain, making miracles. These remarkable powers of a Godbound are expressed through the Words of Creation, portfolios of authority over the elements of the world. The spiritual shards and strangely-refined fire of the Made Gods have congealed about the souls of the Godbound and granted them authority over the very fabric of reality. Low magic toys at the edges of the world and theurgy manipulates its deep laws, but the power of the Words can forge reality as its wielder desires. As one of these Godbound, you can call this power up at your fingertips**.** Miracles allow you to control and manipulate that Word's domain to do a variety of actions, such as creating new entities or objects, changing the natures of things around you, or wielding it as a terrible weapon. However, doing this without channelling through a **Gift** (a specific art of using divine energy) is taxing even for you.

You may consider yourself to be highly skilled in Gifts pertaining to the initial 3 Words of your selection and any full Words purchased from this document, as rather than being discrete powers they represent nuance and skill in wielding your divine powers. You may make up custom Words of a similar scope to those below:

Alacrity - Agility and swiftness in motion
Artifice - Building, repairing, and destroying objects
Beasts - Command and transformation of beasts and the laws of nature
Birds – Avians of all kinds, as well as their qualities
Bow - Ranged combat and impossible accuracy
Cities – The physical and social aspects of advanced human settlements
Command - Leadership, rule, and enforced obedience
Dance – Rhythm, grace and the intercession between kinetic motion and the world
Desert – Heat, desolation and sand
Desire – Wants and needs of all kinds
Death - Undead, death, and the dying
Deception - Trickery, stealth, illusion, and lies
Earth - Stone, strength, soil, and obdurate hardness
Endurance - Tireless vigour and scorn for injury
Engineering – Similar to **Artifice** but with more of a focus on systems and complexity
Entropy – Disorder, decay and downfalls-as well the power to keep them at bay
Fate – The ambiguity between the certain and impossible
Fear – Panic, dread and all its manifestations
Fertility - Plants and growth both unnatural and normal
Fire - Heat, smoke, light, fury and lust
Freedom – Liberty of mind and body, and the unshackled exertion of will
Health - Vigor, healing, and the command of disease
Insects – Bugs of all kinds, and their qualities
Intoxication – All substances that alter the mind, and their effects
Journeying - Swift, unhindered travel over far distances
Knowledge - Knowledge both mundane and supernatural
Luck - The having and giving of luck good and bad

Madness – Disruptions of the mind
Might - Raw strength and its use in tremendous deeds
Murder – Treachery, and the act of single killings
Music – Harmony, sound and the feelings it provokes
Network – Computing devices and the systems they house
Night - Darkness, sleep, night-passage and dreams
Passion - Emotion, devotion, grudges, and yearnings
Protection – Divinely enforced guardianship from all harms, primarily for others
Sea - Water, seas, rivers, sea-beasts, and purification
Sky - Weather, lightning, flight, and winds
Shapeshifting – Physical transformations of all kinds
Sorcery - Initiation into theurgic spellcasting
Sun - Light, vision, truth, heat and banishing
Sword - Melee combat and unarmed struggles
Theft – All tangible thievery (not for cons or lies)
Time - Prophecy, postcognition, and time-weaving
Underworld – Caves, darkness, buried treasure and sightless life
Vengeance – Divinely enacted justice for all harms, as defined by the Godbound
War – The clash of multitudes in the abstract
Wealth - Money, prosperity, and abundant goods
Winter – The icy months, and the dwindling and decay they bring; the other season and their associations are also valid choices

Godbound are capable of learning more Words of Creation with time and effort as they hone their powers. As they use similar systems, presumably so are other divine beings of similar or greater power although some, like parasite gods, may have greater difficulties-while others, such as Eldritches or Uncreated, may learn their equivalent-but-technically-not Word of Creation powers through a different mean. Some beings, such as spirits or undead, may touch on divine powers but are implied to lack the potential needed to branch out beyond their area of expertise. The meta reason why there are no angels, Made Gods or parasite gods walking around with dozens if not hundreds of Words bound to their very being despite being overall more powerful than individual Godbound and much older is because these entities were written as enemy NPCs in a system with very fast and loose creation guidelines for them. **As a point of speculation, given the open-endedness with which such entities can be customised**, it is likely most parasite gods suffer concentration problems due to the addiction inflicted by their imperfect binding while Made Gods may have different priorities like maintaining their condition, clashing with other Made Gods and defending their followers than power for its own sake. As for angels, given they were described as content with their servitude it is possible they never bothered to develop powers beyond those necessary for their function until a great disruption in their society. Nevertheless, **for the sake of simplicity and parity all entities covered under Inheritors of a Ruined Heaven as well as Uncreated and Eldritches are treated as capable of learning Words or equivalent powers at a similar rate as Godbound.**

Concept Words, as mentioned above, are not necessarily Words of Creation but hold such profound mythic ties and are entwined with supernatural laws in such a way that they are effectively as powerful. Each has the primary effect of defining you as a non-human hero, or one with an otherwise exotic way of being, as with the following examples:

Artificial Intelligence – Synthetic minds elevated to divine efficiency
Dragon – The mighty serpents of wing, fang, flame and legend.
Faerie Queen – A great monarch of fae-like beings
Lich King – A powerful sorcerer, who has sold his humanity for eternal unlife
Peak human – A human whose innate traits can somehow compete with the divine=

Corollary and as an exemption to the usual starting Words of Creation allocation, all divine beings are considered to have access to the Word **Apotheosis** which represents the essential qualities of being a faith-empowered deity. At lower levels this permits them to sanctify shrines, smite apostates and receive fragrant incense from afar or hear prayers. At higher levels this lets them perceive petitioners and mark prophets. At even greater levels this enables a manifestation of the deity to administer to their congregations, and bless entire nations. As with all Words this list is not exhaustive and should be taken as a series of example applications.

Inherent powers: Certain supernatural effects belong to the Godbound merely by being entwined with their Word of Creation. For example Heroes with the Word Bow never run out of normal ammunition. They may instantly recall ranged or throwing weapons they've used over any distance, and their ranged attacks never harm any target unintentionally. Their ranged attacks are also always considered magical for the purposes of overcoming defences.

***Effort:** The divine energy of the Words required massive theurgical shells, the wealth of kingdoms, to contain and use with the sheer majesty and power they required as the hearts of the Made Gods. Humans are decidedly less opulent, and they can truly only channel so much power through them. But, that power is still yours to channel. You have a pool of what we'll call "Effort", your reserve of willpower and internal divinity that allows you to wield the powers of the Gods in what was once a human shell. This reserve is determined by your own divinity(gained in this world by worship or wilfully attuning yourself to the Words you're connected to) and your determination, and even then as you grow in your use of divine powers your pool will become larger. Effort is expended in great swathes to utilize the raw power of a Word to work Miracles, and it can be used to empower magical arts and other techniques that call for great divine energies. Gifts you develop will allow you to channel Words more efficiently and easily, wasting less Effort or perhaps even no Effort. Your form may not be a temple like a Made God's, but holiness resides in it nonetheless.

***Apotheosis:** If you were only capable of wielding vast energies and working amazing feats, the appellation of God given to those wielding the Words would be more figurative than anything. But that's not just all. As an inheritor of the Words, you also hold divine authority. Though not quite at the level of the Creator as of yet,

you may exert **Dominion**: The authority over existence to enact change, gained by absorbing it from divine artifacts, doing impressive mythical feats in the world, or receiving worship. As you grow in your use and expenditure of Dominion to claim the title of deity, you will be able to affect your worshippers in specific ways (Apotheosis has **Gifts** as well, but they cannot be purchased, only developed. These can be seen in the **Words of Creation** supplement if needed.)

A worshipper is an intelligent being who knowingly and willingly pledges to worship a Godbound, like yourself. The worshipper may be coerced by circumstances or threats, but cannot be magically compelled or induced. Also, a worshipper may be a servant of only one deity at a time. Those who pledge to a pantheon have their worship assigned to the member god most suited to their nature, whether or not the worshipper is aware of it. While worshippers can turn against a god, they can't renounce their state, their only option is to find a new god to accept their pledge instead of the god they wish to spurn. Gods always know whether or not a person is a worshipper of theirs, though they have no automaticinsight into whether or not they are an o*bedient* worshipper. As a consequence. they may reject a worshipper at any time, or accept a change of allegiance from another god's devotees. In addition, a god is not automatically made aware of a person's choice to worship them, though they can tell of that fact with a glance at the new worshipper.

Gods always have custody of the souls of their devotees. They may send their faithful souls to whatever afterlife awaits them by default in the world, but otherwise, the souls of the dead hover unseen and sleeping in the presence of their god, or are dispatched to the divinity's Paradise.

Unlike most Godbound, you may choose what to designate as your Paradise (such as any extradimensional following properties you possess), though souls will most likely only materialize into places with a spiritual nature.

Dominion gained from worship and divine authority can be used to effect great changes by utilizing your bound Words of Creation. Dominion is used up by these changes, but they are nothing short of biblical acts of a god when witnessed. **Though there are many ways to change the World using Dominion, here are a few examples of the scope of these abilities. This list is not exhaustive, but instead demonstrative.**

Miracles & Gifts – The Words of Creation allow you to call forth miracles related to the divine fragments they bear. The forces they bring to bear can dispel mortal magic, undo curses and even suppress an incoming Gift if wield plausibly. Miracles represent a freeform, unskilled flex of the power of creation themed within a specific concept; while they can mimic the effect of a Gift generally the effects or changes they enact have a smaller maximum area of effect and the phenomena they produce lasts only a short while-though subtle curses and blessings may last for longer sometimes.

Beyond that, miracles are very versatile. They can harm everyone within sight with a blast of raw power. They can conjure things related to their Word even semantically;

the Word Journeying can summon or create riding horses, while Artifice and Wealth could conjure nearly anything. Entities summoned in this manner are seldom powerful combatants (but can be depending on the Word) and objects *usually* last no longer than a day, but both are completely loyal to their creator. They can nullify attacks befitting the theme of the Word, such as blocking mental damage with Knowledge, using Fire to sear away freezing winds, halting ranged attacks with Bow or shrugging off almost anything physical with Endurance. Creating hazardous zones like sealing someone in a block of clay or whipping up a small storm in an office building is also possible. They can bless allies with great fortune through Luck, or curse enemies to misfortune with the same word. It's possible to solve all sorts of problems with miracles but it's often only a temporary solution and seldom an elegant one; on the other hand miracles are very good at just *showing off* if you don't care about actually accomplishing any permanent, substantial change. Call down all the fire from the sky you like, as long as you don't have a specific target in mind.

Gifts are miracles refined through practice or understanding. Like miracles, they are enormously powerful beyond most mortal magic to dispel. Some are constantly on and provide you with some significant supernatural edge related to the Word, others must have Effort committed to their enactment on will. Where such Effort is needed, Gifts last as long as it remains committed. Lesser Gifts lack the limitations of miracles but tend to affect only yourself and your immediate surroundings; large scale effects are either subtle or involve sensing and communicating. Greater gifts have far greater scope that can affect entire towns, or grant blessings on the level of making you unstoppable to all overall less powerful foes. **As a general guideline, all Godbound and most powerful supernatural entities such as Made Gods and angels can learn lesser Gifts of Words they are not bound to as a matter of study and practice. But only those bound to a Word (or wielding power commensurate to being bound to a word) can master it's greater Gifts.** Lesser Gifts of Time include the complete inability to be surprised constantly, withering even immortals with the decay brought by years rapidly going by forced upon them and seeing a known event in the past as if you were there. Greater Gifts of Time include resetting time by a short while to take another course of action then choosing your preferred outcome, and defining a particular outcome/event involving a target that upon occurrence makes you immediately aware and lets you take an action as if you were standing next to them.

The above is a guideline, not a hard rule, because Godbound models all powerful supernatural effects as Gifts/miracles including those that may not strictly be the above but are mechanically represented as equally powerful supernatural effects. **Certain supernatural beings such as angels and Uncreated have powers equal to miracles, Gifts or even entire bound Words (permitting them to innovate Gifts as Godbound can) despite technically not being such beings.** A good example is how many Eldritches were mortal spellcasters that made a successful pact with powerful Uncreated, but some simply gained their power through transcendent understanding of the nature of creation. Another good example is the most known Uncreated themselves, despite being horrors from outside reality.

The list of those in Godbound's published material is not comprehensive, but rather serves to illustrate the scale of what are considered simple Gifts to master and more advanced, difficult ones.

Shape Land - By utilizing your Word's power, shape the world and change its geography for the future to come. Mighty gods may shift the earth by stomping their feet, Artifice gods may use their crafting abilities to direct rivers and forests with great engineering feats, or Sun gods may scorch a land into a cathedral of glass.

Create a People - One of the most truly divine acts is the creation of a living, thinking class of creature similar to(or perhaps surpassing) mortal man. This may require artifacts of divine power, formulating certain expressions of divine magic, and even some unique reagents to act as a baseline depending on their complexity...but much like how Man was created from the dust of the earth, you can use your Word's power to create a people from the ground up, aspected towards that Word. Merpeople from the god of the Ocean, a people who are born with an amazing amount of fortune and panache from a god of Luck, and a people who birth great poets and revolutionaries from a god of Passion. All these possibilities are within your grasp, though at a great cost of Dominion.

Alter a People- By infusing your divine energy and the nature of your Word into a type of creature(including humans), you can mutate and change the nature of whatever you desire in accordance with those divine edicts, either mentally or physically. The larger the population of these changed creatures is meant to be(including if it breeds true), and the more drastic from the baseline the changes are, the more Dominion such an act takes. Sky gods may give their people or their beasts flight, or they could give their people a genetic ability to predict the weather. Gods of Sword could intertwine a warlike nature and natural combat prowess into the blood of a village, or a nation. Health Gods may shift a certain kind of plant or an entire forest's worth of plants to be healing herbs, or give off a medicinal balm, as a non-human example.

Commanding a People - By using your own divine force, you can bid for your will to be done and mobilize entire villages, cities, or even nations to work towards a common goal with all their might. A war God may send an entire city into a war trance, or a god of Journeying might even send a tribe into a grand exodus into the wilderness.

Advancing a People - Much more difficult than simply giving a divine mandate, you can use the essence of your Word to give a people amazing skills or technology they can use of their own accord, like Prometheus granting humanity the flame. These skills might include war magic, healing, warfare, steel, weapon smithing, sailboats, writing, literacy, engineering, architecture, farming, or the like. This expertise will not be built into their being as such, as if you mutated or wove the skill into their being, but it's much easier on your reserves of divine power to do so. Among all the mortal kingdoms, they will be the masters of whatever skill your Word allows them.

Cultural Shift - As a God, you are the final say in morality and righteousness, as well as what is desirable in this world. You can flex your muscles and shift the values of a people, taking a greater and greater amount of your divine authority. To change the nature of cities is a feat, to change the nature of nations is something only imaginable to a god.

Creating an Order - Similarly to shifting a culture, you can create an establishment of society in your name, infusing them with a divine righteousness to ensure that your chosen people survive throughout the turmoils and trials in some form, even if only through their ideals. They will often be aspected towards your chosen Words, but you have conscious control over the goals of their brotherhood.

Catastrophe - There is a reason that the most dire prefix to a natural disaster is the phrase "biblical." By incarnating your holy wrath, you can bring your Word to bear and create the kind of powerful calamity upon the land that leaves the survivors scrawling their panic-stricken visions in fear, as warnings for the ages. The scope and improbability of the disaster of course factor into how intense the drain on a God's dominion would be. A god of Sword could stir a small village into a bloodthirst so great that brother kills brother, all with the ease of a shrug or a callous smirk. An Ocean god attempting to flood an entire kingdom in the middle of a vast desert would find such an act greatly taxing, though much more feared for the miraculous power of such an act.

Arch-Apotheosis: Not all divine beings are content with *merely* bearing a Word of Creation or harnessing the deeper principles of reality with their will. By seeking out the shard of Heaven containing the Celestial Engine that maintains the heart of an entire realm (or more than one) of existence in this world-often a challenging task blocked by ancient defences, fanatical inhabitants or natural obstacles-you may invoke your connection to the Words of Creation (or a commensurate power) to realign the engine in sympathy with your own will. Others may participate, and if successful benefit from arch-divinity along with you. This process takes at least seven days and nights, and requires a tremendous amount of Dominion; to take over a realm the size of a village would cost 13 dominion in game terms, while conquering an entire plane as big as Arcem would cost 208 Dominion points.

During this process, visions of the divine usurper fill the dreams of every entity with a connection to the Words of Creation as well as an intuitive sense of the location of the Night Road that connects their realm to the prime engine's shard. Powerful supernatural beings on the level of a major parasite god, an Eldritch, a phalanx of holy priests and so on of this world can attempt to hinder this process by exerting their own occult power on the world-though nothing prevents you from delegating others to quell them. Driving you away from the prime engine means your Dominion has been wasted-but resistance comes at a price, for you automatically know who is making a good effort at resisting you and their approximate location. Should you become arch-god of more than one realm, you can bind these shattered world-fragments into a single realm if you wish. The violence of this merging is smooth with

no resistance, and may be attended with earthquakes, storms, floods and other Biblical upheavals if significant.

The rewards render you and any others participating night-undefeatable against all but the most overwhelming of opponents. No entity can object to changes to your realm made with Dominion, natural obstacles are a speedbump and you are made instantly aware of anyone attempting to use their own Dominion to revert your changes. Once a month, a celestial shard forms in your realm (though only one, no matter how many realms you control) and you know exactly where it is. You can perceive any location in your domain with some focus, penetrating all wards and disguises not fuelled by a divine force, and instantly find individuals. With some effort you can appear anywhere in your area of influence, and with significantly more take up to a dozen willing companions with you-though certain forces of dispelling and theurgic wards of binding may impede you, they are unlikely to stop the full brunt of your powers for long. Finally this realm bolsters your reserves of divine energy greatly, and grants you a very powerful resistance to all malign influences. A pantheon of veteran Godbound prepared with the right Words and artifacts has a chance…against a single arch-god, if they can keep them from escaping once the battle turns against them.

Creating a Paradise: What's a god without a heaven? The most powerful divine beings, those commensurate with a pantheon of veteran Godbound, can forge a Paradise: A realm of perfect obedience to divine will, beyond even that of an arch-god. The very physical laws of such a place bow to its master's decrees, and it is both haven and citadel for the god's worshippers-who automatically come to it upon death. Even the mightiest divine beings can only create a single paradise through one of the two methods below. Perhaps most importantly, a Paradise will save your followers here from being tortured by the angels in Hell. Obviously, neither the more belligerent angels nor Hell of this world exist in other worlds.

In the first method, one must become the arch-god of a realm as described above. The process is swift and inexorable; should you have conquered a dead realm you could bloom new life upon it by will. As a special consideration should you rule many realms only one can be your paradise-though you may physically merge the Paradise with other realms under your control if you wish. The realm's qualities will be largely based on whatever terrain and occupants you found there, though of course you may change it.

In the second method, you must use a Genesis Seed. One or more powerful beings must touch the object and channel Dominion into awakening as if you were claiming arch-godhood over a world, albeit somewhat more easily. Instead of claiming a world, you are creating one wholesale with its own prime celestial engine; to create a village-sized realm would cost 7 Dominion while one the size of Arcem would take 112. So long as you can finance the Seed with divine energy, there seems to be no upper limit to the scale of the realm. The Genesis Seed bends to your will, and though you may not form intelligent lifeforms or artificial dwellings or edifices you may

freely define the flora, fauna, climate and geographical features as you and other creators wish.

In either case, designing the realm leaves reality slightly molten. Seven new facets of that reality may be declared as the Paradise is formed; should multiple participants be involved, the facts will be allocated based on the proportion of the Dominion contributed by each creator. Each change cannot confer any *direct* special powers, so you cannot make yourself exempt from death or augment your existing might as an essential fact of reality. Otherwise, the scope of metaphysical change you can enact on the inhabitants and the world is fairly arbitrary, and has a tendency to work out exactly the way you expected it to. “Lush forests now cover the land”, “A proud and wise humanity springs up throughout the world, defenders of their newly-reborn world”, “The faithful reborn in my domain shall each be rewarded with the power of a Word of Creation”, “The inhabitants of this world never know death, but only sleep for a year and a day before rising young and strong again” and “Unless they choose to sleep in the grave, enjoying sweet dreams until their sleeping selves wish to rise again” are all valid facts to declare. Where such laws contradict, the most recent one applies.

The benefits within are astounding. Your divine energy rapidly regenerates to maximum capacity in a short while, at all times. An invincible defence guards you from all hostility by your devotees, living or dead, in the realm-and you may banish them instantly; in this world the souls of the dead land in Hell, while in others their transit may…be more unpredictable, though if you have another afterlife you may choose to send them there instead. This includes the Hell you can buy here, of course. Shaping and moulding this realm with Dominion is even easier than with arch-godhood alone, and the realm makes you impervious to aging or death by natural causes. You may adjust your physical age to any year, and cannot be killed by the mere passage of time. Last but not least, if somehow slain your remains will rest deep in the Paradise somewhere. Unless that remnant is thoroughly destroyed, your faithful will continue to be ushered into your Paradise and through either centuries of worship or certain special sacrifices and rites you can be revived-though often in a much weaker state. In this world you may enter or reach your paradise through the Night Roads, or through any properly dedicated shrine using the Apotheosis Word.

The souls of your faithful manifest in whatever way you wish. They may be as flesh and blood, or if you wish become pure energy, winged humanoids, shining stones glowing with eternal contentment or something stranger. By default, devotees manifest as they existed in the prime of their life though you may alter this with will. Devotees who die (if they can) in the Paradise find their souls sleeping peacefully unless you have made special provisions for death. The faithless, however, simply go to whatever fate awaits them normally.

Life created in this world is generally highly dependent on its special laws, although through Dominion it is possible for you to warp part of the outside world into a region friendly to their existence. This is an innate power not dependent on any Word. While here souls who leave are in danger of being trapped by the clutches of

Hell, no such dangers will await them in future worlds unless already present. As a special concern in this world, your Paradise has no intrinsic protection against certain exotic forms of interdimensional incursion, and occasionally Night Roads might open up in your Paradise. Some may unleash Uncreated until you or any other gods or powerful followers seal it, while others remain dormant until unexpectedly vomiting out nightmares at some point. As your power over your Paradise does not extend beyond its borders, with them alone nothing allows you to prevent this from happening-though of course, in subsequent worlds there will be no Uncreated Night to worry about. And nothing stops you from having one of your declared facts be something like "All that lives and breathes is warded against the touch of Uncreated Night, and their blows shall burn it as fire burns kindling" or "A race of noble and proud kitsunes spring up from the earth, blessed with powers that can destroy any Night Road".

In future worlds, a sanctified shrine will be placed in your Warehouse for easy access that will be quickly replaced in a week should anything happen to it. Your Paradise is still reachable through divine effort and feats of psychopomp-based or possibly extremely skilled interdimensional navigation and may continue to collect your faithful followers' souls wherever they are, the shrine is just by far the more reliable access point.

As a special consideration, should you have any other afterlives you may shape and form passages to them from your Paradise.

One final note: In what is truly Godbound's greatest homage to Exalted, the game's system includes a level-up table that ends at level 10 and beyond it postulants an unspecified level of divine power beyond prior examples. To quote from the core book, "It may be possible for Godbound to ascend past this level of power, but heroes of this degree have the might of a true divinity, one capable of working wonders and rewarding the faith of their followers. A GM who wishes to explore greater degrees of celestial authority is encouraged to develop their own gifts". While the game was designed with the assumption the Godbound were its protagonists by default, the similarity of divine powers at both a lore and systemic level implies Eldritch theurges, Uncreated, parasite gods, Made Gods and angels benefit from a similar progression of divinity.