



Warhammer Fantasy: Rise of Sigmar

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"When the sun rests, and the world is dark, and the great fires are lit, and the ale is poured into flagons, then it is time to sing sagas as the Dwarfs do. And the greatest saga is the saga of Sigmar, mightiest warrior. Harken now, hear these words, and live in hope."

Before the days of faith, steel and gunpowder, the lands that would be known as the Empire of Man were populated by a number of barbarian tribes, far from the heights of civilization that the elves or dwarfs achieved. Monsters lurk around every corner, and it is only through their strength and bronze weapons to beat back the forces of darkness.

A child would be born during these times, brought into this Fated Place upon a battlefield under the twin-tailed comet, one who would go on to unite the various tribes, creating an empire that would last long after he departed from the world, ascending to become a divine being. This is the story of Sigmar Unberogan, and his rise from man to emperor, emperor to god. What part will you play in this ancient epic?

You receive **1000 cp** to help you survive this grim, dark world.

Origins:

Age and gender may be chosen freely.

Tribes of Man: You were born amongst the various barbarian tribes that populate these lands, surrounded by family and clan members. Though your kind may not be the greatest to walk the face of Mallus, you can still live a good life if you're willing to fight for it.

Dawi of Karaz Ankor: You are not counted amongst the tribes of humanity, instead being one of the dwarfs that inhabit the Karaz Ankor of the World's Edge Mountains. Though you have fallen far from the Golden Age your people once had, your people still stand tall, resolute as the mountains you call home.

Greenskin Horde: You're one of the green boys, those wild hooligans that were made for fighting and winning. Standing above most others, you can now count yourself amongst the ranks of the orcs and goblins. With so much opportunity for conflict, you're sure to have a good time.

Forces of Nagash: You are not counted amongst the living, instead being one of the many deceased that is bound to serve the Great Necromancer, Nagash. Though a cruel and fickle master, those who serve him well may be rewarded, or at least treated less harshly than others.

Warrior of Chaos: There is only one true power to be found in this world, and that is through the dark powers of the Chaos Gods. You are one of the damned souls that have pledged themselves to these gods, and have received boons for your services. Work to make your gods happy, and the rewards you could gain would be all but unmatched.

Location:

The Old World: The heart of events that will shape the world, you will begin in the area known simply as the Old World. More specifically, the area where humanity will soon thrive. It is less civilized than the lands of the elves and dwarfs, living as barbarians by comparison, but it holds promise. Whether you start in one of the dwarf holds within the World's Edge Mountains, or the grand forests where the tribes of humanity call home, or even the cold lands to the north that would later on become known as Norsca, it is a perfect area to carve out a place one may call home.



General Perks:

Mindset For War [Free]: The rigors of war is not an environment where one could thrive, taking a heavy toll on both the body and mind. Such conflicts can and have broken lesser men, but you are not one of them. You will find yourself immune to all of the mental afflictions one might gain from war, such as PTSD. You simply push forward, unyielding towards forces that would attempt to break you.

Grim Beauty [50]: If beauty is in the eye of the beholder, then let all others look upon you and know true work of art. Your form is the picture of perfection, as though you were the sculpted work of a true master. Even the most extensive scars you may gain will develop to become aesthetically pleasing, working to accentuate your form, all the while your hair will rarely ever be out of place.

Soundtrack of War [50]: Many races can appreciate music. Be it the guttural chanting of the dwarfs, the elegant flow of the elves, or even the simple beating of drums, there's a type of music out there for everyone. You never have to go long without music anymore, as you now possess a mental playlist of music from the Total War: Warhammer series that you can pull up at any time, as well as acquiring new songs and remixes as time goes on.

Tongues of the Old World [100]: Every tribe has their own individual ways of speaking, with their own colloquial variants, and that's not even getting into the dwarf or elf tongues. You are one of those rare few who has a talent for learning all of these differing languages, capable of mastering even the most complex of them in just under a month, even those you shouldn't be physically capable of speaking.

Voice of the Commander [100]: It takes a special breed of man to lead others in the fires of war, and you are one such example. There is something about you that makes you stand out, and others hanging onto your words. Even in the heat of battle, your orders will be clearly heard by all those who fight under you, who will carry them out to the best of their abilities. They will trust you to lead them to victory, so be confident, and ensure that you can live up to their expectations.

Favor of the Divine [200]: There are those who claim to bear the blessings of their gods, champions who are the ultimate instruments of their divine will upon the mortal plane. Yet none could compare quite to you, whom the gods cannot help but gaze upon approvingly. You will find that all divine beings can't help but to like you, and are more likely to grant you boons and blessings, all the while with no downsides for yourself.

Hedge Wizard [200]: There are those who are born with a natural connection to magic, drawing upon the Winds to cast spells, but in return are more susceptible to the forces of Chaos. You are a masterful practitioner of this most feared and potent art, with a certain focus placed on one of the eight classical Winds of Magic. By paying an additional **[100]**, you can master additional Winds, something typically not possible for normal humans.

Chosen of the Twin-Tailed Comet [400]: The Twin-Tailed Comet has always been an important symbol for those on the world of Mallus, and those born under its light are often believed to be destined for greatness. As one of those born under this celestial object, the forces of fate itself are in your sight, subtly pushing you towards victory and greatness, power and influence naturally drawn towards you even if you don't go out searching for it. Additionally, this will act as a **[Capstone Booster]**, improving the benefits you would gain from certain perks.



Tribes of Man Perks:

Discounts for Tribes of Man are 50% off, with the [100] perk being free.

Primal Man [Exclusive]: You are not one of the stout dwarfs or elegant elves, a brutal orc or immortal undead. You are simply human, but what's so wrong with that? Though you may not be counted amongst the best, you are good enough. Though, such a harsh life has led towards you being more physically capable than other breeds of humanity you may be familiar with.

To Face The Dark [100]: There are things that lurk in the shadows, being beyond man's comprehension that hold only malice towards them. In the face of such terror, no matter how you truly feel, you will be able to stand fast and wield your weapons with courage. Even if all those who follow you are paralyzed with fear, you will still be capable of charging forward with a warcry on your lips.

Good Sense [200]: Not all conflicts need to devolve into violence, a contest that would see a pointless loss of life. You know that there are other paths, even if they may not be the easiest or fastest. You have a sixth sense for when you can solve problems diplomatically, such as pulling a spear out of a wounded animal to make it cease its rampages instead of slaying it.

Oaths of Friendship [200]: When the young Sigmar saved the High King of the dwarfs, that cemented the friendship between the mountain people and those of the burgeoning empire. Like the young warrior, you too find yourself capable of forging fast friendships with even the most prickly of characters, a friendship that will rapidly grow in strength over time as you spend time together, or aid each other. In days like these, it is essential to stand by those you trust, and lean on their strength when yours isn't enough.

Favored by Ulric [400]: The God of War, Winter and Wolves has gazed upon you, and found you worthy. His divine power now flows through your veins, granting you access to a potent berserker rage, a temporary state of being where your strength and durability have been greatly improved and your senses heightened, while still retaining your wits, although activating this in quick succession is sure to tire you out.

Right of Conquest [400]: It is a simple fact that if you want something, you only have to take it, be it through choice words, or in your case, forceful conquest. You can challenge others to one on one duels, and when you emerge victorious, you can lay claim to anything that they own. Even if you demand that their entire tribe bow before your own, none will be able to dispute your claim, for you have proven yourself the superior warrior and conqueror.

Barbarian King [600]: In this world, it is ultimately strength of arms that decides the fate of entire lands, the ability to deal death to one's enemies in large numbers. You are a mighty warrior who possesses the incredible combat prowess needed to turn the tide of battle, capable of easily slaying a dozen men with just skill alone. Capable of quickly mastering any weapon you get your hands on, even the most bizarre and exotic are turned into weapons of mass carnage when used by you.

Twin-Tailed Comet: You are less a warrior and more a force of nature, a whirlwind of death that cannot be stopped or hindered, only directed. Even as a normal man, you could face off against a daemon in single combat and have pretty good odds for coming out of it the victor. With you leading from the front, all who oppose you would be wise to flee, not like that will save them.

Paragon of Humanity [600]: You stand above all as an inspiration of what one could become, a figure straight out of myth and legend. You are the very pinnacle of what your race could become, possessing strength and vitality that is near unrivaled. Your speed is nearly inhuman, capable of striking faster than most eyes could see, and possess the reflexes to match.

Twin-Tailed Comet: But it is not just humanity that you are the peak of, but the physical and magical paragon of any race you become a part of. Not only that, but any imperfections in your body, be they genetic diseases or arcane weaknesses, are purged. Even poisons and disease cannot hold sway over you for long. Never again will you allow yourself such weakness, unbecoming of a hero like you.



Dawi of Karaz Ankor Perks:

Discounts for Dawi of Karaz Ankor are 50% off, with the [100] perk being free.

Body of Stone [Exclusive]: As one of the dwarfs, you possess a host of natural advantages that set you apart beyond your short stature. Not only do you live far longer than humans, but your hair is more durable, and your hands are much more nimble than before. Though, you do have a strange relationship with magic, as it does not agree with your people beyond the applications of runecraft.

Rock and Stone [100]: There is a very good reason why all dwarfs are stereotyped as being miners, and you certainly live up to it. You are a talented miner, not only knowing how to dig through the earth at a rapid pace, but find veins of materials and set up proper Dawi support to ensure that it'll only collapse during combat or natural disasters.

Inhuman Craftsmanship [200]: Amongst all the people of the Old World, none are as famed for their craftsmanship than the dwarfs. Whether or not you are one of those stout craftsmen, you will find that anything you create is simply better than what any human could ever achieve, made with simply inhuman efficiency and effectiveness. After all, no proper dwarf would ever want to be found making shoddy equipment.

That's Going In The Book [200]: There is nothing as terrible to face down as a dwarf bearing a Grudge, especially one against you. Whenever you face someone who has wronged you and yours in combat, you will see a slight boost in your physical capacity, something that will increase the worse they've done. You are sure to be the bane of those most prominent in the Book of Grudges.

Lessons of Morgrim [400]: It seems like you're part of the Engineering Guild, or at least have enough knowledge to mimic a master of the craft. Either way, you're privy to the secrets of this most honored guild, creating fine machines that are much more capable and, more importantly, reliable than anything humans could achieve. Additionally, you've come to learn of this brand new yet untested substance called black powder. Not much use for it yet, but in a few centuries after it's been deemed safe to experiment with, some enterprising beardling may have some ideas.

Silence of the Stones [400]: All dwarfs are more resistant to the forces of magic than any other races. You, though, seem to take this resistance a step further, creating a field around you that weakens any magic performed near you, making them more unstable for those who would be your enemies. Should any mages think to face you, they'll be surprised by the difficulty they'll have in manipulating the winds, as well as the rate of miscasts they'll experience.

Runelord [600]: Dwarfs were never spellcasters and never will be. There is only one way for your people to safely and reliably harness the power of magic, and that is through the use of runes. You are one of the vaunted Runelords, capable of creating wonders that anyone would be fortunate to wield, though still far from the heights of what your people could achieve during your Golden Age. You are limited by the fact that you can only apply three runes to a single object, as only the Ancestors could add more than that.

Twin-Tailed Comet: You hold some of the most precious knowledge that modern dwarfs could ever dream of, a glimpse into that glorious past before the Time of Woes. You are comparable to one of the ancient Runelords from before the war between the dwarfs and elves, knowing many potent runes that have been lost to time. It would be best to pass along this knowledge, before something forces it to become lost once more.

White Dwarf [600]: You may as well be an ancestor, with the ages of experience and wisdom you've accumulated. You are old, old, *old* enough to have seen the days before the Great War of Vengeance and to have forged quite the legend from it. Your might and prowess as a warrior is unsurpassed among the Dawi, though yours is not necessarily an aptitude for command. Rather, you have an uncanny knack to know whenever your people have need of you, appearing to win the day only to vanish just as quickly, off to the next battle. Suffice to say, your beard is *magnificent*.

Twin-Tailed Comet: Your saga has reached far and wide, catching the attention of the Ancestor Gods themselves. One has seen fit to grant you their blessing, causing your skill in their associated field to skyrocket - Grimnir would make you a peerless warrior, while Valaya would turn you into one of the greatest healers in the world.



Greenskin Horde Perks:

Discounts for Greenskin Horde are 50% off, with the [100] perk being free.

Green Git [Exclusive]: You are a big, mean, green fighting machine, a mass of muscle made for fighting and winning. You are not hindered by pain, and tend to grow stronger the older you become and the more battles you win. Alternatively, you could become one of the goblins. Smaller and weaker than the orcs, but are more nimble than they.

Time To Krump [100]: All orcs live to fight, to such an extent that their entire society is all about finding the biggest and baddest fights, and then moving onto the next. Fighting amongst themselves is far from rare, and as such you've gotten pretty good at scrapping. You are a decent brawler, competently fighting with nothing more than just your bare hands.

A Proppa Scrap [200]: The proper orcy way to establish your place on the totem pole is by beating the snot out of anything weaker than you. All orcs understand this universal sign of undeniable authority, but unfortunately all the other people out there are weird and don't work like that. When it comes to you, though, you seem to force them into this orc mindset, seeing as whenever you beat someone into submission, as well as the forces under their control, they won't bear a grudge against you.

Da Big WAAAGH! [200]: No longer are you just one of the standard green boys, you're one of the shamans, capable of calling upon the powers of Gork and Mork to make the fighting a bit more interesting. From firing lasers out of your eyes, causing your allies to fight harder than before, or even summoning down a giant green foot to crush your foes, there's a lot of fun tricks you can pull with this.

Brutally Cunning [400]: Much like a future git who would bear the favor of one of the twin gods of the greenskins, you've got a truly impressive mind when it comes to war, even amongst the self-proclaimed more intelligent races. When it comes to utilizing tactics, both underhanded and 'honorable' tactics, such that you could get an inferior and outnumbered force and lead them to a crushing victory.

Cunningly Brutal [400]: Even if every fight is a great way to have fun, it's even more fun when you're the winner, and you've got exactly what you need to win. You gain a sense for where your enemy is weakest, and the supernatural timing to take advantage of these weaknesses. Sure, that stuntie may be covered in some shiny armor, but if they're temporarily stunned when you block their hit, that gives you enough time to strike at where the armor is thinnest, severing a limb or leaving a gaping wound. This not only affects a single person, but entire armies as well.

Chosen of Gork [600]: The Orc God Gork has looked upon you, and is suitably impressed. You are a pillar of brutality, a true terror on the battlefield. Not only has your physical strength seen a massive increase, but your skin has changed, becoming just as durable as treated iron. Finally, your flesh will slowly knit themselves back together, so then you're never taken out of a fight permanently. With these benefits, you're all primed and ready to take part in the most legendary of WAAAGHs!

Twin-Tailed Comet: Gork likes you a lot, apparently, if he's willing to give you all of these. Your flesh and organs are as sturdy as iron, your skin more akin to dwarf steel in its durability than any organic material. In addition to this, you possess a healing factor like those of trolls, constantly healing from any wounds that won't kill you outright or were cauterized.

Chosen of Mork [600]: The Orc God Mork has looked upon you, and is suitably impressed. When you charge into battle, a green energy seems to coat your forces, granting them an increase in both physical ability and cunning intelligence. Not only can they strike at your enemies with more force, but they're better at taking advantage of any openings that your opponents end up leaving. Though you may not receive any of these abilities, sometimes you just need to let the lads have their own fun.

Twin-Tailed Comet: Mork likes you a lot, apparently, if he's willing to give you this boon. The green energy that coats your forces not only boosts their abilities, but this boost will steadily increase the longer a battle goes on. As such, any battle of attrition is a poor choice against you and your army, but a wonderful idea on your part. Given enough time, you could create an unstoppable green tide.



Forces of Nagash Perks:

Discounts for Forces of Nagash are 50% off, with the [100] perk being free.

Skeletal Unlife [Exclusive]: You are no longer a living human, becoming an undead being that could send shivers down any mortal's spine. You are ageless and immortal, requiring no sustenance or air to continue existing. You require only magic to continue existing, to such an extent that even if you were ripped apart, you would just have to put your bones back in the right place and you're good to go.

Alternatively, you could be one of the other various forms of undead, such as a zombie or ghoul. For an undiscounted **[100]**, you could instead become a vampire, bearing a sharp mind and a human-like appearance, as well as supernatural strength and speed. Though you still require the taste of blood, the typical weaknesses of your kind are not yet present during these times.

Passing of the Ages [100]: What does the unceasing passage of time mean to the dead, those who can go millennia without any hint of change? You are fully prepared for this unchanging life, possessing an infinite amount of patience and an immunity to boredom. In the face of eternity, you are perfectly suited for such an existence.

Jumper Does Not Serve [200]: The origins of Nehekhara's obsession with death came about due to one man's search for immortality, Settra the Imperishable. A figure of legend due to his great skill, as well as his indomitable willpower. Now, in only this aspect, could you match that most ancient of kings. Your will and arrogance is truly divine, as unbreakable as the passage of time.

Lore of Nehekhara [200]: The magic pioneered by the ancient people of Nehekhara were just as capable of magic as any other men, tempering it with the faith in their gods. Whether you believe in them or not, you have become an expert in the magic of these lands, capable of such feats as ripping out the moisture in one's flesh or conjuring a whirlwind of skulls to devastate your enemies' forces.

Face of Death [400]: There is no greater fear in man than that of death, the cessation of life and all that entails. You now stand as an embodiment of that fear, your very visage capable of weakening the resolve of lesser men, sending them scurrying away in fright. Even the forces you command share in this effect, growing in strength the larger your army. When faced with an army of the dead, how else should the living react than with fear and terror?

What Is Dead May Never Die [400]: Why should those who are already dead care about death, those who have denied that most permanent of sleep? You have risen from the grave once before, and you're more than capable of repeating that same feat. Once every ten years, you can come back from the cold embrace of death, no matter what damage was done to your body or soul.

Such is the Power of Jumper [600]: They would be right to fear you, a figure bearing power unimaginable. Within you is a maelstrom of arcane energy, such that you would be a lake to the average hedge wizard's proverbial pond. No mortals could hope to match you in capacity, and the potency of your spells are certainly nothing to scoff at either, being nearly thrice as powerful as what they should be.

Twin-Tailed Comet: The power you hold is something to behold indeed, more akin to a force of nature than anything else. Only the most ancient elven sorcerers or the distant Slann of the Second Generation could claim to be your superior. Such is your arcane might that your spells could cover an entire continent through great rituals.

Teachings of the Great Necromancer [600]: Whether you have gazed upon his nine books, or you've received the personal attention of the Great Necromancer, you now bear a sublime understanding of necromancy that is second only to Nagash. With enough power, you could raise entire armies of the dead, rip your enemies' souls right out of their bodies, or so much more. Even the creation of vampires is not beyond you, nor is altering any that already exists.

Twin-Tailed Comet: Though it may be heresy to utter, your skill with the dark magic of necromancy is equal to that of Nagash himself. With your knowledge and expertise, you could perform a grand ritual that could raise all the dead in the world, binding them all to your will alone. Of course, the hard part would be pulling it off, as there are more than a few parties who would never allow for such a thing to happen.



Warrior of Chaos Perks:

Discounts for Warrior of Chaos are 50% off, with the [100] perk being free.

Mark of Chaos [Exclusive]: When you have been abandoned by all, when hope has fled, it is the Dark Gods of Chaos that answered your prayers, granting you power in exchange for service. You have been marked by Chaos, either by one of the gods or by Chaos Undivided, and have gained some minor yet useful boons.

Alternatively, instead of being a human who turned to Chaos, you could be counted amongst the ranks of the beastmen, such as a caprigor or minotaur. For an undiscounted [200], you could become a Dragon Ogre, a powerful centaur-like creature that continues growing as long as it lives and possesses an affinity towards lightning, which some can utilize in battle.

Influence of the Dark [100]: For as many of the blessings of Chaos one might enjoy, it is no secret that a number of them have their downsides, to say nothing of what happens to those that displease the Dark Gods. Thankfully, you are one of those very rare few who can benefit from their blessings and boons, but suffer none of their drawbacks or downsides.

Traveler of the Wastes [200]: The Chaos Wastes are no spring frolic, being harsh lands where only the strong survive, and even then it is a coin flip. When it comes to you, though, you can survive in such terrible conditions, possibly even thrive. Survival will always be possible for you, no matter what kind of environment you're thrown into.

Lore of Chaos [200]: As beings native to the realms of magic, it would only make sense for the Chaos Gods to possess their own magical lore, with the sole exception of the Blood God, who despises the use of magic. By purchasing this, you have become a master of either the Lore of Tzeentch, the Lore of Slaanesh, or the Lore of Nurgle. With the power of this dark magic on your side, victory is sure to be close at hand.

Force of Corruption [400]: The victory of Chaos is inevitable, and with each battle they expand their influence just a tiny bit more. You are instrumental in speeding up this process, as the very land around you changes due to the darkness you bear. The longer you are in a given area, the more corrupted it becomes, allowing all chaotic and daemonic abilities you possess to be much easier to use and much less costly. You could even keep a fully manifested daemon around indefinitely, given enough time.

Speaker of the Gods [400]: The forces of Chaos tend to war with each other more often than they do their true enemies, much to your dismay. Thankfully, you are someone who speaks with the authority of the gods, and have been granted a literal silver tongue. You have a way with words that would make any Slaaneshi cultist moan in envy, capable of wrangling even the most fractured and chaotic forces into something resembling a unified army.

Daemon Prince [600]: You have ascended into a higher being, becoming something more than just a mere mortal. You stand now as a daemon of great power, immortal in every way that matters. Your new form can be designed however you want, though it does possess some elements of the Chaos God that you have subjected yourself to. Your strength and durability are supernatural, and your ageless body will simply be sent back to the Aethyr when slain, though some magics can slay you permanently.

Twin-Tailed Comet: You are no longer a mere daemon, instead one of the Greater Daemons of the Dark Gods, second only to them and equal to Be'lakor. Your power is enough to eclipse anything less than a dragon, and possess unique abilities related to the Chaos God you've aligned yourself to. Those of Tzeentch could see the future with unparalleled accuracy, while those of Khorne would become all but immune to spells and sorcery.

First Everchosen [600]: Branded upon your flesh is a mark that would come to be worn by one other, he who would ultimately bring ruin to this world. You bear the Eternally Burning Mark of Chaos, which will grant you all of the benefits of the four Marks of Chaos normally granted to those aligned with Chaos, but have been vastly enhanced. The gods shall also look upon you and your forces more favorably, offering their subtle assistance whenever it is needed.

Twin-Tailed Comet: The Brand of Chaos burns hot upon your skin, it's infernal power fusing with your very soul. You can actively hear the voices of the Four Gods of Chaos, granting you pieces of eldritch knowledge and insightful advice to help you in all of your endeavors, with no ulterior motives beyond wanting to see their ultimate champion prosper.



General Items:

All Origins receive an additional [300] to spend in this section only. You may freely import any related items you own at your discretion.

Starting Gear [Free]: These are dangerous times, and it would be foolish to send you here with nothing. You now own a set of clothing, a set of armor and a weapon fitting for your faction. A human would receive furs and a bronze weapon, while a dwarf would own a full set of steel.

Ancient Decorations [50]: Many cultures have their own unique styles, from the primal looks of the human tribes, the steadfast stonework of the dawī, and even the dour architecture of Nehekharā. Should any of the architectural styles of the cultures of these days speak to you, then you can alter your Warehouse as well as any of your properties to match them. You could also swap between them at any time.

Fur Cloak [50]: Winter is not to survive, bringing a fel chill on the winds that bites deeply, especially if one were to head further north. This thick hooded cloak, made from the fur of a bear, is meant to help one survive this cold season, keeping the wearer comfortably warm no matter what kind of weather is assaulting them.

Plastic Figures [50]: You will find yourself in possession of a wooden chest, filled with all manner of figurines. They seem to depict the various units of armies used by the factions here, as well as a book detailing something known as the 'eighth edition.' Whatever you use them for is up to you, but they certainly make good conversation starters or decorative pieces.

Wartime Novels [50]: This world has a vast and intricate history, one that has captivated and enticed untold thousands. Should you wish to experience more of this world, one of the best ways is through books. You possess a number of novels from a place known as the Black Library, telling the stories of dozens of characters native to this world.

Book of Records [100]: The dwarfs keep a large number of books for all kinds of purposes, the most famous being the ones in which they store the Grudges committed against their people. This is not that book, but it is certainly useful. Made up of endless pages, it will automatically mark down any Grudges, accounts, mining locations, places of importance, and much more. The perfect tool for those who wish to catalog everything one encounters.

Eternal Provisions [100]: The trials of survival typically revolve around one thing, and that is sustenance. Food and drink is important for a number of reasons, differing for each race. No matter what, though, you will never have to worry about going hungry ever again, seeing as you now possess a constantly replenishing stockpile of foods and drinks from the various cultures found here, from ancient Nehekaran dishes from when they still had flesh to the finest dwarfen ale.

Rod of Power [100]: The Rod of Power is an item from a time yet to be, carved from wood and inlaid with runes of ruby and jet. A nimbus of multi-coloured light plays about it when it is in the hands of a wizard. The Rod of Power is capable of storing power drawn from the winds of magic, even from those originating from your enemies.

Ulfshard [100]: An elvish sword owned by Marbad of the Endeals, who was a close friend of Bjorn, and later on his son Sigmar. The silver blade is just as elegant as any others of its make, but is perfectly balanced in the hand of any warrior. The subtle magics within this sword will allow it to fly true when thrown, even from across the battlefield, though it would leave you weaponless should you do so.

Cloak of the Dunes [200]: This fabled cloak is said to have been created by Khsar the Faceless, the god of the desert who took on the form of the elemental wind. The Cloak of the Dunes is infused with the magic of the deserts, enabling the wearer to transform himself into a whirling cloud of sand and move rapidly across the battlefield. As the bearer moves across the desert, a cone of sharp sand follows in his wake that can strip flesh from bone.

Runefangs [200]: Crafted by the dwarf runelord Alaric the Mad for the burgeoning Empire of Man, these twelve runic swords would serve as the symbols of power for those who would eventually be known as Elector Counts. With potent runes carved into them, they are capable of carving through gromril and dragon scales as easily as normal flesh. Those who bear them are given a subtle air of authority.

Crown of Ages [400]: The perfected version of Alaric the Mad's most cursed creation, that which he originally strived to create. A crown of gromril and possessing potent runes, including the Master Rune of Ages. Those who wear this crown can draw upon the knowledge and wisdom of all those who have worn it previously. Though it may be a bit limited if it adorns only your brow, it will gain a new set of wisdom to draw upon each Jump, one native to the setting and whose background is for you to decide.

Major Settlement [400]: One of the major objectives of survival is to gain shelter, and as time pushes onward, those primitive shelters would eventually grow to become sprawling metropolises. Though it is not yet at the end of that journey, it is well on its way there. You are now the leading figure of a large settlement, housing around three-thousand souls within the walls. The exact nature of both the town and the denizens will match your **[Origin]**, so a dwarf would gain an underground town, while an undead may possess a pyramid complex.

Waystone Network [600]: All across the Old World, one will find a number of these towering, rune-carved menhir. These are known as Waystones, and were crafted by ancient elves to channel and redirect the Winds of Magic towards their island-continent of Ulthuan. Now another may lay claim to this network of ancient monoliths; You. They could be used to draw magic towards a singular location, fueling some truly impressive spells indeed, or you can use them to modulate the levels of ambient magic. With a bit of knowledge, you could even leave certain places completely dried of magic, while inundating others specifically. With such capabilities, is it any wonder that the forces of Chaos seek to destroy or corrupt them at any opportunity?



Tribes of Man Items:

Discounts for Tribes of Man are 50% off, with the [100] item being free.

Pendant of the Unberogen [100]: A pendant that once belonged to Bjorn Unberogen, the father of Sigmar. It bears no magical powers, no earth shattering secrets, simply one final gift from father to son. While you wear this necklace, you will feel that same love, something that will motivate you to become better than you once were, and to always hold compassion for your fellow man.

Hide of Skaranorak [200]: A cloak made from the hide of an ancient dragon ogre, Sigmar made it in honor of the glorious battle it gave him. Not only does it keep one warm in even harsh winter, but it can turn aside a blade as well as any armor of iron, and electrocutes any that strike you. Wearing it is a sign of your might and martial prowess, for who but the mightiest of warriors would wear such a creature's hide?

Flame of Ulric [400]: The sacred flame of the God of Wolves, this eternal bonfire has long been held by the Teutogen Tribe. You will find that any location this silver flame is held in, enough to cover the area that would be known as Middenland, it grants the inhabitants a hardy will, allowing them to endure in even the most difficult of times. Due to the wild nature of the god it belongs to, it will improve any magic related to *Ghur* that is cast within its range, as well as weakening the forces of chaos.

Ghal Maraz [600]: *The Warhammer.* A magical artifact crafted by the Ancestor God Smednir, this mighty warhammer is perhaps one of the most powerful weapons to exist. Bearing five runes and having been anointed within the Flame of Ulric, it is the bane to all things unholy. Undead and demonic forces alike can hardly look upon it without some level of pain, to say nothing of if it were to strike at them. Additionally, it is capable of weakening the effects of any magic that strikes the user, and can even strengthen and revitalize them when held.



Dawi of Karaz Ankor Items:

Discounts for Dawi of Karaz Ankor are 50% off, with the [100] item being free.

Mining Helmet [100]: Descending below the stone bowels of the earth can be a tricky business, especially considering how difficult it is to see down there. This runic helmet will not only protect your head from falling rocks or a goblin's club, but it acts as a constant source of light, illuminating whichever direction you're looking towards.

Star Metal Panoply [200]: The metal known to the dwarfs as gromril is by far the best metal around, much stronger than steel and holds onto runes like nothing else. You should consider yourself lucky, for you possess war gear entirely made of this meteoric iron and imbued with dwarfen runes. A set of perfectly fitted armor, a shield, and a weapon of your choice.

Axe of Grimgnir [400]: A potent weapon that was once wielded by the Ancestor God Gringni, and would eventually fall into the hands of a Slayer. Those who bear this axe will find themselves changed, becoming both physically and spiritually more powerful the longer the weapon is in their possession. Due to its magical nature, not only can it strike at spiritual entities such as ghosts, but the very touch of the star metal weapon is anathema to Chaos.

Anvil of Doom [600]: The Anvils of Doom are the pinnacle of Dawi craft, vaunted artifacts that passed through the generations. Made of Gromril, they are relics of a bygone age, and great runic power is imbued within. In short, they are a priceless Dwarfen treasure. Firstly, they are excellent in their mundane purposes - they can be used to forge no end of runic items. That is not their main function, however. Each anvil is etched with the Rune of Sorcery, allowing a skilled smith to call down fantastical effects such as flame and lightning upon striking it. Additionally, it bears a rune from one of the great ancestor gods - either bolstering the will of fellow Dawi warriors, strengthening their arms and armor, or bringing forth lava from the Earth.



Greenskins Horde Items:

Discounts for Greenskin Horde are 50% off, with the [100] item being free.

WAAAGH! Banners [100]: A piece of cloth suspended on a big pole, this depicts your personal, orcy symbol for all to see. As you defeat more enemies, you'll find more symbols appearing on the edges, a tapestry of all the victories you've claimed. The more decorated this is, the higher morale will be for your forces.

Lucky Shrunk Head [200]: Small and gruesomely shriveled, like some over-ripened fruit, only a powerful enemy can be turned into the right kind of Shrunk Head. There are few charms as potent, but it can be made stronger still by the application of the correct rituals, shuffling dances and chants. When the crude stitches that keep the mouth sewn shut quiver, and the long-closed eyelids twitch, then the spell has worked, and your forces will become significantly luckier than before.

Fungus Beer Brewery [400]: You've come into possession of a rather sizable cave, one filled with fungus, fungus-assisting devices and other materials, all serving a particular goal - the production of a certain type of fungus beer. Any greenskin that drinks it is thrown into a near maniacal state, turning them completely insane during a state that greatly enhances senses and reflexes. This isn't particularly helpful for allies, but even a goblin could become a threat. Your facility can produce about a barrel and a half every week, and can be fitted with new materials and technologies to improve this process if you desire.

Battleaxe of the Last WAAAGH! [600]: Rumour has it that this is the legendary axe that will start the battle that will end the world in an unstoppable orgy of fire and slaughter. According to Orc myth, this will come about when Warlord Ragna da Destroyer; Gork's (or possibly Mork's) chosen leader of the Last Waaagh! goes mad with an axe and destroys the whole world. This is the famous Orcish day of Ragnarork, and forms the basis of one of Orctdom's most popular and enduring campfire tales. It remains to be seen if the Battleaxe of the Last Waaagh! is actually the instrument that will bring about this destruction. However; there is no doubt that it is one of the most powerful magical weapons to be found anywhere in the Old World.



Forces of Nagash Items:

Discounts for Forces of Nagash are 50% off, with the [100] item being free.

Ancient Chariot [100]: A golden chariot pulled by two skeletal steeds, marked as belonging to ancient Nehekhara due to the iconography emblazoned onto it. Even in these times it is a useful method for traversal, both for mundane reasons and into war. Possessing deadly spikes on the side of the wheels and ignoring difficult terrain, this vehicle will scale with your speed, moving much faster than you ever could.

Eye of Khemri [200]: An amulet crafted by the Great Necromancer in order to better control the vampires that joined his forces. Once attuned to it, one can subjugate any vampires they encounter, making them slaves to their whim. Though it is said to hold Nagash as it's only true master, but yours won't activate for any but yourself.

Crown of Sorcery [400]: A headpiece made of black iron and warpstone, this ancient artifact was created by the Great Necromancer long ago. Thankfully, you won't have to deal with any of the nastier side effects of this headpiece, such as the inability to take it off or the constant brooding thoughts of the Liche Lord. While worn, it will greatly reduce the cost of all necromantic spells you perform, to such an extent that many of the lesser spells may as well be free.

Books of Nagash [600]: Back when Nagash was first learning dark magic from captured dark elves, and combining them with the lessons of the Mortuary Cult, he wrote down his findings in nine massive books, of which you now claim ownership. Not only are these filled with arcane knowledge, simply holding them on your person will see all of your necromantic spells and abilities more potent. The best part is that only you can gain the full benefits of them, and unlock the greatest of their secrets.



Warrior of Chaos Items:

Discounts for Warrior of Chaos are 50% off, with the [100] item being free.

Icon of the Gods [100]: The hardest part of being a warrior of Chaos is gaining the attention of your gods, for your actions to be witnessed by their divine eyes and be rewarded. This amulet was crafted from warpstone-altered troll bones in order to keep you and your actions within the peripheral of your gods' vision at least, ensuring that you're always on their radar.

Collar of Khorne [200]: An item that is seen amongst those who carry Khorne's favor most fervently. This brass collar of many spikes glows with a baleful crimson color, and greatly assists the wearer in combat against the weaklings who rely on magic. While worn, you will find yourself having become highly resistant to the forces of magic, to the point where many would mistaken it as an immunity.

Daemon Weapon [400]: There are a number of ways to create arcane weaponry, from the runes of the dwarfs to the weaving of magical energies of the elves. Those of Chaos, meanwhile, may bind the spirits of daemons into their gear, and act you are more than familiar with. You may bind one of these daemons to an item of your choosing, granting it a number of new properties depending on what type of daemon it was, and what it represents.

Armour of Morkar [600]: The armor and shield of the one who would become the First Everchosen of Chaos, made of a material that is as black as midnight and bathed in daemonic energies. Those who wear the armor will find that it bears a most potent enchantment, in that it renders them invincible to all but the most powerful attacks. The shield itself can be used to hurl hostile spells back upon the original caster. Those who wear it will be a figure of envy across the battlefield, as many a sword and spell alike will fail to breach your gods-given defenses, one that even the gods themselves would have to pay attention to.



Companions:

Battle Brothers [50/100/200]: These are dangerous times, where conflict waits behind every corner. If you wish to survive, then you require others to stand by your side, offering their support. As such, you may import or create 1, 4, or 8 companions respectively. Each companion receives 800 cp to spend on perks and items. This could alternatively be used to ensure that canon characters join you.

Tribe of Jumper [300]: But against the tide of darkness to come, eight trusted comrades may not be enough. As such, you may now import as many companions as you desire, each with their own background and history. Each of these companions receives 800 cp to spend on perks and items.

Army of Jumper [Free]: It is rare for a single person alone to alter the course of history, even for one such as yourself. Should you already have forces willing to follow you from world to world, then you may import as many of these followers as you desire, granting them background and history in this world that aligns with yours.

Hardy Mount [Optionally Free]: All around the world, people have found animals to ride into battle, and you may be no different. This mount, either a horse, a boar or a giant wolf, is not only more durable than other examples of their kind, but their speed scales with you, ensuring that it will always be faster than you no matter what.

Tarnished Warrior [50, Free Tribes of Man]: The daughter of a chieftain who grew up in the Badlands to the south, she has grown into a mighty warrior indeed. Bearing two axes that hold the power of the winds, she has carved through many greenskins in her travels, and is always seeking to prove her strength.

Noble Prince [50, Free Dawi of Karaz Ankor]: A dwarf prince hailing from Kraka Drak, the blood of Grimnir runs strong through him, making him a truly mighty warrior. Though far from his home, he still bears the nobility one should expect from dawi royalty, even if he lets it go entirely when around those he considers friends.

Brave Grott [50, Free Greenskin Horde]: A strangely intelligent goblin, this one has more in common than a mischievous child than the typical example of their kind. Perhaps it's their desire to fit in, a theory that is reinforced by the thick clothing and porcelain mask they wear at nearly all times.

Ancient Pillar [50, Free Forces of Nagash]: A vampire that hails from the ancient lands of Nehekhara, he searched for a way to further improve his people's conditions. Incredibly intelligent, he has made a number of modifications to his undying body, thanks to his impressive knowledge of sorcery and biology.

Crimson Bull [50, Free Warrior of Chaos]: A mighty warrior of crimson hair and auroch-like horns, his once Noble ambitions have devolved into a simple desire for bloodshed. Wearing an ivory mask and rushing into battle with a blood red blade, he is a force to be reckoned with, and a monster to be feared.

Griffon Mount [50]: You are one of the rare few who has managed to tame a griffon, and turned them into a suitable mount for combat. As a fully trained mass of muscle and feathers, it can rip whole men apart with its talons, and can carry you high into the sky. Not only that, but its speed will scale with yours, ensuring that it will always be faster than you no matter what.

Corpse Puppeteer [100]: Even in the early ages, tragedy affects even strong minds. The death of this man's child to the warmachines of the Dawi had led him into abject madness, making him an abject follower of the Great Necromancer not too soon afterwards. The slaying of his first attempts at necromancy only drove him into further anger at the world, furthering his studies into darker arts at the cost of all around him. Though callous towards what he has made and caused, he seeks not to cause undue stress to those that suffer at the hands of others - all should be equal in the face of his workings, and those in the wrong place at the wrong time don't deserve cruelty.

Now, his magic is an artform - tying bodies together and forming great constructs, flesh-puppets willing to act with merely a creak. Even without bodies, he can offer some more use, attaching strings of foul magic to others in order to assist their movements. He treats it as such, too, putting proper emotion into every construct. You may be a friend in arms, a child-surrogate, or some other person he has sympathy for. Whatever the case, he's now one of your comrades-in-arms.

Ein Vogel [50]: This poor young soldier was left broken and without direction once his village was destroyed by a manic Slaaneshi cultist, desiring only Perfection in form, and him to be at her side in it. It cracked him - but he is not broken yet. Left a nervous young man, unused to conflict nor particularly confrontational, he now walks the line between two worlds - one where he stays a true man, one where he falls to the predations of the one who had gripped him and her master.

Taking him in and showing him a proper piece of kindness will mean the world to him, as shattered as every other angle is to him now. He'll make up for his current meekness whenever you and your group are next threatened; of all of his emotions, hatred and rage go most deep, becoming a truly ruthless and fearful foe for as long as the situation lasts - rivaling those given the boon of Khorne in rage, if with far less corruption for now. This rage guides his halberd that outdoes him in size, one of the few magical tools such a small village may hold. A weapon that sparks and burns, smashing into foes with the violence one would expect from a being much greater in stature than him.

Emperor of Man [200]: Before we became a god of man, before the world ended, Sigmar Heldenhammer was but a man. An impressive man who united the disparate tribes of man, wielded the warhammer Ghal Maraz into legendary conflicts and slaying greater daemons in single combat, but a man nonetheless. Now you find yourself forming a bond of friendship in this barbarian king, and can bring him along with you on all of your future travels.

Great Necromancer [200]: Possibly a terrible idea, but none can deny the power that Nagash bears, a being that even the Chaos Gods could come to fear due to his mastery of magic. From raising armies of the dead and damned to ripping away the souls of others en masse, there is a reason for his terrible reputation. Give him the respect he feels he deserves and keep a vigilant eye on him, lest you find yourself the target of his most potent sorceries.



Scenarios:

Birth of an Empire

[Requires Tribes of Man]

These times are dominated by the events surrounding the man known as Sigmar, he who would ascend to become a god. But things have changed, and the Hammer of the Goblins is no longer present. Instead, you must take his place, uniting the various tribes into one empire, and defending it from all threats.

This will in no way be an easy task, as forces beyond mortal ken seek to snuff out your life and keep humanity divided and lesser. Whether or not you face the same foes as Sigmar or engage in completely separate conflicts, you must rise above it all, and strike down any who would bring ruin and destruction to your people.

Rewards:

You stand victorious, having accomplished a truly impressive feat indeed for uniting many of the various tribes of humanity into one glorious empire, and have been crowned as the **First Emperor of Man**. You are a statesman without compare, wielding political power with a sublime finesse that would make even the elder races feel inadequate. Within your mind you can visualize the complex web of political influence, and figure out the consequences of anything that would disturb the current state of affairs. With you at the head of an empire, you are sure to bring about an age of unparalleled prosperity.

One day upon your throne, you will find a golden circlet bearing a brilliant sapphire akin to a star made manifest. This is the **Crown of Humanity**, a symbol of your authority and bearing potent magic. While worn, you will find all humans, and to a lesser extent those descended from humanity, will find themselves more subservient towards you, naturally deferring to you and your wisdom. Your words will have more of an effect, and your commands completed to the very best of their abilities.

As one might expect, you will be able to take **The Empire** you've founded along with you on your travels. Though it is not yet equal to the world power it would become, perhaps you can push it towards a different fate, a more prosperous one that is due in part to many of the benefits it now boasts. Not only does all of the natural resources to be found here replenish over the course of a year, but it will be purged of all beastmen and Chaos influence at the end of your time here.

The Fires Under the Earth

[Requires Dawi of Karaz Ankor]

Long ago, the Ancestor Gods left this world, leaving their legacy into the hands of the Dawi. Yet some of these dwarfs turned away from their Ancestors, turning towards worshiping the god Hashut, a being of Fire, Greed, and Tyranny. These chaos dwarfs wouldn't normally be seen in these lands, let alone known about, but some word of these dwarfs end up west. And the news you're heard is spine-chilling. They have somehow gotten their traitorous hands upon the weapon of Gazul, Lord of the Underearth.

The reaction to this news is just as one would expect, with the Karaz Ankor frothing at the mouth and desiring the return of this ancient relic. You have been charged with acquiring this weapon, held deep within Zharr-Naggrund in the Dark Lands, as well as whatever forces the Holds could allow. It will be dangerous just getting there, let alone taking on the capital of the Chaos Dwarfs, but the price of failure is unthinkable.

Rewards:

You have done what any member of your people would gladly shave their beards in order to complete, and been given a title that translates to **Reclaimer of the Past**. From here on out, you seem to have a supernatural sense for ancient and powerful artifacts, both in where their general direction is and how to most efficiently acquire it.

Upon returning to the Karaz Ankor, all dwarfs will receive a vision of Gazul, who wordlessly grants you ownership of **Zharrvengryn**, whose name translates to 'Flaming Vengeance.' This ebony greatsword burns with black flames, whose touch strikes not at flesh, but the very soul, setting it aflame until nothing is left. Use it well, and strike down all of the foes of your people.

You will also find that many within the **Cult of Gazul** are willing to follow the dwarf who so clearly has their Ancestor God's favor. Coming from all manner of backgrounds, they serve the Lord of the Underearth by performing sacred rites meant to honor the deceased, as well as combat any who would disturb their rest.



WAAAGH! What Is It Good For?

[Requires Greenskin Horde]

The Greenskins live to fight and absolutely love it, but it's always more fun when you emerge the ultimate victor. Your goal is surprisingly simple; gather enough greenskins in order to create a WAAAGH! of apocalyptic proportions, and then go out into the world and fight everything, until only you're left standing. Stunties? Buried in their rocky homes. Humies? Smears on the forest floor. Skelly boys? Shattered into pieces. Chaos? Make it all the way up to the northern gates, and that'll be good enough. There's more factions to fight than just them, so go out there and show them your orcy might!

Rewards:

You led the biggest and most successful WAAAGH! In the history of ever, and your forces constantly call you **Da Bestest Warboss**, so I guess that's what you're called now. You'd be utterly massive at the end of your time here, but it's going to become even more ridiculous. The more forces you have under your command, be they a temporary army or all of your Followers, you will grow more and more, while seeing an almost exponential strength increase.

At some point in your campaign, you've come to acquire what you affectionately call **Da Baddest Maw-krusha**, a beast that looks like it shouldn't exist in this world, but does anyway. A massive beast that resembles a dragon upon first glance, it could easily shove a few horses into its mouth at once. In battle, it could reliably take on most dragons and come out on top. Above all that though, despite its unending fury and brutality in battle, it's unusually docile when it comes to you.

You can't leave the lads out of the fun either, jumping from world to world. After all, you put so much effort into making **Da Biggest WAAAGH!**, so why not take them along? As you are no doubt aware, this is an utterly massive horde of greenskins, more than enough to take on anything in this world and emerging as the victor with you at the head. Even without you, there isn't a lot that can survive a literal tide of green and fury.



Bearing the Crown of Death

[Requires Forces of Nagash]

It should be quite obvious, but the Great Necromancer is not the most charitable of masters, eventually granting the vampires their future weaknesses just for not living up to his standards, to say nothing of the terrible acts he's committed in the past. Yet you are among the very few of his forces that possess the free will necessary to do the unthinkable; You must murder and supplant Nagash.

This is in no way an easy feat, for he has many tricks up his sleeves after his centuries of unlife, as well as incredible magical might that would make Greater Daemons hesitate to engage with him. Whether you figure out a way to slay him permanently or make his power your own is irrelevant, for you will only find success when the Liche Lord can no longer sour this world with his presence.

Rewards:

Be proud of your achievement, for you have completed the seemingly impossible and have supplanted Nagash as the **Lord of Death**. Your very being is imbued with the magical Wind of Shyish, greatly bolstering the power of any necromantic and death-related spells or abilities you possess. The undead in your presence will also be affected by your connection to this aspect of magic, finding all of their capabilities have been greatly enhanced, nearly thrice as effective as they were before.

You will soon find yourself in possession of a unique arcane artifact, one known as the **Ring of Vashanesh**. Originally created for a notable vampire within Nagash's ranks, it is an invaluable tool. Should one be slain while the ring is worn, the wearer will be able to resurrect the next morning. The only limit to the resurrective powers of this ring is that it must be worn upon death, otherwise you may return to unlife nigh-eternally.

As you have usurped the authority from the Liche Lorde, wouldn't it only make sense for you to claim ownership of the seat of his power as well? The **Black Pyramid of Nagash** is now yours to command, a massive structure of arcane nature, it draws in the winds of magic, channeling and harnessing them in any way that you desire. The enchantments placed upon the structure itself leave it all immune to conventional weaponry, and even allows it to fly through the air as though it were a malevolent dragon.



Apocalypse Come Early

[Requires Warrior of Chaos]

The Gods of Chaos have seen your potential, the strength you may come to bear, and have set a challenge before you. You must end this world, drown it in a tide of daemons and darkness unlike anything else. Such a task would require immense strength, as well as a powerful army unlike anything this world has ever seen.

So go north, great champion, and gather up your forces, your men and daemons before heading south and desecrating all who would stand against the inevitable victory of Chaos. The forces you would face are but a shadow of their former glory, they are still capable of ruining your plans for this world unless you prove their superior.

Rewards:

And so it is done, and yet another world has fallen to the forces of Chaos, with you as their **Herald of the Apocalypse**. Your very presence heralds the end times, a palpable aura of despair and futility that can be felt from across the continent, an effect that only gets stronger the closer to you they are. The weight of your station has a tangible effect on those who would fight against you, becoming slower while their blows are weaker the longer they face you in combat.

You will have also received many **Treasures of Chaos** for your destruction of this world. The Crown of Domination spreads fear and dismay even as it strengthens allies. The Eye of Sheerian grants the wearer prophetic powers, to the point of predicting an enemy's attacks. The Slayer of Kings is a massive blade that glows with infernal power, capable of unleashing a Greater Daemon of unparalleled rage and fury. Finally, you will receive Dorghar, a three-headed infernal creature that traps the souls of all it consumes within its stomach, tormenting them for eternity. With these gifts, you may go forth to bring destruction to even more worlds.



Path to Divinity

Many are those who sought out godhood, and yet few are given the opportunity to do so. So rejoice, for you are one of the honored that may prove themselves worthy of divinity. At the end of your time here, you will be given a challenge, the exact nature of such depends on which pantheon those of your Origin typically reveres. No matter what it is, though, it will push you to your extremes, both physically and mentally and spiritually, a process that could last anywhere from hours to entire years, until every aspect of yourself has been judged under inscrutable standards. Should you prove worthy to those judging your trials, then you shall have received that reward most desired.

Rewards:

You have ascended beyond mortality, having become a truly **Divine Being**. A powerful magical entity on par with such gods like Ranald or Shallya, you possess three divine domains that you rule over. Though you may not be counted amongst the strongest of the gods, you can become more powerful the more you are worshiped. Strangely enough, unlike them you are not forced to reside within the Aethyr, capable of fully manifesting into the material world.

Upon your ascension, you will find that you have touched the minds of over a hundred beings, who have come together and formed the **Cult of the Jumper**. Their race is dependent on your Origin, but the followers themselves come from a wide array of backgrounds, including among their ranks are a number of craftsmen, farmers, scholars, Nobility, and more. They will travel with you as followers, bearing the word of your divinity and your chosen methods of worship into any worlds you visit.

More strangely, though, is a reward that goes not to you, but rather those who follow you. The **Lore of Jumper** is a branch of magic based upon your domains and legendary actions which can be learned by mages, or be invoked through sufficient faith in you. The spells of a god of war would improve the capabilities of a group of soldiers, while those of a god of time could place people in stasis.

Drawbacks:

Continuity [+0]: If this is not your first trip to the Fated Place, then this option is for you. Taking this ensures that your previous actions in the world of Warhammer Fantasy have carried over in some form.

Asrai Influence [+100]: The ones known as Wood Elves are separate from their brethren from Ulthuan, and tend to stay within their magical forests. Unfortunately, their attention has been brought north, and now their meddling hands can be seen all throughout the realms of man. Whether they act to hinder or assist you seems to change on a dime, any rhyme or reason known only to their fae minds.

Extended Stay [+100]: Ordinarily, you would be spending at least a decade here before being given the choice to stay here or move on. Now, you must stay an additional ten years before being given the choice. This drawback can be taken multiple times, but you will only benefit from taking it five times.

Hungry Horde [+100]: The massive man-like ogres are known for a number of things, primarily being their hunger and great strength. A large number of these ogres have entered these lands, and are running rampant trying to satisfy their hunger and lust for violence. Whether you get rid of them or point them towards those you consider enemies, they're sure to become a nuisance if left alone.

Magical Vulnerability [+100]: There is no more unreliable source of power than magic, and hardly more potent a weapon. Unfortunately, such a weapon is more effective against you, seeing as it bypasses any defenses or resistances you may possess. The only way for it to not affect you would be to simply dodge or kill the caster before they finish their spell.

Shirtless Barbarian [+100]: The Asoborns were known for going into battle either half-naked and covered in warpaint, or completely naked. Unfortunately for those of more sound minds, such a fashion statement resonates with you. When you go into battle, you find that you can't wear anything more advanced than furs and cloth. Anything else seems to be torn apart with frightening ease.

Ancient Artifice [+200]: In the far future, the people of these lands would be known for their faith, steel, and gunpowder. But these are not the times of imperial dominance, and as such you do not possess any of those same advantages. You will be limited to the technology of the dwarfs of this era, unable to bring in any advanced weaponry such as flying ships, bombs capable of destroying cities, or other such marvels.

Backstabbing Ally [+200]: Much like the man once known as Gerreon, there is someone close to you who bears a grudge, one who seeks to betray you. You don't initially know who they could be, having been a trusted part of your background or even one of your Companions, or they could be a friend you made during your time here. Should you not deal with them soon enough, you may find a blade in the back.

Lone Journey [+200]: Many of the friends that Sigmar had in his youth met tragic ends, such as Trinovantes who was felled by orcs and his lover Ravenna who sacrificed herself to save him. Much like the man who would become emperor, those close to you will often meet terrible ends, tragedies that you cannot avert no matter what you do. Lonely are those who stand at the top.

Magical Discrimination [+200]: Magic is a potent source of power, capable of altering reality at an incredible level, conjuring the forces of nature and weaving illusions. Such potent powers have their downsides, and to you those drawbacks outweigh any potential benefit. You absolutely refuse to utilize magic, be it for personal purposes or adding them to your army. At best, you can utilize enchanted weapons, but that's about it.

Rival Tribe [+200]: Even in the face of total damnation, there are those who think it best to strike at their neighbors for any number of reasons, be it resources or grudges. One of the factions native to the area near you does not like you at all for whatever reason. They will constantly look for any excuse to fight you, and even when conquered they'll harbor rebellious intent that simply refuses to be quenched.

Dragon Rising [+300]: It is said that far to the east, beyond the Dark Lands and a desert of warpstone, there is a wealthy empire ruled over by a family of dragons. Unfortunately for everyone in these lands, such stories have spread to the worst possible ears, as a group of five ancient dragons now seek to subjugate those who live here, and destroy any who rebel. Though it may be wise to bow your head and kowtow to these draconic beings, they are not immortal, and a powerful hero and their army could certainly slay these beasts and bring an end to their dreams of tyranny.

Enemy of the Divine [+300]: You have committed some great sin, and the gods cannot allow it to continue. This divine being has proclaimed you as a grand heretic, and their cults shall do whatever they can to tear you down. Be it those that worship Ulric or the slaves of one of the Dark Gods, you can expect such fanatic followers to constantly hound you in the hopes of presenting your corpse to their god. This option can be taken multiple times.

Stolen by the Vortex [+300]: The power of the Vortex to the west draws in all magic of the world, lessening its presence and making it difficult for such events like the Great Catastrophe to repeat. Unfortunately, this Vortex has drawn in many of your otherworldly abilities. As such, you will be stripped of all outside powers and abilities, leaving you with only your Body-Mod, your mundane skills, whatever you may have purchased here, and anything else native to the Warhammer Fantasy setting.

Tide of Vermin [+300]: Lurking beneath the earth is a race of rat-like beastmen, who helped the downfall of the dwarfs and Nagash, with enough numbers to drown the world in vermin if they weren't so focused on warring amongst themselves. Ordinarily, the ones known as the Skaven would have no part to play in the events to come, but that is about to change. These rat men will be an active member of the events to come, with a particular focus on you and absolutely ruining your goals.

Wrath of the Old Ones [+300]: In ancient times, long before the days of the Great Catastrophe and even the ancient civilizations of elves and dwarfs, the Lizardmen were the instruments of the Old Ones, and destroyed many of the original natives of the world. Now, they are going back on old habits, and have dedicated themselves to a campaign where all in this part of the world must be purged.

Grimdark Future [+600]: Those who take part in the events of this Fated Place would be relatively tame, capable of feats that while mind-boggling for the average man, it isn't something truly unsurpassable. Things have changed, though, and the danger of this world has been dramatically increased. The elves are on par with their starborn counterparts, orcs are bigger and meaner than ever before, Chaos is now truly apocalyptic and all encompassing in scope, and even more. Meanwhile, humanity is just as weak as before, barely capable of making any kind of meaningful impact.



Ending:

At the end of your time here, you will be given a choice.

Stay: This world so filled with bloodshed and war calls to you, a place to call home.

Go Home: It's time to put down the hammer, and retire to a peaceful life.

Continue: There are more battles to fight, and you eagerly look towards that future.



Notes:

-**[Paragon of Humanity]** would make a normal human on par with Thorkell from *Vinland Saga*, someone who could swing a whole log around like it were a light stick.

-The level of technology given to you by **[Teachings of Morgrim]** would be equivalent to the Byzantine Empire during the Fall of Rome, except it's much more reliable and can last centuries.

-If you take **[Daemon Prince]** as any other origin besides Chaos, you will instead become a similar being, but aligned to a different pantheon.

-Companions are based on Nepheli Loux, Gimli, Nott the Brave, Kars, Adam Taurus, The Puppeteer (Library of Ruina), and Sinclair (Limbus Company).

-**[Grimdark Future]** basically makes the power level of the setting equal to 40k, but still stuck on a single planet. Technology is not affected, so that's still the same.

-When in doubt, fanwank.

-Have the day that you deserve~