Warhammer Fantasy: Empire of Man

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"Three things make the Empire great; faith, steel, and gunpowder."

For two and a half millennia, the Empire of Man has formed a bulwark against the encroaching forces of chaos, death, and destruction. But the realm is in constant turmoil, beset on all sides by enemies ferocious and foul. Yet it endures, for mankind has a steely determination to not merely live, but thrive. The Empire has faced many burdens and has birthed countless heroes. Perhaps you will be one of them?

Take **1000 CP** to help you on your journey through this grim, dark world.

History of the Empire

The history of the Empire of Man begins over two and a half thousand years ago, with the hero-king and eventual god, Sigmar Unberogen. Prince of the Unberogen tribe, Sigmar saved a king of the dwarfs in his youth, earning the mighty rune-hammer *Ghal Maraz* which would become his trademark. Through a combination of valour, strength of arms and diplomacy, he united the squabbling tribes in the region that would become the Empire of Man, driving back Greenskins, Norscan raiders and Beastmen alike to carve out a realm in which humanity could prosper, until finally vanishing into the World's Edge Mountains. The Empire dates time from its founding, in the year 0 Imperial Calendar (IC).

After Sigmar departed, the Empire did indeed prosper. The tribes from which it had been forged became its provinces, and in the absence of an heir of Sigmar's body, they elected an Emperor from amongst their number. Over time, however, power struggles and old feuds slowly weakened the cohesion of the Empire and the power of the Emperor, until finally a line of bad Emperors and the pressures of war against the Skaven ratmen caused it to fracture in the early years of its second millennium. By 1359 IC, the single Empire was no more; two different Elector Counts claimed the throne intractably, essentially splitting the realm in two - and eventually three, when the Elector Count of Middenland sought to press his own claim, thus beginning the Age of the Three Emperors.

This state of affairs persisted for centuries, with even the pressure of the Vampire Counts of Sylvania being insufficient to re-forge the shattered Empire. It took the Great War Against Chaos from 2302-2369 IC to accomplish that, under the hand of the legendary Emperor Magnus the Pious, who eventually succeeded in throwing back the forces of Chaos with aid from the High Elves and the wizards of the Empire, newly-organised into the Colleges of Magic.

Since the reign of Magnus, the Empire has remained largely unified, though the same entropic pressures which eventually led to its disintegration still held sway - at least until arrested by the line of the so-called Reikland Emperors, culminating in the present Emperor Karl Franz, generally acknowledged as one of the greatest statesman the Empire has ever seen. Still, although the Empire stands strong, its armies supported by innovations never before seen, the forces of Chaos are brewing once again in the north.

Origin

Choose one Origin. Any Origin may be taken as a drop-in.

Wanderer: Countless scoundrels, vagrants and vagabonds wander the roads and throng the cities of the Empire. You're one of them - but the same outsider status which exiles you from polite society also holds the promise of adventure.

Peasant: Like many others of the empire, you're a mere lowborn peasant. A bit better treated than in Bretonnia, the simple folk of the Empire still do not often leave the villages they start in, living in squalor for most of their lives. Perhaps you're a simple workman, or the classic farmer, toiling to keep the Empire alive.

Soldier: The Empire has been under siege by all manner of evils since its inception, and only by the grit, skill and bloody-minded bravery of men like you does it still endure. You are a soldier - perhaps a mercenary, perhaps one of the regular troops - who stands as a bulwark against Beastmen, Greenskins and far worse.

Engineer: Given the heritage of Dwarfen engineering, the Empire has not rested on its laurels. Men like you have taken that knowledge even further, creating such miraculous (and devastating) inventions as the pistoleer's handgun, the bombard and the fearsome steam tank.

Priest: The gods of Chaos are terrible and their temptations are many, but you stand for better gods - the gods of the Empire of Man. Sigmar, Shallya, Verena, Ulric and even dread Morr; in the name of these divinities mankind has held firm against evil for millennia.

Noble: You're one of the great and good of the Empire of Man, born into privilege (if not necessarily wealth) and with a name whose renown stretches back generations. You enjoy many advantages denied to the lower classes, but must also face the treacherous circles of Imperial politics.

Era

Rise of Sigmar, -30 to 50 IC: In this early age, there is no Empire - only a collection of disparate tribes inhabiting the region which might one day become the Empire, bedevilled on all sides by Beastmen, Norsii, other followers of the Dark Gods, and of course, Orcs. Tribal kings see to the well-being of their own petty kingdoms and rarely come together to war against these outside threats rather than battling one another. However, soon the hero-king Sigmar will arise and begin to unify the tribes, forging them into a unified kingdom which will one day become the Empire of Man.

The Skaven Wars, 1111 to 1124 IC [+100]: The Skaven Wars were a devastating time for the Empire. Though it had lasted over a millennium at this point, the Empire had become divided by infighting and internal strife and had been struck by the devastating Black Plague, which had carried off the better part of the population. In the wake of this vast death, the Skaven ratmen boiled out of their Under-Empire to assault the surface world, dragging countless poor souls down into slavery. Only with the coronation of Emperor Mandred Skavenslayer and his victories against the ratmen was the tide turned back, and yet by the modern day this dark epoch is considered largely myth.

If you choose this era, Mandred's crusade is still far off. Expect a time of pestilence, pillaging and many, many rats of all clans laying siege to most provinces. Due to this, a minor stipend is given.

The Age of Three Emperors, 1152 to 2304 IC: A time of serious internal crises, this era opens with the assassination of Emperor Mandred Skavenslayer by a Skaven assassin; before this time, the Elector Counts would simply decide upon a new Emperor. Here they could not decide upon a new leader, leading to each Count vying for power as every province fought for more power.

During this time, many different lines of succession tried to gain power - The Wolf Emperors, the Reikland pretender, and the Ottilian Emperor, each of them supported by different religious groups and provinces. This internal conflict was underlined further by the refusal of the other Counts to recognize the legitimacy of any Emperor, only ending with Magnus the Pious's coronation later on.

Safe to say, you'll experience many political threats during this time, no matter your position.

The Vampire Wars, 2010 to 2015 IC: For over a century between 2010 and 2145 IC, the infamous von Carsteins of Sylvania waged war upon the Empire, leading armies of Undead the likes of which had not been seen since the time of Sigmar. Three successive von Carstein Vampires arose to challenge for rulership of the Old World - Vlad, Konrad and Mannfred - each a unique and deadly threat. Under the command of the Vampire Counts, hordes of Zombies, legions of the undead besieged the Empire in a relentless campaign for control. Divided by politics and war, the Empire was almost overrun and came close to being enslaved to the will of a Vampire Emperor. It was only through the sacrifices of the armies of the Elector Counts, and the efforts of a few remarkable heroes of the Empire, that the Undead were held at bay.

The Era of Reunification, 2301 to 2369 IC: The Great War Against Chaos, or simply the "Great War," was the name later given to the massive invasion of the Old World by the forces of Chaos out of the Chaos Wastes beginning in the year 2301 IC and ending in 2304 IC. The invasion was commanded by the twelfth Everchosen of Chaos Undivided, the Kurgan Chaos Lord Asavar Kul, and his forces ravaged the lands of Kislev and the Empire. Simultaneously, the Dark Elves, with their own Chaotic allies, attacked the High Elves' homeland on the island continent of Ulthuan.

Eventually, both Chaos invasions were driven back by the forces of Order and the war culminated at the Battle of Finuval Plain and the Battle at the Gates of Kislev in 2304 IC, where victory was won largely due to the leadership and heroism of the Imperial general Magnus von Bildhofen of Nuln, later remembered as "Magnus the Pious," who would go on to be elected as the first Emperor in centuries to reign over the entirety of the Empire of Man.

The Reign of Karl Franz, 2512 IC: The 'modern' age of the Empire, beginning with the election of Karl Franz as Emperor in 2502. His time as Emperor, like many others, is a tumultuous one, marked by many conflicts, from the Second Great War against Chaos to a major Waaagh culminating in the third battle of Black Fire Pass, and even the recent turmoil of 2512. Even so, the election of Emperor Franz led to many radical changes for the better - the forbidding of mutant persecution, for one, as well as the recovery of the original Ghal Maraz.

There are dark times on the horizon, but Karl Franz is one of the greatest leaders and warriors of his age. Let us hope it will be enough.

The End Times, 2521 - 2528 IC [+200 CP]: You sure you want to come to this Era, Jumper? Very well. A time of a true apocalypse, heralded by the Twin-Tailed Comet arriving once more just a bit before you enter into this world. This is the time of the Thirteenth Everchosen, Archaeon, who will bring the Old World to ruin without any intervention. This is not the only threat of these times - Chaos as a whole is bursting into the realms of the High Elves, Clan Pestilens fights the Lizardmen in the deep Lustrian jungles, and even the Greenskins unite to a terrifyingly united force of destruction.

Due to the sheer danger of this era, a stipend is additionally given.

Location

Roll 1d12 for location, or pay 100 to freely choose your starting location.

1. **Averland**: Formally the Grand County of Averland. It's mostly focused on the agricultural elements required for running a country, consisting of fertile plains and woodlands suitable for raising cattle. Major exports include wine, fine porcelain and cattle. The capital of this province is Averheim, a city most notable for its great temples and cattle trade industry.

   Right next door is Mootland, home to most of the Halflings in the Empire; a stout folk, generally pot-bellied folk not looked upon too kindly by the Averlanders, especially the Count himself. That's covered more intensely elsewhere, though.

   Averland is currently ruled by the mad Elector Count Marius Leitdorf. The eccentric count is many things. An accomplished poet and inventor, a brilliant swordsman, and an eccentric and volatile man prone to melancholy and rage who has waged war against,

among others, swarms of bees and the Halflings of the Moot (it was less of a war and more of a one-sided rout in favour of the Averlanders and a civil disaster). He has also been responsible for a short-lived Bretonnian invasion (he insulted a duke's wife) and is well known for his enmity with Reiksmarshal Kurt Helborg (despite this, he has named his warhorse *Daisy Kurt von Hellboring II.*).

Also has the dubious honour of being the county in charge of defending against the Greenskin hordes piling on from the Black Fire Pass. If you start here, expect to be involved in defending from such at one point or another. Barring any interference, Marius Leitdorf will be slain by warboss Vorbad Ironjaw in the Third Battle of Black Fire Pass in 2520 IC, leaving the position of Elector Count disputed.

2. **Reikland**: Officially the Grand Principality of Reikland, the most important state of the Empire for the last century, the seat of Emperor Karl Franz himself. The capital of both the province and the whole of the Empire is Altdorf, a bustling city of merchants and fortune seekers. This was the birthplace of Sigmar, the land of the Unberogens.

   Altdorf has been the Imperial capital for a century, though the capital of the Empire changes based on wherever the current Emperor has decided to hold court - the cities of Middenheim and Nuln have both been the capital at some point in Imperial history. However, Altdorf was once Reikdorf, the old home of Sigmar; as such it is the most renowned city of the Empire. Altdorf is the wealthiest city in the Empire and hosts many centres of learning, including the College of Engineers and the Colleges of Magic.

The First Fleet of the Imperial Navy is headquartered at the Reiksport, a deep-water harbour where many trade ships unload their cargo. The Imperial Zoo keeps many monsters from around the world, doubling as both an attraction and a stable for the war mounts of the Empire. Here founded is the pride of the Empire's military, the Reiksguard, whose highly funded equipment and training leads to the most disciplined forces available to the Empire. Reikland exports wine, textiles, precious ores and cheese.

Reikland can be split into three main sub-regions; the towering Grey Mountains that form the province's southwestern border, the fertile foothill region of the Vorbergland, and the dense Reikwald Forest. Despite being the capital province, many dangers can be found here to some degree - chaos cultists, orc camps, the *definitely non-existent* ratmen, take your pick. They may be a bit less dangerous than politics, though. Reikland is ruled by the Emperor himself, Elector Count Karl Franz.

3. **Stirland**: Officially the Grand County of Stirland, this is another one of the founding provinces, this was the ancestral domain of the Asoborns of Sigmar's era. Stirland is ruled by Elector Count Graf Alberich V Haupt-Anderssen from its capital of Wurtbad. This province is famous in the Empire for two things. Its (undeserved) reputation as the most backward province in the realm and the unfortunate proximity with Sylvania and the Vampire Wars. The province has a large variety of terrain, from woods such as the final reaches of the Great Forest and the Grim and Hunger woods, the hilly lands of the Stirhügel to the west, and the hidden tombs of Styrigen chiefs, sought out by treasure hunters and necromancers alike. To the east lie the dark lands of Sylvania. To be clear,

you are in Stirland proper. Unfortunately, Stirland is the poorest province of the lot, as much of its farmland was given to the Haflings of the Moot, something that breeds no shortage of resentment.

Of course, the stereotypes are a mix of truth and hyperbole. Stirlanders can be staunch traditionalists, living a backward, rural life, suspicious of outsiders. They also can be calm, contemplative people, who find happiness in their tranquil lives. They are known for their strange drinking customs - Stirlanders like their ale hot, and it is customary for taverns to keep a hot poker to plunge into tankards, warming the drink. The armies of Stirland are reputed for their eagerness to rush into battle, as Sylvania was claimed when the Elector Count slew Mannfred von Carstein. The troops, generally clad in colours of green and yellow, are armed with simple weapons such as bows and spears but are quite skilled with them. The main threats to Stirland are the legions of the undead, as befitting their history with the cursed land of Sylvania.

4. **Talabecland**: Officially known as the Grand Duchy of Talabecland, named after Taal, the god of beasts and nature. It is ruled by Elector Count Helmut Feuerbach, a hot-tempered man who controls the province with an iron fist. Despite being the largest province, Talabecland has the smallest population of them all. Located in the heart of the Empire, this is a land of forests, roads, and a sizable number of farms and hills. This is the location of the Great Forest, which spans all 700 miles of the province. Aside from the everpresent woodlands, there is also a central spire of hills - the Kölsa, the Färlic, and the Barren hills. The province has an unfortunate infestation of Beastmen

and Orks roaming the forests who lash out before melting back into the woodlands, so many settlements are protected by wooden walls and palisades.

The folk of Taal, born of the ancient Talutens, have always had a powerful bond with the forest and make spectacular woodsmen, masters of hunting, tracking, and camping. They are modest, practical, and devout people, though worship of Taal is just as prominent as worship of Sigmar. Fashionable clothes are associated with Reiklanders and regarded with some disdain in favour of practical, tough garb. There is also a custom of brewing moonshine in the woods, though it is scarcely found in the hands of anyone who isn't a Talabeclander.

The trade routes of the Empire wind through the forests, up and down the Rivers Stir and Talabec and from the capital of Talabheim to Hermsdorf - it's safe to say that Talabecland is the nerve centre of Imperial trade.

Talabheim is called the Eye of the Forest, as it is a sanctuary of civilization within the turbulent depths of the Great Forest. The city is protected by the Taalbaston, the rings of a crater formed from the fall of a Great Wyrm, fortified by many gun towers. Inside is not only Talabheim, but fertile farmlands and a clear lake. Though it is the best-defended city in the Empire save for Middenheim, Talabheim unfortunately suffers from a burgeoning poverty problem.

5. **Wissenland**: Welcome to the southwesternmost province, officially called the Grand Barony of Wissenland. Once, there stood two provinces here - Wissenland and Sölland,

until the latter was absorbed into Wissenland after its tragic fall to an 18th-century Orcish invasion. Even today, ruins of those past battles can still be found within the area. Led by Elector Countess Emmanuelle von Liebwitz, Wissenlanders are descendants of the ancient Merogen tribe.

The triangular province is surrounded by natural barriers - the Black and Grey mountains separate it from Bretonnia and the Borderlands in the south, and to reach it from the rest of the Empire in the north, one must cross the River Reik. The River Söll bisects the province - on the west bank stands the original Wissenland, and on the east, Sölland. Near the rivers, the land is fertile and is a large source of harvest, but as the mountains near, it turns increasingly rocky, and the common industry turns from farming to mining. In the winter, the land is almost completely enveloped by snow, dooming unwary travellers and cutting off many avenues of transportation. The capital of Wissenland is aptly named Wissenburg, but that is far from its most prominent city. That title belongs to the city of Nuln, Bastion of the South.

Nuln can be found on the border between Averland, Reiklkand, and Wissenland, though it is nominally a part of Wissenland. It is Altdorf's primary contender for the title of "Greatest City in the Empire" and a centre of academics, the arts, and social life. It has also earned the title *Armoury of the Empire,* as no place produces more guns, munitions, and war machines than here. The city may as well be independent, as the Countess spends almost all of her time here and even negotiates with the Emperor to separate it from Wissenland.

6. **Hochland**: This small, forested, landlocked province is home to many of the best marksmen in the Empire. To the North are the middle mountains, where many dark creatures dwell. The province mostly consists of the wilds of Drakwald forest, with isolated villages here and there. Travel is fraught with peril, as the forest is full of dangers like Beastmen and Goblins, though the roads are fortified and patrolled by road wardens. The wealth of this province is sourced from timber and wood, and the people have no want for food - there is good farmland along the province's riverbanks and around the villages. They also export their traditional food of venison, and it is said to taste best when eaten under the province's night sky.

   Hochlanders are well-liked in the Empire, with a reputation for being friendly, loyal, tolerant, adaptable, and optimistic. This is partly because Hochland has a thriving tourism industry - as the land is nonoptimal for large-scale agriculture, travellers are encouraged to stay. They are also famed for their marksmanship skills. Indeed, the Hochland Long Rifle was developed here (never would've guessed *that.*) They trace their ancestry to the Cherusen tribe of old, fast friends of the Unberogens. The capital of Hochland is Hergig, a town with many stone buildings and its own college of sorcery. This is the seat of Elector Count Aldebrand Ludenhof, a brave warrior, valiant leader, and avid huntsman.

7. **Ostermark:** The League of Ostermark is a province that was there at the founding of the Empire, though its provincial status has only been reinstated in recent history. While Ostermark has existed since Sigmar's time, the modern government of the League was only formed in the late 19th century IC after the destruction of its

then-capital, Mordheim. The Eastern frontier is surrounded by danger, situated next to Sylvania, the World's Edge mountains, and Kislev. It has more than its fair share of haunted spots. Geographically, it can be cordoned off into four broad areas. The Griffon's Wood, a region of the Great Forest and the location of the capital. The Dead Wood, the forest surrounding the warpstone-damned ruins of Mordheim. In the centre, there are the bleak moors, which are - well, *bleak.* The last region is the Veldt, the plains of the northeast. The best horses of the Empire are sired and raised here, and historically there has been bitter competition with Kislev over ownership of these lands.

Ostermarkers as a people are stout and strong, as a result of constant raids and warfare. They live a life of horses, vodka, and dancing, all of which are dearly loved in Ostermarker culture. They're considered morbid by the rest of the Empire, and remarkably similar to their Kislevite neighbours. The province is a melting pot of ethnicities - though most people are descended from the Ostagoth tribe, there is some Kislevite blood in them, and the ancient Ostagoths took many wives from other provinces of the Empire. The capital of Bechafen is fortified behind strong defensive walls, though their Elector Count, Wolfram Hertwig, is remembered for leading his troops into a massacre through his pride.

8. **Ostland:** Bordering Kislev, Ostland is a bastion of fortifications for the Empire. Indeed, the province is continually besieged by enemies, be they Norscans, Orcs, or Beastmen. It is similar to Ostermark in many ways more than the name and the shared border with Kislev - like Ostermark, Ostland is one of the frontline provinces, suffering attacks from both within and without. This has given rise to many patriotic warriors of

the Empire and the people of Ostland are very much a hardened, militaristic lot, descendants of the ancient tribe of the Udoses. Nobody exemplifies this more than their Elector Count, Valmir von Raukov, a man who has spent his lifetime making war with the many enemies of the Empire who dare enter his borders.

The natural features of Ostland are the Forest of Shadows and the Middle Mountains, neither of which are safe places to be. Like all forests in the Empire, many foul creatures such as Beastmen and Goblins lurk in the Forest of Shadows, though there is also much game to be found. As for the Middle Mountains, they have been long abandoned by their original inhabitants - the Dwarf-hold Karaz Ghuzmul, who fled for Karaz Ankor after weathering an onslaught from Greenskins and Skaven. Before they left, though, they destroyed any entrance route, buried the hold, and the priests cursed its contents. No dwarf will say just what made them retreat from their hold, but the many miners and adventurers who search for the mines either never find them or never return. To the north are the grasslands spanning from Salkalten to Kislev. The province primarily trades in pewterware, salt, cheese, and vodka, from their many towns and the capital of Wolfenburg.

9. **Middenland:** The Grand Duchy of Middenheim and Middenland is one of the most influential provinces of the Empire and the land of Ulric, god of Winter, Wolves, and War. Middenland is indisputably the powerhouse of the Northern Empire and exerts a level of dominance over Nordland, Ostland, and Hochland. Its proud people were once of the Teutogen tribe, a fierce tribe of warriors who bowed only to Sigmar. Middenland has provided a good amount of Emperors in the past and hopes to do so once again in

the future. The province has a fractious history with its capital of Middenheim, one of the greatest cities of the Empire.

Middenland is one of the largest provinces after Talabecland, its occasional rival for the leadership of the Cult. Middenland's forest is the Drakwald, named for dragons that once terrorised the ancient tribes of humanity until the last of them were slain by an Emperor. Of course, the ubiquitous problem of foul Beastmen is present here, as well, and endangers adventurers who go out searching for fabled dragon lairs and eggs. To the west are the Midden Moors. Though the people say the moors are haunted by dead Drakwald soldiers, the presence of a tributary and many wetlands attract local nobles and the wealthy, who come to fish for the sweetest trout in the Empire. You can find the harsh badlands of the Howling Hills to the southeast, named for the sound of the wind coursing through. Northern Middenland levels off into the Schadensumpf swamps, marshy lands of little value.

The City of the White Wolf, Middenheim, is an imposing fortress-city built into the peak of Faushlag or Ulricsberg, a great mountain that towers over the surrounding forests, a colossal fang of stone. Countless besieging forces of enemies have met their end here, and the grand temple of the Cult of Ulric stands here, home to the Eternal Flame. Middenheim and Middenland are led by Elector Count Graf Boris Todbringer, the former political rival of Karl Franz. He is an excellent warrior and statesman, with a deadly feud against the Beastman Khazrak One-Eye.

10. **Nordland:** Unlike the others, Nordland isn't a founding province. It was annexed in the year 767 IC by Emperor Sigismund II. Its capital is the city of Salzenmund.

Nordland has the longest coast of any province, and the Second Fleet of the Imperial is based here, where it constantly fights Norscan pirates and raiders. The province has titles to many northern lands, but these remain claims. Though the free city of Marienburg is nominally a part of Nordland, Elector Count Theodoric Gausser is forbidden from entering the city on pain of death.

Nordland has two large forests. The first is the Forest of Shadows, which it shares with Ostland. The second is Laurelorn, which is of special note. The forest is an independent realm in itself, being inhabited by the Eonir, a nation of Wood Elves. The Elves have agreed to let men settle some of their lands, but it is strictly regulated and the restrictions cause tension between the settlers and the Elves. The coast experiences frequent bouts of fog rolling over its sandy lowlands, where fishermen come to gather herring and cod. Of course, because there is a coast, the Chaos-worshipping Men of Norsca consider the province an excellent place to raid. The Second Fleet sails into battle every day and returns to a coast lined with embattlements and towers meant to stand vigil. From a genealogical perspective, Nordlanders are a blend of the native Jutone tribe, the Teutogen tribe, and Norscans. They are quite similar in appearance and culture to their Norscan cousins, with the same customs, love of storytelling, straightforwardness, architectural style, and trials by combat. However, their Chaos-worshipping kin are deservedly abhorred and hated at every step of the way and they are fiercely loyal to the Empire.

11. **Sylvania:** *Technically* part of Stirland, this is a dark and treacherous place. The winds are strong here, and not just winds of air. The history of Sylvania is intertwined with

that of the Vampire Counts, and the current ruler of the land is the resurrected vampire lord Mannfred von Carstein. Imperials and Sylvanians despise each other and consider themselves separate countries. Sylvania is rural and backwater, with poor settlements full of sickness and mutation. Nowhere more than Sylvania is the foul art of Necromancy awash, with both the ruling Vampire Counts and the corrupt Imperial Nobles who came before them.

Sylvania is dark and dreary, overshadowed by the World's Edge Mountains to the East. It is dangerous to go out at night, especially during the winter. There are many bogs and moors. Unfortunately, these have historically served as dumping grounds for dead bodies - much of the undead legions fielded by the Vampire Counts were originally laid to rest here. The forests of Sylvania include the Hunger Wood, the Ghoul Wood, and the Grim Wood. As you've hopefully guessed from the name, these are decidedly unwholesome places, just like the rest of the region.

12. **Free Choice**: Sigmar smiles upon you. Choose one of the Electoral Provinces that the Empire has within it, even the Mootlands if you so desire.

Perks

All perks under the heading of an Origin are discounted to that Origin; discounted 100 CP perks are free.

General

Grim [Free]: This isn't a kind world, and it wouldn't do for you to break down and not be able to do anything. Your mind is inured to horrific sights, actions and experiences; this doesn't blunt your empathy or feeling, but you'll find yourself better able to handle fear and pain, do what's needed at the moment, and work through the experiences afterwards.

Tongues of the Old World [Free/50]: You now can fluently speak, read, and write Reikspiel, the common tongue of the Empire. Reikspiel is spoken throughout the Old World - it can qualify as a *lingua franca,* as there are also Elf, Dwarf, and Halfling speakers. By default, you speak with the accent of your province.

For 50cp, you speak another language of the world. Any language is fair game, save Saurian (Because humans are anatomically incapable of speaking the Lizardman tongue. You can still choose it, but you can only understand, read, and write barring extraordinary circumstances.) There are many different languages in the world, and you would do well to learn them. They include but are not limited to - Classical, Breton, Tilean, Norscan, Kislevite, Estalian, Cathan, High Nehekharan, Arabayan, Albionese, Nipponese, Khazalid, Eltharin, Druhir, Mootish, the Goblin Tongue, Queekish, Ogrish, and finally, the dreaded and heretical Dark Speech. Knowing the tongue of other people is quite an advantage and a sign of intelligence, though some of these are more useful than others. This option may be taken multiple times for multiple languages.

Imperial Beauty [100]: The Empire of Man isn't a realm particularly known for its beauty, but you're the exception. You have a splendid appearance, a natural beauty or handsomeness able to easily turn heads and draw attention - for better and worse.

Witchsight [100]: Though many flavours of wizard exist within the Empire alone, across the world they share one ability: Witchsight. This is the ability to sense the Winds of Magic, their

presence, strength and nature. Even if you are not able to actually cast magic, with this perk you can perceive it, tell an enchanted item from a mundane one, feel the prickling presence of a demon nearby and so on. The subtle presence of Chaos in a soul would be beyond your powers to sense unless particularly overt or you're given the time to analyse them in depth, but your ability to perceive magic is equal to a professional.

Each wind of magic has a unique feel; for instance Aqshy, the Red Wind of Fire, is hot and searing, whilst Ulgu, the Grey Wind of Shadow appears as more of an impenetrable fog. In future worlds, you'll sense different flavours of magic in this manner too, with attributes appropriate to their nature sticking out to you.

Hedge Magic [200, Prerequisite Witchsight]: When looking at the mages of the Empire, it's easy to forget about the many lesser magicians who travel here and there, or minister to communities within its boundaries. They are at constant risk of accusations of witchcraft, and their powers won't match up to a trained wizard of the Colleges of Magic, but they're still nothing to sniff at.

With each purchase of this perk, you become skilled in a particular type of hedge magic. This perk may be purchased multiple times to gain additional specialities. Some examples follow:

- *Hedgefolk:* You have been trained in the magic of the so-called Hedgefolk, and are particularly skilled in producing magical trinkets and charms to protect against evil (whether spirits, daemons, disease or injury), or to heal from their effects. You are also skilled in communing with and commanding lesser spirits - and even 'walking the hedge' to become temporarily like a spirit yourself.
- *Elementalism:* You are a member of the pre-Teclisean tradition of elemental magic, skilled in weaving spells invoking the four classical elements of air, earth, water and fire for various purposes, from chilling beer to commanding the tumblers in a lock to lighting a torch to flinging gusts of frigid wind. This includes calling upon short-lived manifestations of said elements to serve you, in battle and out.
- *Daemonology:* You've learned the foul skills of the daemonologist, and studied the terrible rituals which allow for daemons to be beckoned out of the Realm of Chaos into material reality. More than that, you know how to bind and command lesser daemons to do your bidding, and how to impart terrible curses and unholy blessings on others.

However, your magic often requires sacrifices, has terrible consequences if it goes wrong, and is regarded as utterly unforgivable by all right-thinking folk. Expect a visit from your local Witch Hunter if you don't keep your powers quiet.

Note that this isn't training in the proper Lores of the Chaos Gods, nor anything on a level comparable to the Eight Lores, as stated above. Just the common tricks used by cult leaders and chaos worshippers.

Wanderer

Weary Feet [100]: This is the era of horse and cart, of donkey and mule - and, if you can't afford those, your own two feet. Luckily for you, you've got the kind of endurance needed to walk steadily day after day, and the constitution to sleep under the stars without taking a chill from it. You've got the skills to read a map or, in a pinch, navigate by landmarks or the stars, bargain for passage, beg a little food or coin if necessary, and comport yourself in such a way as to not run afoul of bandits or more suspicious communities that would consider you under suspicion of witchcraft on grounds of being an outsider. Just remember to pack some supplies!

Chronicler's Wit [100]: Many in the Empire never go beyond a few miles of the village or city of their birth; to them, a traveller like you has seen things they can barely imagine. And, given your unstable finances, that presents some possibilities. You're a skilled writer, able to turn your own experiences into rollicking tales of adventure, or dire warnings of the terrible things you've seen - the style's up to you. You can present these tales as fictional or factual accounts, but however you do it you can be assured of finding someone willing to publish your work and pay for it; enough to have at least a meagre living.

Illicit Travels [200]: The Empire's society can be cruel, leaving little space for those unwilling to fit their assigned mould, or just plain unlucky enough to fall through the cracks. You've seen those cracks and come back out again with some rather 'interesting' skills. Things like a knack for slipping away quietly, picking locks or pockets, cutting purses and similar, as well as fencing your ill-gotten gains. In short, you're the kind of rogue who'd fit right into the heaving underbelly of Imperial society.

Worthy Companions [200]: Many in this world are stuck in constant ruts. Peasants never leave their villages, nobles are caught up in ultimately meaningless politics, and priests offer words of salvation where action would help more. But those are not the ones heroic tales are written about. It takes a will to be greater, to be *more*, someone worth remembering.

You've got an eye for those who are, or at least wish to be, this. In your travels, you'll find yourself encountering interesting individuals with a peculiar regularity, from valiant templar knights and wandering magicians to cunning engineers or stealthy footpads, and you'll often find them willing to stick by you - at least for a while. Many of these connections will only last a

short time, long enough for an adventure or two (though you'll often find the skills of those you pick up well-suited to whatever adventure comes next) before breaking up, whether by a parting of ways or their unfortunate demise. A few, though, will form firmer friendships - friendships which may be of great help in your ongoing journeys.

The Best Teacher [400]: On your path, you'll likely come across many different styles and strategies, employed both by the Empire and its enemies. Most would fall to these, incapable of keeping up with an Elf's perfection, a Slayer's ferocity or an Orc's brutality. You're not one of those suckers, though.

You've got a great ability for picking up new skills on the fly, particularly when under pressure. In a month or two of dangerous travel and occasional encounters with bandits or Beastmen, you could become a master swordsman, and if you were commanded to appear before an Elector Count as a bard you could pick up a fair degree of competence overnight if you really pushed yourself. You learn fast from experience and sometimes can pick up a new trick just in time to save you from a losing battle - though this doesn't mean you'll always win. Don't get into a fight you can't survive, lest you learn little and lose much.

Job Security [400]: Most respectable members of Imperial society would be dubious of employing a travelling, homeless rogue like yourself - but it'd be a shame to have learned so much and gone so many places, only to be thrown aside. No worries for you with this, though. You can always be assured someone will always have a use for you and your skills, whether you're a mercenary finding work as a guard for a merchant's shipping, or employed as a bard to tell the tales of your adventures. As long as you're willing to look for work you can be guaranteed to find something to support you, and that you won't be short-changed on payment, whether in money or whatever else you barter your services for.

A Cathayan Curse [600]: Countless ordinary folk live and die in the Empire of Man without really making a mark. On the other hand, some people seem to find themselves stumbling from legendary deed to legendary deed, and fleeing the frying pan only to find themselves in the fire.

With this perk, at the start of each jump, you can choose whether or not to get involved in interesting times - in the Cathayan sense. If you choose this, you can be assured that you'll often find yourself plunged into significant events, often very dangerous ones, seemingly perfectly suited to challenge you and put your skills to use.

Why would you choose this? Because so long as you can make your way through these troubles, you're assured to come out of them with some kind of reward. Sometimes this might be something physical, like a bag of gold or the magical sword bequeathed to you by a fallen companion. Sometimes this might be more abstract, like saving a city from being devoured by the Skaven, earning the regard of a Dwarfen lord, or stopping a warrior of Chaos from ascending to become a Daemon Prince. You're not guaranteed to get through unscathed or wealthy, but you can always be assured to get something out of these adventures, and that you'll be making the world at least a little better for whatever causes you follow.

Peasant

Live Off the Land [100]: For all that the Empire can be a dangerous place, between the monsters, the beastmen, the Chaos cultists and more, its lands are fertile and fruitful - and that's a good thing for you, because as a peasant you haven't got much else. You have all the skills required to scrounge a living from the earth, whether foraging and finding shelter in the wilds, or growing good crops and herding your animals. You know how to tell good land from bad, what crops should go where, and how to protect them against the worst of the weather. If you found yourself alone in the Drakwald... well, you still wouldn't have *great* chances, but you'd have *a* chance.

Yes, Milord [100]: For all that the Empire wouldn't exist without the countless peasants and farmers who supply the food it needs to survive, the higher classes rarely have anything good to say about their inferiors. To many members of the nobility, the lower classes are barely more than animals or objects themselves - but that just means they're all the more likely to leave you alone, or simply give you a casual command if they found you out of place, rather than punish you harshly. You have the essential peasant's quality of humility; the ability to weather humiliation and the sneers of your 'betters' with grace, and to avoid their negative attention. If you're attending to some menial task, your social superiors will tend to simply ignore you.

Drakwald Hunter [200]: Although some of the Empire's lands could be called tamed, at its heart lies the vast, dark forests, the darkest of which is the Drakwald. Infested by beastmen, mutants and stranger monsters besides, any community which clings to life within its borders needs skilled hunters - as much to warn and defend it as to bring back game for the table.

You have the skills to be counted amongst the greatest of such hunters, or perhaps even join the ranks of the Wulfgard of Middenland. You can track beasts for miles based on a shed hair here or a crushed branch there or stalk your prey for days without it catching sight or scent of you. You know the rhythms of the seasons and the movements of animals as keenly as you know the back of your hand. You can lay false trails that would deceive the best of hunting dogs, create all manner of traps and ensure that your prey falls into them, and your skill with the bow is such that you could plant an arrow in a Beastman's heart from hundreds of paces - and make it back home alive.

Cunning Crafts [200]: The lowborn are toilers above everything else. The common carpenter, the raiser of cattle, and the low-class farmer, all are put into one class, for they have not the wealth to avoid it. Yet this same adversity breeds a kind of excellence that the nobility would scarcely credit - after all, when the choice is between doing your part and falling to the beastmen, it's clear who's going to stick around.

You're well-versed in all manner of mundane skills that might be involved in running a peasant village. You're a competent smith, a more than passable carpenter and mason, an excellent weaver so long as you want practical utility rather than fancy looks, you know how to keep, care for, tame, train and breed all manner of animals. And perhaps most importantly of all, you know how to build for defensibility or throw up quick-and-dirty fortifications, should the worst come to pass. After all, there's no surety the local baron will spend his troops to keep you safe. You won't be winning any prizes with these skills individually, but all together they could make you a pillar of the community - and what's more, you've got a knack for teaching these kinds of practical, down-to-earth skills to others.

Stand Together [400]: Given the hardship they face from both outside the bounds of society and within it, is it any surprise that the common folk of the Empire band together in times of trouble? Oftentimes, peasants and penniless artisans can display the courage to rival the greatest knights of the realm. You have this kind of bravery, grit and stubbornness fit to see you through hard years and bloody battles alike. More than that, you have a kind of reliable, down-to-earth charisma that'll let you talk others out of panic and fear. With a short speech you could calm a terrified village, and turn their fear to the grim determination to stand firm and see that all they've worked to build won't be trampled beneath the hooves of beastmen or nobles alike. You can inspire solidarity and camaraderie with ease, and given time you can build community bonds of incredible strength, such that even torture would not induce someone to betray their neighbours. Nothing less will suffice, if mankind is to cling to their existence in the Old World, and perhaps even reach for a better life.

Guerilla Tactics [400]: The Empire's lower classes are often the first in the path of incursions into its lands, whether they come from the north, over the passes of the south and east, or out of the depths of the Drakwald. Outlying villages can't call on the advanced technology of Nuln's engineers, the aid of wizards or disciplined imperial troops - so they make do with what they have.

You have mastered the kind of asymmetrical warfare to which the peasants and woodsmen of the Empire must all too often resort. You can lead small groups to harry and delay far larger forces, picking off stragglers, attacking logistics trains and using the terrain to your advantage to inflict damage before vanishing into the wilderness like ghosts. Through constant, unpredictable attacks you can slow the progress of armies to a crawl, sowing confusion and attacking morale as much as physical enemies. Moreover, you can quickly train others in similar methods of warfare.

Fell the Giant [600]: Huntsmarshal Markus Wulfhart first won fame after his home village was destroyed by a rampaging giant. Taking nothing more than a hunting bow and a sword, the young Markus followed the giant into the Drakwald and, with his wits and his humble tools managed to fell the enormous creature, blinding it with arrows and bringing it to the ground, where finally he hacked off its head. Such a tale might be considered the core of the Empire; humanity holds the line against threats far beyond them in power through wit, ingenuity and sheer determination.

You embody the reality of this kind of tale; whether or not you have the best equipment or circumstances, you can use whatever you do have to its utmost extent by being clever about how you apply it. Like the cunning lad of fairy tales, you've got a talent for unorthodox solutions and trickery. A pick and knowledge of the landscape might let you lure a regiment of beastmen to a ravine where you can bury them beneath an artificial landslide, while a boar-spear and some old armour might let you turn back a horde of goblins by challenging their orc warboss to single combat and using the power of his own charge to run him through - 'proving' your own 'inhuman strength'. This can apply in less combative situations as well; when the local lord comes sniffing around for taxes, perhaps you could convince him not to take what you have with a tearful tale of beastmen carrying off your crops. What? Of course those are beastmen tracks, the marks of *your* cattle look completely different!

This won't let you win all your battles - some foes truly are beyond anything but sheer might - but as long as you're careful or clever you could go a long way with this.

Soldier

Basic Training [100]: The Empire is surrounded by threats with inhuman strength, unholy blessings or black magic to bring to bear. Against this, the ordinary soldier must stand with nothing more than steel, faith, training, and if he's lucky a little gunpowder.

You have that training, and the patchwork of skills a veteran soldier or mercenary might pick up over years of campaigning. You know how to fight with sword, shield, dagger, spear, bow, crossbow, hammer, halberd and handgun; you have the grit and courage to hold the line against your enemies, and you know when running will give you better chances than standing your ground foolishly. You can dig simple earthworks and assess a battlefield's viability with a glance. Perhaps most important of all, you won't freeze up in the face of danger. Just be careful; you're a good soldier, but anything capable of taking on war machines is beyond you.

Warrior's Constitution [100]: Few campaigns have perfect supply lines; oftentimes, long campaigns have larger problems on hand than getting ideal equipment shipments. Some must even risk food supplies getting low if completely cut off, rationing to a starving point, where morale is low and combat ability worse.

The superiors couldn't ask for a better constitution than yours, then. Though you've got the muscle to bring your weapons to bear, perhaps more importantly your body's tough, hardened for long campaigns in less-than-optimal environments. Not only will the rough track over to the battlefield not hurt you as much, but you'll also be able to tolerate a lack of supplies, too; being able to go without food for long periods, longer than other soldiers or (Sigmar forbid) civilians could.

Bold Captain [200]: Though some of the Empire's forces are disciplined, professional soldiers, many more are recruits, militias or levies. Such soldiers require a firm hand to keep them in line - perhaps your hand.

You're easily able to act as a unit commander or sergeant, bellowing out commands to be heard over the din of battle, and raising the morale of your men through presence alone. You can hide your fear and lead your men into the teeth of death. At your back they'll fight harder than ever, emboldened by your courage - and you've got a talent for dealing with other officers as well,

rising to prominence through a combination of your deeds and winning regard amongst your peers and superiors.

Support Staff [200]: Orcs and Beastmen can charge into battle without regard for the finer points of warfare, relying on strength and savagery to carry the day. Humans don't have that luxury - but what they do have is their ingenuity. The Empire's armies rely on dozens of skills not directly related to combat, from codes of signals to spotting for artillery to ministering to the wounded. You're well-practised in all of these skills, able to act as a combat engineer, a signaller, a field medic, a spotter and more. You're a jack-of-all-trades when it comes to the battlefield.

Drill Sergeant [400]: Though knights may win renown by their valour in battle, and artillerists rain death on the enemy, the humble drill sergeant is the heart of the Empire's armies. Without him, their soldiers would be as undisciplined as the peasant levies of Bretonnia, and the tactics which have allowed the realm of Sigmar to endure the millennia would be impossible. This is a position you'll find yourself ideally suited for, as the soldiers under your command will quickly gain experience under your hand. You're an excellent instructor for military matters, training and drilling soldiers with gusto to the point that they'd equal those under other instructors that've spent double the time. Furthermore, your training will quickly inculcate in your trainees the attitude to carry on learning, such that whether they fight underneath you or another commander, they'll continue to gain skill at twice the rate of others, rapidly rising to the prowess of veterans.

Hero of Man [400]: The majority of soldiers will never face off against the greatest threats to the Empire, much less live through them. To live against such great dangers as the towering Warbosses of the Orcs or the Dark Hags of Naggaroth requires strength, discipline and skill beyond just any mook.

Even so, the Empire does have war heroes - and with a few battles, you could well be named as one of them. You have reached the peak of proficiency in wielding all the weapons of man and achieved mastery in one, with which you could very well contend for being the best in the Old World. Your martial prowess is such that you could stand shoulder to shoulder with the finest warriors of the Empire, men such as Ludwig Schwarzhelm and Kurt Helborg, fighting just as well as them and earning their respect through valiance of arms. You're just about at the peak

of human capacity when it comes to personal fighting ability, able to battle Orc Warbosses, Treemen, Chaos Champions or Ogres on an even ground. With the right gear (that is to say, decked out in enchanted arms and armour) you could even go toe-to-toe with a Greater Daemon and have a good chance of getting out of it alive, or possibly even victorious.

Reiksmarshal [600]: Fearsome artillery, mighty heroes, powerful wizards and disciplined soldiers - none of these mean a thing if not used right, and less if they're put in the wrong place to be useful. Under your command, though, that kind of thing is unthinkable - for you are nothing less than a tactical genius!

You can direct units on the battlefield as elegantly as a conductor with an orchestra while playing your enemy like a fiddle. Orcs launch a frontal assault? You anticipated that and concealed a steam tank in the forests on their flank, ready to smash into their back line. Skaven advancing on your city? You've sent a division to sneak around and light a dozen campfires for each man, making the cowardly rat-men think a massive relief army is coming. Unconventional tactics come to you as easily as breathing, but you're a master of more conventional ones as well, able to execute firing lines or set-piece sieges so perfectly that your battles could be the inspiration for the next generation of military textbooks. This same prowess applies on the strategic as well as tactical scale, moving armies like pieces on a board towards the end of victory, whether dispatching priests to encourage grass-roots resistance to your enemies or orchestrating cunning feints to draw off enemy forces so you can quickly take a city and hold the fortress against them rather than being caught out in the open.

In short, you could give Sun Tzu or Napoleon a run for their money - though even the greatest general isn't immune to politics, and may not be able to defeat a truly overwhelming force alone.

Engineer

Clever Hands [100]: Although the imperial engineers are certainly the craftspeople who have the most renown within the Empire, their work would be impossible without the skills of countless 'lesser' artisans, developed over long years and inherited by the engineering colleges. You have been trained in these skills, and are a more-than-competent carpenter and metalworker, combining old-style smithing techniques with more modern tools and methods. Given the materials and appropriate tools, you could build some quite satisfactory guns from scratch, or assemble a wide variety of common mechanical devices. If you were expelled from the engineer's corps, you could earn quite a comfortable living as a tinkerer or clockmaker.

Bullet-Point Mind [100]: The countless intricacies involved in proper engineering would be daunting to an untrained mind; everything from the tolerances of steel tempered at a hundred different temperatures to every single step involved in the maintenance of a Helstorm rocket battery. Fortunately for you, your mind holds onto these kinds of details with ease; your memory isn't eidetic, but you have a mind for detail and with enough practice and revision you can fix almost any amount of minutiae in your mind.

Natural Philosophy [200]: Although the most famous creations of the Empire's engineering schools are undoubtedly their artillery pieces and handguns, few outside their walls truly understand how much knowledge goes into the creation of such implements of death. Successful engineers must have a solid grounding in many facets of natural philosophy - and now, so do you.

You have had extensive education in all the Empire's knowledge of physics, chemistry, mathematics and material sciences, and would be regarded as amongst the most knowledgeable in these subjects. Though you may not be able to brew magical potions or cause fire to leap from your fingertips, you can plan buildings with exacting precision, produce complex blends of explosives or gunpowders, plot ballistics accurately and assess the best materials to use for any of your creations.

This perk may be purchased up to twice more, with each subsequent purchase either expanding your knowledge to encompass secondary subjects of natural philosophy (including medicine, anatomy, geography and similar), or mastery of the humanities which are so in vogue

at present, such as the arts of painting, sculpture, plays and poetry, along with subjects such as history and philosophy. With three purchases of this perk, you truly will be a Renaissance man.

Fulfilled Requirements [200]: The greatest engineer in the world is just a man with a lot of ideas if he can't get hold of the necessary materials to bring those ideas into reality. Fortunately, you have a knack for getting hold of whatever you need when crafting or inventing; you can find good deals on the materials you want, make good pitches to get funding - whether from academies or independent individuals - sort the good materials from the bad, and if worst comes to worst, to make do with materials scavenged from whatever you can get your hands on. This won't have much effect if you need truly unique materials, like the heart of a dragon or something, but for anything generic, you'll be able to get your hands on it more often than not.

Guest Lecturer [400]: Most engineers make their fortunes through their work, selling designs or taking the Emperor's coin in the army or the machine shops of the great schools. Most, though, end up teaching the new generation at some point - and that's something you truly excel at. You're a master of teaching complex subjects, able to adapt your methodology on the fly to suit your students and convey even information which would seem to be beyond a society's technological level in a manner that can be well-understood. If you put in the work to help your students, you can cram twice as much into the same time frame as another teacher would require.

Got the Touch [400]: Invention is where the fame's at, but for every miraculous inventor there's a hundred men whose job it is to actually *operate* what comes out of the schools. Not just anyone can keep a Helblaster Volley Cannon running in tip-top condition in the rains and mud of Sylvania, after all, and the consequences of getting it wrong can be... Messy.

You are that someone. You're seemingly able to repair or maintain just about any technology you can get your hands on as long as you have a basic understanding of how it works, and under your hands misfires and other malfunctions are all but impossible, save when direct enemy action is involved. You have an eye for spotting sabotage, and more than that you've got a talent for picking up how to use, operate or drive a new device, vehicle or piece of technology on the fly, even if you don't really understand it. If you somehow managed to get a dwarf to

give you access to one of their gyrocopters, you could probably at least get it from point A to point B without too much trouble and would be able to fly it like an ace within a week or two.

Master Engineer [600]: Meikle, Volker von Meinkopt, Leonardo da Miragliano - these names ring down the centuries as paragons of the engineer's craft, genii who thrust the mechanical arts forward (occasionally by such a distance that the rest of their fellows are still puffing to catch up). Now you too may well earn similar regard in the annals of scientific history, for in your brain is lodged nothing less than a spark of true, undisputed *genius*.

You have an incredible aptitude for invention, your mind forming connections between disparate theories that others would never conceive of, and from such connections spawning ideas and designs for miraculous devices. With the knowledge base of the Empire you could invent things comparable to da Miragliano's steam tanks, or the clockwork automata of Meikle, and with more advanced sciences, who knows what you could come up with? The prototypes won't be perfect, of course - that's why they're called *prototypes* - but within a few generations of development you can have the most cutting-edge inventions ready for mass production with far fewer problems.

Priest

Chapter and Verse [100]: Some say that faith and learning are at odds, opposites which cannot commingle without one coming to dominate the other. But then, how could you spread the word of the gods to the masses if you didn't know it yourself? You are well-versed in the common prayers and commandments of all the accepted gods of the Empire - Sigmar, Ulric, Morr, Shallya, Taal and even a few of the outliers like Myrmidia. Furthermore, you have intimate knowledge of the scripture of the god whom you follow in particular, such that you could quote it from memory and stand as equal to any theologian who sought to challenge you and put together a damn good sermon suited to your audience, even if you had little time to prepare.

Iron Faith [100]: Temptation and the possibility of corruption are everywhere, and it takes real faith to hold true to the gods in this grim world. You have this kind of faith, determination and trust in the divine that allows you to push on even through the hardest of times, and provides some protection against even the corrupting powers of Chaos. Furthermore, your faith shines through in your words, and with time, effort and the demonstration of your faith you can kindle it in the hearts of others.

Witch Hunter [200]: The world is dark, and terrible things slink in the shadows, or behind the closed doors of those who think themselves above the laws of gods and men. Fortunately, you have a real talent for investigation and sniffing out evil, corruption or simply the sources of discord in a community. You may not quite be at the level of Sherlock Holmes, but you could do a fairly good impression of the great detective, whether hunting down the source of heresy, rooting out a Slaaneshi cult, or deducing whose goats ate all of Herr Kellner's cabbages.

Holy Wrath [200]: The gods of the Empire stand for many different things, but all stand in opposition to Chaos. With this perk, you have been granted the ability to imbue any attacks you make against evil or corrupted beings with holy power, weakening their defences against you and causing any wounds to resist whatever unholy healing they may bring to bear. Such attacks can strike immaterial beings like ghosts or daemons as if they were merely physical - for the gods judge all alike. Furthermore, you have the power to exorcise daemonic or evil influences to an extent, such as casting out minor daemonic possessions or freeing someone

from their fascination with a daemonette - though this will only suffice against relatively minor degrees of corruption.

Thunderous Oratory [400]: Any priest can recite the litany from the pulpit and get some polite applause and nodding heads. It takes real charisma to have a crowd howling prayers to the heavens to take up whatever comes to hand to wield against the hordes of Chaos themselves. You have this charisma, the kind of oratorical abilities that could calm a rioting mob, or stir a congregation of downtrodden peasants to rebellion. If you have the time to work on a community, they'd follow you into the jaws of the Chaos Wastes themselves, or hurl themselves against the undying armies of Sylvania if you told them it was the will of the gods. Try to use this for good.

Miracle Worker [400]: Philosophers can argue back and forth over whether all priests have the power to call upon their gods, and whether all prayers are efficacious. Oftentimes a prayer may seem to have no effect at all, or at most a stroke of luck that might be attributed to divine intervention, even when spoken by a pious man. None would deny that some are truly blessed, however, and so it is with you.

Choose one of the gods of the Empire. Through sincere prayer and faith, you can call upon their miracles in obvious and tangible ways. The form these miracles take varies depending on the god; Sigmar may give you great vitality or call down a twin-tailed comet to smite your foes on the battlefield, Shallya might provide merciful relief from pain, injury or lesser corruptions, Ranald might send you one of His feline servants to act as a spy, and Myrmidia might grant inspiration to those following you in battle. Whatever form your miracles take, you can always count on manifesting them with the right prayers - so long as you don't use them frivolously or do something to incur the wrath of your god, of course.

This perk may be purchased multiple times to channel the miracles of multiple gods.

Prophet [600]: Many have received blessings from the gods, but you are something more. The gods of the Empire of Man have blessed you like few others.

Firstly, you are all but immune to any powers which would corrupt your body, mind or soul, as your being is defended by the gods themselves. The Chaotic plagues unleashed by the servants of Nurgle would not infect you, the unholy radiance of warpstone would not twist your flesh,

and the illusions of sorcerers and daemons will not deceive your senses. Your will is still your own, however, so you could descend into the depths of corruption if you chose to take that route willingly. This protection can also be called upon to benefit others, not to the same degree as you, but instead manifesting as potent abilities of exorcism. If your will and faith are strong enough, you could cast even a greater daemon out of its host, or purge the corruption from someone almost entirely fallen to Chaos - though this can't save someone who's accepted their corruption willingly.

Secondly, you receive visions, dreams and signs from the gods, warning you of danger and leading you towards opportunities to advance their causes. You have the free will to ignore their desires if you want, albeit at your own peril.

Finally, the gods protect you in more material ways as well. Once per jump, or ten years, whichever is shorter, when you would suffer certain death the gods of the Empire will deliver you somehow, whether by returning you from the grave, turning aside a blow at the last moment or removing you from danger. This acts as a 1-up.

Noble

High(born) Standards [100]: Nobles aren't just richer than the peasants; class and etiquette set them apart, and to not perform these would see you laughed out of even the least of aristocratic households. You're knowledgeable in all the details of noble manners and etiquette, from the correct clothes to wear to a ball to the right forks to use at a fancy dinner. Even dressed in rags, you can deploy the manner of speech and actions which will set you apart from the rabble, and avoid any unintentional faux pas without thought.

In future worlds, you'll gain similar knowledge of the manners of the upper and middle classes in whatever societies are present there.

Judge's Ear [100]: To call imperial politics a den of vipers would be an insult to the vipers. Courtiers couch their words in layers of meaning and betrayal as a matter of course, and he who doesn't learn how to tell truth from lies will find their political career a short one indeed. Fortunately for you, you have a nigh-uncanny ability to tell when someone's trying to deceive you, whether by outright lies or simple omission. You can still be defeated by mystical illusions or Chaotic deceits, and you won't necessarily know what the truth is that's being concealed, but it would take a truly world-class liar to take you for a ride.

Knightly Virtues [200]: Although Brettonia is the heart of chivalry and knighthood in the Old World, that's not to say the Empire's nobles simply sit back and let the lower classes do all the fighting. Far from it! You're trained in all the skills required to be an excellent knight; you're practised in fighting in heavy armour on foot and horseback, you're an exemplary rider, and perhaps most interestingly of all you have a knack for taming and training mounts, whether they be a simple horse or something more exotic, such as a demigryph or even a true griffon.

If you wish, you are also a member in good standing of one of the Empire's knightly orders, such as the Knights Panther, the Knights of the White Wolf, the Order of the Blazing Sun or the Hunters of Sigmar.

Keeping Up Appearances [200]: Appearances are vital in noble society, and you're a master of them. Whether fancying up your mansion to accommodate a famous guest, disguising your penury with clothes that look far more expensive than they are, or concealing your intentions to have your dinner guests knifed by ruffians the moment they leave your hospitality, only the

very keen - or very paranoid - will suspect anything lies beneath whatever facade you choose to show.

Golden Hands [400]: For all their ancient bloodlines and aristocratic privileges, the sheer wealth of the nobility is not to be underestimated in terms of their power - and yet even the most lucrative businesses can be run into the ground by a spendthrift wastrel of a scion, plunging a noble house into the shameful depths of penury. Not for you such humiliation. You have the skills to manage money like a conductor manages an orchestra; you have a near-instinctive sense for which ventures will yield good returns and which will be nothing but money pits and can handle the endless bookkeeping necessary to run a financial empire with ease. Under your care, a noble house could rise from a single threadbare manor house to the heights of prosperity within a decade.

More than simply being able to make money, though, you're an expert in putting that money to use. You're an administrator *par excellence*, able to easily coordinate vast or complex projects with aplomb, and ensure that you both keep to a reasonable budget and deliver good quality. Any noble house would be privileged to have you as a castellan - unless you'd prefer to turn those talents to your own purposes, of course.

The Old Alliance [400]: With the state of the world, and distrust being seeded between all races, it's easy to forget those bonds forged long ago by Sigmar himself between humanity and the Dwarfs, and later by Magnus the Pious with the high elves of Ulthuan. Fortunately, you're a diplomat of passing skill, capable of negotiating alliances even between deeply-distrusting groups, given a little time to work. You could persuade two houses with a centuries-long feud to work together against a common enemy without undermining one another or build a solid alliance with notoriously-aloof groups like the Wood Elves or the Dwarfs. Diplomacy in general comes to you far better than most, and you will find the alliances and agreements you forge becoming all the more solid if you take personal action to support them, such as fighting side-by-side with an allied leader or putting your neck on the line to make things work.

Statesman Supreme [600]: Karl Franz is acknowledged as perhaps the greatest statesman the Old World has ever seen - but now he has a rival in you. You are a consummate politician, able to rise to the top within almost any organisation you care to and to wield your political power with the same finesse as a master artist composing a painting. Webs of alliances, feuds and other

relations are as plain in your mind as what you see before you, and you understand the ramifications of this or that move in the great game of politics with ease. You can still be caught off guard but will be able to recover from all but the most terrible of falls from grace with ease. All that remains is to ask whether you will put your prowess to the cause of aiding the Empire as a whole, or your own personal advancement.

Items

Items of each origin are discounted to said origin by 50%. Items costing [100] become free. Unless otherwise stated, you can import a fitting item into the place of one found here, such as a blade into the Runefang item, granting it the capabilities of the Runefang as well as a Runefang alt-form.

General

Basic Gear [Free]: Not all have this privilege, Jumper. You're given some basic supplies, as one would expect from the Origin you picked:

- **Wanderers** get a purse with enough coin to stay in a mid-quality tavern for a few weeks, a passable if unexceptional weapon of their choice, a pack, a set of well-wearing, durable clothing, a warm woollen cloak and a surprisingly-waterproof tent.

- **Peasants** get a purse with enough to buy a month's necessities, a hunting bow, a skinning knife, a set of solid farming tools, a pack, a bag of seeds for good food crops, a satchel of cured meat and a set of practical clothing which will blend well into the wilderness.

- **Soldiers** get a pack, an entrenching tool, a purse with a month's salary, a tent, rations for a week or so, and a quilted uniform in your choice of colours, enough to offer basic protection and go comfortably under armour.

- **Engineers** get a purse with a month's salary, a satchel with a set of specialist artisan's tools, a tough notebook, ink and a good pen, a knife, a handgun, a powderhorn and a handful of bullets, a set of moderately-nice clothing, and a pack.

- **Priests** get a purse containing a monthly stipend (enough to live on frugally), a pack, a weapon acceptable to your god, pen, ink and a few dozen pages of good paper, as well as a book of scripture and priestly vestments suited to your god.

- **Nobles** get a passable horse with all its tack and saddlebags, a suit of fancy clothing, a purse with enough in it to lodge in moderately high-class inns for a month, a fancy-looking but mostly-ceremonial weapon, and a writ confirming their nobility.

Imperial Miniatures [50]: Oh? Must've gotten this from an eccentric noble. A sturdy wooden box, embossed with a golden Warhammer on the side. Within it, you will find a possibly endless number of models and figurines of the Empire's forces in the Warhammer Fantasy Battles tabletop game, with each being brilliantly painted if you don't want to work on them. You even get a miniature of yourself and your companions.

Along with these, you get a copy of both every Empire Army Book and every Warhammer Fantasy Battles Corebook, of each edition.

Ostka Flask [50]: You know how many would kill for this? For shame, to get it at such a cheap price... This pocket flask is inexplicably an infinite source of Kislevite Vodka, pure-grain alcohol of very high quality, prized in many regions of the Empire on the same level as Bretonnian Wine. Some Jade magician probably made it, though Sigmar only knows where the drink comes from, and why it only gives it out if opened with intent to drink on-the-spot, though.

Lock, Stock, and Barrel [100]: The Imperial College of Engineers regularly designs new weapons for the State Armies. Some, like the arquebuses used by Handgunners, are widespread and reliable. Others are more finicky and harder to master, but *much* deadlier. Typically, they're only seen in the hands of their creators. You have your very own firearm, custom-made for you by the finest smiths of the Imperial Gunnery School in Nuln. This can be any firearm found in the Empire - you aren't just limited to simple pistols and muskets. Rather, you can pick up one of the experimental weapons of the Engineer's college - a repeater pistol or rifle, the infamous Hochland Long Rifle, a grenade-launching blunderbuss, or even one of the strange duck-foot pistols. Your firearm is reliable to the extreme, and will never break or misfire. It'll never run out of ammo or go through the tedious process of muzzle-loading, either, as there will always be a new round the very moment after you fire.

Meikle's Equine Effigy of Dynamic Locomotion [200cp]: For when you need a good horse, but lack the supplies to properly care for one. This, in short, is a mechanical horse. It is powered by clockwork mechanisms, which must be regularly wound up time and time again to

keep the horse going. Improper care for this is risky, as carelessness can injure a rider when a winding spring fails, throwing them from the steed. However, these machines can compete with warhorses and are heavily armoured. The speed of the "horse," combined with its heavy mass, will surely demolish any foe unfortunate enough to be in front of it. Additionally, the kinetic energy provided by the motion of the legs is linked to an accumulator and a pair of brass orbs stored within the "head." This stored energy can be converted into electricity and fired at the enemy, roasting them whole.

City [600]: With this, you should get ready for prestige. You are now the elected mayor of a rather large settlement, almost on par with the capitals of the 'lesser' Elector Counties - requiring only a little effort to be on the scale of, say, Wurtbad. Thousands of citizens already live here, each mundane but with quite a few skilled people to make trade a viable option.

The city is surrounded by a sizable number of manned fields with high fertility, guaranteeing at least enough crop to support the city and when in good circumstances a large amount of tradable goods. These fields are particularly compatible with many plants, allowing even those with relatively niche requirements to flourish a fair bit.

The city is protected by a proper militia force, with decent equipment and some discipline. They're capable of serving as a disciplinary force for the city, too, by the standards of the Empire. All 600cp items for the following origins may be attached to your city - in the case of the caravan, it'll just be based here.

Wanderer

Many-League Boots [100]: Many a traveller would not just kill to get these. A pair of boots, enchanted by a Jade magister to help in wandering the many places of this world. When worn, they hinder the elements from stopping your movement, vines loosening and mud hardening to allow passage.

Even more practical is the cleaning enchantment put upon it, letting grime, wear and dampness never touch them or your feet. If they are broken by other means, expect a new pair within the week.

Writ of Passage [200]: Within the Empire and without, several places have restrictions on travel. Ask any naive merchant trying to peddle in Cathay without navigating labyrinthian laws on importation.

You've no risk of insanity due to legalese thanks to this: A document befitting the location you're travelling towards, enchanted quite subtly by a Grey Magister to appear as a permit for travel into a location - provided there's a legal manner of doing so, of course. Usually, it takes the form of a permit that would allow you to peddle your skills, as a mercenary or otherwise.

This only extends to locations that a normal individual would be expected in - no military installations, for instance, unless someone permits you directly. Never prepare half a year in advance for a single Cathayan sale again!

If you lose this permit, you'll get a new one in a month.

A Journal [400]: You've stumbled across a rather thick journal whose author, while unknown, is most assuredly a world-travelling veteran; the journal is filled with scribbles, notes and details, mysteriously always on areas you wish to visit.

If you want to travel to Cathay, you'd get notes about what is permitted, what is looked upon as dishonourable, and maybe some notes about magic styles and other threats to person and soul. Bretonnia may let you know about the safe parts of the forests, the nicer villages, where to get proper good wine and trade deals.

The smaller the region of interest, the more this will detail; visiting a certain village in the Empire would give you only info about that village, but it's in detail, including a recent log of interesting events and the items currently in stock for the shops.

Caravan [600]: A single person may not be able to carry everything they want. Thus, you've been arranged to be the leader of a caravan of a dozen or so carriages, each home to a rather unique element.

Perhaps you've picked up a few disgraced elves who'll join you for a bit, even teaching you some minor tricks out of gratitude? A hedge mage on the run might act as a bit of a merchant, offering trinkets of protection and warding your group for free, whilst a Kislevite might know how to produce unique foods exotic enough that nobles may pay much for. Not many of these

are filled already, maybe a half-dozen so far, though you'll assuredly find others to fill in your band - most of which bring trade goods and profit to your caravan.

The Caravan is protected by high-quality mercenaries; loyal enough, this group of a few dozen sellswords have high-quality equipment, some of it even being enchanted in some lowly way. None could protect you from the likes of Daemon hordes, though. They're loyal enough, but in each world, you'll get a new set of contracted troops considered on par with elite troops of other factions, if in small amounts.

Peasant

Trade Tools [100]: This trusty set of implements is what you'll need to ply your trade. A smith's forge, hammers and anvil. A farmer's hoe and plough. A carpenter's saw, nails, and workbench. What these items are is determined by what your job is, though they're certain to get the job done.

Home, Sweet Home [200]: A rarity amongst the lower classes of the Empire, you actually own the land you work. Specifically, a nice cottage out in a relatively safe part of the realm, with good farmland, a barn and the tools you'd need to work that farm, along with various farm animals - chickens, pigs, maybe a draft horse or mule. There are also buildings and tools for whatever other 'peasant crafts' you might have skill in, such as tanning, smithcraft, weaving, spinning and so on. The land here is fertile and crops seem to grow stronger and more healthily here than elsewhere, and similarly, other crafts seem to take place a little easier than they might elsewhere. You probably can't exploit all of this land's potential riches on your own, but if you can find the help this could bring you a fair degree of prosperity.

Oh, and it comes with a defensive ditch and a solid fence on a bank that'd at least give you somewhere to stab down at the Beastmen from, while the cottage itself is a solid piece of stonework and easily defendable. It wouldn't do to lose all your hard work to a minor raid, after all.

Amber Bow [400]: You've stumbled across what seems to be a copy of the Huntmarshal's very own Amber Bow. The original Amber Bow was carved from a Drakwald Oak, with enchantments laid upon it by a powerful Amber Wizard. Through these its shots are guided by magic to strike the weakest points of the fiercest monsters, making it highly potent against large, single targets. As a magical weapon, it also bypasses mundane methods of protection to strike true.

If lost or destroyed by mystical means, you are granted a new one within a month.

Village Chief [600]: The height most peasants can hope to achieve. You're the locally elected chief of a rather major trading city, a well-built place of commerce with a few thousand residents. As their chief, most will try to win your favour, taking the time to actually listen to you, more than a lot of lowborn commoners could hope for. Even some nobility may deign to

give you a moment's listen but don't be surprised if they are still snooty about it - lowborn stays lowborn in the eyes of many of them.

This town is protected by a decently sized militia of patriots, willing to risk, if not give their lives for the town, even when they have subpar equipment and lack discipline.

Soldier

Steel and Gunpowder [100]: A proper set of Imperial equipment, as granted to a soldier of your skills. You have a standard set of what you'd expect a member of one of the state armies to carry. A couple of good weapons, to start with. What you get depends on your role in the army - a spear, a halberd, a sword and shield, a crossbow, a pair of pistols, a musket, and a bow are all viable choices. You also get a decent set of armour consisting of a breastplate, a helmet, and some leg protection to wear over your uniform, which depends on what province you live in or what regiment you're part of.

Battle Standard [200]: Used by Imperial military and mercenary alike, this banner depicts within this world the heraldry of your province, and later on a symbol of your liking. This banner inspires your people, drawing more to join you in battle - making your regiment, if applicable, appear more impressive than others.

Despite your obvious position of prominence, though, it seems your comrades are unwilling to let the standard fall; unless you stand alone, they'll be taken down before you. Note that this is only done if you act as the standard bearer you are. If you actively fight with the standard planted nearby, you're at risk like your comrades would be. If it does, however, fall, a new one will be given within a month.

Notice of Requisition [400]: An army marches on its stomach, or so it's said, but as important as food is it's just one item an army needs. Guns, supplies, - there's never enough to go around, but hopefully this will help. This is an official letter of requisition, signed and sealed with the Imperial signet. In short, it gives you the right to requisition any materiel needed for military purposes, substituting for any paperwork you might need to fill out or politicking you might have to do to ordinarily get what you need. You can requisition a noble's house for a headquarters, food from the peasantry, shift a factory's output to producing weapons or even use this within an army to make sure your company gets the equipment and rations they require.

There are just a couple of caveats. Firstly, this only works on people who are nominally on the same side as you and never directly on your enemies. Secondly, you do have to have an actual reason for why you're requisitioning the thing; 'to defend your town' is a valid reason, 'because

I want the glory' not so much. This just lets you cut through the bullshit and get what's needed.

Fortress [600]: One of the safest places outside of an Elector Count's holdings, this veritable Fortress is yours to command now. As large as a small castle with fitting amounts of stone, the walls of this place have been enchanted by Gold magicians, making it take far more damage than one would expect the stone slabs to be capable of. On the walls are manned cannons, each boosted by enchantment to be capable of taking out even great beasts in a few hits.

With the fortress comes a guard to protect it; a battalion of soldiers man this fortress, coming with it as followers. Reluctant to risk the unsafe world beyond, they'll be sure to protect their home with their lives. The Fortress is somewhat spartan in its appearance, yet it has all the necessary components to keep a siege alive for at least half a year.

Engineer

Certified Professional [100]: A proper diploma, as the Engineering School would give to graduates. You'll be taken seriously as a professional when you show this diploma to superiors, and even better, they'll actually listen instead of assuming you're trying to be lazy or anything similar. This updates to any other qualifications you get in other worlds.

Technological Examples [200]: Despite the Empire's best wishes, the Engineers School takes a fair amount of inspiration from the other races: the STEAM TANK is borne of Dwarfen technology, and many of the artillery units share many similarities with Cathayan or even Skaven weapons.

Your colleagues would kill for these, proper samples of some high-grade equipment from the other empires put into a small crate. Ranging from warpstone-less Ratling gun pieces to Dwarfen steam engines they would deem low-quality; even a sample of Araby poison may be found here. If you use up a certain sample, a different material will be found.

In future worlds, you'll find samples from other societies' weaponry here, defanged and unsuited for direct usage on the battlefield yet still useful for research and salvaging purposes..

STEAM TANK [400]: One of the rarest machines in the Imperial Engineers' School, the STEAM TANK is a monstrous war machine adapted from Dwarf technology, using its great pistons and gears to drive the machine forward, utterly ruining any lesser threat in its way and facing off against even great Daemons with a good chance of winning.

Through some arcane politics, you've been sanctioned to have a personal STEAM TANK of a configuration of your choice; everything from a 'Sigmar's Hammer' battering ram variant up to the 'Alter Kamerad' steam gun variant is possible. If you wish, you can even create an equal, custom variant for a death machine of your make. You don't have to worry about miscalibrations or misfires from within this machine, always capable of functioning without fault of your own. No matter what death contraption you ride into battle, it will come with exceedingly well-made blueprints with clear instructions on how to make more of them.

If destroyed, the STEAM TANK will be rebuilt within a month.

Academy [600]: A rival yet respected counterpart to the official Engineer's School, you have become its head. Numbering hundreds of students, each of these is eager to learn and thus eager to impress - freely discussing ideas, working on 'homework projects' that happen to be projects you need done, the lots.

Most staff and students would be glad to help defend their home - Not only resulting in a fair force of almost a hundred active combatants (admittedly, with little skill in direct combat) but also all sorts of prototypes, mostly ones that imitate already existing weaponry to large degrees. You'll have enough to explode any force of some size with them before it blows up for you, at least.

Priest

Symbol of Faith [100]: A channel for your God's will, this tool is variable dependent on your worshipped god. You can choose whether this takes the form of a piece of jewellery or an actual tool. Perhaps an emblem of the Twin-Tailed Comet or a Warhammer for Sigmar, or a sun-embossed spear for Myrmidia. Morr might give you an eternally dried black rose, or a blackened scythe.

Whatever form it takes, this symbol of your faith lets all who see it know your allegiance, and supports that faith in turn, aiding you to some small degree in resisting hostile powers, and serving as an aid for prayers or any holy magic or miracles you are capable of using.

Shrine [200]: Although the gods may be worshipped in their temples, many smaller shrines can be found throughout the Empire. Perhaps most of them are truly nothing more than a place to gather to pay homage - but this small, portable shrine is something different. Consecrated to your god, it seems that prayers given before it have a somewhat-greater chance of being granted, albeit in minor or subtle ways. Furthermore, a priest of the god can create small charms or items before it, imparting blessings and good to those who hold them. For instance, a Sigmarite purity seal might aid a person in a battle or when resisting corruption, while a Manaanite breeze-knot could be undone to give a becalmed ship the chance to escape, and a Shallyan talisman might provide some protection against disease.

If this shrine is destroyed, or you have to leave it behind, you can consecrate a new one with an hour of prayers to give it similar powers, though the previous shrine will lose whatever additional potency you gave it.

This item may be purchased multiple times to gain a similar ability for an additional god, either consecrating one shrine to each god, or a single shrine to all, at your will.

War Altar [400]: Hm, a copy of Magnus's chariot? Or simply one built in its image?
This ornate golden chariot is a true mobile shrine to your god, blessed at their temple with the blood of their High Priest (or another equivalent of the High Theogonist).
While for the War Altar of Sigmar, the Grand Theogonist may decide upon its usage, this one is purely under your control.

Such an Altar carries much power within it; Sigmar's variant, when its power is drawn upon, may unleash a blinding white light. For creatures that are bound to the mortal plain through dark magic, this light is anathema to them and they are utterly scorched by its touch, even scorching those who merely worship such foul things. This War Altar has a similar amount of power, dependent on the divinity it is dedicated to. Either way, many symbols, scriptures and sigils of faith to said god will be found upon it. An altar dedicated to all of the gods offers the same effect as one dedicated to Sigmar alone... Unless you decide to consecrate it to the Four, heretics whisper that the powers of darkness hold greater might than even the gods of men.

If it is destroyed, a new one will be assembled within a month.

Temple [600]: You must be a true paragon of your God if you have come into leadership here. This glorious temple stands as a shining monument to the sanctity and power of your God. It can compare to the greatest sites of worship in the land; that is to say, it comes close to the Holy Temple of Sigmar in Altdorf and the High Temple of Ulric in Middenheim. Simply being in your sanctuary bolsters the faith in yourself and others. You will find that mental pains and trauma will be overcome and recovered from, and it both provides a sense of peace and inspires greater devotion to one's ideals. It has no small amount of treasures within, but the real treasure is its library, containing a wealth of religious texts.

The temple is staffed with many devout priests and clergy, all of whom are loyal to you so long as you uphold your faith. Of these devout members, a good hundred warrior-clergy are ready to defend your sanctuary, some armed with divine magic, some with holy relics, but most with zeal, steel and flame. These are your templars, who shall protect your faith to their last.

Noble

Panoply of War [100]: Ruling over a realm under constant threat from forces both within and without, it should be no surprise that Imperial nobility is a militaristic bunch. You have a fine set of armaments; plate armour, barding and a mundane riding horse, as well as a set of ten excellent-quality (albeit mundane) weapons of your choice, from hammers to swords to axes to halberds.

All of these items will be replaced within a week if lost, destroyed or killed.

Your Title's Worth [200]: This safe, about the size of a medium crate, is filled with mundane treasures that you would expect a noble to have during a good period of rulership. From simple gold and jewels to more exotic materials that would sell for much, even some weak magical items that are valued heavily. This's the level of money you'd expect a local baron to have, fully liquidated.

This can however be repurchased - each purchase increasing the fortune, to such a degree that two further purchases would turn the safe into a proper walk-in vault. You can choose what manner this fortune takes, though you can't take anything more mythical than 'common' magical things.

The vault refills at the start of every jump.

Runefang [400]: The Runefangs are twelve unique blades given to the Elector Counts by the Dwarfs long ago, and in true Dwarfen fashion, they function both as badges of great prestige and eminently practical tools of war, with each capable of tearing through dragonscale or gromril with ease. Each has a unique ability, such as *Goblinbane* weakening the armour of nearby enemies or the demoralising power of *Grudgeseeker*. Perhaps you recovered Drakwald's *Beastslayer*, or you've inexplicably found a copy of one already existing one. Either way, you have a weapon capable of shifting the field, both in politics and in combat.

Holdings and Estates [600]: For all their lineages and titles, what truly makes nobility - what makes their *power* - is what they own. Whether passed down in your family line for generations or granted more recently, you own a great deal. First and foremost, at the heart of your holdings is a castle; perhaps not as old or quite as formidable as some fortresses in the Empire, but more

than enough to see off any minor raiding band, and to pose a serious challenge even to a major warherd. Along with the structure itself, you have the staff to see to your household and keep it in good shape, as well as a garrisoning force of a couple hundred men; they're not elite troops but they're willing to hold the line or act as an escort for you.

Alongside your castle, you also have authority over the town which surrounds it; like any good settlement in the Empire it has strong walls to defend against raiders, and plenty of tradesmen within its walls. They might not quite be up to the standards of workers in Altdorf or one of the other great cities, but they're more than enough to keep a good economy running. You can situate it along a river as well, if you like, for easier trade.

And finally, there's the surrounding regions, a patchwork of smaller villages and crofts stretching out to a radius of ten miles from your keep. These lands are fertile and productive, whether with timber, food or some other resource. Whatever their produce, it'll keep your town and castle well-supplied, whether directly or by trade, and give you a substantial income to reinvest into your lands or use as you see fit.

The people in your lands are loyal to you and will remain loyal so long as you don't treat them too badly.

Treasures of the Empire

There are many treasures of the Empire, created or designed many centuries away from your arrival - yet it wouldn't do to deny you a chance of getting some of these gifts. Thus, in this timeless corner of the Othersea, you may find many goods you may wish for. Use them wisely and for the good of all.

Items listed below may be purchased multiple times, though you may only enjoy the benefits of a single instance of that item (e.g. using two Swords of Might will only give you the same bonus as one).

Although the items below are described as having a specific form, you may choose to have yours in a different shape, so long as it serves a similar purpose (e.g. a Sword of Might might be a Spear or Bow of Might, a Staff of Sorcery might be a Robe of Sorcery etc).

Weapons

Sword of Striking [100]: This blade is enchanted to guide the user's attacks, weaving through an opponent's defences to strike at their weak points.

Sword of Battle [100]: Enchanted by a wizard of the Bright College, this blade has a hunger for battle and fills its user's limbs with energy, letting them strike more often than before.

Sword of Might [100]: Imbued with the might of beasts, this blade infuses its wielder with increased strength, allowing them to cleave through bone with ease.

Biting Blade [100]: Enchanted by a Gold Wizard, this blade is a bane to armour, slicing through leather as though it were cloth and chain mail as though it were leather.

Sword of Power [200]: Forged from the star-metal gromril and enchanted by five mighty magisters of the Colleges, this weapon magnifies its wielder's strength greatly, allowing them to fight on even terms - at least, in terms of sheer physical might - with ogres or trolls. The weapon does not grant its wielder any special toughness or resilience, however.

Sword of Fate [200]: A weapon designed to impart doom upon a chosen foe, forged under spiteful moonlight and quenched in bitter tears. When this blade is drawn, the wielder may choose a particular foe on the battlefield to direct it at. Against that individual alone the terrible destiny laid on this weapon will manifest, negating any protections granted by the target's innate toughness (though not their armour) and strike to cause grievous damage, though against. The attunement lasts, and cannot be broken, until the end of the current battle.

Sword of Sigismund [200]: The weapon wielded personally by the Knights Panther's grand master, once used by Emperor Sigismund and has been carried into battle by a long legacy of heroes. While using this weapon, the wielder's strength is increased similarly to the Sword of Might, but their speed is increased as well, allowing them to always strike before any foe not enhanced to have supernatural celerity and to land their blows with incredible precision.

Hammer of Judgement [200]: Blessed by the priesthood of Sigmar, the original Hammer of Judgement was carried into battle by the great-grandfather of Emperor Karl Franz. Its strikes are imbued with holy power which pierces through mundane armour and must be resisted by

the foe's will instead and is anathema to demons and all manner of unclean spirits. Furthermore, the hammer's blessed nature causes the flesh of any significantly corrupted by Chaos, necromancy or other evil forces to burn upon touching it, though it will not reveal merely moral corruption, and one of strong will can endure the pain it causes without showing outward signs.

Dragon Bow [200]: A relic from one of the ancient elven colonies in the Old World, this bow is a strange paradox; its supernatural draw weight allows its shafts to fly further than any mundane arrow and strike with as much strength as a blow from a giant, yet its strange enchantments allow it to be drawn with the same ease as an ordinary bow. Furthermore, arrows shot from the bow are infused with magic, allowing them to strike daemons or spirits as if they were made of mere flesh.

Sword of Justice [200]: Dwarfen runes of vengeance and retribution adorn this blade, a weapon with heritage through the succession of champions of unknown times. Against a casual foe, it will be little more than an exemplary blade, but when faced with a nemesis against whom the wielder holds many grudges its runes will blaze with light and strike with supernatural accuracy to find the weak points in their defence and ensure they pay for their crimes in blood.

Wyrmslayer Sword [200]: A blade passed down from Ulfdar, a berserker who is said to have fought alongside Sigmar at Black Fire Pass, this blade is enchanted by ancient druids to be the bane of monsters of all kinds. Its strikes ignore the supernatural toughness of all foes, cleaving their flesh as though they were but men and it slips between the gaps in the natural armour of great beasts and monsters to strike at the body beneath.

Sword of Righteous Steel [300]: Forged from the purest steel and blessed by priests of Sigmar, these blades are given to paladins who fight in the name of righteousness. The holy blessings laid upon them give them a supernatural swiftness and ensure they seek out their enemies' vitals while making them almost impossible to parry. Even the unholy alacrity of the champions of Slaanesh will avail them no more against this blade than the clumsy flailing of a raw recruit.

Mace of Helstrum [400]: A heavy, sometimes slow and unwieldy two-handed mace named for its wielder, the founder of the cult of Sigmar, Johann Helstrum. Helstrumm was so much

of a believer that his faith empowered his weapon, making it capable of crushing castle walls; it retains some of its might even now.

If swung by a warrior of unshakeable faith, the weapon unlocks its true power. A spark of heat rises, spreading throughout the entire head of the mace until it bursts into flame, blazing with twin streaks of fire. Stories tell that the mace hits with the force of a meteor - and they'd be right. The mace does indeed hit harder than even siege artillery - most any foe will be felled by a single blow when wielded by a warrior of true faith.

Shields and Armour

Enchanted Shield [100]: This shield is magically-resistant to breaking, and seems to leap to the user's defence.

Bronze Shield [100]: This shield carries a potent enchantment of defence, allowing the user to ignore any one attack which isn't a spell, but once expended the magic takes an hour to return.

Helm of the Skavenslayer [200]: In 1124 IC, Emperor Mandred II Zelt brought the Skaven Wars to a decisive end by decapitating Vrrmik, Supreme Skaven Warlord and head of Clan Mors. While the tale of the Skavenslayer has faded into children's tales, this stands as a legacy of that age's heroism, as the skull of the ratman chief was mounted upon it. Though the Skaven assassinated Mandred decades later, legends tell that part of his vengeful spirit lives on in the helm, for all enemies of its wearer who behold it are filled with terrible fear and dread. None are more affected by this than the Skaven, who are driven to terror and action as the helm causes equal measures of sheer terror and loathing in their pitiful hearts. In future jumps, the helm will inspire terror in all your foes, being especially effective against a type selected at the beginning of the jump.

Dawn Armour [200]: Forged by a Gold Wizard harnessing the renewing power of the sun, this suit of medium plate armour is magnificent in its own right, but it is also imbued with a powerful enchantment of repair, such that even grievous damage to the armour will heal within seconds. As a result, the protection it offers is significantly greater than that of a mundane counterpart.

Gorgon Shield [200]: A large shield, emblazoned with the hideous visage of a legendary Arabyan monster. Those who look upon it are slowed, having their limbs dragged down by a supernatural force - weakening their attacks and making them easier to be fended off. Unfortunately, its power is less effective against larger creatures like giants or dragons.

Armour of Meteoric Iron [300]: Gromril-made by the Dwarfs of Zhufbar, there is no better plate in the Empire than this. It is said that no mortal blade may pierce this suit, and the legend will prove itself true as swords, arrows, and even the shot of mighty cannons are turned aside by this enchanted breastplate.

Gilded Armour [300]: Gifted to Magnus the Pious by the elves of Ulthuan after the Great War Against Chaos, this golden suit of heavy plate armour repels incoming attacks with an invisible force, requiring any who seek to assault the wearer to possess exceptional strength, lest their attacks be lost entirely.

Armour of Tarnus [300]: The warrior-wizard Friedrich von Tarnus' garb. He was once a Greatsword before being cast out when his magical powers were discovered and became the first patriarch of the Bright Order. This suit of armour is invested with potent protective enchantments: Despite its light construction, the armour can cause its wearer to momentarily transform into living flame, such that even the mightiest attacks will pass through them, though this protection must be activated and therefore is not a guaranteed defence. Furthermore, the armour will not interfere with any magical abilities the wearer may possess.

Talismans

Talisman of Protection [100]: This talisman is enchanted to turn aside even the most grievous of harm, but the enchantment is a little pernickety - it comes out to blocking about one in every six attacks.

Jade Amulet [100]: Made from feathers taken from the Jade Griffon which is the Grand Theogonist's mark of office, this small amulet provides a burst of vitality when the wearer suffers harm, healing the wound near-instantly, though it takes a full day to recharge.

The Crimson Amulet [200]: Taking the shape of a rough-hewn ruby and said to have its origins with a tribal chieftain in the days of Sigmar, this pendant fills its wearer's limbs with a

supernatural surety, allowing them to perform incredible feats of strength, speed and agility, though its blessing isn't provided directly to attacks.

Sigil of Sigmar [200]: Whether it takes the form of a carven griffon, a small golden hammer or the image of a twin-tailed comet, this blessed item protects its wielder and those who accompany them from the magic of their enemies. The protection isn't very strong but can stack with any other form of magical resilience.

Jade Griffon [300]: Carved from enchanted jade into the shape of a griffon with wings outstretched and said to have been blessed by Magnus the Pious himself (or at least the original was, the jury's out on this copy), this pectoral is worn on the chest, and when activated glows with a radiant green light, suffusing the wearer with tremendous vitality. Although its power can be overwhelmed by sheer amounts of damage, lesser wounds can be healed within moments of being inflicted, and even greater ones will knit and mend rapidly under its power.

White Cloak of Ulric [300]: Hewn from the pelt of a great white wolf, this symbol of Middenland was blessed by none other than the high priest of the Cult of Ulric. Such is its sacredness that the Winter God himself looks favourably upon the wearer of this garment, surrounding it with a supernatural aura of cold and frost, slowing the movements of those who dare assault you, as well as foul their blows with howling, frosty winds which will quench even the most searing flames.

Holy Relic [400]: The Empire holds many holy relics, from the remains of sainted warrior-priests of the past to artefacts of the life of Sigmar himself. Whatever the form they take, you have been granted custodianship of one of these relics, and so long as you protect it, it will protect you. Holy protection hangs thickly around the relic, and nothing short of divine providence will intervene to guard you and it from harm, whether that takes the form of a golden barrier holding back malign spells or a seeming coincidence. This protection is not all-encompassing, but about half of all attacks will simply be negated. The relic is also a powerful channel for holy magic aligned with whatever god with which it's associated.

Arcane Items

Note that although you can purchase arcane items no matter what, unless you have the **Witchsight** perk or some other means of using magic, you won't be able to use them yourself.

When it comes to out-of-jump magic, fanwank responsibly.

Dispel Scroll [100]: This scroll has been imbued with the power to dispel any one spell, unless backed by truly overwhelming power, before being depleted. The scroll's power will be replenished once per day.

Power Stone [100]: This stone contains a reserve of magical power which will aid the casting of any one spell before being expended. Its power will return in a day.

Staff of Sorcery [100]: This staff enhances its user's ability to dispel and counter the magic of others by a minor degree.

Wizard's Staff [100]: Although of little use to one without the capability to control the Winds of Magic, these staffs aid somewhat in the shaping of spells and the command of chaotic magical energies.

Luckstone [100]: Despite the name, a luckstone does not provide good luck. Instead, it is a stone charged with divinatory power by a Celestial wizard; power which a magic user can tap to anticipate and avoid miscasts or failed dispellations. Once used, the power of the luckstone will be restored in a day.

Seal of Destruction [200]: Seven of these magical seals were created under the tutelage of the elves, capable of not only dispelling enemy magic but erasing the knowledge of the countered spell from the caster's mind. This seal can only be used once per day, but doing so will ensure that a single spell is entirely broken unless that spell is backed by overwhelming power, such as a great ritual - and even then, it may weaken or delay the spell in some way. The erasure of the spell from the caster's mind isn't guaranteed, but about half the time the caster will be unable to use that magic again for the duration of the battle - unless the spell is bound to a magical object, in which case there's only a one in six chance.

Rod of Power [200]: This staff is carved with spiralling runes along its length. These runes can absorb and store magical energies from the environment, or even power gathered or left unused by their enemies, the better to power their own spells in turn. It has a limited capacity, able to store only enough power to fuel one truly significant battle-magic spell, but that's no small amount.

Crystal Ball [200]: This magical device is a potent channel for spells of scrying, divination or far-seeing. More than that, however, if one with **Witchsight** gazes into its depths, the crystal will reveal secrets hidden nearby - hidden doors, concealed daggers, camouflaged assassins or even things such as giving visions of magical weapons carried by nearby enemies.

Enchanted Items

Van Horstmann's Speculum [200]: As valorous as the men of the Empire may be, how can they be expected to stand against monsters such as Daemons and Ogres? This small mirror worn around the neck was the solution of the wizard Egrimm von Horstmann and won him great renown - before he was uncovered as a follower of Tzeentch, at least. The Speculum itself seems to be free of corruption, though, and has the miraculous ability to infuse the wearer with the strength, toughness and swiftness of their opponent in a battle - though it must swap all of these values or none of them, and can only be used against one opponent at a time, making it largely useless when fighting many enemies.

Ring of Volans [200]: This peculiar ring once belonged to the wizard Volans, the greatest of the human students of Teclis. It was he who commanded that the knowledge of the High Elf mages be recorded in a single great tome, even though a human could only safely master one Wind of Magic. This ring is the only key to open that tome and shares a mystical connection with it. The wearer of this ring can draw from the forbidden Book of Volans to cast a single spell from any of the eight Lores of Magic, whether or not they are a magician. The Ring is then exhausted until the next day, whereupon a new spell can be drawn from the book.

Laurels of Victory [200]: These enchanted laurels are only awarded to the greatest heroes of the Empire. Made out of solid gold, they glitter magnificently in the sun, and the triumph they represent causes their wearer to appear as a figure of great power, striking fear in the hearts of their adversaries.

Rod of Command [200]: A gift from Teclis to Magnus the Pious, this sceptre has the power to instil courage in the face of even the most terrifying of perils. Once per hour, while holding the Rod of Command you can call upon its powers. Any unit or group you are fighting as part of will find themselves filled with the courage of heroes, allowing them to hold firm for at least a little longer no matter what they face, and redoubling their efforts in battle. However, the

Rod can't be used if you've recently refused a direct challenge from the enemy, or if you're hiding at the back of your unit - who would follow such a coward?

The Silver Horn [300]: A beautiful horn enchanted with a powerful effect. All friends and allies of the owner who hear the call will find their mettle strengthening, hearts growing more courageous and determined to face what is ahead of them. Furthermore, the horn's clarion can be heard no matter how loud the environment, carrying across an entire battlefield without dimming. Legends say that those close to the horn's wielder may be able to hear it no matter where they are.

The Orb of Thunder [300]: Imbued with the powers of a great Celestial wizard, this orb can call dark thunderheads and mighty winds to swirl overhead, bringing torrential rain to the ground, and driving all but the most suicidal of flying beasts from the air. The Orb grants no special ability to control the storm, however, and unless used carefully may prove as much a curse as a blessing.

Doomfire Ring [300]: Like the Orb of Thunder, this is an item made by a College of Magic for warriors to use. Only this time, it was not the Celestial College that forged it, but the Bright College - made apparent by its make of dark iron with embedded rubies. The ring has a powerful spell of flame bound within, allowing the wearer to incinerate their foes in magefire.

Icon of Magnus [300]: This holy icon of the legendary Emperor Magnus the Pious instils faith and determination in those who follow it, rendering them immune to fear from anything but the most terrible of monsters, such as giants or dragons, and even then their terror is muted.

Aldred's Casket of Sorcery [400]: A strange and cunning device, this casket - just about small enough to be man-portable - can capture and contain spells cast by enemy mages. Furthermore, the casket's user can release the spells later under their own control, albeit only once per captured spell. Any number of spells can be held within the casket at a time. Capturing a spell is a bit of a tricky operation, and can only be done within a dozen or so metres of the spell's caster, but this device certainly shouldn't be underestimated.

Banners

War Banner [100]: This banner is enchanted with blessings of battle and strife, giving minor help to any unit which flies it in winning their engagements.

Banner of Duty [100]: War can be terrifying, and it's not uncommon to see troops eschewing their duty to state to flee for their lives, losing the day. This banner stands as a stark reminder of said duty, shining with a light that soothes warriors, potentially rallying fleeing troops to make another stand.

Banner of Sigismund [200]: When Altdorf was besieged by the Orcish hordes of Gorbad Ironclaw in 1712 IC, Emperor Sigismund placed this banner on top of the royal palace. While Sigismund fell in battle, this banner never did. It may be that the banner absorbed some of that will to hold on, for the bearer of this standard and their unit are suffused with a stout determination to fight on, no matter the circumstances.

Griffon Standard [200]: As stalwart as the mythical beast itself, this banner emblazoned with its namesake imbues the wielder and their unit with stubborn stalwartness; those that are under its banner will hold their ground far better, doubling their effectiveness when in defensive combat.

Banner of the Daemonslayer [200]: Usually limited to the knightly Orders of the Empire, this banner was carried at the Battle of Middenheim in the End Times - there, it was dipped in the blood of a mighty Daemon Prince, an act which imbues the holder and their unit with a savagery that causes fear in those they charge at.

Banner of Valour [200]: A symbol of sacrifice, of ultimate duty, this banner was wielded by the famous Solland's Greatswords in their final stand against Orc invaders, a deed renowned 'till past their Era. This noble sacrifice grants the stoic determination of the legion to the Wielder and their Unit, making them functionally immune to fear and panic.

Standard of Arcane Warding [200]: Magically designed for protection, this banner is imbued with powerful defensive wards, absorbing the power of hostile spells and dispersing it into the air - conferring effectually high magic resistance to the wielder and their unit.

Steel Standard [200]: Specially enchanted by Gold Magisters for knightly Orders, affecting their metal barding - making the heavy metals used in creating it much lighter. As a consequence, the wielder and their unit have the movement of their horses lightened, making normal movement and charging much easier and much more vicious.

Imperial Banner [200]: Woven upon elven silks and emblazoned with both the commandments of Sigmar and the sigil of the reigning Emperor, this banner fills nearby troops with a sense of pride and duty. Any soldiers nearby enough to see the banner are significantly more likely to resist fear or rally from a rout in good order, as well as to keep their heads rather than go rushing in. The strength of the Empire is in discipline, not mad bloodlust.

Special

Ghal Maraz [400 or 800]: *The* Warhammer. *Skull-Splitter* is the ancient hammer wielded by Sigmar Unberogen in the days of the Empire's founding. Said to have been forged by the Dwarfen ancestor god Smednir himself, the hammer was used by the ancient god-king both to destroy countless enemies of man and to forge the tribes of his era into one kingdom beneath him.

Unfortunately, the *Ghal Maraz* which has been wielded by the Emperors is not the original. The original went with Sigmar on his last journey, and no tale yet tells of where exactly it ended. Similarly, where this lesser copy originated from is unclear, but whatever the truth it remains a mighty weapon in the hands of mankind. Blessed by Sigmarite priests and inscribed by dwarfen runesmiths, the hammer of the Emperors is a weapon of tremendous power. Armour is useless before its strikes, and it strikes with force more comparable to a cannonball than mere mortal weapons. In battle, the hammer fills its wielder with tremendous vitality, allowing them to fight on where others would have fallen from exhaustion or wounds, and the Sigmarite blessings which lie heavy upon it guard the wielder against the powers and corruptions of Chaos. You may have all this for the low, low price of 400 CP, and a lot of questions about just where this second copy came from.

For 800 CP, you can instead (somehow) possess the original *Ghal Maraz*, a weapon crafted by a god, wielded by a god - and now by you. Its exact powers are mysterious. Stories claim that the hammer was able to detect the servants of Chaos hidden among humanity, slay an orc with a single blow, abjure daemons and other entities of the Realm of Chaos, shielded Sigmar from harmful magic and even that it could fly and once destroyed a Daemon Prince with a single strike. Moreover, the apotheosis of Sigmar has filled the hammer, the very symbol of his divinity, with even greater power. Perhaps it can do even more. Some say that the hammer bore four or even five runes, when even the greatest runemasters of old could only strike three into each item they forged, and the mysteries of the Ancestor Gods run deep. Whatever the truth, its blows fall like meteors on the heads of the enemies of man, and in your hands, it will truly earn the name *Skull-Splitter*.

"I gave Sigmar this hammer for a reason. True enough, it is a weapon, a mighty weapon to be sure, but it is so much more than that.

"Ghal-maraz is a symbol of unity, a symbol of what can be achieved through unity. A hammer is force and dominance, has the power to create as well destroy. A hammer can crush and kill, but it can shape metal, build homes and mend that which is broken.

"See this mighty gift for what is, a weapon and a symbol of all that can be. Men of the lands west of the mountains, heed Sigmar's words, for he speaks with the wisdom of the ancients."

~ Kurgan Ironbeard

Companions

Import/Create [50 each]: Being alone in a grim world may not be good for your sanity, nor your safety. As such, each purchase of this lets you import a previous Companion, or create a new one to live in this realm. Either way, they've got a budget of 600 CP to spend, also getting freebies and discounts depending on the Origin taken.
You can pick this a maximum of eight times.

Mass Import [300]: Perhaps you've got more than a few you wish to introduce to this grim world. If so, you can import up to forty companions with this purchase. Each companion imported in this manner gets a budget of 200 CP to spend.

Imperial Citizen [100 cp]: There are plenty of individuals in this world of high renown, people who would thrive if given the chance in a much less hostile world. Perhaps you wish to bring Gotrek and Felix upon your journey, or you wish to bring Luthor Huss with you to preach His Word in other realms. Each purchase of this allows you to try and convince someone such as a named character to come with you. This character must be alive during the Era you arrive here, and they must be alive to bring with you.

Mount and Pet [50/100/200]: The empire holds many animal friends for those who can be found worthy for them - ranging from pets who may help and support up to war-worthy mounts capable of carrying whole squads. Each purchase of this gives you a guaranteed pet, which no matter your position is considered fitting to you.

For 50 CP, you bond with a pet no larger than a wolf; such as a Bretonnian sheepdog or some more native breed of hound, capable of guarding against common threats and being a very friendly good boy.

For 100 CP, you are given a Warhorse of your own to use, with high stamina and considerable intelligence to help you. This may be any sort of horse, from a fast and agile courser to a powerful destrier. Your horse is of impeccable breeding, swift and strong, and fully trained for battle.

For 200 CP, you have a choice between two mythical animals. The first option is an Imperial Pegasus, magnificent beings, capable of caving in skulls with hoof-blows and more cunning

than any common mount. Yet its most impressive feature is the wings they may fly with, with the strength to carry fully-armoured soldiers during such. The second option you have is to have an Imperial Griffon. Considered noble beasts, even wild ones are merciless fighters with the intelligence to take on fully equipped soldiers and survive with new food. You don't have one of these, though - you instead get an Imperial Griffon, one trained to be stronger, larger, and valued higher than their wild counterparts. For the Empire, few symbols are equal in meaning, sans the Warhammer itself.

If you desire, a couple of Companions you may come across are given below. Some are exclusive from one another:

Friendly Cult Leader [50, Cannot be picked with 'Mutant Bodyguard']: The former leader of a rather sizable (if unknowing) Tzeentchian/Slaaneshian cult in Ostland, taken down after a failed coup attempt, this black-haired lady still is determined to 'help' humanity. With a sunny smile, ruby eyes and an unshakeable demeanour of determination, it's easy for her to convince others to help her in her quest to help mankind become a better self.

She's laying low for now, cooperating with you to stay out of danger. She'll also try and help you, both directly in politics and more personally by trying to act as a form of therapist - maybe she cares a little too much about lowering inhibitions, though. If you want, she can even work her magic in subtle ways to help you! She doesn't like suffering, however. Seeing an innocent person suffer due to her actions is bound to toss her into depression. As a Sorcerer, she's skilled in the warping of the human body - a thing she sees as a boon, making those twisted capable of being their true selves.

Aside from fleshwarping, she's also capable of a couple more spells reminiscent of Tzeentch's Lore, mixed in with some spells you'd expect from Slaanesh. She's capable of calling up lesser daemons, too, which she is charismatic enough to command. Despite her past, her indirect worship of Chaos is just a way to alleviate human suffering. Finding an alternative path is possible for her.

Mutant Bodyguard [50, Cannot be picked with 'Friendly Cult Leader']: It's not common to find any people with mutations that survive too long in the Empire. Certainly not many serve in the military. This man is an exception, a veteran who served in a skirmish against

a Tzeentchian Cult in Nordland and was hit with a rather bad Warpfire. He survived, but a portion of his body was found changed not soon after.

His right arm up to his shoulder has become reminiscent of an insect's claw as brown as his hair, a mutation causing distress in many, yet he’s been given another chance by serving you. An affable-enough person, he's developed a morbid sense of humour due to his condition - isolated from his peers, he'll be ready to be part of society again. Has a bit of a tobacco addiction, though.

Despite its drawbacks, the claw in the place of his arm does have its uses; it can shift its shape to a minor degree, taking a spear-like form, or cut through stone with effort. He can control it as well as a swordmaster might a blade, yet under emotional duress it can fall out of control, attacking anything nearby. Enough stress may even cause it to grow further upon his body, until suddenly, one day, he wakes up a pest. That day, thus far, is far off.

Fallen Knight [50]: Some nobles come from pedigree instead of one's blood. This was one of them, a knight who found love on his grim journey to nobility, yet lost it just when reaching his dream. Now, he has lost his title and his angel. Black-haired, black-eyed and just a little bit black-hearted, he then was left to wander the Empire as a mercenary.

A man in deep depression, he no longer seeks the cause of her death, but rather a new reason to live - and perhaps you shall fill that role. He's quite laissez-faire about most things, with a bit of light humour and a love for literature not commonly found amongst militant nobility.

He'll help you faithfully with many duties; as a once-lowborn, he's got some skill at blacksmithing for military purposes, using the products of such to learn how to wield weapons. He's quite a jack-of-all-weapons, too: Though he favours a knightly blade, he's good with anything from a mace to a musket. He's a bit of a snob about guns, though. Something about them not being particularly effective against proper foes.

Recipe for Success [50]: Not all power is concentrated in the nobility - most know the actual power of wealth, that even a lowborn can aspire to be equal to their 'betters'. This lass is fully aware of that. After her father disappeared in a rather unfortunate run-in with some loan sharks from Araby, she was left to fend for herself. So naturally she opened a shop with a

partner, who soon after left for other ventures. It's been a few years since then, though - now grown up, she's looking for a new business partner or a new source of rare materials.

Savvy, knowledgeable, chatty and a bit airheaded, she's a friendly one, finding it easy to loosen lips for information about the current market. Surprisingly naive for her position, she's quite open to many new opportunities, amassing wealth like a dwarf amasses grudges out of sheer habit. She's a highly skilled merchant, to a degree that even as a child she could outbid a dwarf for twofold the price.

Her shop, which comes with her friendship, is also a place of good financial fortune. All of her goods are of very high quality; even though the goods have no supplier of such skill, you'll find swords of high durability and seeds of incredible fertility sold there. Almost like she's got some hedgecraft, but she'd definitely not have learned that at her grandmother's knee. Just don't question what she does with the weird things she asks you to fetch whilst journeying.

Ogre Brother [50]: Ogres are known far and wide for being massively strong, massively hungry and massively stupid. This particular individual certainly fits the first, though surprisingly not so much the second and third. However you met him and got him to agree to it, he's decided to act as your bodyguard - and a more faithful protector you could not ask for.

With exceptional strength and toughness even for an ogre, your companion is further gifted with unusual thoughtfulness and intelligence, and with a tremendous sense of loyalty and tenacity, such that even a dwarf might be impressed. That tenacity is turned inwards as well; though most ogres revere the Great Maw as a terrible patron deity, your bodyguard sees its influence as more of a corruption than a boon and, if coaxed into it, would expound a dream of freeing his people from its influence. If you help him in bettering himself and his people, his loyalty to you will only grow deeper, as will his intelligence and cunning, and the feats he might accomplish in your name would beggar belief.

He's apparently also quite the catch with the ogre ladies.

Grey Wizard [100]: Born as a peasant girl in the province of Stirland, this young woman's magical talents were recognized at an early age and, fortunately for her, she was brought to Altdorf to study in the Grey College and to gain mastery over *Ulgu*, the magical wind of deception, illusion, confusion and shadows. Now having gained a fair proficiency with her

powers and graduated to the status of journeywoman, for whatever reason she will find herself attached to you, intended to serve as an advisor, observer, spymaster or possibly more, depending on your status, for reasons clear only to her superiors.

Although she has her own loyalties and ambitions, she will undoubtedly be a great asset to you - if you trust her enough to allow her to help. Although she is hardly an exceptional wizard just yet, given time her talents may blossom - and she is very, very good at applying what she does know in just the right way. More than that, she has a talent for out-of-the-box thinking and unconventional solutions which, in the right situation, might be able to tip some very important scales. Given the time and space to work, her ambitions might change the world.

Oh, and she has a strange habit of picking up odd magical items as payment for her various deeds. Keep an eye out for that.

Kislevite Witch [100]: This noblewoman, hailing from the Tzardom of Kislev, is strikingly beautiful, with eyes the colour of a blue winter sky, and silver-blonde hair worn in a long braid. Both for her beauty, her singing voice and her power she would have been a woman pursued by many in that northern kingdom - had the manifestation of her great powers over the Lore of Ice not been so disastrous. Though the ice-witches of Kislev are offered great honour and prestige, she has fled her home in shame and sees her powers as a curse.

If you were to investigate the circumstances of her flight - or persuade her to tell you - you would find that she was to be the new Boyar of a large town. On the eve of her coronation, her long-dormant magic manifested with a vengeance, causing mass terror, plunging the town into an eternal winter, and injuring her beloved younger sister, who even now searches the Old World for her.

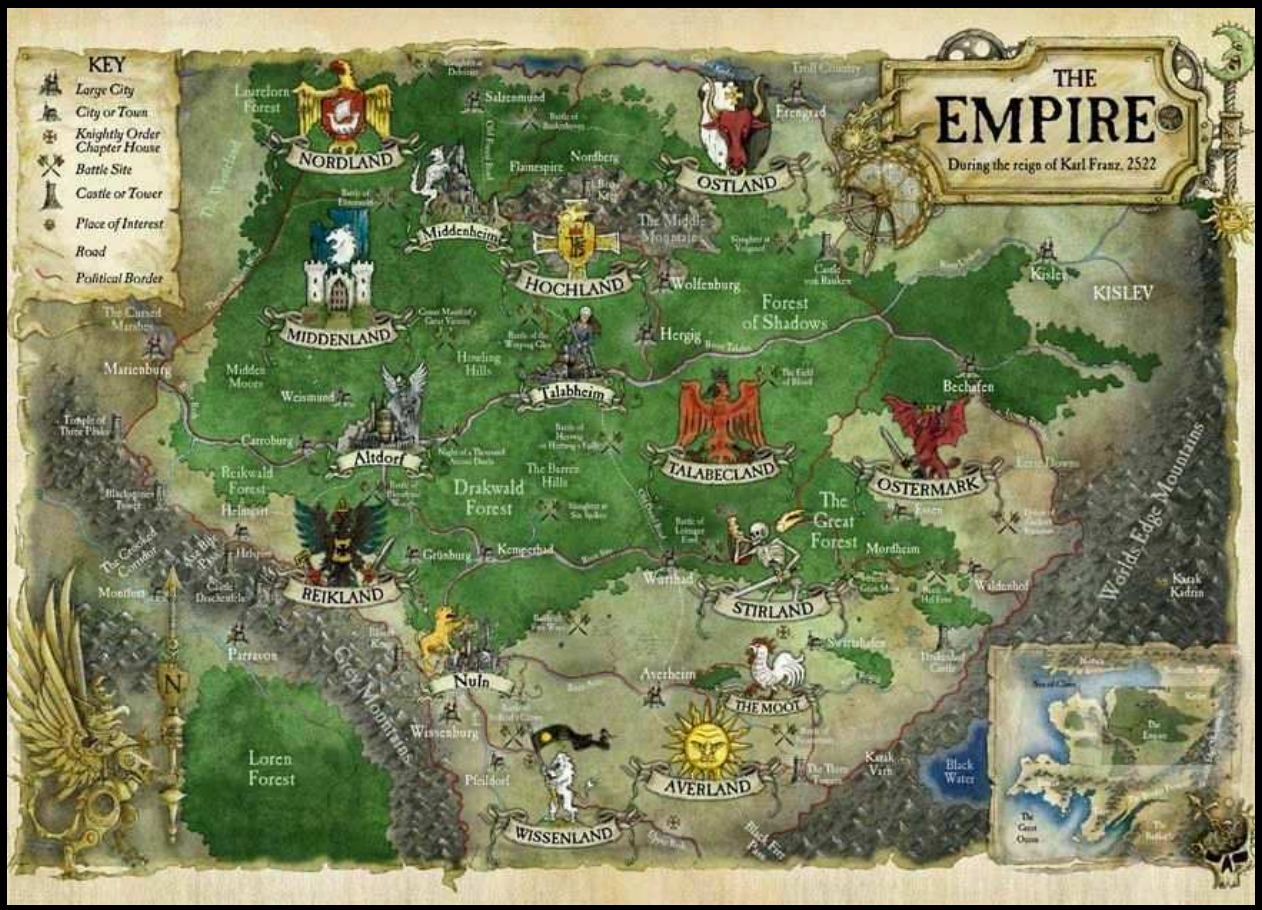
With time and emotional support, though, her magic may reach its full expression, and she could take her place as one of the great sorceresses of the world. Perhaps one day she'll raise castles of ice, call armies of angry spirits into bodies of snow and icicles, or weave scintillating dresses from frost and diamond dust. She'll just need some help along the way.

Scenarios

The time has come to do something of note. Something to be recorded in Imperial history, so you shall be immortalized, remembered by all that came after you. Your deeds will be your monument, for what you do in life shall echo in eternity.

None of these scenarios are mutually exclusive, but the points you gain from the Army Builder do not stack.

Jumper, Elector Count(ess?) of Jumpland:



The Empire is a group of countries controlled by a single ruler, the Emperor. It is not a unified nation under a central government. The provinces are individual states in a confederation due to shared language, culture, faith, and the fact that there are monsters who want them to die screaming. Perhaps one of the Elector Counts is unavailable. Perhaps the Empire has seen fit to

expand or decided to restore and reinstate a lost province. Perhaps you already had the position. No matter what, you have quite the undertaking ahead of you. You must acquire and keep control of a single province for the entirety of your stay here.

There are many options here. If you are a noble, you could be the heir(ess?) of an existing Elector Count, making it just a matter of time before you take up your parent's mantle in a legal manner. If the year is after 2520 IC, an Averlander may take the position of the late Marius Leitdorf. In earlier years, you could help preserve the now-lost provinces of Solland or Drakwald (now part of modern-day Wissenland and shared between Nordland and Middenland respectively.). Maybe you have decided to reclaim Marienburg and the Westerlands for the Empire, to ensure they never seceded in the first place, or to establish a new province in a new land. You cannot be the Elector Count of Reikland if Karl Franz is around. This scenario cannot be taken if Elector Counts don't exist yet.

No matter the path you take, it will be fraught with difficulties. Being an Elector Count is a position of great responsibility - among other things, the Elector is obliged to manage the economy, control matters of policy, and of course, ride out to protect their people in the event of war. Be it through border conflicts, Elector politics or smarmy nobles attempting to usurp power or position, there's plenty on your table to deal with. Firstly and most importantly, however, a province is not protected by one person. To help you in your electoral duties, you have been granted **20 Army Points** to be used in the Army Builder.

The first issue you will face is consolidating your power. There are many nobles within your province, and being Elector Count is a *very* prestigious position. Some will contest your position. This will depend on who you are and what province you are governing - a well-known soldier or noble will have very few political opponents, while someone who seemingly *dropped in* out of nowhere can expect to see significantly more resistance. Likewise, a large, prestigious province such as Reikland or Middenland will prove to have more challenges than a smaller province.

Of course, they won't use violent means, but they will try to subtly damage your reputation and rail against your influence. These are not adversaries who can be quelled with force - they aren't *enemies,* merely people in your province who have something to say about your ascension to power. You will have to engage in no shortage of statecraft, diplomacy,

negotiations and political manoeuvring to appease or otherwise deal with the nobles. This is your time to engage in courtly intrigue, navigate and forge alliances, and generally when you will need to do the most politicking.

The administration of your province is hard work. Everybody from the lowliest peasants to the loftiest nobles will want you to give them the time of day, and you will need to. On occasion, you will be called to speak to your fellow Electors, or even the Emperor himself. As an Elector Count, you will have to solve the majority of problems that your people come to you, mediate disputes, and keep everyone happy. You will have to deal with all sorts of people - peasants, burghers, the aforementioned nobles, other nobles, servants, soldiers, clergy, merchants, magisters, magistrates, foreign countries, and more. It is your job to be an effective governor - or as the Bretonnians would say, *noblesse oblige*. There is a code of behaviour that all nobles are beholden to - and you will be required to follow them more than almost anyone else, as the ruler of an entire province. It'd be a good idea to improve the economic and military prospects of your lands, making them safer, more prosperous places to live. And of course, military service. Whenever something threatens your land, you will be obliged, as said before, to go out and hack it into bloody pieces. Or deal with it in some other way.

There will be a final test, so to speak, in the later years of your governorship. A large army of the traditional enemies of your province will march upon it, to ransack, despoil, and raze it to the ground. This army outnumbers yours by at least three to one and is led by a powerful warlord. Your foe will depend on which province you're governing - Nordlanders will find the Warriors of Chaos on their shores, Middenlanders and Talabeclanders will bore witness to a Beastman horde bursting out of the forests, and Stirlanders face another legion of the undead shambling out of Sylvania. If you are governing Solland or Drakwald, you may even go up against the forces that originally proved to be their banes. Whatever your threat is, you must face it on the fields of war and destroy it.

There are several secondary objectives that you may complete during your time as an Elector Count in addition to the challenges inherent to the job:

> **Consolidate Your Grip on Power:** As a new Count, you are certain to have detractors who claim you are incapable of holding onto your power, let alone protecting your people. While some may question your authority in good faith, one particularly

enterprising lower-class noble seeks to take your spot for himself - taking advantage of the mutterings of a few peasants to find himself supporters to preach your inability to act as a good administrator.

Bar obtrusion, he will slowly amass a following of both peasants and low-class nobles, be it due to their genuine belief in your incompetence or because they see an opportunity for more power. Either way, not dealing with this will lead to more disruption and dislike of your leadership, no matter what you do.

So, you might as well remove the problem. Convince him through rhetoric, threaten what he has, and keep him satisfied by making an incompetent rabble-rouser an administrator of some kind. Elimination might not be the best option - killing a noble is rather notable, no matter your position - but you have many methods of solving the issue.

Reward: Even after dealing with the noble, you've gotta admit he was pretty impressive as a public speaker - getting others on his side with simple rhetoric and strong imagery. You'd be a bad leader to not see the potential here; you can disseminate propaganda and speeches for your cause, convincing others of your beliefs with less effort than most and more importantly reinforcing the beliefs of those already on your side considerably.

If that doesn't sound attractive enough, I suppose you may instead have +3 AP to spend on units, as a representation of the people you've won over joining your defense of their home.

Cleave the Cloven Ones: As with several provinces, your very own is home to a somewhat sizable horde of Beastmen - pillaging your villages every now and then, spreading corruption in minor ways, the typical beastman acts. They aren't so large as to cause a genuine siege upon your capital city, yet anything less than a properly fortified city would be subject to a well-sized threat.

This warherd in particular seems to rely on their raids for most of their sustenance, making minor raids almost a thing of routine. Whilst they are active, they will cause constant problems throughout the province, never just staying in a single location for too long after a raid.

Now, your goal is obvious for this - destroy or drive the tribe out.

Reward: For defeating the threat this roving, marauding band of Beastmen posed to your lands, you must have gained expertise in the hardest part of the deed. Not the act of defeating them in battle, but tracking down these heathen monsters. To prevent further occurrences of horned guerrillas ravaging your holdings, you have had a special weapon forged and/or enchanted by a Blue Wizard. This weapon is infused with a small degree of the power of Azyr, granting you visions of impending attacks and ensuring you'll be there to meet them when they arrive.

If this weapon is not to your taste, you may receive +3 AP as your armies are freed up to have more recruitment occur.

Improve Infrastructure: A good leader gives back to their community. A great leader is a champion of progress, development, and improving the circumstances of their subjects. As said before, a prudent count would make efforts to better their provinces. Something you must take to heart. While in charge of your province, you must make two significant advances - one for the prosperity and wealth of your people, and the other for the brave soldiers who protect them. How you go about this is at your discretion. Develop a new industry, build a fortress, optimize your economy, provide the troops with better equipment and training, maximize the amount of resources your province can produce sustainably - but make certain that nobody goes poor, and yours is a well-off land.

Reward: Having made your home a better place is its own reward. Nonetheless, your province rivals Reikland or Middenland in terms of affluence, if you're not running those places already. Your coffers are full and will refill every new jump or ten years, whichever comes first.

Conciliate the Citizens [Requires you to be creating a new Province]: Creating a new County requires new citizens from somewhere - your population comes from other provinces originally. Perhaps there are natives of the land, who have objections to your sudden expansion into their lands. Whilst the generations that follow may merge better into a new people, your people have significant differences between one another for now, grudges almost noteworthy to a dwarf coming to the front once more, beliefs

with only slight differences blazing into something far greater than it by any means should be.

If you solve this ahead of schedule, unnecessary conflict can be quelled, allowing your people to flourish into something greater and, more importantly, something whole, in much less time.

Reward: While this world is rife with war, you have mastered the art of peacemaking. Not the kind of peacemaking that'd involve young horses or firearms, either, but the kind that leads to trust and a better future for all. You are a uniter of men. In your presence, bonds form more easily, and the ways of your followers merge into a cohesive whole, providing a strong cultural identity that can be guided to your liking. For in this world, we either die alone, or survive, together.

You can always ignore these, but they'll certainly be an annoyance if not dealt with. Nothing directly province-ruining, though, merely things that will hamper you to various degrees of severity.

Once all of these tasks are done, you may rest easy and claim your reward.

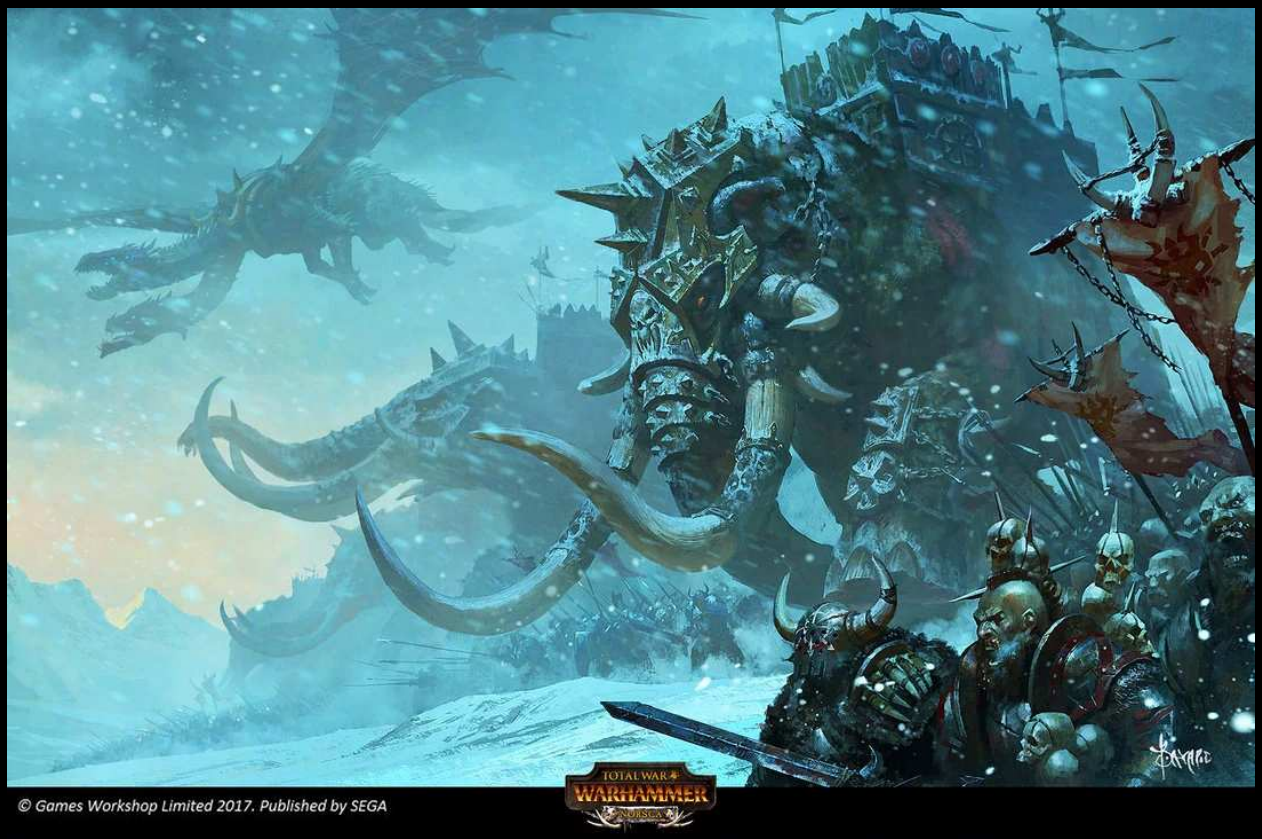
Rewards:

If you've survived such a challenge, it's only right that you keep your holdings. The **Province** shall join you on your journey, its inhabitants acting as followers and the dangers (mostly) purged.

In addition, to commemorate your genuinely impressive feat, **you are given a Runefang.** If you take control of an existing province, you will be granted its respective sword. Otherwise, you will be given a newly crafted **Runefang of custom forging**, born from a surprising show of unity between Human and Dwarfen smiths. They do allow you to pick its effect, though it would obviously be on the same scale as the other Runefangs.

But an undefended province is an easily broken one. You **keep the entire army allotted to you as followers.**

The Empire Strikes Back



Since the founding of the Empire, the Men of the North have been ancestral enemies of the heirs of Sigmar. For too long have the longships of Chaos landed on the shores of Nordland and Ostland, and the Warriors of Chaos burned and pillaged their way through the Empire's lands. No longer. The Northmen believe themselves to be destined to destroy the people of the South. Prove them *wrong.* As you have *undoubtedly* distinguished yourself to be a hero and a leader of Men, you have been ordered to end the Northern menace.

For this scenario, you have been granted **20 Army Points,** as well as a group of ships from the Second Imperial Fleet - while the fleet cannot go forth in its entirety, they have agreed to provide a task force. You shall be borne by a moderately sized flotilla, consisting of a few squadrons of wolfships and war galleys. You even have a couple of the vast greatships.

For this mission, you have been assigned... a bodyguard. A Knight of Morr, a member of the Inner Circle. Though enigmatic, he is single-minded and resolute in his animosity to the North. He doesn't talk much, but he'll tell you his name is Walgner von Ebenholz. He is a

vengeful templar who never takes off his armour, a terrifying figure of obsidian - it wouldn't be hard to mistake him for one of the Warriors of Chaos he abhors so vehemently. Yet he carves apart said Warriors with a hateful, fanatic zeal, wielding a sword some say to be cursed. The blade in question is perpetually stained red with blood and has been enchanted by a deceased Bright Wizard to coat itself in the Flames of Aqshy on command.

You and von Ebenholz must lead an expedition across the sea to the frozen lands of Norsca. While there shall not be meaningful peace so long as the realm of Chaos has its vile rifts contaminating the world, you still may quell the raids for a time. Your goal is to cripple the armies of the Northmen here to decimate their onslaughts on the Empire and the rest of the world.

This is no small task. The Northmen are legendary for their savagery and martial prowess, and some of them are very much among the world's strongest warriors. Every Norscan is a herculean warrior, brimming with muscle and utterly terrifying in battle, from a lifetime of battle, cruelty and slaughter. The weak do not survive in Norsca, and those who do are cruel and barbarous. You will be facing the murderous, bloodthirsty invaders and berserkers on their home turf. You had better be prepared.

The journey there will be harrowing. You will set sail from the coast of Nordland, braving the Sea of Claws. The iciness of the sea spells a quick death to anybody unfortunate enough to fall overboard, and freezing winds blow across the waters. The sea is rife with pirates and raiders, and horrific monstrosities from the deep dwell beneath the waves. The Norscans are peerless sailors, and their raids range from the coastal nations of the Old World to far-off lands such as Ulthuan and Cathay. It should be little surprise that the first sign of them should appear not on Norsca proper, but amid the journey across the Sea of Claws. Even before you land, you shall face a raiding fleet of the dreaded wolfships of the Norscans. Through accident or design, this fleet is accompanied by the Nurglite fleet of Gutrot Spume, Jarl of the Dragonbone Tribe and Lord of Tentacles. The fleet must be destroyed. Sink them, and let them fall to their watery tomb. Destroy Spume and his Dragonbone blight-flotilla, and sail on to the lands of the North.

You will land on the coasts of one of the Southern tribes - the Skaelings, the Sarls, or the Bjornlings. Wherever you land, you will be met by a legion of black-plated killers and marauders, reinforced by the foul sorcerer Vilitch the Curseling. The Loremaster of Tzeentch

was he who led the Plague Fleet to you and now comes forth alongside his magically enslaved tribe to crush you personally. The twisted twin shall stand back as the Northern hordes assail your forces, casting foul spells. Give him enough time, and he will end your expedition by warping you all into the Realm of Tzeentch. Nor is Vilitch a pushover in direct combat, as he is fused to the hulking form of his warrior brother, Thomin.

Once you have established a beachhead, your storming of the Northlands can finally start. There are many tribes inhabiting the lands, major and minor, and none will take kindly to your expedition. They will march to put an end to your foray. You'll need to pick your battles, as your soldiers cannot take on the entirety of Norsca. It will be exceedingly difficult to triumph through sheer might. Your foes are numerous, and the majority of your soldiers (Walgner is a notable exception) would lose a one-on-one duel against a marauder or a warrior of Chaos - they are simply larger, stronger, and more savage due to their barbarity. You will need to bring all the intelligence, strategy, discipline and technological advancement of your homeland to bear - and a whole lot of steel swung by the strong arms of your stalwart and faithful men.

Chaos is an insidious foe, and the closer your behaviour falls to that of the enemy, the more it will get on a grip. If you fail to keep the metaphorical moral high ground, your group will suffer a horrific fate as you all mutate into mindless Chaos spawn. You must be *better* than your foes, and tactful in your attacks. You shall not mercilessly engage in the atrocities of the enemy, despoiling everything before you. This is for many reasons - moral, logistical, and lest you give rise to nightmares greater than you can afford. You will have to rein in Walgner's vengeful desires, as it seems that he is fast approaching his goal.

As you advance northwards, you will encounter heavy resistance. Your next foe will descend upon you from the mountains. The Gorequeen. The Dread Consort of the Lord of Skulls. The Bringer of Glory. The Shieldmaiden of the Blood God. Valkia the Bloody, Daemon Princess of Khorne. She will spearhead a Khornate horde of marauders, warriors, monsters, and beasts, swooping down on you with spear and shield. Her malign presence invigorates her berserkers, and they will redouble their efforts, entering white-hot rages of fury. Valkia is a centuries-old worshipper of Khorne, and her skill in warfare is unparalleled. She fights with her spear, Slaupnir, and shield, the severed head of Locephax, once a Daemon Prince of Slaanesh. The scarlet-armoured warrior queen shall strike down your men from the skies, swooping

down with great wings of crimson. Ensure the War God gets his due in blood - not that of yours, but that of his worshippers. Strike the Daemon princess from the sky, and advance.

At this point, word of your exploits has spread far and wide. It has caught the attention of a particularly degenerate Lord of Chaos. Sigvald the Magnificent, the Champion of Slaanesh has returned from his obscene indulgences in far-off lands, his ecstatic slaking of evil lusts to slay you, a sordid stain to his splendid senses, for some small slight. Or perhaps he finds you seductive and wishes to hunt you for sport for his sadistic, selfish, salacious, scrumptious, sensual satisfaction, making you nothing save for solely being his slave. His divinely beautiful features and golden locks are only matched by the depths of unadulterated evil in his black heart and the sensational speed he shows with scintillating, stylish skill when wielding his sabre, Sliverslash. Sigvald's strikes, like the mercurial suaveness of Slaanesh, are lightning-fast, and his blade is a silver sliver of death, flowing like quicksilver. The son of Slaanesh hovers above the ground, and the shining splendour of his shield, armour, and soldiers reflect the sublime sight of his superior form, blinding his foes with superb radiance. Yet his shortcoming is in this as well, as his pride and self-absorbed appreciation of his own sensuousness may lead to stupidity. Slaughter Sigvald and spoil his beauty, and your task will almost be complete.

Once you have crippled enough tribes and slain these four mighty champions of Chaos, you will find that your adversaries will be moving in ever-increasing numbers to brutally eviscerate you, and they are legion. As such, it would be wise to limit their advantages. Keep doing what you're doing. Put their raiding boats and shipyards to the torch so they may not retaliate, seal the sites of worship so Chaos may not help them. Break their forges and slay the smiths, preventing the creation of new weapons and armour. If you can, kill their leaders and champions. But most of all, destroy the major tribes - there are several possible ones, but infighting is much more likely if you can find and destroy a couple of the most prominent ones. Be warned: These clans will, without doubt, be the most powerful ones, 'blessed' by their heathen Gods and clad in the most powerful wargear Norsca can manage.

Fortunately, the Three-Eyed King (if he exists in your era) is away. But you have drawn serious ire in your push into the frigid lands, and as you make your way back to the coast, you will be faced with your final challenge. The Worldwalker, the Inescapable One, the Eternal Challenger. Wulfrik the Wanderer. The Hunter of Champions has personally come to avenge his brethren and claim your head, borne by the longship *Seafang*. As Wulfrik's army encircles yours, he will

issue a challenge in your native tongue, one that cannot be refused. You will face off against the Wanderer in a final duel to the death. His black armour is to Chaos plate as Chaos plate is to the enchanted steel of a journeyman mage, and he has the skill of millennia of war at his beck and call, as well as inhuman speed, strength and resilience. Blessed of the four dark gods, he is among the most terrible warriors of the Old World and beyond, having honed his brutal craft against every foe imaginable.

The battle between your forces and Wulfrik's followers will be your last in Norsca. Accompanying Wulfrik is the former friend and mentor of Walgner von Ebenholz. A former Knight of Morr, now a Warrior of Chaos. Orm von Kohler was once the warrior who brought Walgner into the fold of Knighthood, taking him as his protege. They shared an iron bond, but it was shattered when Orm was discovered to be a cultist of the ruinous powers. In his escape, he slew Walgner's pregnant wife and cast Walgner into a pit of fire. The entire focus of Walgner's quest has been to slay his former mentor, who has since educated himself in Chaos Magic and forged a sword of blue warpfire. As you strive against Wulfrik, the two warriors will be locked in combat, battling until only one remains...

If you do succeed against Wulfrik, the way home is clear. All that remains to be done is to sail back to Nordland, where you and your soldiers will receive a hero's welcome from the entire Empire. Having struck a major blow against one of the greatest threats to the Empire, you shall be remembered, and for a time, the raids of the North will greatly decrease in frequency. If you've done enough damage, the raids might even stop entirely, establishing a hold in the lands of Chaos - perhaps even convincing them that Chaos will not save them.

Nevertheless, that is both unlikely and up to fate to decide. For now, the tribes have devolved into primal states and will take a long time to return to a more stable one, something compounded by the constant internal warring. The Empire is more secure for now, at the very least, and will be for the future. The only thing that still lies open is your reward.

Reward:

For your great efforts, the Empire has allotted you the assets you have used within this journey to be under your jurisdiction - whilst the fleet must serve elsewhere for the remainder of your time here, **you may take along the army and Fleet as followers.**

As you have led to his quarry being defeated, Walgner has likely grown to be both much less wrathful and more balanced, having become a loyal bodyguard of yours, perhaps even a friend. **If you desire, he will come along as a Companion on your future journeys.**

Finally, *if* you were capable of resisting the pull of chaos by acting as the moral paragons that the Empire claims to be, the haze of chaos will have reduced so much that any magically inclined members of your retinue may point towards a long-lost relic of the Chaos Wastes.

A great rune-carved obelisk, towering above all but the greatest of your weapons, hewn with power stones and techniques beyond man. You have uncovered an inactive Waystone, built in the days when the Elves and Dwarfs were still allies, before humans became more than beasts.

Activated by your touch, it will serve to channel magic throughout Norsca towards less corruptive ends, causing far fewer cases of chaos mutations and other side effects of such evil force in the North. Then again, the Norscans will hold hate for you in their hearts for all time. After your time in this jump, **you may take along this portion of the Waystone network, large enough to span the majority of Norsca with little issue.** Even better, you may choose what these excess energies are channelled towards instead of the Great Vortex in other worlds, though it defaults to collecting them into a large reservoir.

An Eye for an Eye, A Head for a Bounty

To take this scenario, you must be in an era where both Graf Boris Todbringer and Khazrak One-Eye live.

For too long, Drakwald Forest has been plagued by deadly and varied threats, most of all by the Beastmen, who overran the then-province of Drakwald after its gradual death in the 12th Century IC. The last attempt to exterminate the Beastmen in that century was in 1265 IC when Count Faulk of Middenland and his army were massacred by no less than thirty warherds, made up of over ten thousand Beastmen.

The greatest enemy of Graf Boris Todbringer, Elector Count of Middenland, is the Beastman Warchief Khazrak One-Eye. This feud started when Khazrak (not quite the One-Eye yet) overthrew the Beastlord Graktar and led his new horde across Drakwald, raiding, burning, killing, and committing the worst of atrocities. In response, the armies of Middenland rallied and strode forth to end the Warherd for good. The Beastmen were culled in their thousands, and Khazrak was trapped near the village of Elsterwald, losing an eye to the Runefang of Todbringer. Even today, the eye still leaks blood and oozes pus. A year later, vengeance was enacted when Khazrak slowly gouged out the Graf's eye with a horn, though he spared the

Count. Since then, the One-Eye has orchestrated the slaughter of Grimminhagen, utterly massacring an army of Middenlanders. The Count has offered a bounty of 10,000 Gold Crowns for the head of Khazrak. One that you must cash in, for this scenario.

Your foe is sly and mighty, whispered to be the second coming of Gorthor, greatest of the Beastlords. His continual presence in the Drakwald is no accident. Simply tracking him down will be no easy feat, and he is protected by his warherd, who will throw themselves in your way to slay you. Khazrak is the most intelligent Beastman to have ever lived, and his brutish nature belies his animalistic cunning when it comes to directing his forces to their best effect against you.

Even if you do make it to face the One-Eye himself, you're likely to find him quite prepared for would-be challengers. His strength nears that of a giant, his hide turns away many weapons, and he is a skilled warrior, able to match even the best soldiers of the Empire in terms of martial prowess. He will meet you clad in his dark mail, an extremely tough suit of armour that negates the power of any magic weapons. It has been further empowered to provide him with complete immunity to any magic and out-of-realm powers, bouncing off of him like a fly ramming into stone. He wields a weapon in each hand - a bloodstained sword and his battle-whip, Scourge. Imbued with the hateful curses of many Bray-Shamans, Scourge can strike like lightning, killing several opponents in a single swing or dealing multiple injuries in one blow. He bears a mark of Chaos Undivided and is ready to duel you to the death in the name of his Dark Gods. Accompanying him is his loyal warhound, Redmaw, a rabid beast who shall fight you alongside his master.

Reward: Due to your victory over Khazrak, you have significantly dampened or even ended the Beastman threat in the Drakwald. Todbringer will happily pay you the 10,000 Gold Crowns as promised. He will also offer the hand of his daughter, Katerina Todbringer, in marriage. If you do wed her, you may expect to become the next Elector Count(ess?) of Middenland (though you don't get the Province as an Item unless you take the prior scenario). If you choose not to, you will be granted +400cp for your valorous deed.

Regardless, you gain the favour of Graf Boris Todbringer, as well as the below perk and item:

> **An Eye for an Eye:** Revenge. An ages-old, very real concept that has been told of in many tales. This perk will aid you in such dark endeavours. When you are wounded by

an opponent, your competence when seeking to injure them in the same way will skyrocket, and fate seems to be ready to provide you with opportunities for retribution.

Head of Khazrak: Yep. The Beastman's taxidermied head will accompany you on your journey. It can be mounted on a wall, making a *very* cool decoration. If shown to Beastmen, or their equivalents in future jumps (provided that they are *evil*), it will rattle and intimidate them considerably.

The Halfling Rebellion of 2502

To take this scenario, Marious Leitdorf and the province of Mootland must exist, and the year 2502 IC must take place during your stay here.

The rebellion wasn't really a rebellion, more of a diplomatic disaster. To address the threat of a nascent goblin warlord known as Nhobgarg in the World's Edge Mountains, the Elector Counts of Averland and Stirland agreed to ally with each other. The plan was to join their armies into one united group, before marching to end the foe and his minions. However, there was the question of bringing the armies together. The best option seemed to be through the Moot, so the sometimes mad Elector Count Marius Leitdorf of Averland requested leave to send men to build roads through their lands. It took a substantial payment of gold and livestock to secure the agreement of the Elders, but secured it was, and so the construction began.

The most important structure that was to be built was a bridge over the River Stir. Initially, the construction progressed well, but the workers found out about the cases of larceny all visitors to the Moot endure the hard way. This escalated to the nightly disappearance of the stones laid down for the bridge and the guards posted in response (who were soon discovered to be stowed in ditches, bound and gagged.). The leader of the engineers sought out an audience with Elders to discuss this issue. He suspected that the culprits were the local Tomfiddle family, who were the owners of the local ferry. Unfortunately, the Elders rejected his pleas on the grounds that they only allowed for *roads* to be built, and bridges weren't part of the agreement, which meant that they didn't have the power to interfere.

When news of this reached Averheim, Count Leitdorf was outraged. In short order, his army was mustered to - quote - "slaughter every one of those malodorous runts." Nhobgarg was spared the wrath of Averland, which was redirected towards the hapless (and mostly helpless) inhabitants of the Moot. A stalwart and stout force of Halflings was assembled to bravely defend hearth and home from the invading Averlanders...

And was immediately routed. It didn't even take a clash of weapons for the defenders of the Moot to scatter; they did that as soon as they saw the Averlanders, who ran them down with little to no casualties of their own. In fact, the Battle of Nearstream was Averland's most successful military action, and the least noble. The Elders fled for their lives and went into hiding, desperately sending messengers to beg for aid from anyone who would listen. The situation devolved from there. Three quarters of the army of Averland left, disgusted by the barbarity they were involved in. The Count fell into another of his mad fits, stalking the fields and terrorizing the local plant life in the dead of night.

Only two messengers managed to spread word of the mowing of the Moot - one reached a company of Halfling mercenaries, Lumpin Croop's Fighting Cocks, who returned to defend their homeland. The other made it to the Feastmaster tribe of Ogres, who agreed to help the Moot in exchange for a year's worth of food. The ensuing battle was close, but the Averlanders ultimately came out on top. This was due to a sudden panic in the Halfling ranks, which may or may not have been due to an attempt to renege on their end of the deal with the Ogres. Whatever the truth was, Leitdorf believed that the little folk did it intentionally to defeat the Ogres, and decided to leave them in peace. As a "parting gift," he sent a messenger of his own to give them a miniature steam tank, dubbed Kathleen (in reality, Kathleen was a failed

prototype that he wanted to get rid of, and he sent it with some choice words. The emissary wisely changed the message so it was better received by its intended audience.). Since then, Averland and the Moot have gotten along well, to the relief of everyone.

Now, this is where you come in. You have been sent by the Emperor to quell the "rebellion" in a more peaceful manner. You'll have to prevent the Battle of Nearstream, or at least minimize its casualties. Then, you will need to have both sides to make a mutually acceptable compromise. Whether you cow everyone with a show of force or convince them with a silver tongue, it must be done.

Your job is to convince the Elders of the Moot to stop the sabotage of the bridgework and see its raising to the finish. Only when the spirit of the agreement is honoured can both parties walk away satisfied. Moreso, this has to be done with respect towards the Halflings, as it is required of you to use more... *refined* methods than those of Leitdorf.

You will be rewarded well for your peacemaking efforts. You will have earned the favour (or at least, respect) of Marius Leitdorf, Count of Averland. The Halflings are especially grateful for your rescuing of their people and will throw a great feast in your honour. They are recognized as the best chefs in the Empire, if not the Old World, and you're sure to enjoy the food they'll serve you. You also gain the following perk and item:

> **One and a Half:** The Halfling peoples would never have survived without humans. Indeed, the ancient records of the Dwarfs state that the Dawi first encountered the little folk as "a tribe of beardless manlings we first thought to be children" that travelled alongside the human tribes. Yet, it would be a disservice to call them useless, as Halflings can count among the skilled and brave "warriors" who aid the Empire in times of need. They have done much good for the Men of the Empire, and it's always a shame when there is strife between them.
>
> Halflings and Men are better off working together in friendship, and none exemplify that fact better than you. You have a way of getting to the bottom of misunderstandings exceedingly quickly, and the wits to nip them in the bud before they get out of hand. Additionally, your presence encourages unity and discourages petty things such as racial discrimination. If you work at it, you could make some major steps in attaining equal rights for your short friends.

Mootlander Fare: It wouldn't be much of an overstatement to say that the entire Moot is grateful to you for saving their hides. Let your deed be immortalized in what its people do best - the preparation of food!

This pot of fine Halfling make is enchanted with the finest culinary powers the halflings could give; from it, you can get an infinite amount of helpings of Halfling food, food good enough to cause peace between nations. Sadly, stockpiling the food seems impossible to do, the pot simply not giving out more than what is necessary for you and a few friends to have a good meal. You'll be guaranteed to get seven meals though - One for each meal of the day, according to a Halfling - for Breakfast, Second Breakfast, Elevenses, Luncheon, Afternoon Tea, Dinner, and Supper.

Once you have done that, you have a number of secondary, optional objectives to achieve.

Capture the Culprits: Though Marius Leitdorf is at much of the fault for this averted disaster, let's not forget those who lit that spark of rage. The thieves. Whoever they are, if they're the Tomfiddle family or not, they need to face the consequences of their actions. You will have to uncover the identity of these culprits and apprehend them. Then, you must convince the Elders to enforce the laws of the land. Normally, this would be difficult as the Elders were (possibly) in the thieves' corner, but you've gained some sway among them for your deed and it'll be much easier. Halfling law punishes perpetrators financially, so the thieves will get off with some extra work or have to pay a fine.

Reward: What, justice isn't enough? Fine. Have +100cp.

Talk to the Tomfiddles: Whether they were the saboteurs or not, the Tomfiddles are bound to be unhappy with the new bridge. It displaces their livelihood of owning the ferries, after all. You should go speak to them and see how they feel about it. If they were the thieves, they won't like you, but will still speak to you out of respect for your service to the Moot. Help them keep their ferry business profitable (with honest work).

Reward: For your help in restoring their livelihood, you have earned the friendship of the Tomfiddles. They will gladly give you free rides for life on their ferry, and it looks like they've got a spare boat to give you.

Get the Goblins: Nhobgarg and his mob are still out there, ready to strike at the Empire. Odds are that he's made some moves while the Averlanders were busy with this whole "rebellion" business. Don't forget the original purpose of the bridge - to defeat your green foe. You'll have to join Count Leitdorf, help him reassemble his army, and meet up with the Stirlanders. After rallying, it will be time to defeat the warlord once and for all. If you've resolved the rebellion early enough, you can catch the goblin host as they're coming out of Black Fire pass, intercepting them before they do any significant damage. Otherwise, they'll begin looting and pillaging the surrounding countryside, and you'll meet them in battle there. Slay them and drive their battered remnants off.

Reward: Count Haupt-Anderssen has seen your skill in battle and heard of your deeds in the Moot. You have earned his favour. It can't hurt to be in the good graces of one of the most powerful men in the Empire, can it?

Army Builder

The time has come for you to gather an army of man, a host that shall march with you to face the evil beings who would prey on the lands of the Empire. Post-jump, any forces who die in battle here will return within the time of a fortnight, ready to war in your name once again. Ammunition shall replenish every day. Unless stated otherwise, each option costs 1 AP.

Heroes:

You may be the commander of the army, but commanders may sometimes need to delegate their orders to the chain of command. You may recruit **1** hero free of charge to serve as the second-in-command of your army.

These heroes can be considered companions or followers, depending on your wishes.

> **Captain of the Empire**: The officers of armies, grizzled veterans of many battles to a man. Sometimes they're lesser nobles. Other times, they are commoners who have fought with enough distinction to catch the attention of their superiors. What matters

is that they've partaken in much more than their fair share of battle, making them prime commanders and combatants who will HOLD THE LINE. These are your elite warriors and leaders of men, all rolled into one soldier.

Equipment:

- Any Hand Weapon
- Medium Armour
- An additional army point may be spent to arm the captain with an additional hand weapon, or upgrade the armour to full plate.
- An additional army point may be spent to give the captain a warhorse, or two may be spent for a pegasus.

Witch Hunter: When the foul magics of chaos and necromancy are awash, it is the Witch Hunter who hunts down the practitioner and delivers judgement, usually at the business end of a firearm. These puritanical inquisitors pursue their quarries with unyielding resolve - the guilty and innocent learn to fear them for their rampant suspicion and willingness to punish anybody perceived as a heretic, though they are *very* good at flushing out and destroying traitors. The Witch Hunter is the bane of many but specializes in killing sorcerers and the undead.

Equipment:

- Any Hand Weapon
- Pistol
- Light Armour
- An additional army point may be spent to give the Witch Hunter a brace of pistols, a crossbow, or a great weapon.

Master Engineer: The Imperial Engineer's School constantly innovates from their laboratories and workshops, far from the wars of the Old World. Yet the myriad weapons they produce needs field testing, and who better to do it than their inventors? Among the brightest minds of the Empire, these are the creators and testers of new and deadly war machines. While not a frontline combatant, a Master Engineer can bring

their new-fangled guns, mastery of ballistics, and technical knowledge to the table - a powerful asset to any army.

Equipment:

- Hand Weapon - Repeater Pistol, Repeater Handgun, or Hochland Long Rifle.
- Additional army points may be spent to give the Master Engineer a mechanical steed mount, a cadre of pigeon bombs, or a grenade-launching blunderbuss.

Battle Wizard: Magic has proven to be a formidable weapon in the Empire's arsenal since the conception of the Colleges of Magic. Battle Wizards wield one of the eight winds of magic to rain devastation upon the battlefield. The capabilities of a Wizard will vary by order, but all are strange and powerful. Some can incinerate foes by the dozen with magical flame, while others augment and heal their comrades-in-arms, call down thunder and rain from the sky, transmute armour and its wearers, and more.

For each Battle Wizard, you may choose the Lore they have learnt.

Equipment:

- Hand Weapon
- Magical Focus
- An additional army point may be spent to give the Battle Wizard a Warhorse Mount.
- For a doubled army point cost (including previous upgrades), you may instead hire a Wizard Lord; considered 'Princes of Magic' by the empire, these practitioners are some of the mightiest wielders of magic the Empire can muster, capable of wielding more magics of their respective Lore than the common magister. If the Wizard Lord has a Warhorse, it may instead be upgraded to a Pegasus.

Warrior Priest: The Cults of Sigmar and Ulric are worshippers of gods of battle, and so their clergy stride forth to smite the foes of the gods. All priests will take up arms in order to protect their altars, but Warrior Priests take this a step further, striding into the direst of conflicts with unshakeable faith that they shall bring victory and thus glory to their gods. Not only do they make fearsome warriors, but they also act as chaplains to

their comrades, inspiring them to heroism and righteous fury. The holiness of the gods protects as well, as they can invoke divine protection or rouse their followers with battle prayers.

Equipment:

- Weapon of choice, usually fitting for their god (e.g. Warhammer for Sigmar)
- Full Plate OR Mail underneath holy vestments
- An additional army point may be spent to give the Warrior Priest a warhorse.
- For a doubled army point cost (including previous upgrades), you may turn the Warrior Priest into an Arch Lector; more prestigious priests second only to the Grand Theogonist, they can call upon stronger prayers of their god more often, and infuse those nearby with a righteous fury to fight the enemy, one far stronger than a common Warrior-Priest may bring forth.

Grand Master of Knights - 2 AP: A Grand Master is the highest-ranked knight of a Knightly Order, serving as its lord. He stands at the very zenith of Knighthood, an exemplar of what all knights strive to be. Grand Masters are masters of warfare, among the greatest fighters in the Old World. All are old hands who have fought in countless engagements against the enemies of the Empire. They are the generals and commanders of armies, and can be found leading their knights and often entire armies. A man who has fought and trained in wars for most of his life makes for a shrewd tactician, as seen with Grand Masters, and their indomitable presence drives their Knights to near-impossible feats of bravery. These are the pinnacles of the Knightly Orders, decimating the foes of the Empire with a storm of deathblows. This hero can only be taken if you have a corresponding group of Knights.

Equipment:

- Hand Weapon
- Full Plate Armour
- Warhorse with Barding
- For 1 AP, the Grand Master is additionally armed with a lance or a great weapon, as well as a shield.

- If the Grand Master's corresponding group of knights are mounted on Demigryphs, so is he.

Infantry:

250 Halberdiers: Some of the most common troops in the Empire, Halberdiers are armed with only a breastplate, a helmet and a halberd capable of smashing Beastmen's hide and Greenskin armour - compensating for their lack of armour with both skill and numbers.

Equipment:

- Halberds
- Chest Plates

300 Spearmen: Cheap yet useful troops, armed with breastplate and a spear for piercing all sorts of threats. Most useful in large numbers, the spears line up to act excellently as a defensive force, a wall for cavalry and charging beasts alike to falter against.

Equipment:

- Spears OR Pikes
- Light Armour

200 Swordsmen: Expert fencers, equipped with sword and shield, these men are considered the most common proper offensive soldiers fielded by the Empire. While swordsmen are somewhat romanticized by bards and poets, they can justify those stories, being some of the best-trained state troops. A tried-and-true tactic is for loose formations to manoeuvre around enemies to strike at unprotected flanks in enemy formations, where the lack of armour and shield makes them pay dearly.

Equipment:

- Swords and Shields
- Half Plate

300 Archers: For ages past, the bow has been a weapon of the Yeomen. Though traditional bows are being increasingly supplanted by crossbows and black powder, Archers remain skilled skirmishers, adaptable for fighting both in formation or spread out. Additionally, they have a much greater rate of fire than their more modern ranged counterparts.

Equipment:

- Longbow
- Dagger OR Shortsword

200 Crossbowmen: With widespread use originating in Tilea and the lands of the Border Princes, the crossbow has become increasingly popular in the Old World. Though crossbowmen lack the power of handguns and the rate of fire of archers, they make up for it in versatility and the ease with which crossbows are operated.

Equipment:

- Crossbow
- Dagger OR Shortsword
- Light Armour

200 Handgunners: The biting fusillades of lead shot these soldiers can shoot off can stop heavily armoured foes in their tracks, from Chaos warriors and knights in full plate to charging Orcs. Armed with expensive black powder weapons from Nuln, these troops can provide excellent firepower to your army. They may take much longer to reload, but the rate at which they melt through durable foes is well worth it.

Equipment:

- Handgun
- Dagger OR Shortsword

150 Huntsmen: Stealthy bowmen, masters of the wilderness capable of and specialised in slaying enemies far greater than themselves. Their main advantage over other ranged

troops is their capability at stealth - able to pass through dense forests and fire accurate shots at the same time, undetected until it is too late for their quarry.

Equipment:

- Longbow

50 Greatswords: Handpicked from the best warriors in an army, these elite warriors serve as the honour guard of Elector Counts and garrison their castles. These are the bravest and most skilled of the state troops, using formidable strength and skill to wield *zweihanders* nearly the size of a man, able to cleave through plate-armoured knights like a hot knife through butter. Clad in dwarfen plate, these soldiers will die to a man defending their liege, as the oath all Greatswords must uphold is to never take a step back in battle.

Equipment:

- Zweihander
- Dagger OR Shortsword
- Full Plate

400 Free Company Militia: The state troops are undoubtedly the backbone of the Empire's army, but improvised units of militia are used to bolster the number of fighting men available. Whether they are levied citizens, hired mercenaries, or just bandits, these men lack the discipline of soldiers, but fight just as hard.

Equipment:

- Assortment of tools and weapons, including but not limited to bows, spears, swords, clubs, scythes, and pitchforks.
- An additional army point can be spent to give the militia handguns.
- Makeshift layered clothing that passes as armour.

200 Flagellants: Is it any surprise that some would go mad when there is so much danger and cruelty in the world? These are those whose suffering pushed them over the edge. In battle, these religious zealots charge in with no regard for their own safety - they

fear not death and believe every fight to be the final battle between good and evil. Though unarmoured, these fanatics fear nothing, feel almost no pain, and fight with a frenzy of insane brutality, having come to terms with the end of the world.

Equipment:

- Flails OR Two-Handed Weapons
- Tattered, worn-down rags

Cavalry:

200 Pistoliers: Light cavalry commonly consisting of young nobles who heed the call of war, but are still too inexperienced to test their spurs in the field of battle. Instead, they are recruited into the Pistolkorps. Pistoliers charge in and harry their foe with hails of hot lead before the riders fall back on fast, light horses before any meaningful retaliation can take place. The role of these mobile groups of cavalry is to scout, skirmish, perform reconnaissance, and engage in hit-and-run attacks.

Equipment:

- Brace of Pistols
- Light Armour
- Warhorse

150 Outriders: Veteran members of the Pistolkorps, often instructors of the younger pistoliers. Some are pistoliers, but most are state troops who show skill in equestrianism, marksmanship, and instruction. As tutors in war, outriders lead their pistolier charges into battle, making sure to prevent potentially fatal mistakes. These ornately-armoured men, like their students, are some of the most mobile soldiers on the field, able to ride circles around enemies while firing on them.

Equipment:

- Repeater Handgun
- Light Armour
- Warhorse

50 Knights: When the warrior nobility of the Empire goes to battle, they do not go as the rank and file of the state troops. Rather, they join a Knightly Order. Knights are the greatest warriors in the land. They serve as heavy cavalry, clad in full plate and armed with the finest of weapons. On the battlefield, the thundering charges of knights are a terrifying spectacle to behold. They are akin to forces of nature, sweeping away the foes of the Empire with lance and hoof. Each order has its own history, culture, and favoured methods of warfare. You may choose which order of knights joins your army on purchase.

Equipment:

- Lance
- Hand Weapon
- Full Plate Armour
- Warhorse
- An additional army point may be spent to give the knights demigryph mounts.

10 War Wagons: Before the invention of Steam Tanks, the role of heavily armoured vehicles in the Army was filled by War Wagons, which still make excellent weapons platforms despite their increasing obsolescence. War Wagons are the weightiest of chariots, battle towers drawn by a pair of warhorses. The six soldiers inside, armed with a variety of prototype weaponry, can attack the enemies both near and far while being protected by the tower's sturdy walls. Some wagons carry heavier artillery, all the better to blow apart the hordes of darkness with. Have fun with your mobile artillery platforms.

Equipment:

- Two warhorses to draw the chariot
- Each crewman is armed with a different weapon, as follows - a repeater handgun, a Hochland long rifle, a blunderbuss, a man-catcher, a hooked halberd, and a ball and chain.
- Heavy Barding

1 War Altar of Sigmar: The gargantuan chariot of the high priests of Sigmar stands proud. And now you have it. Or a copy. Whatever it is, this resplendent chariot is clad in heavy armour, and the priest's battle prayers preaching galvanizes the men below, causing them to fight with the conviction of Sigmar himself, inflaming their hearts against their wicked opponents. The faith of the priest is so strong that the chariot can send forth pulses of light, bringing anathema to anything tainted by darkness.

Equipment:

- High-Ranking Priest. Has a Hammer.
- Two Warhorses
- Golden Eagle

War Machines and Artillery:

3 Helblaster Volley Cannons: Properly titled "Von Meinkopt's macro-mainspring precipitation of pernicious lead." The dreaded work of an insane engineer and gunsmith who died from a malfunction in one of his creations. The Helblaster is the terror of thousands. A single salvo can shred a regiment of foes. This nine-barreled cannon can belt out a withering hail of scaled-down cannonballs. The barrels are divided into groups of three in a triangular pattern, turned by the use of a central crank. Each trio of barrels can be fired individually, or the cannon can fire its entire payload at once.

Equipment:

- Miniature Cannonballs
- 3 Crewmen, armed with Hand Weapons

3 Helstorm Rocket Batteries: Cathay is a far-off country, but they do have some diplomatic ties to the Empire. This is evidence of it. A show of fireworks inspired Master Engineer Herman Faulkstein to create this contraption. While the rockets don't always hit the mark, the destruction they cause has more than earned their name. While the Helblaster fires armour-piercing cannonballs that specialize in mowing down the

enemy, the Helstorm's explosive rockets have a longer range, can fire over walls, and, well, they're *explosive.*

Equipment:

- Explosive Rockets - will blow things into smithereens
- 3 Crewmen, armed with Hand Weapons

3 Great Cannons: Out of all the artillery in the Empire, this one hits with the most force. It is also the most versatile way of hammering at the enemy with ordnance, packing firepower, range, and accuracy. They can be found both attacking on battlefields and defending the walls of cities. The thunderous balls these guns discharge can crush and shatter almost anything they hit, equally good at destroying large formations or killing giant monsters. On one occasion, a master gunner blasted a rampaging dragon's head clean off with a good shot.

Equipment:

- It's a cannon.
- 3 Crewmen, armed with Hand Weapons

3 Mortars: Are you besieging a castle? Attacking fortifications? Want to rain death onto your enemies from above? If the answer to any of these is yes, the Mortar is for you. Stouter and heavier than the Great Cannons, Mortars launch their ammunition high into the air, before it comes crashing down on the target. The shells themselves are hollow balls of metal, full of gunpowder. On impact, it detonates with immense force, annihilating its unfortunate victims, even more of which are claimed by the shrapnel flying about.

Equipment:

- Mortar Shells - will blow things into smithereens and then some.
- 3 Crew with Hand Weapons

1 Luminark of Hysh: While the Colleges of Magic do not play host to Engineers, they do create their own magical war machines, powered by orbs given to them by the

archmage Teclis. This is one of them. The workings of Hysh, the White Wind of Light, are spells used in the protection of others for the most part. This is different. A series of lenses mounted on a chariot focus the luminescence of an Orb of Light, amplifying it until it culminates in a beam of sheer brightness, scouring the world clean of the creatures of darkness. The defensive nature of Hysh is also made apparent, as the overflowing wind shields them, redirecting blows and incinerating arrows. In short, this is the world's most dangerous magnifying glass. Light amplified by stimulated emission of... magic.

You may only take one Luminark of Hysh, as Orbs of Sorcery are important to their Orders.

Equipment:

- Armoured Chariot, pulled by two Warhorses
- Orb of Sorcery for the Wind of Light. Glows almost as brightly as the sun.
- Lens focusing the Light of Hysh
- Crew of Two Light Wizard Acolytes

1 Celestial Hurricanum: The Celestial College is not to be outdone by its counterparts, and has its spin on arcane apparatuses of battle. The Celestial Hurricanum largely serves the same role as its Light Counterpart - acting as magical artillery and protecting surrounding troops. Azyr, Blue Wind of the Heavens, has its own way of doing so. A hurricanum calls forth roiling tempests and directs the fury of the storm onto the foe. The opponent is bombarded with heavy rain, freezing ice, raging wind, and furious lightning. On momentous occasions of attunement, a Hurricanum may even call down meteorites to smash into enemy ranks. And while the Blue Wind cannot directly shield as its White Brother can, it doesn't need to. Instead, nearby troops receive prophetic visions, allowing them to dodge what otherwise would have been a death blow.

You may only take one Celestial Hurricanum, as Orbs of Sorcery are important to their Orders.

Equipment:

- Armoured Chariot, pulled by two Warhorses

- Orb of Sorcery for the Wind of the Heavens. As dark as the clear night sky, with stars shining in the distance.
- Numerous rings surrounding the orb, resembling a model of a planetary system
- Crew of Two Celestial Wizard Acolytes

1 Steam Tank: The Magnum Opus of Miragliano, the Steel Behemoth, the Metal Monster. The STEAM TANK. These steel titans are autonomous carriages, which roll into battle powered by boilers. Arrows and weapons are nothing to the steel skin of these tanks. The tanks give as good as they get, too, bristling with weapons to dispense death with. Don't think their huge size makes them slow, either, as these tanks can outrun warhorses and cavalry when necessary. Even one of these steel beasts can spearhead a terrifying assault, blasting and boiling them to death while ploughing into their ranks, its immense weight reducing them into mangled bodies and red smears on the ground. Show your enemies the might of technology.

You can take a maximum of two Steam Tanks.

Equipment:*

- Cannon
- Steam Gun
- Steam Engine
- 1 Engineer, armed with a hand weapon and a repeater pistol. For an additional army point, you may also mount a Hochland long rifle on top of the cupola.

Complications

...If you really want, we can ask some of the less friendly gods to influence your time here. I'm sure they won't mind a new plaything for a bit. *I certainly won't!*

You may take as many Complications as you wish but can gain no more than 1500 CP from any combination you choose freely from the curses here.

Magister [+0]: With this toggle, you may treat this jump and the Imperial Colleges of Magic jump as a single jump. That is, you can take items or perks from either jump, but only have one Origin between the two jumps, and only 1500 CP (or 'Aethyric Humors') between them, unless you take Drawbacks or Complications. If you do this, you are still limited to a total of 1000 bonus CP.

Old Deeds, Old Sins [+0]: By taking this option, you may have any actions you may have taken in previous jumps set in the Warhammer World persist into this jump - though even if you ought to be here at the same time as your previous jump, somehow you'll never encounter yourself.

Not MY End Times! [+0]: By taking this option, you get to choose which of multiple canons your particular version of the Warhammer Fantasy setting your jump will take place in. Perhaps your End Times doesn't include Malekith being the secret, true Phoenix King, Maximilian Schreiber is a Light Wizard rather than a Gold Wizard (possibly due to confusion on the part of William King), or the vampire Ushoran being Neferata's spymaster rather than her brother.

Ye Olde Stay Extender [+100, repeatable, maximum 4 times]: Aye, though it may seem unusual there are some reasons to stay longer than allotted in this world. For each time you take this, your time here is doubled, to a possible maximum of 160 years. Hope you've got some method of actually living that long...

Pitchforks at the Ready [+100]: For all its advancements in some areas, the Empire is very backwards in others. Burning witches or heretics isn't uncommon, and the common folk are often suspicious of newcomers, outsiders and anything that looks 'odd'. Like you, for instance. With this drawback, you will find yourself the object of suspicion, mistrust and fear by most 'common folk' you encounter. This can be remedied on an individual level by proving your

trustworthiness over time, and perhaps if you performed some great and famous deed which obviously protects the realms of men you might earn good regard in general, but in the meantime you should be ready to deal with bad first impressions pretty much anywhere you go outside of high society.

Sprachfehler [+100]: Sie scheinen auf dem weg hierher das Reikspiel nicht gelernt zu haben, und werden nun deswegen Probleme mit der Kommunikation haben, aus offensichtlichen Gründen. Viele Teile des Reichs sind nun für sie geschlossen, sei es unter den Adligen, die vielleicht eine andere Sprache sprechen, oder wenn sie sich mit den Bauern gesellen, die kaum von Cathay oder Bretonnia mal gehört haben. Auch in anderen Ländern könnten sie Probleme haben, wenn sie die Muttersprachen dort nicht verstehen. Hoffentlich finden sie einen Übersetzer, oder wenigstens jemanden, der für sie sprechen kann? Naja, wird schon!

Ahem. You're incapable of talking in the common tongue of the Empire, to put it simply. That could make your work here hard - maybe lampshade as a foreigner to minimise friction?

Tzeentchian Fortune [+100]: The Weaver does so enjoy his tricks. Your luck is bad, jumper. Really bad. You find yourself tripping, falling into trouble, mistaking one person for another, dropping coins down gratings and generally being foiled by seemingly-malicious circumstances at twice or thrice the rate others face. This bad luck is never enough to ensure your death, but it can and often does get you into trouble that you could have avoided if not for the universe seemingly hating you.

Of course, you could always try appealing to the Architect of Fates for help. Maybe ~~I~~ he even would - for a price.

Nurgle's Friendship [+100]: This isn't as ~~bad~~ good as what he'd usually offer, but the Grandfather is kind enough to offer you a lesser gift instead. You suffer from regular bouts of common illnesses - colds, flus, that sort of thing appearing every few weeks. Any injuries you suffer also seem to become infected at a much higher rate, unless you take immediate precautions. Children need a playground, after all.

Khorne's Patience [+100 CP]: Rather, the lack of such. You've got an awful temper, easily flying into a MURDEROUS HATRED at a few insults and minor annoyances awakening a FROTHING RAGE. This might be useful occasionally, as your rage drives you on into battle

against things which would normally have terrified you - but you're also much more likely to find yourself in fights, and there's a reason it's called *blind* rage - and it's not because it makes you wise.

Wouldst Thou Like to Live... Deliciously? **[+100]:** Why wouldn't you, after all? Life is for the living - what's the harm in taking just one more drink, ordering one more course, heading down to the brothel once more this week? Your admirers might describe you as the life of the party. Detractors would call you an unabashed hedonist, rarely able to resist the temptations of the flesh when presented with them, and finding yourself quickly bored and listless without some kind of stimulation.

Be careful, lest your jaded tastes become more... ~~unwholesome~~ *adventurous* than conventional society will accept.

Warp Vulnerability [+100]: You seem to have a problem with the winds having a stronger effect on you, with none of the advantages a mage may pull from such a thing; higher vulnerability to spells, higher influence of warp-based manipulation, a greater risk of mutation and the like are all more dangerous to you now.

Von Halstadt Syndrome [+200]: Because who wouldn't see trading the ratmen Warpstone in return for information a good idea? They'd assuredly never use it against the Empire!
You seem to suffer from a mixture of naivety and stupidity, assuming that your actions will rarely bite you in the ass later-on. Maybe it may come from paranoia about one enemy and underestimating of another; like Von Halstadt, you might think that you can take advantage of the Skaven, or that the Orcs are trustworthy associates that may be peacefully lived with. Maybe you'll take a puff of the good Warpstone that the Grey Seer offers you.

I can offer some leniency, though. You can instead have an assistant who oversees major tasks for you to be this stupid in your stead. Killing them won't work, you'll soon unwillingly get a new one in but a day's time with the same level of intelligence if you do.

At least you can take them along your chain for free, afterwards? Not sure you'd want a saboteur, even if unintentional, though.

Either way, you'll forget this was chosen, because that'd lead to more funny consequences.

Daisy [+200]: Looks like the Count of Averland's personality has rubbed off. He might find a friend in you. You are as mad and mercurial as the mad count himself. You are prone to episodes of lunacy, in which you might suffer paranoid delusions, do outrageous things you'd never do normally, run off to fight imagined foes, sing ridiculous songs, and engage in all manners of tomfoolery. These bouts each last for a good few hours each, appearing irregularly and inconveniently.

Skaven Annoyens [+200]: Yes-Yes, you've got a bit of a rat problem. Whatever location you live in suffers from some form of Skaven infestation, ranging from a few underground cells that raid supplies every now and then up to a full-blown Under-City, depending on your level of power/influence upon the empire. They'll believe you to be the largest threat to Skaven superiority, so expect assassination attempts, general sabotage, skirmishes and many other Skaveny tactics to remove you as a threat. Taking out the infestation will just open up a spot for a new warlord to become a new leader - this one'll also see you as a danger, and the cycle will continue! Oh, one more thing. If you have a warehouse, they've taken it upon themselves to build a residence under there, too.

Da Boyz Pull Up [+200]: A brutally cunning (or cunningly brutal) danger to the lands has decided that you know, quote, 'ow to have a proppa good scrap!'. This danger happens to take the form of a budding Warboss, whose influence will grow with your own as he can convince more Orcs of your worthiness. Before long, you'll have to deal with constant border skirmishes, rowdy battles and supposed attempts at cunning from the brutes. Taking the big boss down will only convince another Warboss to give you a proper Orcy try - the more you try to get rid of them, the more excited they get. Be careful to not cause a full-on WAAAGH if you can.

That being said, it's not like the Orc'll dislike you at the end of this. You may even be the Warboss's best friend! Thus, if you don't mind a bit of constant fighting, you can take him along as a companion for free at the end of your time here.

...might want to get him to calm down before then, though.

Traitors Among Us [+200]: Giving them more of an entry point sounds counterproductive, but if you insist...

In the midst of your province grows a rather large movement of the chaos variant. It's underground and stealthy enough to not be noted by Witch Hunters and other removers of taint until they rise, yet they seem to draw more followers the more power you have. What kind of cult are they? A bit of a hodgepodge of all directions, put under a Chaos Undivided banner. The leading sect seems to wax and wane with time, each the favoured of each Chaos God taking power for a time before being overthrown.

One thing connects them all, though - A emissary of their gods seems to have *somehow* overheard that the Gods would see you as a prime sacrifice, rewarding the one who gives you over to them greatly. Each section of the cult will try its own methods to capture you, but be assured that you won't fully be rid of them for too long before another group takes their place at the forefront if you do slaughter them.

'This'll go in the Book!' [+200]: Not that it's particularly hard to get into the bad graces of the Dwarfs, with this you'll be guaranteed to have caused a rather large insult towards a certain Thane. Enough that he'll ruin everything around you to settle his grudge.

At first, expect economic problems; weight being pushed around to make things more than expensive for you, traders in contact with Dwarfs becoming unwilling to help you in any way. If the grudge goes unchallenged long enough, some of the Thane's subordinates will directly confront you, Slayers pushed towards you and Longbeards appearing near your holdings to both annoy and harm.

Even slaying the bastard doesn't stop annoyance for long, as it turns out that Thane has a rather large family willing to keep the grudge going. I'd recommend going to Dwarfen court to solve it. Not likely you'll win that case, though. *Go ahead, try and defend yourself. I'll dare you.*

Knife-Ears [+200]: The high elves aren't exactly the nicest to humans - imagine how nobles act towards the peasants, and you've got a tenth of how even the lowliest elves may think of Man. They aren't above seeing humans as dangers, however; this High Elf Mage has gotten a vision from a *certain someone* announcing your danger to all things good and proper and long-eared.

At first, they might try and disrupt you subtly; politics turn against you in weird manners, and you have more 'accidents' of the lethal variant, the typical tricks employed. The more you

survive, the more this mage gets anxious and annoyed by your continued life - after just some time, they'll have raiding parties attacking your lands to turn the people against you, or bounty hunters on your head. With enough time, they'll convince a small army of elven warriors of your threat as well, directly risking incidents to remove you from existence.

Removing the mage will only alert others of the risk you pose, another taking their place to inhibit you once more with more caution at your role in fate.

Merely Mortal [+300]: This is the Empire of Man. Not the Empire of Gods, the Empire of MAN. It is unbecoming of one such as yourself to use abilities and wargear beyond the ken of this world, so you shall go without. Only those abilities you have truly worked for still lie available - no fiat-backed abilities, no abilities that have requirements beyond what the common human would have. Supernatural abilities are also unavailable, outside of what lores you may have picked up in this world. Battle with honour, and you shall go far even with such limits.

Touch of Chaos [+300]: All of the Four will enjoy this. You've been given what the Norscans would consider a starting point of a great future; a mark from each god, with minor, unassuming mutations of each god with it, bringing you closer to them in body and spirit. However, this isn't Norsca. You're a pariah at best, an abomination to cleanse for any rightminded Imperial. Legally, you're cleared, and have a writ from a priest of Sigmar clearing you of being a minion of chaos, but there's a very big 'for now' at the end of that sentence. In practice, just about everyone will be suspicious of you, and none look well upon you save those who would draw you further into corruption.

Even aside from the social implications, your chaotic mark brings its own difficulties, as by turns you may find your senses rising to painful degrees, your mind afflicted with the thirst for violence or a penchant for overplotting, or becoming sick from even lesser diseases that you might normally have shrugged off.

Scars of War[+300]: You have fought long and hard, and the constant bloodshed has left its mark on you. It has torn some part of you away. You are missing a limb or an eye - a debilitating disability, to be sure. This wound, for your time in this world, will be permanent, and there is nothing you can do to heal from it or circumvent it in any way. This drawback may be taken multiple times for multiple wounds.

Foes in High Places [+300]: Well, now you're in for it. Somehow, for some reason, you've managed to piss off one of the Elector Counts. He or she hates you for what you did and is willing to use all of their not-inconsiderable power to see you come to some bad end. In their domains, you can expect every soldier, guard and authority to do their best to bring you in, and while their power is less outside their own territory they'll be sure to put a nice bounty on your head or send assassins after you. If you're outside the bounds of the Empire and they catch wind of you, they might even send a small army to drag you back for some quality dungeon time.

This Drawback may be taken as many times as you like, but it yields 100 CP less each time, until reaching 0 at the fourth Elector.

Chaotic Stupid [+600]: 'Good.' Do you really like things being this bad? Very well. The Empire of this world has become a parody of what you would expect. Elector Counts bicker over very minor elements, sending their fanatic soldiers to die in droves for little more than an extremely simple misunderstanding. Hatred against other races has been inflamed, even Dwarfs and Elves being insulted heavily for their crime of existence.

Nobles have the oppressive demeanour of Bretonnian knights with none of the chivalry, peasants fall to chaos over petty reasons, and priests bicker and even fight openly over minor differences in interpretation. Soldiers are sent by the hundred to die in a fight that would require a much smaller amount if slightly better tactics are applied. In short, little makes sense in the grand design of things - a shocker this egregious hellhole hasn't fallen yet, somehow having been protected by something from being decimated as it should by all rights have been. This protection falters after your arrival, though.

***Really* Interesting Times [+600]:** So... have you heard of the End Times? Your presence in this world has spurred your dubious 'sponsors', in exchange for this power, to become a lot more proactive, on a similar scale to the End Times. Chaos, in short, now works together far better. The Dark Elves seek slaves far more actively. Even Bretonnia may be spurred to fight the Empire by their heathen goddess. Whatever the case, the world's become even more hostile, much faster, for the Empire. And you'll be at the centre of this danger, thrown into combat normally only seen in the direst of circumstances almost daily.

You vs The Everchosen [600cp]: This is certainly a rather big deal. Depending on your Era of arrival, one of two things will occur: A new Everchosen will be made ahead of schedule to fulfill a task, or the current one is given a personal mission by the Chaos Gods. Both are given the same goal - capturing or killing you.

For this, they are given the full powers that the four may grant, rising to meet or even surpass your level of power. The Everchosen is the mightiest of Chaos Lords, the uniter of all Chaos and the bane of all that is good. As such, they can also call upon the might of all tribes and groups that have dedicated themselves to chaos, making this rivalry more than a mere duel. Expect attention from any Beastmen you come across, as well as any 'proper' Northman and even Dark Elves, each seeking to capture you for the Champion of all Four.

Being taken prisoner shall see the vilest depredations and tortures being subjected on you, gruesome rituals to honour each god. Your strength of will matters not - you WILL break. It's simply a matter of time. But your captors will not willingly slay you themselves - that is an honour reserved for *a higher power*. The Everchosen shall drag you to the very northernmost point of the world, where they will offer up your broken form, mind, body, and soul, to the four. You will be ripped from existence, damned forevermore.

Eliminating the Everchosen helps, admittedly, yet that merely opens the way for more chaos worshippers to vie for the Gods' attention; the challenge would still ring out, just promising the newly opened position to any individuals worthy of it. And you will certainly find several of those, each with unique mutations and weapons, willing to put their lives on the line to drag you to the Warp.

A Time of Endings

Your time in this realm has come to an end. Perhaps you've made it better, perhaps you've lived a simple life. Either way, you've got a familiar choice to make now:

Hold The Line - There is so much here. So much to fix, see, defend, and more. Perhaps you've fallen in love with the lands of Man and have decided to forge a true home here with stalwart friends and comrades-in-arms. This choice is to stay. Your journey will end, and you will stay in this world.

The World That Was - You may have grown weary of your travels and wish for an end to your travels. Or it could be that you wish to bring the glory of the Empire to your homeworld, or something else entirely. You return home, bringing everything you have gained on your travels. May Sigmar watch over you.

The Journey Eastwards - There is something of the Unberogens in you, as like the first Emperor, you have yet more places to go and deeds to achieve. You have chosen, like in so many worlds before, to continue on your journey. Take your experiences here and remember them well...

Notes

Glossary:

This is for the benefit of anyone who wants more lore or doesn't understand a term. This jumpdoc cannot provide everything, and you may be confused about what Jumpchain is. In that case, peruse this link. If you want to do research about Warhammer Fantasy, I recommend you go to the wiki on fandom or read one of the rulebooks. In short, it's a dark fantasy tabletop game.

Gods

Priests may be a worshipper of any god in this list, besides the Chaos gods. However, you are *probably* a worshipper of either Sigmar or Ulric.

> Sigmar - God of the Empire. Was originally a mortal, the chief of the Unberogens who united twelve tribes and founded the Empire. Ruled for fifty years, before journeying Eastward, never to be seen again. Worship of him started a generation after he left. Symbolized by *Ghal Maraz,* the twin-tailed comet, and Griffons. The Cult of Sigmar is the largest religious organization in the Empire and has three electoral votes, which typically go to the Elector Count of Reikland.
>
> Ulric - God of War, Winter, and Wolves. The second-most worshipped god in the Empire and Sigmar himself was an Ulrican. Portrayed as a bearded barbarian wearing a white wolf pelt and wielding an axe. Symbolized by White Wolves. Worship centres in the Northern provinces, especially Middenland. The Cult of Ulric has one electoral vote, which traditionally goes to the Elector Count of Middenland. Brother of Taal.
>
> Taal - God of Nature, Animals, and Wild Places. Portrayed as a druid-like figure with a long beard. Symbolized by antlers, oaks, and stone axes. Primarily worshipped by rural folk and in Talabecland. Worshippers spend a week in the wild every year. Brother of Ulric, husband of Rhya, and father of Manaan.
>
> Rhya - Goddess of Fertility, Life, and Summer. Portrayed as a beautiful woman covered in natural bounty. Symbols are wheat, fruit, harvest horns, etc. Worshipped by farmers,

herbalists, midwives, and anybody who deals with lots of life. Wife of Taal, Mother of Manann.

Shallya - Goddess of Mercy, Compassion, and Healing. Portrayed as a beautiful woman who weeps in empathy for the world. Worshippers of Shallya are kind and merciful to all. Symbolized by white doves. Worshipped by healers, doctors, charities, the poor, the sick, and abused women. Daughter of Verena and Morr, sister of Myrmidia. Nurgle's natural enemy.

Verena - Goddess of Wisdom, Justice, and Learning. Portrayed as a tall, beautiful woman who is blindfolded and carries a sword and scales. Worshipped by scholars, some wizards, lawyers, and magistrates. Symbolized by scales, owls, and downward-pointing swords. Wife of Morr, Mother of Shallya and Myrmidia.

Ranald - God of Trickery, Thieves, Luck, and the Poor. Worshipped by rogues, gamblers, liars, and destitute people. Symbolized by crossing your fingers, cats, and magpies. Vaguely described as a handsome human with a smile. Not evil, just generally for people of a chaotic bent.

Manann - God of the Oceans, Sea, and the Westerland. Worshipped by people who live by water - sailors, fishermen, marines, and also merchants. Popular in the free city of Marienburg. Portrayed as a big man with a black beard with seaweed in his hair and a five-pointed black iron crown. Symbolized by similar crowns, anchors, seashells, and waves. Son of Taal and Rhya.

Myrmidia - Goddess of Strategy, War, and the Southern Countries. Primarily worshipped by Estalians and Tileans, but also tacticians. Portrayed as a young warrior woman with southern-styled weapons. Calm, honourable, and symbolized by spears, shields, eagles, and suns. Daughter of Morr and Verena, Sister of Shallya.

Morr - God of Death, Dreams, and Prophecy. The souls of the dead are led to Morr's Underworld. Portrayed as a tall, black-haired man who is brooding and intense. Popular in Ostermark. Worshipped by gravediggers, mystics, the bereaved and grieving, morticians, etc. Husband of Verena, Father of Shallya and Myrmidia.

The following gods are the gods of Chaos. If you are reading this document, they likely need no introduction, as most people who know of Jumpchain know of these gods. If you are new or somehow don't, this section is for you.

Khorne - God of Hate, War, Rage, Blood, and Murder. Enjoys bloodshed and slaying - his followers are berserk warriors with incredible martial skill and strength, rampaging through battlefields. Khorne cares not from who the blood flows, only that it flows.

Tzeentch - God of Change, Magic, Knowledge, Schemes, and Fate. A consummate planner and master of all sorcery. Values cunning, intelligence, and wisdom. Tzeentch's faithful embody these values and are some of the best sorcerers in the world.

Nurgle - God of Disease, Plague, Decay, Death, and Despair. The embodiment of inevitability. Nurgle admires those who suffer the cruelties of the world despite everything and as such his cult festers with disease, yet presses on.

Slaanesh - God of Pleasure, Pain, Excess, Hedonism, and Decadence. Slaanesh represents cruelty and excess, but also the desire for perfection. The chosen Slaanesh are hedonists to the extreme, pushing their degenerate tastes to a non-stop, ecstatic climax.

Winds of Magic

The invisible currents of magical energy that flow into the world from the Realm of Chaos. Visible to those with Witchsight. Typically, humans can only manipulate one. All Winds have applications in battle, but they specialize in different areas.

Hysh - The White Wind, from which the Lore of Light comes. The hardest wind to control. Appears as a source of steady light, though diffuse. Spells of Hysh are typically protective spells, focused on safeguarding others or banishing evil. Wielded by the Light Order.

Chamon - The Yellow Wind, from which the Lore of Metal comes. Specializes in alchemy - these are wizard-chemists. Appears as a dense, heavy wind, attracted to metal. Spells of Chamon focus on the manipulation and transmutation of metal. Wielded by the Golden Order.

Ghyran - The Green Wind, from which the Lore of Life comes. Appears as green-hued energy, forming into rivers that sink into the natural world. Spells of Ghyran are supportive, healing, protecting, and controlling plants, earth, and water. Wielded by the Jade Order.

Azyr - The Blue Wind, from which the Lore of Heavens comes. Appears like bolts of lightning. Wielders of Azyr are Astronomers, and their spells wield power over the heavens, divining the future, altering fate, and calling down storms, wind, and comets. Wielded by the Celestial Order.

Ulgu - The Grey Wind, from which the Lore of Shadows comes. Appears as a thick, impenetrable fog rolling across the ground. Spells of Ulgu are phantasmal spells of trickery. They involve illusions, shadows, darkness, fear, and subterfuge. Wielded by the Grey Order.

Shyish - The Purple Wind, from which the Lore of Death comes. Appears near cemeteries and other places of death, especially during fall and winter. Shysish concerns itself with spells of death, endings, and spirits, but it is *not* the magic of necromancy. Wielded by the Amethyst Order.

Aqshy - The Red Wind, from which the Lore of Fire comes. Appears as a hot, searing wind, attracted to passion and conflict. Spells of Aqshy, unsurprisingly, control fire. They scorch, char, sear, fry, and reduce anything they touch into ashes. Wielded by the Bright Order.

Ghur - The Brown Wind, from which the Lore of Beasts comes. Appears as a cold, savage wind, attracted to wild places and great beasts. Spells of Ghur can augment the user or their allies, bend animals to their will, and skilled practitioners can even shapeshift. Wielded by the Amber Order.

Main Foes of the Empire

Chaos - The malign force of corruptive supernatural disorder pouring into the world from the North and South poles. Made out of magic and fuelled by the emotions of sapient races. Embodied by the Chaos Gods and their Daemons.

Norscans - A catch-all term for the Warriors and Marauders from the land of Norsca. Chaos-worshipping Viking invaders who raid the Empire from the northern coasts, burning, raping, and pillaging. They do the same with the rest of the world as they are excellent sailors.

Beastmen - Mutant humanoids bearing the features of goats, donkeys, bulls, etc. Evil, bloodthirsty, Chaos-worshipping animal people. Also known as the Cloven Ones, or the Horned Ones. They inhabit forests all over the world, coming out to slaughter and kill.

Daemons - The servants of the Chaos Gods, created by their masters from a fraction of power. Made of magic, evil, and subservient to one of the four gods we mentioned earlier. There are various kinds of Daemons, from lesser to greater, and some mortals have ascended into Daemonhood.

Greenskins - Orcs, Goblins, and their ilk. They live for violence, to fight and kill. Orcs are large, strong, savage, brutish, primitive, and often quite stupid. Goblins aren't as big, but they are much more intelligent and able to come up with schemes to enact more violence.

Skaven - Ratmen. Invariably paranoid and backstabbing. They are extremely numerous but divided into many squabbling clans. The Skaven live underground, taint almost everything they come into contact with, worship a distant relative of the Chaos gods called the Horned Rat, and want to take over the world.

The Undead - Self-explanatory name. Those who have died, but have been reanimated by the evil magic of Necromancy. The primary undead threat to the Empire comes from the Vampire Counts in Sylvania, but there are other Undead in different parts of the world.

To be clear, the position of the Emperor is *not* hereditary. An Emperor is elected by the Elector Counts by vote. There are fifteen votes - ten belong to counts, four belong to the churches, and one belongs to the elder of the Moot. Whoever gets the most votes becomes Emperor, provided they are willing. Upon death, abdication, or something that stops the Emperor from ruling a new Emperor is elected.

Unless stated otherwise, any Items you have purchased which represent locations (e.g. Fortress, Academy, Temple etc) may either be attached to your Warehouse, if you have one, or inserted into successive jumps in an appropriate location. Alternatively, you may choose to treat such properties as 'new finds' - for instance, rather than your mine being inserted as it was into a new world, you will instead find the perfect spot for mining.

Please note that taking multiple enemy-based drawbacks compounds. So taking Local enemies with Elf snobbery or Orc mini-waaghs will lead to them not necessarily cooperating but all working at least not in each other's way to make Jumper's life awful.

You cannot recruit Kurt Helborg, Grand Master of the Reiksguard, or any other canon character in the hero section of the Army Builder. Note that the Knights of the White Wolf do not carry shields or wear helmets.

On being a Knight - Knights have to give up all their holdings, so in the case that you become one, somebody else will hold all your land for the jump.

On *The Empire Strikes Back* - Wulfrik will challenge you in *English.* Or whatever your native tongue is.

EYouchen/MadaMada/Eli's Section:

Mada Mada Plus Ultra. EYouchen/MadaMada/Eli Jump #12. Though I suppose it could be #11⅓. This does not apply to the other Jumpmakers who I worked with.

It's my first collaboration. This document began as a WIP by Pokebrat_J. QafianSage took initiative to finish the work, and Poscidion and I hopped in early. I don't condone revenge, guys. Even though I wrote the scenario where you fight Khazrak. I also wrote the Halfling Rebellion scenario. "The mowing of the Moot" is a reference to "The Scouring of the Shire.

If you've made it here, know that the wind of Ulgu blows *south* of my words here. At the very pole.

Location Categories:

Total: 12

- Not Earth: 4 - Peter Nimble and his Fantastic Eyes, Sophie Quire and the Last Storyguard, Thor: Love and Thunder, Warhammer Fantasy: Empire of Man
- Earth, Unspecified Location: 2 - Toaster Dude, the Giving Tree
- Earth, Global: 2 - DCeased, Arthur Christmas
- Earth, Specific Area: 4
    - Canada: 1 - The Troop
    - UK: 1 - Rise from Ashes
    - Japan: 1 - My Dress-Up Darling
    - USA: 1 - The Amazing Spider-Man

Credits:

- Pokebrat_J, Emperor of the WIP doc and progenitor of many jumps.
- QafianSage, the Second Emperor, co-writer of the Jump
- EYouchen/MadaMada/Eli, Loremaster of reading through Army Builders, co-writer of the Jump and procrastinator supreme
- Poscidion, Pious Priest of Sigmar, Holder of Sinner Waifus, co-writer of the jump
- Thanks to the unnamed Hochlander Priestess of Morr.

Changelog:

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