

The fallen leaves.
Tell a story.
The Great Elden Ring, was shattered.

In our home, across the fog. The Lands Between.

Now Queen Marika the Eternal is nowhere to be found.
Her son Godwyn the Golden first to perish, in the Night of the Black Knives.
Soon Marika's offspring, demigods all, claimed shards of the Elden Ring. The mad taint of
their newfound strength triggered the Shattering.

A war from which no lord arose.

A war leading to abandonment by the Greater Will, that guides both the
Elden Ring and the Erdtree it sustains.

Arise now, ye Tarnished!
Ye dead, who yet live!
The call of long-lost grace beckons!
To cross the fog, to the Lands Between.

To stand before the



And become the Elden Lord.

Take 1000 CP, whether or not you accept the guidance of Grace. You start in a time of
waning Grace and ruinous war where monsters, cultists, assassins and worse hunt in the
Lands Between.

Location

Roll 1d8 for your starting location, or pay 100 CP to choose.

1. Roundtable Hold: Somewhere beyond the dangers of the Lands Between lies a fortified, prosperous hub. There is warmth here, the comfort of solid walls and few dangers but above all it is a place where adventurers and craftsmen alike mingle, trade and exchange favours of all sorts. Sir Gideon Ofnir the All-Knowing, a cold but brutally honest Tarnished, enforces a broad neutrality of ideology amongst those who shelter here- and though technically a prisoner by Marika's edict, the skilled smithing master Hewg is happy to offer his services. Time will tell if the tentative peace shall hold, but until then it is one of the most peaceful places in this fractured era. And hidden deep within the hold are the Two Fingers: Mysterious, scarred entities that resemble their namesake, who are said to convey the Greater Will's wishes through their interpreter to those Tarnished worthy of their support.
2. Limgrave: The golden trees, tall grasses and bushland of this land have seen better days. Though considered a joke-and indeed, a distant relation- among his kin, Godrick the Golden (commonly nicknamed the Grafted after his...unsavoury attempts to gain greater power by desecrating the dead) has invaded and occupied Stormveil Castle among other fortresses. By the other demigods' standards his forces are undisciplined and craven- but no less vicious. Tread carefully here, though both refugees and merchants have been known to pass by it is far more common to encounter thugs or shambling aberrations that have become somehow involved in Godrick's disgusting ambitions.
3. Weeping Peninsula: Those Who Live In Death-skeletons, wights, and all manner of other undead-are commonly found here amongst the ruins of Marika's once-great holdings. A once-grand church featuring a magnificent statue of the goddess-queen can be found here though none come to worship, and one other attracts pilgrims to brave the many dangers in order to pay their respects. Also nearby, the demi-humans gather to worship their queen. Tread carefully, for the dead do not rest easily.
4. Liurnia of the Lakes: With its shallow waters and vast wetlands, the region of Liurnia is beset with the gradual sinking of most of its landmass. It's forests are perpetually blanketed in fog, and eerie sounds of bells can be heard in the distance. Once, a bewitching black moon guided the inhabitants of the Eternal City built here, a home to the Nox

who offended the Great Will and were banished from its sight-only for a malformed star to bring great devastation upon it, and take away their sky. It is said that the esteemed Raya Lucaria Academy lies in this region, it's sorcerers dismissive of those without the intellect to master the glintstone arts-or those who dare reach beyond what they think is possible. That Rennala, the grief-maddened Carian queen, has been imprisoned in the depths of the academy. And that amongst three towers, her Empyrean daughter Ranni the Witch and her closest servants scheme to reclaim her long-stalled destiny.

5. Caelid: An arid wasteland found east of Limgrave. Caelid is marred by scarlet rot, mutating its flora and fauna, bathing the environment in a deathly hue. Death and decay are all too frequent sights here, for it was here that the Empyrean Malenia released the Scarlet Rot while fighting a stalemate against her brother General Radahn, the Starscourge. The foul, inhuman Order of the Rot that worships Malenia as a goddess has it's fingers here; some say it has even found a few distant relatives of Malenia for its unsavoury experiments. By contrast, even now Radahn's loyal troops prepare to host a grand assembly of warriors-who fight in the hope of finally granting their Rot-maddened lord peace in death, even if it means breaking the hold he enforces on the stars' movement he yet maintains even in the grip of madness. And in a dismal sanctum, the mysterious Beast Clergyman Gurranq promises tutelage in the Beast Invocations in exchange for sating his desperate appetite with Deathroots-the mysterious plants that spread the Death Rune after Godwyn's downfall, and through it gave rise to Those Who Live In Death.

Any resemblance between the Clergyman and Maliketh, half-brother and shadowbound beast who was once charged with guarding Destined Death for his sister Marika, is *surely* coincidental.

6. Altus Plateau: How you reached these formidable heights is a mystery for many, for the Grand Lift of Dectus that connects it to Liurnia is heavily guarded-unless a certain artifact is brandished before the warden statues. It is said wonders such as a divine tower that can restore the power of a certain Great Rune, masterwork prosthetic arms and lost sorceries. Among them, an ascetic sage known as the Ever Brilliant Goldmask who contemplates the nature of perfect order. But the dangers are as dire as the treasures, for killers often gather here on their own missions: Godskin warriors rub shoulders with Black Knife assassin and would-be gentry of the Mohgwyn Dynasty: A foul house built on blood magic established by Mohg, demigod and petitioner of the Formless Mother, after he abducted the Empyrean Miquella and forced him into his bloody bedchamber. And

even more troublingly, it is rumoured that here dwell the Three Fingers: Heretical foes of the Two Fingers who gave their name to the following of madmen that reject the gods, and grant the all-destroying Frenzied Flame to those willing to seek it out.

7. Mt. Gelmir: A volcanic region west of the Altus Plateau, this land has seen war in many forms. It was here that Marika fought the giants, cursing them to tend the undying flame of their forge for all time. It is here that the demigod Praetor Rykard fed himself to the God-Devouring Serpent to earn both immortality-and to kill the divine rulers he came to see as tyrants. Rykard's ambitions have long curdled into a ruinous, depraved ambition-but his wife Tanith still rules with courtesy and respect at the volcano manor in which her champions slay Tarnished at her behest. Those who wish to grow strong in the way of flame can learn much from the killers here-assuming they themselves do not become targets for assassination, of course. And those who have been to...certain worlds wrought of fire and dark, or hunter's dreams, may be interested to learn that a certain opportunistic, squatting bald man with a penchant for kicking fools off cliffs is one of those who serve the manor.
8. Here There Be Dragons, And Giants: You may start anywhere in the Lands Between

Origins

So much has been lost in the Shattering that age and gender are largely irrelevant. Feel free to select yours as you wish.

Of No Renown: This is a time of upheaval and unseen machinations. Those who lack a name or legend for themselves, can often find opportunities to tilt the course of great events one way or another should they rise to the challenge. Whether you were a beggar, knight, scholar or noble, circumstances have found you a long way from the life you once lead in the Lands Between. Know that those here will judge you first by your actions, before your ideals or alliances.

This background may also be taken as a Drop-In option.

Guardian of a Fractured Order: For all their professed piety, the adherents of the Two Fingers and worshippers of the Golden Order aren't so different to the dispossessed followers of the demigods. Apart from each other, all many have is faith in a system that has been on the wane for quite a while now. Whether yours burns bright or gutters, your past in the Lands Between includes service to one of the local religions commonly associated with the Erdtree. It matters not if you are a former soldier of Radahn, a particularly pious Tarnished or one of Malenia's few soldiers who avoided the onset of the Rot. Your faith drives you on when the downfall of the world would have broken lesser men.

Carian Royalist: Long ago, Rennala ruled as both queen of Caria and the Academy of Raya Lucaria, gifted with potent sorceries and an uncommon bond with the moon. The conquering champion Radagon decided to wed her instead-only to abandon her for Marika, leaving her heart and mind broken in grief. Imprisoned for her lack of worth as a champion, her daughter Ranni yet schemes to usurp Marika and the order she has wrought; to that end, she has obtained the service and fellowship of many strange allies. Whatever your past here, whether or not you yourself lived in Caria, you somehow distinguished yourself enough to become one of them. Not all of Ranni's allies are truly steadfast, but whatever your true loyalties you are accepted as one of them.

Touched By The Third Finger: Ah. Was Morgott, the Omen King and along with his foul brother Mohg one of the least favoured children of Marika, right to fear the flames of ambition? For like those who gather at the Volcano Manor, and those who have been touched by the maddening urges of the Three Fingers, for one reason or another your time here has been defined by an overwhelming history of violence against the structures of power established by the divine. Perhaps over time, your personal ambition and corruption have distorted any ideals you had over time out of perspective. Or perhaps you sincerely believe

this world is better off seared to ash. Yet while you may call similar killers and madmen allies, it is not unknown for others to have been misled onto this path-and turn from it, when all seems lost.

Bloody Blackguard: Oh my. You've fallen in with a bad crowd, even by the standards discussed thus far. No misplaced loyalty or distorted zealotry guided you this far, oh no-only a lust for power, revenge or perhaps *other things* that casts aside all honour and morality in exchange for wielding forces deemed truly forbidden to the Golden Order. You may be a noble fallen on hard times, sworn to the service of Mohg, Lord of Blood-or a self-declared prophet of Rot-worshipping faith even Malenia, the object of your worship, disdains. You may be a particularly ambitious sorcerer, heedlessly taking life and communing with eldritch forces for the so purpose of advancing your craft. Or perhaps...there is no reason for what you do. You are simply a monster in a way no mere beast is, defiling and desecrating without rhyme or reason. Let the Golden Order break, then. When all else is naught but dung, you'll be eating richly indeed.

Races

Of Human Stock (Free): From seclusive, nomadic drives to pale-skinned northerners said to share blood with the giants, the gamut of humanity runs rich in the Lands Between. Whether you wish to be a weathered seafarer or a blood-soaked reedlander, your history here is rooted among the many varieties of humanity. As well as virtually all varieties of commonly known humanity, three varieties bear mentioning: The stoney-skinned, short-lived Dragonkin who have the dragons as their distant ancestors, the grey-skinned Nightfolk who were said to bleed silver long ago, and the tanned, long-lived Numen: Those from which Marika herself is said to have descended from, who hail from a place beyond the Lands Between.

Demi-human (Free): There are those who dwell in these lands that bear the likeness of animals, for both good and ill. The Man-Serpents were said to have been born after the elder serpent of Mr. Gelmir devoured a demigod in mysterious circumstances. Others, like certain wolf-men, seem to have an uncanny devotion to divine beings they serve-much like old legends claiming that wolves themselves as shadows of the Emyrean. Regardless, there's certainly no end to the variety of such mishappen creatures-and while many of them form roaming, barbaric packs with little ambition beyond hunting and gathering, some like a certain talented seamster or Carian champion are civilised and driven as any man. As such, you may be a hybrid of human and any natural animal-though whatever your form, you will still be human-shaped and without further options chosen elsewhere generally human-sized.

Great Beast (Free/100 CP): On second thought, why burden yourself with humanoid form at all when many seemingly natural animals have obtained great might and prowess of their own? The Red Wolf of Radagon is bigger than a bull, capable of conjuring mystic blades it swings with uncanny skill using it's jaws and launching mystic blades-and mighty yet agile enough to around a building smashing furniture with a mere brush. On the other hand Miriel, Pastor of Vows, is a kindly tortoise knowledgeable in the ways of sorceries, incantations and the lore of the land despite her immobility. Now, you are one such animal of note-the kind folklore would spring up around were your presence known to the wider world, just as King Godfrey himself took Serosh, Regent of Beasts, as his bosom companion. The trade off, of course, is there are neither armour nor weapons in this land fitted for such a beast. Perhaps a trifling concern for a true warrior.

For 100 CP, you may be an example like those listed above-a beast with skills and knowledge to match it's might akin to that of a veteran adventurer of this land. For free however, you may simply be an unusual natural species of this

world or simply a natural animal of any kind. This includes the mysterious spirit jellyfish, poisonous but peaceful creatures that yearn to protect-and are apparently *somehow* capable of travelling to the stars in an instant.

- Ancestral Spirit (100 CP): Though as mentioned above you had the form of a great animal, you have become a phenomena that occurs outside the Erdtree's jurisdiction. For life sprouts from death as well as birth-and from death, one may obtain power. For an extra 100 CP as well as the above, top of being whatever animal you were per Great Beast, though your physical body is long dead you endure in undead form-resembling your own corpse, but lit with an aura of teal flames demonstrating the power you have gained in transcending death. Your mystical powers are enhanced, to the extent an untrained elk could gallop on temporary platforms through the air and launch barrages of mystic missiles, and though you reside in a surreal pocket dimension you may re-enter reality near the site of where you died.

Albinauric (Free): A homunculus-like race dwells in these lands, made by human hands and such believed to live impure lives-untouched by the Erdtree's grace. Yet their innate arcane nature makes them great at sorcery, and before constant depredations from power-hungry sorcerers some had even raised a village. You may choose to be either a second-generation Albinauric, short and squat of form with a head like a grey frog, or one near-identical to human form externally. Naturally, as one of their kind you may consider yourself starting with the armour and weapons of your wrought of blue silver-the same material you were created from-which offers protection from magic and frost.

Living Jar (+300 CP/+200 CP): Good heavens, what manner of thing are you?! You're a jar! A jar that walks, fights and talks as articulately as any man in the Lands Between! Wherever could you have come from? WHY did some daft fools long ago decide to bring jars to life by infusing them with human flesh and innards!? Well, regardless of your grisly origins your kind is known to be rather kindly folk-unless provoked. The greatest among you are known to pass down the flesh of warriors from jar to jar, perhaps to strengthen future generations? The trade off is that there is only a finite amount of damage your kind can take without shattering, thus losing your life-and that unlike a being of flesh, there are no known ways for you to naturally heal. It's unclear if it would take sorcery, pottery or some strange mix of both to mend you.

And last but not least, while your people are not talented sorcerers you have a gift for making jar-like talismans that confer helpful auxiliary blessings to your friends.

For the gift of 300 CP, you may be as unto a common jar-a squat thing with lanky arms and legs coming up to the waist of a man-seldom a threat to a well-trained warrior except in groups. For the gift of a mere 200 CP instead you may be one of the greater jars, twice as tall as man and far wider, with greater leverage to bring to bear in battle. Of such stock is the honourable Iron Fist Alexander made. Other options here that bolster one's physiological gifts may be assumed to benefit your constructed body as though it were alive; perhaps with enough, it may be possible to start your journey with the mighty girth of the Great Jar: A Jar the size of a small building, with arms as thick as tree trunks. Whatever sort you are, be wary-there is great magical power locked in your materials, and as such poachers often come after your kind.

Giant of the Erdtree (100 CP): It is uncommon knowledge that during Marika's war against the giants long ago, some giants fought for the Erdtree. And though most have lost their minds, degenerating into what are known instead as trolls in the modern era, somehow like Ranni's war councillor Iji (and other troll knights still loyal to the royal family of Caria) you have kept yours. You are a gigantic, somewhat emaciated, grey humanoid with a talent for smithing; in times past your people forged gold-plated swords and other marvellous weapons in elaborate ceremonies. And though your kind's best days are behind you, none would doubt your smithing skills.

Fire Giant (200 CP): In ancient times, the giants were the mortal enemies of the Erdtree. Their bellowing desolated nature, triggered avalanches and whipped up storms of flame. But now their lands are no more, devastated by the Shattering and even their seemingly ever-burning, volcano-sized forge cooling to smouldering embers. And yet, all but the greatest warriors would be fools to challenge you. Slightly taller than a troll and much more muscled, you are a red-haired humanoid with wild red hair, stony grey skin-and an inherent gift for generating flame and wielding it with various magics, and the fell god from which they borrowed power that yet inhabits your kind somehow. Unusually among the races of this land your *torso* doubles as a second, fully functional face capable of belching the same flames that issue from your arms like a raging volcano. For all that your kind lost the war, none would doubt it was hard-fought; so tenacious and enduring are you that you can sever and cauterise limbs to empower your gifts of flame-and fight on, in the heat of battle.

Dragon (300 CP): Grey-scaled, feathered and winged reptilian creatures with powerful elemental breaths and size enough to topple trees by brushing up against them, dragons are one of the most powerful races in this world even following their decline. Though the god their Elden Lord Placidusax once served has long left, unlike the giants the dragons were not truly defeated in battle-albeit mainly because after felling the mighty dragon Fortissax in battle,

Godwyn convinced his mother Marika that the dragons were better as allies than enemies-earning his eternal friendship. Indeed, if an elemental breath powerful enough to rout armies and the gift of flight were not great enough threats your kind is also known for incredible prowess over magic; Lansseax, his sister, could even take on human form to moonlight as a priestess of the ancient dragon cult. As a final note, while the incantation red lightning was the signature weapon of all dragons many develop unique breath weapons somewhat related to their most frequented environment. From breaths of frost to blasts tainted by the Scarlet Rot or the classic fiery breath, any dragon is capable of unleashing an elemental torrent no band of men would want to face head on.

Crystallian (100 CP): Tall, inscrutable beings with a clearcut purpose, your kind are spirits with humanoid but crystalline bodies that have one clear purpose: To safeguard the crystals you watch over until the end. And perhaps, to await a creator that will carve more of you. Such is your skill at craftsmanship that you are able to make fine blades and staves that human hands cannot create. Such is your gift for sorcery that the sorcerers of Raya Lucaria consider you honoured guests, for the crystal-infused torrents, burst and barrages are beyond the reckoning of most mortal mages. It is said that your cogitation and inorganic way of being is close to the ideals of the primeval current, and therefore that your intellect is close to the stars. Whether or not that is true, your power over magic is as undeniable as your slow but graceful prowess in battle-and a resilience beyond most mortal men.

Spawn of the Stars (100/300 CP): There is a form of life unlike any found in the Lands Between, unrestricted by the conditions imposed by the Erdtree's order, contained in trickles of glintstone that descend from the cosmos above. There, strange forms of life with mysterious powers emerge from the very substances of the heavens. Would you care to be one of them?

For 100 CP, you may be one of the Alabaster of Onyx Lords: Tall, long-limbed, thin and almost fey-like ancients with flesh of stone that rose to life when a meteor struck the Lands Between long ago. Their innate powers over gravity are formidable-and at least somewhat compatible with the sorcery of this land, considering General Radahn learned gravity magic from an Alabaster Lord. It seems your kind are no less skilled in the arts of war, and care little for the danger of exposure to the elements since it is rare for you to don clothing.

On the other hand, for 300 CP you may instead be a true, living star such as Astel, Naturalborn of the Void. While Astel itself resembles a horrific dragonfly with a hauntingly humanoid skull, six scuttling limbs, iridescent insectile wings and a body of crudely connected space debris wound with rings of light it is up

to you whether you are a malformed star such as himself-or have a more pleasing, yet equally alien, form. Though you likely have formidable natural weapons and some form of flight, your true power is your mystical might. Astel levelled the Eternal City with his meteors and gravity powers, opens and shuts portals at will, and projects the image of celestial objects throughout a seemingly ordinary lair. And while it appears that for one reason or another Radahn's grip on the stars' movements does not restrict yours, you may yet retain the power to guide the fates of mortals-though precisely what this entails and how much control you have over the process remains little understood by the denizens of the Lands Between.

Perks

All perks are discounted under the relevant background header. Discounted perks are 50% off, and discounted 100 CP perks become free.

General

Tarnished (200/300 CP, requires Of Human Stock, cannot be taken with Demigod or Emphyrean): Ah. Poor, brave Tarnished. Once a man like any other, now raised from the peaceful repose by the Greater Will's unrelenting demand for a new champion to become Elden Lord. It matters little if you were noble, commonfolk or brigand in life; the darkening of the golden hue from your eyes will signify to all that you are a wanderer on a seemingly hopeless quest, suffering a loss of communion with the Erdtree. Perhaps, only just perhaps, you are among the faintest and most distantly related descendants of Marika and Godfrey's bloodline-though with little to show for it, save perhaps some faint affinity for the arts of war.

Not all Tarnished are so favoured, but it seems you are one of the lucky few to yet benefit from the Guidance of Grace: The divine revelation provided by the Golden Order, and perhaps the Greater Will that guides it. In your travels through this reality, you will come across tiny golden rays of light guiding you to your destiny as Elden Lord-resembling both a droplet in form, and a bonfire in ambience. Resting at such a site will restore both your body and focus (vital for casting magic of all sorts from this world) as well as cleanse you of all but the most dire of status effects. Do not fear poison, curses or raggedly bleeding wounds while in the presence of such a beacon-though richly embedded corruptive forces of directly divine power such as the Frenzied Flame will not be so easily quelled. Moreover, certain potions are miraculously refilled at such a site:

The Flask of Wondrous Physick, filled with crystal tears that normally amass at the roots of minor Erdtrees capable of laying all manner of boons on the drinker.

The Flask of Crimson Tears, which wondrously heals the drinker even in the heat of battle.

And the Flask of Cerulean Tears, which restores focus similarly.

Die in battle, and should you have the resolve to return you may resurrect at the last Site of Grace you rested at. The Site's soothing light also permits you to expend Runes in order to strengthen yourselves overall over time, and focus

your mind on magic or Ashes of War to better wield in battle. The potency of the flasks can also be increased or altered with Sacred Tears-faint vestiges of the Erdtree's blessings in the past.

It costs 200 CP to gain the mantle of Tarnished in this world, but for 300 CP you may keep all the benefits of the Guidance of Grace for yourself. In future worlds the Sites of Grace will continue to appear along with all they provide, this time leading towards what events, individuals and locations of great importance to the world instead of the Elden Ring.

Prawn Chef (50 CP): This is a dread age. A wolf age. An age of strife, and deprivation, and deadly gigantic shellfish roaming the lands. What's an honest man to do about it? Why not *boil them all up*? It seems that among your other skills, you're an experienced chef and can confidently skin, cure, and dress pretty much anything even somewhat edible you can kill.

You know the recipe for the golden medicinal solution that, once a pickled fowl's claw is soaked in, increases the runes obtained from slain enemies for a spell-as well as the medicinal yet delicious solutions to dip cured meat into so that you remain robust, resilient and focused in battle. You even know how to dry the livers of certain elementally empowered monsters in order to take on a measure of their resistance for a time in your battles. From the aphrodisiac properties of turtle meat (as well as the bitter medicine needed to wring uncanny stamina from it) to the fiery spices that ensure flesh roasted in it makes a hero's blows strike harder than usual, you're as much a field medic as a survivalist cook.

As a bonus, you seem particularly skilled at cooking up shellfish of all kinds. Even without your medicinal expertise prawn, crab, lobster and such taste so good they noticeably increase a warrior's mettle in battle.

The Perfumer's Art (50 CP): In time past, the role of perfumer was much respected; a blessed apothecary in the eyes of the many. But after entering the battlefields of the Shattering they performed no such role, trading their aromatics for poisons and explosives-as well as scents that embolden the morale of those under their command. Once jealously hoarded the capital, the art has since spread far and wide into the Lands Between-and whether you yourself are a legitimate heir or the art or learned it later, there's no doubt you're a master perfumer. From blood-red gels that cause wounds to bleed grievously, to noxious poisons of all kinds, to even elemental forces contained securely in pots all the many means of killing a man subtly or bewitching his mind are known to you.

Reclaimer of Runes and Ashes (100/300 CP): Faintly sparkling motes of light carrying the power of life itself and blessed by the Erdtree, runes are nourishment that through slow absorption develop all aspects of a Tarnished to greater heights. A fragment of Grace clings to you, permitting you to claim Runes from those you slay even in future worlds-and even if you yourself are not a Tarnished.

Consider Runes to be a sort of life energy closely bound to but not strictly speaking part of the soul, which with the aid of a Finger Maiden (or perhaps, similarly powerful being or force capable of manipulating spiritual energy) can be used to increase your strengths and abilities-or be removed from your body and traded away. Particularly powerful individuals possess Remembrances-mystical records of light produced by the Erdtree which can be used to forge items, spells, or Ashes of War: Unique signature fighting moves used by truly accomplished warriors and other figures of legend, more akin to transcendent martial techniques than the sorcery and incantations of this world. Divine ones on par with the demigods of this world or even Emphyreans may even have Great Runes of their own: Runes that embody their core divine traits.

For an extra 200 CP you may toggle on the propagation of Runes in future worlds. All living things-including cosmic beings and gods-will generate a certain amount of Runes. While spiritually or divinely sensitive beings may be able to figure out a way, as a unique ability by taking someone's hand and concentration for a moment you may grant them the ability to gather runes from those they slay. Beware: This gift, once given, cannot be easily taken back.

A True Companion (100 CP): Ah, this is bitter. It seems that whatever else you were in this world, you were also a Deathbed Companion: One of those who practiced the art of holding champions in order to receive a measure of their warmth and vigour. Not some foul life-draining vampiric grasp, no matter what those of the Golden Order who abhor such practices might insinuate-you simply warmly embrace the tired hero in order to bestow what is known as a Baldachin's Blessing. In exchange for a temporary depletion of vitality that is returned once the blessing is used, it confers a blessing of resilience and allows one to forget their aches and pains for a while. And while typically such blessings must be renewed by further embraces once expended it is said that once in her life, a Deathbed Companion can produce a truly radiant blessing that can be used indefinitely. Your powers have also given you a spiritual affinity for death and all associated with it, such that it might be possible for you gestate a Mending Rune capable of embedding the principle of life within death into Order. You may also apply it as a gift for ritual magics concerning death of all kinds.

All known Deathbed Companions are female. As a result of your investment here however, you may have the powers of one while being male for whatever reason. Perhaps you've simply had a strong spiritual connection to Those Who Live In Death that has given you a similar affinity for such arts?

You also have a natural talent for giving *wonderful* hugs.

Spirit Tuner (100 CP): Spirit tuning goes beyond simply imbuing strength, but as an art lies somewhere between tuning an instrument and conducting a conversation-leaving both parties enriched. Even tormented souls can find respite from their damnation through spirit tuning, and more usefully on the battlefield summoned spirits of all kinds are made more powerful overall by it. You're one of the few with the innate talent for this art as well as a fair amount of experience. By buying this perk here, this also grants you a large field of graven glovewort-the flowers used in spirit tuning-which can optionally become a Warehouse attachment.

Warrior of the Crucible (100 CP): It is said that the Erdtree's primordial form was a crucible of life, in which all life was blended together by its primal vital energies. Somewhere in your past you have studied a great many incantations and fighting techniques which channel the primordial form of life's energy through you. You know an Ash of War that lets you become temporarily invisible to most, through a dodge faster and further than most mortal warriors in this land can manage that lets you encircle your foe like a hunting wolf. You can conjure various natural weapon projections of vital Erdtree energy such as horns, tails and a throat pouch to breathe out a blast of fire on your body, incorporating them flawlessly into your savage fighting style. From filling your body with bestial vigour that heals you in the thick of battle, to a roar powerful enough to knock back warriors flying, to incantations evoking the power of primitive flung stone in sheer skill at least you can match the Beast Clergyman Gurranq. A sad thing, how few respect such primal power now that civilisation has moved on.

Reader of Remembrances (100 CP): You are also a skilled palm reader (or somehow have the power of one). This lets you glean the fate of those whose hands you read, permitting you to advise them with precise and uncanny guidance on how best to achieve their goals-or warn them when they are set on a course that cannot possibly end well for any involved. Presumably, you can also read your own palms. More importantly, even if you yourself do not have any Fingers looking over your shoulder you can extract the powerful techniques, spells and weapons from the Remembrances: Rune-like records meant to be hewn into the Erdtree, extracted from the death (or at least, decisive defeat judging by the case of Rennala) of truly legendary beings of this world,

which carry truly unique weapons, spells or techniques-and can be consumed for a fortune of Runes.

Smithing Master (100/200 CP): As long as there are warriors, there will always be a demand for those who can forge weapons and armour. You are one such skilled smith now, with a breadth and depth of experience that can match the Roundtable's own slaved smith. Be it a common cutlass, heavy plate or some exotic weapon touched by a god's hand, even if you haven't come across it before given enough time and the right crafting materials you'll be able to repair, improve on and tinker with just about anything from this world. It doesn't matter if that giant's sword yet blazes with fell flame or a certain glaive sparkles with the light of the moon-you have the care and metalworking knowledge to handle both safely, while ensuring your hammering only makes it better, not worse.

For an extra 100 CP, it seems you're something of an engineer and enchanter too even if you otherwise have no particular gift for the mystic arts. For you also fully comprehend the mechanisms needed to build the gigantic lifts providing transportation across the more far-flung regions of this world, as well as the arcane defences rooted in specific key items such as those used by the Carian royal family, or the materials needed to construct guardian entities such as golems.

Dragon Communion (200 CP): The practice of dragon communion is a primal practice, founded in the sacrificial devouring of dragon hearts in order to create the likeness of the dragons as elemental breath attacks, claw swipes and tail slashes-with an eye for greater transformations later on. Marika herself decreed that the worship of the Erdtree did not conflict with idolizing the ancient dragons, and so it is the difficulty of advancing of hunting and slaying dragons rather than persecution that has mainly hindered it's spread.

You are no mere neophyte. For years you have followed the path of Dragon Communion, and can be considered experienced in it. Not only are you better versed at challenging the mighty dragons than most warriors, but along with a wide arsenal of basic dragon-summoning based techniques-and a handful of some truly unique dragon's breath attacks-you have a great proficiency with summoning the red lightning that the ancient dragons were famed for. In future worlds, even the hearts of dragons alien to this world will confer similar benefits proportionate to their overall power.

If you wish, you may be even further along the path than most of your fellows, so steeped in transgressive excellence that you have left humanity behind and become a grotesque, winged yet flightless reptilian beast resembling the ancient

dragons as the pug resembles a wolf: A Magma Wyrmling. Though said to dwell beneath the earth in their wretchedness and unrecognisable from the natural majesty of a trueborn dragon, such creatures are still strong enough to tear stone apart and belch a short-ranged breath of lava. Most curiously, you yet retain opposable thumbs and the ability to walk on two legs-allowing you to forge mighty weapons coated in your scales and imbued with a measure of your fiery breath's power. Whether or not it is possible to transcend this debased state to become a true dragon is unclear-though given the decline of their race and the abundance of wretched wyrmlings, unlikely.

Ashen Summons (200 CP): As mentioned earlier, in this world life arises from death as much as death inevitably concludes life-and the spirit is not cleanly restricted to the flesh. Why not carry these principles of the world forward with you into other realities? Henceforth with a summoning bell from this world or a similar trinket, you will be able to conjure forth the spirits of beings in other realities as you would the ones here. The dead will require some sort of monument of rebirth (which this perk also gives you the knowledge and ability to craft) but virtually anything can be summoned in some fashion-legendary warriors skilled and armed as they were in life, spirits, strange beings that seem to be a halfway stage between the two like spirit jellyfish or artificial beings such as Albinaurics, even vermin like rats or mobile plants. And while with this alone there is no true mind control, those given the semblance of life in this manner are generally inclined to fight for you in instinctive thanks for the second chance of life you have granted.

For the living, you instead gain the power to lay down a sign which permits others to request your aid-and within touching distance, bless others with a similar power. This lets them come to aid you in battle as a tangible but translucent spirit form with all their powers and abilities, even in truly unusual locations. Though in both cases, without greater arts they will soon fade away-in the dead's case, because of the fading magic. Though the living may stay, most choose to return to their own lives and bodies once the battle is over.

...most of the time, anyway. It appears a spirit jellyfish is free to simply come and go as it pleases once called, and it is unclear how unique this is among other beings.

Finger Maiden (200 CP): How blessed you are, to walk in Grace. A bonafide Finger Maiden, a rare sight indeed in these lands now the Guidance of Grace no longer brings them together with the Tarnished as promised long before. Yours is the power to draw out the strength of Runes, converting them into strength in all aspects. From intellect to arcane insight, to resilience, swiftness, stamina and faith, any and all traits can be strengthened by your restorative touch. In

addition you are highly gifted in healing incantations of all kinds, and with a mere touch can lay all manner of enchantments such as sanctifying water to purge Those Who Live In Death or enchanted weapons to blaze with golden light that repels all whose existence defies sacred Order.

...are you truly a Maiden? At least, you have the *abilities* of one. But just as Melina is not quite the same thing, if you wish you may be disqualified for various reasons (such as, say, being male) yet still somehow have the spiritual gifts needed to function as a Maiden. What a strange turn of events.

Black Blade (500 CP): What a terrifying twist to the conspiracies of the divine you are. Long ago, Marika locked away Destined Death, that which slays the seemingly divine and immortal, in Maliketh-but with this, it seems for one reason or another, you too were chosen as a failsafe. Or perhaps, you or your predecessor was more involved in the night of Godwyn's assassination than many know? Whatever the reason you now have an equal measure of Destined Death's power as Maliketh retains in the present, perhaps strengthened by the consumption of Deathroot.

Somewhere on your body is a flat, round seal hosting the dreadful power your form contains. Smash it to release the writhing shadows and blazing crimson flames of Destined Death, and the great rusty blade that seethes focuses it's terrible power into a force that can slay even the divine. Wreathed in an empowering aura of blood-red, writhing black and even the Erdtree's golden sparks this blade can manifest slashing beams of crimson light, erupt in bonfire-like flames or simply slash at all nearby in a storm of illusory blades-and it is likely you can discover new techniques to wield the seething energy now unbound. Even unrefined, it grants you comparable physical prowess to a demigod. The result is the same: The innate vitality, endurance and resilience of all nearby, even that of divine beings, is drastically reduced and continuously lessened. Defences like the Erdtree's impenetrable barrier of thorns crumble at its touch, the seeming immortal demigods die even to a fragment of the power you hold and even an incarnation of Order itself would bleed, wither and wilt like a mortal before you. No blessing from this world can withstand the inevitability nor the deprivation of death that follows with it. Only another fragment of the Great Rune of Death could even offer resistance.

Demigod (500/800): You are no longer mortal. By some twist in your ancestry, you are a demigod-an equal to most of the legendary fingers that ruled this world as Marika's children. As for precisely *how so*, by default it is assumed that humans were either counted among those that were part of Godfrey and Marika's lineage, or Radagon and Marika's lineage. However, while the circumstances are vague other possibilities exist. There were other powers the

Erdtree had to overcome in long war to become the embodiment of order, and perhaps like the mysterious patron of the dragons or the black moon yours blessed you while maintaining a far more passive role in your life than the Erdtree. Or perhaps one of the Greater Will's mistakes was leaving a shard of the shattered Elden Ring to bind with you. Within reason, feel free to justify the terms and conditions of your demigodhood.

Your soul carries a Great Rune: A spiritual fragment of the Elden Ring (or a comparable power) that grants you immense physical, spiritual and mystical power. Exactly how those traits are allocated may depend on your temperament and training, and are reflected in the unique Great Rune you bear. But to use Morgott, a demigod of no particular note other than his unbreakable loyalty, with no particular specialisation you may leap over small buildings and remain unscathed by falls off tall towers. In combat your basic blows alone shatter stone, and where others require incantations or sorcery to channel the energy of the Erdtree (or other divine beings) you can infuse your blows and weapons with its energy to augment their damage, or even channel it into manifested weapons and techniques. Though you may still be cut and bleed, the divine vitality of the Erdtree sustains you-granting you an endurance for damage more comparable to monsters of legend than nearly all living men, biological immortality and allowing you to resurrect as Tarnished do without relying on a specific Site of Grace. Each such resurrection may still be taxing and it may be possible to exhaust you into final dissolution, but doing so is a legendary quest in itself for most in this world. But your physical traits pale in comparison to your mystical ones. With the same gravity magics others use to hurl small, localised meteorites with diligent study and training from an experienced tutor you could arrest the movements of the stars in the sky. Others among your peers have invented new schools of magic by communing with strange gods, and in the case of Godwyn wielded the taboo power of death as lightning with ferocity great enough to fell dragons-and precision enough to spare one's life.

Such is the case for 500 CP, at least. For 800 CP however, you may be something more than a demigod: A true Empyrean, a nascent god akin to Marika with the innate power to forge a new Order-a series of principles and laws that will shape the cosmos, akin to how the Golden Order defined the age Marika ruled. Though physically there is comparatively little difference between you and other demigods, your mystical powers are potent enough to be considered a prodigy among their kind. Even before her apotheosis, Malenia's Great Rune nourished her health with each wound she inflicted on her enemies. As for Ranni the Witch, simply put her magic is great enough that she can smite Tarnished capable of overcoming all but the greatest divine beings and most unrivalled champions in this world with a thought-and create a completely functional simulacrum of her mother Rennala. Though she seldom exerts such

power overtly enough to rate its effectiveness, it seems even she had her limits-for she sought a weapon of terrible power before challenging one of the Two Fingers and their forces, a battle which left her artificial body in seeming disarray. As the abduction of Miquella by Mohg proved, even an Empyrean is not untouchable.

But what truly sets you apart is the potential to bring a different Order to the world and reigning over it as Marika once did. Though you have not achieved full apotheosis, you are quite close to it-just as Malenia was on the cusp of doing so with a third and final blossoming. The process is ill-defined, though it appears Miquella wished to grow a new Erdtree while once her fate was untethered Ranni had to leave for the stars to find her order-which involves returning the black moon to the sky. While technically nothing would prevent you from seeking the throne of Elden Lord and it would likely be an adventure of even greater scope, you have the opportunity to define a new Order on your own terms. What manner of god would be content with merely inheriting the legacy of another?

Build Perks: In a land as rich in history as danger such as the Lands Between, those who survive have often done so thanks to innate gifts or well-honed talents that have made them forces to be reckoned with. These particular perks represent useful aptitudes and attributes you have honed here. **You receive a discount on two Build Perks of your choice.**

Focused Mind, Resilient Body (300 CP): A thousand maladies plague the lands between, and worse things that drive good men to madness. Whether through meditation or sheer grit, you're far less susceptible to both than most of your kind. While you're no less susceptible to general harm than before, the persistent damage left by conditions such as frostbite, rabid bleeding and infection find it far more difficult to find purchase on you-and you can fight them off with superb vigour. You also have a disciplined mind inured to many of the madness and sleep-inducing effects in this world. Elemental forces such as fire, magic and the holy power of the Erdtree are significantly blunted as well, as if you had imbibed all manner of concoctions to build up a resistance. No man will survive a swim in lava naked, but to charge through a dragon's fiery breath and still be fit to fight? That, a man with this could do.

Poised and Robust (300 CP): Warmth fills the breast of every champion, whether kindled with the flame of ambition or the Grace of the Erdtree. And you're unusually hardy, with an enviable vitality and resilience among your kind. You can take great wounds to your body and walk off far more than your far more would suggest, and run without exhausting yourself in full armour for longer than many would dare to believe. You are also tougher than you look,

however you look, to the point where purely physical attacks of all kind have less of an impact on you than a standard member of whatever you are. “Instant death” effects are less likely to work effectively on you-save those of truly overwhelming force, like the anger of the divine. In addition you’re superbly difficult to knock off your feet, through a combination of sure footing and a particularly solid build. If you were but a man, you’d be the kind who could take on a charging knight on foot with a longsword and come out on top

Swift As The Wind (300 CP): Speed and reflexes are as much the provenance of the battle-tested mage who wants to get his incantations out on time, as the warrior striving to roll under her foe’s clumsy swing and cut his throat in one smooth motion. And yours is exceptional, by the standards of your kin. Your body is responsive and agile as an acrobat or professional burglar, your reaction time like that of a wild animal and your wits fast enough to keep up with both. You’ll find your skill with lighter weapons and those that depends on artful manoeuvres over brute force to be significantly greater than it otherwise would too, better able to handle great falls and of course quicker on the draw in a battle of magic. You’re also an expert archer and marksman if you weren’t already-and if you were, feel free to impress your friends by shooting an apple off their head. Blindfolded. But a man like this will mostly like be remembered for agile, last-second dodges around a striking deathbird.

The Many Arts of War (300 CP): Any warrior in this day and age should get used to fighting with spear, sword, and just about every weapon outside their preferred one if they’re in it to survive for the long run. But there is a gulf between a jack of all trades and a master of all that you personify. Not only are you even more hardened by war than a typical specimen of your kind, but you have a gift for inventing signature moves and techniques-those which the Tarnished would treasure as Ashes of War used to infuse weapons they wield with the uncanny skill and deadly prowess of other warriors. It is more than an astonishing combat genius and hand-eye coordination that lets you develop flourishing slashes or mighty smashes that can turn the tables on an equally experienced warrior-you’re also gifted at creating and using spells with a martial bent to them, or adding any magical effects you can manifest to weapons of your own-from blood magic to the flames of the giants. To cap it all, you’re also a gifted strategist and tactician with the gumption to lead an army through some of the most hellish wars of the Shattering.

Sorcerous Adept (300 CP): Intellect, abstract reasoning and all the other scholastic arts are those most treasured by the sorcerers of Raya Lucaria-all talents you have in spades. Not only is your mind powerful enough to withstand the scholastic rigours needed to comprehend, grasp and properly execute various sorceries beyond the common ken of most of your kind, but you are also

a gifted wielder of sorceries by the standards of your kin. Some weapons in this world are also more effective in your hands, and perhaps due to your grasp of the underlying principles it seems your sorcerous learnings have made it harder for you to be damaged by hostile sorcery. Naturally this comes with a great deal of knowledge about history, studies about the traditions inherited from sorcerer to sorcerer and insight into the history of this world-but surely the power to blast away your enemies with a barrage of falling glintstone stars is more relevant here?

Faithful Incantation (300 CP): The faithful of the Golden Order hold the pious in high esteem, for it is they who are best able to harness the blessings of the Erdtree-among other forces. And you are saintly and well-endowed with faith enough that whatever you believe in, there is a calmness of thought and purpose that sets you above the rest of your kind. In the context of combat though, this means that you are widely versed in incantations of your choice by the standards of your kind-and those you know are far more effective than in the hands of most. And like the arcane staves prized by sorcerers, some weapons too reward the pious with greater effectiveness on the battlefield. This is not to say you are wilfully ignorant or blind to other worldviews-indeed, your mind is gifted with a great deal of philosophical and abstract reflection that strengthens, not weakens, your faith. And while it may come with little useful knowledge beyond the tenants of that faith, it does make you a gifted orator and speaker as well-whether by captivating others with the surety of your convictions, or articulating compelling arguments for your cause.

Arcane Insight (300 CP): There is an insight and worldly knowledge into the workings of the world that does not fit cleanly into either the philosophising of faith or the intellectual rigour prized by sorcery-and yet, is more than mere low cunning. You have seen the way the supernatural world is put together at the seams, and how to exploit it for your own profit. For one thing, you are noticeably harder to damage with the holy forces of the Erdtree than most of your kind. For another, your vitality is noticeably improved too; many "instant death" effects are less likely to affect you. For some reason you also have a tendency to find more and better quality items of all sorts on the defeated bodies of your enemies. And yes, there are weapons out there that show their true worth only in the hands of a true master of the arcane. But the true gift of being a master of the Arcane is that sorceries and incantations that partake of Mohg's unnatural harnessing of life energy from blood are much both more powerful and easy to execute in your hands, as well as simpler to learn than most of your kind.

Might of Champions (300 CP): Brains overthink things. Faith gets you into trouble. And things that men aren't meant to know have a tendency to turn them

into monsters. You want to stand at the apex of the battlefield, you need brawn-and you've no lack of it. Those weapons considered big and heavy by your kind can be hefted with relative ease, and your blows strike with thunderous might. Let none doubt your prowess as a warrior though, for you have a wealth of experience with maces, axes and other weapons many may look down on as lout's tools with the mastery of an expert fencer. And while every physical trait buffed from this section comes with some implicit proficiency at hand to hand combat, it is with this that you become a true martial artist among your kind-deadlier without a weapon than with one, some might say. And when you need MORE strength, like the warriors of the Badlands you can let out a mighty war cry that stuns those near you and empowers your body with unbound bloodlust-though it is a significant effort even for an experienced warrior.

Vessel of Ruination (300 CP): You poor soul. This is...dire. One of the great forces of this world has chosen to infuse you with a significant portion of its supernatural energy, for good or ill. Disregarding even any other infusions you may have received by other choices, the two somehow existing in an inexplicable symbiosis-and by your investment here, is guaranteed not to lead to your inevitable and tragic death or even worse state without your consent. It may be the foul touch of an outer god, a taste of the Scarlet Rot or the Formless Mother's bloodstained fertility. It may however be something relatively benign, such as the blessings of an ancient dragon or even an infusion of the Erdtree's holy energies such as those enjoyed by the guardians with whom it has made a covenant. It may even be a seemingly passive force, such as frost or the spiritual life that springs from death. Whatever it is, even with no training it makes you a force to be reckoned with possessing unique supernatural powers exceptional among your kind-and for the more benign forces, possibly a target for those whom you might want to avoid the interest of.

An Unusual Inheritance (300 CP): The rumours abound, and will not abate-the descendants of the demigods yet walk this world! A beautiful swordswoman, the spitting image of Malenia with all her skill-and a portion of her accursed Scarlet Rot. A beautiful but ferocious barbarian woman, who supposedly shares a last name with King Godfrey's old one before he civilised himself as Elden Lord. And now-there is you. You have natural talents, including everything from mundane strength to skills to even a noticeable (though still relatively mortal scale) affinity for the kind of supernatural powers they possessed, resembling those of a significant figure from this world's past. Be it a demigod, a legendary monster like the God-Eating Serpent, some strange being from the heavens above or even an Empyrean; anything short of the mysterious outer gods the Great Will competed against for supremacy is valid. It should be noted you may not *necessarily* be an actual descendent of whoever they are (though as both gods and men were known for their fickleness, the truth may be stranger

than fiction). Many cults with unsavoury goals in mind have a penchant for attempting to obtain the powers of the mighty for one purpose or another, and for truly bizarre occurrences like a living jar showing up with the blood of the stars well...try to make something up that doesn't upset the established history of this world to badly, please.

Of No Renown

The Road Not Taken (100 CP): The Golden Order assumes all Tarnished will obediently proceed to their fate, but none survive the Lands Between without learning much of their secrets. For starters you're an excellent outdoorsman, with the stamina to walk long distances, an instinctive sense of direction and the knack of tracking, trapping and navigating with little more than the clothes on your back. But more importantly when it comes to investigating alternative solutions, pathways and possibilities to your objective or even your worldview, you have a sixth sense for picking up on what you might have otherwise missed. This comes in handy for both nabbing that loot a lesser mind might have overlooked, as well as putting the pieces together about whether a friendly witch might be the same person as the rather more regal-seeming witch you met later.

Champion of the Roundtable (200 CP): There's something about you that's uplifting in a way uncommon to this land. Petty thugs may see something they like about you because of your taste for prawn, bereaved survivors sense that you can be trusted with their urgent missions, and landed gentry may see you as an equal despite your lowborn origins. For whatever the reason, you're personally likeable and trustworthy on first sight-an inspirational force for change that lifts up and comforts those without the strength or opportunity to stand for themselves. And should you actually help out those around you, you can be assured their gratitude will pay off-whether in the form of support from comrades on the battlefield, or contracts honoured even from mostly treacherous factions. Accomplish enough, and well before formally becoming Elden Lord you may have those around you clamouring for your coronation.

No Maidens, No Problem (400 CP): It seems that chance and circumstance just keep lining up for you, even should you start from humble beginnings. Foes you run into often just happen to be fending off assassins or other dangers of their own, or have suffered great wounds or misfortune before your encounter. Old treasure chests have an astonishing tendency to contain legendary blades of old or enchanted (and surprisingly well-fitted) armour long thought lost to the Lands Between. Crafting ingredients and other consumables of all kinds practically litter the place wherever you go-never found by any except you, for some reason. This is much more specific when you have a concrete, ambitious

goal such as becoming Elden Lord, but even should you simply strive for strength you'll find yourself living a charmed life. Even seemingly impassable barriers or overwhelming odds can be beaten, if you correctly apply the right ally or McGuffin to drop in your lap when all seems lost.

WARRIOR! (600 CP): Before he was King Godfrey, the first Elden Lord was a mighty barbarian champion of the Badlands called Hoarah Loux. He led the War against the Giants. Fought the Storm Lord, alone. No foe could stand before his coming, and he ruled the battlefield. So great in size, that Morgott is like a small child in his arms-and from his youngest years, even his demigod son Radahn was captivated by him. And now, it seems that you too have somehow obtained a similar physicality to the heroic build he boasts. Though you may not necessarily share *all* his experiences as the first Elden Lord, you fight like one who had done so all their life; some weapons may be more familiar to you than others, but none are strangers to you-and your masterful grace with all will brutally punish who assume you are but a dumb brute. But it is your uncanny strength focused into hand to hand that makes you truly fearsome, being to other men what dragons are to lizards.

With a single stomp you could raise jagged spikes from the earth, and leap flying over your foes in a single bound. With a weapon in hand, you could raise even greater shockwaves from the ground beneath you. And when you cut loose, your strength is even greater. Your battle cries can kill lesser men, even as they bolster your own might. With your bare hands, you could punch craters into the ground that soon after explode, toss men like ragdolls-and leap fast enough to *catch* and fling them at the earth anew. And your resilience is more akin to a great monster than the Tarnished you are at heart. Oh yes. Though you have the strength to rend men limb from limb and the swiftness to catch them in a single bound, in truth there is no great secret to your mighty prowess, no pact with foreign powers and no dark secret behind what you are. You have simply fought and accumulated Runes to the point where you are built. Different.

Guardian of a Fractured Order

Fundamentals of Faith (100 CP): To have faith in the Golden Order, or any demigod really, can be taxing at times. Yet yours comes in such abundance that your incantations are naturally empowered, as are certain physical weapons for which faith lends a keen edge. Moreover you have a talent as a public speaker and preacher, acutely memorising the tenants of whatever faith you subscribe to and enunciating them in a concise yet uplifting way for any who care to hear. It matters not if you are raising a new army to challenge the Rot-maddened Starscourge, regaling a village with the tales of Miquella's blade or simply destroying an infidel with logic and facts. Your priestly faith is complimented

by a flexible mind, insuring you from doubt and disease should the assumptions of your faith come into question.

Fingers' Finger (200 CP): It takes more than faith alone to carry out Marika's bidding. It takes organisation. Logistics. A cold heart capable of staining one's hands in the blood of the innocent. You have all of that down to an art, skilfully allocating resources, crunching numbers and directing agents in such a way that you could get emissaries from several disparate ideologies living under one roof in truce. Furthermore you're a gifted scholar, gathering and parsing information with a gift for the written world nearly lost in this age. Those who serve under you are easily convinced of the righteousness and necessity of your cause, if not necessarily your own character, and you're good at making a logically convincing argument if not a passionate one. Let others strive for the Elden Throne. You'll be the one making sure taxes are filed, inventories accounted and all the inglorious bits of warfare that an army needs to actually function.

Duty Beyond Death (400 CP): Some heroes divine the course of ages. Others find strength in those whose legends overshadow them. In your diligence and your faith, you find yourself capable of wringing out advancements and might beyond what you think are your limits. A knight could carry a slumbering comrade far away from the site where the Scarlet Rot touched the world, fending off all manner of foes while crossing much of the Lands Between. A noble knight dedicated to the general he idolises could master and recreate his gravity magics-even if that general is separated from him by the gulf of demigodhood. Even if it is a concept you devote yourself to rather than a person all skill, abilities and competencies you train yourself in advance in leaps and bounds beyond all but the greatest legends of this world to emulate it-and in a battle directly opposed to it, your prowess will drive you on where lesser men succumb to lack of focus or exhaustion. None will doubt that whether you champion the Golden Order or another being in this world, that you are its most devout champion.

Absolute Radiance (600 CP): The Noble Goldmask, perhaps the most enlightened sage known to the Golden Order of his generation, now has an equal in his understanding of the inner workings of this world-you. Two principles define the Golden Order at a fundamental level: Regression, the pull of meaning and the eternal yearning of all things to converge, and Causality-the pull between meanings and the connections that form the relationships of all things. Perhaps it is this understanding of such principles that lets him simply disregard worldly violence and even the problems of physicality, vanishing from sight only to return later at will-as you can. Perhaps it is also why unlike even other Tarnished, you do not seem to require sustenance-and are unbothered by exposure while dressed in the humblest of rags. So saintly and pure is your

faith that even the things you choose to wear become hallowed and blessed by the Golden Order's holiness, sanctified with its principles and empowering its incantations greatly. It should go without saying that incantations are extremely powerful things in your hands-though with this alone, you have trained your mind on more abstract matters than how many bolts of lightning you can throw at your enemies.

But the true purpose of your ruminations is meditatively analysing cosmological systems and all the problems underlying them such as the Golden Order and its shattering, and coming up with transcendental methodologies to improve them; though if you like, nothing prevents you from fixating on a less complex issue like your squeaky door or the economy. Depending on what you focus on this can manifest as everything from a plan which if executed perfectly will bring about positive change for all within the system, to a unique incantation, though for truly catastrophic damage such as the Shattering at great effort you can instead manifest a transcendental thought into a catalyst that can repair or instigate improvement in the system when applied correctly. When it comes to helping people even the right word of advice could set their lives down a better course, and if later you discover some evil god can only be defeated if its ring is cast into the fires from which it was forged you'll be able to pinpoint who is best suited to bear it. In the case of this world, the Mending Rune of Perfect Order still had to be taken to the Erdtree by a successful Elden Lord-but such is your insight that there will always be a way, however difficult, for you to preserve and glorify the world with the brilliance you seek.

Carian Royalist

Destined Devotion (100 CP): Is it not a terrible thing to be all alone on a cold, moonless night? Surrounded by foes, abandoned and discarded-it is in times of crisis like these that true devotion shines brightest. Your loyalty to others is supremely difficult to distort. Even if you were cursed to be a sleeper agent, you could barely resist and turn against the agents of those sent to ensure your compliance. But more importantly, as long as they are dealt with fairly those already loyal to yourself or your cause are deeply inured against betrayal. A wanderer with no particular reason to help you could become a treasured companion after enough adventure together and time to grant them recompense for service. Even a slimy opportunist would know better than to do more than grovel before you without an exceptionally talented accomplish.

Moonlit Schemes (200 CP): The last princess of Caria operates in utmost secrecy, hidden from the agents of the demigods. However involved you are in her schemes you have a similar talent for espionage as her agents-adeptly striking deals with tentative allies, moving in secrecy through wilderness and city alike, and having a sixth sense for when to withhold information for best results-and who to trust with it. It matters not how many are arrayed against you, for your scheming and information gathering is almost uncanny at discovering how to achieve your objectives while denying your foes' theirs. Even should you personally be unable to overcome a mighty demigod, it would not be out of the question for you to manipulate others into removing them from your path. By your underhanded ways, with a few good men you could bring to fruition what armies of the loyal but misguided fail to accomplish.

Written in the Stars (400 CP): The eldest primeval sorcery is said to have been discovered by an ancient astrologer, who glimpsed a primeval current that became real, causing the stars' amber to rain down. Not only are you highly skilled in the sorcery learned from Crystallians, and Onyx and Alabaster Lords, that mortal men struggle to comprehend but the effectiveness of your spells increases when you are able to witness the stars clearly-even if only as a simulacrum or projection, as long as it is sufficiently accurate one. Their movements presciently guiding your knowledge of things to come as well as the complexity of your spellcraft, and unlock insights into creating new sorceries beyond mortal ken. With time and study, any celestial phenomena in the heavens above can be used to design a new sorcery bolstered with the power of the heavens. Notably, you have already discovered one that can cause glintstone to rain down from the heavens even in other worlds-a great boon for the sorcerer's art, for that precious substance contains the stars' lifeforce and is valuable for building all manner of implements.

Greater power awaits you if you are willing to apply your knowledge of the forbidden primeval current. You know how to replace your body parts with inorganic glintstone components, to transplant your soul into a great primal glintstone through which you can animate a suitably prepared puppet's body and to weave multiple such sorcerers into a "star seed" to channel greater power. Yet beware, all right-thinking sorcerers fear and scorn those who seek the primeval current for their ruthless willingness to murder.

Curiously your knowledge base also carries with it an exceptional background in making dolls. Not only are you able to expertly construct, maintain and modify doll bodies for disembodied souls in need of one to inhabit, but you also know how to brew potions that can slay the drinker-and enslave their soul to be bound into a puppet of your design. Thus bound, they can be summoned and commanded at will like any spirit save with far less volition of their own. Whatever you could intend with such an art?

Moon-Touched (600 CP): Like Queen Rennala and her daughter Ranni, you encountered a mysterious moon in your youth-and it has greatly augmented both the raw power of your sorcery, and your talent with mastering it. Included is a spell unique to the Carian royalty: The power to incarnate a moon roughly sized to your own body and send it at your foes, drawing in and dispelling all sorcery it touches as well as reducing magical defence negation; with further study, certain elemental powers may be applied to it as well. It is no exaggeration to say that your sorcerous expertise compares favourably to the might of some demigods, gracefully drowning your foes in them like a rain of shooting stars and conjuring phantasmal night-graced landscapes that seem wholly real to those caught within them.

You also have the towering build and formidable spiritual power of a true champion, rising above the height of most of your kind-and adept with a magical stave as a tool of war as well as a magical instrument. And just like the Carian royal family's distant but cordial relations with the moon, though your path may be difficult if opposition is truly overwhelming not only are you fated to attain great political and mystical power-but all your magical abilities are particularly effective against extraterrestrial invaders, corruptive forces and eldritch horrors of all sorts. Even divine beings or the truly alien of form will find their innate natures grant them no particular protection against your spellcraft. Let the malign forces that would twist human ambition against itself bear witness to the coming of a cold, dark night.

Touched By The Third Finger

Untethered Opportunist (100 CP): Well, well. Another tetchy lout, eh? Not everyone drawn by the Three Fingers' allure is a mad zealot, and you're just the kind of scum to make the most of a group like that. For starters you're a fantastic merchant, bandit and thief, able to sweep through the outskirts of a village and pickpocket enough goodies to set up a veritable emporium. For another, you have exactly the right kind of low cunning to make most think twice about crushing you underfoot for trying to stab them in the back, whether by making up convincing excuses or convincing them of your continued use. Fast-talking, wheeling and dealing has never been easier, but woe befall anyone who doubts you have what it takes to dodge and backstab with the best of them.

You also have some fairly strong legs (or the equivalent thereof) by the standards of whatever you are. All the better to kick people down cliffs.

A Warm Smile (200 CP): The sweet-sounding voice of the Volcano Manor's lady is at odds with her depraved ambition, and like every emissary of a heretical faith with a proven track record of getting recruits you're a frighteningly good people person. Your silver-tongued entreaty, pleasant features and intuition for how to put others at ease while stoking the fires of ambition and degeneracy within them combine in such a way that a man could come to your door seeking to avenge his slain servant-and if his insecurity is great enough and his mind only average, become recruited as a hired killer in your service. This pleasantry seems to encourage civility in even the more deranged killers around you, encouraging them to offer you as much courtesy as you grant them. Others as depraved as you are seem particularly drawn to your side, as if moths to a flame.

Serpentine Ambition (400 CP): Rykard's vow to secure true immortality for himself and his defiance against all confinement are one and the same. So it is for you, who perhaps have been touched by his power in the past as a gesture of favour. For every method you have of gathering spiritual energy or souls is drastically more effective now; fallen foes yield more runes, souls that could otherwise fight back are drawn into you as if envenomed and constricted by the coils of a serpent, and normally corruptive forces sit well in you. This perverse symbiosis could soon lead to strange distortions of your form if done in excess-but the power granted is undeniable, and it seems your twisted ambitions inspire a perversely familial loyalty in other seekers of power and prestige who are drawn to your goals like flies to a corpse. Last but not least, when you are devoured by something greater than yourself there is a significant chance that instead of dying you will merge with and consume *it* in turn-taking on its superior strength and form while forcibly manifesting your own powers through

it. This gift is not infallible, but with it a demigod could wrest control of a god-devouring serpent's body. And a Tarnished could certainly become Lord of the Frenzied Flame without yielding their will to it.

O, Flame! (600 CP): In times past, every single person who attempted to control the flame of frenzy succumbed to madness after a desperate internal struggle. And whether this is a meagre victory or a prelude to yet another tragedy, it seems you have a great affinity for magic governing fire of all kinds. Fireballs roar into short-lived rains of fire while dragon's breath roars like a comet; while all fire magic benefits, the yearning for destruction within you is drawn most to unrestricted, wild, passionate destruction. The magic of the Frenzied Flame in particular is most empowered by your blazing gift. With certain unwholesome practices it would not be out of the question to pervert and warp other powers with the Flame's destructive ways, whether by reducing a promising Finger Maiden into a self-immolating vessel for communion with the Frenzied Flame or perhaps becoming a spiritual entity capable of possessing others preserved by the Flame's own endurance. Perhaps you *have* been embraced by the Three Fingers at some point before entering this world, for were you to cut loose and channel a truly potent source of flame (like that of the Giants' forge) you could well burn down the Erdtree and any barrier it throws up in your path. And as you descend further into madness, as the conviction that enough is *enough* and this twisted world has to be reset, your power to burn it all away will only grow stronger.

Bloody Blackguard

Heresiarch (100 CP): All of this suffering, all of the lives you've cut down-it's only right that it *means* something, even if it's something awful, right? When it comes to black-hearted ambition, skullduggery and treacherous greed of all kinds fortune seems to favour your efforts. Nothing too spectacular but victims you hunt down are just a little off their guard when it comes to convincing them to take the low path, or too distracted by the pretty birdies to see your hidden blade coming. It won't do much to hide what you are from right-thinking folk, but your sinister air makes you more intimidating than contemptible. And when it's time to partake, you'll find blood sacrifices and unholy rites of all kind yield better results for you in particular, a single victim's life, pain or severed body part doing the work of several.

Grafted Grotesquery (200 CP): Oho, are you as much a *trueborn heir* as Godrick himself then? For it seems your body is unnaturally receptive to all manner of modification both surgical and mystical-as well as terrifically resilient to all manner of invasive surgery. Neither blood loss nor poisoning will phase you when grafting the severed arms of strangers to your person, and the bloodletting needed to power certain blood magic-based fighting arts will be as a nosebleed to you where it would direly cost most others. It would still be wise not to push this too hard-Godrick likely had a smidgen of divine power after all-but with your aberrant resilience, it might even be possible to retain your mental faculties after the inevitable and final transformation reached by attempting to recreate the primeval current certain heretical sorcerers pursue in defiance of Carian law.

Bloody Bedchambers (400 CP): Mohg, Lord of Blood, is by and large content to rot like the filth he is with his captive Miquella. You are now heir to, if not his warped divinity, the legacy of his ambitious carnality. Malign forces cannot break you, rot you, drive you mad like other victims so easily-no, far more often they enter a grotesque symbiosis with your body as a sort of seedbed, empowered by their propagation and infestation of you while in turn becoming a beacon for whatever it is that has bonded with you to spread and strengthen itself. It is even possible for you to develop new, perverse spells based on whatever force infuses you; though Mohg's invention of blood magic was likely expedited by both his divinity and the pact he struck with the Formless Mother, roll around in the Scarlet Rot enough and instead of festering in ruin you could create spells or incantations capable of channelling it's power. Or channel it into your body instead, controlling how much you deign the corruption to manifest upon it or granting yourself useful mutations such as wings and claws infused with its power. No doubt with greater power of your own and/or a superb partner like his you too could one day create a full school of magic to call your

own. Most disturbingly of all, carnal gratification bolsters your might and spellcraft. As if your sordid soul rejoicing in the suffering you inflict on the world lends strength to all your efforts to enact it.

Absolutely **Loathsome** (600 CP): Pain. Blood. Rot. The horrific Seedbed Curse engraved on your flesh pales in comparison to the awfulness lurking in your soul. To start with, you are a superb killer by this world's standards. It matters not if you fight with sword, bow or staff; you have the fitness and experience expected of someone that has slain thousands. Every wound you leave is a festering, ragged mess harder to heal and treat than it should be, jaggedly haemorrhaging and infested with filth that seems to taint all you lay hands on in malice. *Something* about you instinctively lets others know what an unnatural blight you are on the living and even the dead, making all but the bravest souls and those more than your match in raw power fear to even address you; even animals and many monsters greater than you find you less trouble to avoid than eat. But your true "gift" is this: There is nothing that, given time and effort, you cannot defile, cannot degrade cannot make feel soiled and used and *worse* off. Drive a man crazy with terror of you, making him slaughter his fellows in a fit of paranoia. Mutilate a corpse so badly its soul cannot reincarnate. And get someone to defile you properly, soak up enough horror and bloody awfulness all around you, and you might just be able to produce a Mending Rune capable of defiling Order itself.

Items

All backgrounds have two discounts per tier of items, except 500 CP items-only one of which is discounted. Discounted items are 50% off, except for 50 CP items which are free. 50 CP items are their own separate tier for these purposes and can be repurchased, while other items may not be unless specified.

Spectral Steed Whistle (50 CP): This ring of delicate goldwork enables you to summon a spectral steed called Torrent in seconds. Having both the form of a horse as well as the horns and stocky bearing of a bull, Torrent is a hardy, swift and brave steed that will serve you faithfully-and though no conversationalist, is a surprisingly insightful animal in many matters. Even a novice horseman could quickly take to mounted combat upon his strong back. He is also somehow capable of double-jumping.

Alternatively, or in subsequent purchases, you may purchase a different steed with similar traits-and own a whistle with a different design, if you wish.

A Few Good Flasks (50 CP): All Tarnished acquire two chalices when they first meet a Finger Maiden: A flask of crimson tears that miraculously restores health, and a flask of cerulean tears that miraculously restores focus in the heat of battle. Not only have you gained two such chalices with your investment here, but you also have 30 golden seeds of the Erdtree. By some wondrous magic, these seeds can enhance the flasks, increasing the number of uses one has when drunk-and even without a Sign of Grace, the flasks you buy here are guaranteed to replenish in full at the start of each day.

Alternatively, this or subsequent purchases of this item can instead take the form of a Flask of Wondrous Physick as well as a crate's worth of crystal tears in any combination you like that will mysteriously replenish at the start of every day. By mixing combinations of those tears and drinking them down, you can grant yourself various temporary boons such as healing yourself increased damage resistance or poise, empowering various powers and elemental forces at your command, preventing the loss of Runes on death or the purification of certain curses and increasing your stamina, intellect or faith among other traits.

Spirit Calling Bell (50 CP): This silvery bell thrums with spiritual power. Ring it, and you may summon spirits to your side-generally those inclined to fight in your favour.

Ashes of a Fallen Warrior (50/100 CP): What's a good summoner without a spirit to summon? With each purchase here you gain the ashes of some fallen

souls who at the ring of a spirit calling bell can come forth briefly to battle your foes.

For 50 CP these can be those considered pests, animals of war and undesirables in this world. A pack of wolves a troupe of Albinaurics, a swarm of giant rats, a patch of maneating venomous Miranda sprouts. While typically seen as lowly and craven, such creatures often bring unusual advantages such as venom or high speed atypical from the average soldier. Alternatively this can be a group of typical soldiers or single skilled or empowered individual/entity that has otherwise not achieved great renown-such as a spirit jellyfish, man-serpent or a Fingermaiden.

For 100 CP instead, you may summon the more elite warriors of this land in numbers. Four mighty greatshield-hefting soldiers, the Redmane soldiers of General Radahn who wield fiery weapons, or the mighty shamanistic folk who worship the ancestral spirits-and are well-versed in both archery as well as the spiritual arts. This is also the tier at which you can summon champions of these lands who distinguished themselves in the demigods' armies or achieved similar feats, and powerful beings on the level of Crystalians or mimics-a rare form of crystal tear capable of taking on the form of its summoner and replicating their form, equipment and powers (at least, those of mortal scale).

A Pile of Pots (50 CP): At some point in your past, you did a living jar a favour-and it repaid you in kind. Thus, you now own several crates' worth of the pot weapons commonly found in this world. From freezing ice to flame to holy light to vengeful spirits and even Scarlet Rot or noxious excrement, any combination of thrown pots can number among this collection. Mysteriously, the pots replenish fully each week.

Rest assured, all pots are perfectly *airtight*.

To signify your status as a true friend of the living pots, each purchase here also comes with a talisman similar to the Companion Jar: A small, friendly-looking replica of the living jars which *somehow* increases the potency of the thrown pots.

Life of the Land, Life of the Stars (50 CP): In future worlds it may prove difficult to obtain the rare woods, the crystal tears and other blessed byproducts of the Erdtree. Aspiring sorcerers may also be concerned about the lack of glintstone in skies where the stars do not guide fate. Worry not! Each purchase here shall grant you a crate's worth of Erdtree byproducts such as amber, or glintstone of varying quality; two crates should be sufficient to have enough top quality glintstone to build an exceptional sorcerer's stave.

A Chef's Trove (50 CP): Hunting and killing are such *chores* and you have better things to do with your time that track down every tortoise, prawn and crab to make mincemeat out of. Why not invest in some edibles? Whether it's fresh eggs you need or elk bones, each purchase here grants you a crate's worth of various animal meats either magically preserved at the height of their freshness or already expertly cured and spiced in the ways common to this land- as well as the spices and herbal mixtures that grant many foods their wondrous effects on. You are free to choose any combination of spices and meats; be assured that your condiments and foods alike are securely preserved without blending into each other.

Alternatively, this or subsequent purchases can take the form of a small breeding population of commonly edible animals in this world-approximating the value of meat that a flock of sheep provides, which can become a self-sustaining habitat attached to your Warehouse if you wish. Want to have a steady stock of fresh crab meat or tortoises to fill your belly with? Now's your chance.

The Smith's Tools (50 CP): Hammer, check. Anvil, check. Furnace, check. Tongs, chisels-BAH, what do the young and hot-headed care for the tools of the old anyhow? Just hand 'er over and let old Jumper give 'er a good whack, that'll sort 'em out. You now have everything a skilled blacksmith would need to care for nearly arms, armour and weapons found in these lands. This includes several sacks full of the smithing stones mined near the Erdtree, and several whetblades (some of which can grant various elemental affinities to weapons)-a veritable crateful's worth, that replenishes every morning.

There is one exception to the above, which you must pay an additional 100 CP for (although discounts still apply): The scales of the Ancient Dragonlord which lightly twist time. The fascinating mystic and scientific implications of this aside, although still in a raw and unrefined form such resources can be used to forge weapons capable of slaying gods.

An Archer's Chest (50 CP): Thinking of taking up a career as an archer? Why settle for a lesser arsenal? Each purchase you make here provides a crate full of some of the more unique arrows in this land, which mysteriously replenishes at the start of each day. Arrows enchanted with tempestuous winds that knock all but the sturdiest of warriors off their feet with comparatively little force, arrows imbued with an oath-sworn incantation containing the Erdtree's holy power, arrows alive with the spirits of small animals or even glintstone-embedded arrows that leave beautiful meteor-like trails when fired. If it can be whittled and strung on a bow, you can own a great many of it here.

Lost Ashes of War (50 CP): Replenishing ere the morn of each day, these ashes of war lack memories of any battle. And yet some old magic, perhaps that which is inherently rooted in the propagation of life from death, sees to it that a skilled smith can recreate other ashes through it. Some further enchantment ensures that simply by touching and meditating on their greatest fighting techniques, skilled warriors and sorcerers alike can impart their own Ashes of War-although the ash must be taken out in bowlfuls from the crate first for the imbuelement, so there is no risk of one Ash of War overwriting the whole batch.

Comes with a lifetime supply of small pouches to separate different ashes.

Cookbook Collection (50 CP): Much of the knowledge in this world has been lost in tomes of ancient repute, from the recipe needed to make venoms that put victims to sleep, to the minor magics that let fighters store the lightning of dragons or the light of the Golden Order in explosive pots regardless of faith, to the knowledge needed to make a freezing grease. Instead of needing to take it off the bodies of the fallen or hunt through treacherous dungeons for it, you now own a sizeable collection of such knowledge-enough to fully stock a small shelf.

The Craftsman's Hoard (50 CP): Golden centipedes and sunflowers, infused with the Erdtree's sanctity. Great dragonfly heads and moon eggs, or even blood-tainted excrement. The flowers needed by perfumers to extract the essences with which they ply their trade. Smiths and craftsmen of this world have a great need for many unusual materials, and each time you purchase your item you may buy a crate of them. It may be any combination of materials that can be found in this world-the sum total must merely fit in a crate, and will be mysteriously replenished each week without fail.

With respect to the fact that you can, in fact, purchase excrement with this option to be clear-you are buying *an approximate quantity of materials that can fit into one crate* and all components can be, at your discretion, stored far away from each other. In airtight containers.

One-Man Trebuchet (50 CP): Hardship breeds necessity, and sieges breed trebuchets. The one you own, like several found scattered across this land, has been modified to be operable by a single warrior. Comes with a supply of heavy rocks perfect for launching at the enemy that mysteriously resupplies every day. "The enemy" being most armed beings still moving in groups, in these grim times.

Valkyrie's Prosthesis (50 CP): A golden prosthesis once used by the one-armed Valkyrie, this masterwork artifact can be used as proficiently as a real arm given skill and practice. Though it is unmistakable mechanical in character, it is lovingly designed and its faded golden lustre has a beauty all of its own. As much a compliment to a beautiful swordswoman as a blade of legend-but honestly, what are the odds of you running into a crippled swordswoman of exceptional skill in this world, particularly in the regions where the Scarlet Rot has taken hold? Perhaps at the behest of a strange old man living in a shack?

At your discretion, this or subsequent repurchases may represent different types of limb than the right arm it nominally is fitted for.

Mystical Tomes (50 CP): Aha! Something of a student of the mystic arts, are we? With each purchase here you may collect a small shelf's worth of notable mystic tomes from this land, your choice of those concerning incantations and those detailing the principles of sorcery. It may still take a learned cleric to fully elucidate the lightning incantations from that ancient dragon prayerbook or a skilled sorcerer to teach you the spells stored on a scroll written by the Carian royal family, but the knowledge here still represents an extremely valuable commodity given how far civilisation has fallen in the Lands Between.

Hallowed Headgear (50 CP): No self-respecting saint or sorcerer would leave home without some sort of fancy headwear that proclaims to all the power they wield. You now own one such example, which greatly empowers a mystic art practiced in these lands. It could be a radiant crown similar to the Noble Goldmask's namesake. Or a large, floppy witch's hat akin to Ranni's. Whatever it is, it's fashionable and distinctive as well as beneficial for magical proficiency.

Trinkets of Power (50 CP): The superstitious carry small icons believed to confer minor blessings from various higher powers in this land-and are not unjustified in their fate. The Soreseal of Radagon, which greatly increases the power of one's body at the cost of increasing the damage taken. The moon of Nokstella, which grants the bearer a measure of the wisdom once provided by a lost black moon. A talisman resembling the Elden Lord of dragons, which extends the duration of sorceries and incantations once cast. One of these or other similar baubles may be yours with each purchase.

Golden Needle and Sewing Kit (50 CP): Identical to the tools brought by Radagon when he entered into marriage with Rennala, this lustrous series of tailoring implements have one unique virtue: They can mend and improve even clothing worn by the divine. While they are certainly very high quality tools for clothes of all kinds, with this an otherwise mortal tailor could stitch

improvements and modifications to even the strangest of clothes worn by demigods of this world. Also, the golden thread looks *very* fancy on you, and has been enchanted to never wear out.

Omen's Cane (50 CP): Choose a weapon you own, including one newly purchased here. With your investment, instead of being conspicuous it starts off somehow concealed in a more innocuous form. By default, like Morgott's own blade it is concealed in a staff of office or walking stick that you may lean on with without inviting violence-though when you require your weapon, it can be swiftly drawn without fear of jamming.

Whip (100 CP): Many warriors wield whips in this world, and with each purchase here you can be one of them. The magma whip candlestick conjures lashes of solid flame formed from Mr. Gelmir's magma to flay the unwary. The urumi, a weapon of the Night Warriors made of extremely thin, flexible blades that can also be straightened into a spear. And the thorned whip, a crimson scourge once used by the Fire Monks for self-flagellation that is very effective at spilling blood. One of these or other similar weapons can be yours with each purchase here.

Ringed Finger (100 CP): You are now the proud owner of an enormous finger sheathed in several large gold rings. Thought to have been severed from an ancestor of the hand-like Fingercreeper spiders roaming these lands, a vestige of life remains in these enormous makeshift bludgeons-letting them well and flex to build up strength before giving enemies an almighty flick. Be mindful about how adherents of the Golden Order might look askance at you for hoisting around a grotesque parody of the divine messengers as a blunt weapon.

Moonveil (100 CP): The masterpiece of a Sellian swordsmith, this katana is forged wholly of glintstone. Light wreaths it when sheathed-and when swiftly drawn for a few seconds it can be used to launched waves of light following the motion of its slashes. A sorcerer's weapon first and foremost, while the strong and the dexterous handle it well it is one gifted in intellect that brings out it's full worth as a weapon.

Sword of St. Trinia (100 CP): Always an enigmatic figure, St. Trinia is sometimes claimed to be a comely young girl-and at other times, a boy. Perhaps their straight sword explains these mysterious disappearances and reappearances, for it has the power to release purple mists that put foes to sleep. As with the Moonveil, a wielder with great intellect finds that it is a better weapon than an ignorant one.

Lion Greatbow (100 CP): This is a rare treasure indeed-one identical to the one once wielded by General Radahn himself. Imbued with his gravitational magics, a flurry of arrows fired into the sky will rain down on foes with a meteoric impact. This comes with several crates of greatarrows that allow the bow to exhibit it's true worth as a weapon-each of which is, in fact, the many spears Radahn was stabbed with by the Cleanrot Knights. Perhaps inadvertently imbuing them as well with a fragment of his power.

Grafted Dragon (100 CP): You're a morbid one, and cruel aren't you? Who else would seize the remnant of a dragon's power in its severed head to wield as a weapon? Apart from being a dreadful but effective bludgeon the dragon head mounted on a curved handle flickers with a fragment of life, and with a gesture can be bidden to spray flames over a wide area. *suspect*

This item can be repurchased three more times, if for some reason you are willing to temporarily trade the use of your arms and legs to have dragon heads attached to them. Or if you or someone you know have four arms. But honestly, what are the chances you could run into someone like that?

Godslayer's Greatsword (100 CP): Long ago, the Dusk-Eyed Queen commanded the Godslayers before her defeat at the hands of Maliketh. While the curved prongs of this greatsword may make it seem unwieldy, it is a fine weapon capable of channelling a fraction of the queen's godslaying black flame which even in diminished state continuously depletes the health of those it strikes. Great faith by the wielder enhances this weapon's deadliness, as well as the strength and dexterity typical for it.

Hand of Malenia (100 CP): A blade identical to the one built into Malenia's prosthesis (and somehow touched by a similar magic), through consecration it is greatly resistant to the Scarlet Rot. Some have claimed to see wings of fierce determination when it is raised aloft, and whatever the truth when you wield it you feel lighter on your feet, faster, able to unleash a swift yet graceful array of slashes too quick for many to keep up with.

Royal Omen Bairn (100 CP): Omen babies born of royalty are typically kept underground in extreme obscurity, imprisoned for all eternity in shame. This scraggly, vaguely horned memorial fetish was fashioned in secret. With a squeeze, you can release the wraiths of those tormented lives to assault your enemies. A bleak weapon for sure, but a reusable one that draws only from your mental focus.

Morgott's Cursed Sword (100 CP): What madman could yearn for this, the warped blade in which Morgott recanted and sealed away his own accursed

blood? A weapons suited to great finesse above all befitting it's rapier-like shape, though it still benefits from twisted arcane insight. With skill and focus, a slice of cursed blood can be delivered followed by a trail of arcane flame.

Jar Cannon (100 CP): It seems there was a mixup in munition deliveries, because you've somehow come into ownership of an experimental firearm intended for the assault on the Volcano Manor. Shaped like a vase with horizontal handles, it lets out a blast of tremendous power to everything in front of the wielder but is slow to reload. While not particularly attuned to any attribute, it can still be upgraded with smithing stones and enchanted like any weapon in this land.

Axe of Godfrey (100 CP): A colossal axe representing Godfrey's nobility, the sheer strength alone needed to heft such a massive weapon makes of it a formidable force for those who can wield it. But beyond that, a measure of the first Elden Lord's fighting spirit lives on within it-letting wielders let out a damaging battle cry that raises their might as a warrior. This purchase also comes with the Ash of War that represents Hoarah Loux's Earthshaker, a technique that briefly grants the strength to slam the ground hard enough to violently shake it and unleash a powerful shockwave.

Dragon King's Cragblade (100 CP): A thrusting sword with a regal air to it despite seemingly carved from stone, a portion of the Dragonlord's power remains in it-and it commands great power over mortal dragons of all kinds. Though not enough to stop them from actually attacking you, apparently. Through it, you gain the power to transform into a red thundercloud and fly through the air-then plunged down with a lightning-infused blade. Or fly to hard to reach places, if you wish.

Black Knife (100 CP): A ritual was performed on this curved, jagged-hilted dagger to imbue it with a portion of the stolen Rune of Death's power. Only through it were Godwyn's assassins able to strike down a divine being. The imbued power can be unleashed as a blade-like projectile, and both it and strikes delivered by the blade hasten mortality beyond the norm and continuously wreck harm on inflicted wounds for some time.

Sacred Seals and Staffs (100/200 CP): There are some who claim faith is not so different from scholarship, though both sorcerers and saints would beg to differ. Regardless, with each investment here you may purchase mystical implements that allow mortals to wield either sorcery or incantations. From the twisted, crimson dragon communion seal that enhances incantations obtained from that

practice to a staff of pure crystal fashioned by the Crystallians, any non-unique magic implement can be purchased with this option here.

For an extra CP (making this item count as a 200 CP slot-discounted item) instead, you may purchase a mystic implement of unique character that offers a significant advantage over more common examples-typically one touched or more deeply attuned to a divine force. It may be something like the Prince of Death's Staff, said to be part of dead Godwyn's body and augmenting sorceries through faith as well as intellect on top of boosting sorceries that invoke the power of death. Or the Golden Order Seal, a formless sigil depicting the ceremonial observance of order, which similarly enhances incantations with both intellect and faith as well as further enhancing those drawing on the holy power of the Erdtree.

Blasphemous Blade (200 CP): It seems Rykard has had a bit of indigestion, for somehow he has spat up a copy of his sacred greatsword writhing with the remains of countless heroes devoured by him-and fitted for your hand. Bound together, however unwillingly, as family by slaying more with it you can recover health from the fresh life you have taken. And raising it aloft you can ignite the blasphemous flames Rykard breathed in a forward blast that robs life from those it ignites. Surely there is no greater symbol of Rykard's hungering ambition-especially since it seems strong faith empowers the blade.

Carian Royal Sceptre (200 CP): Either a perfect replica of Rennala's symbol of office or an equally magnificent stave, the Carian Blue glintstone mounted on it enhances full moon sorceries in particular. But make no mistake, this is the finest of all glintstone staves and its ability to empower sorceries is unrivalled in all the Lands Between. A particularly skilled sorcerer can even have it fight independently around herself-twirling and blocking and striking in rapid motion before returning to her hand, forcing foes to remain at a distance if they do not wish to experience successive attacks.

Mohgwyn's Sacred Spear (200 CP): *Not* a metaphor for the Lord of Blood's marital arts. *Hopefully*. As well as a trident fit for a demigod's hand, this instrument grants communion with the Formless Mother: An outer god that bestows power upon accursed blood. By piercing her unseen presence you can create explosions of blood that coat the instrument in bloodflame. The arcane insight his arts favour empower this spear's lethality too. Perhaps in time, you may be able to achieve a similar compact with her through this weapon as Mohg himself did to bring forth the secrets of blood magic and all it entails.

Marika's Hammer (200 CP): Oh, what a terrible sight. What a blow to the Golden Order, to even *suspect* the goddess Marika would strike blows against

the most sacred symbol of her own authority. This stone hammer, made in the lands of Numen from outside the Lands Between and now brought to you by some strange quirk of the storm that sunders time, partially broke upon shattering the Elden Ring-becoming embedded with rune fragments. With a mighty smash from on high it can recreate the Gold Breaker: The signature attack of Radagon that releases the Erdtree's light at all who would defy the Golden Order. As a weapon used to fracture the Elden Ring and directly imbued with a measure of its power, who knows what else it is capable of?

...how curious, that the queen's consort be so deeply *entwined* with his spouse that *her* weapon should share *his* attack.

Faithful Soldier's Garb (200 CP): The divine beings and forces of this world alike know that well-equipped servants are effective ones. Two options are laid out before you here: A set of armour of good quality but relatively common here by the standards of this world, fitted to you if necessary. Anything from armour worn by those loyal to Miquella or Radahn's legion or...Godrick the Grafted's soldiers if for some reason you desire to wear something like that. Or the bulky chainmail of the Fire prelates, or even the layers of mushrooms worn by those who once served the Scarlet Rot. Alternatively, you can purchase a custom suit of armour comparable to those examples-also fitted to you. For either option, the armour is guaranteed to fit you comfortably.

Sword of Night and Flame (200 CP): Forged by astrologers that considered the Fire Giants to be their neighbours, this elegant but deadly straight sword is honed in deadliness by both faith and intellect. It's true power is to bring forth a mighty night comet with a swing-or with a more powerful sweep, release a burst of flame. A rare treasure entrusted to the Carian royalty, you must have quite the story about how you got your hands on this.

Dark Moon Greatsword (200 CP): A dark blue blade identical to the one ceremonially bestowed by Rennala on her spouse Radagon, this is a true artifact of legend given only on those deemed champions by Carian royalty. Cold and leaden, it is an incarnation of a beam of light from the full moon. By raising it aloft, the wielder can bathe it in moonlight-enhancing its attacks with magical power and imbuing the blade with numbing frost. And with great swings, waves of moonlight can be flung to smite all those who would doubt the night is dark and full of terrors.

Jarburg (200/300 CP): Aren't you a curious sort? At some point you've befriended a small village of living jars-which may be Jarburg, or a similar settlement kept secret from the poachers that hunt their kind. Lots and lots of small jars that come up to a man's waist, and less but still plenty of big jars that

tower over humans. The jars consider you their potentate: A sort of de facto king and guardian by virtue of the smoothness and silkiness of your hands. Though not all regard themselves as champions and warriors born, they will loyally fight at your side in your time of need and support you with all they can. In future worlds the village will follow you.

As a result of this twist in your tale, your hands are skilled at shaping the materials needed to make new living jars. And give some rather excellent, comforting pats to them. While this might seem a low standard for a monarch, this also grants you considerable talent in the knowledge of creating and animating more living jars to continue populating your burgeoning kingdom.

For an extra 100 CP, the village comes with a truly magnificent guardian: A Great Jar. Few foes would want to take on a living jar the size of a small building head on.

This item may be repurchased to have additional villages loyal to you, or to increase the population of your jar village (or the original Jarburg) additively. The extra 100 CP for additional Great Jars is separate from those repurchases.

Godly Garb (300 CP): If nothing else the demigods and those close to them know how to dress sharp-and how to complement their formidable prowess with worn enchanted items. With this you have two options: A faithful recreation of the armour worn by one close to the divine or akin to them-be it Blaidd's sturdy armour or the heavy plate worn by General Radahn, including their headgear. Resized to fit you, if necessary. Alternatively you can purchase a set of clothing that suits and empowers your capabilities and nature from based on options chosen from this jump-including being fitted to you. It will always be commensurate in quality to your own status-and is guaranteed to be both comfortable, and stylish.

This item can be repurchased, in defiance of the normal limitations.

Fingerslayer Blade (300 CP): Woe to the Greater Will. Woe to the world, indeed. For it seems the Eternal City of Nokron had more than one hidden treasure, and Godwyn's corpse has birthed one more than one curved blade. While it cannot be wielded by those without a fate in the hands of one so endowed it's power to bring death is such that even the Greater Will and it's vassals can be harmed by it. Such as, say, the ailing Two Fingers. A truly deplorable weapon, fit only for those with deicidal ambitions-and while such beings could surely fight back, it's touch is annihilating to life lesser than true divinity.

Miquella's Needle (300 CP): Once, the demigod Miquella sought a remedy for his sister Malenia's plague that lay beyond the fundamentalism of the Golden Order. This needle of unalloyed gold is the triumph of his studies. A powerful enchantment is laid on it, for it is crafted to ward away the meddling of outer gods. With this a victim of the Scarlet Rot that even the demigods' powers alone seemed unable to heal could be cured-at least, assuming the Rot were not somehow intrinsic to their biology. Likewise, one embraced by the Three Fingers could cheat fate and subdue the Flame of Frenzy imbued into them-permitting them to incinerate the Erdtree yet avoid becoming the Lord of Frenzied Flame. In future worlds, the influence of similar corruptive forces and malign deities will be nullified with a jab from this holy curative.

Celestial Dew (300 CP): This antique bottle carries within it a rare solution called a Night Tear-and unique among its kind, can do its work without being used at a Church of Vows. Long ago the stars of the night sky guided fate, and in a remembrance of those times consuming it will reverse all antagonizations-at least, those that have not left a metaphysically lasting impact on the world. Refills once a week.

Inverted Statue of Radagon (300 CP): There are all manner of gates, seals, barriers and blockades in this world, and no one key can fit all their locks. But...what if there *was*? This small object resembles an upside-down depiction of the red-haired champion Radagon. Hold it near any door, any gate, and with an effort of focus you can unlock it without fail. Do note that this effect works only on barriers built primarily by human hands that use artificial locking mechanisms or mortal magic. The barriers created by demigods or natural obstacles such as the Erdtree's wall of brambles will not yield to its power. Interestingly, when you flip it upside-down the statuette transforms into a depiction of Marika-complete with gold hair. In both cases, the statuette's face seems fixed in stress, as if labouring under a lifelong solemn burden. Or enduring a gnawing curse from which there is no escape.

A Home for Heroes (300 CP): If you're uncomfortable doing business with the ruthless Sir Gideon, why not set up your own fortified yet comfortable hold for wandering heroes beyond the Lands Between? That's what you've opted to do, and it's been very successful thus far. This refuge is an equal in just about every way to the Roundtable, save that it is you in charge of the peace held over the disparate wanderers, adventurers, craftspeople and assorted travellers who tend to gather here. Somehow this place seems to attract those fated to accomplish great and/or terrible things in the world, it's homey atmosphere encouraging cooperation and discouraging violence in even the most vile. There is, of course, a blacksmith who seems to be a permanent resident (though on a more voluntary basis than poor Master Hewg if you like), and a network of assassins

and informants that bring you knowledge from the wider world. While it doesn't have its own Two Fingers, there *is* someone willing and able to perform the duties of a Finger Reader for one reason or another who stands as another permanent resident. *As* the de facto authority here, you'll also find it easy to trade information and request favours from those who come here.'

Your assassins, blacksmith and whoever performs the Finger Reader duties will follow you to other worlds. But elsewhere, it will be the equivalent of adventurers in those realities that find themselves drawn to your hold to rest from their adventures, as if by destiny.

Sacred Relic Sword (300 CP): Once, there was a god meant to live a life eternal. Perhaps the Greater Will sent another, less successful incarnation of its sacred order on an older, doomed mission in the distant past. The archaic, stone greatsword wrought from the body of its champion is now yours-it's true meaning lost to time. With a single swing, you can unleash the golden power of that long-lost god to smite your foes with a wave of holy power only a god can bring to bear. Faith makes this weapon more effective, and a vestige of the Erdtree's primal divine power yet lives on in it. Even if one lacks the power of an Empyrean such as Marika, it may be possible to commune with the Greater Will through it-entreating it's blessings and calling on or amplifying its power, perhaps working miracles touched by its grace. Handle it carefully.

Kiln of the Fell and Frenzied Flame (500 CP): The Frenzied Flame, the fire of the giants' fell god, resides in a great earthen basin fit to contain all the fury (which can become a Warehouse attachment with a *fireproof* door). It is the embodiment of all-destroying, life-purging annihilation-it's violent eruptions seeming like hangs grasping to extinguish all there is and ever will be, the roar of its molten fury almost like the screams of the damned. Why would you want this? Well, it seems the dread force behind the flame has offered you a compact of its own. Take its power, draw on it and shape it as you like, BURN away the dross of the multiverse on your travels. You shall not be compelled to become the Lord of Frenzied Flame, it's maddening touch will be greatly mitigated in you-and all sorceries and incantations that draw on flame will be greatly empowered by the fire you can draw into yourself from this font of chaos. Greater rewards await those who are willing to risk more. The power to burn down, say, a barrier erected by another god would be maddening indeed-but never irrevocably so, and can you truly overlook the power on offer?

Little Moon (500 CP): How curious. A smaller moon, one perhaps tenfold as large as those that Carian royalty can conjure, seems to be following you around at a respectful distance. And occasionally going off on its own, but somehow extremely hard to notice by others when it doesn't want to be even in broad

daylight-and never far from you when you're looking for it. Not the great patron of Ranni, but perhaps the equivalent to it of what the Fingers are to the Erdtree.

When it's light shines down upon you, your magic is greatly empowered-hails of glintstone shards raining down with the effort needed to cast one. Magics and supernatural powers associated with the moon are particularly bolstered in both raw power and complexity; if you, for example, uncontrollably turned into a feral werewolf in the moonlight this moon could help you retain your human mind during the process. Inspiration for magical studies and insight into supernatural matters of all sorts comes naturally to you naturally of all sorts-and when it's light shines down on you your luck is greatly increased too. And the magic or alien powers of your enemies are greatly weakened by its presence-and though the moon is not invulnerable, it is still a great floating ball of stone that resurrects like a Tarnished during the next full moon. Last but not least, it can also supply you with an endless flow of the frost native to the moon which it shapes as if an extension of its own will-whether conjuring a blizzard at your foes, or enchanting weapons and storing it in pots for you to use later. Or just keeping drinks cold.

Finally, through this moon you can summon and commune with the alien beings of this world through various rituals. Simply calling forth quantities of glintstone will be relatively easy. Summoning hordes of Alabaster Lords or alien beasts, a moderately taxing task aided by the moon lending you great authority among these beings. And while it is possible to summon truly potent entities that embody the stars themselves, be wary-even with the moon's support, such beings can be unpredictable and dangerous.

Refuge of the Ancient Dragons (500 CP): While in the present even the dragons that once struck a true with the Empire fight any Tarnished on sight, somehow or another you have struck a compact with one particular colony. It consists of a couple hundred lesser dragons, dozens of large dragons, half a dozen or so legendary status such as Fortissax and one very large, very tired mother dragon similar to Greyroll. They dwell in an isolated, craggy region and care little for the battle of gods and men-though as a friend, they are willing to lend you aid and support in battle. Dragons are proud and noble beings with great knowledge of both history and magic as well as immense combat experience, as well as being large flying (generally) firebreathing reptiles also capable of wielding red lightning. It's safe to say that this colony alone makes you a more formidable force to be reckoned with than any remaining bastion of Marika's realm.

In future worlds, the dragons follow you living in a mountainous region very similar to their ancestral home-which may become a Warehouse attachment.

Golden Haligtree (500 CP): Though watered with Miquella's own blood since it was a sapling, the Haligtree ultimately failed to grow into an Erdtree. It seems that whether by his own hand or another's there was at least one other attempt that has ended in a different form of failure: For whatever reason, despite having but a fraction of its parent's power it has decided *you* are it's "Elden Lord". Easily the size and scale of the Haligtree itself, it also boasts a vitality and robust health beyond even that of its parent. Blessings rain down from its boughs like leaves as you will it-everything associated with the Erdtree it can recreate, from crystal tears to Sites of Grace to the many weapons, armour and talismans forged from its wood. And while it has not done so to date, it can begin producing a standing force of Erdtree avatars-perhaps a few dozen at the most, along with a couple hundred skilled human-scale defenders similar to those that yet guard the Erdtree itself. A ring of light oversees it-not quite the solid Elden Ring but resembling the circles invoked when incantations display the Laws of Regression and Causality-greatly strengthening any holy powers like Golden Order incantations you possess, while severely weakening those in opposition to you. And finally, it has even produced its own first Finger. Smaller than it's kindred, it is less ravaged and eager to please you.

It has also produced a fancy, comfortable throne for you to sit on. You may not be an actual Elden Lord yet, and certainly no Empyrean with this alone, but it certainly feels like it in many ways.

Companions

More Room in the Hold (50-400 CP): These lands are far from peaceful, and their inhabitants unkind. Many are forced to walk them alone, but you need not be one of them. For 50 CP apiece, you may import a companion into this world with 800 CP to spend on whatever they wish. They may gain CP from race options where applicable, and must pay CP for race options where applicable as well. Alternatively, you may use this option to create new companions to encounter in your time here.

Champions among Beasts (50 CP): Many of the animals in this world have achieved great renown in their own right. If you own any animals that would otherwise not qualify as companions, you may import them here too in order to gain 2 Build Perks as well as the heightened intelligence and ability to wield weapons skilfully. Typically such creatures are greater in scale and mightier in form than the average specimens of their kind.

Destined Spirits (50 CP): Even in these bleak times, where there is life there is hope-for friendship, for the rivalry of worthy opponents and perhaps something

more. For 50 CP, you may offer a canon character from this world a chance to accompany you-and if they accept, they become a companion with all that entails after you leave this world.. You are guaranteed at least one chance to make a good impression with them, and even if they do not accept you may use the chances you have purchased here to invite others from this world.

Maidenly Lioness (100 CP, free/optional Of No Renown): Not long into your journey you encountered someone who is, technically, a maiden. A maiden with wild dark blonde hair resembling nothing so much as a lion's mane, the light tan of a Numen, and a body rippling with muscle that towers over most men. A maiden who sends knights and their mounts flying as she craters the battlefield with a single stomp and dodging arrows with her bestial fighting arts. Owning little more than the scant rags and feathers that sometimes preserve her modesty as well as the lionskin cloak in which she keeps her handmade herbal remedies, it's all the more shocking she carries herself like a modest noblewoman off the battlefield. It seems her barbaric parents passed down what little they remembered of a distant noble lineage dating back to these lands-which she has returned to not to claim the Elden Throne or guide others to it, but in the hopes of learning more about her past.

Oh, and she also happens to be a Finger Maiden with all that entails, skilled in the art of drawing out the strength of Runes.

Leal Hound (100 CP, free/optional Guardian of a Fractured Order): The tall, melancholy knightess you met somewhere in the bounds of civilisation fervently she professes a great loyalty to the tenants of the Golden Order, and yet a deepseated feeling of inadequacy plagues her. Instead of a rapier or bow she wields a hammer with blinding speed and elegance of a legendary champion-and is gifted at infusing it with the Erdtree's might to bring it down explosively on her foes. As a wielder of incantations with such power she is something of an official saint, she is much more at home healing wounds and meditating on philosophical tenants than grappling with the uncomfortable realities of an imperfect world. She has chivalrously sworn herself to your protection, and whether or not you are a candidate for the title of Elden Lord hopes that together you can bring justice to the Lands Between-and quell her nagging doubts about whether she is worthy at heart.

Her golden hair occasionally turns red, causing her incantations to evoke flame instead of light, lasting several days before it turns back. She hates it when this happens.

Eccentric Mimic (100 CP, free/optional Carian Royalist): Strange spirits originally created by the Eternal City to forge a Lord, mimics are slime-like

blobs which take the form of their summoner-and all their powers, at least those from most mortals in this world-to fight alongside them but typically lack their chosen form's will. This one...seems to have developed a consciousness, and is having some serious existential conundrums about its existence. For one thing it has a preferred form resembling another Tarnished or being of similar scale from this world, as well as the volition to adopt others when necessary. As it's summoner when it first somehow develop intellect, it looks up to you as something between a friend and a parent. Will you teach it to embrace the identities it emulates, or encourage it to embrace individuality?

Serpentine Heir (100 CP, free/optional Touched by the Third Finger): It seems the God-Eating Serpent left behind more descendants than the Serpent Men-and this one in particular has inherited more than the usual share of its progenitor's might. Still a youthful creature already gigantic enough to topple stone pillars with its coils, it possess a hide impenetrable to most weapons and fiery breath-as well as it's parent's ability to gain strength and power from the Runes of those it consumes. It is a long time away from devouring the gods themselves-but eagerly hungers for those that share their blood. Not you, though. The serpent's covetous, envious and ambitious nature coexists with a strangely genuine sense of familial loyalty when it comes to you, and instead it lends it's great mastery of flame-based sorceries and gifts as a schemer to support your own ambitions-always with an eye to advance whatever your ambitions may be, as well as its own power. Perhaps because you raised it as a hatchling. Perhaps because it can't help but admire your own indulgences and ambitions.

There must be something truly vile in the serpent's heritage. For its tongue is somewhat amorphous, and can take on the form of a beautiful maiden's torso and hips peeling out from the serpent's maw as if squeezing through a dress. Her hair the same shade as her scales, and her sibilant voice strangely compelling.

Spurned Child of the Abyss (100 CP, free/optional Bloody Blackguard): It was a dark and stormy night when you came across the witch. Her drooping hat and ragged robes dark as thunderclouds at night, her skin pale as porcelain and her eyes a pale yellow. She treasures your company, for few would even dare approach her despite her lack of ill will to most. The witch watches over you now, offering sardonic but gently encouraging advice and assisting you with her formidable powers of blood magic and sorcery-even teaching them, if you wish. She wields both the blood magic of Mohg and the spells innovated by the primeval current like a veteran prodigy, yet her true power and nature is something different. For as Shabriri is one with the Frenzied Flame, her soul is as one with a fell power that has yet to make it's hand felt in this world-which she channels into incantations, sorceries and Ashes of War unlike any known in

this world. And when desperate, she can transform her clothes and hair into the oily, toothy, soul-rending tendrils of a vile taint on par with the Seedbed Curse-both spreading towards others, and armouring her with the visage of a grand abomination.

The witch knows what could happen if she let the curse that ruins so many lives while leaving her own pale flesh pristine corrupt others. She would become more than human in some ways, and less in others. And though she presently spurns this path, she herself is extremely corruptible by you.

Drawbacks

The Age of the Maidenless (+0 CP, requires Tarnished, cannot be taken with Age After Age): Well, well. You've found yourself in quite a pickle, haven't you? You start in a rather isolated part of the Lands Between, and not long after your journey you encounter a mysterious women called Melina. Though no Maiden herself, she nonetheless offers you a compact wherein she will become your travelling companion, faithfully offering you all the services a Finger Maiden would perform. On the bright side, it seems you are particularly adept at seeing the Guidance of Grace compared to your fellow Tarnished.

In short, with this option you most decidedly *are* the player character Tarnished in the main Elden Ring game-along with all that entails. And while the means to achieve it may prove convoluted, **should Melina be alive at the end of your stay she may come with you as a companion to future worlds.**

In addition to that, **you are also considered to have a free purchase of Destined Spirits for Ranni the Witch. If she discovers her order once her fate is allowed to progress, due to her closeness with it her mysterious black moon and the stars it guides may follow her into future worlds as well.** You must still seek her out, wherever she may be, and convince her to come with you but once this occurs she too can become a companion. Perhaps that nice Renna girl could give you some hints?

Age After Age (+0 CP): The past of this world is shrouded in violence, betrayal and conspiracy. Many of the great questions in the Lands Between will never be fully answered by those willing and able to shed light on them. Would you like to seek their answers out for yourself? With this, you may start at an earlier date in this world's history-with your earliest starting date being the heyday of the dragons, when Placidusax ruled as Elden Lord.

My Age or the High Age (+0 CP): What's the point of becoming Elden Lord if you won't stick around to enjoy it, eh? With this choice, you may extend your stay by up to ten thousand years in this world. A little incentive for you to become Elden Lord, and bask in the consequences of what your choices have wrought upon the Lands Between. Or perhaps, to explore the mysteries unveiled from engaging in

The End of an Age (+0 CP): On the other hand, if your attachments to this world are few you may end your jump early after resolving the matter of the Elden Ring's shattering conclusively-whether you take the Elden Throne, or meaningfully change the world in another fashion. You may have a few hours to say your goodbyes, or immediately progress to the next jump after a few seconds to bask in your accomplishment.

An Age of Darkness, Blood and the One-Armed Wolf (+0 CP): A flame, flickering, held by a great kiln-or was that a forge. Eldritch beings from the stars, whose essence warps both world and flesh. Majestic yet blighted dragons with a tainted sort of immortality. Which world, *exactly*, did you think you were in again? If you wish, you may choose to have your stay in this world be in the same continuity as that of the Dark Souls jumps, the Sekiro jump or the Bloodborne jump as either a sequel (in which case though they would have happened in ages long past, your actions will carry over) or a distant past. The gulf between ages is great indeed, but truly drastic actions may have consequences that bridge them.

Tardy Tarnished (100 CP): It seems you have both a ruinous curiosity, and a talent for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. It's not that you're any slower in battle or in a flat-out race, but when battling fierce adversaries who need a solid couple of seconds to transform or unveil their greatest techniques you can't help but stand, mesmerised, waiting patiently for them to finish. You also have a tendency to get distracted lose track of time while helping those around you, only to come back and find they've bumbled into new problems while you were out there killing crabs. The Grace must be disappointed in how hard you are to guide.

Suffer Not The Undead (100 CP): You are now an undead version of whatever you are, tainted and unsightly in the eyes of the Golden Order and its adherents. Apart from the holy power of the Erdtree now being significantly damaging to you, the social stigmata is so considerable that those who show kindness to your ilk are equally shunned. Even if your power is great, there are those who feel morally obliged to hunt you down. And don't think to get out of this by being already a form of renewed life; your status as one of Those Who Live In Death is extremely noticeable. A ravaged corpse animated by unnatural shadows, a

walking skeleton, a ghastly wraith-your appearance inspires the horror and ignominy of death in all who look upon you.

If you really want to, you can keep your deathly status as an altform after the jump. You heretic.

A Need for Worth (100 CP): In your past, you were deeply shamed in a way that makes you awfully easy to manipulate. It may not necessarily be truly sordid, but you have a deepseated need to prove yourself and validate your honour in the eyes of others. This sort of attitude is what murderous cults all over the Lands Between are looking for in a new recruit, and while it's not insurmountable be aware that your susceptibility to flattery and opportunities for glory may lead you to disregarding the advice of friends. Or if you are a more prideful sort, it could be what leads you headlong into danger in order to prove yourself a true warrior-no matter what injuries you have taken.

Life Is Not Hope (100 CP): What's left to save, at the end of the day? How can even an Elden Lord break out of the cycles this world has endured? Though some would say where there's life, there's hope, a deep melancholy hangs on you. You may still know the joy of a shared bonfire, the loyalty of a comrade in arms, but without some truly life-affirming feats you cannot shake the certainty that this world is simply not saving. Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that you seem to have lost all your knowledge about the Lands Between. You may still be a skilled warrior, a wise mage or what have you but when it comes to the customs, traditions, history and culture of the Lands Between you find yourself at a loss.

Sudden Drought (200 CP): For a county ravaged by war, famine, pestilence and worse than death the Lands Between have always had a surprising bounty for those willing to make the effort, but it seems things are bleaker than ever now. Once-plentiful resources are so scarce on the ground you'd have to go on a veritable killing spree of foes to wring forth usable materials, and often equipment is spoilt if not unusable. Worse merchants, tutors and even authorities willing to pay for services in Runes and other rewards all seem thriftier, suffering just as keenly as yourself.

You Are The Pest Control (200 CP): As is tradition in worlds similar to this one, there are a great many high speed, annoyingly persistent and veritably creepy critters that seem to have nothing better to do than dogpile the nearest wandering adventurer. Feral dogs that hit and run in packs. Flaming chariots that charge at you like you owe them money. Hawks fitted with blades that can inexplicably breathe fire and throw barrels. With this, it seems there's something about you that makes just about every nonsentient pest capable of

sensing you coming make a beeline for your jugular with a rabid lack of self-preservation. And the worst part is, even when fighting each other they instinctively (if advertently) coordinate well when it comes to fighting you.

A Song of Blood and Ice (200 CP): Everyone knows about unscrupulous Tarnished willing to kill their peers for fame and glory, but not only have you been picking up some frequent bounties-you've had the misfortune to encounter some of the most *unfairly* kitted out killers in the land. The duel blade wielding swordsman who just happens to know a legendary Ash of War that lets him fight like a mobile blender that makes your wounds bleed unnaturally quickly. The sorcerer willing to splatter you and everything behind you in ice. The three bastards that patiently wait for you at the gate to blast you with dragon communion breath weapons while the FIVE other homicidal parkour enthusiasts roll after you like murderous hedgehogs. It's nowhere near as bad as pissing off every pest on your journey-these "people" have *lives*, after all-but as impromptu assassinations go it's still extremely uncommon.

And judging by the messages left behind by both the fallen (and if you are Tarnished or an otherwise resurrection-based immortal, on your fallen form), you're starting to suspect someone is building a whole petty religion around your suffering.

Co-Written by GRRM (200 CP): It wouldn't be a proper stay in the world defined by Godfrey, Ranni, Rennala and Marika without a convoluted series of backstabbing and assassinations, and you seem to have found yourself at the centre of one such web of lies. Strangers will become more difficult to rely on-some because they're agents in the pocket of some sinister power with a grim interest in your fate, others because those same agents may seek to "take care" of them when you're not around. By both carrot and stick you will be ensnared into an agenda as restricting and undesirable to you as the Two Fingers' agenda was to Ranni the Witch, and hounded by agents as formidable as the Black Knives themselves to railroad you along a certain course of action with significant repercussions for this world. *Who* exactly is sponsoring all this and for *what* purpose you'll have to find out on your own, but suffice to say they're willing to kill if you're unwilling to play along.

The Shattering, Mended (300 CP): You'd expect the demigods and their armies to be parked in a conveniently reached location, indulging in their places of power or languishing from the wounds sustained during the war. However with this, it appears that they or their forces are far more mobile than previously expected. Mohg, Lord of Blood has finally decided the Mohgwyn Dynasty is ready to take the Lands Between by force of arms while his "lover" continues to slumber. General Radahn and Malenia have both recovered some measure of

their wits, and are ready to march to battle again. In the midst of all this Morgott resorts to desperate measures to stop all-out war from breaking out, while Rykard slithers forth to devour the gods he hates with the Volcano Manor at his side.

All involved are no less wounded or otherwise depleted from their struggles in the former Shattering, and their newfound lucidity may be a boon for adept diplomats. But for the purpose of gathering Remembrances, things are going to be harder than simply finding where everyone's lurking and hitting them with all you've got.

If taken in an era before the Shattering occurs, you are doomed to get caught in the middle of a civil war of comparable magnitude.

The Flame Flickers (300 CP): It is commonly assumed that Marika's victory over the giants was total, that the Erdtree's power stands uncontested and that only fools remain to pursue the Frenzied Flame. But what if she overlooked something critical? With this, that is in fact the case. An army of giants, hundreds strong and in the prime of their health, has been held in reserve somewhere beyond the Lands Between. You will not see them for months, but they are making their way here to slay all in their path-and the demigods are no longer in any fit state to fight them off. Do not think carrying the Frenzied Flame will exempt you from this fate. The flame is fickle, the giants consumed by it's overwhelming need to *purify* this tainted world.

The Dragonlord Returns (300 CP): It is commonly assumed that the Dragonlord, a being capable of covering the skies in storms as far as the eye can see when roused to battle, is content to await his god's return, that the dragons of this age are either occupied in private pursuits of their own or otherwise aggressive opportunists eking out a living like everyone else. But choose this, and that all changes. Within weeks the Dragonlord renounces his exile, and renews war on Marika and her legacy for failing to preserve the world he once ruled. It will take time for him to wrest back the loyalty of every dragon remaining in the world, but as their divine ruler few would gainsay him-and even in their decline, dragons remain formidable foes. And if you think you can get away with a little conscription by being a dragon with this, know that the Dragonlord's renewed determination comes from a prophecy he puts desperate faith in: That he can regain his lost god by sacrificing *you*.

Cursed (100/200/300 CP): A curse has been placed on you by a power comparable to that of the one inflicted on Marika-though how severe it's effects are will determine your compensation. For 100 CP it is a purely aesthetic change that simply inflicts deep psychological self-hatred and revulsion on you.

It could be as mild as having red hair, but the yearning to be rid of it will be absolute, and to you it will be a profound violation of your very being. Alternatively you could be one of the Omens; though your horns do not prevent you from being a great fighter, your kind are deeply hated in all the land. For 200 CP the curse visibly affects your daily life, but does not entirely impair your normal functions. Miquella's curse of eternal childhood for example would be a fitting one. And for 300 CP you have something as dire as the Scarlet Rot that afflicts Millicent-a truly life-threatening curse you cannot even weaponize in any form. It eats away at you, causing you incredible agony and all but cripples you as a fighter. If a cure for it is to be found in this land, it would have to be something like the masterwork of an Emphyrean.

A Call Beyond (500 CP): The Scarlet Rot. The Formless Mother. The Frenzied Flame, and perhaps the moon. Since when were you under the impression these were the *only* rivals to the Erdtree before it's ascendancy? Upon your entry an outer god of unknown provenance takes a malign interest in you, where it had once remained aloof to this world's conflicts. It must have you, but it will not come to you in fire and war-oh no. It will send forth a miasma or plague of its corruptive presence, reshape living beings as minions and imbue it's essence into landscapes to grant itself places of power and send forth divine messengers similar to the Fingers who can enact it's will in more detail. Madmen wielding strange magics unseen in this land and aberrant monstrosities marked with its power will coordinate with uncanny efficiency in order to either end your life in its name-or see your body and soul hollowed out to be inhabited by it. And should you prove a truly resilient foe, it may even send forth an embodiment of its will comparable to the Elden Ring and the Elden Beast that came along with it-a true god in its own right sent in a last ditch effort to destroy you.

As all the triumphs of Marika's armies proved, even a foe as great as this can be beaten back with wisdom, might and determination. But make no mistake-it's assault will only truly end when you muster what it takes to slay a god.

Go home

Stay

Move on

Notes

Because of your investment here, any perk that lets you produce a Mending Rune also lets you survive the process. It is still going to typically be an exhausting process for the average human that will likely result in a bout of unconsciousness, but you won't have to worry about ending your chain with it at least.

There are significant issues with the translation of Elden Ring's English release with it's native Japanese one. If and where any details conflict between the two, feel free to fanwank which apply during your stay.

It is unclear how dependent an Empyrean is on communion with their god to establish a new Order. Suffice to say that if you succeed in enacting a new Order in this jump, you retain as much of the god's presence as needed to ensure the propagation of it in other worlds. You do not necessarily have automatic and retroactive supremacy depending on other preexisting supernatural powers, but in mundane worlds it should be fairly quickly for you to spread your new Order through the propagation of the forces you embody.

Yes, if you somehow pursued Dragon Communion as a Living Jar in your backstory you can turn into a Magma Wurm. Probably a weird crockery-based one, but hey-a troll accomplished it too. Somehow. It's...not entirely clear what happens if you pursue Dragon Communion as a dragon. By and large, dragons seem to be pretty happy with just being dragons.

Yes, if you take Vessel of Ruination for Destined Death and Black Blade you can have the full power of Destined Death as Maliketh wielded in his prime. The gulf between that state and the "sad shadow of its former glory" that Maliketh's blade in the present represents is unknown, only that it was feared by all the demigods.

If you create an OC demihuman companion as an Empyrean, optionally you may fanwank that they are your assigned "shadow" by the Two Fingers with all that entails.

It's not clear if the Fingerslayer Blade becomes unnaturally heavy Mjolnir-style or just slips out of the grip of someone without a fate or whatever. Fanwank something.

The implications of certain OCs' resemblance to certain historical figures is up to you to determine.