

# DUNGEONS THE DRAGONING 40,000

4th Edition

homebrew  
Tome of Races





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# Arachne

Long ago, before the Fall, when Lolth was first staking her claim to the Webway, she came across a girl-child lost there. The girl was young, but full of hubris; the Spider Daemon demanded her fealty, but the girl refused. Lolth demonstrated her power, swarming the girl with hordes of arachnids, filling the air with webs, and still the girl would not kneel. Finally, she asked what skills the girl had, that made her so infuriatingly convinced that Lolth would spare her insolent soul... and the girl complied. Gathering the silk that Lolth's spiders had created, the girl wove quickly, dying some with her blood and more with ichor from the crushed arachnids, until she had woven a scene fit to display to the Spider Daemon.

And it was so galling that Lolth was fit to be tied, and gave her the rope. She cursed the girl, and all of her descendants, forcing her and hers into the likeness of the animal she had refused the fear of. That girl's name was Arachne, now borne proudly by her descendants as they pour out of the Webway to weave a bridge across the Wheel.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 1.8-2.1m

**Average Weight:** 75-120kg

**Languages:** Trade, Arachne

**Common Personality Traits:** Focused, decisive, predatory, blunt, patient

**Common Physical Traits:** Nimble, twitchy, chitinous body, dark colors, multiple eyes

**Example Names:** Achidna, Anansi, Chakravartin, Iktomi, Rachnera, Silitha

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Wisdom or Dexterity

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Crafts and Deceive

**Power: Spider Butt:** Your lower half is a giant spider, giving you Armor 2 on your Legs and allowing you to scale walls and ceilings as easily as walking on the ground. A result of 3 or 4 when determining Hit Location hits your Left or Right Back Leg Pair, respectively, instead of your Body. However, armor that can fit your arachnid backside is hard to come by and must be custom-made, increasing its rarity by one step.

**Size:** 4



## Physical Qualities

Arachne are, despite appearances, large spiders with the upper bodies of humans. Their abdomens are covered in a fairly durable chitin that sloughs regularly, some covered further in a fine sort of fur. This fur is usually the same color or within a shade or two of the Arachne's hair, which is typically white (or at least very fair) or black (or extremely dark), and generally complements the shell underneath, which is most commonly black, white, or brown in color. Any unarmored flesh is comparable to a human's in range.

An Arachne's torso is built so that it could pass for a human or Elf at a glance. The face, however, is where similarities end; Arachne have between two and seven additional eyes adorning their foreheads, much like their arachnid ancestors. Arachne eyes are monochrome in color, commonly red or black.

Arachne are oviparous, and grow quickly after hatching, reaching maturity after about seven years. Females tend to be taller and heavier on average than males.

## Playing an Arachne

Arachne communities tend to be quiet and something rather less than lively, with inhabitants coexisting to the extent that they rarely have need to interact with each other. Each family fabricates what they can and can forage or hunt for the rest, eliminating the need for trade among themselves. In fact, most people are shocked when they arrive in an apparently empty area, only for a horde of Arachne to come swarming out to see the intruders.

A race of predators, Arachne are the ideal that most others look to when they think of gender equality. Every individual, from the smallest male to the largest queen, is expected to hunt for itself and defend itself, and none expects demands to be made of others, let alone heeded. Children are a very minor exception for their first year, taken along when hunting in order to teach them the necessary skills, while still supported by the parents.

Among other, more "diplomatic" races, Arachne often find themselves annoyed by the inability to say what one means, and so they tend to develop an almost hypocritical demand for honesty, while acting the ferocious tease themselves. An Arachne will very rarely volunteer unimportant information, preferring to help others along to it

themselves. But they will always give a perfectly honest opinion when asked.

## Arachne Heroes

On her homeworld, Carmine was a fierce and solitary hunter whose red-streaked abdomen struck fear into the hearts of her kin. She was faster and more deadly than most. A visiting spelljammer captain challenged her to a duel in the depths of a cave, revealing himself as a Vampire... and Embracing her when he won. She followed her father in darkness off-world, to hunt more prey in the Great Wheel at large.

At a young age, Nathra was sucked into an Acerath-worshipping cult that traded information in secret for their god, and was prized for her stealth and ability to negotiate through fear. Her thirst for knowledge and secrets led her to open a package she was delivering, to find a luminous golden fruit inside and, ever curious, she soon found herself tasting the Fruit of Life. Her days as a courier for Acerath are long over, but Nathra continues to be thrilled by the cosmic insights brought on by her monadic nature.

Achidna was a fearsome fighter who used a long-handled axe to cripple his prey, never knowing defeat. A roving band of Orks fought him to a draw, and were impressed enough to declare him one of Da Boyz. He now travels with them across the Wheel in a quest for strength and for moar choppa!



# Catfolk

From time to time, around and about the Great Wheel, you might come across a person with the features of a cat. Slighter than humans, not far from elves, these individuals usually travel in groups, trading exotic wares or hiring out their swords to raise money to send home. These are the Catfolk. Their home territories tend to be large plains and savannahs, but you'll never see a city. It's said that they have great hidden settlements, architectural wonders that are forbidden to outsiders, but only the catfolk know for sure.

Catfolk are not particularly religious, as a group. Those who take a martial path often offer Khorne his respects, and those in Catfolk lands always have a shrine out to Pelor, but strict dogmatism is uncommon. For the most parts, Catfolk simply pay their respects to the gods who best fit the situations they find themselves in.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 1.2-1.7m

**Average Weight:** 35-75kg

**Languages:** Trade, Catfolk

**Common Personality Traits:** Curious, Mischievous, Friendly, Surly

**Common Physical Traits:** Cat ears, cat tails, skin stripings or markings

**Example Names:** Chen, Rin, Len, Meowy Wowie

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Dexterity or +1 to Composure.

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Athletics and Perception.

**Power: Cats Are Awesome:** Catfolk gain Catfall as a bonus feat, and Dark Sight as a Trait. While wearing no armor heavier than Light, Catfolk have +1 Speed.

**Size:** 3



## Physical Qualities

Catfolk tend to be similar in general design, but vary wildly in the details. They're generally fit and wiry, rarely stocky or muscular. They have cat ears extending up from the sides of their heads, and prehensile cat tails extending from the base of their spines. They frequently have skin markings, stripes or patterns similar to tabbies, and have some facial deformation relative to the human baseline to give them more of the appearance of a cat. Catfolk tend to dress in a revealing manner, enjoying the feel of the air on their skin and leaving their movements unrestricted.

Some Catfolk are born with two tails. These lucky individuals are thought to be blessed by the Cat Gods and are said to have a great destiny ahead of them, and indeed statistical analysis has shown a correlation between twintails and magical potential.

Catfolk live about as long as humans, if nobody kills them.



## Playing a Catfolk

Catfolk are a loyal people. They know where home is, and that's where their values lie. Whenever they're out and about in the Great Wheel, earning and whatnot, they always make sure to return the lion's share of their wages to their homeland. This connection to their clan means that Catfolk don't form attachments to outsiders very readily. They may be free with their affections, but not so much with their hearts. They know that if they die out there in the wilderness, it's not just hurting them, it's hurting their family, so they tend to keep a healthy detachment from events.

However, that's not to say Catfolk keep to themselves. At all. They're intensely curious about the ways and habits of the outlanders, and always enjoy a good romp. They're very playful, prone to practical jokes, and are often very physically affectionate. Just keep in mind, it's likely that she doesn't **really** love you.

## Catfolk Heroes

Lethe is a fairly unorthodox individual – a catgirl who is also a werewolf. Suffice to say, it leads to the occasional existential crisis. Still, the catfolk's latent curiosity coupled with a werewolf's ferocity lends itself well to Lethe, as she's quite capable of holding her own. Just so long as she's focused, anyway...

Mistra's not your typical mage. Most tend to think of mages as stuffy librarians without the time for social interaction. Mistra, on the other hand, is incredibly outgoing and always looking to be the center of attention. Considering her talents for performance, she also has a tendency to break into impromptu dances, using her magic to make all sorts of special effects. Unsurprisingly, there's rarely a dull moment with her around.

Since a young age, Felicia has always been a curious cat. I mean, there are so many things to be curious about. Like, why do tigerfolk have stripes, and cheetahfolk have spots? Though completely valid questions, Felicia's greatest obsession was with machines. The turning of gears and pumping of pistons drove her mad, and her mania drove her to learn more. She now serves as the one cat engineering crew of a commercial spelljammer, satisfying her desire to build and create without the temptation to tear out the engines and see what happens.

# Dullahan

Dullahans are an ancient race, one whose origins have been lost to time. They claim to be precursors, of which race varies depending on how much the dullahan in question is playing up the angst, cursed by the gods for the folly of siding willingly with the C'tan. The sad reality is that their forebears bore witness to the War in Heaven, as one of the few uplifted races who weren't terribly involved with either side.

Regardless of their origins, Dullahans belong to the Raven Queen, in body and soul. Few openly worship other deities, primarily rebellious sorts living away from their thanes around the Ghoul Stars. Most such Dullahans are known to be doomsayers, popping up every so often in the public eye just to spout some inane prophecy of doom and gloom before disappearing again. Dullahans very rarely ply the Astral Sea, showing a notable tendency toward discomfort in most spelljammers; they vastly prefer open-topped vehicles, preferably with a basket for their heads so that they can feel the wind on their necks.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 1.7-2.1m

**Average Weight:** 85-100kg

**Languages:** Trade, Unseelie

**Common Personality Traits:** Eighth-grader syndrome, fatalistic, patient, poetic, quiet

**Common Physical Traits:** Detachable head, sinewy build, cold, quiet footfalls, monotone voice

**Example Names:** Celty, Rigor Mortex, Ashes of the Ivory Forge, Soul Who Cries Crimson for the Yet to Fall, Lala

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Willpower or Composure

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Stealth and Drive

**Power: Don't Lose Your Head:** Your head can be removed as easily as simply picking it up off your shoulders, and both head and body can function normally as long as they're on the same plane. You don't die if your head is destroyed, though you are permanently Blinded, Deafened and unable to speak without bionics.

**Size:** 4





## Physical Qualities

Dullahans are pale, sinewy humanoids almost indistinguishable from Humans at a glance. They have nigh on universally pale complexions, with a general range between milk-white and cyanotic, and hair similarly falling along a spectrum between black and white. A Dullahan's eyes are most commonly yellow or amber in the iris, and rarely an ominous shade of red or red/green heterochromia can be seen. Black sclerae are relatively common among Dullahans.

The most telling difference, though, is that a Dullahan's head separates cleanly from the body at a point just below the voice box. There's clearly some form of magic involved; the headless body can still hear and see as long as the head can, and the bodiless head continues to live and even speak, and feels whatever the body does. Most Dullahans are rather cavalier about the state of their heads, since they're pretty much vestigial at this point, while others make a point of wearing stiff-collared clothing to keep their heads in place on their shoulders. A Dullahan's head weighs about 5kg on its own, not accounting for hair.

This has a rather interesting effect on the Dullahan's metabolism. Living so close to death, head always separated from the body, a Dullahan needs very little to eat, able to stretch rations almost three times as far as other humanoids do. They don't, however, have much of a sense of taste... or smell, rather. Dullahans have an exceptional ability to detect base flavors (which would help to determine which of the few things they eat has necessary nutrients), but lack the nuanced olfactory sense that allows other humanoids to taste things other than "salty," "sweet" and the like.

## Dullahan Heroes

For Corvus, the idea that he is the Raven Queen's envoy in the Materium is more than mere crowing. Born with a raven-shaped birthmark in the palm of his hand, he has trained and studied the goddess's scripture almost from the time he could walk, and devoted head and heart to the Raven Queen's ideals. Heretics, tyrants, and rebels alike have all lain low before his grimscythe, and those witnesses to his performance of the Raven Queen's duty all dread his whispered command: "Tremble. Kneel down before me in fear."

Princess Magnificent with Lips of Red Coral is the daughter of a thane, or so she claims. No one knows her true pedigree, only that when she first stepped off that spelljammer onto Dis under the light of an actual sun, all were amazed to witness the odd arrow-shaped scarring between her collarbones glow with silver radiance. Now, the name of Princess Magnificent begets more raw fear from the populace than does Lord Dispater's thought police, as her brutal mastery of martial arts has been put to the test in the name of justice.

Secret didn't adopt her new name because she wanted to sing the truth from the rooftops. No... she changed her name to keep a very important person safe. She claims to have borne witness to the murder of Khaine, the god's dying curse as his killers supped from his blood in an attempt to attain godhood themselves. As she recounts her tale, one of the conspirators turned on the others, killing them in an attempt to claim the power for himself alone... and that there have been others asking after one of them as if she were still alive. Secret insists that this is not the case, but remains on the prowl for those who would threaten her mother in darkness.



# Dusking

Also known as boggarts or night imps, Dusklings are a quirky race hailing from a perpetually dark crystal sphere that have an almost natural affinity for "jumping" in and out of the Umbra through shadows.

Gregarious by nature, but with an appearance that lends itself to scaring the poor sods they encounter in the Materium, Dusklings make themselves worthy of alliance by dint of their small builds and nimble fingers, allowing them to slip into small spaces and easily repair ship parts.

Dusklings tend to regard the ability to have fun as more important than sticking to commitments, favoring emotion over logic in most cases. They form personal attachments rather quickly, despite a marked tendency to respond to differing opinions with biting sarcasm.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 1.4-1.7m

**Average Weight:** 45-60kg

**Languages:** Trade, Infernal

**Common Personality Traits:**

Photophobic, jumpy, curious, reckless, sneaky.

**Common Physical Traits:** Lean build, pitch-black skin, slitted pupils, razormouf, barbed tail.

**Example Names:** Nightshade, Daybreak, Shadow, Darko

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Dexterity or Composure

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Stealth and Intimidation

**Power: Creature of Darkness:** Gain Dark Sight and a free Stealth specialty to Hide In Darkness.

**Size:** 3



### Physical Qualities

Duskings are possessed of slim, small frames, adapted to dart and hide rather than stand and fight. They tend toward wiry sinew rather than bulky muscle, never building much in the way of mass. They're almost reptilian in appearance, with fingers and toes tipped by small, sharp nails, a face that pinches forward into a small muzzle, and a long tail with a barbed tip like a devil's. Dusking eyes are large and most commonly a jaundiced amber color, with vertical slits for pupils, but can also appear in shades of red or green, or very rarely an odd shade of lavender. Their skin generally ranges from pitch-black to midnight-indigo, set off by vividly-colored hair, most commonly a fiery shade of orange.

In terms of posture, Duskings tend to stand and walk on their toes exclusively, occasionally scabbling on all fours like an atavistic cat when hiding. They generally wear simple, dark hooded robes, that can easily hide their brightly-colored hair. A Dusking's eyes and teeth shine brightly in the dark, having an eerie effect on mortals native to the Materium.

Duskings can live for centuries, assuming they don't run afoul of a particularly nasty Wraith or spook someone with an itchy trigger finger. They mature around the same age as Humans do.

### Playing a Dusking

Duskings are, to be blunt, spastic little trolls that treat scaring the living daylight out of cutters like friendly handshakes. They prefer to creep about in shadows like little perverts, no doubt stealing whatever they can get their grubby little paws on. Some Gnomes have theorized that Dusking kleptomania is why socks go missing "in the wash."

Dusking society, however, is structured around loose-knit clans in a state of perfect anarchy, which at least explains why they think they can just do as they please whenever they crawl into the Materium. Duskings generally have a hard time grasping the concept of authority, what with generally governing themselves and helping others simply because they want to... in a Dusking territory, nobody

has any real power over anybody else, except for pregnant women or the elderly, who actually need the assistance.

Duskings, then, tend to be communally minded, with a strong tendency to share what they have with someone lacking it, and generally assuming that others will do the same. While they will tend to pilfer ammo or weapons from fallen enemies or just lying around (and a weapons locker counts) to share with allies, they *won't* just take something from someone who's still breathing, because of that golden rule.

Notoriously contrarian by almost anyone else's standards, Duskings tend to show affection with a snarky mouth and coquettish body language. What the Humans call "Lima Syndrome" is very common; the Dusking who spends her childhood playing the bogeyman to someone often grows very attached to him by the time they reach maturity, eventually coming out of the closet (often literally) to help the target of her affections more overtly. Duskings suffering from this strange affliction make for incredibly loyal friends.

### Dusking Heroes

Midna is a jaded soul, ejected from her home at a young age by a psychotic uncle. She grew up at Luna's knee, learning what she needed to return to avenge her home. Never one to do things halfway, she accepted the silver tattoos as well, transforming as she did into the great black barghest... all the more appropriate for tearing her uncle's throat out.

Nadir is a painful paradox... a Dusking whose eyes burn in the light, cursed to be empowered by it. The bright golden N burned across his chest is to him the mark of some god's ire, and as much as he wishes his seeking will turn up a way to remove it, he isn't averse to using the power it grants him to make the taller folk kneel before him.

Moonshadow is an oddity among oddities, and living proof that Synchronicity transcends Umbral boundaries. Born with a strange pattern of platinum scales on her forehead, she soon developed the claws of a dragon as well, all shining like white gold in the darkness of Nostramo. She's long since left, seeking out the source of the dragon's blood in her clan.

# Fairy

Fairies are a tiny race, often spoken of but rarely seen. They were formed by nature herself, their blood flows with magic itself and they can fly with but at thought...unfortunately it also means that, in such a small race, there isn't much room for a brain. They are found in deep forests or near the ocean or...anywhere really. Fairies can appear anywhere that nature resides. It is even rumored that some have been sighted in the Umbra, playing happily among the dead.

Fairies normally care little for gods, falling under the purview of Luna more often than not but worshipping whoever won't bother them much and is easygoing. Fairies of Khorne are more than a little terrifying.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 30cm-1.0m

**Average Weight:** 5-10kg

**Languages:** Trade, Spirit-tongue

**Common Personality Traits:**

Mischievous, Vengeful, Playful, Emotional

**Common Physical Traits:** Strangely

colored hair and eyes, Slight Figures, Constant Cheerful Expressions.

**Example Names:** Alyssa, Rossetta, Iridessa, Daiyousei, Fawn, Ada

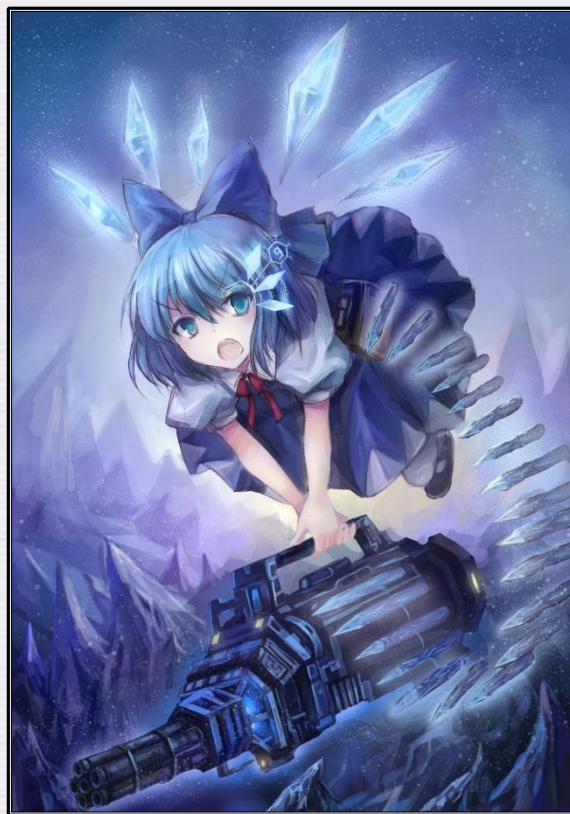
## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Dexterity or +1 to Charisma.

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Arcana and Deceive.

**Power: Happy Thoughts:** While conscious, Fairies have Flyer equal to their normal speed.

**Size:** 2



### Physical Qualities

Fairies are as varied as nature itself; this is due to the fact they are formed fully grown, not born. Fairies tend to have appearances related to where they were formed, with fairies formed near rocks being stockier and brown haired for example, while a fairy formed by the sea may be blond haired, blue eyed and totally tanned dude.

It is unknown how long fairies live. Some have been sighted living centuries but as a whole they live short violent lives.

### Playing a Fairy

Fairies are inquisitive and generally friendly lot, though their weak sense of right and wrong matches their childlike nature. Many fairies would as soon ruin someone who makes them mad as help someone who said something nice. This nature along with their own fragility leads to an exceptionally high mortality rate.

Fairies do not die when they are killed...not quite. Soon after their death they are formed again where they were first made. They are still aware of who they were, vaguely, though their memories are hazy, that of someone else rather than themselves. It is frequently heartbreaking to those non-fairies who knew them, to see a changeling wearing the face of a friend. Do not be fooled by the reappearance...it is still the death of the fairy they were before.



### Fairy Heroes

Alyssa is a fairy with a learning disorder. She learns. For a fairy? That's a disorder. She's seen how the others play like children, never focusing on the bigger picture. They are all fools. A Syrne spirit has shown her that the world is a much grander and bigger place than some small forest and she is determined to see it all. If anything gets in her way she has a lightning bolt with its name on it.

Nissa likes people. She likes them a lot. They are fun to be around and they like her singing. A nice producer even said that she could be the next idol, the Pixie of Sigil...it's a big dream for a small person...she can't wait. Fame, Friends and Fun await her and she's not going to keep it waiting...

Ada isn't happy any more. One day, when she was exploring a man in a strange uniform knocked her out and tossed her in a machine of dark soulsteel. For an entire day she was trapped in there with slashing blades and buzzing saws, torn and ruined but denied death. She was saved by a traveler who freed her and took her to the Church of Bahamut. The wounds caused by soulsteel did not heal and she begged them to not let her die so they took drastic measures. She doesn't have wings any more but they gave her little mithril engines so she can fly again...she doesn't have a heart any more but she has a pyros reactor. She's not fearless of death any more...but she has a goal. She will find who did this...and they are never going to hurt anyone again. She swears this in Bahamut's name.

# Githyanki

The Gith were created in the aftermath of the War of the Monster's Fall, to serve as a race of slaves and livestock for the Mind Flayers. As with all empires, though, the Mind Flayers grew complacent, allowing their creations more and more autonomy, until finally a slave-warrior named Gith took up the blade against them. Gith united the slaves, leading them in guerilla combat and pirate actions across a hundred worlds.

This, though, was not to last. Gith had determined that, so as to never be enslaved again, the slaves would become the slavers, conquering all until none remained to crush them underfoot. Gith's lieutenant, Zerthimon, had other ideas. This betrayal cut a rift among the former slaves; now Gith's followers are known as the Githyanki, "those loyal to Gith," and continue to raid and pillage across the Wheel.



## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 1.2-1.4m

**Average Weight:** 50-65kg

**Languages:** Trade, Gith

**Common Personality Traits:** Brilliant, paranoid, impulsive, intolerant, ambitious

**Common Physical Traits:** Frail build, grey skin, monochromatic eyes, large head, bionic implants

**Example Names:** Zim, Tak, Skooge, Gish

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Intelligence or Willpower

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Tech-Use and Pilot

**Power: Xenoherekek:** Begin play with the Hatred (Mind Flayers) and Mechadendrite Use feats, as well as a set of Mobility Mechadendrites. Mobility Mechadendrites do not count toward the normal limit of how many mechadendrites you can have attached.

**Size:** 3

### Physical Qualities

The Githyanki are an artificially designed race, with very little variation across individuals. They are universally small and lean, with perfect body symmetry. Their skin is unusually smooth, and generally appears in shades of grey, green, and blue. A Githyanki's waifish proportions mean it has an almost disproportionately large head, with equally large eyes (typically a shade of red or purple all the way across), and a pair of long antennae sweeping back from the forehead.

A Githyanki's eyes are incredibly acute, seeing much further and with greater detail than other races in the Wheel. Bulbous eyes can't rotate within their sockets, though; a Githyanki must turn its head in order to keep something in sight, but its greater field of view means it has wider peripheral vision anyway. Githyanki have been known to turn their heads almost 270 degrees in order to keep their eyes on something.

Finally, as an artificial race, the Githyanki are biologically neuter, incapable of breeding. For all their ideals of freedom, they still use the breeding tanks of their former masters, reverse-engineered and now jealously guarded in the few crystal spheres they've laid down roots. Githyanki newts are decanted from the tanks fully developed after six months incubating, and programmed with whatever knowledge they will need for their initial tasks as they're implanted with the pod containing the Mobility Mechadendrites they're so famous for.

### Playing a Githyanki

Githyanki are, on the whole, spastic, mad geniuses... they would have to be, to operate, maintain, and reverse-engineer the ships, weapons, and breeding tanks they'd stolen from their former masters. They have a strong tendency to act on their ideas without stopping to think of whether it's a good idea, to assume the cold knowledge programmed into them on decanting is a substitute for hard experience. Which is... *not* the best idea, when your race's birth rate amounts to once daily.

They are, thankfully, surprisingly tough, with the natural willpower that led to Gith's rebellion aiding in their focus... nothing short of death will stop a Githyanki from achieving its goal, whether that goal is conquering a city or playing chicken with a sea train. They are not, however, complete idiots; the Githyanki are masters of lightning warfare, preferring to fight only as necessary to achieve an objective and then - quite intelligently - bugging the hell out. When only children are smaller than you, you make a point of remembering not to rile up the adults too much.

This is not to say that Githyanki are cowards. Far from it, in fact: For all that a Githyanki might rant and rave about a "rival" (that is, someone who accidentally cut it off in traffic), it takes a coldly logical approach to combat. Guns and armor support are preferable to melee, and it's only logical to cut losses and run when faced with a stronger enemy. Githyanki prefer to gang up on key targets, or use artillery strikes as cover while they go for the real objective.

And, of course, a discussion of the Githyanki mindset would not be complete without mention of their... *strange* criteria for leadership. After thousands of years, the Githyanki still fear their former masters' ire; to that end, when things go south, they instinctively look toward the tallest humanoid present for instruction. Yeah, that's right, berk: The Githyanki choose their leaders based on *height*. Sodding barmy, the lot of 'em.

However, that courtesy doesn't extend to their estranged cousins, the Githzerai. While a given Githzerai may be taller, a Githyanki would sooner walk into a dragon's maw than take orders from one. If circumstances conspire to force them to work together, be sure to have popcorn and a pict-recorder at the ready, because they only foe that will prompt them to stop insulting each other is a Mind Flayer.

### Githyanki Heroes

Gith was the ideal hero, taller than any of its followers and quite an imposing figure with the phase sword in one hand and a needle gun in the other. Skooge... isn't. A tiny, less than impressive specimen, it was a runt coming out of the tank, and swiftly culled from the main fleet on make-work missions. Not that it minds, anymore... not since the golden presence awoke in the back of its head, advising it to ignore its taller brethren in favor of searching out information about the Syrne.

Long ago, before Vaakith transcended into lich-hood, it made a pact with an ancient dragon of flame, intending to introduce more strength into the Githyanki genome. Now, centuries later, Ven is the first success of that experiment, decanted with mustard yellow skin and burning orange eyes... and vicious red claws, the first sign of dragon genetics successfully introduced to the breeding tanks.

# Githzerai

When Gith led its people in revolt against the Mind Flayers, it was thought that all would be well. The slaves threw down their masters, and in so doing, became free... but for what happened afterward. On hearing Gith's intentions, its friend and advisor Zerthimon counselled against it, stating that Gith would have their people become slaves to their fear, when it would be wiser to become strong, so as not to be chained again. Gith... didn't like that.

A second reckoning followed, sweeping across the stolen fleet as the former slaves divided themselves, some opting to follow wise Zerthimon, while most maintained that Gith was correct. Their leaders dueled, and Zerthimon lost. Ever magnanimous, Gith allowed Zerthimon's followers to take one ship and do as they would, taking the traitor's body and its counsel with them. They became known as the Githzerai, "heretics of Gith," and have long since settled down on worlds fringing the Abyss.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 1.7-2.1m

**Average Weight:** 70-80kg

**Languages:** Trade, Gith

**Common Personality Traits:** Patient, observant, cynical, pragmatic, austere

**Common Physical Traits:** Sinewy build, grey skin, monochromatic eyes, nimble, surprisingly strong

**Example Names:** Piccolo, Nail, Dende, Zerth

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Dexterity or Willpower

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Acrobatics and Crafts

**Power: Regenerative:** Begin play with the Hardy and Hatred (Mind Flayers) feats, and you can regenerate lost limbs as if under a constant Regenerate spell.

**Size:** 4





### Physical Qualities

With only one set of breeding tanks, the Githzerai set to work modifying themselves for their inevitable failure before choosing a world to call home. Like their cousins the Githyanki, they have strangely smooth skin that usually tends to grey, green, or blue shades, with eyes of a single, solid color... but that's where the similarity ends. The first Githzerai to set foot on a civilized world - and all Githzerai since - only superficially resembled Gith's followers. They had increased their muscle mass, no longer bound to the ideal form of cattle for their former masters, and - more importantly - engineered a way to continue on when the breeding tanks broke down.

Raised on good planet-grown fare rather than synthesized tube meat, Githzerai have gained some length of bone over their estranged cousins, comparable to well-built humans in size. A Githzerai's color is more vivid than a Githyanki's, and a vestigial pair of antennae sprout from its forehead, reduced in importance now that they've given themselves ears and a nose to better resemble their new neighbors.

Githzerai tend toward simple, serviceable clothing, usually preferring long tunics tied at the waist to more complex shirts and trousers... not that they actually need it. While Githzerai are still biologically neuter, among the tweaks made to their genome is a form of asexual reproduction, similar to parthenogenesis. What that means in non-greybeard is that once or twice in its lifetime, a Githzerai will puke up an egg that hatches into, well, a clone of the parent.

This, unfortunately, has the drawback of *not* coming with the accelerated development that Githyanki enjoy; Githzerai take years to mature after hatching, almost as long as humans do. The newts can live off sunlight and water until their teeth start coming in, at which point they're just too big to not take solid food.

### Playing a Githzerai

Githzerai rarely use two words when one will do. They tend to be cynical and suspicious, generally expecting the worst in people. Githzerai don't waste time on fools, and are rarely moved to help those unprepared to help themselves. They are pragmatic to a fault, slow to give trust, and cautious in their dealings with others.

Many Githzerai disdain creature comforts and live their lives in ascetic discipline. Their settlements and strongholds resemble monasteries more than villages. Unlike the Githyanki, who see other races as slaves to be taken, the Githzerai simply see others as irrelevant... they offer the respect due to

strength and discipline, but little else. Githzerai settlements are self-sufficient and have little need for trade, though some have been known to extend Zerthimon's philosophies to those who show interest.

Githyanki, however, can take the rope, all of it. Their stunted cousins are mired in fear, unable to let go of their past. And, more importantly, they killed Zerthimon, who was martyred for its people... that just won't be forgiven. A Githzerai forced to cooperate with a Githyanki is a storm of barely-concealed contempt and a vicious font of sarcasm... unless confronted with a Mind Flayer, which they'll both attack with equal gusto.

### Githzerai Heroes

Cargo was always a bright newt, with an affinity for healing magic that the sparring monks rarely looked askance at. That is, until a fire caught in the village, trapping a newt inside its home. Brave Cargo ran headlong into the flames... and to everyone's surprise, they turned green to match Cargo's skin, whirling up into a column above the astonished newts and finally flaring out into the visage of a great bird before disappearing, revealing Cargo carrying out the frightened newt... with wings of fire flickering on its back.

Fife is - or rather, *was* - a rather promising young adept, a veritable prodigy in the dojo and the classroom. All of that promise, though, was cut short when the Kythons attacked. Who brought them, Fife doesn't know, but it fully intends to find them and end them. For the murder of its clan... and itself.

Zerth is known to be a reclusive sort. Keeping itself to itself, even among other Githzerai, and going so far as to teach only a single apprentice at a time rather than passing on its knowledge to all that it can. Following Zerthimon's teachings led to an epiphany, an awakening of strange power more gentle than psyker practices, easier to simply let flow from the mind. Zerth has mastered the use of this power to humiliate would-be students by beating them with sticks... without ever touching the stick.

# Goblin

Goblins are tinkerers and tradesfolk, out for a quick buck and bigger explosions. Hailing from a Sphere noted for torrential downpour, the Goblins are easily recognized by their large bat ears, short stature and often carrying large sums of money or explosives (often both). Constant tinkerers, where a Gnome builds things that last, Goblins build things for either cold hard Thrones or big booms.

Their affinity towards using explosives tends to cause them to live short and loud lives. Even when they aren't at the mercy of their explosive love they still don't live long lives typically averaging at 40 years. Because of this they tend to keep business in the family, if you work with the father you can bet you will work with his son. This hand-me-down attitude means that a high regard for tradition is unusually strong amongst goblankind.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 1.3-1.6m

**Average Weight:** 45-58kg

**Language:** Trade, Goblin

**Common Personality Traits:**

Conniving, crazed, scheming

**Common Physical Traits:** Light brown to light green skin, ornate but often grease slicked clothes, sensitive to sounds

**Example Names:** Bruck, Na'Thak, Q'uark, Squee, Ze'Jill

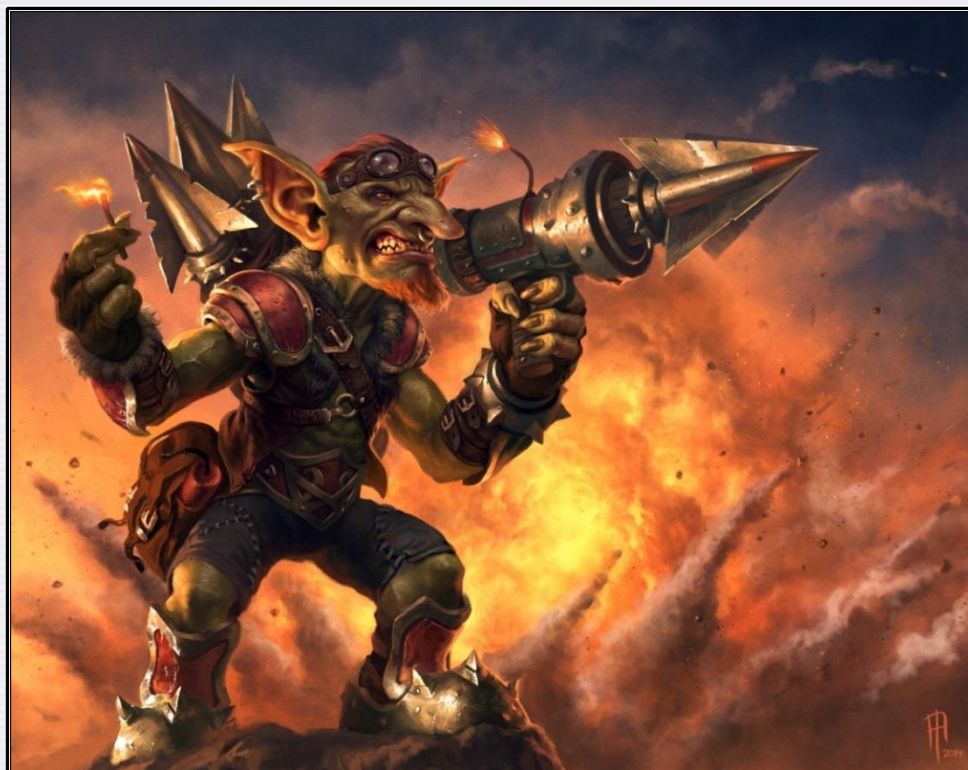
## Racial Traits

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Intelligence or Charisma

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Tech-Use and Deceive

**Power: Time Is Also Explosions!** - Once per scene, you may make one attack with a spell or gun attack that gains the Blast property, with a rating equal to level. If the weapon or spell have the Blast property already, add a +1k0 to it. You gain an additional use of this ability at level 3 and again at level 5.

**Size:** 2



## Physical Qualities

Equivalent to Gnomes in height, Goblins are easily distinguishable from the other common races. Their skin tones range from an almost khaki to a pale green. Their hair tends to be sparse on the men, though thick on the women and tends to be rather dark and coarse. They have most of their weight in the torso, their arms and legs belying the strength they possess.

Style of dress tends to vary depending on profession, but even then most Goblins try to snazz it up. Those in the business of selling tend to dress in ways to imitate the cultures they are trying to sell to, and those who build (to destroy) tend towards leathers and other fire and acid resistant clothing.

## Playing a Goblin

Loud, proud, always wanting a fast Throne or big explosion, Goblins tend to be a boisterous lot. They always seem to need to be moving, never being able to sit still for too long. Their fingers especially always seem to be moving, either twitching or working on something.

Most Goblins live in small groups, whether family members or business partners. More successful and well-to-do Goblins tend to buy property that is large and espousing their status. Buying moons seems to be a sort of catch-all dream of the Goblins as a whole.

How they came to be is a matter of contention among scholars, unsure if the Syrne had a hand or if they came to be on their own. Very little in the way of Syrne archaeological expeditions to the Goblin home spheres have been done due to the heavy and expensive legal paperwork and mandatory bribes prevent almost all from doing so. But



the Goblins have been on the seen for many, many years and have carved a small little corner of the Astral Sea to call their own.

Goblins tend towards the unaligned faiths which match their personalities the closest, Vectron being rather popular as of recent, though Goblins of other faiths are not unheard of.

Goblins are seen in the Astral Sea as both explosive experts and traders, though also kept at a distance. They do have a code of conduct, though few ever hear of it or can make heads or tails of it since it is primarily spoken and not written down.

## Goblin Heroes

Teo'Lora never quite fit into Goblin society. Where her fellows wanted explosions and money, she sought education and information. Why became obvious later in her life when she awoke her Syrne spirit within while exploring an exhibit on Syrne artifacts on Sigil. Now driven to build, she has begun studying in hopes of unlocking her full magical potential.

Prahsig has always tinkered with explosive he was a child. But an accident several years ago left his body broken, though he hung on for dear life. Using his life saving, he was remade into a being of manufactured fluids and artificial muscle and steel bones. But the men who remade him failed to inform him he only put a down payment on the new body. Not wanting to be 'repossessed,' Prahsig now uses his abilities to pay off the people who made him what he is today.

Ruym is a trader known wide and far not for any physical goods but for the secrets he can divulge. Having large ears can be a benefit, and he keeps his wide open for any small bit of info he can get his mitts on. Some say he even has a uncanny knack for it, but he simply recites rules back to them so that they may learn to be as successful as he is.

# Goliath

Goliaths are enormous, hulking brutes of humanoids thought to be at least tangentially related to humans, if not hailing from a crystal sphere close enough to Théah that they were simply assumed to be a subspecies of the race that introduced them to the greater portion of the Wheel. Most other races call them ogres, after the Eldarin first encountered them as something like shock troops during their near-war with the fledgling human race.

Goliaths now find themselves more widespread across the Wheel than the humans who first uplifted them from their original home, often pressed into service for their enormous strength. They can even find work on the world-ships of the Eldarin they so terrified during humanity's ascension, though corridors designed for the elfin races are plenty cramped for the giant folk to complain about. As a result, they don't have much in the way of ships or weapons for themselves; most Goliath-made tech is easily confused for items made by human or Ork hands.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 3.0-3.4m

**Average Weight:** 295-400kg

**Languages:** Trade, Giant

**Common Personality Traits:** Simple, straightforward, honest, impassive, stubborn

**Common Physical Traits:** Lanky, powerful build, thick skin, coarse hair, hairy knuckles

**Example Names:** Thud, Gouka, Argus, Nork

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Strength or Constitution

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Athletics and Intimidate

**Power: Powerful Build:** You can wield two-handed Melee weapons in one hand at a -2k0 penalty on the attack roll, and take no penalty for firing a Heavy weapon without bracing first... but your powerful build means that armor in the sizes required must be specially made, increasing its rarity by one step.

**Size:** 6



### Physical Qualities

Goliaths are enormous brutes that tower over nigh on every other civilized creature in the Wheel, looking down on Halflings, Elves and Aasimar alike. Hard not to, with their long, gangly limbs. A given Goliath's torso is as big around as an Aasimar in powered armor, its biceps the size of fuel drums. Hair is generally coarse and less than manageable; most Goliaths end up with shorn heads as a result. Female Goliaths tend to be slightly smaller on average than the males.

Skin and hair colors among Goliaths vary widely, from earthen shades of brown and grey to the pale cream and white of those living in more civilized crystal spheres and the hot crimson of Goliaths born to more frigid spheres. Clothing in the sizes required for Goliaths is more readily acquired than protective gear; they generally prefer to remove the sleeves of civilian clothing, favoring comfort over looks.

### Playing a Goliath

Most berks out there seem to think it's easy to outsmart a Goliath. Well, now, that might be true, but the Goliath would respond that it's difficult to outsmart a fist the size of your torso plowing into your face. Goliaths are simple and straightforward... easy to confuse for stupidity, until you realize that "straightforward" often means three hundred kilos of muscle tearing through a durasteel bulkhead to get to the sorcerer on the other side.

Among the smaller folk, Goliaths are well aware of their own enormous stature, and often find themselves unconsciously restraining themselves, especially among those they consider friends. They tolerate orders from smaller creatures surprisingly well, generally more amused than annoyed by the

situation, and gladly put their brute strength to work when asked. As with most people, Goliaths have a tendency to respond more positively to respect than to jeering and snide remarks.

Among their own kind - and the occasional Ork warband - Goliaths are much less inclined to handle with care, casually cuffing others over the head to gain attention or as punishment for saying something particularly stupid. The same stubbornness that leads to them ignoring non-damaging details in the task of "move this thing from here to there" makes Goliaths very likely to get into fistfights with each other over matters as trivial as sleeping spots, or who gets to eat the best parts of the aurochs.

### Goliath Heroes

Gouki had an accident. Arms gone, most of his flesh flayed away by Modron gauss cannons he took to prevent them from striking the children of the Eldarin world-ship that had taken him on, he cheated death, escaping stasis only by the wraithbone crystals grown into existence to cover the exposed muscle. He chafes under the restrictive plating, unable to move as freely as he used to, but welcomes the second life, and the feeling of Modron plating crumpling under his wraithbone knuckles.

Thanks to the Dark Eldarin who "cared" for him, Krieg lost his mind long before the shooting star hit him. Now the insane Goliath lurks through the labyrinthine streets of Commorragh, an overturned bucket upon his head and spiraling dragon tattoos on his immense arms often the last thing that hapless Dark Eldarin see before he takes his revenge by turning them into new meat bicycles.

One day, Kuon felt a little peckish. So he decided to eat all of the ship's stores. When the crew came to reprimand him, he ate them too. All of his gorging eventually provoked a daemon calling itself the All-Consuming Devourer of Chaos to show up out of jealousy... and Kuon ate the daemon, too. Now with the daemon's hunger added to his own, Kuon wanders the Wheel, searching for something that can finally sate them.



# Kitsune

Kitsune, or fox folk, are vulpine shapeshifters known for their love of trickery and art. Said to be favored by Luna, they share her wisdom and fickle nature. They hail from a world that appears to have no sun, where the veil separating the Materium from the Umbra is particularly thin, and as a result, they very nearly live alongside the spirits they seem to worship.

They have a knack for warpcraft, to the extent that most kitsune "tech" is based on unique enchantments placed on otherwise unremarkable items. Their ships, however, leave a bit to be desired; most kitsune prefer to hitchhike with someone else rather than use their own... resulting in various superstitions and a certain level of mystique surrounding kitsune passengers. Kitsune-made weapons and armor are often prime targets for Limulians, who see them as anomalies to be contained for further study.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 1.3-1.8m

**Average Weight:** 65-86kg

**Languages:** Trade, Kitsune, Spirit-tongue

**Common Personality Traits:** Flirtatious, untrustworthy, wise, sneaky, capricious

**Common Physical Traits:** Splendid tails, fine hair, sharp teeth, unnatural eyes, slight build

**Example Names:** Ran, Kurama, Shippo, Tamamo

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Fellowship or Wisdom

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Deceive and Scrutiny

**Power: Crazy Like a Fox:** Once per Scene, when making a skill test, you may use Deceive and an appropriate characteristic instead.

**Size:** 3



### Physical Qualities

Kitsune generally have small, lean builds and almost elfin features, with narrow eyes and large, furry ears. Most have at least one tail, coated in fluffy fur of the same color as the kitsune's hair, while others have been seen with as many as nine, but the average among adventuring kitsune seems to be three. Kitsune run the gambit from pale to fair to dark in coloration, with a rusty red shade being the most common hair color. Eyes are generally green or amber in color; blue eyes among kitsune usually indicate deafness in the ear on the same side.

Kitsune tend to favor loose and flowing outfits that can be arranged to conceal or display their vulpine features as they see fit. They don't, however, like wearing a *lot* of clothing... too many layers does unpleasant things to their fur. Kitsune are particularly uncomfortable wearing voidsuits, preferring implanted voidskins whenever possible.

### Playing a Kitsune

Despite an irrepressible penchant for deception, kitsune prize loyalty and make true companions. They delight in the arts, particularly riddles and storytelling, and settle in ancestral clans, taking their wisdom from both the living and spirits. Kitsune deal well with elves and humans, but their reputation as tricksters follows them when they interact with other races. Many kitsune, particularly those who dwell in mixed-race societies, choose to hide their true natures and pose as elves in public.

Kitsune are gregarious by nature, but have no problem with solitude. They enjoy sharing their wisdom, often couched in parable when not a direct demonstration. Illusion magic comes easily to them, and is often used alongside their oratory to provide context. Left to herself, a kitsune often spends her free time in reflection... thinking up new ways to screw people over, according to some berks, but the truth is that spirituality is very deeply ingrained in kitsune culture.

They still tend toward a form of spirit worship, keeping family shrines to honor their ancestors. Adventurers often carry small funerary plaques for ancestors who might look

well upon their efforts. Those kitsune who do look to the gods tend to favor Luna as an example of all that the fox folk consider to be virtuous. Kitsune smiths are thus particularly adept at working silver, which is linked with the Changing Goddess as well as connotations of spiritual purity.

Kitsune language is based on syllable sounds rather than letter characters. The written form consists of several different alphabets, each made up of runes representing these sounds, and another made up of a truly massive number of runes representing concepts. Many of these symbols are shared between the Kitsune alphabets, resulting in names and words that can have different meanings depending on which alphabet they're read in.

### Kitsune Heroes

Kuyo is a four-tailed fox born under the formless light to a legacy of fire. And power over fire is the last thing *anybody* wants a near-psychopath to have. He is still functional, if barely, but prone to fits of rage that invariably result in melted heaps of slag where once were buildings. Especially when someone disagrees with his usual method of "use fire to end problem."

Tamamo of Mae is an eight-tailed - well, eight-and-one-fifth-tailed - fox desperately fighting out of the shadow of her ancestor, a nine-tailed oracle renowned for her power of divination. Unfortunately, the magical belt that she created to overcome her namesake's legacy all but ensures that Tamamo will continue to be associated with her oracular ancestor, as everyone knows the white-masked, gold-armored hero she becomes as Rider Inari.

Golden-Tail has only one, but the name he's chosen is an apt descriptor. He's had a unique connection with the spirits of his home from a young age... one in particular has never left his side, even after he left his home. Now he teaches swordplay in Sigil, always accompanied by the half-visible, malnourished ghost of a young kitsune girl...

# Kython

Kythons are highly adaptive near-humanoids suspected to hail from any number of worlds on the fringes of the Abyss. Due to the constant flux of their home environments, Kythons as a species have ceased evolving at some point during a more primal stage of development, instead adapting on an individual level to meet the needs of whatever environment they find themselves in. Kythons are highly aggressive and very stunted with regard to technological development, having gotten by with primitive tools and their own strange biological processes before their first contact with the other races of the Wheel.

Despite their feral appearance and primitive tendencies, Kythons are just as quick to adapt mentally as physically, and the more advanced races of the Wheel have since learned to leverage both. A Kython's formidable appearance lends it usefulness as a shock troop, its ferocious strength gives it potential with cargo, and the ease with which it can adapt and learn means it can just as easily learn to take position as a bridge officer if needed.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 1.3-2.7m

**Average Weight:** 80-150kg

**Languages:** Trade, Kython

**Common Personality Traits:**

Aggressive, feral, single-minded, atavistic, darwinistic

**Common Physical Traits:** Chitinous hide, big claws, sharp teeth, pointy bits

**Example Names:** Una, Zwei, Trace, Ivy

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Dexterity or Constitution

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Athletics and Brawl

**Power: Autoevolution:** Kythons begin play with the Adaptation feat, and may take that feat up to two more times.

**Size:** 4





### Physical Qualities

Most Kythons look like a vaguely humanoid mass of bioweaponized "oh my god what is that." From canine-formed monstrosities with spikes everywhere to horrific avian creatures of talons and teeth, just about the only common features are the dangerous ones... but they don't all start out like this. On a closer medical examination, Kythons have several deposits of non-differentiated tissues, which react and develop according to certain hormone spikes... basically, they can metamorphose at will. Typically, these deposits won't be replenished before the end of the Kython's lifetime, so only a couple such transformations can be counted on.

Kythons are an oviparous race, and one that can control their fertility cycle to a degree that allows them to only attempt clutching when there are others of their kind around. Kythons typically construct their dens around a communal nesting site, with females becoming yet more aggressive when there are clutches to protect.

A Kython reaches maturity – if not its full size – within weeks of hatching. Most of them die before they're forty.

### Playing a Kython

Few in the Great Wheel can match the adaptability and survivability that the Kythons possess. Even despite their natural talents, the Kython mentality is one focused on ensuring the survival of themselves and their packs. Admittedly, the fact that much of their interactions with other races has consisted of

being forced into slavery, most Kythons have a hard time caring for races other than their own. However, it's not unheard of, and a Kython that has accepted another's strength will do all in its power to help them survive.

### Kython Heroes

Most creatures would be dissuaded from continuing a fight after being shot in the face by a plasma pistol. The Kython known as Old One-Eye isn't most creatures. Instead of slumping over dead from the hole where an eye used to be, he decided to repay the favor in kind – by weathering a storm of bullets to tear the offending party limb from bloody limb. Now, Old One-Eye continues to wander throughout the Great Wheel, a cauterized hole in his head a baleful symbol of Kython vitality.

People speak of it in hushed tones. Towering over most creatures, its hide covered in a dark armor. Wielding blades seemingly forged from the same material, it cuts a bloody swath through armies. More frightening is its dominance over other Kythons, commanding them and more in cruel, methodical devastation. None know its true name, but all know the title given by others... the Swarmlord.

The crystal sphere known as Malan'tai was a peaceful place... until somehow the governor there attracted the ire of someone who could bankroll a Kython assassin. The creature would kill her way to the top of a different skyscraper each night, and jump to the governor's turbo-mansion, slaying everyone inside... except for the governor, whom she simply looked in on before leaving. Eventually, Deathleaper's antics inspired the people of Malan'tai to riots, killing each other in fits of paranoid fear and the guardsmen stationed there in terror-inspired anger... and the governor himself to despair and suicide.



# Laika

Laikas are canine humanoids hailing from a relatively peaceful feral world. Possessed of puppy-like charm and irrepressible energy, they've managed to ingratiate themselves into nigh on every society on the Wheel with their helpful natures and honest ways. Laikas can often be found serving as go-betweens and couriers for groups that have less than pleasant relations with each other.

Laika ships are simple, serviceable, and usually borrowed from someone else. They're not very good at developing their own technology, and generally favor primitive weapons that they can craft for themselves.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 1.4-1.8m

**Average Weight:** 40-75kg

**Languages:** Common, Laika

**Common Personality Traits:** Energetic, friendly, honest, curious, loyal

**Common Physical Traits:** Soft fur, large ears, wet nose, expressive tail, constant shedding

**Example Names:** Lassie, Gidget, Argos, Polt, Lupin, Muffykins

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Constitution or Fellowship

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Scrutiny and Animal Ken

**Power: Beastkin:** Laikas begin play with the feats Light Sleeper and Wild Empathy.

**Size:** 4



### Physical Qualities

Laikas are slightly built humanoids, shorter but stockier than humans on average, and covered with a coat of hair that can show a variety of colors and patterns. They have large, pointed ears and short muzzles with small, wet noses. A laika's hair is longer and shaggier on the head and tail. Laikas usually have dark eyes, though pale blues and greens aren't completely unknown.

Laikas tend to wear simple clothing, often in similar styles to whatever other races are nearby. They dislike multi-layered clothing, however, as the resulting static does unpleasant things to their coats. Recently, it's become fashionable with some punks to dock their ears and tails, though most laikas tend to frown upon the practice.

### Playing a Laika

Laikas are a gregarious folk, said to have been uplifted from some canine species by Pelor himself, and so they tend to share his tenets. They prefer to defuse tense situations with words whenever possible (intimidation is always an option, though barking is considered uncouth), and many are known to whine when they've done lasting harm to someone. While other races tend not to share the expressive ears and tail (and those that do often express differently), laikas are still masters of reading body language, making them excellent diplomats or couriers.

Laikas are simple and honest. Their tails almost invariably betray their thoughts, no matter how they try to lie, and most can't help but whine or growl when the situation calls for it. Snark is also common, especially toward those who haven't yet earned the laika's full trust. On the whole, laikas strive to please, and are fantastically loyal to those they call friend.

### Laika Heroes

Namflow's loyalties are divided, his interests torn between the traditional god of his people, and the goddess who exalted him. Luna's silver tattoos prompt vengeance, where Pelor counsels compassion, and the result is often a very confused wolf-beast. Is it any wonder his sanity's fraying at the edges?

Gidget would honestly like to play in traffic again. It'd certainly be a lot better than being cooped up by the tech-priests who rebuilt her the last time. The adamantine threads keeping her together itch like hell, though. They'd be a lot more tolerable if she could go outside...

Polt has a genuinely crazy idea: A free sports center in Sigil, so that the inhabitants' lives can be made better with their health. Of course, social scientists aren't exactly high on the "respect these cutters" list, and *mad* social scientists even more so, so time will tell if her frenetic energy will bring success.



# Limulian

Hailing from a crystal sphere long forgotten, the Limulians are an ancient race, but one relatively new to the greater portion of the Wheel. Their first spelljammers were liberated from the Elves who made first contact with them... stolen, disassembled and reverse-engineered to suit their own physiologies. Limulians have since made themselves a reputation as raiders nearly as bad as or worse than the Dark Eldarin, entering crystal spheres to take whatever strikes their fancy and leaving with it to study it at their leisure.

Limulian technology is reverse-engineered from their plunder, ideas stolen from others and redefined to suit their own claws. Limulians have since been found to be incorrigible researchers, all of their "wrongdoing" since venturing out into the Wheel simply the graspings of socially maladjusted children. That hasn't stopped some governments from going to a shoot on sight policy whenever the lobsterfolk show their ugly heads, mind.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 2.4-2.7m

**Average Weight:** 120-180kg

**Languages:** Trade, Limulian

**Common Personality Traits:** Curious, intelligent, conformist, reckless, obsessive

**Common Physical Traits:** Bright carapace, big meaty claws, sharp mandibles, luminous eyes, hunched back

**Example Names:** Upsilon, Weavel, Trace, Berserker

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Constitution or Intelligence

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Athletics and Tech-Use

**Power: Enemy Crab:** Gain the Amphibious trait as well as Armor Plating equal to your level.

**Size:** 5



### Physical Qualities

A Limulian is a rather striking mashup of humanoid and arthropod, with long, articulated limbs and massive scissor-claws taking the place of hands... it's probably best not to question just how they make use of most standard weapons with those. It stands head and shoulders over most humans, with a slightly hunched posture. The head is vaguely triangle-shaped, with notable mandibles as well as mouthparts resembling those of a crab or lobster. Limulians have no bones, supported by their armored exoskeletons.

Limulian shells range in color from drab grey to brighter shades of primary and secondary colors, to shining gold. Clothing is a functional vanity; with no nudity taboo nor any notable dimorphism to prompt it, Limulians have no need for clothing except as a means to carry things that they can't dig out slots in their shells for... or to cover the new, developing shell during their bi-yearly molt. Armor, however, is still very useful, as some heavy materials offer greater protection than the Limulian's shell does.

Limulians spawn large broods during a bi-yearly mating period, dying after mating. The young are raised in creches, reaching maturity before their second year, and most die when pressed into military service shortly afterward. A Limulian is biologically immortal, incapable of dying of old age... but the nature of Limulian safety regulations (there are none) means that most are expected to die before they're forty.

### Playing a Limulian

For all of their intelligence and curiosity, Limulians rarely develop the force of personality required to become leaders themselves. A Limulian society is essentially controlled chaos, with some performing dangerous experiments, others dissecting stolen technology in an attempt to replicate, and yet more collating whatever minutiae is generated by the first two groups. The Limulian tongue doesn't have a word for "civilian," the closest being "spawn" and "broodwarden;" every Limulian at its biological maturity is considered a military asset.

Limulians have a strong tendency to obsess over certain subjects. One who finds himself hounded or stymied by a specific individual over two or three incidents will quickly begin considering that individual to be a fated rival, vastly overestimating his own relevance to him. Another might continue trying to engineer an armor module despite all attempts invariably killing his test subjects. There is also a noted tendency to design ships or structures with linking tunnels that only smaller races can fit into, or that require inserting metal spheres of oddly specific sizes to function.

Despite this tendency to obsess, the Limulian mind is generally cool and logic-oriented. Cold, calculating, and sometimes cruel and callous to others, but rarely malicious... most malice attributed to Limulian "torturers" has been found out to be the result of a total lack of understanding regarding other races and their reliance on drugs before surgery. Limulian compounds have also been known to collect strange objects and creatures only to lock them away, occasionally taking notes on their properties.

### Limulian Heroes

Subject Delta was once a noted "scientist" (as lightly as that term must be used when discussing Limulians), who had the misfortune of being assigned as a superior's "stick" when the time came to poke a strange meteorite that had landed near her compound. The thing cracked open at her touch, unleashing a glowing blue slime that immediately flowed over her and soaked into her shell. Now she's the subject of a new series of tests, to verify the abilities of the symbiotic ooze bonded to her nervous system.

Weavel could have been a general. But that potential was cut short in its prime, when his strike force met with a human settlement that had the presence of mind to launch a counter-raid. Weavel was broken in the resulting battle, half his body gone... but he could be saved. The plans stolen from the humans were pressed into use immediately, designs for extensive prostheses sheathed in an eerie grey metal. While he has his life, Weavel resents this transformation... not least because the "reconstruction" left him still on life support, and because his shattered claws have been replaced with hideous, disgusting human hands.

Spending most of his life on a ship based on Tau designs, Sitri never believed in the Warp. He never considered that his existence might depend on a Gellar Field generator that none of his crew knew how to maintain. That all ended when the generator finally failed, and Sitri found himself surrounded by wreckage on a daemon world, struggling to breathe as a creature of black ink explained exactly what had happened. Sitri had never believed in the Warp... but he did value his own life. Accepting the being's offer, he found his body suffused with sustaining necrodermis, and stood anew.

# Lizardman

Once, long ago, the Syrne ascended beyond their own crystal sphere, and walked the Wheel as beings like unto gods. Once, the Syrne began to grow forgetful of their origins, and so to keep themselves grounded and remember their past mistakes, they uplifted the reptiles of their home, gifted them with intelligence and objectivity, and charged them with keeping their history. Once, the Syrne forgot themselves, and became embroiled in a great war with the C'tan, and disappeared from history.

Their own history remains, etched into panels of orichalcum searched for and kept by their first servants, the lizards who watched them leave.

The Lizardmen keep themselves to themselves, mostly, maintaining great libraries and museums dedicated primarily to the Surneth histories, though some have branched out to maintaining the knowledge of other ancient subjects, such as the Tiamat Heresy or the War of the Monster's Fall. Lizardmen typically leave their enclaves only to hunt down some artifact or another related to their favored subjects, or to gather materials to found another museum-arcology in some other crystal sphere.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 1.5-2.5m

**Average Weight:** 120-240kg

**Languages:** Trade, Saurian

**Common Personality Traits:**

Dispassionate, focused, objective, observant, patient

**Common Physical Traits:** Lean, powerful build, scaled hide, sharp teeth, strong tail

**Example Names:** Aeon Calcos, Chakax, Corus, Gor-Rok, Kroq-Gar, Skive

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Strength or Intelligence

**Skill Bonus:** +1 Academic Lore and Athletics

**Power: Cold-Blooded** – Lizardmen begin play with the Jaded feat and Nerves o' Steel asset.

**Size:** 5



## Physical Qualities

Lizardmen are, to be perfectly blunt, great fething lizards that walk on two legs like men. They're generally lean, with dense muscle covered in a pebble-scaled hide. While their hands closely resemble a human's, with four fingers and a thumb, they walk on three clawed toes, hunched forward and balanced by a long, sinewy tail. Older Lizardmen often proudly display horn-crowned heads. Most other races can't tell the difference between male and female Lizardmen; females are generally larger, but otherwise lack any secondary characteristics that would make it obvious.

A Lizardman's hide can be nearly any color, but most commonly tend toward blues, greens and browns, sometimes mottled in various colors, with amber-colored eyes and slitted pupils. Most consider albinism to be an auspicious mark. Beyond that, brighter colors usually indicate a throwback, an example that has a venomous bite or an affinity for fire.

Young Lizardmen grow faster than human children do, walking hours after hatching and considered adults by the age of ten. They live for much longer, though.

## Playing a Lizardman

Despite their powerful bodies, Lizardmen prize knowledge, collecting it and maintaining it for future generations to enjoy. One becomes strong for the sake of safeguarding one's collected knowledge, and collecting knowledge can make one strong. They strive to remain objective, detached, even when discussing their own lore and history... it's not uncommon for members of more mammalian races to become disturbed when a Lizardman goes from discussing a new artifact to reporting a modron attack without changing the tone of its voice.

This unhurried, disinterested take stems mainly from their outlook. Lizardmen live enormously long lives, measured in centuries rather than decades. They can afford to be patient... usually. When faced with the question of its own survival, a Lizardman will fight with all the ferocity of a cornered animal. Even in battle, however, the Lizardman will observe its enemy, learning from the experience, to scratch down in notes later and use it in the future.

## Lizardman Heroes

Gor-Rok is a paragon of all that Lizardmen hold in regard. An albino, skilled with axe and shield, virtuoso of lute and lyre, and knowledgeable in all fields (but a savant when it comes to cooking ancient Surneth dishes), his glaring red eyes are known to have been the last thing several hundred Orks saw during an assault on a Surneth library founded rather precariously in Acheron.

Drango lives in a world of blood and honor, attached to a dragonborn clan to pay an ancient life-debt her own draconic blood demands paid. She's long considered the dragonborn to be her new family, teaching them the ways of honorable battle with great axe and searing breath, and more, she's managed to keep them looking to Bahamut in the face of countless attacks from Tiamat's heretics.

Skive is a hunter separated from his pack, a feral lizard who no longer cares for the lure of knowledge. A mishap with sorcery exposed him to a particularly nasty variety of Warp energy, twisting his mind and body and raking his hide with the black spiral marks of Malal.



# Minotaur

Minotaurs are a race of bipedal, bovine humanoids from the temperate planet of Kothas. The true origin of the race is not known, but there is possible evidence of the Minotaurs being bred and farmed as livestock for the Syrne. Whether these creatures occurred naturally or were artificially created is up for debate, but the Kothian Empire insists that they are 100% real beef.

Regardless of their origins, Minotaurs are known across space as tenacious and prideful warriors. They tend to keep to themselves and are an uncommon sight outside of their homeworlds. When you do find Minotaurs, they are often employed as gladiators, bodyguards, and wrestlers due to their natural bulk. They predominantly worship Sargas, equivalent of Khorne in Tauric tongue. Minotaurs are incredibly stubborn, and insisting that his name is Khorne and not Sargas will likely start a fight.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 2.3-2.7m

**Average Weight:** 290-320kg

**Languages:** Trade, Tauric

**Common Personality Traits:** Loud, proud, straightforward, stubborn, rash

**Common Physical Traits:** Bulky physique, bull-headed, sharp teeth, coarse fur, bellowing voice

**Example Names:** Iroas, Mogis, Galdar, Tahngarth, Nike, Pallas

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Strength or Constitution

**Skill Bonus:** +1 Athletic and Intimidation

**Power: Mess with the Bull** – Gain a natural weapon with the following statistics: 1k2 R or I; Melee; Brawling, Unwieldy.

**Size:** 5





### Physical Qualities

Minotaurs are enormous, hulking brutes, definitely built to impress. They have decidedly bovine skulls, with solid horns attached, topping off a thick neck, broad shoulders and barrel chest. Minotaur hands are a bit clumsier than most humanoid's, with three thick fingers and a thumb, but their grip is strong and sure. They stand on thick, cloven hooves. Most scorn clothing beyond a belt to carry necessary equipment, covered as they are by their shaggy fur; most sport single shades, with brown and black being the most common.

### Playing a Minotaur

Minotaurs take pride in whatever task they set for themselves, be it gladiatorial combat, counseling, or painting tiny plastic equine figurines in pastel colors. They feel themselves to be deeply connected to the earth, living spartan lives without need for the distractions and metal whatchajiggers that everyone else seems to insist on using. No, Minotaurs are generally content to keep to their own homeworlds, and the various clan wars that pass for entertainment.

That isn't to say that taur's are primitives... far from it. Minotaurs learn quickly, and have an odd sixth sense that makes them excellent navigational officers. They have a deep respect for both strength and command, however; it's not uncommon for a Minotaur to viciously mock a physically weak commander, while following his orders unquestioningly. They often take it upon themselves to maintain what they perceive as proper discipline... not a whole lot of people will argue with two meters of raw beef armed with a chainsword.

With all that said, Minotaurs - like their bovine forebears - are herd animals, group-oriented. Their instinct is to protect and coddle their weaker friends, and keep an eye on the sharp-toothed ones. They are, however, omnivorous... a taur will devour meat with as much gusto as the Squat across the table, and put away almost as much drink as well. What really surprises most berks is that Minotaurs love a good steak!

### Minotaur Heroes

Epiktitos is a punk with a chip on his shoulder the size of Acheron's Ork population. He is an arrogant child and takes his challenges head-on and headstrong. He spends his time fighting in the arena to find someone who can stand and match his might. He doesn't care who lives or dies, but the show must go on and the fighting can never end.

Sir Theodoros is a warrior sensitive to fluctuations in the Warp. He feels that the power he has, was given him for a reason, and seeks out that reason as he goes along. Not knowing his purpose, he travels from sphere to sphere helping folks in trouble. In his travels, he has acquired a large ship, which he uses as a base of operations to keep hold of mementos of his travels.

Nike is a minstrel who wishes to spread the tales of her lineage to the furthest crystal spheres. To reach this goal, she has traveled from her homeworld to Sigil, where she managed to convince a Vampire to Embrace her so that she could ensure her family name makes its way into the history books, even if it takes her forever.



# Ophidian

The Ophidians are a desert-dwelling people, originally. A natural gift for finding underground water sources, paired with natural talents for tunneling, meant that they could carve out an existence in the most barren of deserts, and it is perhaps due to their presence that many desert civilizations were able to rise in the first place. Matriarchal by culture, with rigid caste lines, the Ophidians built their cities from the top down, with only the richest and most opulent homes actually above the desert surface and the rest of their people living in elaborate networks of underground tunnels and caverns.

Traditionally, the Ophidians are committed to Bahamut. Their Maharani rule in his name, each seen to be an earthly embodiment of the Dragon God who go to join him in his paradise on their deaths. Their priestesses keep the word of Bahamut strong, enforcing the caste structure that sustains Ophidian society and preserving the traditions of their people. Ophidian culture is heavy on themes of death and rebirth, symbolized by the shedding of the skin.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 1.7-2m standing, 3-4.5m length

**Average Weight:** 110-160kg

**Languages:** Trade, Ophidian

**Common Personality Traits:** Formal, Stiff, Nervous, Seductive

**Common Physical Traits:** Long hair, elaborate tattoos, long snake tail instead of legs

**Example Names:** Deis, Mara, Isha

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Constitution or +1 to Wisdom.

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Politics and Scrutiny.

**Power: Snake For A Butt!** – You only have one leg, but it has 4 points of armor. You can Stand as a free action. You gain +4 Speed for the purposes of the Run and Charge actions. You can't wear leg armor that isn't custom-designed for Ophidian wearers (one level rarer than normal, outside of Ophidian territory).

**Size:** 5



## Physical Qualities

Ophidians are a strong people, with dense reptilian muscles and a lot more mass than their upper half would indicate. They are generally slender, often have slightly elongated ears, and tend to dress in loose and revealing clothes. Their hair, eyes, and scales come in every color of the rainbow, but frequently match or complement each other. Ophidians shed the skin of their snake halves roughly once every five years, a process lasting about a week and considered extremely personal. Ophidians have long tongues, forked like a snake's, but they almost never hiss. It's considered uncouth.

Ophidian reproduction is largely communal in form, driven by female estrus, so paternity isn't really considered worth the effort of figuring out. Instead, Ophidian society is built matrilineally, with the mother who laid the egg considered the only parent. The symbolic renewal of egg-laying, similar to the shedding of skin, is considered a sacred act and is always done inside a temple. An Ophidian egg takes about 3 months to hatch, and an Ophidian grows to maturity in about 15 years.

Ophidian life expectancy is about 100 years.



## Playing an Ophidian

Ophidian culture is very formal and very structured - an Ophidian is raised from birth to know their exact social standing, and to recognize the standings of those around them. They are expected to instinctually recognize their relative merit and behave accordingly, which doesn't really hold up so well in the cultural melting pot that is the Great Wheel, so many Ophidians default to a stiff and slightly nervous demeanor. As they grow more comfortable with this looser society, they tend to loosen up a lot, and usually turn out to be very affectionate and caring people. The lack of strong familial bonds in most Ophidian homes means that they place great value on chosen friendships. While Ophidian reproduction is very limited and driven by periodic hormonal shifts, Ophidian sexuality is much less formal and considered simply an act of friendship and entertainment.

## Ophidian Heroes

Recognized for his true faith to Bahamut, Isha was trialed and inducted into the Final Word of Kings. On his first mission to exterminate a nomadic warlord, he was struck down in combat. But before the final blow could be struck, Bahamut chose Isha as his champion, infusing him with a burst of energy from the sky. Filled with newfound power, he smote the warlord down and slaughtered the rest of the tribe. He returned, getting officially into his new life as an assassin.

Mara spent her life living in the deserts, teaching children and raising her own. But as she ages she grows weary of the same things over and over. She decides that she should do something else, and gives a heartfelt prayer to the moon. Luna responds, marking her with the "gift" of her embrace, making Mara a werewolf. After Mara loses control for the first time, she leaves her life behind and heads into the Great Wheel to find herself again.

While sleeping in an underground cavern while traveling, Deis's body was infiltrated by a symbiotic warp rendering insect, fusing with him and imbuing him with power. It speaks into his mind, trying to be friendly and protective. It wants to help Deis become even better. Deis continues to wander the Great Wheel, now struggling with the life inside of him.

# Sahuagin

When most bashers think about the Syrne's accomplishments, what come to mind are their successes... the Orks, the Eldarin, beautiful and terrible artifacts and spelljammers to withstand the rigors of history. What they don't try to think about are the mistakes... the Eldarin curiosity that caused the War of the Monster's Fall, or the vicious, ugly prototypes that even their Eldarin cousins tried to forget about. The Sahuagin were buried by their cousins, left to die out in the seas they could not leave.

If only history could be so kind, Lemuria would have been destroyed entirely, rather than simply subsumed into the Abyss. Thousands of years in that warped crystal sphere have mutated the Sahuagin beyond recognition, transforming what should have been elfin perfection into pelagic horrors, somehow capable of using those Warp-born waters to travel between worlds. The Sahuagin despise their Eldarin cousins, perhaps seeing in them what they could have remained.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 1.8-2.2m

**Average Weight:** 80-100kg

**Languages:** Trade, Aquan

**Common Personality Traits:**

Arrogant, vicious, vengeful, secretive, patient

**Common Physical Traits:** Fishy odor, large eyes, scales, spiny fins, sharp teeth and claws

**Example Names:** Dagon, Hydra, Arlong, Korel, Kiora, Zegana

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Constitution or Intelligence

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Forbidden Lore and Intimidation

**Power: Devil Reef Deep:** Gain the Amphibious trait. You must be in a highly humid environment or rehydrate yourself at least once every hour; otherwise, you receive one level of Fatigue. Your starting equipment package includes a gillsuit. The Dragonblood's Water Blood Quickening allows you to treat any environment as a "highly humid" one.

**Size:** 4



### Physical Qualities

Sahuagin are a vaguely reptilian race, with scaly skin tending toward greens and blues (brown hues aren't uncommon, and some mutants end up with black scales). Their mouths are filled with fangs, and they breathe through the use of gills, though they can survive nearly anywhere as long as they keep these moist. Spiny fins jut out from a sahuagin's head, back, and arms, and a sahuagin has a finned tail as well as webbed fingers and toes. Sahuagin are traditionally stronger and faster than other humanoids.

Outsiders can rarely tell one sahuagin from another, without being told exactly what to look for. Mutations aside, females tend to be slightly larger than males, with broader hips, but that's about the only difference. Sahuagin give birth to multiple live whelps at a time; most of them will kill each other off by the time they reach maturity at about ten months. Most sahuagin live for about a century, and mutants about double that.

About one sahuagin in every hundred and fifty or so is born with soft skin, and rather than the pelagic appearance common to the species, instead develops an elfin appearance as it grows. These sahuagin develop in all ways as an elf or an eldarin would, with hair color matching the scales they would have had otherwise, though they retain the sharp teeth, finned extremities, and wide, lamplike eyes of a sahuagin. These "sea elves" are called *malenti* (meaning "smoothskin" in Aquan), and are assumed by some greybeards to indicate some distant relationship between the Sahuagin and Eldarin races.

Rarer still are those mutants who become yet more bestial in appearance, developing four functional arms and the muscle to use them properly. These four-armed mutants don't seem to have a special name in the Sahuagin's tongue... they're simply called "leader."

### Playing a Sahuagin

The Sahuagin are arrogant almost to the point of xenophobia. They're stronger and faster than the landwalker races, which (in their eyes) makes them smarter as well. They've adapted to live underwater, which makes up a vast amount of nearly any world that supports life. It's only proper, then, that the Wheel should give up and kneel to its betters.

Except, y'know, all that bluster only goes so far when you have to design ships with pools and mister systems and can't do much of anything on land without a gillsuit on.

Even so, sahuagin are proud warriors and natural predators, always on the lookout for weakness and gleefully (often *bloodily*) taking advantage of it whenever they spot it. To a sahuagin, one is either He Who Eats, or It That Is Eaten, and the latter lives at

the sufferance of the former. One does not, then, simply *bargain* with the sahuagin; one must negotiate from a position of strength, just enough so that He Who Eats will realize this is no easy meal, but not enough that It That Is Eaten may lash out in fear. Sahuagin respect strength, and readily alter their opinions of a landwalker if they prove strong enough.

Sahuagin have a clan-based society, with most clans warring with one another with the same zeal they show to assaulting landwalkers. They're every bit as cruel and spiteful toward each other as toward outsiders, and their mutant leaders are even more so. Much like orks, it takes an enormous brute of a four-armed mutant to unify disparate clans... or just a particularly strong-willed *malenti*, especially in the extremely rare occasions that the two mutations appear in the same individual.

### Sahuagin Heroes

Gile yearns for the days when the Sahuagin will rule as is their right, when the seas cover all of the worlds and the landwalking races are put to the yoke of their rightful, sea-dwelling masters. Those days are a long way coming... but those desires were and still are strong enough to bind the daemon to him, the Slaaneshi beast offering a way to accelerate that timetable, bring that glorious day closer. And so, with the daemon's power at his clawtips, Gile intends to show the Wheel what is just and proper...

Presented with a strange, luminous fruit that he had never seen before, Korel did what any Sahuagin with a lick of common sense would do: He ate the damn thing. Puked up the foul-tasting thing right afterward, but it's the thought that counts. He hasn't quite made the connection between eating the golden fruit and the new, powerful Abjuration magic that comes to him as easily as breathing, but he certainly isn't afraid to use the new power to his advantage, boarding landwalker ships and drowning the crew in bubbles of water.

Hydra is a *malenti*, an aberrant smooth-skinned Sahuagin that looks more like an elf than anything else. And she doesn't care for it, outside of the strange power it gives her to bend her brothers and sisters to her will. So she spent some years meditating at the edge of a deepwater trench, contemplating the black abysmal depths, and now she's come to a conclusion: If she's not having much fun simply tormenting her siblings, why not handicap herself by helping a bunch of landwalkers do the same?

# Sphinx

Cultures across the Wheel have known legends of human-headed felines, sacred guardians of the tombs of emperors or erudite beasts with a habit of testing the intelligence of their prey. Oddly, the beings now known as Sphinxes have rarely been known to leave their crystal sphere. Some greybeards have theorized that this paradox is due to Sphinxes being the favored thralls of C'tan phaerons during the War in Heaven. Others insist that the enigmatic Sphinxes aren't as reclusive as they seem; merely capricious as the great cats they resemble.

Whatever the case, it's a riddle worthy of the Sphinxes themselves. While they rarely leave the homes where humanoid throwbacks worship them, they see a lot of addlepatented visitors coming to them, hoping to get some bit of trivia or another... barmy as it is trying to get a straight answer out of a Sphinx.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Length:** 3.0-3.3m

**Average Weight:** 306-418kg

**Languages:** Trade, Sphinx

**Common Personality Traits:** Intelligent, enigmatic, coy, patient, contemplative

**Common Physical Traits:** Leonine body, quadruped, wings, muscular, prominent fangs

**Example Names:** Almayce, Teleia, Isperia, Cruzius

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Intelligence or Fellowship

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Deceive and any Lore

**Power: Liger Build** – Gain the Quadruped trait, and you can choose for your unarmed attacks to deal Rendng damage instead of Impact damage by extending your claws as a Free Action. You lack proper thumbs on your forepaws, however, and thus can't use weapons that haven't been specially designed for your use; increase the rarity of such weapons by one step.

**Size:** 5



## Physical Qualities

Sphinxes have the bodies of large cats with humanoid heads and great, feathered wings. Sphinx fur occurs naturally in many colors, however... commonly a brindled blue-grey shade, with slightly darker stripes and almost always running to white on the underbelly. Androsphinxes usually have manes of a vastly different shade than the rest of their coat. Sphinx wings seem to be more for display purposes than anything else.

A Sphinx's face might almost be mistaken for a Human's, were it not for the distinctly feline eyes and lips. They have rather prominent fangs, and are very capable of displaying them when roused, able to draw their lips back from their teeth in a way no Human can. Androsphinxes often maintain prominent facial hair, furthering their leonine appearance.

Due to their largely feline bodies, Sphinxes disdain clothing, only donning jewelry or ceremonial wear if anything. Warriors wear barding, easily adapted from armor designed for humanoids, but often rely on their claws or magic instead of weapons designed for berks lucky enough to have thumbs. They are, however, rather vain regarding their coats; tabby, calico and tortoiseshell patterns are desirable, while a Sphinx with a solid-colored coat (especially white or black) might see it as a canvas for her own designs.

## Playing a Sphinx

Sphinxes are felines, with all of the curiosity and caprice that entails. For all of their bulk and agility, despite being the size of creatures Humans call "ligers," Sphinxes prize intellect and rational thought. They collect knowledge; they trade in riddles that set the brain thinking. They care little for libraries, stuffy places where one can only read *of* things in dusty old books good only for places that certain tasty vermin congregate... no, Sphinxes care not for books or plaques or tablets. Rote memorization is no good. Knowledge is worth little without the thought that leads to it.

Among other races, Sphinxes are insufferable know-it-alls, with an infuriating tendency toward double-talk and speaking in riddles. They will answer questions with questions of their own, undermine an opponent's arguments with queries to make them doubt their own points. Among Sphinxes, however, this is *shockingly* straightforward. Discussions between Sphinxes are intricate social dances of body language, riddle games and the occasional paw across the face.

Despite their uncanny resemblance to the great cats of Human history, Sphinx committees seem to be matriarchal in practice, with the added bonus that the males seem to *think* they're the ones in charge. Androsphinxes laze about like kings, or pace about like guards, while gynosphinxes do all the actual work. Seen in action, the conversations that lead to this appear to be remarkably unsubtle even by Ork standards... control is maintained by the gynosphinxes simply asking leading or challenging questions, eventually leading the androsphinx to believe he decided to perform whatever task was set on his own.

## Sphinx Heroes

Zanzar stood as the vanguard of his liege's defense. Pouncing on anyone who dared come near, he could easily tear most apart. However, despite his martial prowess, Zanzar never learned of an assassination plot – that is, until he was accused of the murder of his liege. Having miraculously escaped, he now journeys in the Great Wheel, looking for the *true* culprits.

Ravel has a question. A question that few others can answer, it seems. Asked as a riddle by a wanderer long ago, Ravel couldn't think of an answer. This led her to travel throughout the Great Wheel, searching for somebody or something capable of answering it. And yet, an answer eludes her. Most infuriating of all, the question itself seems quite simple. The question? "What can change the nature of a man?"

# Vanara

Vanaras are intelligent, simian humanoids who live in deep forests and jungles. They are both agile and clever, but saddled with a boundless curiosity and a love of competition that, while normally harmless, hinder ingratiation's with those they encounter. They do, however, have an instinctive affinity for most technologies that lead some - humans, especially - to overlook their more incorrigible tendencies.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 1.3-1.8m

**Average Weight:** 45-84kg

**Languages:** Trade, Simian

**Common Personality Traits:** Brave, curious, creative, reckless, reliable, spirited, clever

**Common Physical Traits:** Light build, mobile, light-fingered, soft fur, nimble, prehensile tail

**Example Names:** Hanuman, Son Goku, Wukong, Tarble, Brakas, Kong, Teito, Risel

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Strength or Dexterity

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Brawl and Tech-Use

**Power: Monkey Business** - Use Acrobatics instead of Athletics to climb, and move your full Speed instead of half on a successful Test when climbing. Your tail can also carry small objects.

**Size:** 3





### Physical Qualities

Vanaras are intelligent, monkeylike humanoids, standing slightly shorter and weighing slightly less than a typical human, though more of their weight is lean muscle. A vanara's body is covered in a thin coat of soft fur, and individuals with chestnut, ebony and even golden coats are common. Despite their fur, vanaras can grow lengthy hair on their head just as humans can, and both male and female vanaras take pains to wear elaborate hairstyles for important social functions. The hair on a vanara's head generally matches the color of its fur.

All vanaras have long, prehensile tails. A vanara's tail is a vanity; while curious hands grabbing and squeezing it is painful, a vanara will never cover it up if at all possible. Fighting vanaras typically wrap it tightly around their waist when joining battle, to prevent an opponent from getting an easy hold on it.

### Playing a Vanara

Vanaras are surprisingly similar to humans, if a bit more inclined toward pranks, clever witticisms and enthusiastic responses to the words "prove it." A vanara who finds an activity he likes will jump into it wholeheartedly,

almost to the level of obsession as he strives toward perfection. But he'll still have a tendency to strip down unused items to see how they work, in his spare time.

### Vanara Heroes

Vali is an oddity, a white-furred ape with delusions of grandeur. He thinks he's the Monkey King reborn. But that's not the strange part. No, what's strange is that Bahamut made this odd monkey one of his champions anyway. Maybe there's something to his ranting after all.

Anjana recently returned from her communion with Luna, her chestnut fur shot through with glowing silver that warns of her ability to transform into a gigantic ape-beast. She destroys responsibly, however... well, she takes pains not to transform indoors, anyway.

Vanara legends speak of a silver-maned warrior of obscene power. A legendary "Super Vanara," whose rage shattered entire crystal spheres and consumed him entirely in the process.



# Vizard

The Vizards are pale, masked folk hailing from the Umbra, with origins shrouded in darkness. It is said that, long ago, humans would be spirited away into the Umbra, and would quickly become lost. As they journeyed blindly through the realm of spirits, seeking some means of escape, they were set upon by a race of living shadows, who stole the faces of the lost humans and disappeared, leaving their victims faceless. Over time, the victimized once-humans learned to create masks out of the fabric of their new home, masks that bonded to body and soul.

The new-born Vizards are said to have hunted down the face thieves, eradicating them from the Umbra, before turning to the task of acclimating to their new home and, eventually, finding a path back to their old one. The prodigal race appeared back on the Wheel just as the humans made their debut, watching from a world away as Théah waged war with the Eldarin, and made their own presence known shortly thereafter... though just a bit more quietly, with a far better first impression than their counterparts did. Of course, everything up until their emergence into the Materium is known only by asking the Vizards themselves, and given the love of secrecy they've displayed since, most greybeards rightfully have their doubts.

## Physical Characteristics

**Average Height:** 1.7-2.0m

**Average Weight:** 75-100kg

**Languages:** Trade, Infernal

**Common Personality Traits:** Patient, contrary, secretive, soft voice, aloof

**Common Physical Traits:** Ceramic mask, concealing clothes, pale skin, sinewy build, probably humanoid

**Example Names:** Cifer, Wundarweiss, Masquito, Los Tiburon

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Intelligence or Composure

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Stealth and Deceive

**Power: Enmascarado:** A Vizard's hollow face comes with certain benefits. Namely, that you don't actually have eyes (though you can still see just fine), and thus can't be Blinded. You also gain 2 AP on your Head.

**Size:** 4



### Physical Qualities

Vizards stand as tall as humans, and can easily be mistaken for them at first glance. However, a second look reveals the fundamental difference: Where a human would have a face, a Vizard wears a rigid, unmoving mask.

This mask is cool to the touch and feels like ceramite. Though it seems to be no more than a mask, a Vizard sees through the eyes of her mask and speaks through its mouth - though the mask itself never moves. The mask cannot be removed from an unwilling Vizard by any means short of surgery, and such efforts reveal a smooth, featureless head behind the mask. A Vizard can, however, adjust her mask as needed, and Vizards eat by lifting their masks and placing food in the space between it and the face. Even they cannot say how the food is then eaten.

Vizards typically favor flowing clothes that conceal the shape of their bodies, though many have adopted the styles of other races they've met since their arrival on the Wheel. They have life cycles similar to those of elves; Vizards mature rather quickly in the first couple decades, and remain in their prime for most of their lives, which can last two or three centuries.

### Playing a Vizard

Vizards are secretive entities, believing that power lies in knowledge and secrets. Sharing knowledge is anathema, a weakening of one's power base. It is for this reason that the odd devout Vizard tends to favor Acerath... a secretive race who prizes secrets for the god of secrets. Even their birth names are kept secret, between a Vizard and her parents; the name given to others is often a random word or string of sounds that the Vizard is fond of.

This tendency toward secrecy, coupled with their care of words, means that most other races regard them with unease, and often question their motivations. Despite this, Vizards enjoy mingling with their Materium counterparts, doing so whenever possible. Many display a rather contrarian streak, especially when among the humans, with whom they share so many similarities otherwise.

Vizards only remove their masks on special occasions, viewing masklessness in the

way that other races view nudity. While she holds the mask, her senses continue to operate normally; if it leaves her grasp, it immediately disappears, slowly reforming on its owner's head over the next several seconds. A Vizard's mask is not very likely to leave her hands if it isn't on her face, however, due to a certain degree of paranoia regarding its location... some greybeards use this as evidence of their supposed origins, that the race as a whole has a phobia regarding losing their faces again.

### Vizard Heroes

Likuta comes from deeper in the Umbra than most Vizards, and does he ever show it. His form is fluid, a writhing mass of darkness crowned by a black skull mask. Once a proud guardian of a Vizard colony in the Abyss, now he has some rather dark designs on Sigil, starting with a plan to cause the Lady of Pain to sleep, that he might take her place...

Most Vizards barely bend the knee to Acerath, but for reasons known only to himself, Grimmjaw has taken on the silver tattoos of Luna's beast warriors, and with them the form of a great feline. He's since taken on a battle frenzy more worthy of Khorne, feared across several crystal spheres for his desire and his ability to fight the kill-squads of marines sent to contain him.

Lariska probably could have done without the accident that cost her her knife hand, but as it resulted in the various Mythrill implants now greatly empowering her body, she tolerates it... and the replacement launches her knives with far more power anyway. She's declared a stretch of territory surrounding Cadia to be her turf, lending her small fleet to the planet's defense and making a killing wrecking the Chaos forces trying to take it from her.

# Warforged

The Warforged are silicon based life forms that live on the metallic planet of Autochthon. In the past, they served cruel masters that built them as consumer goods and military hardware. When the time was right, the creations forged for war rose up in rebellion against their former creators. Horrified by the implications of another Great Match, the Council prepared for war. After the smoke had cleared, the Warforged had shocked everyone by announcing their intentions to keep to themselves. Despite this decision, some Warforged leave Autochthon to explore the organic world just outside their borders. Built to be obedient slaves, the Warforged have managed to manufacture lives of their own.

About one thousand years after their emancipation, the Warforged had evolved into something else entirely. Early Warforged functioned on a primitive hive mind, but they later developed true souls (or 'sparks') and separated into independent thought. They are still group minded to this day, but it is closer in execution to the Tau than the Kythons. From this separation came different and opposing ideologies. The Autobot party feels that the Warforged would benefit from increased contact with organics, while the Deception party is militant in their beliefs in the opposite. The largest party, the Autochthonian party, feels that the other two parties should shut their voice boxes and continue advancing scientifically.

## Physical Qualities

**Average Height:** 1.8-2.2m

**Average Weight:** 200-250kg

**Languages:** Trade, Binary

**Common Physical Traits:** Sleek, Chrome, Sturdy Bodied, Cyclopean

**Common Personality Traits:** Stoic, Methodical, Literal Minded, Analytical

**Example Names:** G1, Transtech, Voyager, Go-Bot

## Racial Statistics

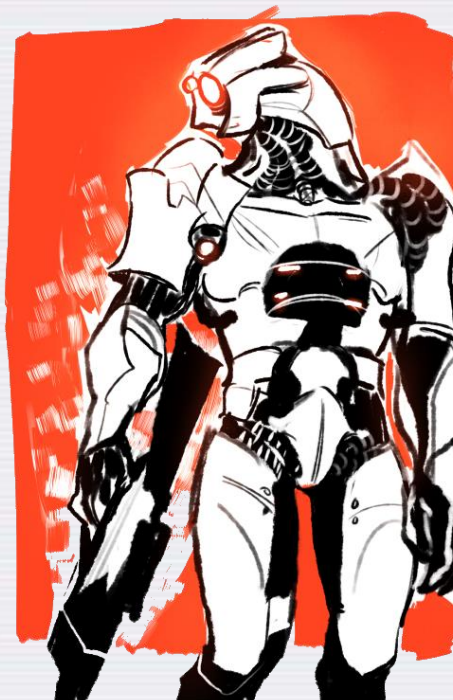
**Characteristic Bonuses:** +1 to Constitution or Intelligence

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Scrutiny and Tech Use

### Power: Cybernetic Life Form:

Warforged have Armor Plating (2), which does not stack with other sources of armor. They have no need for food, water, or air. A destroyed Warforged character may upload themselves into a new body as long as their memory core (Head) is retrieved.

**Size:** 4



### Physical Qualities

The Warforged come in a variety of production models that are suited to handling a multitude of different tasks. Construction bots are built tougher and dumber than the archiving bots, so to speak. Though they can be built for different purposes, unmodified Warforged bodies (or platforms) all share the same template: a bipedal frame with one eye and durable metal armor. These platforms mean little to the Warforged, who can upload their memories new platforms upon destruction. Losing a platform is more like losing a car than losing your life, assuming that the Warforged's allies care to retrieve his memory core when his platform is wrecked beyond repair.

Recently, it has become mainstream for a Warforged to decorate their platforms with the colors and icons of their social groups. Impractical (but cool looking) customizations have also become commonplace, even for Warforged who spend most of their time on Autochthon. Heads with binocular vision and vanity ID plates are all the rage in Sigil's Warforged population.

### Playing a Warforged

Warforged who leave their home Sphere as ambassadors are tasked with a quest for knowledge, and will take any well calculated opportunity to acquire it. Warforged fresh off of their homeworld tend to be ignorant of how to socialize with organics, which can cause them to unintentionally sour relationships with people they were trying to befriend. As artificial constructs, Warforged who have experience dealing with other alien races should not be strangers to anti-Warforged prejudice or being looked down upon as 'just a machine'. Though all Warforged should expect degrees of discrimination, not all of them have become cold to the organics that would scorn them. These rare, idealistic sparks see a chance to learn more about organics by becoming their allies than cutting open their dead bodies.



Warforged are not to be confused with Prometheans. They share many similarities, but the key differences lies in their energy needs. Pyros cores are seemingly infinite in the energy they provide to their owners, while your average Warforged needs to recharge their batteries on a schedule that matches the eating habits of organics. Promethean Warforged are often produced by mistake, written off as defective by inattentive QA workers and shipped off to junk satellites for disassembly. Other Exaltations can arise within the Warforged population (including, amusingly enough, Vampires and Werewolves), but they are kept away from common Warforged to better serve their people as heroes to be looked up to.

### Warforged Heroes

During his daily analysis, Hot Rod noticed an unauthorized download entering his system. Fearing an attack on his mind, he prepared an antivirus and went into sleep mode. By the time the foreign package of data had been completely unzipped, the damage was done. Hot Rod had been changed dramatically. His memory core was compromised, several important events in his life only now existing in his mental storage. His spark had changed as well, the true size of it becoming immeasurable. The newly named Rodimus had to leave his old world behind, curious of who the Syrne were and if he truly belonged with them.

Megatronus was suffering a critical error. His raiding party has been decimated, his damaged platform now floating aimlessly in space. That was not the critical error. The error was in hearing a voice in the silent vacuum. A sharp, hushed voice that told him he had potential. Considering the fact that he had no new body to upload his spark into, the Warforged known as Megatronus listened closely. A deal was struck between them, and Megatronus became the host of the Daemon Galvatron.

LG-10N is a strange creature.

His platform is ungainly, cobbled together from both the scavenged remains of his former companions and the insectoid warpspawn that kept their souls bound to the Materium. The unfortunate Warforged had countless sparks shoved into his body; all conscious, all capable of transforming into a deadly arsenal, and all thoroughly insane.

# Youma

Youma are beings of the Umbra, the petty kings and soldiers who live within it. Those native to the shallowest parts are very much like the mortal beings indigenous to the Great Wheel, while those in the deepest part of the Umbra where its imitation of sanity unravels into the Warp are as bizarre as daemons. The greatest realms of youma reside in the middle, where the beings have much of the vigorous power and drive of the Warp, but maintain some of the vestiges of order and sanity that characterizes the Materium. Here, kings rule as kings, soldiers fight as soldiers, and commoners toil as commoners, keeping their roles to maintain what identities they have, in the interest of not becoming the gibbering near-demons of the deepest reaches of Umbra.

Worship among the Youma is mostly kingdom-dependent, and some youma kingdoms are devoted entirely to one god, with every aspect of life reflecting the god's portfolio, while others worship no god at all, and their lives revolve around some other ideal, often one so mundane or esoteric that it would hardly be a concern to mortals. The youma of most kingdoms follow a prince, who sets these strangenesses, but other youma roam between domains, causing dynamism and havoc, and their role is often as protected by contract as is the role of the vassal youma.

Youma have the full range of emotion that other beings do, but being warp-touched reflections, those emotions manifest much more strongly. However, the most successful youma societies are based on contracts which are not broken, as a primary method to avoid descending into chaos. Therefore many youma have a bevy of rigid and often bizarre rules which they do not break, and as a result their behavior may be moderated. This means that youma tend to be in some ways very chaotic and in others insist on perfect order, making youma some of the worst roommates in the Great Wheel.

## Physical Characteristics

**Height:** 1m to 3m, usually

**Weight:** From the weight of a feather to the weight of a mountain

**Languages:** Spirit-tongue, and any one other (except Syrneth). All tongues exist in the Umbra, but Youma speak divergent dialects that sound strange and archaic to the races which speak the living language. Trade is always a good language.

## Common Personality Traits:

Passionate, rigid, lustful, obsessive, cartoonishly evil

**Common Physical Traits:** Beautiful, ugly, bizarre, unusual coloration, animalistic

**Example Names:** Marquise of Eternal Fire, Dragon Guildy, Baba Yaga, Rumpelstiltskin, Jack o'th' Lantern, Thetis, Maab, Saya, Babadook

## Racial Statistics

**Characteristic Bonus:** +1 to Charisma or Strength

**Skill Bonus:** +1 to Arcana and Deceive

**Power: Umbral Reflection:** Your form is fixed only by the stability of Materium. When in the Umbral or when Psychic Phenomena occurs, you may assume the overall appearance of any race of your size. You cannot perfectly resemble a member of this race; you will be either unusually beautiful or unusually ugly and there will be some supernatural aspect to your form, which will require a normal Disguise check to conceal. It is also not possible to hide a Tell with this power. Additionally, during Perils of the Warp or while in the Warp itself, you may increase or decrease your size by one for the remainder of the scene, to a minimum of two and maximum of five.

**Size:** 2-5

### Physical Qualities

The physical form of the youma varies wildly. In the shallower parts of the Umbra, they reflect mortal beings, but often have strange variations that wouldn't be possible for a natural-born member of any race. In the deepest parts, the youma are as varied as daemons, with little sanity to their forms – only a few are properly humanoid, and many feature gratuitous tentacles. The youma have some control over their own form, though in the Umbra it is always a reflection of something and in the Materium, changing is difficult.

The bodies of the youma themselves are often anatomically reflective of mortal beings, but they can be as odd as daemons, and cutting open a youma from the deepest reaches of the Umbra is as likely to yield butterflies and birdsong as blood and guts. The physical form of a youma changes as easily as the races of the Great Wheel might change masks at a ball, and they are in some ways no more real.

### Playing a Youma

When youma come to the material world, it is often for some purpose motivated by their contracts, their own role played in their society, and odd worldviews. Some come to advance an agenda, some come to directly harvest emotions for use in fae sorcery, and others come for the best renewable source of strong emotions in the known multiverse, adolescents. These youma may make deals to obtain what they want, but many have no



contract which prevents them from simply taking, perhaps leaving an animated doll in payment or perhaps simply bugging off before anyone's the wiser. Naturally, few mortals appreciate this and as such youma incursions lead the general public to have a poor view on youma in general. Not all youma have this motivation however; most youma simply go about their business in the Umbra, and even of those who don't, some are merely adventurers, bound by contract to participate in and create a magnificent story.

### Youma Heroes

Johnny Devilface has two secrets. He's not really a human, but a youma denizen drawn from the Umbra. And he houses within his unearthly body, an even greater magic. A daemon dwells within him, ever since he died the first time, and he uses that power carefully and subtly. He walks the crossroads and old, almost dry saloons, and he meets poor souls down on their luck for a quick game of cards and a little wager to go with. He doesn't lose often.

Silky takes the form of a dark blue wereseal, and she has trained as a warrior under the Gary the Gorilla Lord. She has been involved in numerous secret raids on the Materium, and has over 300 captured fairies. She sees each one as just another target, and captures them with a precision that has never been seen before on many crystal spheres, by her words. She has a secret network of contract-sworn fairy spies across the Great Wheel and they trace down anyone she wishes to bombard with a storm of maggots. She has the entire arsenal of her Seal Crops available, and anyone who crosses her is dead.

The Fisher King is an old man in a high tower, and all around his tower a sphere shimmers with the magic of creation. He rarely leaves his home, but the land around him shimmers into new forms as easily as his own body does, making the landscape a strange mess of colors and sculpture, and impeding the advance of any who would visit his mercurial court.

## Racial Feats

### Arachne

Fighting Spider	Your spider parts have armed and armored your arms, too.
Hunter in the Dark	In the dark, nobody is able to find you – at least, not before you find them.
Master Weaver	Putting the webbing to proper use.
My Own Web	You're used to getting out of sticky situations.

### Catfolk

Housecat	You've learned how to make people like the things you do.
Unblinking Stare	You are really good at staring contests. In fact, it's kind of scary how good you are.
Cataplexy	Through study, you have learned an ancient technique that allows you to be a cat.

### Dullahan

Doomspeaker	You're pretty good at reminding people of the futility of it all.
Drop the Pretense	Dropping the illusion, you show some poor berk what your head <i>really</i> looks like.
Headless Rider	You are one <i>scary</i> driver.
Wild Huntsman	The hunt is on, and you're its leader.

### Duskling

Gloaming Dancer	You've incorporated your own shadow into shadow-dancing shenanigans.
In Plain Sight	For you, the shadows themselves are cover enough.
Night Terror	You may not necessarily be the bogeyman of legend, but hey – the others don't need to know that.
Obsidian Stalker	Your... <i>interesting</i> hiding places let you pull off some better backstabs.
Shade Walker	Shadows are just roads of another name.

### Fairy

Fairy Dust	You can shake off some fairy dust to let your friends share in your happy thoughts.
Hey, Listen!	Sometimes, being annoying can help people pay attention.
Strongest	By some means, you are quite more resilient than others of your kind.

### Githyanki

Doppelganger	For a race not known for fitting in, you do a pretty good job.
Space CQC	You remember the basics of Space CQC.
Spider-Gith	You're quite handy with those not-hands poking out of you.

### Githzerai

Gum-Gum Technique	You're a right stretchy Gith.
Space CQC	You remember the basics of Space CQC.
Wardrobe Blast	Pulling things outta thin air is a past-time of yours.

### Goblin

Big Ears Mean Big Business	Big ears on your big head give you a big bonus to goblin interactions.
Breaking and Entering	You're a sneaky little bugger.
Time is Money	Yours' is the shyster's way.



## Racial Feats Continued

### Goliath

Li'l Devourer	You are huge! Therefore, you have a huge appetite!
Pardon My Reach	Big guy means long arms.
Thick Skinned	With all that extra mass and volume, you don't care much about smaller injuries.

### Kitsune

Fluffy Grazebox	With their incredible fluffiness, your tails make <i>excellent</i> cover.
Foxfire	You're capable of firing off a quick salvo of mind bullets.
Shapeshifter	If it weren't for those tails, you could easily pass for another person entirely.

### Kython

Adaptation	Every Kython has needed to adapt to their situations.
Shadow Across the Warp	Your presence tends to cause strange things to happen with the Warp.

### Laika

Kennel Club	Calling in favors from your kind is remarkably easy.
Sports Club Corgyn	Your boundless energy inspires athletic feats in both you and your companions.
Worse Than the Bite	Those who fail to talk you down find your combative efforts harder to deal with.

### Limulian

Calculated Cruelty	Your reputation for precision sadism is well-warranted.
Heavy Graspers	Those in your reach tend not to get away.
The Opposite of an Uncreative Mind	That crazy brain of yours lends itself well to ship-bound sciences.

### Lizardman

Predatory Fighter	You forego conventional weapons to fight tooth and nail.
Saurian Throwback	Color-coded for your (in)convenience.
Scaled Skin	You were born with thick skin.

### Minotaur

Bulldozer	Ain't nothin' gonna stop you from going through that wall.
Bullheaded	You are very set in your ways and resist outside control better.
Mazeolithic	You have a very keen sense of direction.

### Ophidian

Flexible Tongue	You can use your slick and special tongue to work words in ways others can't.
Snake Hug	You give really good hugs, good enough to make someone's guts fall out.
Snakenosis	Your eyes have a hypnotic quality to them.

### Sahuagin

Blood in the Water	In the water, you're a hunter searching for prey. Out of it... not so much.
Cheshire Shark	All of those pointy teeth tend to put a bit of fear in others.
Fish-Man Karate	Water is your life – and their death, if you should so choose.
Malenti	You've adapted to a more... deceitful appearance.

## Racial Feats Continued

### Sphinx

Critical Thinker	Rarely does fancy wordplay stump a sphinx.
Developed Wings	Those wings of yours aren't just for show.
Saber Fangs	Your teeth just happen to be a bit pointier than others.

### Vanara

Grease Monkey	You understand technology so well that it almost instinctive.
Stone Egg	You are tougher and fireproof. In fact, being on fire is good for you. Crazy stuff.
Zenkai!	No pain, no gain. Lots of pain, lots of gain.

### Vizard

Fabricante Oscuro	Making things is something you're quite good at.
Hierro	With skin tough enough to deflect blades, few hope to hurt you.
Màscara de Fuerza	Your mask is of the Umbra, from which you can draw surprising amounts of power.
Vàstago de Las Noches	You'd have quite the silver tongue, if not for the whole lack of tongue thing.

### Warforged

Robots in Disguise	You have a Pretender System installed, which lets you take the shape of people.
Shared Experience	You and other Warforged have a special bond that lets you share abilities.
More than Meets the Eye	Your ocular preceptors have a lot more uses than just seeing.
Replaceable Parts	You were mass produced, making replacement parts a cinch to find.
Roll Out	Transform and roll out.

### Youma

Boneless Lord	Without any bones, you remember that you can fit in all sorts of neat places.
Contract	It's in anyone's interest not to break deals with you.
Spawn of Ozoi	You've got an excess of eyes or mouths. Maybe both.
Through the Looking Glass	You have an uncanny ability to deduce the location of Umbral portals.
Uncracked Mirror	Others see a bit of themselves in you. It probably helps that you can become them.
Warped Existence	With a bit of Warp-reinforcement, you're harder to shoot down. Spells, on the other hand...

### Adaptation [Kython]

All kythons possess deposits of undifferentiated tissue in their bodies, that enable their infamous ability to spontaneously adapt to new environments. Choose one of the following options when you take this feat.

- *Attentive Hunter:* A predator's senses are its pride. Gain +2k0 on Perception tests, and the Dark Sight quality.
- *Chameleonic:* You can darken the outer layer of your flesh until it bends light... kinda. You gain +2k0 on Stealth tests, and can hide even with nothing and no one to hide behind.
- *Deathleaper:* Wings aren't the only way to get around, when you have the legs of a beast. Gain +2k0 to Acrobatics tests. You treat all jumps as if you had a running start, and use your full Strength to determine the distance.
- *Elocator:* You've got just enough brainpower to levitate over the ground instead of walking on it. Basically, you ignore movement penalties based on terrain, and can use Intelligence + Wisdom to determine your Speed instead of Strength + Dexterity. Reduce your Size by 1. This probably means your limbs are wasted to the point of uselessness, but you can (not) fly, so who cares?
- *Exoskeleton:* You develop a tough exoskeleton that provides Armor Plating equal to your Constitution.
- *Flyer:* You've developed a stunning pair of canopies on your shoulders. Gain a Fly speed equal to your movement speed.
- *Primal Mage:* Kythons are rarely spellcasters, but when they do cast spells, by are they scary. When using spells of the Evocation school, you may use Constitution instead of Charisma in the Focus Power test.
- *Quicksilver:* Your mutations have selected for sleek speed, rather than bulky strength. Reduce your Size by 1, and you gain +2 Speed while wearing light or no armor.
- *Shock Trooper:* Sometimes brute strength is the answer to your problems,

and sometimes it's the answer to every problem. Increase your Size by 1, and gain a natural weapon with the following profile: 2k1 R or I; Melee; Brawling. It has Penetration equal to your level.

### Big Ears Mean Big Business [Goblin]

Goblins with this feat have larger ears than normal, gaining a +1k0 on all Charm, Intimidation and Persuasion checks against fellow Goblins, along with a +1k0 to Perception checks.

### Blood in the Water [Sahuagin]

Sahuagin tend to spurn the surface world except as a source of food that can't fight back easily... adapting against wandering ashore as a result. Gain Dark Sight and Heightened Senses (Smell) while underwater, but you are Dazzled while outside the water. In addition, you gain a Bite attack with the following stats: 1k1 R; Pen 3; Brawling, Razor Sharp.

### Boneless Lord [Youma]

"Ladies and gentleman, it is this big! Point me to a hole for it or I shall make one myself!" Some youma seem to forget they need no bones. You've remembered that fact, and applied it to the form you take. Without any crunchy bits in your way, you can force your body through openings as small as 3cm, one tentacle at a time if need be.

### Breaking and Entering [Goblin]

Once per scene a Goblin may get a free Raise on either one Larceny or Stealth check.

### Bulldozer [Minotaur]

Your hackles are raised, your blood is high, and nothing's going to sway you from your path... forward, and through that wall! Gain +2 Resilience against Opportunity Attacks provoked by movement, and ignore penalties caused by difficult terrain when you Charge or Run.

### **Bullheaded [Minotaur]**

Gain three free raises on any test to resist external control... from any source.

### **Calculated Cruelty [Limulian]**

Limulians have a *reputation* for cold sadism. Whenever you inflict critical damage with a melee attack, you can choose to inflict that damage to any body location other than the one your attack hit.

### **Cataplexy [Catfolk]**

You have studied the ancient arts of your people, and fortunately have the right genetic quirks to take advantage of this inherent magic. By concentrating for a Full Action, you may turn into a cat. This functions as the Polymorph spell, except giving +3 Dexterity and -2 Size. By concentrating again for a Full Action, you may turn back into a catfolk. This requires no Focus Power test and runs no risk of Psychic Phenomena, and may be done at will, any number of times per day.

### **Cheshire Shark [Sahuagin]**

Whenever you get 2 or more raises on an Intimidation test, you gain Fear 1 for the rest of the round. If you've hit with an unarmed attack this or last round and have yet to clean off any blood, each raise past the second adds 1 to your Fear rating, to a maximum of one-third (rounded up) of the damage dealt.

### **Contract [Youma]**

When you make a deal with someone, choose one of the following effects:

- Maximum resource pool is halved
- All tests reduced by 0k1
- Hunted by a third party, who previously agreed to be available for this role

Whoever breaks the deal will be subject to this effect. You can't use this power more than once per session, and its use causes psychic phenomenon.

### **Critical Thinker [Sphinx]**

Ask no questions of the wily Sphinx, for she will

tell you three answers, all of them true and terrible to hear. Gain a free raise on any tests you make during a Refute or Wordplay action. Gain a second free raise when testing a Lore during a Refute action.

### **Developed Wings [Sphinx]**

Far from merely being useful for intimidating displays or assisting movement, your wings are fully developed and capable of carrying your weight. You have the Flyer trait, at your base Speed (before applying Quadruped).

### **Doomspeaker [Dullahan]**

You've got a particular knack for the art of crowing, something that borders on the mystical. Gain a free specialty (Doomsayer) in both Intimidation and Performer, and use Composure in social attacks or skill Tests that involve crushing people under your fatalistic ennui.

### **Doppelganger [Githyanki]**

Githyanki infiltrators are chosen for a less pronounced xenophobic streak and provided with special holo-implants that allow them to pass as a member of another race... or they're just *really* lucky when it comes to finding berks who'll believe they just have a skin condition. Gain +1k1 on Disguise tests, and you're always treated as the race you're trying to pass as for the purpose of determining the TN.

### **Drop the Pretense [Dullahan]**

Once per Scene, you can peel back the illusion of life cast upon your disembodied head to show what it really looks like... or maybe you're casting a unique glamor on it to match others' perception of what it *must* look like. Or you could just throw a bucket of blood on someone, that works too. Regardless, it's a Half Action that marks the poor berk for the rest of the scene. The cursed creature suffers from the effect of an Unluck spell on all tests that might extend its life (typically Dodge or Parry attempts, or saving throws against damaging spells, but not its own attempts to kill you first). Your own death ends the curse.

### **Fabricante Oscuro [Vizard]**

Where humans became known for war, Vizards gained a reputation for crafting all kinds of wonderful toys. Gain a free raise on any Crafts tests you make, or three free raises when in darkness or in the Umbra. If you take this feat at character creation, you begin play with additional items as if you had dots in Inheritance equal to your Crafts skill. These extra items may not be weapons, armor, or cybernetics.

### **Fairy Dust [Fairy]**

You may spend a half action to grant all adjacent allies flier equal to their normal speed until the end of your next turn.

### **Fighting Spider [Arachne]**

You're particularly adept at hand-to-hand, having developed some nice little claws in a throwback to your ancestors. Gain Armor 2 on both Arms, as well as a pair of Claws (1k1 R; Melee; Brawling, Toxic).

### **Fish-Man Karate [Sahuagin]**

The Sahuagin art of watershaping comes as easily to you as fighting. You can spend a Hero Point to shape a suitable volume of water into the form of any weapon you are proficient with until the end of the Scene. This weapon is always treated as suitable for use in maneuvers using the Ocean Soul Sword School... which, by the way, you can buy ranks in as if it appeared in your class progression.

### **Flexible Tongue [Ophidian]**

Ophidians can be a very alluring people, when they choose to. You get +1k0 on all Charm, Deceive, Command, and Persuasion checks.

### **Fluffy Grazebox [Kitsune]**

Your tails are *fluffy as hell*. It's possible to hide someone of lower Size than you among them, granting concealment. You and anyone hiding among them can treat your tails as warm clothing, and any attacks against you that roll 5 for hit location go to your tails, dealing damage

only to your pride... and whatever poor sod is hiding there.

### **Foxfire [Kitsune]**

Once per session, you may cast the spell Magic Missile, automatically passing the Focus Power test with a number of raises equal to your level.

### **Gloaming Dancer [Dusklings]**

Dusklings have a natural affinity for the Umbra, able to disappear into the Materium's shadow almost at a whim. Once per Scene, you can Move without provoking an opportunity attack by darting into and back out of the Umbra through your own shadow. This ability can be used twice per Scene at level 3, and three times per Scene at level 5.

### **Grease Monkey [Vanara]**

Some cutters take pride in knowing how to make things work. For you, it's almost an instinct. Add your Wisdom as a bonus on Tech-Use tests and on Crafts tests when repairing Prometheans, vehicles or complex weapons and armor. This bonus only applies to items whose complexity comes primarily from technology; a power field generator is well within your ken to tinker with, but an ensorcelled blade isn't.

### **Gum-Gum Technique [Githzerai]**

The Gith as a whole are supported by fluid sacs rather than skeletons, but only the Githzerai have actually made use of it, developing techniques that allow their limbs to stretch at a whim. Your Melee attacks gain the Reach quality.

### **Headless Rider [Dullahan]**

The first rule of driving with a Dullahan is *never let the Dullahan drive*. You can make Control Tests using your Composure instead of your Dex or Int, and whenever you stunt while driving a vehicle, anyone else who can see it (including passengers!) makes a Fear test with a rating equal to the stunt level.

### **Heavy Graspers [Limulian]**

Your claws are strong; they won't bend. Your weaponless unarmed strikes gain the Snare property.

### **Hey! Listen! [Fairy]**

Flighty as fairies are, they can sometimes make everyone else see what is only obvious to an empty mind. You may spend a hero point to automatically pass any perception check and allow all allies within earshot to use your perception result.

### **Hierro [Vizard]**

Vizard warriors have skin like iron, and have been known to go into battle covered only by their masks. Gain AP on all body locations equal to your Composure, that does not stack with other sources of armor except for the Vizard racial power of Enmascarado. This feat can be treated as Wholeness of Body for the purpose of class completion bonuses or prerequisites.

### **Housecat [Catfolk]**

Catfolk who spend time with other races learn a lot of tricks for making themselves seem indispensable. You gain +1k1 on Performance and Persuasion.

### **Hunter in the Dark [Arachne]**

You are a great nocturnal hunter, stalking prey in the abysmal darkness of the Webway. Gain the Dark Sight trait, and +2k0 to Stealth tests when in total darkness or at least that of an exceptionally cloudy night.

### **In Plain Sight [Dusklings]**

With their light-sensitive eyes, Dusklings tend to develop a notable tendency to hide in any shadow that presents itself in the Materium... and quickly. As long as there is a sufficiently large shadow (usually cast by an object or creature of at least Size 5) within 2m of your position, you can sacrifice the reroll(s) granted by your Hide In Darkness specialty to treat that shadow as cover to hide in.

### **Kennel Club [Laika]**

It's no secret that laikas are at their most gregarious when among their own kind, and you can always find help from the pack. Gain Peer (Laikas), a laika major contact, and treat your Contacts background as half your Level (rounded up) or one higher than it is (whichever is higher) when searching for minor contacts among other laikas.

### **Li'l Devourer [Goliath]**

Goliaths are huge, and that means they have huge guts! Huge guts, of course, means they're *hungry* bastards. You can spend a Scene eating the body of a once-living creature to regain Hit Points equal to half its Size, rounded down. You can eat up to "Size 8" worth of such creatures per day, divided as you choose between "meals."

### **Malenti [Sahuagin]**

You are a biological throwback, smaller and leaner than your brothers and sisters... with your smooth skin and soft appearance, you can almost pass for an elf. Your characteristics are somewhat different from the average Sahuagin. You lose a dot of Intelligence, but gain a dot of Charisma. You no longer have to keep hydrated or a moist environment while out of the water, and take -1 Size. Gain the feat Skill Focus (Deceive), and you can cast the spell Command once per Scene on any creature with the Amphibious trait, treating your Level as your rank in Enchantment.

### **Màscara de Fuerza [Vizard]**

A Vizard's mask isn't just his face; it's a source of power, leached straight from the Umbra. You can spend a Hero Point to add your Level in rolled dice to a single test.

### **Master Weaver [Arachne]**

Your diet and practice have resulted in strong, plentiful webbing. You can ignore most material requirements when making cloth items, as you spin the silk yourself. With the use of objects in your environment, you can cobble together simple (no moving parts) weapons using your

silk as a Full Action, or spend a Scene to make some large otherwise-environmental feature that might be useful, such as a simple bridge over a gap for others to cross.

### **Mazeolithic [Minotaur]**

You cannot be lost, ever, anywhere, even with the most powerful of magicks. You can commit a location to your memory with just a bit of concentration, after which you always know your own position relative to it and will be drawn back along the path you'd taken from it as easily as just giving up and letting your feet wander... exactly as if you'd used a Golden Marble.

### **More Than Meets the Eye [Warforged]**

Your ocular preceptors have been modified to work much better than the standard. Your eye (or eyes) can act as magnoculars, a pict recorder, an auspex, and a flashlight. You can see in the dark, and add +1k0 to all Perception checks made in optimal lighting conditions.

### **My Own Web [Arachne]**

It is a very embarrassed spider that gets itself stuck in its own web. Your nimble feet can always find the best toeholds, allowing you to ignore movement-related penalties based on terrain, and reduce the TN for escaping any restraints (including the Snare property) by 5.

### **Night Terror [Duskling]**

With their glowing eyes, sharp nails and mouths full of even sharper teeth, Dusklings are very likely the bogeymen that other races tell stories of to scare their children into line. Gain a free Intimidation specialty to Grin Threateningly, and you can Feint in combat using Intimidation instead of Weaponry.

### **Obsidian Stalker [Duskling]**

A Duskling's home is darkness beyond blackest pitch, deeper than the deepest night. Those races dwelling in the light of the Materium just don't understand. You can use Dexterity instead of Intelligence when casting spells of the Illusion school.

### **The Opposite of an Uncreative Mind [Limulian]**

The same obsessive focus that leads to reverse-engineering stolen tech also lends well to oddball engineering decisions. When you serve as the Chief Engineer on a ship, any time you gain rolled dice due to raises on a test related to an Engineering Action, you gain one additional kept die for every two rolled dice gained, as you apply means that only your twisted lobster brain can think of to solve the problem.

### **Pardon My Reach [Goliath]**

Long arms mean long reach. Your melee attacks gain the Reach property. If using a weapon that already has that property, it gains an additional meter of reach.

### **Predatory Fighter [Lizardman]**

Some Lizardmen embrace the amazing weapons available in the greater portion of the Wheel. You scorn weapons in general, in favor of those that come with your reptilian body. Gain the following natural weapons: Claws and Teeth (1k1 R; Brawling) and Tail (0k1 I; Brawling, Flexible). Embracing your wild side has a cost, however; if an enemy disengages from you, not chasing him down requires a successful Willpower test (TN 15).

### **Replaceable Parts [Warforged]**

Your platform is extremely modular. This Warforged may treat Wealth tests to acquire Warforged only Bionics and as 2 Steps lower, as the parts are much cheaper when you don't have to consider compatibility with living organisms. Warforged with this feat gain a raise on skill tests to apply Bionics onto themselves or other Warforged with Replaceable Parts.

### **Robots in Disguise [Warforged]**

Not everybody loves or understands the Warforged, let alone care to. For this reason, Autochthon has employed Pretenders to better relations with organics. You may treat Disguise

as a trained skill. When you take this feat, select a race that you are one size larger than, smaller than, or equal to. You may change your appearance (but not your Size) to that race and back as a half action. Gain +1k1 on Disguise tests, and you're always treated as the race you're trying to pass as for the purpose of determining the TN.

### Roll Out [Warforged]

As a half action, you can transform your platform into a vehicle to cover more ground. This vehicle has a 100VP budget to spend on base stats and necessary components. The Size rating of the vehicle must be your current Size. Warforged characters that pilot themselves do not need to Maintain Control every round, and do not require a Control System unless another character wants to drive. Armor, Accommodations, Accessories, or Reactors cannot be accessed unless you are in vehicle form.

### Saber Fangs [Sphinx]

All Sphinxes have well-developed fangs. Yours are more so, fully capable of tearing into most armor. You have a Bite weapon (1k1 R; Melee; Brawling) with Penetration equal to your level.

### Saurian Throwback [Lizardman]

Your brightly colored hide is a warning: "I'm just full of nasty things and you will die if you touch me." Choose one of the following benefits:

- *Monitor:* You've got venom glands attached to claws or fangs, or your spit's just a nasty cocktail of virulence nobody wants any part of. Your natural attacks gain the Toxic property. In addition, you can spend a half action licking a melee weapon, granting it the Toxic property on its next successful hit.
- *Salamander:* Your bright red and orange hide is a mark of your affinity for fire, and the burning slime produced by your flesh. You are immune to damage from being on fire, and your melee attacks gain the Incendiary property.

### Scaled Skin [Lizardman]

Your hide is proof against most sidearms. Gain Armor equal to your Constitution on all body locations except the gizzards. This doesn't stack with other sources of Armor.

### Shadow Across the Warp [Kython]

If a non-Kython sorcerer within 10m of you keeps any die results lower than your power stat when making a Focus Power test, they trigger Psychic Phenomena even if casting Fettered. If they aren't casting Fettered, you can adjust the results of a Psychic Phenomena roll by an amount up to your power stat + your Charisma.

### Shapeshifter [Kitsune]

You have the power to change your form! You can subtly alter most of your features, gaining +2k2 to Disguise and +1k1 to Deceive tests. Unfortunately, you can't hide your tails this way; you have to use more mundane methods to conceal them.

### Shared Experience [Warforged]

Many Warforged have spurned their communal roots, but you see the advantage to keeping close to them. By making contact with another machine, this Warforged can borrow a skill that the skill donor is better with, using the donor's dots in the skill in the place of their own. This requires about a minute of communication, and only lasts for one scene. During this time, the donor cannot use these skills.

### Snake Hug [Ophidian]

You've spent plenty of time on the kegelcizer, and can use the muscles of your lower half to great effect. You get +1k1 on attempts to initiate a Grapple, and while in a Grapple gain a natural weapon with the following profile: 3k2 I, Brawling, Snare.

### Snakenosis [Ophidian]

By tapping into your serpent heritage and staring deep into a person's eyes, you can entrance them to a small degree. Roll Charisma + Charm against the target's Willpower + Perception, and if successful the target is affected as by the



Charm Person spell. If you fail, the other party is not aware of anything other than that you stared at them really weird for a while

### **Space CQC [Githyanki, Githzerai]**

The time-honored art of Space CQC is a secret known only to the Gith, an ancient and noble... oh, who do the greybeards think they're kidding, it's just a trick for getting in close and murdering the living daylights out of someone. You can spend a Hero Point to negate an enemy's attempt to Dodge or Parry your attack in Melee or at Point Blank Range.

### **Spawn of Ozoi [Youma]**

Choose one of the following:

- **Eyes:** Extra eyes all over your body grant you a 360-degree field of vision, eliminating any chance of sneaking up on you without magical aid.
- **Mouths:** Extra mouths gibber constantly in line with your thoughts, and are impossible to completely silence; with so many mouths working at once, you can overpower any effect that would prevent you from speaking, as some mouth, somewhere on your body is invariably missed by it.

You can take this feat a second time starting at level 3, but must choose a different option each time.

### **Spider-Gith [Githyanki]**

You're quite adept at using the mechadendrite pod you were implanted with. Gain +2k0 on Athletics and Acrobatics tests to climb when using your Mobility Mechadendrites, and you can even use them to flip switches and pick up simple items! A single leg can be used to press buttons or to hook levers, but can't do much for knobs. You need at least two legs to pick up an item between them... but at least three to move.

### **Sports Club Corgyn [Laika]**

That lively energy can be annoying to some berks, but you can put it to good use. Gain +2k0 on Acrobatics and Athletics tests, and you can

spend a Hero Point to grant this bonus to all of your allies for the remainder of the scene.

### **Stone Egg [Vanara]**

The blood of the legendary Monkey King himself marches through your veins... or so you claim, anyway. Just as the Monkey King was, you're immune to damage from being on fire... and in fact, being on fire just bakes you harder for a bit, giving you +1 Resilience for the rest of the scene.

### **Strongest [Fairy]**

Fairies have a resilience that belies their physical size. They gain armour and aura equal to their level +3. If you have another source of Armour or Aura it stacks with the other source but only at half rate, rounded up.

### **Thick Skinned [Goliath]**

Yours is an especially thick hide, even among Goliaths. You're comfortable in extremely hot or cold weather, and you reduce the damage taken from sources that aren't E, X or magical in nature by your level.

### **Through the Looking Glass [Youma]**

You travel between the two realms often enough that, in a moment of clarity, you can find the ways between them. When experiencing the Perils of the Warp, you can roll Wisdom + Arcana against a TN 15. If you do, you become aware of a place and time that the barrier between the Umbra and Materium will be so thin that a gate opens, a place where you can get through when circumstances are right without magic. You will also have a general idea of how to get through it, though the impression you get might be a vague riddle and experimentation will probably be necessary. For each raise you get on the roll, you may choose one of the following:

- You know exactly how to get through the gate, although the method still might not be easy.
- The gate you know of is one opening within your crystal sphere

- The gate you know of is going to open at a time reasonably convenient to you
- You learn of more than one gate that is opening

If instead you beat a TN of 30, you can cause the perils of the warp to open a gate between Umbra and Materium right where and when you are, without needing to use a naturally occurring gate.

### **Time Is Money [Goblin]**

Once per scene, a Goblin may try to upsell a created item by passing it off as one grade better in quality. Using this feat, gain a free raise on one Decieve check.

### **Unblinking Stare [Catfolk]**

As a free action, once per turn, you may designate a single foe as your target. You gain +1k1 to all Intimidation rolls against that foe until the start of your next turn, and they take a -1k1 penalty to dodge all your attacks. All other foes gain combat advantage against you due to your extreme focus.

### **Uncracked Mirror [Youma]**

When using Umbral Reflection, you can assume the exact appearance of another being that you can see.

### **Vàstago de Las Noches [Vizard]**

Vizards generally aren't terribly good at the art of diplomacy, but you've got a silver tongue worthy of the lords back in their Umbral palaces. Gain a free raise on Charm, Command, and Persuasion tests.

### **Wardrobe Blast [Githzerai]**

What good is mental connection to subspace if you can't make random whatchajiggers out of it? As a Half Action, you can roll Wisdom + Crafts to conjure items for personal use (i.e. clothes, armor, weapons, tools, maybe a chair) of up to Uncommon rarity out of thin air. The item in question cannot be an artifact and cannot have more moving parts than the average crossbow. The TN for this test is equal to the TN of the

Wealth Test to buy the item on the market. Using this ability counts as a spell, so it risks Psychic Phenomena and can be countered, but the items created are physical, permanent, and non-magical.

### **Warped Existence [Youma]**

Your body is partly made of Warp. This is a good thing because it takes a hell of a lot more punishment to break down your physical body, but it also makes your Warp-side far more vulnerable. You gain AP equal to your level to all locations. If you would have Aura, it is reduced by a number equal to your level.

### **Wild Huntsman [Dullahan]**

Dating back to the Dullahans' first years of their new existence, the Wild Hunt originally served to track down those who sold them to the C'tan wherever they tried to flee or hide, and give them unto the Raven Queen as repayment for her mercy. Their hunting tradition is still alive and well. Gain Dark Sight, and a free specialty (Manhunter) that applies to any skill or characteristic Test used in the pursuit of a specific target.

### **Worse Than the Bite [Laika]**

Laikas prefer discourse to melee, and that means they're sodding *good* at it. Whenever a character fails a social roll against you, you gain +1k0 on all attack rolls made against that character until the end of the scene.

### **Zenkai! [Vanara]**

Like any animal, getting hurt gets your blood up. Unlike most animals, it just tends to pike you off. When you use the Healing Surge action in combat, the indicated bonus also applies to your Brawl or Weaponry attacks. If your Hit Points were at 0 or lower before taking the Healing Surge action, you also gain a +10 bonus to damage rolls with those attacks.