

### The Stars of the Oak

1	<b>MORAX</b> , Who clings
2	<b>TIRION</b> Who stands
3	<b>OTRANT</b> , Who bends and does not break
4	<b>ELIDOR</b> , who is The Heart
5	<b>FLAURUS</b> , who is the eldest
6	<b>CALBIRN</b> , who defies the storm
7	<b>BEON</b> , who will not move
8	<b>ERIRAS</b> , who is the womb of every holy
9	<b>SOLAS</b> , who breaks that which strikes
10	<b>GALAMD</b> , who defies the tide
11	<b>THELEB</b> , who rises from the stony ground
12	<b>ORIAS</b> , Who holds back the end
13	<b>ORIST</b> , who knows their own name

# Names of the Oak

## Briefing

This briefing is out of character and you must not show it to any other players in-character. The ritual you've just cast leaves you physically drained, giving you an excuse to read through it and decide how to respond and communicate the information within.

You experience a powerful, profound vision Your point of view soars up into the sky above. If it is not dark, the skies quickly turn toward night and the stars sparkle visibly. Your awareness is drawn to the constellation of the Oak.

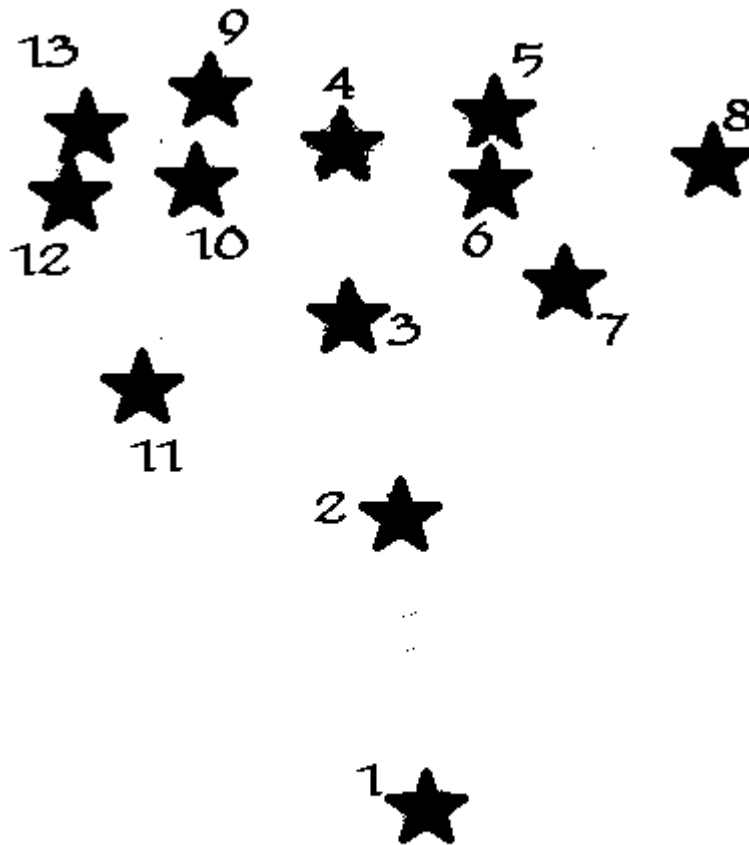
Immediately your awareness is overwhelmed by sensations; strength, certainty, immobility, stubbornness, the urge to stand up, the urge to resist change, the urge to shelter others, the sense of the crushing weight of the mountains, of the forests, of the seas, the refusal to bow, the need to bend and snap back.

You dozens of voices singing out, weaving and winding together, merging sometimes into a single deep voice and then fragmenting back into myriad tones, over and over, cycling but never quite repeating. You know you will never be able to capture this rhythm again, but it will haunt your dreams and slip into your head at random moments, tantalising you with the fact you can never express it no matter how hard you try.

Then names sear into your consciousness. MORAX, Who clings; TIRION Who stands; OTRANT, Who bends and does not break; ELIDOR, who is The Heart; FLAURUS, who is the eldest ; CALBIRN, who defies the storm; BEON, who will not move; ERIRAS, who is the womb of every holy; SOLAS, who breaks that which strikes; GALAMD, who defies the tide; THELEB, who rises from the stony ground; ORIAS, Who holds back the end; ORIST, who knows their own name

You cannot be sure if these are the names the stars call themselves, or the names they want you to call them or the names you would call them if you knew them better. You know also that while they have individual names they are also part of the whole, a constellation whose name is “things endure” and yet at the same time is a string of concepts and ideas that flow past you impossible to entirely grasp and remain mortal.

Then you are back in your body again. You feel absolutely still – as if you exist between moments in the world, physically drained and at the same time full of strength. For the next few minutes you will be able to stand, but struggle to move faster than a slow walk. speak coherently, or to focus on the world around you.



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