

Rekindle the Heart's Flame

Night Magnitude 20

Performing the Ritual

Performing this ritual takes at least 2 minutes of roleplaying. The ritual targets a character who must be present throughout.

Effects

At the completion of the ritual, the target regains all lost hero points.

They also experience a roleplaying effect: *You are immediately reminded of moments where you faced a challenge, and overcame them. You may also feel filled with power and confidence, and feel like you are surrounded by a burning aura of passion that fades slowly.*

For at least the next hour, however, the target is also reminded of moments where they backed down from a challenge or missed an opportunity but they recall them differently. Instead of losing an argument, they won. Instead of being beaten at a game, they found a winning strategy at the last moment. Instead of a loved one dying, they were saved. If anyone challenges their recollections they immediately recall what actually happened but it is easy for them lost in a fantasy of a past life that never was.

Additional Targets

This ritual can affect additional characters from the same banner. Each additional character increases the magnitude by 15. Additional characters must be present throughout.

OOOC note

This item is a ritual text.

Any character with the Night Ritual Lore skill can master this ritual. You must have a free slot or experience point to master a new ritual. After an appropriate period of roleplaying spent studying these pages, it should then be brought to a referee who will add the ritual to those you have mastered. Doing this does not 'use up' the ritual text.

This ritual cannot be learned by other means; it cannot be taught by a character who knows it unless the ritual is added to the body of Imperial Lore by the Conclave.

Ribbon ID: 18108



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Ritual of the Realm of Night

Bound in the Well of Shadows

Let it not be forgotten. This ritual was bound in the deep spiral of the Well of Shadows. It is part of a bargain. This is a ritual for magicians who will use it; not for the Empire. Remember - if it is brought into Imperial Lore, the agreement between the Master of the Well and the Lord of the Well is sundered.



The Flame of the Heart



The heart is the throne of passion. It is a thing of meat and muscle, but it is also a burning flame at the core of each man and woman. It is the seat of the soul that drives the flesh forward, that provides the impetus to awaken each morning and step out into the grim sunlight. The blood is liquid fire, that burns in the sinews when the hero fights, with swords or words or even just with their will not to give in to the darkness. The heart drives the blood. When the heart turns cold, the blood turns sluggish, and begins to become icewater.

Flame burns, but when it consumes it's fuel the fire begins to die down. Even the greatest conflagration will eventually fall to embers and ashes if it is not well tended. It is too easy to lie down in the old rag and bone shop of the heart, to give in to the slow creep of age, to become jaded, to lose the fire that once drove you to stand tall and face the world on your own terms.

When the fire dies, when the passion is spent, when ambition is blunted, when desire becomes blunted, when certainty gives way to uncertainty and exhaustion, the hero dies.

By reaching back along the skein, into the past, the guide reminds the hero of their strength. They remind them of that moment when they stood astride the world, fists raised, daring any foe, any misfortune, any challenge to come and face them. The guide takes the poker to the embers of the heart, and kindles the sputtering torch back into a roaring bonfire.

There are other memories though. Memories of failure. Regrets. Words unsaid that hang in the darkness of the early morning and the late night. Paths not taken. Yet these memories still can inspire, either with the desire to avoid more regrets or with the urge to make a situation come to a better outcome. Even the dream that things were different can in it's way inspire the crumbling embers to life again.

Let the fire burn and spread, and like a beacon it may draw others. It may cast out the shadows that cluster around the fired and the weak, drive them howling back into the dark as they too are inspired to rise up and stand with against the night. Sparks may alight in the spirit of the despairing, and rouse their hearts back to potency.

The hero, who strives to achieve great things, sometimes feels a connection to something beyond themselves. They feel as if they are part of something larger. Perhaps there is the great fire that burns in every heart.

Perhaps. Yet more likely, perhaps there is a bottomless well of fire inside each living thing, unending as the sun, limitless and eternal as the fires of the stars and when a hero thinks that they have failed, fallen into winter, it is only a momentary dream and the throne of flame burns just as resolutely as it always did.



In the Chamber of Regrets

The first steps along the road of regrets were taken by Leif Arnbjorn. What are his regrets, you might wonder. That he survived where his family and his friends died? Perhaps if he had taken the warrior's path rather than the mystic's path things might have been different. Perhaps if he had been there to fight, he might have been enough to turn the tide, or saved the lives of some whose skein was not set. There is no way to know. It is just as well that he has not visited the Chamber of Regrets, perhaps.

It lies near the surface, at the bottom of the first flight of stairs. Sometimes this is at the second third, sometimes the fifth. The door changes, depending on who is looking at it. As the scholar touches the door, they know with a sorrowful certainty that this is the door to a chamber where they once failed... somehow. As they cross the threshold, words never said, arguments never had, actions never taken, leap to mind.

The room is large - too large perhaps. Shadows pool and flow in the corners. There is a lamp on a table near the door, the only illumination in the place. The light does not stretch far in this great shadowy room, the scholar moves in a soft pool of dim amber glow that will not touch two walls at once save in the corners.

The walls are hung with mementos and trophies. Some seem familiar, but cannot be placed. Linger too long to gaze at them and perhaps the certainty you know what this is, what its meaning is, will rise in you bringing with it a sudden harsh awareness of a past failure. This is not your sword - but study it for too long and you will suddenly remember with utter clarity the first time you were defeated in a fight. This is not your wolf-head - but under the gaze of its cool glass eyes you will suddenly recall the dog you lost as a child and all the times since that you have missed her.

The wise do not linger long on the trophies in the Chamber of Regrets.

There is a desk here, and a modest bookshelf. The chair faces the wall and there are no trophies hung above it to distract you save one. A single trophy that draws your eye. Each time you look at it a single crystalline memory comes to mind. An argument with a loved one where you said words that could not be called back. The sorrow of a friend that you could have lifted had you just said the word. The seal that escaped your spear leaving you with a rumbling stomach, and the reproachful eyes of your hungry companions. The worthless last words exchanged with someone you would never see again.

The books deal with memory, and the skein. They are all written in the same hand - your hand. They speak of the chain of memory, and how sometimes one can step back along it and imagine that you had taken a different path. Dream an outcome that is other than what happened. Draw strength from it, perhaps, or at least learn that there was no action you could have taken, no words you could have said that would have bought a future, a present, that is not the same as the one you have today.

Write swiftly, and go from this place, and let your past remain where it belongs.