

# Fire in the Night Sky

## Night Magnitude 30

### Performing the Ritual

Performing this ritual takes at least 10 minutes of roleplaying. This ritual targets a territory, and must be cast at a strong Night Regio in that territory. If the territory is part of the Empire, then it may also be cast at the Anvil Regio.

The performance must include a phrase of up to thirty words detailing the vision the ritual will create. This description should be written down and given to the Referee at the end of the ritual.

This spell is an enchantment. A target may only be under one enchantment effect at a time.

### Effects

This ritual creates a vision anchored to the chosen territory. Whenever ritual magic is used to divine information about the target territory, the vision is revealed as part of the information provided by the scrying ritual. Each contributor to the ritual receives the vision.

The enchantment will deliver the vision in response to any ritual that gathers information about a territory such as *Eye of the High Places*, *Eyes of the Sun and Moon*, and *Dreams in the Witch House*.

The effect of the ritual lasts for a year (until the start of the Profound Decisions Empire event four events from now).

### OOO 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: 13860**

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# Fire in the Night Sky

## Ritual of the Realm of Night Bound in the Well of Shadows

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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.

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### Fire in the sky

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The northern lights are a mystery. They shimmer brightest in the Winter months, visible from the northernmost territories of Wintermark, and Varushka, and from the new domes of the Imperial Ores. Beautiful, terrible. They dance like fire, gold, and green, and blue, and red.

During the coldest winters, they may be seen further south. Coiling, dancing. On nights when they are bright, wise Suae know not to sleep outside; to lace the tent and urge their Kallavosi and Steirn friends to shutter their windows. Those who sleep under their illumination suffer unsettling dreams; stories say that in time they come to crave the touch of these dancing lights. When Spring comes, denied the light, they are maddened. They turn on themselves, or their brothers and sisters, or they disappear - last seen walking north, into Sydanja or Otkodou seeking some communion with the lights in the night sky.

Perhaps these are only stories.

Some Suae say that their light reveals hidden messages and secret places to those who know how to look. Some Suae starwatchers say that these nameless lights can be evoked to work magic. They are the law "things are unknown" - Wyr, or that rune that is nameless, serpentine in the night sky. The dark counterpart of the Key, and the Lock, of the Spider, and the Web. The answer to the riddle "who hides the stars?"

Of course other stories suggest that starwatchers who try to evoke the dancing lights of the north can do so only by determining their name, by understanding what by its nature must remain unknown. They say that Barsai the Sealspeaker learnt the unknown name, and in his moment of understanding was drawn into the night sky and known no more by the Suae, encompassed ultimately by that which he thought to encompass.



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## In the Room of the Night Sky

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In the well of shadows is the room of the night sky. It is circular. The floor is black pinewood, harvested long ago from a certain wood on the northern slopes of the Opascari mountains. The wood absorbs sound - the heaviest footfalls are swallowed by its insatiable hunger for meaning. Shout as loud as you like, in the room of the night sky, and your words would be no more than a whisper.

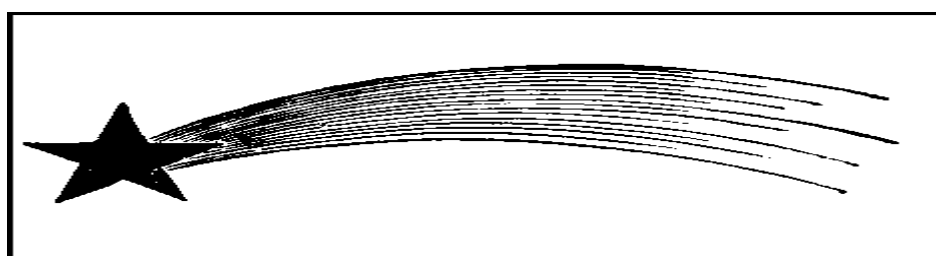
The walls and ceiling merge together seamlessly, giving the aspect of a dome. The wood from which they are constructed surely comes from no mortal realm; as the black pine floor absorbs all sound, so the walls absorb all light. A lantern still burns, but the flame illuminates nothing save itself. A lightstone brought into the room glows with an effulgence that does not touch anything beyond a finger's width of itself.

Yet the room is not dark - not truly dark. Inlaid into the walls are shards of glittering light - crystals from deep underground - that glow with the light of distant stars. They are all there - the Great Wyrn, the Drowned Man, the Lock and the Key, and all the others, mimicking their place in the night sky. Turn slowly and all the splendour of the heavens is revealed - even those stars which have dropped below the horizon or are hidden by the northern mountains can be seen. It is as if you stood high, high above the ground and looked with the eye of the moon itself.

Nor is the room silent - not truly silent. Lie on the dark wood floor and open your thoughts and you will hear the music that fills the room, beneath the sound of your own heartbeat. Do not try to describe it - it cannot be captured in words, it can only be experienced. The precise notes of the Storm; the incandescent bubbling arpeggios of the Phoenix; the moaning howl of the Door; the prickling despair of the Drowned Man; the archaic whistling of the Wanderer. Open your mind, and let the music of the stars fill the dark places inside you.

Then, when you can take it no more - when the isolation and the music that is not meant for your ears can be endured no longer - flee the room of the night sky. Stumbling, grasping at the inspiration that has come, fingers fumbling, find a desk and try to capture the sounds, and the understanding that slips away as the stars slip away before the light of the morning sun.

This is the room of the stars, and it is beautiful and terrible as the dawn and the dusk.



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## Using the ritual

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The ritual enchants a territory. As with all such enchantments it must be woven at a regio aligned with Night. In the territory the magic is to cling to. For Imperial magicians, an alternative exists – the resonance of the Grand regio at Anvil can be used to cast the net of this magic over any territory that is part of the Empire.

The magic is nascent; perhaps it whispers in the sleep of the most sensitive dreamer. Those whose awareness has been twisted by plant, or loadvenom, may sense a little of it – may see words dancing in the night sky, words of fire and light that they cannot read but that they know has meaning. But how can dreamers, and those who chase dreams, differentiate between illusion and reality?

The magic is unleashed when a coven seeks to scry the territory. It weaves a web of vision, capturing the eye of intent, clinging with the soft strength of a cobweb. Those would-be witnesses can see that the vision is a thing that is made – after the first shock perhaps. They know it is something that has been prepared for them, and that it is a vision and not a thing that has truth in and of itself.

The intent of the ritual determines the form of the vision. “Words of fire in the sky...” or “A spectral voice booms...” or “You perceive as if in a dream...” shape the experience that is bound with words. The message is bound into the enchantment – there is some room for interpretation (as there always is with visions, even those not of the Night realm) but the intent and the thrust remain stable throughout the long gear that the potential for the vision persists.

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## Performing the Ritual

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One element required for all performances is a scroll on which is recorded the vision that will be created. Sometimes the scroll is consumed in fire at the end of the ritual, transforming it from matter into light. The words on the scroll provide intent to the vision.

A map may prove to be a useful secondary focus. The words that shape the vision may be drawn across the surface of the map, or it spoken over it. The map might be made from sand, or drawn in the dirt as part of the performance, reinforcing the connection between the regio where the ritual is woven and the sky that will hold the threads of the enchantment.

The rune Wyr has dominion over this ritual, as does the constellation of the Key (things are revealed) or the Spider (things are watched by a hidden eye). The dramaturgical tropes of the Witch, the Lantern, and the Library resonate strongly with the themes of the magic.