



## The Stars of the Stork

1	Ain, the Point that Pierces
2	Sovth, That Guides the Path
3	Kyer, The Eye that Sees the Road Ahead
4	Inirl, The One Who Weighs the Moments
5	Cha'an, The Shape of the Wind
6	Olt'iek, Who Seizes the Certainty
7	Berr, Who Reaches Toward
8	Thuum, The Feather of the Mountain
9	Ma'neir, The Arrow Nocked and In Flight
10	Uluut, The Focus of the Worlds
11	Lu'ut, Who Counts the Paths Untaken
12	Ayun, The Heart Unswerving

# Discerning Heavens Worth

## 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. The skies around you quickly darken and the stars sparkle visibly even if the night is not clear. Your awareness is drawn to the constellation of the Stork.

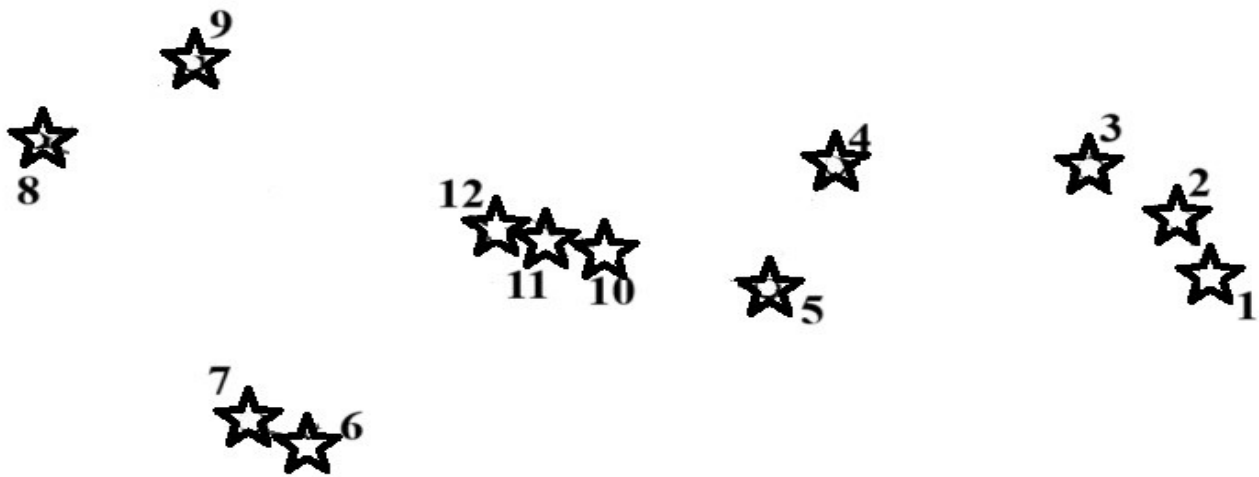
Your awareness is overwhelmed by sensation; every single moment of your life where you have through action or inaction made a choice smashes against your awareness, and the impossible knowledge of every other thing you could have done and every life that would have unfolded from that different path taken; then the overwhelming moment of certainty that you are who you are right this second because of those choices of action or inaction. It is difficult to hold your head up knowing that for every moment there could have been a better choice or a worse choice.

You hear voices singing out, a chorus of voices that each sing their own melody but that wind together to create a seamless symphony, not deafening but filling your ears with the notes of almost painful clarity and precision, each one cascading into the next in a predictable order that nonetheless is full of opportunity – for each note that sounds two others might have sounded if things had been different, and for each of them two more might follow and on and on, an infinite crossroads of sounds no sequence of which will ever repeat and maybe there is a lesson there as well.

Then names sear into your consciousness. **Ain**, the Point that Pierces; **Sovth**, That Guides the Path; **Kyer**, The Eye that Sees the Road Ahead; **Inirl**, The One Who Weighs the Moments; **Cha'an**, The Shape of the Wind; **Olt'iek**, Who Seizes With Certainty; **Berr**, Who Reaches Toward; **Thuum**, The Feather of the Mountain; **Ma'neir**, The Arrow Nocked and In Flight; **Uluut**, The Focus of the Worlds; **Lu'ut**, Who Counts the Paths Untaken; **Ayun**, The Heart Unswerving

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, or just names that have bubbled up from inside you to try and label things that are beyond understanding. You know also that while they have individual names they are also part of the whole, a constellation whose name is “things matter” or “there is a choice” and yet at the same time is a string of concepts and ideas that flow past you impossible to entirely grasp.

Then you are back in your body again. You feel absolutely physically drained and emotionally wrung out, but at the same time profoundly aware of who you are and why you are the way you are, although that knowledge fades quickly to leave only an aching regret in its place. For the next few minutes you will struggle to stand unaided, to speak coherently, or to focus on the world around you, unable to perceive anyone save the other ritualists.



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