



The Stars of the Fountain

1	Ahinus, The Source,
2	Virahi, The Bloom of Life,
3	Adovirahi, Who Reaches to the Sun
4	Tashin, of the Verdance
5	Imohin, Which Feeds the Earth
6	Tasimohin, Whose Hand Floods Forth
8	Quenus, Fount of Origin
9	Niquenus, That Goes Forth in Wonder

Yasha Talks to the Fountain

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 Fountain.

Your awareness is overwhelmed by sensation; you feel embraced, welcomed, drawn in, floating in clear water, unafraid. Your cares and anxiety washes away from you and you feel renewed and perhaps even reborn. You remember where you came from and for the briefest moment the recollection of the moment of your birth fills your mind, and the long road you have taken to be who you are, and the road ahead that leads to who you will be. But that quickly passes in the wash of sensation; you are rain and river, the tree reaching for the sun, the bird in the sky, the beast in the field, the grass, all of it bound together flowing one to the other in an eternal, immeasurably complex flow of life and being.

You hear voices singing out, weaving and winding together, not deafening, not hostile, but alien nonetheless, each note flowing into the next, each movement interacting on the one before and the one to come, changing, faltering, then a moment later being renewed. Your heart moves to that music and in another moment you are part of that song, the beat of blood in your veins and the unending cascade of the Fountain's voices merging and shifting and separating and merging again. You hang in a timeless flow of being that fills you with joy untainted by the knowledge that it will soon come to an end and you will be just one mortal again.

Then names sear into your consciousness, flowing into one another as you speak them in your heart. **Ahinus**, the Source; **Virahi**, the Bloom of Life; **Adovirahi**, Who Reaches to the Sun; Tashin, of the Verdance; Imohin, Which Feeds the Earth; **Tasimohin**, Whose Hand Floods Forth; **Quenus**, Fount of Origin; **Niquenus**, That Goes Forth in Wonder.

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 lice” or “things come into being and exist” 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 full of a profound joy at the miracle that you are alive and so are those around you. 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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7 NUS, the Moment Before

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