



## The Stars of the Chain

<b>1</b>	Pegren, Who Anchors
<b>2</b>	Stenak, Of the Words that Bind
<b>3</b>	Flewar, Who Does Not Break
<b>4</b>	Linbuct, Of the Strands that Shake
<b>5</b>	Murwark, Who Speaks With Purpose

# Chaining Down the True Names

## 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 Chain.

Your awareness is overwhelmed by sensation; weigh pressing down and all around you, crushing strength one moment, gossamer gentle the next; you cannot move, held in place; your being twists and coils around itself; you become aware for a moment of every time you have lied intentionally, by omission, by word or deed; you are reminded of everything that ties you to the world – to people, to objects, to places; cold; heavy; constricting; choosing; holding in the face of adversity; the immense weight of your every deed and thought and word and action weighed in the balance and judged by how it shapes you and the world around you.

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 occupying your perception, each movement of the music building on the notes before, no louder but just as powerful, and you know that if you saw these impossible notes recorded you would be able to trace an unbroken strand of music reaching back to the beginning of time, each sequence tied to the one before and by extension to all the ones that come prior and all that will come after, growing and winding around you, holding you, in some way created by your words and deeds, part of you, and yet at the same time utterly indifferent to your existence.

Then names sear into your consciousness. **Pegren**, who Anchors; **Stenak**, of the Words that Bind; **Flewar**, Who Does Not Break, **Linbuct**, Of the Strands that Shake; **Murwark**, who Speaks with Purpose.

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 hold together” or “things are bound” 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 connected to your fellow ritualists. 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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