



## *Blessing of the Hidden Root*

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*Ritual of the Realm of Spring*

*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.*

## The Lore of Lord Rain

It's not often that the Scholar brings a ritual to the well that draws so closely on the power of a different eternal. Even rarer, an eternal such as this. The Gentle-Waters-Falling. The Bounteous Source. The Tarnwatcher. A creature alien to the Realm of Night, unknown to the Master of the Well. A strange influence in this shadowed place.

But magic is magic. The wonder of flowing water, the drumbeat of ever-springing life, of the quiet in the heart that comes after a moment of passion. The edges of the space are seen, the shape of what is not known explored, as the empty glove outlines the shape of the hand that will wear it.



## Realmsroot

Herb gardens are already places of magic already. There are secrets hidden in those roots, those bruising leaves, those stems, and pips, and petals. Marvelous provenance, forged from earth, and sun, and falling rain. Wondrous and strange. Even the mildest can remove pain, can widen the eyes and the mind, can lighten the heart, can cause agonising death.

It has many names. Orcsroot, Gatebloom, Bright Mandrake, Wyrmsclaw, Xunsgift.

This is a splendid exemplar, a woven tapestry of vegetative wonder and the flows of mana. Receptive, ready to change, unpredictable. It blooms rarely, and only when it flies its bright flags is it potent.

It resonates with magic, even the echoes of magic found in the skin, meat, blood, and bone of those touched by the realms. A boon to the apothecary and the wizard alike.

Shave a rune, whisper words, anoint it in blood, steep it in magic; help it blossom, become other, unlock its power, open it with a key of understanding.



## The Garden of Fountains

Enter the well of shadows. Descend by candle-light the spiral staircase, deep into the earth. There are many room and many doors, but only one opens to the Scholar's touch: white wood, bound with copper patterned with verdigris.

Sound and scent well out as the door opens; the rhythm of rain, the scent of night-blooming flowers and water. Pass the threshold, enter the room beyond. A conservatory whose largeness is compressed by the profusion of plants and statues. The walls are a thick glass lattice; beyond can be seen a night-time forest (a forest that cannot surely be real, here so far beneath the earth). It is raining, fat drops pattering on the glass, running in rivulets down the glass.

The statues flow; each is a fountain. Most of them are lazy, dripping streams rather than waterfalls. There are exceptions. A great fish spurts a stream high into the air, creating a high dome of water. Five coiling dragons spume irregular jets that splash into the bowl around them. The water gives the dead stone the semblance of life, blurring and flickering in the light of your candle.

Everywhere, flowers. The blooms are closed but even as you enter the first few begin to open. The water bowls are crammed with lilies and lotuses and stranger plants you could not name but which nonetheless seem familiar. Creepers trail from fountain to fountain, winding them together in a living web, a complex tapestry of growing life. So many colours, so many scents. The leaves brush against you, tug at your hair, taste your skin as you push through, as more flowers slowly open.

There is a desk, rough hewn from old weirwood. An intricate oil lamp, kindled to life by the guttering flame of your candle. A comfortable chair, and a footstool. Pots of cuttings, secateurs, bottles of liquid with hand-written labels, thick gloves, little nets, hand spades and forks, everything you need to tend this conservatory. Open the drawers and find are more tools, willy-nilly among moisture-curved papers, half-full bottles of ink, sheaves of beautiful water-colours, depicting plants that have never bloomed anywhere outside of your dreams.

You breathe in, hold your breath, and begin to write, as the rain continues to fall, the water to flow, the flowers to open, to turn their faces toward you.



# **Blessing of the Hidden Root**

## **Spring Magnitude 6**

### **Performing the Ritual**

Performing this ritual takes at least 2 minutes of roleplaying. This ritual targets a herb garden. The character who controls the target personal resource must be present throughout.

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

### **Effects**

The herb garden provides an additional 2 drams of realmsroot over the next season, in addition to normal production.

If the owner of the resource does not attend the next event, then the additional production provided by the resource is still added to that character's inventory.

The effect lasts until the start of the next Profound Decisions Empire event.

### **Assurance**

This ritual loses all power if the Imperial Conclave removes the interdiction from Mountain Remembers Its Youth.

### **OOC Note**

This item is a ritual text.

Any character with the Spring 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 a body of arcane lore.

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