

Zlata Ruznikova Perenel, The Weaver

The sky above is a glittering field of unfamiliar stars. If you look upwards for too long, you begin to see patterns among them. A crab. A lighthouse. A curling conch shell. A spyglass. A many-armed horror. A jewelled ring. A flame.

There are no clouds, and no moon, and the ground beneath you tilts and shifts in a way that sometimes makes it difficult to keep your footing.

No, not ground. A deck. You are on a ship. A full yellow sail billows in a wind you can hear but not feel. Hawsers creak and timber groan, on this ship in the middle of a wine dark sea. There is a design on the sail but you cannot make it out, cannot quite remember what it was when you awaken.

You are not alone on this ship; there is movement around you and the echo of voices and the suggestion of sailors but your eyes won't settle on them. You can tell there are a dozen on deck, and more beneath, but they are fundamentally ephemeral. In the way strange things seem commonplace in dreams, you do not find their phantasmal, unseen nature unsettling or peculiar.

Leaning over the railing, you can see that the water below – the sea – is only dark when you are not looking at it. When you peer into the depths the waters clear, and you can see all the way to the seabed, many fathoms below. You are sailing over a wondrous vista of coral, and busy fish, and forests of seaweed, and bustling cephalopods, and here and there white towers and towns of peculiar domed and spindled buildings, and the suggestion of folk who are not humans or orcs but swim easily through the deep water, engrossed in their own enigmatic business disinterested in your passage.

At the prow is a fellow in red and gold, gazing ahead, who at first does not notice you any more than the peculiar folk in the depths of the sea. After a few minutes though, they call over to you, waving, a broad smile on their sun-browned face.

Their name is Alejandro, and they are a sailor on a grand quest. They are fascinated as to who you are and how you came to be on their boat. Did you use magic? What kind of magic? There is something a little... scatterbrained... about him. He repeats himself often, asking the same question a few heartbeats after you have answered.

He is very interested in what you are looking for. Alejandro himself is on a quest to find something very important but... when you ask for details... he becomes uncertain. He can't put into words what he is seeking. It seems he has forgotten exactly what he is looking for. And as the conversation goes on it becomes clear that is not *all* he has forgotten. There is something melancholy about the way he seems to remember almost nothing except his name, and that he is on a quest, and that he has lost something, and that he is on a ship under a sky of dreams.

The last thing that happens is that he looks away for a moment, out to sea, his face creasing into a frown. And when he looks back his face breaks into a broad smile and he asks you how you have come to be on his ship. Did you use magic? What kind of magic?

Effect: Until the start of the next Profound Decisions Empire event you can perform the ritual Cast off the Chain of Memory as if you had mastered it; if you have already mastered this ritual, you may perform it as if you have one additional rank of Night magic. You should keep this vision and show it to a referee if you perform this ritual.

Roleplaying effect: When you wake up, you feel oddly melancholy and cannot shake the feeling you have lost something. For at least the next hour or so you regularly forget what you are doing, what you are talking about, or who you are talking to. All it takes is a nudge to remember things, but your memory is like a sieve. In addition, you will always struggle to remember anything that happens within the first few hours of awakening.