



It has been following you for some time now. You are unsure of what it is, but it is there. The feeling, when walking down the streets of Temeschwar, especially at night, that there is someone catching up to you - two people in fact. A hand almost landing on your shoulder, a breathless request to speak with you. Not much time. An urgent message. A meeting you might facilitate.

In society gathering where you are present, card readings go ... wrong. The message is unclear, but always the same. By position, each of the cards are thus:

in the position of the heart - the doctor.

your crossing - the ceremony

your crowning - the messenger

your floor - the Anvil

Behind - ghosts

Before - the gate

attitude - the facilitator

the others - the brotherhood

the fears - this is the only card that sometimes comes unclear. Sometimes it is the wraith, sometimes it is the distance.

the outcome - the meeting

Detailed discussions of this reading puzzle people. Clearly, a meeting is to be had. Clearly there is a connection to the Masquerade. But what puzzles them is the...supportive, assisting role of the character the cards described. The meeting is facilitated by the doctor, enabled by the doctor, can only happen thanks to the doctor. But it is not an appointment with the doctor. Perhaps the brotherhood? But then, who does the brotherhood represent?

Within the seclusion of your own home, you prepare your belongings for the journey to anvil. Of the various masks you prepare - including your own invention, the butler mask, the one that your gaze keeps being drawn to is the apparatus of the doctor which you shall don at the summit. The entire costume practically looms over you, always present in the back of your mind. Your fingers brush at it.

And suddenly, it is there. On your shoulder, a cold hand grips you with immense strength. And you see, and you smell, and you hear.

Screams. Tearing. The stench of the Miasma. The crack of a banner in the wind. The clank of heavy armour. A Dawnish rallying cry, renewed fighting. The creak of bark and a guttural howl.

Weeping. Words. The smell of food, the smell of tea, and something,,,otherworldly.

The smell of earth, sweat, hard toil, crunching mud under heavy boots. The Marches.  
The rustle of leaves, whispers, running feet, the smell of the forest. The Navarr.

You see the path to Anvil. You see two figures, waiting. You see another, a league figure  
advancing, masked, greeting. The two figures grateful. Guided. Seated.

And then the screams. Hundreds of screams. You feel almost dragged to the floor as the hands  
grasp at you, wrench at you, seeking for any way, any way at all to get out, to break out.

But then it is gone. Not even an ache left in your shoulder.

The memory remains.

OOO note: you feel an extremely strong compulsion to greet - or to send a proxy to greet - one  
or two individuals at the gate to GOD on saturday during the hours of the masquerade. You feel  
an incredibly strong conviction that whoever goes to meet them should be masked. Please  
communicate with GOD as to what time would be most convenient - On our end, 1700 would be  
best.