

The Stars of the Wanderer

1	THE WANDERER
1	THINGS GO AWRY
1	THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM
1	YOU SHOULD NOT BE HERE
1	THAT WHICH MOVES AND IS MOVED
1	DISASTER
1	ALL PLANS FAIL
1	SOME THINGS SHOULD NOT BE TOUCHED
1	THIS IS NOT YOUR NAME

The Wanderer's Name

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. As you rise the sky becomes redder and darker and redder and darker until you are drowning in a sea of impossible scarlet.

Your awareness is overwhelmed by sensations that are absolutely alien and inimical to you; tearing, rending, burning, ripping, crushing. Your being is ripped apart into its component pieces and then reassembled in the blink of an eye, and then again, and then again, and again, and you are powerless to look away as you are overwhelmed by every moment of ill chance that has set your plans awry. And that is the least of it. Things are not what they seem, things go awry, you should not have come here.

You hear a voice roaring and howling and singing at the same time, a terrible grinding sound that is not music but grates and tears at our ears (you are not hearing it with your ears), and echoes, and is nothing you can grasp but you will certainly hear it in your dreams and at moments when things begin to descend into chaos for the rest of your life.

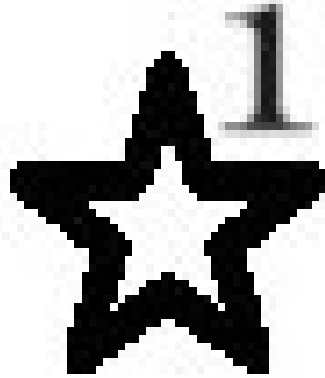
Names sear themselves into your consciousness: The **Wanderer**; Things Go **Awry**; Things are not what they **seem**; You should **Not** be Here; That **Which** Moves **and** is **Moved**; **Disaster**; All **Plans** Fail; Some Things Should **Not Be Touched**; This Is Not Your Name; and more and more and more on and on, filling you with names until you cannot remember your own name any more, it is washed away it is lost...

Then you are back in your body again. You feel absolutely physically drained and emotionally wrung out, and at the same time profoundly alienated from 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.

GAME MECHANICS

You cannot remember your own name. Other people may tell you your name but you will not feel any connection to it – it's hard to think of it as referring to *you*. You may be able to reconnect with your name but it will require a moment of roleplaying that resonates with and reinforces your identity in some powerful or profound way.

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