

Talvikaarne, The Winter Guest

There are a whole group of you, arriving all at the same time at a crossroads in the woods. Eight other members of the Circle of Zulgan Tash. It's hard not to be a little excited as you gather, wondering who will be next to appear, and whether anyone will fail to show up. But everyone is there, dressed as they were during the ritual earlier in the evening.

Once everyone is gathered it's time to explore your surroundings. The woods are old, heavy with moss, partially overgrown with pale-leaved ivy. The sky is almost empty; there are very few stars. The moon is just a shade off full – waxing or waning you cannot tell – but provides ample illumination. More light comes from a single lantern, hanging from a hook on a metal pole thrust into the soft earth by the side of the crossroads. Tiny moths, pale and awkward, flutter and dance around it, occasionally banging gently against the iron covering, eager to get at the flame within.

There is some discussion about which way to go – this is a crossroads after all, and one with no signpost. In the end, an agreement is reached and you set off along one of the roads, taking care to ensure nobody falls behind, perhaps talking in hushed tones about what you are going to find. Perhaps someone suggests a song? There's always someone ready to sing.

As you travel, the woods draw in closer around the road, and the road dwindles down to a path, and before you know it you are deep in an ancient woodland, the trees clustering close around you, shutting out the night sky above, plunging you into a gloom broken only by the faint rainbow glow of phosphorescent mushrooms. You turn to one of your companions to point out how odd the mushrooms look and realise you are all alone. A moment later, you forget there was ever anyone else there.

Across the path ahead, two stone pillars connect a gate of silver filigree, unlike any you have ever seen, intricate and beautiful, the design suggests dozens of faces staring out at you bound up with strands of ivy. The gates open soundlessly at your approach, and they close soundlessly behind you. It never really occurs to you not to step through; or perhaps it does but then you realise there is nowhere else to go.

On the other side is a maze of twisted passages. In general outline they are all alike – wide corridors that branch and branch again, curl back on themselves, end suddenly. They are lined with mirrored surfaces that reach from floor to ceiling, and with panes of glass so clear as to be almost invisible that make it tricky sometimes to work out what is a branching passage and what is a barrier.

As you move, you are reflected over and over again in the mirrors. At first, it is simply a little unsettling, seeing yourself mirrored here. Then it becomes distracting – as you travel, you are surrounded by movement. You cannot shake the nagging suspicion that something is *off* about the reflection and keep stopping to study them. Were you always wearing that piece of jewelry? Did your horns curl in just that way? Was your face always that angular?

Then the differences become more pronounced. The clothes in your reflection do not match the clothes you know you are wearing – can *see* you are wearing. Some are not even Varushkan! And then as if a dam breaks every other detail of your appearance – at

least in the mirrors – becomes chaotic. Horns, antlers, fangs, talons, patches of bark, gills. Long hair, short hair, red hair, black hair, blond hair, brown hair, grey hair, white hair, no hair. Here you have only one arm, there only one eye. You are short, you are tall, fat, thin to the point of emaciation. They are clearly reflections – they echo your movements – but sometimes there is a delay and sometimes they move *before* you realise you are moving and you are left with the dreadful, unbalancing thought that you might be the one mirroring your reflection.

You aren't alone in here. You begin to spot movement, ahead of you in the maze. A flash of a red coat, a curved cambion horn, the suggestion of a figure with a staff. You call out but there is no answer. You hurry to try and catch up. They are just ahead of you, and you cannot shake the vague feeling they are familiar and then -

CRACK!

You slam into a wall of glass, rebounding painfully, having to fight to keep your balance, seeing stars.

On the other side of the glass is a young woman in a green dress that puts you in mind of a Dawnish noble. She is looking at you quizzically. She has a golden ball in one hand, a golden circlet on her head, a question on her lips.

She is Nisolde, she says, and you are in her palace of dreams where she comes to play and explore all the people she is not. How did you get here?

There is a childlike innocence to her, but beneath it the edge of something else. You ask about the man in the red coat but she claims to know nothing. She answers with a barrage of questions. Why are you? Where do you come from? What do you want? Why are you here? How did you get here? What are you looking for? What have you lost?

On and on the questions, barely letting you answer before asking the next one.

Then, abruptly, she spins away and with tinkling laughter like jangling bells, she runs away down the passage and out of sight, glancing once back over her shoulder as she does so and with a start you realise she is not the young girl you thought she was she is someone else entirely.

“Follow me!” she calls back, and her voice is different.

There's no easy way to follow her, with the wall of translucent glass, but you do your best, trying to pick corridors that will lead you in the general direction she went. The reflections in the wall continue to shift and change, into people you never were or could never have been. The only constant is your eyes – your eyes stay the same whatever changes the mirrors work on your appearance.

You can feel frustration rising in you, hear the tinkling laughter ahead, see movement down a corridor that is not a reflection, but every time the way is blocked with glass, or you realise you are chasing the reflection of someone else. No matter if you move fast or slow, they always seem to be just ahead of you and...

... you are not foolish, you can tell when you are being toyed with. You stop moving, refuse to play along, refuse to chase reflections and shadows.

You feel hot breath on the back of your neck. He is behind you. Glancing to the side you can see him reflected in the glass. Massive. Furred, Striped. Fanged. Clawed. Part man part great cat. Looming over you. How long has he been following you through the maze. He begins to growl, a low rumbling utterly unlike any noise you have ever heard a cat make.

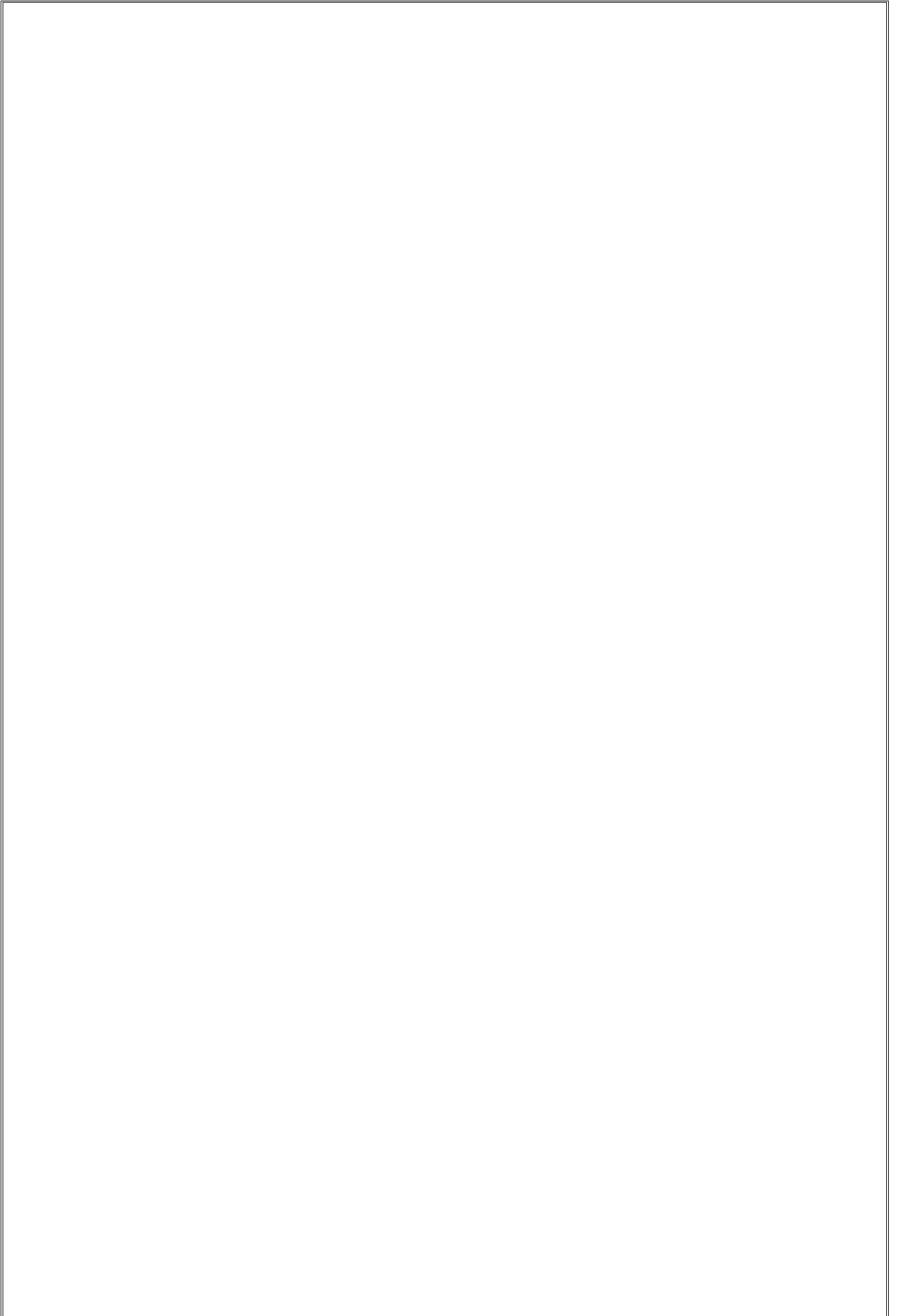
From somewhere else in the maze you hear that tinkling laughter again.

And then you wake up.

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Roleplaying effect: On awakening you experience two related roleplaying effects: Firstly, you have a have a peculiar realisation about yourself, something that while true you've never really thought about or put into words before. It might be as simple as realising that actually you dislike shellfish, or as profound as realising that actually you consider the Way to be foolish.

The other is more unsettling; for the next hour or so you find yourself forgetting who you are and who the people around you are and what your relationship to them is. You might remember that you are the General of the Iron Helms, or that a friend is really a rival, or vice versa. You might think yourself a citizen of the League rather than a Varushkan, think someone who is dead is really alive, or vice versa. Whatever will create a little drama.



Zastyt, the Feeder

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CRACK!

You slam into a wall of glass, rebounding painfully, having to fight to keep your balance, seeing stars.

On the other side of the glass is a child of perhaps ten in a blue dress that puts you in mind of a Dawnish noble. She looks at you with an amused expression. She has a soft felt doll in one hand, a golden circlet on her head, a smile playing about her lips.

She is Isondel, she says, and you are in her palace of dreams where she comes to play and explore all the people she is not. How did you get here?

There is a childlike innocence to her, but beneath it the edge of something else. You ask about the man in the red coat but she claims to know nothing, but you sense she is not telling the truth. Before you can press her, she unleashes a barrage of questions. Why are you? Where do you come from? What do you want? Why are you here? How did you get here? What are you looking for? What have you lost?

On and on the questions, barely letting you answer before asking the next one.

Then, abruptly, she spins away and with tinkling laughter like jangling bells, she runs away down the passage and out of sight, glancing once back over her shoulder as she does so and with a start you realise she is not the little girl you thought she was she is someone else entirely.

“Follow me!” she calls back, and her voice is different.

There's no easy way to follow her, with the wall of translucent glass, but you do your best, trying to pick corridors that will lead you in the general direction she went. The reflections in the wall continue to shift and change, into people you never were or could never have been. The only constant is your eyes – your eyes stay the same whatever changes the mirrors work on your appearance.

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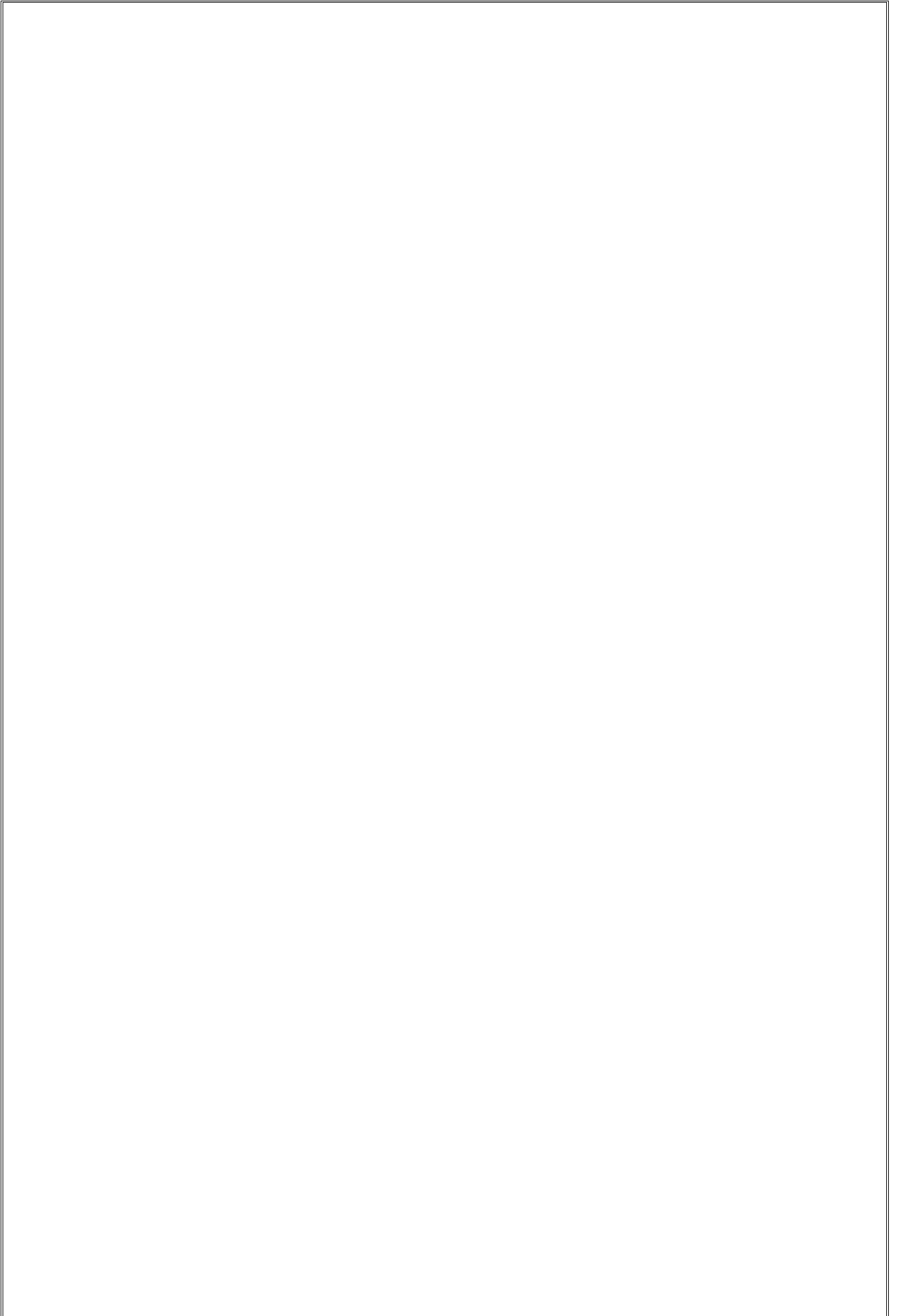
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Yevgeni Katzev

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CRACK!

You slam into a wall of glass, rebounding painfully, having to fight to keep your balance, seeing stars.

On the other side of the glass is a young man in a green tunic and hose that puts you in mind of a Dawnish noble. He cocks his head first this way and then the other as he looks at you, considering. He has a short, beautifully carved wooden rod in one hand, a golden circlet on her head, a question on his lips.

He is Delosin, he says, and you are in his palace of dreams where he comes to play and explore all the people he is not. How did you get here?

There is an certain naivete to him, but beneath it you can sense the harder edge of something cynical and worldly wise. You ask about the man in the red coat but he just stares blankly at you for a few moments before answering with a question of his own. So many questions! Why are you? Where do you come from? What do you want? Why are you here? How did you get here? What are you looking for? What have you lost?

On and on the questions, barely letting you answer before asking the next one.

Then, abruptly, he spins away and with tinkling laughter like jangling bells, he runs away down the passage and out of sight, glancing once back over his shoulder as he does so to see if you are following and with a start you realise he is not the young man you thought he was, he is someone else entirely.

“Follow me!” he calls back, and his voice is different.

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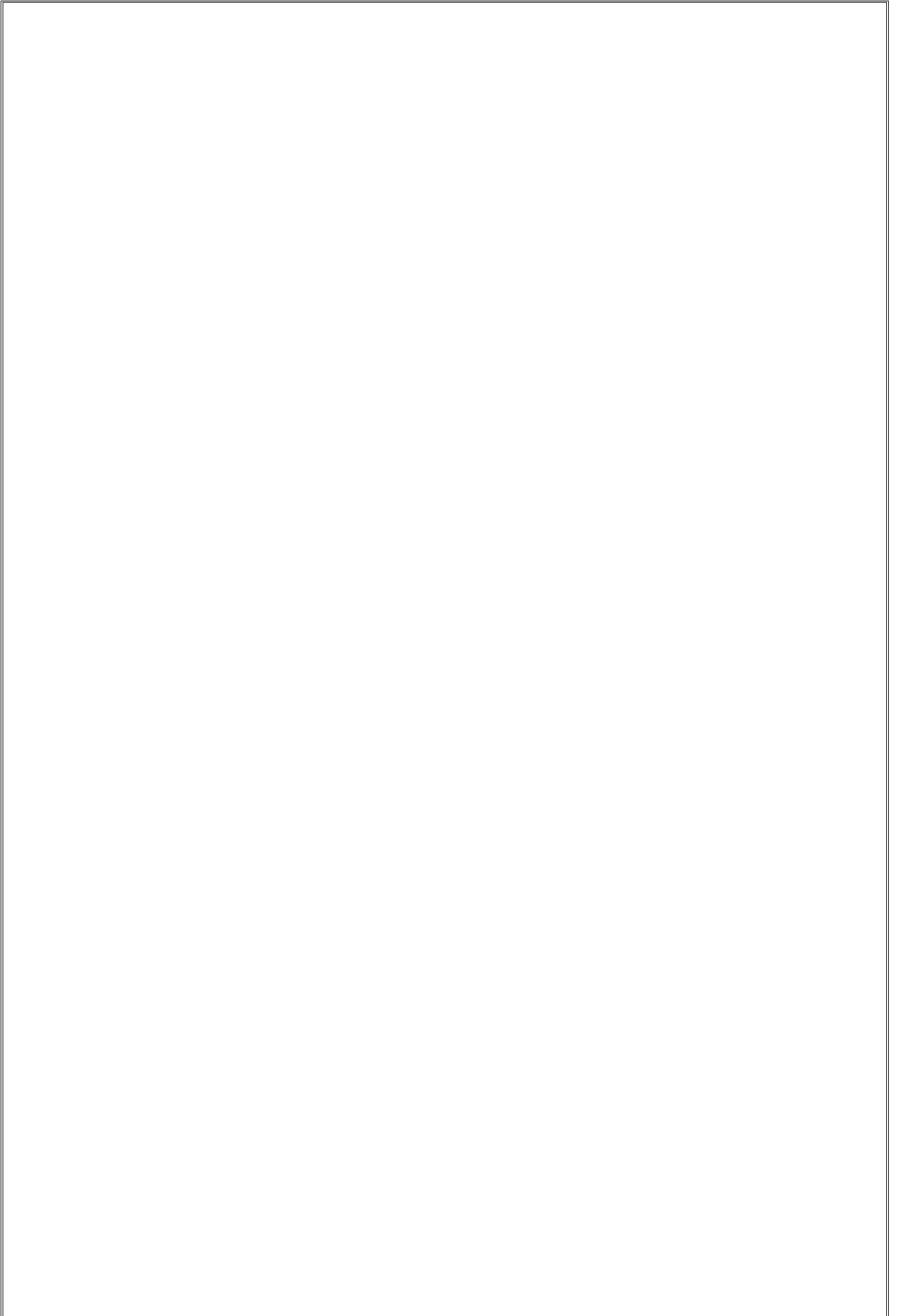
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The other is more unsettling; for the next hour or so you find yourself forgetting who you are and who the people around you are and what your relationship to them is. You might remember that you are the General of the Iron Helms, or that a friend is really a rival, or vice versa. You might think yourself a citizen of the League rather than a Varushkan, think someone who is dead is really alive, or vice versa. Whatever will create a little drama.



Marzanna Verchernyaya Zorya

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CRACK!

You slam into a wall of glass, rebounding painfully, having to fight to keep your balance, seeing stars.

On the other side of the glass is a proud-looking woman in a deep blue dress that puts you in mind of a Dawnish noble. She looks at you haughtily, her head held high. She has a slim silver spindle in one hand, wound with threads of gossamer, a golden circlet on her head, a question on her imperious lips.

She is Queen Soldine, she says, and you are in her palace of dreams where she comes to think, and to explore all the people she is not. How did you get here?

There is a cool indifference to her manner, but beneath it you can sense the edge of something a little darker, crueller. You ask about the man in the red coat but she waves your question away and responds with a barrage of questions of her own. Why are you? Where do you come from? What do you want? Why are you here? How did you get here? What are you looking for? What have you lost?

On and on the questions, snapping each one out, demanding an answer, but barely letting you get a word in edgeways before asking the next. She certainly has no patience for answering any of *your* questions.

Then, abruptly, she spins away and with tinkling laughter like jangling bells, she runs away down the passage and out of sight, glancing once back over her shoulder as she does so and with a start you realise she is not the woman you thought she was she is someone else entirely.

“Follow me!” she calls back, and her voice is different.

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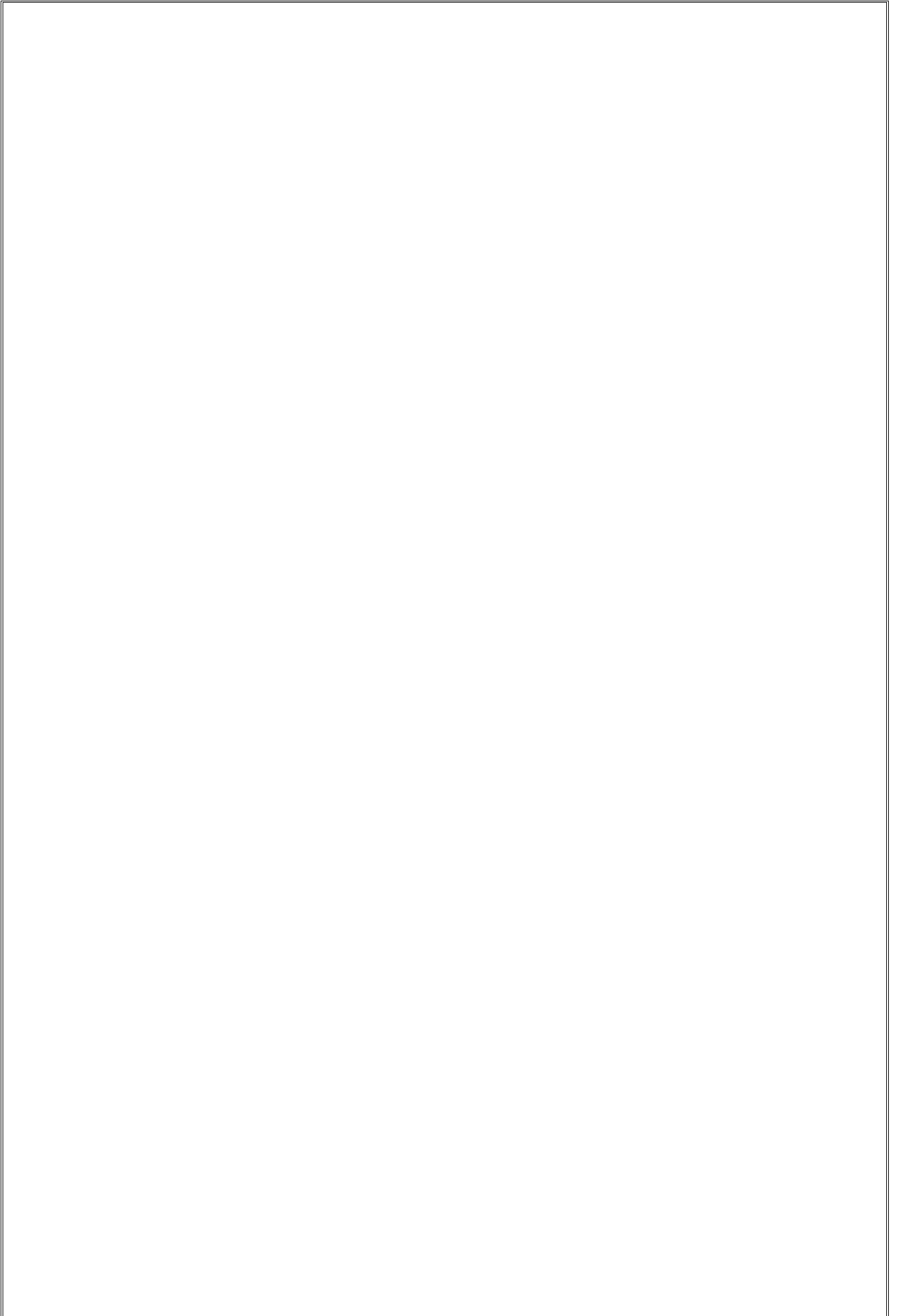
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Lutobor (Lut) Branislavovich Glinka

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As you travel, the woods draw in closer around the road, and the road dwindles down to a path, and before you know it you are deep in an ancient woodland, the trees clustering close around you, shutting out the night sky above, plunging you into a gloom broken only by the faint rainbow glow of phosphorescent mushrooms. You turn to one of your companions to point out how odd the mushrooms look and realise you are all alone. A moment later, you forget there was ever anyone else there.

Across the path ahead, two stone pillars connect a gate of silver filigree, unlike any you have ever seen. Intricate and beautiful, the design suggests dozens of faces staring out at you bound up with strands of ivy. The gates open soundlessly at your approach, and they close soundlessly behind you. It never really occurs to you not to step through; or perhaps it does but then you realise there is nowhere else to go.

On the other side is a maze of twisted passages. In general outline they are all alike – wide corridors that branch and branch again, curl back on themselves, end suddenly. They are lined with mirrored surfaces that reach from floor to ceiling, and with panes of glass so clear as to be almost invisible that make it tricky sometimes to work out what is a branching passage and what is a barrier.

As you move, you are reflected over and over again in the mirrors. At first, it is simply a little unsettling, seeing yourself mirrored here. Then it becomes distracting – as you travel, you are surrounded by movement. You cannot shake the nagging suspicion that something is *off* about the reflection and keep stopping to study them. Were you always wearing that piece of jewelry? Did your horns curl in just that way? Was your face always that angular?

Then the differences become more pronounced. The clothes in your reflection do not match the clothes you know you are wearing – can *see* you are wearing. Some are not even Varushkan! And then as if a dam breaks every other detail of your appearance – at

least in the mirrors – becomes chaotic. Horns, antlers, fangs, talons, patches of bark, gills. Long hair, short hair, red hair, black hair, blond hair, brown hair, grey hair, white hair, no hair. Here you have only one arm, there only one eye. You are short, you are tall, fat, thin to the point of emaciation. They are clearly reflections – they echo your movements – but sometimes there is a delay and sometimes they move *before* you realise you are moving and you are left with the dreadful, unbalancing thought that you might be the one mirroring your reflection.

You aren't alone in here. You begin to spot movement, ahead of you in the maze. A flash of a red coat, a curved cambion horn, the suggestion of a figure with a staff. You call out but there is no answer. You hurry to try and catch up. They are just ahead of you, and you cannot shake the vague feeling they are familiar and then -

CRACK!

You slam into a wall of glass, rebounding painfully, having to fight to keep your balance, seeing stars.

On the other side of the glass is a young man in a rich yellow and orange robe that puts you in mind of a wealthy Freeborn. Curling horns adorn his brow marking his cambion lineage. He is looking at you quizzically. He has a furled scroll in one hand, a golden circlet on his head, a question hovering on his lips.

He is Dolneis, he says, and you are in his palace of dreams where he comes to get away from his family and think about all the people he is not. How did you get here?

He seems friendly, and interested in you, but beneath his pleasant demeanour you can sense the edges of something colder. You ask about the man in the red coat. He claims to know nothing, but looks away as he does so, leaving you in no doubt that he is lying. Before you can press him, he unleashes a barrage of questions. Why are you? Where do you come from? What do you want? Why are you here? How did you get here? What are you looking for? What have you lost?

On and on the questions, barely letting you answer before asking the next one.

Then, abruptly, he spins away and with tinkling laughter like jangling bells, he runs away down the passage and out of sight, glancing once back over his shoulder as he does so and with a start you realise he is not the young man you thought he was; he is someone else entirely.

“Follow me!” he calls back, laughing, but his voice sounds very different.

There's no easy way to follow him, with the wall of translucent glass, but you do your best, trying to pick corridors that will lead you in the general direction he went. The reflections in the wall continue to shift and change, into people you never were or could never have been. The only constant is your eyes – your eyes stay the same whatever changes the mirrors work on your appearance.

You can feel frustration rising in you, hear the tinkling laughter ahead, see movement down a corridor that is not a reflection, but every time the way is blocked with glass, or you realise you are chasing the reflection of someone else. No matter if you move fast or

slow, they always seem to be just ahead of you and...

... you are not foolish, you can tell when you are being toyed with. You stop moving, refuse to play along, refuse to chase reflections and shadows.

You feel hot breath on the back of your neck. He is behind you. Glancing to the side you can see him reflected in the glass. Massive. Furred, Striped. Fanged. Clawed. Part man part great cat. Looming over you. How long has he been following you through the maze. He begins to growl, a low rumbling utterly unlike any noise you have ever heard a cat make.

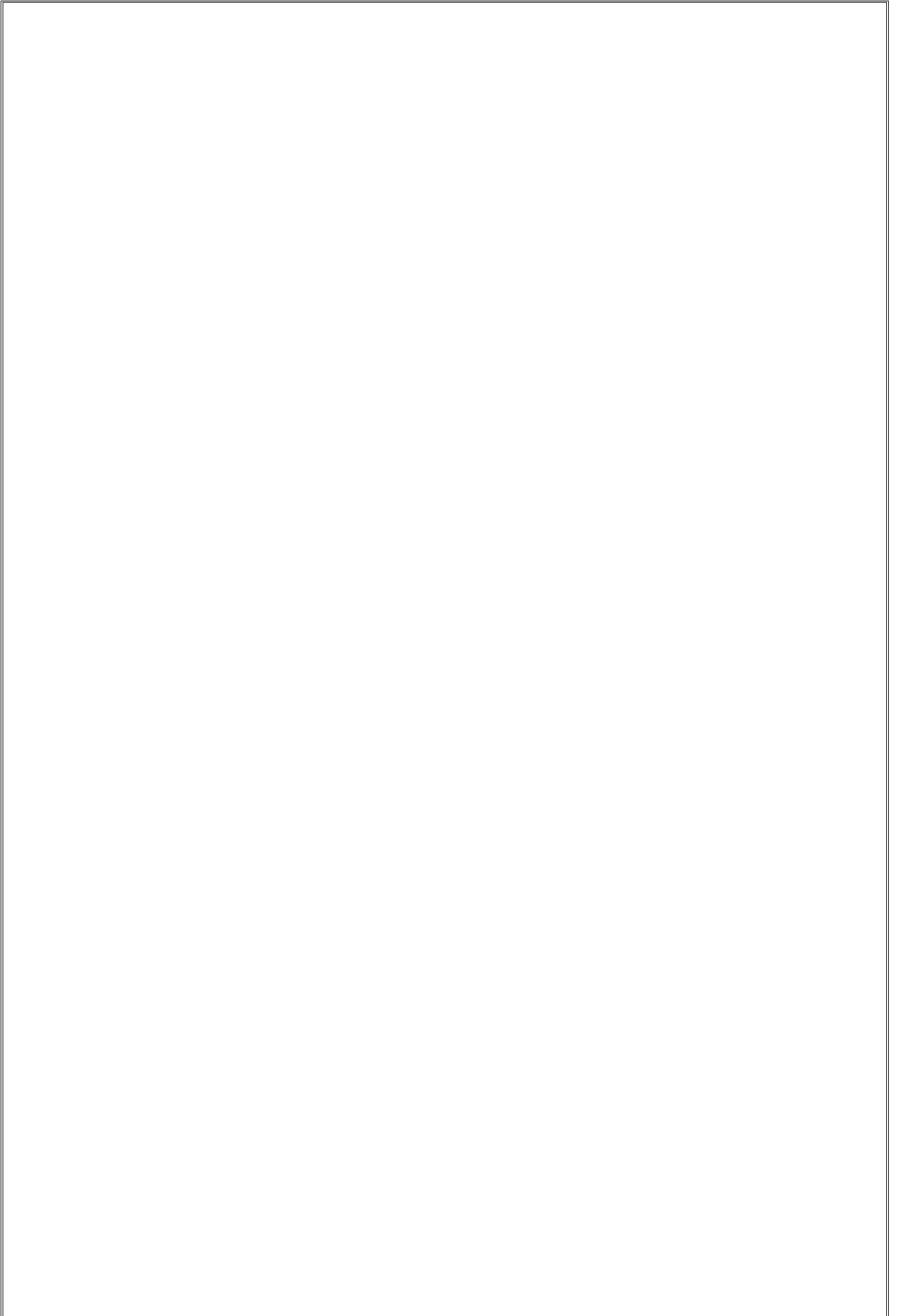
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And then you wake up.

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The other is more unsettling; for the next hour or so you find yourself forgetting who you are and who the people around you are and what your relationship to them is. You might remember that you are the General of the Iron Helms, or that a friend is really a rival, or vice versa. You might think yourself a citizen of the League rather than a Varushkan, think someone who is dead is really alive, or vice versa. Whatever will create a little drama.



Vaclav Mladenovich Kosti

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Once everyone is gathered it's time to explore your surroundings. The woods are old, heavy with moss, partially overgrown with pale-leaved ivy. The sky is almost empty; there are very few stars. The moon is just a shade off full – waxing or waning you cannot tell – but provides ample illumination. More light comes from a single lantern, hanging from a hook on a metal pole thrust into the soft earth by the side of the crossroads. Tiny moths, pale and awkward, flutter and dance around it, occasionally banging gently against the iron covering, eager to get at the flame within.

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CRACK!

You slam into a wall of glass, rebounding painfully, having to fight to keep your balance, seeing stars.

On the other side of the glass is a mature woman in a violet dress that puts you in mind of a Dawnish noble. She is looking at you thoughtfully. She has a paintbrush and palette in one hand, a golden circlet on her head, an appraising look in her eyes.

She is Lodisen, she says, and you are in her palace of dreams where she comes to paint and explore all the people she is not. How did you get here?

On the surface she seems interested in you, but beneath her welcoming demeanour there is the edge of something less pleasant. You ask about the man in the red coat but she dismisses your query with a wave of her hand as irrelevant. Before you can press her, she unleashes a barrage of questions of her own. Why are you? Where do you come from? What do you want? Why are you here? How did you get here? What are you looking for? What have you lost?

On and on the questions, barely letting you answer before asking the next one.

Then, abruptly, she spins away and with tinkling laughter like jangling bells, she runs away down the passage and out of sight, glancing once back over her shoulder as she does so and with a start you realise she is not at all the woman you thought she was she is someone else entirely.

“Follow me!” she calls back, and her voice is different.

There's no easy way to follow her, with the wall of translucent glass, but you do your best, trying to pick corridors that will lead you in the general direction she went. The reflections in the wall continue to shift and change, into people you never were or could never have been. The only constant is your eyes – your eyes stay the same whatever changes the mirrors work on your appearance.

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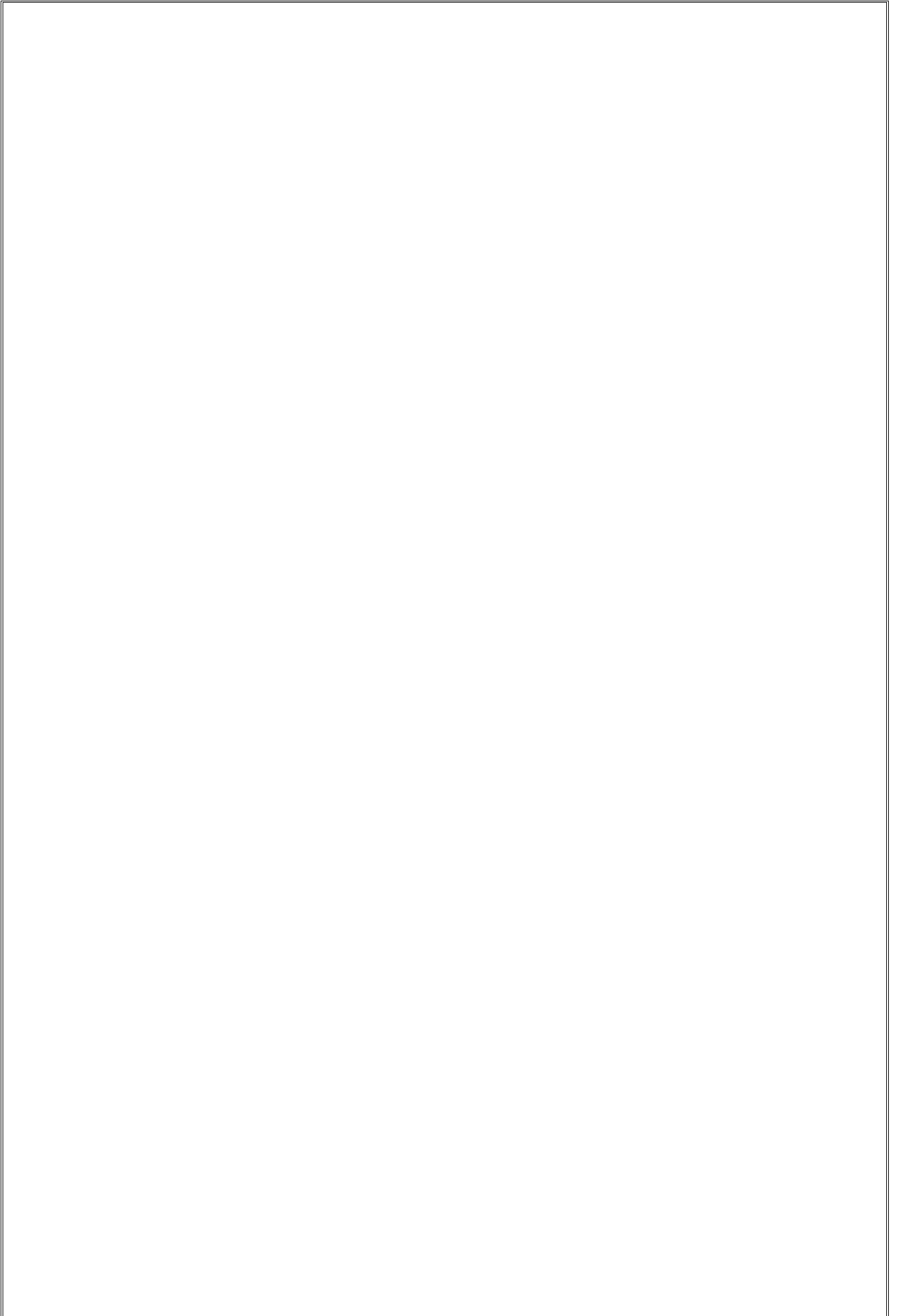
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Aleksandr Zoravich Novosad

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Once everyone is gathered it's time to explore your surroundings. The woods are old, heavy with moss, partially overgrown with pale-leaved ivy. The sky is almost empty; there are very few stars. The moon is just a shade off full – waxing or waning you cannot tell – but provides ample illumination. More light comes from a single lantern, hanging from a hook on a metal pole thrust into the soft earth by the side of the crossroads. Tiny moths, pale and awkward, flutter and dance around it, occasionally banging gently against the iron covering, eager to get at the flame within.

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On the other side is a maze of twisted passages. In general outline they are all alike – wide corridors that branch and branch again, curl back on themselves, end suddenly. They are lined with mirrored surfaces that reach from floor to ceiling, and with panes of glass so clear as to be almost invisible that make it tricky sometimes to work out what is a branching passage and what is a barrier.

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CRACK!

You slam into a wall of glass, rebounding painfully, having to fight to keep your balance, seeing stars.

On the other side of the glass is a young woman in a pale green robe that puts you in mind of an Urizeni scholar. She is looking at you with a slightly exasperated expression. She has an astrolabe in one hand, a golden circlet on her head, and her lips are pressed thin as if she is annoyed.

She is Oledsin, she says, and you are in her palace of dreams where she comes to think and explore all the people she is not. How did you get here?

There is something about her makes it clear she is used to having her questions answered, and you can sense that she is not pleased to see you here. You try to ask about the man in the red coat but she ignores you and instead begins an interrogation of her own. Why are you? Where do you come from? What do you want? Why are you here? How did you get here? What are you looking for? What have you lost?

On and on the questions, barely letting you answer before asking the next one, and getting increasingly irritated by your answers.

Then, abruptly, she spins away and with tinkling laughter like jangling bells, quite at odds with her earlier forceful demeanour, she runs away down the passage and out of sight, glancing once back over her shoulder as she does so and with a start you realise she is not the young woman you thought she was she is someone else entirely.

“Follow me!” she calls back, and her voice is different.

There's no easy way to follow her, with the wall of translucent glass, but you do your best, trying to pick corridors that will lead you in the general direction she went. The reflections in the wall continue to shift and change, into people you never were or could never have been. The only constant is your eyes – your eyes stay the same whatever changes the mirrors work on your appearance.

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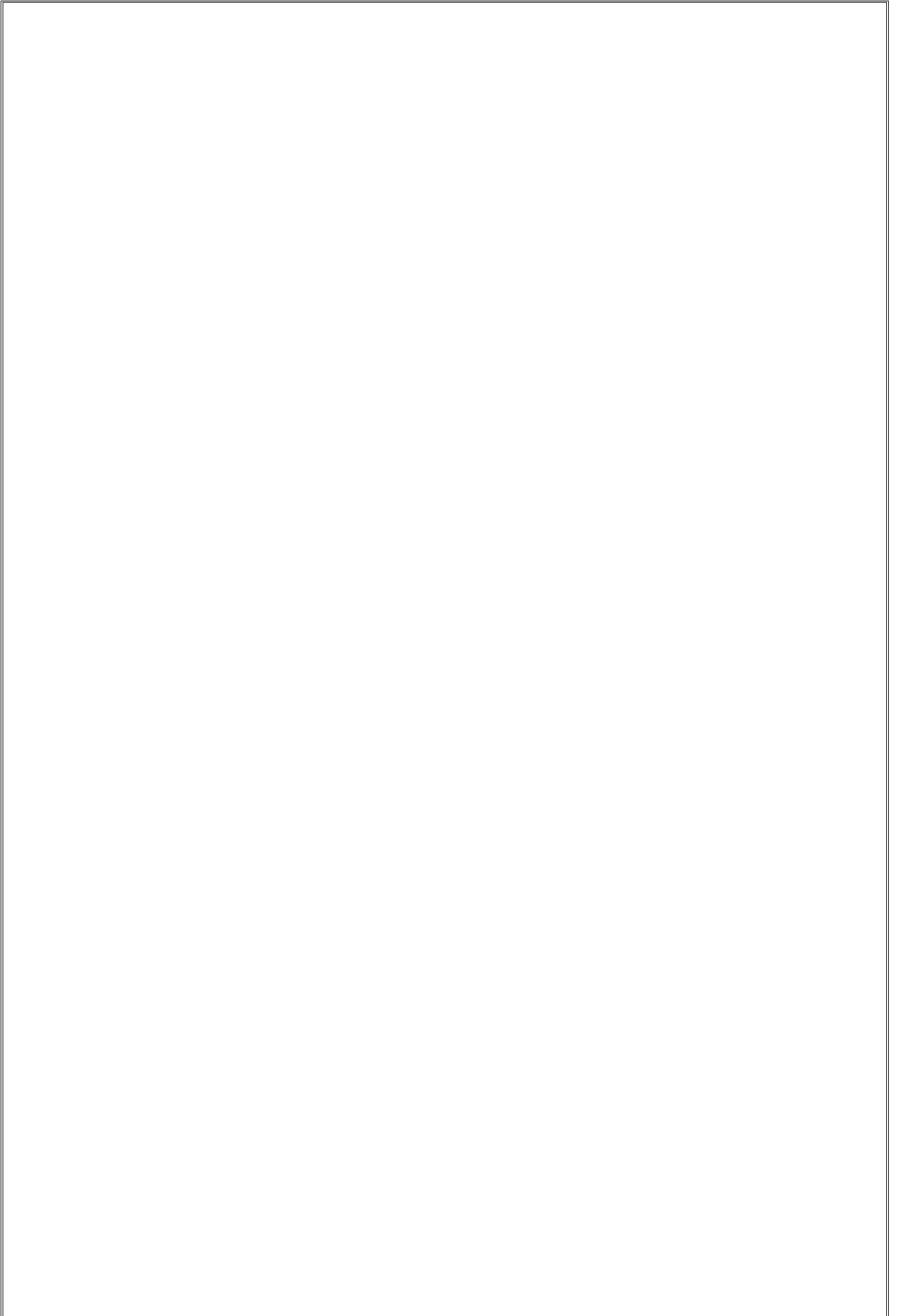
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Vojislav

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CRACK!

You slam into a wall of glass, rebounding painfully, having to fight to keep your balance, seeing stars.

On the other side of the glass is an older woman in a red and yellow dress that puts you in mind of a Dawnish noble. She is smiling indulgently at you. She leans on a straight staff of pale wood, wears a golden circlet on her head, and the scattering of scales around her eyes marks her as possessing the naga lineage.

She is Madame Dinsole, she says, and you are in her palace of dreams where she comes to relax and explore all the people she is not. How did you get here?

On the surface there is a warmth to her, but beneath it you can sense something else, something less welcoming. You ask about the man in the red coat, and she laughs and tells you he has already left but perhaps if you hurry you can catch up with him? And then she stares at you intently, before suddenly her eyes flick to look over your shoulder. You nearly turn to look at whatever it is she is looking at but before you can do so she unleashes a barrage of questions. Why are you? Where do you come from? What do you want? Why are you here? How did you get here? What are you looking for? What have you lost?

On and on the questions, barely letting you answer before asking the next one. Her tone is pleasant throughout, but she is insistent.

Then, abruptly, she spins away and with tinkling laughter like jangling bells, she runs away down the passage and out of sight with a speed and grace that belies her age, glancing once back over her shoulder as she does so and with a start you realise she is not the older woman you thought she was she is someone else entirely.

“Follow me!” she calls back, and her voice is different.

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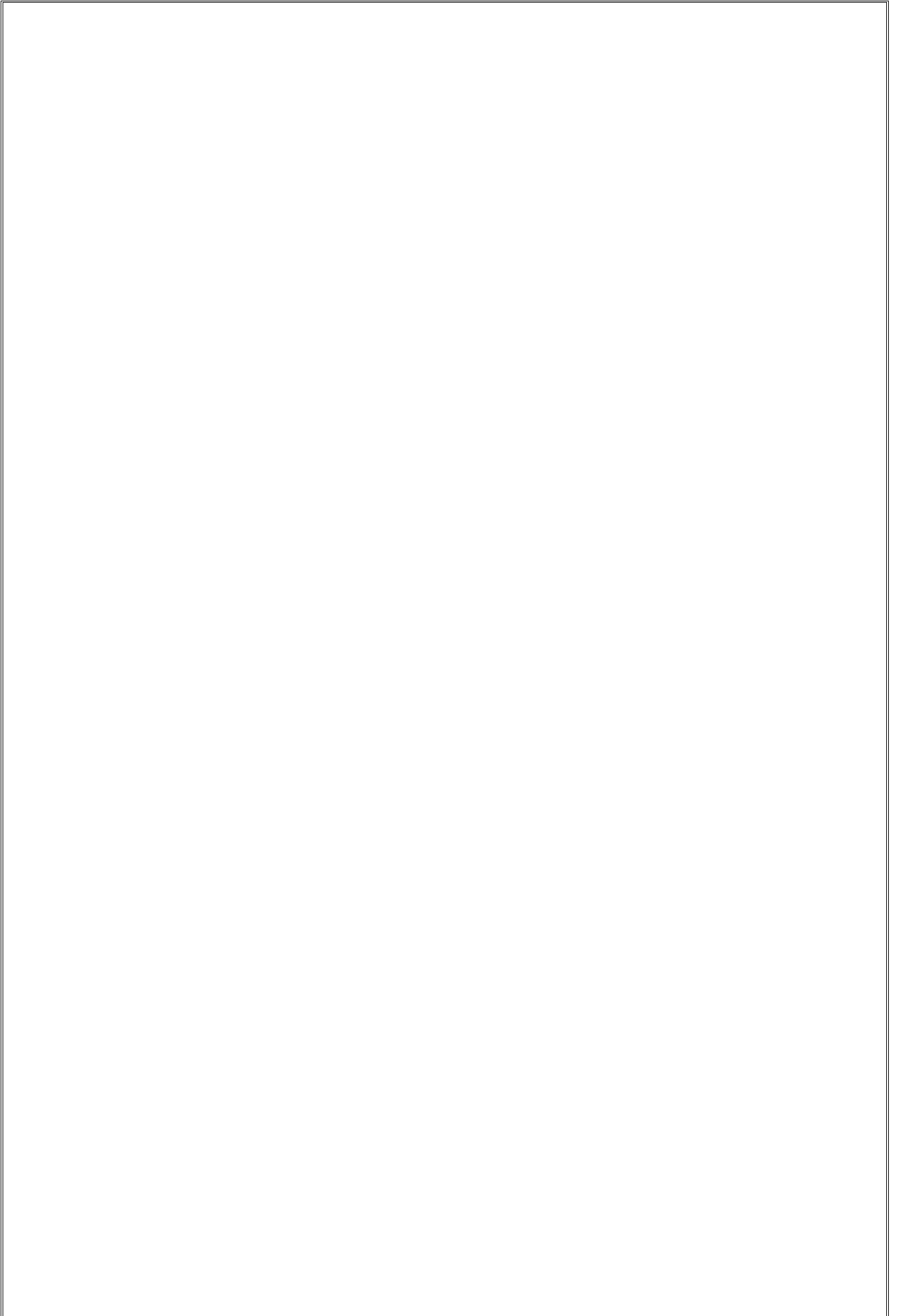
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Zoria

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Once everyone is gathered it's time to explore your surroundings. The woods are old, heavy with moss, partially overgrown with pale-leaved ivy. The sky is almost empty; there are very few stars. The moon is just a shade off full – waxing or waning you cannot tell – but provides ample illumination. More light comes from a single lantern, hanging from a hook on a metal pole thrust into the soft earth by the side of the crossroads. Tiny moths, pale and awkward, flutter and dance around it, occasionally banging gently against the iron covering, eager to get at the flame within.

There is some discussion about which way to go – this is a crossroads after all, and one with no signpost. In the end, an agreement is reached and you set off along one of the roads, taking care to ensure nobody falls behind, perhaps talking in hushed tones about what you are going to find. Perhaps someone suggests a song? There's always someone ready to sing.

As you travel, the woods draw in closer around the road, and the road dwindles down to a path, and before you know it you are deep in an ancient woodland, the trees clustering close around you, shutting out the night sky above, plunging you into a gloom broken only by the faint rainbow glow of phosphorescent mushrooms. You turn to one of your companions to point out how odd the mushrooms look and realise you are all alone. A moment later, you forget there was ever anyone else there.

Across the path ahead, two stone pillars connect a gate of silver filigree, unlike any you have ever seen. Intricate and beautiful, the design suggests dozens of faces staring out at you bound up with strands of ivy. The gates open soundlessly at your approach, and they close soundlessly behind you. It never really occurs to you not to step through; or perhaps it does but then you realise there is nowhere else to go.

On the other side is a maze of twisted passages. In general outline they are all alike – wide corridors that branch and branch again, curl back on themselves, end suddenly. They are lined with mirrored surfaces that reach from floor to ceiling, and with panes of glass so clear as to be almost invisible that make it tricky sometimes to work out what is a branching passage and what is a barrier.

As you move, you are reflected over and over again in the mirrors. At first, it is simply a little unsettling, seeing yourself mirrored here. Then it becomes distracting – as you travel, you are surrounded by movement. You cannot shake the nagging suspicion that something is *off* about the reflection and keep stopping to study them. Were you always wearing that piece of jewelry? Did your horns curl in just that way? Was your face always that angular?

Then the differences become more pronounced. The clothes in your reflection do not match the clothes you know you are wearing – can *see* you are wearing. Some are not even Varushkan! And then as if a dam breaks every other detail of your appearance – at

least in the mirrors – becomes chaotic. Horns, antlers, fangs, talons, patches of bark, gills. Long hair, short hair, red hair, black hair, blond hair, brown hair, grey hair, white hair, no hair. Here you have only one arm, there only one eye. You are short, you are tall, fat, thin to the point of emaciation. They are clearly reflections – they echo your movements – but sometimes there is a delay and sometimes they move *before* you realise you are moving and you are left with the dreadful, unbalancing thought that you might be the one mirroring your reflection.

You aren't alone in here. You begin to spot movement, ahead of you in the maze. A flash of a red coat, a curved cambion horn, the suggestion of a figure with a staff. You call out but there is no answer. You hurry to try and catch up. They are just ahead of you, and you cannot shake the vague feeling they are familiar and then -

CRACK!

You slam into a wall of glass, rebounding painfully, having to fight to keep your balance, seeing stars.

On the other side of the glass is a little boy in a lemon yellow toga, like that worn by one of the Asaveans perhaps. His face is scrunched up, his nose wrinkled as if he has smelled something he doesn't like. She has a golden-hilted dagger at his hip, a golden circlet on her head, and he is clearly not pleased to see you.

He is Lodeins, he says, and you are in his palace of dreams where he comes to play and explore all the people he is not. How dare you come here and bother him?

On the surface he seems to be a surly child, barely eight or nine, but beneath it you can sense the edge of something else. Something older, and much less pleasant. You ask about the man in the red coat but he claims to know nothing, and calls you a rude name. Before you can respond, he unleashes a barrage of questions. Why are you? Where do you come from? What do you want? Why are you here? How did you get here? What are you looking for? What have you lost?

On and on the questions, never letting you actually answer before asking the next one. As he goes on his voice rises, getting louder and louder, until he is shouting at you, his face contorted with childish rage, before he throws himself prone and starts pounding on the ground with tiny fists, screaming and crying and kicking.

Then, abruptly, the tantrum ends. He leaps to his feet gives you a sly look, and spins away and with tinkling laughter like jangling bells. He runs away down the passage and out of sight, glancing once back over his shoulder as he does so and with a start you realise he is not the little boy you thought he was, but someone else entirely. Someone horrible.

“Follow me!” he calls back, and his voice is different, older, guttural.

There's no easy way to follow him, with the wall of translucent glass, but you do your best, trying to pick corridors that will lead you in the general direction he went. The reflections in the wall continue to shift and change, into people you never were or could never have been. The only constant is your eyes – your eyes stay the same whatever changes the mirrors work on your appearance.

You can feel frustration rising in you, hear the tinkling laughter ahead, see movement down a corridor that is not a reflection, but every time the way is blocked with glass, or you realise you are chasing the reflection of someone else. No matter if you move fast or slow, they always seem to be just ahead of you and...

... you are not foolish, you can tell when you are being toyed with. You stop moving, refuse to play along, refuse to chase reflections and shadows.

You feel hot breath on the back of your neck. He is behind you. Glancing to the side you can see him reflected in the glass. Massive. Furred, Striped. Fanged. Clawed. Part man part great cat. Looming over you. How long has he been following you through the maze. He begins to growl, a low rumbling utterly unlike any noise you have ever heard a cat make.

From somewhere else in the maze you hear that tinkling laughter again.

And then you wake up.

Effect: Until the start of the next Profound Decisions Empire event you can perform the ritual "Transmogrification of the Soul's Echo" as if you had mastered it; if you have already mastered this ritual, you may perform it as if you had one additional rank of Night magic. You should keep this vision and show it to a referee if you perform this ritual. This effect is an enchantment.

Roleplaying effect: On awakening you experience two related roleplaying effects: Firstly, you have a have a peculiar realisation about yourself, something that while true you've never really thought about or put into words before. It might be as simple as realising that actually you dislike shellfish, or as profound as realising that actually you consider the Way to be foolish.

The other is more unsettling; for the next hour or so you find yourself forgetting who you are and who the people around you are and what your relationship to them is. You might remember that you are the General of the Iron Helms, or that a friend is really a rival, or vice versa. You might think yourself a citizen of the League rather than a Varushkan, think someone who is dead is really alive, or vice versa. Whatever will create a little drama.