



## The Stars of the Chalice

<b>1</b>	Taneb, Who Knits
<b>2</b>	Benat, Who Reconciles
<b>3</b>	Shoba, the Echo of Weal
<b>4</b>	Abosh, the Shadow of Woe
<b>5</b>	Idathor, Herald of the Surge
<b>6</b>	Rothadi, Emissary of the Peal

# Wisdom of the Chalice

## 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. If it is not dark, the skies quickly turn toward night and the stars sparkle visibly. Your awareness is drawn to the balanced constellation of the Chalice.

Your awareness is overwhelmed by sensation; an electric tingle surging through your entire body in waves; an all-encompassing knowledge that you are loved and have loved; that the direction of creation is *towards* not *away from*; a primordial energy that would see you run for a week, raise a mountain with your bare hands, set your heart beating perilously fast; all the ways you are part of something, or have been part of something, or could be part of something again; the certainty that each thing is just one of the innumerable facets of a single essence.

You hear voices singing out, weaving and winding together, not deafening but occupying your perception, each phrase of music endlessly mirroring and remirroring itself, notes building to a crescendo, combining and recombining, a crescendo that never comes, an unending increase in complexity; an infinite conjoining of sound that begins to drown your consciousness, not ripping or tearing or shattering but subsuming you into everything that is and was, will be and could have been, can be and should have, to the point where you begin to scream, soundlessly, in your head, for it to stop.

Then names sear into your consciousness. **Taneb**, Who Knits; **Benat**, Who Reconciles; **Shoba**, the Echo of Weal; **Abosh**, the Shadow of Woe; **Idathor**, Herald of the Surge; **Rothadi**, Emissary of the Peal,

You cannot be sure if these are the names the stars call themselves, or the names they want you to call them, or the names you would call them if you knew them better, or just names that have bubbled up from inside you to try and label things that are beyond understanding. You know also that while they have individual names they are also part of the whole, a constellation whose name is “things heal” or “things apart come together” and yet at the same time is a string of concepts and ideas that flow past you impossible to entirely grasp.

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



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