



The Stars of the Spider

1	Myl' morah-Watches-Unseen
2	Sharolt-Moves-the-Scale
3	Ungol-Gossamer-Spinner
4	Ins win-Cannot-be-known
5	She' lav-Moves-From-Afar

Star Names of the Spider Constellation

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. The skies around you quickly darken and the stars sparkle visibly even if the night is not clear. Your awareness is drawn to the constellation of the Spider.

Your awareness is overwhelmed by sensation; gentle at first, a teasing touch that makes your skin crawl and make your hairs stand on end; an awareness of being peered at, watched by something immeasurably old and cold and chill, peeling away the layers of your being, exposing your core; a cloying darkness; rustling; silence that booms in your ear like the surf; another touch in a different place; a gentle push that sends you spiralling away out of control sending out ripples and echoes in all directions, changing everything; and you are *still being watched*.

Amidst all this you hear voices singing, weaving and winding together, whispering but entirely drowning out the sound around you; the music stops and starts and you soon realise the silences are part of the music as the voices singing at; a great chorus of crooning voices, shifting and rising in a way that makes you think of question and response; a sussurus that rises and falls but draws you in and excludes you at the same time, filling the space around you, defining you by the space you create in the clinging threads of sound.

Then names sear into your consciousness. **Myl'Morah-Watches-Unseen, Sharolt-Moves-the-Scale, Ungol-Gossamer-Spinner, Ins'win-Cannot-Be-Known, She'lav-Moves-From-Afar.**

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 are watched by a hidden eye” or “things are moved by an unseen hand”, 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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