



The Stars of the Great Wyrn

1	MAKIL , WHO SEPARATES
2	REFAL , WHO BENDS
3	URIL , WHO TWISTS
4	GABAH L, WHO WEIGHS
5	ARADUUN , THE TRANSFIGURING FLAME
6	MERILON , WHO ROUSES WITH WILL
7	ARAMUN , OF THE VOICE IRRESISTABLE
8	ANADALV , WHO STRAIGHTENS THE CROOKED
9	ANGARAD , THAT WHICH TURNS UPON ITSELF
10	AAPPAA , WHOSE SONG SHIFTS

	FEATHERS AND SCALE
11	TUKOS , THE FLAME OF ASHES
12	MALEKIORN , WHICH RISES IN THE IMAGE OF ITSELF
13	IROLINUS , WHICH BEATS LIKE THE IRRESISTABLE WHEEL
14	CAVARA , WHO MOVES ACROSS THE WATERS
15	GEAD , WHO SPEAKS THE WIND
16	ELIONWI , THE RIPPLE OF ECHOES
17	OMADAN , WHO BREAKS ALL NAMES
18	TETHAR , WHICH DREAMS THE PRISM INTO BEING

Names of the Great Wyrn

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 constellation of the Great Wyrn.

Immediately your awareness is overwhelmed by clashing sensations; burning flame and soothing water; roaring winds and stillness; rising and falling; deafening thunder, the crash of lightning, the touch of a feather, the sound of a pin falling; crushing weight and absolute freedom; your flesh ripples one moment with scales, the next with feathers, both rainbow hued, iridescent, glimmering with a light of their own.

Through it all you hear a chorus of voices singing out, each one distinct yet part of the whole, shifting from one tone to another, one note to another, a stream of music always different, deafening. Sometimes one voice is louder or more dominant, shaping the tune. Sometimes the music pulls in all directions, almost maddeningly. Sometimes it becomes a ribbon of perfect symmetry, other times it is discordant and shattering. You know you will never be able to capture that melody again, but you will hear snatches of it from time to time in a voice, a song, a tune, the patter of rain, the wind in the trees, and it will tantalise you even as it slips from your grasp and when you hear it you will become profoundly aware of how different you were someone else yesterday, and how you will be someone else tomorrow, and the only constant in Creation is that nothing can remain as it was.

Then names sear into your consciousness. **Refal**, Who Bends; **Uril**, Who Twists; **Gabahl**, Who Weighs; **Makil**, Who Separates; **Araduun**, The Transfiguring Flame; **Merilon**, Who Rouses With Will; **Aramun**, Of The Voice Irresistible; **Anadalv**, Who Straightens The Crooked; **Angarad**, That Which Turns Upon Itself; **Aappaa**, Whose Song Shifts Feather And Scale; **Tukos**, The Fount Of Ashes; **Malekiorn**, Which Rises In The Image Of Itself; **Irolinus**, Which Beats Like The Irresistible Wheel; **Cavara**, Who Moves Across The Waters; **Gead**, Who Weaves The Wind; **Elionwi**, The Ripple Of Echoes; **Omadan**, Who Breaks All Names; **Tethar**, Which Dreams The Prism Into Being

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. You know also that while they have individual names they are also part of the whole, a constellation whose name is “things change and transform” 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. For the next few minutes you will struggle to stand unaided, to speak coherently, or to focus on the world around you.