

Season of Crowns

Cry out and worship the darkness; or perish in shadow.

- Your sleep continues to be poor, as the effects of the curse on you continue to wrack your soul.
- You remain CURSED. Your curse information is included in this pack once more.
- One night, you awaken to find yourself lost in a maze of mirrors. Everywhere you look, you see your own reflection, but twisted so that all of your features are pulled into a grotesque grimace. Suddenly, you are aware that the walls are closing in, until on all side in dim light you are surrounded by your horrible alter-ego in the shadowed glass. And then - the reflection speaks, and you recognise the voice that you heard before the coming of the Winter Solstice.

“Two season done. Two more remain. I give you commandments today from my mistress; I will come once more as hated summer dawns. Stay the course and you will be delivered, and with it too all your chapter from the curses that burden them. Fail, and you will know suffering unending.

This season, my mistress Skathe does not require you to act in spite against your fellows. You have performed admirably in this matter thus far - but she tires of your half-hearted attempts. This times, the Queen of All Beauty demands that due respect and regard are given to her, as befits a lady of her station. You will be her heralds in this matter.

As a minimum, you must persuade the Conclave to grant amity to my Mistress; failure to do that will incur the harshest punishment not just on the four of you in the pact, but on your chapter too. Lie as you like to achieve this goal. In addition, you should pass a judgement extolling the beauty and mercy of my mistress in the Synod. Ideally this would be in the Highborn Assembly, and ideally this would recieve a greater majority. The more pleased you make my mistress, the greater mercy she will consider in assigning your final task. Do not fail.”

- Your reflection shatters into a thousand, thousand shards, which bury into your heart. When you wake with a start, your sheets are wet, stained with blood from unseen wounds.
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- When next the four of you - Ephrael, Levi, Kerioth, Jaylus - meet, you find that you have all had a very similar experience...
- It is the spring, and yet winter still lurks in the hearts of humanity.