



## LYLIE OF LIFE

### Past

As an infant, you were abandoned in a forest with two other newborns. Solomon found your basket, saved you from the wolves and brought you to the Monastery. There is no telling whether you are actually blood siblings, but you were certainly raised as such. You were trained as Regents until each of you saw their own unique gift blossom: Your hands have the power to heal, giving relief to even the deepest wounds. Nothing is worth more to you than your blessing, and you have never envied your brothers' talents.

Both warriors, they are as different as night and day. Renier, capable of bending anything to his will with a mere thought, made your life a living hell during your training years. Giraut, as dark as the shadows he masters, suffered with you, but he always managed to comfort you with his smile: Over the years your bond became unbreakable, until it blossomed into a love as deep as it is forbidden.

Impressed by your gift, the Oracle allowed you to assist him in performing the sacred Rite of Ascension, the holy ceremony that grants life after death to the spirit of the departed. In spite of your utmost respect for your Master, you never understood nor accepted that this privilege is reserved only to Oracles and Regents, denying the hope of eternity to the rest of the Vale. But the fight against Dragons has always absorbed your every thought and discussion.

Until today, at least.

### Present

The deaths of Cerdic and the Oracle have upset you, but your duty is to keep hope alive even during the darkest of times. Giraut has defeated the Great Black Dragon and Renier the Great White Dragon: Perhaps an age of peace is finally at hand.

Allen, the Oracle's apprentice, has succeeded him. You hope he will prove to be less strict about the Rite of Ascension, and that he will allow you to learn about its secrets instead of simply going through the motions. He has already shown you trust by asking you to perform it alone, for Cerdic's and your former Master's souls, at the end of this Council. You want to tell him of your intentions to extend this privilege to every man in the Vale. Your greatest wish is to defeat death.

### Future

*Giraut:* He may have tried to bury the past deep inside him, but you can see the shadows in his heart. The anger at failing to protect you from Renier's torments, the humiliation at being constantly outmatched during your years of training. You hoped that the triumph over the Great Black Dragon would quell some of the obsessions that cloud his soul. But that was not the case.

Still, you know how much light he is capable of radiating. If he wants the Regency of Zamar, it is only to make it bloom like never before and you will give him all your support. Giraut intends to make your love public during the Council, but you fear the other Regents might judge him unworthy of the title if they were to discover your secret now.

*Renier:* Arrogant, cold, mean. Yet so sad. There is no mask good enough to hide such deep loneliness: Who other than Solomon was ever able to withstand your brother?

Now that peace seems at hand, your heart shines with the hope of reuniting your family and finally living in harmony. Will you be able to forgive the contempt he always held for you and for Giraut?

*Solomon:* Your saviour, the closest thing you have to a father. His strength is legend and time would seem to stand still for him, were it not for his failing memory.

He has tried everything to bring peace to the children he saved, often writing to you about how Renier is no longer the cruel boy of your childhood. Until now, you have not been able to believe him.

*Ninon:* The mistress of flames, but as fragile as a red rose. Her Fiefdom was devastated by the White Dragons and only Renier's intervention could save her.

As the only female Regents, you were friends during your childhood, until your respective duties made you drift apart. You thought her bound to Faramond, but she seems to visit your brother very often as of lately. You care little for gossip, but she might be able to help you understand whether Renier has truly changed, if she really is so close to him.

*Faramond:* The eighth and youngest among you, the Wandering Regent without a Fiefdom, tasked with watching over

the Vale and sounding his horn at the sight of Dragons. Why did he not give the alarm in time to warn Ninon, when the White Dragons raided her Fiefdom?

Friend to trees and beasts, he was always the shiest among you. He seemed to only care for Ninon, and, if she truly chose Renier, he is undoubtedly in pain. You feel bound to offer your aid.

*Wilhelm:* Exasperated by Renier's taunting, seven years ago he faced a Dragon alone in open combat. His bolts were not enough and you tried to save him after he was brought to you in grave conditions. In vain.

Or so you thought. On that very night you sang the Rite of Ascensions over his remains, but the following morning he came knocking at your door. Grateful, smiling, unharmed. A miracle.

*Drystan:* The Captain of Zamar and attendant to poor Cerdic. The word is they were like father and son.

It must be hard for him to find himself in the midst of Regents with such pain still alive in his heart. You are ready to offer him support and solace.

*Allen:* You still cannot believe you have to address him as Oracle now. In youth you feared he might be jealous of your privilege, as you were the only one allowed to assist the Oracle in the Rite of Ascension.

But now you hope he will tear down the wall of tradition and embrace your cause by extending the Rite to every soul.



## Action - Restricted to Lylie

*Cut this out and fold it so as to separate Cause and Effect. You can read the Cause whenever you like, but you must never read the Effect: Only deliver it to those who will pray with you. Have them hand it back once they are done reading. Keep this card hidden in your holy symbol, or inside your pocket.*

*Cause: You can only chant this prayer with another person, by taking their hand and closing the other around your holy symbol. For the entire ceremony you will be in communion, and you will give solace to their spirit.*

Dreaming God, shaper of worlds, deliver us from nightmare and turn the illusion of form into a path to the truth of substance. The road may be winding, our steps uncertain, yet if our life is but a dream, let us sleep until our time comes. If our life is but a seed, let us bloom into bountiful harvest. If our life is but a gift, let it bring You joy before You set it aside. We live by Your will, according to our freedom. Now and forever.

*Effect: If you are neither Faramond nor Solomon, give this card back to Lylie without reading anything. Otherwise, only read the section with your name on it.*

*Faramond:* The mist that surrounds your thoughts fades away and memories begin to assault your mind. It was you who prepared the three phials of poison: You administered the first to the Oracle, then you travelled to Zamar to leave the others by the side of a man during his restless sleep. You did not know his name, yet now you recognise him as Captain Drystan. You know not why you did this, as if the will that guided you in those days was not your own.

*Solomon:* Lylie's words shake you to your very core. You realise you have forgotten something important, something that eludes your grasping fingers even now. The more you struggle, the more the memory seems to slither away, but a single fragment suddenly comes to the surface. You see yourself burying a manuscript near Zamar. The buildings you see in the distance are different from the ones you know, however- more ancient, perhaps. Your heart skips a beat as you wonder how much time has passed.

## Reaction - Restricted to Lylie

*Cut this out and only read it when you hear these exact words: «I win this time, brother».*

Pain suddenly stabs through your chest, like an invisible arrow striking at your heart. You gasp and crumple to the ground, breathless. Life is abandoning you, you have few moments left. You do not know what is happening to you, or why.

