

## Reaction - Restricted to Solomon

*Cut this out and only read it if you receive a letter.*

The words on the paper tear a gasp out of you and the broken mirror of your memory is suddenly mended. It was you who buried the book mentioned in Cerdic's letter, millennia ago. You see the title carved in gilded letters on its cover as if it was in front of you: Equilibrium.

Now you finally remember your identity and you can once again be one of the three Ancients, the same mentioned by the Regent of Zamar. Not only do you not age, immortality is in your very nature, and although your power had been drained by the will of the Maker, you kept drawing from it by sacrificing your memories. An exchange you ended up forgetting, in and of itself.

You wonder what your brother Milo had to give up: Not only was he the founder of the Monastery of Stars centuries before, he welcomed you to that same place only thirty years ago. Yes, the man you called Oracle was actually your brother, different in body but unchanged in spirit. Thus he was able to recognise you when you came to the Monastery holding that basket, but he decided to leave you in the dark for reasons you cannot fathom.

However, you cannot seem to remember the identity of the third surviving Ancient, not even now. After the devastation that ended the Age of Magic you have never seen him again, although the instinct that has guided you so well over the years screams that he cannot be very far. You three are connected, and you will be until the very end.

This is why the Dreaming God unleashed Evil on the Vale, to test your wills and your bond: Now the threat has flown out of the sky and into the hearts of men, and the reckoning is near.

It is extremely frustrating to have finally recovered a good portion of your memories, yet still be so blind to the current scheme of things. Although your guiding principle remains the righteous defence of the innocent, the full picture still eludes your sight.



## SOLOMON THE SHIELD

### Past

A dense veil of fog enshrouds your memories. The earliest flash of your past dates back to thirty years ago: A distant cry roused you as you slept in the woods. Curious, you followed the sound to a meadow where a basket lay abandoned, occupied by three infants. You were about to pick it up, when wolves surrounded you. You were unarmed but unafraid, for the impulse of protecting those three creatures was stronger than any fear. No beast left the woods on that day, just you and the children.

In spite of that easy victory, you kept wondering who you were, and why you had awoken there. The hungry cries of the infants disrupted your thoughts, so you decided to follow your instincts and march forwards, with the basket held tight against your chest. After a few hours you sighted a tower, and once you reached it, a deep voice welcomed you: «I was waiting for you, Solomon».

That place was the Monastery of Stars and that voice belonged to the Oracle. You could never explain how he knew the name you immediately recognised as your own.

### Present

You are the only Regent who did not grow up within the Monastery, but you know nothing about your life before it. Your body is a stranger to age, but your memory becomes more frayed with each passing year.

If nothing else you could always count on the Oracle's wisdom and on Cerdic's friendship; now,

after their tragic deaths, you feel lost. The Regents are your family and you have always fought your hardest to protect them from Dragons. But now that Renier and Giraut have defeated the Great Black Dragon and the Great White Dragon, what other threat could you ever fear?

Thousands of valiant men have given their lives over the centuries, all for a peace that finally seems possible, yet you cannot bring yourself to rejoice. You feel anything but safe and you have learnt to never underestimate your instincts. No, time has not yet come to mourn the fallen and begin anew. The recent deaths of Cerdic and the Oracle cannot be mere coincidence: You detest the feeling of suspicion, but if they were murdered, you will find the culprit. Justice for the people of the Vale, such is the duty of a Regent.

### Future

*Lylie:* Your favourite among the infants you found in the basket. She may be a woman now, but in your eyes she will always be the helpless child you gave a name to, with the Oracle's permission.

The training was very hard on her gentle soul, mostly because of her brother Renier. But now those times are far away and you wish they could forget their old grudges.

*Giraut:* Lylie's other brother, close to her and always ready to come at her defence. You like to think he inherited your drive to protect those you love, albeit he has received little joy out of it. Renier has made his life a living Hell.

You love him like a son and you rejoiced when he triumphed over the Great Black Dragon. He is the ideal heir to Cerdic for the Regency of Zamar.

*Renier:* The last of the three, and the most difficult. At the Monastery you often had to shield the others from him, because he was as talented as he was mean. It is no coincidence that the Oracle assigned you the Fiefdom neighbouring his.

But as you watched over him, you had a change of heart: He has bloomed into a righteous man. You still remember him as a boy, running into your arms speechless and teary-eyed. He has always suffered for his fights with Giraut and Lylie, so you advised him to use the victory over the Great Dragons as a chance to reconcile.

*Ninon:* Introverted and shy, in spite of the firestorms she can conjure. Recently her Fiefdom was devastated by the White Dragons and only Renier's timely intervention could save her.

You ran into her in Renier's palace. She was radiant, and you saw their complicity. But before leaving the Monastery, she only had eyes for Faramond.

*Faramond:* The youngest of the Regents; the others call him the Eighth, because never before him had an Oracle taken in more than seven pupils, or the Wandering Regent, because in place of a Fiefdom he was tasked with warding over the entirety of the Vale. To you, he is a dear friend.

You are the only one to have gained his trust and to know about his adoration for Ninon. He failed to sound the alarm when her Fiefdom was attacked and ever since then he has retreated back into himself.

*Wilhelm:* Another of Renier's victims. Seven years ago he was healed by Lylie after facing a Dragon in open combat with the sole strength of his thunder. All to show his worth to the others.

Renier will have a hard enough time trying to reconcile with his brothers, so you at least want to put in a good word for him with Wilhelm.

*Allen:* The young apprentice is now the new Oracle. It will be hard to stop calling him by name, but you respect him and his decision to summon the Council.

You want his help to discover whether someone is hiding something, but first you need to rule out his involvement.

*Cerdic:* The deceased Regent of Zamar, the best among you. In his last letter, he had mentioned an ancient manuscript found during an excavation in his Fiefdom: "Legends. Or something more. I would rather not speak of them until I am certain of their meaning. Be careful, my friend". His death has filled you with doubt as well as sorrow, and you wonder whether the manuscript played any part in it.

*Drystan:* Cerdic's right hand, much more than a simple captain. Your friend saved him from the Dragons when he was still a child, then raised him like a son.

You want to be there for him during his mourning, and ask what he knows about Cerdic's death. You wonder whether he knows about the manuscript.