

THE LAST KNIGHT

Key

Anger: Your King is dead. Someone must pay for this treachery.

Spirit

Young: You have never known the taste of defeat, nor the pain of loss. Until now.

Implacable: To you, the world is carved in black and white, with no shades of grey in between. Justice is the only virtue worthy of this name, and lies such as mercy only cloud the eyes of fools.

Bonds

The King: Two years ago you were the Last Knight anointed by the King, and you can still remember the clink of His sword on your armour. You served Him with pride and devotion, putting His will above everything else. In spite of His spirited objections on the matter, you never believed you could address Him as an equal, but neither do you think yourself a mindless servant, ready to obey like a dog. Although some have accused you of insubordination for this, the truth is that your Sire was getting old and even an exceptional man can become all too prudent as his beard starts growing pale. And you have no intention to stay in the shadows, mourning the gilded age when your father rode with the King.

The Knights: Only the best in the Kingdom can don the Knights' armour; this you never doubted. Not even when your Sire, weakened by the wish

to please His sister, chose to knight her child ahead of time and made him His *Squire*. While you have made the lad's life no easier, rebuking his friendship and putting him to test time and time again, you are now convinced that under the soft shell of the royal scion lies a soul of steel. When his day comes, he may even prove good enough to succeed the *Stable Master*, a quiet man whose only friends are dogs and horses and who looks older than the world itself. Certainly not the *Champion*, though, for he and his triumphs have always been your sole model, and the honour of succeeding him is yours and yours only. What you would never wish to bear is the mantle of the *First Knight*, whose elderly soul has become as rigid as ice in his efforts to constantly put mind over matter.

The People under the Mountain: You have never seen them, nor ever cared about them until recently, when you came upon a farm ravaged by their raids. They are as clever as beasts and they come out at night, hiding in the shadows like honourless monsters. When you were ordered to escort the King to the Mountain for a negotiation, for the first time you considered desertion.

Quote: "Help me uncover the truth, or my judgement will strike you right here and now".

Body language

Quick: Your gestures are impulsive, your movements nervous, your manners passionate. You are always ready to strike, whether with words or fists, as soon as you see the slightest hint of taint in your peers' heart.

Darkening

When the People under the Mountain point to you and give you one of these instructions, follow this guideline up to the end of the current dialogue or action sequence. Once it is over, go back to acting however you wish.

- *More:* Your Anger becomes blind rage and you must immediately unleash it on someone, whether with accusations or swift punishment.
- *Less:* Without the red mist of rage to fill them, your heart and mind are utterly void. The only thing left is guilt. Yes, maybe this is your fault after all.

Impressions

To play out an Impression grab the Mask and, while holding it up, declare the setting and participants of the upcoming scene. Then bring the Mask to your face and act as the King, keeping close to your Knight's vision of Him. You will need to take the lead, as the others have no clue about the point of the scene.

- *Royal chambers. The King and the Squire.* The King is disappointed with His nephew, so feeble and courtly as to make Him regret his untimely appointment as Squire. The King resents His own weakness at wanting to please His sister, and is not worried about humiliating the boy.
- *Access to the Mountain. The King, the First Knight and the Stable Master.* The King is consulting His two oldest Knights about the terms of the arrangement with the People under the Mountain. Is a year of peace worth the western fields? Or would five be better, in exchange for control of the rivers? The King looks older and more embittered than ever.
- *On the lakeshore at the foot of the Mountain. The King, the Champion and the People under the Mountain.* The King lies on the shore, mortally wounded. His last words are a confession to the Champion: Trusting the People under the Mountain was nothing but folly. All that's left now is revenge.

When the Impression is over, lay down the Mask, tear a fragment from it and remember to keep it with you. When everyone is back to the present, in the cave, explain how you know what you just recounted. Take initiative here, as well.

