



VERMILION

The others rarely have time for your songs, but you know you're the eyes and heart of this Village. The words you weave offer no shelter from the cold, and sometimes the Goldens laugh derisively when they hear them. The stories you cook up cannot sate hunger, and sometimes the Azures look at your art with wary eyes. But everyone sat in quiet wonder on the night you sang the history of the Village, each building on the other's words like children playing together. They all smiled, even the Crimsons.

Sometimes you question the Laws in your tales, or your characters find ways to subvert them, but never have you openly defied them like the Indigos will break the Taboo. An act that will echo like a dissonant note, one that the Village will struggle to accept. Even you will find it hard to face this reality. But maybe you'll find a way to work it back in the grand melody of your story.

FULGIDUS

You were an artisan once, working with your hands to make things everyone could respect. Sure, you've always loved to sing, but it was only a game to you. At least until Fuscus came to the Village and your eyes met for the first time. You never learned why their wayward steps brought them to the Village, where few strangers ever venture, but you know they stayed for you.

Before that you were like a sibling to the Crimsons, and Nigrans was your closest friend. But they could never accept to see you change. You, telling tall tales at the side of a stranger! It was too much for them. How will they ever accept the sight of the broken Taboo? The Indigos' recklessness will surely call for an answer. But sooner or later, you must weave it into the story of the Village, and none of you will be the same. Change is fearsome, yes, but only dead things ever stop changing.

▼ *For you:* Will you be able write the next page of the Annals, for Fuscus and the Village?

▼ *For Fuscus:* My muse, what terrible things have you witnessed outside the Village and never had the heart to tell me about?

▼ *For the Crimsons:* What great misfortune do you fear for us all, now that the Taboo is broken?

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FUSCUS

Ever since you heard Fulgidus sing for the first time, you longed for their words to be directed to you. It was their voice that made you want to stay in the Village, besides a wish to find shelter in a quiet place, away from the follies of the world.

You are the only one who was born outside the Village, although many years have passed and no one ever remembers your origins. No one but the Crimsons. They know as well as you that life away from the Village can be cruel, but where you see this peaceful haven as a monument to its people, they only know to thank the Laws for it. The same Laws that still fill Fulgidus with shame from time to time: They've been trained to respect and defend them, even when they can't explain why. The Taboo fills you with spite, because it keeps both Fulgidus and the Village from growing. When the Indigos break it, you will get to show your new family that the Laws are not what makes the Village special. Its people are.

■ *For you:* Will you inspire Fulgidus to embrace real change, even if it means leaving the safety of the Village?

■ *For Fulgidus:* My poet, what was your first gift to me?

■ *For the Crimsons:* What made you so afraid of my arrival in the Village?