

THE SEER

Rite of initiation

You are the chest that breathes with the long hill, the eyes that peer into its entrails. Your art of divination is a source of pride to your people, and a heavy burden to you. Season after season, your visions have always unveiled the will of the gods to you, but today you stand before an abyss.

On midsummer's eve you begged the gods to show you the life they wanted in sacrifice, in exchange for victory in battle. When the Chief asked you in secret who it would be, you were foolish enough to tell him that the god Fire clamoured for the Chief's only daughter, the Virgin. You saw him burst into tears, wondering why the gods were so eager to extinguish his bloodline. And so you proved yourself even more foolish, by admitting you had also seen another face: That of the man who would become the Offering. The Chief kissed your feet and promised he would lavish you with gift, if you agreed to demand that man's life instead of his daughter's. Perhaps it was your greed, or your fondness for him... But you gave in.

It was a mistake. After the disastrous defeat in battle and the Chief's death, you summoned the Circle. The Ordeal of Bread is your last hope to carry out the will of the gods. You shall choose a new Offering and a new hand to take their life.

Rite of passage

■ You and the Elder have lived your lives on parallel paths, your gaze always turned to the gods, theirs fixed on men. But on midsummer's eve, your eyes met. The Elder found you kneeling behind your hut, your eyes white even in the dark of night. Your lips started moving, foretelling the defeat that would come on the next day. Together you tried to cope with those grim tidings, but a raging river cannot be stopped.

■ The Tiller was to be the hand of the gods, and so it was: He wielded the dagger who killed the Offering. You saw it in the bowl of lamb's blood he had brought you himself, under the impression that it would show you the face of the Offering. Along with his twin, the Herder, he is blessed by the gods Thunder and Lightning, so you hoped that his presence would be enough to make an unfit sacrifice appeasing. But not even him wielding the sacred blade forged by the Crafter to slit the Offering's throat could make up for your mistake. For anyone who denies the gods their wishes is doomed to suffer ruin.

Rite of propitiation

In the eyes of the gods, people must prove themselves wise and noble. To immolate the wrong life was vile. The gods deserve the purest lamb among all of you in sacrifice, and their joy will be greater if the impurest hand is the one to take this life.

