

## THE TILLER

*During the Rite of the Circle, answer as if you were the Herder and take his place. To everyone else you will be him, your twin brother, until one of you decides to reveal the truth. Should it ever happen.*

### Rite of initiation

You are the ambitious mind of the long hill, the thorn-weed that roots in its soil. You and your twin brother, the Herder, are identical in appearance, but starkly opposed in spirit. The gods Thunder and Lightning blessed you on the day of your birth, when they struck down a tree with twin bolts. Tradition dictates neither of you shall ever embrace a weapon, because if one were to perish in battle, then the other would meet the same fate, to the great displeasure of the gods.

You loathe toiling away in sun-plagued fields day after day, you loathe helping the Crafter grind grains into meal as if you were their slave while lesser men than you chase after glory in battle. You too long for feats of greatness, no matter what danger they might bring to your brother. Indeed, your resemblance is exactly the tool you will use to make a name for yourself.

Everyone is wary of your cunning, but none fear your brother's simple-mindedness. So you struck a deal with him on midsummer's eve: To switch places until the end of the war, as Thunder and Lightning are wont to do in the stories. You knew this moment would be crucial, and now you sit within the Circle as a wolf in sheep's clothing.

### Rite of passage

► The Virgin is focus of much desire and attention, a fire you can stoke and use to your benefit. You have seen her gaze linger too long on the Offering, a rival to her father, the Chief. On midsummer's eve, when the Seer declared that the gods demanded the Offering in sacrifice, you ran to the Virgin, posing as your brother. You convinced her to meet with the Offering in the beasts' barn, certain that he would reject his fate and rebel against the Chief. Only in chaos can you hope to change your miserable condition. But when she walked out of the shed, the Virgin was alone and upset. What went so wrong?

► The Crafter is the yoke that keeps your back bent towards the dirt, and instead of being grateful, they save all of their fondness for your brother. It was the Herder who told you that he often helps them out when there is armour to be sewn or mended, because age has made their eyes weak. On midsummer's night, at the eve of battle, the Chief entrusted his armour to the Crafter and you were the one to mend it, under the guise of your brother. You sewed an amulet into it, one imbued with all your curses. As you worked, the Crafter kept on prattling, unaware of your actions.

### Rite of propitiation

In the eyes of the gods, people must prove themselves ruthless and resolute. To immolate the Chief's direct rival was a mistake. His life was valuable, as no authority should ever go unchallenged. Humans exist to entertain the gods, who desire change above all else. The next sacrifice must be unexpected.