

THE YOUTH

Rite of initiation

You are the fresh blood of the long hill, the scion destined to pass on its tale of glory. With war at your door, the Chief decided to trust you with a weapon ahead of time. A great honour, one that filled you with pride.

You have devoted your young life to following tradition and respecting the will of your leaders. When you entered the battlefield, you saw most of your brothers fall, followed by the Chief himself, right in front of you. A man that had seemed so invincible, betrayed by his own armour: It got snagged on a tree-branch as he charged into battle, threw him to the ground and allowed a warrior of the vale to slaughter him. When you saw it, you understood that the gods had turned their backs on you, so you fled towards the long hill.

As you ran, you saw in your mind's eye the sacrifice of midsummer's eve: Before he was slain, the Offering had smiled at you. You'd believed he was smiling at his death, but in that moment you knew it was meant for you. The gods provide those who approach death with knowledge of the future, and you are certain the Offering knew of your impending defeat.

The summoning of the Circle could be your chance to redeem yourself. You will do all in your power to prove yourself worthy of the weapon you carry, of the fire that beats within you. Perhaps even worthy of a woman that has been claimed by a god.

Rite of passage

On midsummer's eve, you and the Elder were chosen to meet with the enemy and set the terms for a honourable battle the next day. Your companion had always been generous with their teachings, and you were eager to tell them how proud you were for serving at their side, but all the Elder wanted to talk about was the Offering. It gave you the impression they'd have much preferred his company over yours. And during your meeting with the enemy, the Elder showed as much contempt for them as they had for you. This is not the first time, and you are sure the Elder's behaviour was part of the reason the people of the vale united against the long hill.

The Virgin has been claimed by the god Fire, and as such her purity may only be preserved as long as she is not touched by human hands. The people of the long hill worship her sanctity as if she was an altar. But on midsummer's eve, you confessed the burning desire you feel for her. Her upset reaction petrified you, and you have been wondering why she despises you ever since. Still, you see no future for yourself where she is not by your side. You are ready to make it known to the whole Circle.

Rite of propitiation

In the eyes of the gods, people must prove themselves righteous and fearless. To immolate the best among you was a sign of devotion. Life is only valuable when it is lived with courage. The gods will not be content with a sacrifice of lesser worth than the last.