

Color = Anders storyteller

Color = Andreas Storyteller (the young man in Nilfersaan writing a story in the magical book)

Color = *Yameth Cousain* - Anders' Character - the Tiger Clan warrior

Color = The young man in Nilfersaan - Andreas' Character

You are a young man, stuck in the permanent winter of Nilfersaan. The violent waters of the Nilferfoss is the only thing connecting you to the world outside your little cell, a little, frozen bastion of civilisation, in the middle of a vast, hostile wilderness. You have for a bit more than two years worked for the teacher, who is the town's academy and spiritual institution... that is if you don't count the normas, who are rumoured to still be wielding their pen-knives in the darkest corners of the settlement.

The teacher is a benevolent man, if you follow his protocol that is. And to follow protocol, every inhabitant of Nilfersaan must visit the teacher once a year. To be taught and to free his mind. The visitors are not to say anything, except for when they are asked a question by the teacher, and when they are presented with a question along the lines of: "Would you say that, taking the circumstances into consideration, you have been enlightened and have freed you mind?"; the visitor should nod, thank the teacher and return to their daily life.

It has been your job to write all the questions down. Only the questions.

The work is often repetitive, and luckily you are now sharing the duties with your younger sister, who buys you a little time to explore the little library in the back rooms.

Your sister has just arrived to take over your spot on the floor behind the teacher, and you find yourself slowly walking back towards the kitchen, stretching you sore, stiff legs. Your mind is once again buzzing with the two things that interests you the most; food... and then this strange book you found on a dusty shelf in the library. The book looks really worn and old, and is covered with signs you have never seen before. But the pages appear to be empty. You have been playing with this idea... although the teacher probably wouldn't like it... but what would happen if you wrote something on one of the empty pages in the book!?

You

I produce a small pencil from my robe and press it between my thumb and index finger. I start brushing the pages lightly with the pencil slightly tilted to my right. To my predicaments, it does nothing else but putting lead and coal on the paper. My hope is still with me and I continue to brush the page and when I have come to the center of the page a pattern underneath my pencil

brushes appears. When finished brushing I can see that it is a picture of a man and just below it two capital letters of a Y and a C has appeared. The man looks like a sturdy man. He stands tall and straight leaning on a long long sword going all the way from his chest to the ground. He radiates a sense of pride. "Y" and "C", what on earth could that stand for.

I turn the page and to my surprise this page is filled with text. It reads...

He reached for his beard. Grabbed it hard with his left hand and with his other he found a knife in his belt. One quick stroke and it was gone. The beard was gone. 20 years of being so close to his own beard and in a split second it was gone from his face. It had been his identity and now he felt weak and small. His identity was gone. Yameth Cousain was reborn.

I look around, with a feeling that I was just about to say something, or maybe in the middle of a sentence. Halt for a moment, to just enjoy the strange tickling feeling, of having something present in your mind, that you have summoned there, but then lost track of. I try to follow any traces I might find of this phantom in my brain: "Where was I..."

There is a man coming towards you. A man you have known for a long time. His name is Koljath and he has been your companion for as long as you can remember. He has a wide smile on his face, a smile close to laughter "I will be damned! I would never believe you would go through with it! let me have a look at you!" Kaljath has a long black beard but somehow his true smile shines through the thick bush.

I turn to him with a grim smile: "Now you..."

A deep sigh is heard from under his beard as he shrugs his shoulders. He takes the knife in a rapid grab and takes his beard in the other hand "No point wasting any time, huh!". The cut of the knife is swift, executed with the skill only obtained by experience. The beard comes off with a Shrug "Puh. I feared it would be much worse than this" he looks at the beard and within seconds his eyes shows a fear. You recognise this fear for it is the same fear that you had, losing your identity. You think you can see his eyes are shining more than normally but Kaljath would never weep.

He hand over the knife to you again "Alright, we're done here. Are you ready to go?"

I nod.

You are in your camp, a big tent covered with weapons of metal and wood and sustenance in basket

and bags. You wear only leather pants and your chests are bare. You walk over to one of your racks with leathal weapons. Koljath grabs a pair of iron knuckles adorned with small spikes, which he puts on his fists. He then grabs a small knife that is black, most probably from tar. What do you pick up?

I take the black staff. It feels cold and heavy in my hands. Perfectly balanced. I pull a big cape over my shoulders, it perfectly covers a shoulder armour of spiked steel. "OK friend, you lead the way... I am ready."

Please Roll 1d10 for the staff 7 (1d20 damage per Strength with 2 enchantment slots)

Please Roll 1d10 for the Cape 3 (+3 to Hiding)

Please Roll 1d10 for the Spiked Shoulder Armour 9 (50 Endurance with 4 enchantment slots)

You both leave your tent in silence with rapid steps out into the dark. The feelings inside you both are intensified as you embrace your own fate. There is no turning back now and revenge is the only way forward.

It burns inside of you both, a brotherly flame, connected through history and experience. In this quest you feel and act together. The Quest?

You are the only survivors of the Tiger Clan. your family and friends slaughtered by a horde of unknown killers. Why aren't you dead? You simply were not there. You were away hunting and only saw the results when you came back to your camp. The results are visually best to leave undescribed. Why did they kill your Clan? Who knows? You were perhaps in the way and needed to be removed. Where are you going now? You are going to a camp some leagues away. You have spied on the camp and found that it is this tribe that has killed your clan. They even have heads of to you well known faces on stakes outside their camp. It is nothing but obvious that they are the guilty ones. Everything is clear to you and Koljath. Everything is Clear! Revenge!

You finally reach the camp that is your target. It is lit up in the dark woods and you are just a short distance away.

Kaljath looks sharply ahead and speaks "Which entrance is our first sting?"

"Lets move to the entrance at the back of the camp, the one closest to the forest. Lets wait till it is all dark.

You sit still waiting for the darkest hour to strike. It comes within a short time but the campfires inside the camp are still lit. Obviously there are night guards.

You start sneaking all around to the back of the camp and can see the entrance you spoke of. You are currently behind a big rock that covers both you and Kaljath. As you peak around it you can see two guards at each side of the entrance. There is a 3 meter high wooden wall all round the camp made to stop intruders. Through the entrance seem to be the only way in.

The guards are sitting down on the ground in silence. They seem to be armed with a crossbow each. They are covered in darkness and you think that they are not able to see for very far giving you an advantage.

“I will call upon a little animal to run through that gate. When they turn to look for it or shoot it, you take out the left guard, I will handle the right guard.” I turn to wander into the forest to find an animal for this task.

You feel your way through the dense and dark forest. The forest should be rich with nocturnal animals but few of them are on display. You press on deeper into the forest. You instinctively stop motion and breathing. Behind you is a wildcat, *Felis silvestris*

I start talking to it, first describing it, describing what it sees, slowly aligning my words with the animals perspective. Then I start taking control over it. **[1]**

“Do you need any help?” the animal replies to you

“Yes I do... it is a simple task, I need you to run through the gate of the human settlement here behind us. Just run up to the gate, and as soon as the guards start turning towards you, you slip through and disappear. That is all I need from you!”

“Sounds easy enough. See, you later.” With that the cat disappears towards the gates. It seems to be waiting a clearance from you.