

## First Encounters

Posted by: Sim Mar 13 2005, 05:52 AM«

Yeesha turns to look at the newcomer, her stance is defensive, she regards him closely.

Posted by: Curufea Mar 15 2005, 10:25 AM«

A man stumbles into view. He appears to be short, tall and of average height. His hair is a variety of lengths and colours at the same time. His eyes of varying colours, and his facial features are indistinct. His clothing appears to be most often a suit, but occasionally resembles robes or tunic and hose. Even rags on occasion. He looks behind himself every now and then, as if expecting someone or something to be chasing him.

Posted by: Sim Mar 15 2005, 11:58 AM«

Yeesha slowly reaches down and opens the book hanging off her belt. She takes a half step back and blinks a few times. She swallows and furrows her brow before speaking. This contorts her face, causing the tattoos to twist out of shape. Welcome. I am Yeesha. You have been chosen to take an important journey. This is your first step. She takes another step backward and tries to smile reassuringly.

Posted by: Curufea Mar 15 2005, 01:17 PM«

His brown/black/grey/green/hazel eyes rove the landscape, the sky and Yeesha. This is a dream.., his voice half states, half queries in its high/low pitch. Talking to himself before he acknowledges what Yeesha has told him. "The young/old man's face raises an eyebrow in puzzlement. I'm..., he pauses for slightly too long before some instinct in him almost visibly kicks in." I'm a stranger here. He smiles. The man, who by all rights of physics should appear blurred by the multiple shapes that his body appears to be, holds out his hands from his sides. Palm outwards, empty. Multiple shapes is perhaps the wrong description in this case, a more accurate description would be that he appears to be different people. A dapper gentleman with short hair and a velvet suit does seem to dominate amongst the crowd, however. Chosen? Chosen by whom?, he says."

Posted by: Sim Mar 16 2005, 12:17 AM«

Yeesha smiles once more. That's a good question, but the answer is a little... hmm woolly, shall we say... Let's leave that one for now." Her smile broadens, her perfect teeth a stark contrast to her primitive tribal appearance. I don't know how much you know about how the universe works, so I'm not quite sure how to explain... She hesitates, grimacing slightly. "Firstly, I would like to know your name, it's hard keeping track of everybody, and a brief description would be... ahh... difficult, I think Her eyes water slightly as she tries to focus on a feature, any feature, and try to make it stick. She blinks a few times, tries squinting and shakes her head." I also need to know what you know of other ages, other worlds, and if you have heard of the Courts of Chaos? She continues to stare, tilting her head slightly to one side.

Posted by: Curufea Mar 16 2005, 08:35 AM«

My name?, he laughs." My name. I am Carlisle/Clay/Darr/Gideon/Karnak/Kongzi/Maldan/Swayvill/Verence. The names are said as one, each in a different voice. A look of desperation crosses his face, he looks behind himself. There is a box on the floor. Courts? I remember something about the courts - where did I hear of them? He/they look down at the box that is there. I remember..., he muses as he bends down and touches the box that is there." The box is not a box. There is a dapper gentleman in a velvet suit with a widow's peak to his short dark hair. He steps forward, merging with the confusion of men that was bent down over where the box was. I..., he starts to say. But he stares off into the distance, his eyes unfocused. As though he has had a rude shock, or an epiphany." Something within him seems to snap, his back straightens and he turns to Yeesha, becoming more of one self, the velvet suit and the short hair, although there are occasional flickers of a gentleman in a muddy shirt with a bleeding foot. I am Gideon. Yes... Yes I'm pretty sure that's who I am. And I think I'm from the Courts of Chaos. Originally, he smiles. The man with the one voice and shape."

Posted by: Sim Mar 16 2005, 06:12 PM«

Yeesha smiles. Gideon. Nice to meet you." Her expression turns icy serious. This makes things easier, less for me to try to explain..." She inhales deeply and rubs behind her ear." The courts are under threat of attack by a demonic-like power. If they succeed, and they will if we don't stop them, the courts will be wiped out, and everything in the universe will be destroyed. The Ancients appeared to me in a portend dream and asked me to assemble a group of warriors to stop this. The fate of the Universe rests in our hands kind of thing.

Posted by: Curufea Mar 17 2005, 10:49 AM«

And what kind of dreamquest must I go on then, madam?, enquires Gideon, somewhat skeptically."

Posted by: Sim Mar 17 2005, 11:54 AM«

She laughs. Her blue/grey eyes sparkle and her body relaxes. This dream is but the first step in a long journey... We must gather in the waking world and continue together." Here... She reaches into her pack and pulls out a rolled cloth. Its edges are frayed slightly, and it looks like it has passed through many hands." This is a linking cloth... She unrolls it to show a picture of a desert mountain embroidered on one side." When you wake, and are ready to join us, lay it on a stone surface, and touch the picture. You will be transported to My Cleft, it is next to this windmill. Please do this in a secure location, for the tapestry will be left behind, and will let anyone who touches it through. She smiles warmly, rerolls the cloth, and holds it out to him.

Posted by: Curufea Mar 18 2005, 10:49 AM«

Taking the cloth from Yeesha, Gideon marvels at the feel of it, as if disconcerted by the sense of touch in a dream, the reality of the event. In the waking?... he pauses as though thinking of possibilities." How odd, Gideon remarks." But if this is more than a dream, and we do meet 'in the waking world', I should warn you: I will probably not look like I now seem to you. You see me now as I am, not as how I appear. Gideon shrugs." He paces back and forth, the cloth clutched to his chest. I may not even remember enough of this dream to use my real name, if the worst has happened. So I will tell you

this, if this be more than seeming; There is a box. If I have it not, it will be nearby. If I appear all amazed and distant, a stranger to you, make sure that I open it.

Posted by: Sim Mar 18 2005, 11:40 AM«

Yeehsa nods slowly. If you are not you, you will bring a box. She smiles and blinks a few times. " I will be there, on the lookout... There are places that you mustn't go.

Posted by: theseus Mar 21 2005, 02:30 AM«

From somewhere nearby comes the sound of crashing wood, and the snarling of unnatural creatures. A moment later, Gideon abruptly disappears from the dreamscape, and the sounds stop.

## On the Run

[TranscriptGideon3](#)

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