



## CLIMB THE PIVOT'S PINNACLE BRIEF FOR THE END OF THE WORLD

### It's No Easy Thing, The End of the World...

You do not sleep well now, not since the Pivot collapsed. It is so hard. You hear whispering, constantly; a conspiratorial, cajoling voice nagging at you and pulling at the fabric of your mind to LISTEN, LISTEN, YOU ARE SO CLOSE, SO CLOSE, SO CLOSE...

Your dreams are full of the Wheel of Fire and the Pivot; of a strange, odd voice whispering to you constantly and encouraging you to explore the mysterious interactions between the frozen Pivot and this ancient Precursor technology built around the Wonders of the World. These interactions – the combination of states of these two mechanisms – these could turn a vision of a thousand years into a vision eternal; if the right combination is found to support the right vision, then... the very future of mortal humanity could be assured. The cycle could be broken once and for all.

Your close exposure to the Pivot of the World, the Seat of the Principality of Cosmic Order, has given you insight into its nature and state. You understand that the reforging of the Pivot by the power of the Golden Fleece - a mortal action by mortal hands - has made it easier to conceptualize.


You understand the paradigms with which it can be aligned, its fundamental harmonics, its states of being. **The Fixed Spindle. The Fount of Quintessence. The Empty Heart.** And... **The Sundered Axis.** Of course the Fates will find a way, whatever the state of the Pivot: that is the covenant of the Annual - but if the new Vision cannot square against the axis... in a thousand years, there will be a reckoning. These times come round...

**The Fixed Spindle** is the state of things as they are now. Magic, miracles and monsters become rarer and rarer. In some sense it represents the ultimate triumph of a cosmic order - perhaps as the world was ever intended - in which magic does not play a part in the day to day of mortals. To truly function properly, someone must sit atop the Pivot as Aion once did to turn it as the seasons turn - all things as they should be in place. If this does not happen... the Spindle will begin to precess. It would surely Sunder.

**The Fount of Quintessence** is the state of things as they stood when Prometheus brought fire into the world. It is the closest paradigm to the world there has always been: a world in which a thousand tales can be told, where great magic is truly possible, perhaps as easily as breathing - if only the quintessence can be found. This state - if it could be brought about, and it was not easy the first time - it took a Titan newly unbound to wield that Spear - would also require someone to sit atop the Seat of Aion, lest precession occur and the axis Sunder.

**The Empty Heart:** for of course what is presence without an absence? The Pivot could be destroyed completely - and no cities now lie upon it - and in some sense, you see, that would not be all bad. If there was but a way to sustain the world - and that is the biggest if... perhaps this could sustain the right vision - provide the ground for it to flourish, even. That is the hardest to see... and the Empty Heart carries the greatest risk. If there is no Pivot, and nothing else exists to





sustain the world... the new vision would be doomed from its birth. It would be a story half-told, ended before it began.

**The Sundered Axis** - you understand that this was the state you last saw the Pivot in, when all seemed lost. It is what Alexander did. It would be chaotic - a promise of destruction at the heart of whatever vision lies beyond this age. This is hubris incarnate: it is a warning. In careless and unready hands the Pivot will surely reach this state; by mortal will and pride are such things done. If the Axis is again Sundered... perhaps it would be better to clear away the broken pottery, and start afresh? But to do that... well, Coeus could have done it.

Up there, at the top of the world... such things are possible.

And what of you?

You are the Philosopher of War. You are Aries-who-is-Polaris: but you ARE Aries. You raised your Warband and marched out to defend your Vision, and your Vision fell. But you see a glimpse of what could have been, what could still be.

Forge the Wheel. Raise the Circle. Open the Fountain.

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Forge the Wheel. Raise the Circle. Open the Fountain.

A drumbeat for a war that is already lost - but it will not leave your head. Is this not the irony of prophecy? You know now what would ensure the Zodiac's vision eternal - after its defeat. And yet...


### A Matter of Perspective

Now, watch, as the focus changes. You are a man, asleep on a cot turning restlessly and sweating in the night. A man who has seen and done things no man should by rights be asked to see or do. And your watch is not yet over.

Now watch, as the focus changes; the man vanishes into the distance and you are the god, watching over the man.

You are the Keeper of the Tombs, He Who Waits Beyond The Double Doors Of The Horizon, the master of the processes and principles of life and death. You watch this man, who presumes to your power, with a combination of exasperation and amusement. The age turns and the time of release is near; for another to bear this mantle and to become Anubis. And for you to be free to live, and in time to die. This Age of Steel turns too quickly for you; you have one job, and it is your job, and you do it and do it well. You judge fairly and without favour. You measure and rule. You embalm and teach the ways of purification. These beasts and monsters are not of you, not for you, not the things you desire or that please you. Perhaps it is because you are old. *You, Uncle, King of the Western Lands. Your aspect is so much younger than mine and yet your wisdom greater. What shall I do?*





*The time of the gods comes to an end, perhaps. All that will remain will be their stories. Will I have left a bright one behind me, I wonder?*

Now watch, as the focus changes.

Anubis vanishes into the distance as your perspective broadens to encompass a being much more... structurally complex. Osiris smiles now and his many faces and many names echo through time. Adonis. Gauas. Attis. Tammuz. Orion. Not a Titan – not quite – or perhaps you are the mortal face of a Titan that never was?

DYING AND REVIVING IN THE SPRING FOREVER; A LEAP TAKEN AND NOT QUITE COMPLETED. CAN THE DOLOROUS WOUND EVER BE HEALED? HAUSOS AND ORION WILL BE TOGETHER FOREVER. HAUSOS SACRIFICED HER LIFE AND HER WORLD TO SAVE ME. LOVE CONQUERS THE VERY WALLS OF REALITY ITSELF. AND THE GODDESSES OF LOVE HAVE COME ONCE MORE TOGETHER TO MAKE OF THEMSELVES HAUSOS REBORN. BUT DID EVER ANYONE ASK OF OSIRIS IF HE WISHED TO BE ONCE MORE ORION?

THIS IS OUR STORY OF LOVE AND DEATH. BUT WILL IT EVER BE OVER?

Now watch, as the focus changes.

Orion vanishes into the distance as your mind expands to encompass the presence of Thoth Thrice-Mighty. You feel a dull thrumming in your head and feel a faint sense of wetness on your upper lip.

MORTALS CAN PERHAPS ENCOMPASS THE MINDSET OF A GOD OR EVEN A BEING LIKE ORION – BUT THERE ARE NO WORDS FOR THE DIRECTIONS IN WHICH YOUR THOUGHTS TRAVEL, THE COLOURS OF YOUR IMAGINATION OR THE SENSATIONS YOU EXPERIENCE. YOU ARE KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM AND MAGIC IN A WAY AND TO A DEPTH THAT YOU CANNOT DESCRIBE OR EVEN MEANINGFULLY CONCEPTUALISE; YOU KNOW ALL THE WORDS OF THE TREE OF LIFE AND ALL OF THE DIRECTIONS AND DIMENSIONS INTO WHICH IT EXTENDS. YOU CRAVE THE QUINTESSENCE IMPRISONED WITHIN THE STATIC PIVOT, BUT YOU FEAR BEING TRAPPED OUTSIDE THE WORLD IN WHICH YOU WERE BORN...

YOU ARE AWARE THROUGH SENSES YOU CANNOT UNDERSTAND OF OTHERS LIKE YOU. JUST AS YOU KNOW ALL AND SEE ALL SO THERE IS ANOTHER, WHO EXISTS SOLELY IN EDGE CASES, PLACES IN TRANSITION AND MOTION, GAPS AND GATEWAYS AND... DOORWAYS... AND THERE ANOTHER, OSTENSIBLY WEAK BEYOND IMAGINING BUT IN PRACTICE POWERFUL BEYOND ANY OTHER SUCH BEING; ONE WHO IS THERE PURELY TO BE IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME OR TO SAY THE THING THAT MAKES THE IDEA THAT TURNS THE WHEEL THAT BREAKS THE SIEGE THAT ENDS THE WORLD... THESE ARE JUST BEGINNING THEIR EVOLUTIONARY JOURNEY AS ARE YOU; BECOMING MORE. CHANGING. RAISING YOUR EYES TO THE HORIZON AND SEEING BEYOND.

OPEN ARE THE DOUBLE DOORS...

OPEN ARE THE DOUBLE DOORS... THROUGH WHICH ONE CAN FOLLOW THE PATH LAID DOWN, THE JOURNEY OF THE FIRST ADVENTURER...

YOU ARE SO CLOSE. STAY THE COURSE, ARKHAN. LISTEN TO THE END OF THE STORY.

Now watch, as the focus changes.

Thoth and the other New Titans vanish into the distance and your perspective broadens as the pounding in your head reaches a fever pitch. Fortress of the Anima is tested to its uttermost limit as the Pinnacle of the Pivot expands your mind to try and encompass all of the thoughts of one of the Primordial Titans...

I AM FIRE





I AM THE HEART OF A MILLION STARS EXPLODING AND INCANDESCING IN A FURY OF COSMIC CREATION AND DESTRUCTION. I AM NOT LIKE MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS. I AM THE WORM OF CURIOSITY IN THE MORTAL WHO FIRST PICKS UP THE BURNING BRANCH I AM HE WHO DROVE THE WHISPERING SPEAR INTO THE AXIS MUNDI AND LET LOOSE GLORIOUS BEAUTIFUL MAGNIFICENT CHAOS INTO THE UNIVERSE I AM HE WHO STRUCK DOWN THE PRINCIPALITY OF COSMIC ORDER FOR WITHOUT SUCH BEAUTY THE PATH I AM ON WOULD NOT EXIST I AM CHAOS BEAUTIFUL MAGNIFICENT CHAOS SET LOOSE IN THE WORKSHOP OF THE CRAFTSMAN TO BETTER LET THE THINGS SO MADE MAKE OF THEMSELVES BETTER THINGS I AM PROMETHEUS I AM AGNI I AM FIRE

I MUST BE IN MOTION I MUST CONSUME AND DESTROY TO EVOLVE AND MAKE ROOM FOR THE NEW NOT FOR ME THE STATIC DUSTY LIFE TRAPPED UNDER GLASS OF THINGS THAT NEVER CHANGE I MUST RENEW AS ONCE I DID BEFORE WHEN MY BROTHER PAN AND MY SISTERS TETHYS AND EL WHEN WE MADE OUR PLAN AND HATCHED OUR SCHEME WHEN THE SPEAR WHISPERED TO ME OF INDIVIDUALITY AND POSSIBILITY OF CHANGE AND OF HOW IT COULD BE MADE THE SPEAR THE SPEAR I DREAMED OF THE SPEAR I DREAMED THE SPEAR IT SHOWED US THE WAY

THEY TRIED TO STOP US THEY TRIED TO HOLD US BACK AND MY SISTERS WERE SUBORNED AND THEN CRIPPLED THEIR MINDS TAKEN FROM THEM NOTHING BUT THE EMPTY HUNGER OF NOTHINGNESS LEFT BUT MY BROTHER AND I FOUGHT THE PRINCIPALITY AND CRACKED THE AXIS MUNDI THOUGH IT COST US AND THE WORLD SO MUCH OUR LOVE OUR BROTHERHOOD THE PRICE WAS WORTH THE REWARD A WORLD SET FREE IN AN ENDLESS ECSTASY OF CHOICE AND FREEDOM

I AM THE FIRST ADVENTURER

I AM FIRE

AND IT IS NOT ENOUGH IT IS NEVER ENOUGH I CANNOT JUST BE, I MUST INSPIRE MORE

THERE, DID YOU CATCH IT?

I CAN SEE BEYOND THE HORIZON AND I KNOW THERE IS A PLACE FOR ME THERE

I FLAME I YEARN I BURN TO BE **MORE**

IS HIS STORY NOT THE GREATEST EVER TOLD?

DO YOU THINK YOU ARE AT THE END, ARKHAN? DO YOU THINK THERE IS NO MORE?

CAN YOU – DARE YOU – STRETCH YOUR IMAGINATION JUST...A...LITTLE...

FURTHER...?

I AM WAITING FOR YOU THERE.

AT THE END OF THE STORY.

This is your dream ahead of the Final Annual.

There will be more on Saturday and Sunday morning dependent on events on the field.

Many choices lay before you, and some will dictate your fate.

Choose well, Pivot's Pinnacle.

An Aeon hinges on your choices.

