



New Philosopher Players

Egyptians

Vision One

Once, recently, when you slept - or perhaps you heard it from an oracle, or from a seer in a market place... - you dreamt of a world of perfect order. In this world, all the beings of the world were bound in a sacred hierarchy: from mortals, to Gods, to Titans. Great roads of brilliant light seemed to fill the sky: from the Great Harbour at Carthage to the Great Lyceum of Greece, around and around the lands of the Middle Sea. This wheel is the foundation of this eternal age of order: and at its heart, a keystone. The Wonder of all Wonders. One Wonder, raised at the forging of the Wheel to be above all else. You turn to it... but the light is too bright. You cannot see it for what it is. And then you seemed to see the world from beyond the world, and shining out from it, a pillar of light bigger than the sky and the earth, a great Pivot on which the world rests. Fixed. Immutable. Whole. Stable.

Persians

Vision One

Once, recently, when you slept - or perhaps you heard it from an oracle, or from a seer in a market place... - you dreamt of a world of adventure, of experience, a world of a thousand nations and one. In this world, the Gods were bound by the laws of heaven, and the Titans have no place. Great roads of brilliant light seemed to fill the sky: from the Labyrinth of Sol Invictus in Pompeii to the Necropolis of Anubis in Abydos, around and around the lands of the Middle Sea. This wheel is the foundation of this age of a thousand stories: and at its heart, a keystone. The Wonder of all Wonders. One Wonder, raised at the forging of the Wheel to be above all else. You turn to it... but the light is too bright. You cannot see it for what it is. And now you seemed to see the world from beyond the world, and shining out from it, a pillar of light bigger than the sky and the earth, a great Pivot on which the world rests. And that Pivot slowly turns... for you saw within it a tiny crack, and from it magic flowed into the world. As it was when the Principality of Cosmic Order fell... but what does that mean? Fire, stolen from the heavens, for all to have.

Carthaginians

Vision One

Once, recently, when you slept - or perhaps you heard it from an oracle, or from a seer in a market place... - you dreamt of a world of service, and of duty. In this world, mortals gave the right and proper respect to those who were true gods, and knew nothing of the Titans, of any who strode across magisteria. Great roads of brilliant light seemed to fill the sky: from the Arena on Atland to the Tower of Babel in Persia, around and around the lands of the Middle Sea. This wheel is the foundation of this age of piety: and at its heart, a keystone. The Wonder of all Wonders. One Wonder, raised at the forging of the Wheel to be above all else. You turn to it... but the light is too bright. You cannot see it for what it is. And then you seemed to see the world from beyond the world... and it is a great wheel of fire, turning forever. There is no axle at its heart. The world spins because the world spins because the world spins and the Pivot of the World is gone. Aion's seat destroyed... whatever that means.





Greeks

Ask which currently extant vision they are most inclined towards: they get that.

Romans

Vision One

Once, recently, when you slept - or perhaps you heard it from an oracle, or from a seer in a market place... you dreamt of a world of service, and of a Nation strong like no other. This Nation was one Nation, its way the only way. All worked and strived to be their best selves, to be as the rod in the bundle which strengthens the whole. All power was the Nation's power, and the power of the Nation was the power of all. Tyrants fell. Despots fell. All who led, led for the good of the Nation. The Eagle flies. Great roads of brilliant light seemed to fill the sky: from the Arena on the Province of Atland to the Tower of Babel in the Province of Persia, around and around the lands of the Middle Sea, all the lands of the Nation. This wheel is the foundation of the Nation: and at its heart, a keystone. The Wonder of all Wonders. One Wonder, raised at the forging of the Wheel to be above all else. You turn to it... but the light is too bright. You cannot see it for what it is. No matter. Work harder, be better. Be strong. And then you seemed to see the world from beyond the world... and it is a great wheel of fire, turning forever. There is no axle at its heart. The world spins because the world spins because the world spins and the Pivot of the World is gone. Aion's seat destroyed... whatever that means. The Nation has no need for the rule of the Cosmic Principle: the Eagle Flies Eternal.

Hellas Phonecians

Ask which currently extant vision they are most inclined towards: they get that.

PRoH

Vision One

Once, recently, when you slept - or perhaps you heard it from an oracle, or from a seer in a market place... you dreamt of a world where the gods had withered away, like blossoms fading once fruit had come to bear. Gods were the future, once: but now they are supplanted by humanity. Humanity spans the Middle Sea, many nations in rivalry turning their face outwards to the world beyond: mortals seize mortal destiny with mortal tools. No miracles. No magic. No monsters. This is the eternal vision of the Republic of Humanity. Great roads of brilliant light seemed to fill the sky - though to mortal eyes they looking but as passing clouds - from the Great Harbour at Carthage to the Great Lyceum of Greece, around and around the lands of the Middle Sea. These lines of power seal this vision for an eternity, and at the heart of the wheel, a keystone. The Wonder of all Wonders. One Wonder, raised at the forging of the Wheel to be above all else. You turn to it... but the light is too bright. You cannot see it for what it is. But why are you looking at the sky, when all that there is rests before you on the ground below: all the world is the Arena, now, and humanity tells its stories there... and then you seemed to see the world from beyond the world, and shining out from it, a pillar of light bigger than the sky and the earth, the great Pivot on which the world rests. Fixed. Immutable. Whole. No magic flows. Uncaring stars return, and return, and return just the same. But why are you looking at the sky, when all that there is rests before you on the ground below: all the world is the Arena, now, and humanity tells its stories there...





Arkhan and other Pivot Buddies

For Everyone who was in the Pivot Room last time

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.

For Arkhan also

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





For Warleaders

Egypt

You saw something for a second, in the glint of the arena floor, light reflecting off the weapons of the enemy. You saw... pyramids. The Great Pyramids of Egypt, reaching high above the walls of the Arena. You sense, for a second, that they represent what you fight for - and more than that. If the Vision you fight for is to last forever, then the Great Pyramids must be raised up above all else... whatever that means. Maybe it's something to talk to a hekau about?

Persia

You saw something for a second, in the glint of the arena floor, light reflecting off the weapons of the enemy. You saw... the Ziggurat of Ur. That ancient and mysterious place, which contains such strange secrets from a forgotten age. So very Persian. You sense, for a second, that it somehow represents what you fight for - and more than that. If the Vision you fight for is to last forever, then the Ziggurat must be raised up above all else... whatever that means. Maybe it's something to talk to a philosopher about?

Carthage

You saw something for a second, in the glint of the arena floor, light reflecting off the weapons of the enemy. You saw... the Great Harbour of Carthage. Space for so many ships from all across the Middle Sea, draw in by the mighty walls. It's where the sea comes in. You sense, for a second, that it somehow represents what you fight for - and more than that. If the Vision you fight for is to last forever, then the Great Harbour of Carthage must be raised up above all else... whatever that means. Maybe it's something to talk to a philosopher about?

Rome

You saw something for a second, in the glint of the arena floor, light reflecting off the weapons of the enemy. You saw... the Milion Stone. The stone at the heart of Rome, which measures the distances to all other places from this place where all roads meet. It is Rome's destiny to conquer all and all shall be found upon the stone. You sense, for a second, that it somehow represents what you fight for - and more than that. If the Vision you fight for is to last forever, then the Milion Stone must be raised up above all else... whatever that means. Maybe it's something to talk to a philosopher about?

PRoH

You saw something for a second, in the glint of the arena floor, light reflecting off the weapons of the enemy. You saw... the Tower of Babel. The moument to hubris that still sits at the battlefield at Babylon - it is a testament to folly but also to the daring of humanity to stand up and say: "this shall not be". You sense, for a second, that it somehow represents what you fight for - and more than that. If the Vision you fight for is to last forever, then the Tower of Babel must be raised up above all else... whatever that means. Maybe it's something to talk to a philosopher about?

Zodiac

You saw something for a second, in the glint of the arena floor, light reflecting off the weapons of the enemy. You saw... the Great Stone Circle. A strange collection of raised stones, lying in a misty field in the Tin Islands - and yet somehow you recognize for a moment in its crude construction the very Wheel of the Zodiac. You sense, for a second, that it somehow represents what you fight for - and more than that. If the Vision you fight for is to last forever, then the Great Stone Circle must be





raised up above all else... whatever that means. Maybe it's something to talk to a philosopher about?

