

Shadows of the Past

ein englisches Intime, editiert von Kim Schneider;

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March 22.nd, 2639

At the time when the Host leaves the room with the Monach, Ronariel only thinks of the destiny he thinks to live for. The goal of it to serve God and to help the humans on their little world to deal with all his new threats.

But right now with a bitter sweet taste in his mouth he is going to reconsider if this goal is really worth the risk. But mostly he is depressed that his opinion of humans once more was proved . He bites his lower lip and without uttering a word he returns to the cella. One swearing Engel is enough at this moment, he thinks.

*

Carniel, swinging towards Ashviel: "What do you mean with 'verbal attack'? Ah..." Carniel seems to realize what he has done "Oh... but... I did not wanted to hurt her. Really not. It was only meant good. Isn't it better if... hm not the right time for this yet isn't it?"

After this to Ronariel: "Perhaps you are right... but at home in Nürnberg... we had no lessons in social interactions. I try my best to learn", he says softly.

As the Monach talks to the host, Carniel starts to lower his head but he doesn't say anything. Then after he realizes what Thommariel was thinking of and considering it right, Carniel walks on his left side with an motionless face.

*

Thommariel waits for the other members of his host. As everybody is assembled in the cella he looks around. "I think that was not a good start for our host" he sighs. "For the future let us act more as a unity! No playing with fire in cella. And if we have meetings with one of our superiors; I'd announce when we leave a room or do something else. If we are alone there is no problem if we talk about that what we will do". He looks to Thaël smiling "Well, and now let us talk about our mission".

*

Egriel nods silently to Thommariel's words, satisfied at what was said. He then turns to Thaël, awaiting any information needed for the upcoming mission.

*

Carniel says: "I have got the same opinion like you, Thommariel and sorry again for the... accident... with the fire. I just was.. doesn't matter."

*

Thaël nods to himself before unfolding his arms. "So, I don't have any essential information about the mission. I only know, that, in this singular case, I am given considerate amount of own judgement what to do or leave. I'll bring Ashviel along to the convent, escorting the lot of you. I'm expected to arrive in two to four weeks' time at Mont Salvage for my Last Rite. Until then, it's up to me what to do or leave. If you chose, I'd stay and help. If not, I'll be off." He is grinning after his last words.

"But otherwise, " he continues, "I know about the mission that it's about something musical. And about... ravens. More I do not know, and that's a little scrap I dug up from Pitrous.

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We're going towards the Alpes, into a small valley. So you'll have to get used to the looks of snow and ice."

Now, he is grinning hugely.

Phinael, listening with eyes wide open, shakes her head. "We'll see it? I mean...?"

"Touch it, even more, sister," the Urielite assures her. With eyes widened in amused astonishment, he adds, "Y'know, that it melts in your hands? And the ice altogether is different still? From transparent to opaque in all shades from pure white to blueish gray. The snow's another matter. It comes in all varieties of fluffy tiny stuff to packed-up blocks with which they built small boxes to keep things cool."

Ashviel, grinning over the Raphaelite's astonishment, nudges the tall Urielite into his ribs. "Keep it down, brother."

Thaël turns away with a laugh.

The Sarielite gazes over the assembled Engel. "Now, now, that seems to call for action. I on my behalf am eager and ready to go. That means, if everything's said?" She takes up her small bag and looks over to the Michaelite.

Phinael, though still troubled by the concept of snow and ice, starts to fidget, half spreading her wings and hugging her small satchel. "I'm ready, too!" she chimes in.

*

Carniel listens to Thaël and says: "I suggest, that, on our way to the alpes, we do some practice to get a feeling for the host. tactics and so on."

*

At the mention of snow, Egriel's eyes widen a little. He recalls several references about it in books he read. One particular article comes to his mind, a musical tale about a man made of the frigid substance. Frosty, was it?
I wonder if we'll meet him? He thinks.

*

Calahel stomped the end of his lance on the floor as he rose and nodded towards the others, meaning that's he'd be ready if the others were, too. He fitched his small luggage and finally waited for the others to go first.

*

Thommariel listens to that what Thaël says about snow. He sighs silently and then looks around. "So let us go now. Thaël, you and Ronariel should work out the shortest way to that convent". He looks around to the members of his host, then he takes a deep breath and leaves the room with a smile on his lips.

*

Ronariel nods to Thommariel: "For me it is an honor to prepare this with a such experienced brother of my order."

He looks around the others in the cella. "I agree with Thaël, the weather in this season is not all about sunshine. I can agree that it is an overwhelming look when the sun shines into a snowy wally with the cristal clear sky over it. And even more if I understand this

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correctly, the Sarielite will be with us. Then this means, we are very slow. We have to go by foot and that does not make it easier for us to reach our destination. But now," he looks towards the tall Urielite," I think there is some planing to be done, so let's do it. But when we arrive in the Alpes I think we really can practise "duck and cover". " he grins at Thaël.

*

While leaving the Cella, Thaël grins to Ronariel. "Where not going to be slowed down by Ashviel. I'll carry her. That's what my being along is all about."

Still grinning, he follows the host to the flight platform, carefully warming himself up on the way. Ashviel, her face dominated by huge, excited eyes awaits the tall Urielite. She seems to know what is to follow now.

"Take lead, Ronariel," Thaël says while reaching out for the wingless Engel. He secures her in a tight semi-embrace against his long body with her face averted from him, giving her quick instructions. "I've done that before. It'll take a while for me to ride thermals to catch up with the lot of you. Just follow." With that and a mischivous wink, he drops over the platform, the screaming Ashviel in his arms. Quickly rising with enormous wingbeats, he starts to glide up on a thermal. Ashviel, laughing and screaming in turns calls out to the rest of the host.

Phinael says, "A boon she's got no hair. He'd have eaten most of it 'til now if she had the length of Egriel here." With this, she too, launches herself over the rim of the platform.

*

Ronariel takes a short look at the rest of the Host and then looks towards Thommariel: "With your permission I will lift off and take the lead. Please do tell me when the speed is too high or low, for now I won't fly at full speed. It's in nobody's interest that we'll be exhausted this evening."

When Thommariel gives the sign to lift off he does so.

*

Thommariel nods to the Uriletes "Let us go to our first mission".

*

"You know," Egriel states, "It's not often I have company in the back of the group." He smiles, "I find it quite ironic that it would be a Urielite (with a Sarielite in tow)."

He jumps off the platform, gliding along to catch up with Thaël and Ashviel.

*

With a last glance for - 'security'? - Calahel joins his brothers and sisters in the air, spreading his wings, falling over the edge, gliding in the warmer upwinds. With the feeling of the cool air on his skin again he starts smiling.

*

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Inplay information:

Ronariel selects a tour that could be done in two or three days:

Day one: from Roma Æterna to a city nowadays called Parma. This is a not too long a trip for the first day 5h to fly.

Day two: from Parma to Brixen. This is under normal circumstances a flight of 5 hours or, if the host is still than in good condition, he would fly to the destination he was told. That would be additional 2-3h to fly that means you will reach this Convent late in the evening - or maybe at sunset.

Day three: The rest of the journey if the host descides not to cross the Alpes on the second day. This means you all will reach the Convent at lunch time.

Note:

If the Host decides to rest near Brixen they will see many people. This City is in on Wallis with high Mountains around but only very little snow would be left from the Winter but the mountains around are still white.

The Convent is situated at the place where the small village of Neukirchen am Grossvenediger can be found today.

*

OOC:

Does any character plan to do something special on the journey?

If yes, please do so.

I want to speed things up a bit, to get to the main adventure. In case no one's doing anything I'll deliver a short description of the journey and let you literally drop at the convent three days later.

*

OOC:

Nothing to do for me... Calahel will remain silent, charming only in a few situations but in a kind of friendly distance to the others and himself, too.

*

OOC:

Nothing special. Perhaps only that Carniel often flies before Ashviel to get her in his sheltered zone.

*

OOC:

Egriel will most likely be at the back of the group, probably alongside Thael and Ashviel, if not behind (heh). At any rest stop, he may sit down and draw any interesting landscape/landmark/structure that he may come across.

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Phinael will most likely be occupied with his aching wings, since he obviously doesn't travel on such long journeys very often.

*

OOC:

Ronariel has nothing special to do, except his job to lead the host and to look for good places to rest.

*

OOC:

Thommariel will do nothing special on the journey but he watches his host and what they do.

*

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On their way...

March 22.nd - March 25.th, 2639

Since the journey is the Engel's first, it is taken upon a bit more slow than an experienced host would have done.

Sharing the rear position with Egriel is Phinael. Ashviel and her tall Urielite companion often switch positions, and the overall impression of Ashviel enjoying the trip hugely is confirmed by the big grin she wears most of the time in the air.

Phinael's assumption, that Ashviel's face is simply frozen can be eliminated on the first evening: Ashviel's sharp tongue is as operative as ever, and the two female Engel engage in a jesting discussion about flying and feathers.

Phinael, busy all evening with massaging and curing sore wing muscles, is as pert as ever, but only teasing her hostmates gently.

The second day of the travel brings you close to the mountains, and you end up camping at the forested slopes of a snow-covered cone at the early evening.

Thaël brings you a handful of frozen snow, compressed of tiny, visible ice crystals to experiment with.

He leaves the soccer-sized ball for inspection to settle on a short treestump to meditate.

The early morning and early noon finds you close to the sarielitic Covenant.

There are no problems to be encountered, and the host is cheered openly as the Engel land in the big inner court of the Covenant.

*

A small begine hurries to greet you, all clad in purple, her head shaven cleanly like Ashviel's. Bowing first to Thommariel, she seems to wait to speak until the Michaelite allows her to. Her eyes are downcast, and she stands very still, head bowed.

On closer inspection, she isn't very old, not older than perhaps thirty or so.

Around the host, the other people inside the court await the first words of the Michaelite in grave, expectant silence.

*

Thommariel nods with a smile on his lips to the begine. "Greetings to you. I'm Thommariel and this is my host". He waits for a reaction of the begine.

*

The little woman raises her head, smiling as well, nodding towards the other Engel. "I am Danella. I was told to show you to your quarters. Our Em will await you in the evening. At the moment, she is very busy, but I bring you greetings from mother Uta. Now, if you will please follow me?"

She gestures towards an entrance at the inner side of the court.

Snow, freshly fallen, is piled along the walls where it was heaped to clear walking paths. Children, playing in the white stuff, stare at the passing Engel.

A small group of them are working on a strange thing, apparently three big balls of pressed snow, settled upon each other with the smallest on top. Black coal chunks form the grinning mouth, glass marbles the round eyes, and a long stick the protruding nose. A long

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wicker broom is held by one of the stubby snow arms.

The sculpture of snow is surrounded by small walls and turrets of the same material, where smaller children play.

Danella ruffles a head or two in passing, smiling down at the children.

The youngest ones, open mouthed in true astonishment, stare at the Engel, but execute awkward little bows while the heavenly messengers pass.

*

After landing in the court of the covenant, Carniel takes a look at the begine and then keeps quiet. While passing the children he smiles and looses some of his feathers "by mistake"..

*

Egriel watches silently during the whole procession. As the host passes through the courtyard toward the building, he notices the snow statue, and nearly stops in his tracks, his eyes widened and mouth slightly agape. However, he quickly gathers his senses and continues his pace.

Once the formalities are completed, he thinks, I will have to investigate this!

*

Ronariel also follows the others into the Convent on the way inside he watches the playing children in the snow and smiles to them, speaking a short blessing over them, finally he reaches the quarters of the host - still carrying a now melting snowball in his right hand.

*

Thommariel smiles as he sees the playing children and as he sees some of the other Engel playing with the snow he shakes his head still smiling.

"They're not used to Engel, I'm afraid," Danella says while you enter the warm interior of the covenant. It is pleasantly warm in here, and so she unwraps the long stola she has wrapped herself in. Now she displays a huge belly, swollen in the last trimester of pregnancy which was previously hidden under the wrapped wool. Sighing, her hands pressed to her back, she gestures you to follow her.

"We've been firing the ovens for all the last night, so your quarters should be warm by now. I hope, you'll be comfortable. There we are."

Opening a small door, barely wide enough to let an Engel pass, she shows you two a medium sized, cozy room, furnished with wood stools, shelves and a big desk. "I hope it'll be big enough. The washing rooms are just down the floor, to the left side. And there's a bell if you have any wishes. Kitchen drudges will hear it, and I'll have some fruit, cheese and bread brought in for you. Fresh milk, as well, still warm." She smiles. "And now, I'm terribly sorry, but I've got to hurry back. We're very busy right now."

Again, she looks at the Michaelite.

*

He nods to Danella "Thank you for the room and the good meal. Please let us know when

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your Em will wait for us. May god protect you and your child". He smiles to her again. He looks over to Ronariel and shakes his head grinning.

*

Danella leaves the host to themselves, closing the door behind her.

*

Phinael, fascinated by the dripping snowball on Ronariel's hand, examines the phenomenon closely, hands clasped on her back.

As the food is brought into the room, she frowns at a few melting snow crystals on her palm and the puddle on the floor.

"Thommariel, after we met the Em, is there anything against a bit of leisure activity in the snow? I'd like to examine this a bit more closely." she gestures towards the shuttered window, meaning the snow outside.

Ashviel rolls her eyes, groaning softly, shaking her head. Thaël's grin is about to split his face, and he quickly hides his head in his ruffled wingfeathers.

*

"Phinael, there is no problem with that. We should... examine the snow", he smiles. "But for now, we need something for eat". He looks to Ronariel while using the bell "Ronariel, tell me, how does it feel?", he points to the snowball.

*

"I further the motion for some recreational time.", Egriel chimes in, eyeing the melting ball of snow in Ronariel's hand with a look of curiosity.

*

Along with his brothers and sisters Calahel stands silently near them and watches them investigate the white fluffy stuff that felt so cool to the bare skin. He himself tried to stay calm of course, his visage a kind of stoic mask that only short smiles could cross for a sec or two. Inside himself it was not that easy to stay that strictly calm, but he did his best, although the others for sure wouldn't mind, he didn't want to show such a sign of particular weakness. So he just stood there in silence, alone...

*

Ashviel, dragging the tall Urielite with her, settles at the small table. "I'm starving," she cries out, momentarily forgetting the fascinating white mass.

"I think, we should eat, wait for the Em's call and then... ah... investigate." twinkling, she gazes at Calahel.

"Hey, mind sitting down, Calahel? Don't you ever smile? More than enough reason to do so! Here!" She hands him a wedge of aromatic, sharp cheese. "Too good to waste, and it's already good room temperature. Best for cheese!"

Ashviel, kneeling in front of the table, eyes the variety of fruit and bread.

"I think we should wait for Thomariel, before we start," she points out softly.

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Phinaels nods, her bun bobbing with the movement. "Good point. Uh, Thommariel, my stomach's cramping! Don't let us wait!"

*

"Uuuh, dunno Ashviel..." he says calmly with a kind of monotonic voice. Only his eyes flickered lightly and he took a quick glance at the cheese. "I am not that hungry, I had some of the Manna just some hours ago..." His lips wrinkled a bit in shyness but finally he managed to rest next to his sister. He put the lance behind him in range and put some cheese between his fingers. With a look of suspect he twinkles shortly and then looks over to Ashviel and again to the cheese, examining it. "So..." He looks back at her, not exactly knowing if he really should eat that strange thing. In Trondheim he only ate the Manna, he knew, he could eat the food of the humans, too, but he never thought it'd be necessary or even thrilling...

So he sits there, next to Ashviel, with cheese in his fingers not exactly knowing what to do.

*

Ashviel, leaning towards Calahel, smiles gently.

"I know," she almost whispers. "It's good, believe me. Spicy, a bit sharp, and very delicious. It isn't dangerous, and we can trust people here. Just eat it, like you did with the Manna. But it comes all the better together with this bread." She points to a few slabs of very white bread with a golden, still warm crust.

"There's a rule for cheese. It's got to have room temperature to be really good. And this one has. Enjoy the taste."

Ashviel herself takes a small sip of the still-warm milk and nods encouragingly towards the Raguelite. A small white rim of milk stays around her lips as she sets down the cup and turns her head towards Phinael who combines white grapes with a firm, yellow cheese different to the soft, brie-like sort Calahel now holds.

Phinael, still waiting for Thommariel's blessing of the meal, folds her hands in her lap, eyes on the food.

*

"But - from where do you know all that?" he gestures at the table and the whole scenery. "At Trondheim I never got taught how act in such a situation. It is not my task." He lifted his shoulders and looked a bit silly, then suddenly recognized that they all waited for the prayer, blushed lightly and lowered his head in silence.