**THE SECOND MEMORY NARRATIVE**

As you open the box a familiar sensation swims through your mind, your mind extends, tearing through the expansive darkness.

The dark slowly begins to seep away, revealing an unsettling visage of purple flame and three women composed in a shamanic ritual.

The Red Cloaked Woman kneels in a crimson painted circle. Her head shudders and twitches as the voices beyond manifest within her mind.

RCW: *“O mighty legions, lend me thine ears so that I may whisper sweetness into our lost sister.”*

The Green Cloaked Woman stamps her feet in a rhythmic dance, she bellows with fiery spirit as she strikes her chest. She exerts the full potential of her power with each motion, causing the earth to tremble at her presence.

GCW: *“HEAR MY ROAR SISTER! LET THE SOUND OF MY UNDYING LOYALTY LEAD YOU HITHER!”*

The Black Cloaked Woman hovers silently in the air, the edges of her cloak have manifested into raven wings. Her eyes consumed with the lifeless colour of the void. The air falls silent around her.

BCW: *“Humble us witches with thine presence O marvellous Matriarch! I beg of ye to find my calling…return to us so that thine plan may come to finality!”*

Suddenly the purple flame ignites with volatile energy, illuminating your surroundings in violet.

The three witches look up as the flame radiates with renewed life.

Violet embers begin to trickle down to you, as if they’re aware of your imperceptible presence.

As you look back to the witches you realise, they’re staring directly at you.

BCW: *“I see you found my box...”*

**\*ALTERNATIVE LINE\***

BCW: *“Welcome home Sister.”*