# TEXTES DES AUTELS

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Tuto – 1 | On this day, we had lost everything. After fleeing to the woods, we had nothing but regrets. The old chief quickly gathered the survivors and led us towards a haven, an odd grotto buried beneath the trees. From there, we could see the smoke still rising from our previous homes, and we could hear the screams rising from the village. We had lost fights, but we never had lost war. We spent the night counting the dead and tending the wounded. On the morning, The chief surprised everyone: “we shall not take revenge on thee.” He preached about pacifism, about turning the pages: “We have lived in an era of violence, of carnage and rapes. What we lived yesterday is what we have been inflicting to our enemies. It is time for us to learn from our mistakes, and to evolve. The roots of our new civilization need to be love, empathy, and understanding. |
| Tuto - 2 |  |
| J – 1 |  |
| J – 2 |  |
| D – 1 | Behind the mountains of the east lies the great emptiness. Miles and miles of what seem like eternal snow covers the region. Tempests frequently block the way, making movement a difficult and exhausting task, as well as disorienting our guides. Due to frequently losing our path, we would have to retreat every time we came. However, that changed when Pyxis, with their great knowledge of the stars and our world’s laws, found a way to hold our direction: the compass. New travels through the great emptiness were then conducted, leading to the discovery of the northern lights hills. There, the tapestry of the sky is replete with colourful, moving waves that seem like sparks suspended in the air. Ever since we discovered this place, we came back every year to admire the view and celebrate our new conquests. |
| D – 2 | The saltless sea divides in three rivers. We used to join it through one of these water branches, especially the south one, where the shield-headed used to live. The water is calm, and surrounded by a forest of thick trees, allowing for easy and discreet travel. Called the silver path, the river is also rich with fish, boarded with mushrooms and populated by rainbow birds. Once arriving to the saltless sea, we would decorate our capes, crowns and swords with their feathers, light up a huge fire and dance on the golden sand. The sun, setting on the blood-coloured horizon, would lit the way for our next travels. And despite the capricious nature of the sea, nothing was unconquerable to us. Nor the people, nor the world. |
| JJ – 1 |  |
| JJ – 2 |  |
| JD – 1 |  |
| JD – 2 |  |
| DD – 1 |  |
| DD – 2 |  |
| DJ – 1 |  |
| DJ - 2 |  |

Branche Dash : parler d’évènements pré-massacre