

The lizardfolk person. Maybe not exact image, but check this guy out!



He is wearing his robe and has pale, glassed-over eyes with no pupils.
Glancing around he asks: "Who... are you?"

Darnit says, "The Branch of Teresias!", utilizing the echo of the room as the pufferfish in Finding Nemo saying "Ring of Fire!"

The Lizard looks in Darnit's direction and sniffs the air. "I don't think so. Care to try again?"

Dorinda: "Well, if it's a description you desire, we are those who seek Gliten."

"How have you come to this place?"

Darnit: "Upon the backs of gryphons."

He sniffs the air again. "Ah, some truth. We're getting places here."

Izar asks if he knows Dhund Hal-Kah.

"Paladin of the west Wind? Commander of the Griffon Cavalry? All know of Dhund Hal-Kah!"

"Who's 'we' and 'all'?"

"Surely all know of Dhund hal kah"

Hrothulf: "Who's 'Shirley' and 'all'?"

He starts picking of scales and saying to them "Shirley? Is that you?"

Lizard person: "And what have you learned?"

Dorinda: "We learned that she believed that we were worthy of being tested. And who are you?"

"Who am I? Ah, who am I?" And for the first time the hands separate from the robe. He holds up one sleeve, and in his hand is a muted trumpet. His tail beats upon the stand upon which he stands, and there's a light jazz rhythm. He starts playing to the beat. "I am... the blind... seer. I am... stationary... sojourner. I am a tree without limbs whose roots without fingers stretch... from sun... to sun. I am... the voiceless... speaker. I am the prophet without gain. I am the bridge between realms. The road travel... ed? Whose hallucination is discovery. I am always changing. I am always the same. I am... Teresias... by name." He scats all this, with tasteful trumpet bits in the midst.

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I am the stationary sojourner
I am a tree without limbs with
roots whose fingers
Stretch
From sun to sun

I am the voiceless speaker
I am the prophet without gain
I am the bridge between realms
The road travel-ED?
Whose Destination is
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I am always changing
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I am
Teresias by name

Darnit: "Does the name Bruno ring any bells?"

I think I new a druid once named Bruno. I think he turned into a bear.

Ego, still despondent, says "Are all of you Teresiases terrible musicians?"

Izar says "Ignore her."

Lizardperson: "With ease!" He plays a quick note and Ego is *Silenced*.

"And you claim to be the branch, huh?"

Darnit: "Uh, we're the branch of the Teresias in the tomb."

Ego gestures suggesting maybe Bruno is dead.

Darnit: "When did you become Teresias?"

Izar: "Did you write, for instance, this?" and she pulls out the writing about the pantheon wars.

He recognizes it excitedly and says, "No I did not write it I received it, as you have. But I became Teresias I suppose when I was deemed worthy. When did you become the branch?"

Dorinda: "We didn't know until Dhund H-K that there had been other branches of Teresias."

"Well it's not the *tree*, is it?"

"Did you have a branch?"

"Oh, we did. But our time has passed."

"We're the current branch."

"Mm. How do you know?"

H: "We were told by Teresias"

I: "Do you recognize us like do we glow or something?"

So you're new at this?

I: Pretty much.

If you are the branch, this test will be easy. For the branch seeks the pantheon, and all you need to do... [Some trumpet playing, and all of the scales at this point rise up off the ground and seem to find their places on the shelves, lined now]

As the branch seeks the pantheon you know those you seek. Find and be tested. Find them, and you decide what gets weighed. Any scale you could possibly imagine is available in this place. You simply need to find where they go. Which ones are your pantheon? Where should they reside? You are the branch. You should be able to find them, no problem, right? Let the test begin, oh mighty branch of Teresias!" And he steps off his platform and finds a place to sit near the middle of the room.

Darnit looks to see if he feels like a scale feels right. But he's met with an overwhelming, foreboding sense of so many options, almost like if he looks at something peripherally it starts to look differently.

Teresias lights a pipe that he pulled out of the tubing of the trumpet.

Even looking around, it seems that where one is changes.

Darnit sees an ebony and ivory one. The longer he looks the more detailed it seems to be. He keeps his eyes on it, walks to it, and puts his hand on it. For Darnit, it's roughly mid-chest to just above the top of his head. He puts his second hand on it to shift it to the edge of the shelf. It's lighter than expected, but not by much. Other than the sliding on the shelf, it makes less noise than expected.

Dorinda closes her eyes and starts listening for the sound of water, seeking the sound of the sea, the ocean, the womb of life. She hears the faint whisper of a rushing. It's high. Metrical like a wave crashing onto the shore. She looks in its direction to see whether anything captures her imagination. There are at least three scales dripping water. She's trying to be open, go with the flow, in what she is looking for. She finds one close to the top where on one side is still water, and on the other a tsunami.

Ego's voice is returned.

Teresias has taken his 18" brass pipe and has balanced it on his finger. "Don't forget you must find a balance between hope, confidence. Assurance and curiosity."

Ego seeks a scale of elegance and beauty, by which she has in mind something like Gnomes might make, overengineered to some but she can see its perfection. She finds one made of many elements, each of which might seem out of place and haphazard taken alone, but as a whole it is as though each could be no other way. She picks it up and it feels solid but fragile like a clock. The lizard person says, "And what do you have there?" Ego brings it over and speaks excitedly and at length, extolling its virtues and explaining the genius of each element that some might miss. She relates it to the lizard person's music, to the cosmos. The lizard person asks who it is. Ego says, "Yafel, I believe." Lizard says, "Though you each have your own thoughts, you also are of one mind, if you are the branch. What do the others think?" Ego calls the others over and excitedly extols the virtues of the scale again and we come to agreement.

Hrohtulf leaps and finds one made of obsidian with veins of orange and red crystals running through it. It has this glittery fire light to it. And he says, "This one looks about right, y'all" He puts it on his pedestal, then he goes over to scaly-McLizard, pulls out a cigar, and asks for a light. He snaps his fingers and a flame comes from his thumb, and he holds it out for Hrothulf. "What have you found?" "This looks like the sort of thing we're looking for." "And what do you seek? What is the fruit of this branch?"

Darnity: "The virtues of the gods"

"Hmm. Magman—whose virtue do we hold now?"

"While I am a branch I am also merely a simple caveman barbarian."

"I didn't ask who you were. I asked who you were holding."

"I believe it's Gliton?"

"With what does Gliton burn, o wise branch? What lights a fire in him?"

I: "Oxygen? A heat source?"

Da: "Chaos"

H: "Ah I believe it's 'chaos'?"

"Ah yes, simple truths from a simple man. What say your branch? Do they blaze in agreement? Or do they ember with a simple maybe?"

The branch concurs. Ego goes over and looks from many angles to see if she is satisfied. She expects especially to be in touch with its chaos, and wants to ensure that part of her doesn't cringe at anything simple tritely orderly.

It burns with true heat, and has Hrothulf-like lava underneath with arrhythmic sun flares coming forth.

None of us doubt that this is indeed the scale of Gliton.

Dorinda jumps down with her scale with water and a tree. She shows it to us. Izar sees in it a squid! It reminds him of Thiton's temple on Hyang-wan.

The deeps waters of the scale remind Dorinda of her birthing vat.

Darnit brings over the ebony and ivory scale and presents it as Mazoë's. Ego looks for something reminiscent of the Railman's space. Hrothulf tries to pull out some of the leaf we got from him and offer to share with Ego as they consider the scale together, but the pouch is empty.

Hrothulf tries to summon Magura, but he does not come.

Darnit points out a shield on the bottom with the hilt of a sword pointing out of the top, though a plain-looking scale. The scales themselves tend not to move as much when Darnit is moving. And it has heft, though less weight than he expected when he first lifted it. Izar, first skeptical, becomes satisfied.

Hiare and Izar have hive-minded (familiar-minded?) two scales. Hiare's holding a scale that has a spinning gyroscope with an hourglass in the middle that has sand in it, constantly spinning. It's enclosed around it in a spiral container made of bone. For the two counterbalances, they are shaped like Charon/Klutch's boat on the river. It's made of red jasper, but the hourglass is black onyx. One boat is purple and the other is orange. The cage is gunmetal-colored and the base is like oxidized copper.

"Why so many colors?" Teresias asks.

"When we were with her..."

"Right, because you're the branch."

"Yes of course. When we were with her we saw many colors, in the labyrinth, with the horses..." and she explains the symbols of death and time, the oxidation from entropy over time.

Dorinda suggests an ordering for five of them:

	Thiton (Water/Life)+	Yafel (Knowledge/Cunning)+
Gliton (Fire/Chaos)+	Gliten (Air/Balance)+	Glitonea (Earth/Law)
	Thiten (Death/Time)+	

Izar and Hiare's second scale the whole thing is spinning with a tornado in the center. The counterbalances one is a griffin and one is a *bat(!)*. The base is a geode kind of but kind of like a cave, with geode colors.

Dorinda's old patterns of paranoia are coming back, so she goes to pull out her Vardum-revealing penlight and shines it around but finds it is gone.

Ego suggests finding something reminiscent of the Lady Saharel. Izar agrees, because he always sees her in his dreams.

"You met the lady?!" Teresias asks. "Oh man, so jealous. We spent forever looking for her on Fallucia."

Izar: Why were you looking on Falucia?

It... seemed like the right place at the time?

She was on Mystra.

The scale should have nightmares and dreams. Like a monstrous creature on one side and angelic on the other. Psyche and Orual. It should also exude magical energy, with purple mist. Dorinda goes into a trance and tries to evoke Tyronóë.

Teresias is playing solitaire with braille cards. There are no front images, but the backing imagery Darnit recognizes as old heraldry from a kingdom that's nonexistent on Terran now and hasn't existed in about 200 years. A closer look reveals that whatever images there were have been worn off by hundreds of years of use.

Darnit acknowledges the kingdom and asks where he got the cards.

"Oh these? They were a gift at a wedding that I went to."

"When was this wedding?"

"It was an embarrassing wedding. The bride never showed and the guests in the wedding party ate the feast anyway in their sadness and despondency. I picked up this deck of cards and left."

Darnit asks whether the wedding was of the Archon people.

"I suspect that it was a conflict of interest in the... well the Archon was the bride who didn't show, and the would-be husband was not an Archon."

Izar brings forth another scale he has found while we've admired Teresias's cards. This one looks like a scale made of food.