

**ENGRAM 1**

You see yourself as Hao Jin, hair a deep red and appearing younger than when you met her in person as you / she quietly watch a young man working at a loom. As the man's hands flicker over the threads and slowly weave a tapestry into being, a smile creases your face and your own fingers begin to mimic the young man's movements while trailing glimmering lines of eldritch energy. You watch carefully, your fingers moving in measured cadences. As the light dims, you leave, but return again, and again. You carefully study the tapestry weaver for months, and feel the mental weight of innumerable calculations as you plan your own magnificent tapestry.

**ENGRAM 2**

You see yourself as Hao Jin, traveling your newly created Tapestry, and struggling with the plants and animals brought there dying off soon after they arrive. Sometime later you find yourself working on an enormous black sapphire radiating necromantic magic embedded in the floor of a room (a place familiar to you if you've played The Fabric of Reality). You understand the sapphire is siphoning off energy from dying souls departing the demiplane for the Great Beyond and infusing it into the fabric of the Tapestry. Centuries pass. A woman with moth wings and a spiral mask in bronze mirrored armor confronts you, saying that she is an emissary of Pharamasma. The goddess is aware of your theft of soul energy and has sent the olethros to voice her displeasure. You dismiss the psychopomp and ignore her warning and leave to visit Axis soon thereafter.

**ENGRAM 3**

You see yourself as a child of perhaps ten, your hair glossy black without a hint of the sorcerer's signature ruby locks. You dance and sing as you explore the wonders of a magnificent museum. You climb about the displays, enacting mock battles with taxidermy drakes and old suits of armor. As you climb atop a suit of ancient Minkaian armor, your foot slips and you quickly grab for the closest handhold, a hanging lantern. Suddenly everything is pain and fire, chaos, and then... silence and empty darkness. This emptiness ends suddenly with a sharp return of pain and a strange pulsating that wracks your entire body. Later, you find your vision blurred by hot tears and blocked by your, now, brilliant red hair and your face crumpled in sorrow as you overhear that the glorious museum is gone, burned to ash, and your family has spent almost their entire fortune returning you to life. As the memory ends, you are left with a strong, lingering sense of regret, as well as resolve to master the strange new magic burning inside you along with your emotions, so that you are never the source of such a tragedy again.