

12 – The Artist and his Art



Slowly as they stare and remember, they smell the cherry blossom and hear the rustle of the leaves, then the image brightens and gains colour. Lexi squeezes Jet's hand and they step through together.

They are back in Amber, a few miles outside the city. On a neighbouring hill, in the compound of Kato Jen.

For Jet himself, this place is home, but for the first time it doesn't feel that way as they are here to kill his father.

Deciding what Kato Jen's response would be...

- Will he surrender and beg for his life, possibly offering information? Unlikely... **YES+** 97
- Will he be prepared for attack? 50/50...
- Troops and Magic? Likely...
- A last-resort Trump escape card? Likely...

Has he sent away his household troops? Unlikely... **NO!** 12

As the rainbows scatter around them, they have been noticed. A serving maid runs to warn Kato Jen, while troops, hastily drawing swords, race to block the way.

As Lexi tenses for a fight, Kato Jet puts his hand on her arm and steps forward.

"You all know me. Would you stand in battle against me? My father has betrayed me. He is NOT the honourable man we had all believed. We are here to make him pay for his crimes."

Jet's Aspects: Samurai, Son of a Trump Sorcerer, Prince Charming

Jet is still wounded (-2 on rolls) but otherwise has recovered his stress. I'll let his "Samurai" and "Prince Charming" aspects each act as +1 on his Flair to sway the guards and make the difficulty 2.

Kato Jet - OVERCOME

Intention Sway the Guards (target 2, Skill Mind+2+2 bonuses)

Roll 1

Bonus +2 Fair

With the -2 for his wounds, this is still a success.

Seeing his earnest intent, the guards drop their eyes and step back to allow them through to the house.

Lexi follows him in.

It's clear that Kato Jen had not expected them back so quickly – had thought they would take a few days at least to get here by Shadow-walking – and he is unprepared. His eyes flick to the blade in his son's hand, and he spots the cloth wrapped tightly around the handle to prevent contact. There is no hope for him there.

Unexpectedly, he kneels before them and begs for forgiveness. "Spare me... I was only carrying out the wishes of my Master... Prince Brand bade me do this, swore me to this course of action many years ago and I dared not disobey."

Kato Jet was so disgusted at his father's mental domination that he would slay the old man immediately, but Lexi stays his hand as she needs to know what this was all about.

"A moment Jet-san... let's find out what this was all for. What did MY father want from you? What did he promise you? What's the purpose of that Pattern of his?"

The old man could be lying at this point, desperate to save himself or maybe even attempting to trick Lexi into still attempting to Walk Brand's Pattern.

"Getting you to walk that Pattern would send its maker power. Power he thought he might need at some future point. Power that might restore him now, even from The Abyss."

The samurai next to her tensed. "My father is lying... or at least not telling ALL the truth. I saw it in his mind when he possessed me – he was intending to take the power for himself. To restore his ancient body. The Trump card of you was to siphon off your power."

The old man grovelled even more at these words and tried to twist his own to fit this revelation. "What I meant was, that was the ORIGINAL intention. BRAND's intention. He is surely dead now and has no need for your Power. He had lost the Trump of you anyway." He fumbles in his robes for a moment and withdraws the card, offering it to Lexi, although it was clear from his eyes that it represented a prized possession.

This could be a last-ditch trick. Likely... **No** 22 (pity – I had some cool ideas...) – a Trump Trap 50/50 – Summoning a Monster 50/50 - An illusion and the card is really the one for his son 50/50 – he is an illusion, really this is the Maid covered by an illusion and KJ has escaped 50/50

She takes it, cautiously. It's cold, as all Trumps are, but there's something wrong with it too. Perhaps just knowing it was created as a trap or weapon to be used against her, makes her reluctant to hold it. She tucks it away inside her sketch pad quickly. "And the rest" She held out her hand and, reluctantly the old man handed over his small sheaf of cards, including one for Jet.

Even though he was intending for her to die and was going to siphon off her power and youth, she CAN'T JUST KILL HIM! He's Kato Jet's father for god's sake. She has daddy issues enough of her own!

Looking around the room, she sees all the paintings and wood carvings. A lifetime of Art. Some real beauties. She lifts one of the lanterns and walks around examining them. "Some beautiful stuff here old man, and any one of them might be a thing of Power, a place you could run to, a thing you could summon. Centuries of work I'm guessing."

The old man looked at her, his eyes widening "No... No... please..."

Then she dashed the lantern against a painting of the Forest of Arden and watched it burn. The flames leapt from the painting, along the wall to others.

"Come on Jet. Let him go. He's not worth it."

They walked away and behind them the house burned. The servants and guards did nothing.

Would Kato Jen try to save himself? Likely... **No** 17 Try to save some pieces? Likely... **No** 18

One of the maids screamed as the old man pulled away from her and ran back into the building. Moments later the roof crashed down and flames of every colour rose to consume the place.

Lexi linked her arm with Jet's. "It's his choice... We didn't kill him." Even so, there were tears in the eyes of both of them as they walked down the hill towards the City of Amber.

***** End of Session 12 *****