



DRACONIANS (FERRA)

You are Ferra, meaning “The People.” You live in a moon-garden that orbits the powerful blue planet Tamar. You were sent to this Garden of Eden by your ancestors. You know that if you ever prove yourself dignified and mature, you will be taken with the Light Chariots to the world of your ancestors. You’ve seen your friends fly away from the Light Chariot several times. For now, you guard the holy land of your tribe, in which venerable ancestors sleep. This is the narrowest place of the grand canyon, which you call simpli the “Rift”. Chieftain and Shaman keep order in your tribe.

The Shaman is responsible for your spiritual development and makes sure that your life and conduct are in line with the teachings of your ancestors and that they go by in the rhythm of rituals and customs. Calm and full of harmony, he is open to everything that fate will bring, deeply believing in order and balance in the world.

The Chieftain cares about your physical development and fighting skills. An experienced warrior who is unmatched. Harsh but reasonable, he teaches you the art of war in case something threatens your tribe.

Each of them chooses two students to continue the tradition and pass on their knowledge. Chief hunter and shaman, healer.

Your ancestor’s medium is your beloved Oracle. Mythical creature guarding the tribe. A treasury of knowledge that gives you visions about the spiritual path that you should follow to gain ascension. The oracle knows everything, but you have to ask the right question to get a good answer, and the answers may be cryptic in nature.

One day, strangers entered your peaceful life. They came from the stars with their dirty, smoking chariots. They wanted to desecrate your holy place with their strange instruments, but you didn’t let them. Despite your efforts, the midgets did not want to make friends with you.

Only their leader was different. You called him “PROF ES OR”. He was patient and gentle and you remember him with great respect. He almost understood your language and your habits. He explained to you what a “bridge” is and showed you beautiful things, infected you with the desire to build a “bridge”.

Unfortunately, among the midgets there must have been

a few chiefs, because they were quarreling with each other. They began to enter the holy land and build a “bridge” themselves. It can not be like that. First, they are not allowed to enter there, and secondly you want to build your “bridge” and you want the strangers to explain to you how to do it, show you. Other dwarf leaders killed “PROF ES OR” and started shooting at you. They tried to force you to work. It was a very big mistake. Very.

But now a new dwarf expedition has arrived – twice this time! Maybe they will teach you the “bridge”.

Your tasks are:

1. Mark yourself with green paint.
2. Create outfits for the tribe (using paper, crape paper, paper tape, fringe paper, hemp twine, and three colours of markers).
3. Obey the holy customs of your tribe!
4. Learn to build a “bridge” – you can’t do it now and you don’t know how use the tools that the midgets show you (you see these things for the first time).
5. They must teach you how to do it.
6. This time, the midgets will respect your rituals and customs.
7. No midget will enter your holy land (into the Rift where the dead sleep).
8. Obey the directions the Oracle gives you. She will never be clear as to what she means, but you must find a way to understand.
9. No midget will build a “bridge”. You want to do it yourself and if they don’t respect your initiative then you can destroy what they build.

DISCLAIMER “Weapons” can be introduced into the game, symbolised by pool noodle halves. A person hit in the head with a “weapon” is considered fatally wounded. Act conscious, but lie down on the ground and allow yourself to be carried.

