# Forgotten Memories

The youngest of the siblings wakes in the morning, fully rested. They have had a similar vivid dream of the long-forgotten incident with Arden. Again, adjust the story to fit your characters as needed (see the handout in the References). The important take away should be the lost entrance to the keep. Brother Linden had somehow suppressed the memories using his favor with the gods and his passing has restored the memory.

The day is warm. The windows of your childhood home are open. Your mother is helping you and your siblings try on new clothes for the celebration of Lady Thylera’s birthday. Lord Eldram pushed your father and the artisans to complete the main areas of the new keep in time for this banquet. Arden is sitting at the table complaining about the rush to finish.

He begins to describe the bedchamber of the Lord and Lady. Apparently, there is a live tree growing inside. The branches cover the bed like a forest canopy.

“Mark my words, it will bring the whole tower down. The roots already push up the tiles of the floor.”

In her teasing way, your mother convinced Arden to let it go.

“If I told you I wanted something extravagant to mark the day of my birth, would you not do everything to get it for me? A crown? A dragon? Even a tree?”

“Well. Perhaps. I had better see about the preparations for the feast.”

He was smiling now. Maybe you could go with him.

“Come along little one.”

The keep was bustling with activity. Workers were everywhere moving tables, hanging flowers, carrying trays of cups and plates, arguing with musicians. The noise was dreadful.

Lord Eldram spots Arden from the balcony above. He waves him up. You both make your way to the overlook of the main hall. He grabs you in his customary embrace, lifting you from the floor. It seems he has been sampling the wine.

“Are you ready for this grand feast?”

“Perhaps we’ll find you a suitable spouse, eh?”

His joking ways always seemed clumsy. The stoic look on Arden’s face was enough. As he puts you down, he asks for a moment alone with your father.

“Don’t get in their way. And don’t get your clothes dirty or I’ll never hear the end from your mother.”

Running around the upper floors of the huge keep is great fun. It is so large you can barely grasp what living in a house like this would be like. You explore every one of the huge bed chambers until at last, you find it.

It is even bigger than you imagined. A real tree growing in the corner of the room. From its twisted trunk and roots, a massive bed decorated with feathers of all sizes and colors.

It is impossible for you to resist. You are soon jumping on the wide bed. With each bounce you try to grab the branches above. Finally, you catch a handful of leaves. Hanging on tightly, you slowly drop back to the bed and jump again, higher still, it is almost like flying. Again and again, until you realize you aren’t holding the branches, they are holding you. Only then do you see the eyes, glowing red, high in the branches of the tree. Fear washes over you as you try to let go. The sound of your scream surprises you, it sounds like the shriek of a raptor or maybe an owl. You close your eyes. The branches let go.

You tumble into darkness, with several bumps on the way down. When you stop, you are in complete darkness. The floor is cold and damp. When you finally muster the courage to call out, your voice is again familiar. There is no response. You wonder if you could have fallen to the cellar.

You crawl for a bit, but eventually use the wall to stand. You follow it for what seems like hours. Stopping often to call out only to hear the echoes return.

The floor transitions from stone to dirt and then eventually mud. You begin to cry, knowing the new outfit will be ruined. As you wipe the tears away, you realize that you can just make out the outline of the passage. There is light ahead. Sunlight.

The passage slopes down sharply and is filled with water. The light is coming from under the surface. It looks like river water, just clear enough to see the passage continuing down and out. You stand in the cool water up to your waist for a long time trying to muster the courage to swim to the light. You suddenly realize you are not alone. A small turtle swims past. As you reach for it, it darts under the water and away. You are inspired to do the same.

The passage isn’t long, but you feel as though you might run out of air before you get to the end. When you surface, you are near the western shore of the river. Your unexpected presence has given your friend Stedden a horrible fright. It seems he was fishing. He has fallen from his perch on a large black rock. He too is now soaked.

When he realizes who you are and how upset you are, he immediately helps you to the shore. It is afternoon. You see now that you are just south of Redwater. The keep is far to the west. You notice a large group on the road moving towards it. You are sure your mother and siblings are among them. How would you get back now?

Stedden insists he has the answer.

“We should tell Brother Linden. He’ll know what to do.”

Brother Linden does indeed know what to do. He immediately sends one of the younger Brothers to get Arden in the keep. As you wait for your father to arrive, Linden draws you a bath. By the time your father would be there, your clothes should be dry. Dirty, but dry.

When Arden arrives, he is furious. You cannot ever remember him in such a state. There was much screaming and threats. He would even strike young Stedden forcing Brother Linden to intercede.

Over the next hour, Linden and Arden hatched a plan to get you back into the keep without suspicion. He would sneak you into the kitchen of the keep. Brother Linden further assured your father that the events of the day would be forgotten.

True enough, you would be found in the kitchen with your friend Stedden. Apparently, there was an incident with some honey and a barrel of flour. Although your clothes were ruined, Lord Eldram implored your parents not to be too angry.

“I too have knocked a honey jar or two over in that kitchen. The pantry is dark! Now, join the feast!”

At the end of the night, all of you would ride home in Brother Linden’s wagon. He insisted on praying with you and your siblings before he left. The memory was taken from that moment. Until now.

It took a long time for Arden to lose his fear of Eldram or Thylera finding out about your accidental discovery of the hidden passage in and out of the keep. He knew they would have surely done anything to keep the knowledge of its existence secret.