

Rimyks Lavellan

Enfaniman Banal'ras or Fear of the Shadows

The Inquisitor has a well-kept secret... He's a terrible fear of the dark and the things that lurk within.

It was their first night in Skyhold. For Rimyks, the first nights are the worst. Every time they started out like most nights, him worrying about his wisps until he finally fell asleep, but he would always have such vivid night terrors. He was holed up in his living quarters, thinking of where he could set up his light wisps. He wanted to make sure that the lights were in places that were easy to replace if they ever went out during the night. He was having some trouble keeping focus, all of the noises the wind made while whistling through the stone and against the glass of the windows made him jump. Making him think of the fabled monsters his parents told him about when he was a child. Then of course the fabled monsters turn into those of reality. His mind instantly rewinds to the night the shems attacked, the night his father protected him. The night he was branded with a crude mark that was supposed to be the symbol of the Circle of Magi.

Instead of letting himself get caught up in those memories, Rimyks shook his head and took a few deep breaths before sighing. Closing his eyes for a few beats to fully refocus on his previous task, he decided that he would only put up a single light. Just one right above his bed, it was easy to re-light and it wouldn't drain him as much like if he had one in each corner of the room. Giving himself a small nod of reassurance, he cupped his hands gently and 'poof' light. Smiling like when he had first successfully produced a wisp, he sent it out to its destination with a soft flick of his wrists. Looking around, seeing the room being illuminated by his gentle light, he felt safer.

Humming out a small chuckle, Rimyks lay himself on the bed trying his best to get comfortable. He still wasn't used to having the sleep schedule that the Inquisition had demanded of him. He didn't mind waking up early though, because now he got to see the sunrise every morning instead of when his older brother woke him up to see it. Seeing the sun break over the walls of Skyhold always reminded him of those mornings. Sighing again before closing his eyes, he hoped to get some well-deserved rest.

He woke up back in the desert. The familiar sands beneath the bed roll, the heat that could be stifled by well executed ice spells, and the daily routine that he was probably late to start. He sat up, looking for a clean shirt. A sudden chill went through his spin, like someone was playing a prank and had swiped ice down it. Then something shot out of the sand behind his light pillow and grabbed his shoulders pinning him down. He felt a sudden excruciating weight on his chest, like a full grown man in full armor. With all of the oxygen forced from his lungs Rimyks closed his eyes, trying to take more in. When he opened them the scene had shifted. No longer was it peaceful morning, but late night with smoke blocking out everything else. The flickering light and burning heat of blazing fire was somewhere to his right.

That *damned Templar* was on top of him. Again. Only this time Rimyks wasn't a child, he could fight back better. Or so he thought. He saw the dagger descending as if in slow motion, his limbs being held down by pitch like hands. It was just like before, with him helpless but still struggling with all his strength. Small cries of defiance and fear escaped him as he felt the dagger come closer, a shout of pain as it pierced his flesh to carve its mark once more—

He bolts upright, clutching at his chest, phantom pain shooting through the scar as he tries to steady his breathing. He ran his other hand through his hair, stopping halfway through to clutch at the strands in between his fingers. It took a few moments for his eyes to adjust to the dim lighting of the light wisps. Without looking, he swiftly leaned to his to right reaching for his staff the tips of his fingers grazing it his grip missing it all together, causing the magical weapon to clatter on the floor. The unexpected noise breaking the silence caused him to flinch. After

blinking hard a few times, Rimyks looked over at the offending fallen object. After slowly forcing himself out of the bed, he picked it up. With a light tap of the end his staff on the floor his light wisps were renewed, glowing even brighter then when he had first put them up. Taking a few more deep breaths he settled himself back into bed. It still felt odd to sleep in one, he was so used to sleeping in his cot. Rimyks Lavellan couldn't wait for the day when he would rejoin his family back in the deserts with his clan.

Translations:

Enfaniman: Our fear of

Banal'ras: Shadow