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The dream has come again and again all through this last season. It is never quite the same - it is a stain that oozes up through the otherwise mundane course of your sleep. Regardless of how it manifests, the dream follows the same rough structure: a growing awareness of the wrongness of everything around you; creeping fingers of fire and smoke worming up from the ground, even as the air grows cold; though you see the flames - the danger, your loved ones, friends and kin do not - even as they themselves begin to burn: they smile and carry on with smoke billowing from their lips, their clothing blackening as they wilt and wither. Whenever you try to act, you find your limbs blackened and held in ice, your words evaporating into icy mist as an unbearable cold permeates you, coming to rest heavily in your guts as a yawning, agonising hunger. The dreams end as the fire puts your home, hall - the entire settlement to collapse, burning timbers that crash around you. Upon waking, all that remains is the disorientating panic and frenzied fear of wanting to act - but being unable to.

Role-playing Effect if applicable:

- Your character has suffered a disturbance to their dreams during the previous season.