

The Somnolent Wanders the Heavens

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Your dream concerns a peculiar building. You might reach it by traversing winding passages through a maze of dark hedges, or following a narrow trail through a dark wood. It is a stone building crowned with a dome made up of thousands of pieces of diamond shaped glass in a white metal framework. It is quite beautiful in its way, but you feel oddly disconnected from it.

In the dream, the building is much larger on the inside than it looked from the outside. Globes of glass filled with flickering, warm flames drift in the air without any sign of support. Everything is white – stone, metal, wood, fabric all different shades of white. You have never seen so many different hues that are still somehow at the same time unmistakably white.

It is a single great room, but there is precious little in the way of furniture. A divan with pearlescent sheets haphazardly tumbling from it. A chair, a table, a desk all of white wood. Hanging curtains the colour of polished white marble accentuated with images of unfamiliar animals picked out on seed pearls and weltsilver thread.

You feel like you have been here before, several times, and what others might consider marvellous strikes you as familiar and mundane.

There is nobody else here. You are free to explore the contents as you see fit. Perhaps you pick up a scroll from the table near the divan, covered in rich illustrations of constellations familiar and strange. Perhaps you move the floating globes of fire around – the glass globes are quite cool. Perhaps you pour some of the milk-white liquor from the ivory jug into a cup of bone, sipping it, luxuriating in the sweetness. Perhaps you don the white wool robe that hangs casually over the top of a white wood screen, feeling it so soft against your skin.

Eventually, though, you come to the door. It stands slightly away from the white wall. Perhaps your hands shake as you grasp the handle and carefully pull it open. Perhaps you fling it wide.

Through the door is darkness. Perhaps you frown, sensing something is wrong. Perhaps you take a step back? The darkness pours out into the room like tar, blotting out the white room. It sweeps the tables and chairs, the divan, the screen, all of it away as if caught in a flood but when it washes over you it has no more substance than the night itself. It swallows you up. You can hear the walls bursting, unable to contain the flood, but the sound comes from far away. You can no longer feel the white tiled floor beneath your feet.

For a moment you stand there in the night sky, surrounded by stars. Thousands of them, in patterns familiar and unfamiliar. You sense some familiar shapes – the coil of the Great Wurm, the solid square of the Door, the ill-omened suggestion of the Drowned Man. It should fill you with wonder but again you feel oddly disconnected, as if you are looking at this glorious sky full of stars through a screen or a veil.

Then with a terrible lurching sense of vertigo, you pitch forward, nothing supporting you,

plummeting toward some distant ground you cannot see, stars streaming past you and...
... wake up.

Already the experience of being in the white chamber is fading, and by noon you will have forgotten all but the most basic details.

Effect: This was nothing like your previous experiences with *The Somnolent Wanderer*. You are left with a deeper understanding of the Night Realm, and find it easier to perform night magic. You gain one additional rank of Night lore, subject to the normal restrictions on effective skill. This is an enchantment that lasts until the start of the next Profound Decisions Empire event.

Roleplaying Effect: As long as the enchantment remains, you experience a roleplaying effect: During the Day you can see the faintest suggestion of great shapes in the sky – constellations unfamiliar to you but not mere stars, actual images of great big things like one might see in a book on astronomancy. A ship, a well, a jug, an armoured warrior. They aren't especially threatening but they may be distracting. During the night, you feel an urge to revisit the white chamber, and open the door, and bask in the eerie stars.