

over the last few weeks you have been having the same reoccurring dream.

You are flying above the peaks and forests of the world. The wind feels fresh on the leathery skin of your wings and your fur bristles in the gusts and wafts that wash over you as you fly. Your ears turn pick out each faint noise of the world around you. The call of the hawk above you, The buzzing of a insects wings below and in the distant, faint but growing stronger, the crackling of a fire. But this fire is not below you, but comes from above and as it closes, ever so quickly, an inhuman voice sings a song that only you hear. You awake just as the flames above touch you, the first words the voice spoke rings in your ears.

“Oh saw ye the burning star, that stood on high and yet did fall”

Mechanical Effect: *If you cast the ritual Signs and Portents show this slip to the ref and ask for “a portent of the red eye”.*

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“and saw ye the verdant land, consumed by flames that so appal”

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“the wisest ones, who once did scoff, content within their sheltered vales”

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“but high hills not from heaven shield, who's burning eye with tears assails”

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“the land where white stone be burn'ed black, where the quarry lays it's head”

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“for that eye, is star-stuff swathed, but what use is it to the dead!”

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