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Sleep Shall Not Divide Us Long

OOO Note: this is an OOC description of a visionary dream, a series of images and scenes. You can keep it and read it but shouldn't directly show it to anyone else.

Here is a coil of darkness that unfolds like a night blooming flower, pumpkin orange in the gloom. A stout vine, weathered against sickness and harm. A soft scent; breathe in its healing attar. A clear power, reaching roots, flourishing in health, with stout curved thorns tipped with natural venom.

Here is a small bird, fast and clever, darting between the trees. No - two birds, identical from beak to tail, spiralling around each other for the sheer joy of flying.

Here is a child in bed, eyes wide, listening to stories of heroes who change the world, fight monsters, travel the world and meet strangers and make them friends. Lying back in the dark unable to sleep imagining their own story read to someone else's child. They hear the whispering under the bed, hear the clack-clack-clack of talons on the pine floorboards and duck beneath the embroidered blankets, and fails to sleep.

Here is a warden, come to the heart of the world, eyes wide as they were when they were a child; a whole new frontier but one that has teeth to catch the unwary.

Here is a home, the door firmly latched, the shutters bolted, the flicker of warm fire and laughter slipping out through the cracks, and a voice reading a tale of adventure and darkness.