

Your sleep has been restless and riven with unsettling dreams this past season. Though they do not seem to come every night - it seems as though they have grown in frequency and intensity as time has passed, moving from a vague horror that lurked just beneath the surface of your waking mind: an after-image of something your mind has tried to shield you from, to scraps and flashes of seemingly real memories elicited throughout the day by moments of frustration or anger. In these memories your nostrils are suffused by the rancid scent of clotted blood and rotting fat and you sit in a dingy, ill-kempt tent that rattles and flexes like something alive as a terrible storm rages outside. There is another presence in this place: its voice is harsher than breaking ice and seems to buzz at your ears like carrion flies, its sound setting your flesh to writhing as though boiling with maggots. You cannot bear to recall what warnings she imparts to you, what dark truths you feebly debate against - but the waking world seems increasingly dangerous - filled with unseen enemies that must be ended before they can end you and your loved ones. Each time the dream ends with a glimpse of the presence; her blood-red eyes - like the eyes of a starving wolf aglow in the darkness - haunt you.

Role-playing Effect if applicable:

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