



Your dreams have been plagued by nightmares that the veil of sleep denies you any memory of: each morning the same sense of overwhelming shame for some terrible act - of an all-consuming anguish and loss - but cannot recall what. No matter what is attempted no contour or fleeting sensation of what plagues your sleeping mind can be discerned, nor can the effects of the nightmares be smothered. Within the mirror to which you are magically bound you are convinced you occasionally spy - when beneath a clear sky - glimpses of other faces reflected by the lights of the stars.

When the nightmares do not arrive instead you dream of floating, disembodied within a fuliginous sea filled with glimmering pinpricks, far above the world below. You hang, bound like a hare in the threads of melody that form a cosmic snare stretching across an infinity of space between the burning stars of the Lock and the Key. The mirror is grasped and lashed within your hand by the discordant music and pulls you towards the twin points of the Lock with the force and speed of the glacier. The agonising wrenching straining every fibre of your being through the tangled snare of sound. At first this movement was imperceptible - but in nights approaching the Spring Equinox you have found the pull becoming more and more pronounced and you feel as if approaching a precipice: that soon the pull will be undeniable and you shall spiral towards the illuminating light of the Key. Though the Lock's grasp claws at your shoulder, whatever deteriorating balance there has been between the mirror and the two constellations is slowly shifting towards the Key through your binding to it.

Upon each waking you are left with a lingering sense that the satisfaction of one of the two constellations will seal away the music of the other: but that despite the slow slide towards the Key, things are not yet beyond the point of no return.

(OOC: when taking action in pursuit of this plotline that you feel should contribute to its resolution please request that an attending referee explicitly convey what you are doing and why - in terms of your intended impact - to the plot team so we can have the world respond appropriately)



The above is an OOC document that you should not take into play. Feel free to make any notes about what your character remembers from the dream or vision instead.
