

## Peculiar Dreams

For the last month, you've have been having especially vivid recurring dreams. They don't come every night, but you're having them at least once a week.

They always begin with you exploring a jungle oasis, haunted by parrots, and scattered with peculiar ruins. It is familiar, as if you have been here many times. Sometimes you awaken remembering a night spent wandering among the peculiar ruins, or swim in the cool crystal clear waters of the oasis, but sometimes the dream takes a more eerie turn.

When the dream turns strange, you recall a squat, shadowy figure beckoning to you from between the trunks of trees suddenly grown impossibly tall. Oak trees, you imagine, their boles covered in thick green moss, utterly out of place in the jungle. Iridescent moths flutter in the air around you in great clouds, and long strands of faintly luminous grey lichen hang from the tree branches like spider webs. The forest floor smells strongly of rotting leaf mould and the ground is littered with mushy, fungus-covered logs.

The beckoning figure is quickly joined by several others, and you are quickly surrounded by a band of them. They tug at your clothes, urging you to follow them through the woods - for the jungle, the oasis, and the ruins are all gone. As you move, they caper about, playing eerie and beguiling tunes on bone-white flutes.

As the figures dance, more and more squat figures emerge from the dark boles of the oaks to join them, and you are swept along by them, along a path you know with the logic of dreams leads you towards the heart of the forest. Now and then the tree canopy parts and a glimpse of an unfamiliar starry sky can be seen. As the path twists and turns, the dancing becomes more frantic and uncontrolled, the tempo of the music rises, and the shadow people play shrill notes that disorient and confuse you.

As their music becomes more unsettling, you fancy that you see a pale, cowled figure moving between the trees, slowly drawing closer. Moths flutter all around them, sometimes so dense as to obscure them entirely. Their face is completely hidden beneath a veil, but you are left with the terrible gnawing certainty that they are looking for you.

### Game Effects

You are experiencing a roleplaying effect that persists until next time you sleep: *at odd times you fancy you can still hear the unearthly music from your dream. The quieter it is the more loudly the music plays. Whenever you are alone, you become uneasy and anxious for the company of others.*

Furthermore, you feel a little tired and your muscles ache a little - as if you did not sleep well. This has no mechanical effects, and if you are a briar you may instead roleplay being energetic and alert.

If you wish, you may come into GOD before time-in on Saturday morning and show this slip to a referre. Provided you have not used any special means to influence your dreams and are not under an effect that controls or prevents dreaming, you will receive another dream handout.

