

CID: 2113.2 - Issy McKenzie - Rachael

The following represents a dream you have had in the past few weeks.

Often, when you wake, you are frequently drenched in sweat and shivering.

In these hours, virtuous contemplation - *of whatever type would be appropriate to your character* - has been a solace to you.

You are in the Anvil Hospital. The canvas of the tent is bursting with bright, blue flowers, but the surgeon here is sweating and there's a horrific squirming sensation that you can't quite understand. There's the taste of blood and you suspect it's because you've bitten hard on your own tongue. She is cutting at you, desperately, applying herbs to numb the pain. You cannot help but notice how worried they all look as she draws something from you - a bundle of mangrove roots. Then there is an odd sensation, like tendrils surging over your whole body and dragging you forward - like you are being carried on a tide of vines...

235.1 - Mark Wilkin - Asher

Over the past few weeks your dreams have been plagued with unsettling images. Bright blue flowers are blooming in dark places; the dark of the trees are shrouding everything around. You tumble in hot wet earth with a Herald of Spring - her eyes wide with a joy and passion reserved only for lovers; as all around you the world explodes in flowers. One side of her face is wet like moss; and as you bite and kiss, there is a shower of blood that waters the roots of the mangrove tree you are surrounded by. Often, when you wake, you are frequently drenched in sweat and shivering. In these hours, virtuous contemplation has been a solace to you.

This time, however, the dream is bright and hot. Though you do not remember the vision within, the details around it are sharp and clear - the ritual, the hoods, the bells ringing to draw you back to the world. Your conviction shines like a candle; and your virtue guides you. As you are pulled back, however, there is an odd sensation, like tendrils surging over your whole body and dragging you forward - like you are being carried on a tide of vines...

1332.2 - Grayson Angus - Bohemond De Rondell

The following represents a dream you have had in the past few weeks. Often, when you wake, you are frequently drenched in sweat and shivering. In these hours, virtuous contemplation - of whatever type would be appropriate to your character - has been a solace to you.

You are wandering a battlefield following the clash of two great armies. Everything is still and quiet, except for the call of the crow and the buzz of fat bluebottles that fly lazily over the gore - human and orc alike. All around is the smells of wet grass, of mud mixing with blood, and beyond it - roses. Faint, but unmistakable - the faint, cloying smell of roses. You stop, sharp.

Again, you smell it, stronger now. There's the sudden taste of blood and you suspect it's because you've bitten hard on your own tongue. A faint rustling by your feet catches your attention - growing around your feet are bright blue flowers - pushing their way through the earth. It is happening elsewhere too - the corpses that litter the battlefield are being steadily covered - flowers, vines, mangrove roots. Then there is an odd sensation, like tendrils surging over your whole body and dragging you forward - like you are being carried on a tide of vines...

39131 - Drew Foxden

The following represents a dream you have had in the past few weeks. Often, when you wake, you are frequently drenched in sweat and shivering. In these hours, virtuous contemplation - of whatever type would be appropriate to your character - has been a solace to you.

'Drew...' The dream, again. Everything is momentarily dizzy, the colour draining from the world and Her voice calling your name in the dark - the endless walls of iron, winding and turning, never letting you escape.

Always, her voice calls to you, but you can never find her in this twisting maze of passageways.

Finally, you feel something tugging at you from behind, pulling you back, whilst her voice bounces and echoes, distorting, as she calls.

Is it her after all? It must be her. Surely it must be Yara.

By all the virtues, please, let it be Yara...

3383.2- Saul. - Shattered Tower

The following represents a dream you have had in the past few weeks. Often, when you wake, you are frequently drenched in sweat and shivering. In these hours, virtuous contemplation - *of whatever type would be appropriate to your character*- has been a solace to you.

"At first, the dream is a pleasant one - you are at Anvil, behind the bar of the Nissed Pewt. Hazelelponi is laughing at a joke Grigory has just told. Alamar and Luke are hanging a banner from the wall - a crisp black banner showing an unblinking eye over two mountains - then you are momentarily dizzy - perhaps something in the ale? - before all colour suddenly drains from the world. The eye is drawing you in - for a time, it is all you can focus on. It blinks, once, and when you open them, you are surrounded on all sides by iron walls, winding and turning away from you. Somewhere beyond them, you can hear Luke calling out your name in a voice that is lost and afraid, but there is another voice beyond his - a low, cold voice that speaks to you in High Asavean
-Invenire viam tuam, Saul. Perdaris._

Desperately, blindly, you follow - faltering steps taking you through a maze of iron passageways all alike, until you finally hear it again - nearer, closer this time - before realising that you are separated from the source of the voice by a high wall of iron. Enraged, you plant your palms against the cold metal, wishing by all the Virtues that you might tear down the iron and see your tormentor - then you are pulled backwards, away from the wall - and away from the dream. The last image you see, hot and bright, before the dream fades, is a rune, rising like two great horns, before you wake, gasping and sweating..."

4488.2 - Sister Tabitha of the Bitter Winds

The following represents a dream you have had in the past few weeks. Often, when you wake, you are frequently drenched in sweat and shivering. In these hours, virtuous contemplation - of whatever type would be appropriate to your character - has been a solace to you.

"As you sleep, you are momentarily dizzy, all colour draining from the world - then plague stalks the refugee camps. Everywhere, the air is thick with the buzzing of flies - fat bluebottles that fly lazily over the gore. There are strong iron walls around this camp, walls that stretch for an eternity all around - as far as the eye can see, twisting and turning away from you in to the dark places of people's hearts. These walls must be high to keep them all in - patient and physician alike - and your wandering takes you further from them, through passageways of iron, until the moans and tears of the dying are behind you, and you are left with just the low buzz of bluebottles. Higher and further your path takes you, until even that is left behind - and you pass onward and upward to where the air is thin and cold, and the silence is deafening. High above them all you stand - on the precipice looking down into the labyrinth. Then, all of a sudden, you can feel something tugging at you from behind; and you are pulled backwards, out of the dream."