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Over the season, you are treated to a recurring dream, one which comes to you on in the third, sixth and ninth weeks of the waning summer. Read this as many or as few times as you like before play. Make notes that “you made on waking” if you like, but you must not carry this as an IC document.

The dream begins simply, with the place you grew up in, the view from your childhood bed. A hand on your hair feels warm and kind. You look up into the faces of your parents - albeit the parents you remember had fewer feathers, and no beaks at all. For some reason, this doesn't disturb you. Your parents are birds now, and feathered in shifting patterns of blue and pink and purple.

"Think on this," they ask, their voices dancing, melodious. "If excommunication hinders the soul's journey through the labyrinth, is it unvirtuous to allow a person to die whilst excommunicated?"

"Is it unvirtuous to excommunicate at all?"

You lie thinking for a while, but when you draw breath to answer, you suddenly realise you're awake, and you have been for a while. Your parents - or rather, the birds that mimicked them - aren't here. You're just left with the dream, and the question to think about.