

A dream interrupted

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No words come. And so you feel it, inchoate, your blood fierce with longing. Twisting you, turning you inside out. And then, almost indistinct, barely registering against the yearning - a conversation.

“They closed the doors”

“Yes, Rossignol”

“Do do not be sad, Melflee, they can still send us their letters”

“That’s not why I am sad, Rossignol”

“Then, why servant of the eater of dreams? What could trouble you?”

“Who would want less communication in their world? Who would want less dreaming?”

“Oh, no, that’s not how they mean it – remember what Ammar taught me?”

“I do, but I don’t understand. And I wanted to organise a great evening of exchange and now I can’t”

“Don’t be petulant, it will all come all right”

As the conversation ends, it fades away and you are left, gripped with nothing but your longing. The wind changes, bringing a sky full of parchment pieces, inked in a thousand styles.

Role-playing Effect: When you wake, you experience a roleplaying effect that lasts as long as you wish it to: **If you collected a token** from the Lashonar Heralds last event you feel a great need to hold it, to let whatever it invokes in you out. At the same time, you remember that you have offered words to Lashonar, and know that this is the Equinox when you should fulfil that pledge and send a letter. You may be sure that it is your own longing that you wish to put down in a letter, or you may feel a strong urge to seek out someone to pass the token on to and need to tell them to write. **If you did not collect a token**, you may choose to be filled with an urgency to receive one, and go in search of heralds that might bear one.

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“They closed the doors”

“Yes, Rossignol”

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“Then, why servant of the eater of dreams? What could trouble you?”

“Who would want less communication in their world? Who would want less dreaming?”

“Oh, no, that’s not how they mean it – remember what Ammar taught me?”

“I do, but I don’t understand. And I wanted to organise a great evening of exchange and now I can’t”

“Don’t be petulant, it will all come all right”

As the conversation ends, it fades away and you are left, gripped with nothing but your longing. The wind changes, bringing a sky full of parchment pieces, inked in a thousand styles.

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“They closed the doors”

“Yes, Rossignol”

“Do do not be sad, Meliflee, they can still send us their letters”

“That’s not why I am sad, Rossignol”

“Then, why servant of the eater of dreams? What could trouble you?”

“Who would want less communication in their world? Who would want less dreaming?”

“Oh, no, that’s not how they mean it – remember what Ammar taught me?”

“I do, but I don’t understand. And I wanted to organise a great evening of exchange and now I can’t”

“Don’t be petulant, it will all come all right”

As the conversation ends, it fades away and you are left, gripped with nothing but your longing. The wind changes, bringing a sky full of parchment pieces, inked in a thousand styles.

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“They closed the doors”

“Yes, Rossignol”

“Do do not be sad, Melflee, they can still send us their letters”

“That’s not why I am sad, Rossignol”

“Then, why servant of the eater of dreams? What could trouble you?”

“Who would want less communication in their world? Who would want less dreaming?”

“Oh, no, that’s not how they mean it – remember what Ammar taught me?”

“I do, but I don’t understand. And I wanted to organise a great evening of exchange and now I can’t”

“Don’t be petulant, it will all come all right”

As the conversation ends, it fades away and you are left, gripped with nothing but your longing. The wind changes, bringing a sky full of parchment pieces, inked in a thousand styles.

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“They closed the doors”

“Yes, Rossignol”

“Do do not be sad, Melflee, they can still send us their letters”

“That’s not why I am sad, Rossignol”

“Then, why servant of the eater of dreams? What could trouble you?”

“Who would want less communication in their world? Who would want less dreaming?”

“Oh, no, that’s not how they mean it – remember what Ammar taught me?”

“I do, but I don’t understand. And I wanted to organise a great evening of exchange and now I can’t”

“Don’t be petulant, it will all come all right”

As the conversation ends, it fades away and you are left, gripped with nothing but your longing. The wind changes, bringing a sky full of parchment pieces, inked in a thousand styles.

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“They closed the doors”

“Yes, Rossignol”

“Do do not be sad, Meliflee, they can still send us their letters”

“That’s not why I am sad, Rossignol”

“Then, why servant of the eater of dreams? What could trouble you?”

“Who would want less communication in their world? Who would want less dreaming?”

“Oh, no, that’s not how they mean it – remember what Ammar taught me?”

“I do, but I don’t understand. And I wanted to organise a great evening of exchange and now I can’t”

“Don’t be petulant, it will all come all right”

As the conversation ends, it fades away and you are left, gripped with nothing but your longing. The wind changes, bringing a sky full of parchment pieces, inked in a thousand styles.

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“They closed the doors”

“Yes, Rossignol”

“Do do not be sad, Melflee, they can still send us their letters”

“That’s not why I am sad, Rossignol”

“Then, why servant of the eater of dreams? What could trouble you?”

“Who would want less communication in their world? Who would want less dreaming?”

“Oh, no, that’s not how they mean it – remember what Ammar taught me?”

“I do, but I don’t understand. And I wanted to organise a great evening of exchange and now I can’t”

“Don’t be petulant, it will all come all right”

As the conversation ends, it fades away and you are left, gripped with nothing but your longing. The wind changes, bringing a sky full of parchment pieces, inked in a thousand styles.

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“They closed the doors”

“Yes, Rossignol”

“Do do not be sad, Meliflee, they can still send us their letters”

“That’s not why I am sad, Rossignol”

“Then, why servant of the eater of dreams? What could trouble you?”

“Who would want less communication in their world? Who would want less dreaming?”

“Oh, no, that’s not how they mean it – remember what Ammar taught me?”

“I do, but I don’t understand. And I wanted to organise a great evening of exchange and now I can’t”

“Don’t be petulant, it will all come all right”

As the conversation ends, it fades away and you are left, gripped with nothing but your longing. The wind changes, bringing a sky full of parchment pieces, inked in a thousand styles.

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No words come. And so you feel it, inchoate, your blood fierce with longing. Twisting you, turning you inside out. And then, almost indistinct, barely registering against the yearning - a conversation.

“They closed the doors”

“Yes, Rossignol”

“Do do not be sad, Melflee, they can still send us their letters”

“That’s not why I am sad, Rossignol”

“Then, why servant of the eater of dreams? What could trouble you?”

“Who would want less communication in their world? Who would want less dreaming?”

“Oh, no, that’s not how they mean it – remember what Ammar taught me?”

“I do, but I don’t understand. And I wanted to organise a great evening of exchange and now I can’t”

“Don’t be petulant, it will all come all right”

As the conversation ends, it fades away and you are left, gripped with nothing but your longing. The wind changes, bringing a sky full of parchment pieces, inked in a thousand styles.

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