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Dream: Received by your character the night the Summer Solstice ended. Read this as many or as few times as you like before play. Make notes that “you made on waking” if you like. Do not carry it as an IC document.

It is a strange dream –comical when you look back at it but full of concern at the time. You think you have woken – startled by a shout from the farmhands “one of the chickens is missing”. You dress hastily and rush out around your farm. It feels urgent, a sadness, and you seek it in barns and fields and among the feedstores and among the toolsheds. Sometimes you think you catch a glimpse of it, feathers of purple and pink and blue peeking round a corner, but when you reach the spot it is gone. Eventually you wake, out of breath and confused.

It take you a little while to realise that it was not real. But as you do you begin to realise that you keep no chickens feathered in that way – if, indeed, you keep chickens at all – why those colours are more likely to be seen on a favoured herald of the Loquacious One.

Role-playing Effect if applicable: The dream does not linger long, even if you do keep chickens, and one missing, even if it was a prize cockerel is a loss, but not a major one. You may find yourself wondering where it came from, or you may find it easy to dismiss as just one of those things.

There is no mechanical effect.