

Ceslev / Simon Manby (132.2) Somnolent Wanderer

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You walk the banks of a swift-flowing river, that almost fills a rough stone passage. It flows straight, but the banks are narrow. The passage is not dark, for all that you can feel the weight of the stone and earth above and around pressing in. Strange statues stand at regular intervals; cowed and cloaked figures each with the face of a great cats, holding aloft orbs of effulgent amethyst that burn with a dim, twilight illumination. Each statue towers above you as you pass – fifteen, twenty feet tall. You can feel their eyes on you, the cold stone eyes of these great feline figures. They mark your presence, and a shiver runs down your spine.

After and indeterminate time, the unworked walls give way to worked stone, sheer walls of smooth granite. There are frescos carved into the walls, and while you might linger to look at them when you awaken all but the most trivial details are lost to you. Many show pale stone figures in strange clothing, dancing and feasting, and playing peculiar musical instruments, but there is also death, and war, and hunger, and something else that you cannot quite recall but leaves an empty hole in your mind, like a missing tooth.

The longer you gaze on the frescos, the more melancholy you become. You know nothing of these people and some sense tells you that you never will. Perhaps in untold centuries, some future magician will look on similar art from Varushka, and wonder at the peculiar garb and strange customs.

Then without warning, the passage is gone. The river plunges down into a great calm lagoon beneath a ceiling so high you cannot make it out. The amethyst twilight gives way to a vibrant, shimmering evening glow that shines all around you. Great vines spread around the lagoon, and the air is thick with an attar of night-blooming flowers – the very flowers from which the evening glow emanates.

Down a stone ramp that curves alongside the waterfall, down towards the mirror-smooth lagoon. There is a sense that you have been here for a long time, here beneath the earth, that your journey along the passage lasted days or perhaps even weeks. Perhaps you slake your thirst at the lakeside.

Around the lake stretches a city, but like nothing you have seen in the waking world. There are structures here – great curling towers that seem to spiral around themselves from broad base to narrow pinnacle. Some have collapsed, but many more thrust up into the pale glowing air like horns or talons. The queer vines twine and constrict some of them, while others are naked of flowers, and you can see that they seem to be built of polished ivory, or perhaps dragonbone.

You are not alone. Through the air above you drift great wingéd beasts. These rum aerial creatures are something like bats, but smoother, and they drift through the air as if they were great fish rather than the hectic flapping of the children of the night. They are dark, leathern, with long curling tails. Some are no longer than your arms, while others could dwarf a small cottage. Each one has a single eye in their squat head that glimmers dark violet. They pay you no heed, seeming content to drift in the dark air. Occasionally one dives into a cloud of fluttering bats, and devours them, and sending them scattering in all directions.

You wander across the floor of the great cavern, as the peculiar ... emptiness ... grows. Amid the towers, are many statues of white granite, most choked and broken by the questing vegetative arms. Here and there, a statue had proved carved of sterner stuff, still intact or partly so.

They are ... odd, these statues. Bold half-human figures, with strange faces and an intemperate number of arms; weird hunched figures with taloned hands and feet and fang-filled mouths; coiling serpent worms, their heads entirely consisting of open toothy maws; batwingéd faceless cambion-kind warriors; soft robed naga-kind; and strange aspected briar-kind.

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... it is like there is a space here. You stand surrounded by the eerie statues and the strange flowers and the exotic, drifting bat creatures. What wonders might exist within these spiral towers? What secrets are buried here beneath the earth and ...

... the dreamscape holds its breath and ...

A CHOICE: At this point you have two choices. You may choose to disappear next time you are alone and merge with these eerie part of the dreamscape. You will be dead. Your character will no doubt learn unspeakable secrets, but will be dead and unable to tell them to anyone. Perhaps future visitors to the Dreamscape will speak with you about your life and bring messages from the waking world but you will be gone. You can take time to say good bye, but then when along go and retire your character and ask GOD to let the Plot Team know what you have done.

Alternatively, you may shake off the growing urge to stay, and wake up.

Waking up: All your personal mana has been depleted, rather than replenished by a night's sleep. You can recover personal mana as normal – via a potion or a Chamber of Secrets or similar - but it is as if you had spent all your mana in your sleep rather than resting fully.

Provided you have at least one rank of the appropriate lore, until the start of the next Profound Decisions Empire event you can perform the rituals Cast off the Chains of Memory (Night/4), Skein of Years (Day/8), or Winter's Ghosts (Winter/50) as if you had mastered them; if you have already mastered these rituals, you may perform them as if you have one additional rank of the appropriate lore, subject to the normal rules about additional ranks. You should keep this vision and show it to a referee if you perform on of there rituals.

If you perform Winter's Ghosts, ask the referee to note the presence and CID of anyone with this vision. No reason.

Roleplaying effect: When you awaken, for at least the next hour, fragments of the empty city intrude into your perception; you might see towers rising above the tents of Anvil, imagine odd glowing flowers coiling around a pole, or glimpse bat-like things swooping through the air above. They are hallucinations, but anyone who shared this dream vision with you might experience the same elements (you're encourage to riff about this among yourself). They'll disappear as quickly as they come.

As long as the enchantment lasts you experience a roleplaying effect: you are naggingly aware of how transient memory is. In a surprisingly short time, everything you and the people around you think is important will be a mystery for the people who come after you. What you know now will become a secret, and then a mystery, and then ... perhaps ... drop into oblivion lost forever.

Zastyt the Feeder / Jason Belam (704.3) Somnolent Wanderer

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Down a stone ramp that curves alongside the waterfall, down towards the mirror-smooth lagoon. There is a sense that you have been here for a long time, here beneath the earth, that your journey along the passage lasted days or perhaps even weeks. Perhaps you slake your thirst at the lakeside.

Around the lake stretches a city, but like nothing you have seen in the waking world. There are structures here – great curling towers that seem to spiral around themselves from broad base to narrow pinnacle. Some have collapsed, but many more thrust up into the pale glowing air like horns or talons. The queer vines twine and constrict some of them, while others are naked of flowers, and you can see that they seem to be built of polished ivory, or perhaps dragonbone.

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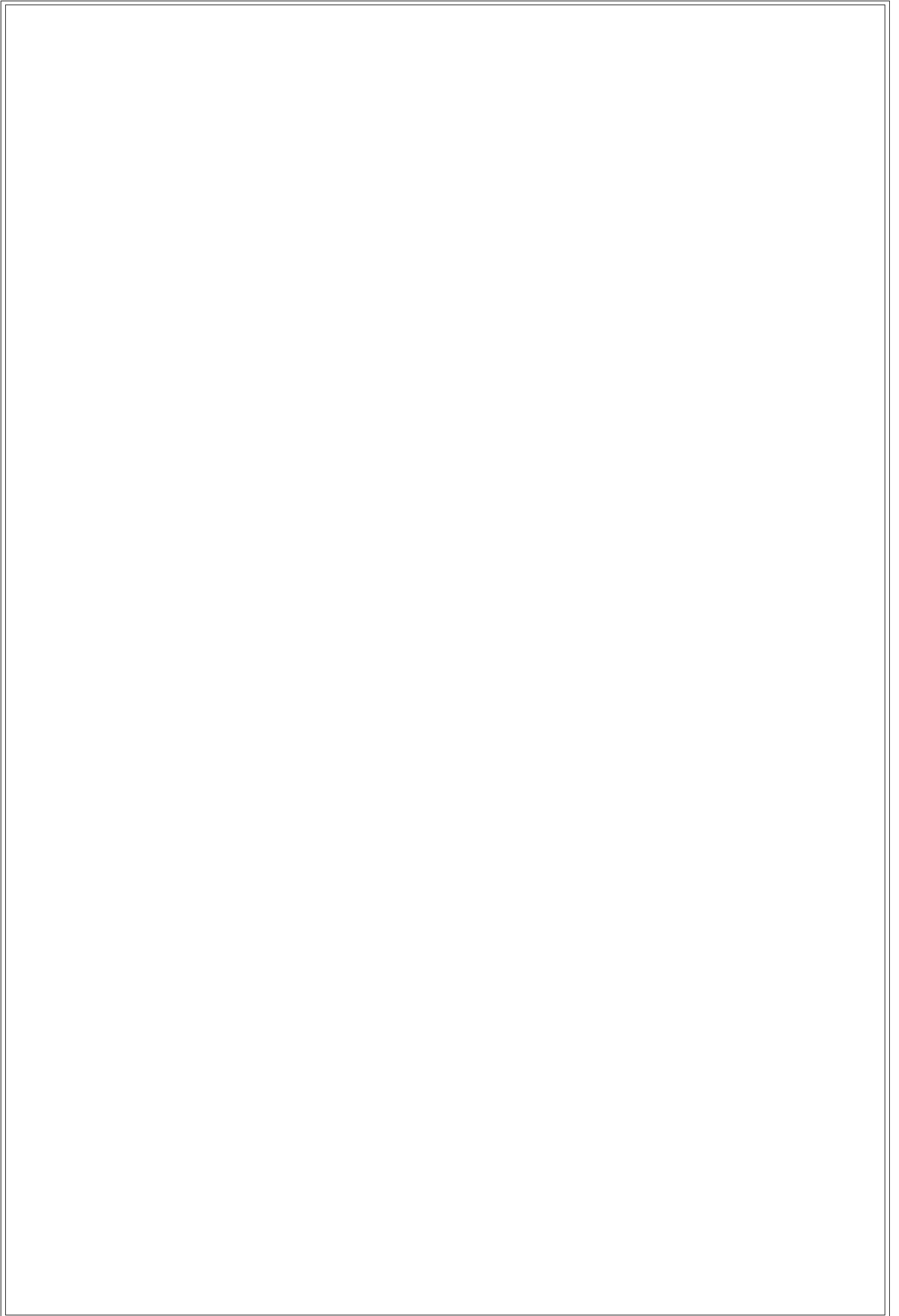
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Zlata Ruznikova Perenel, *The Dread Auntie* / Helen Diggle
(8733.1)

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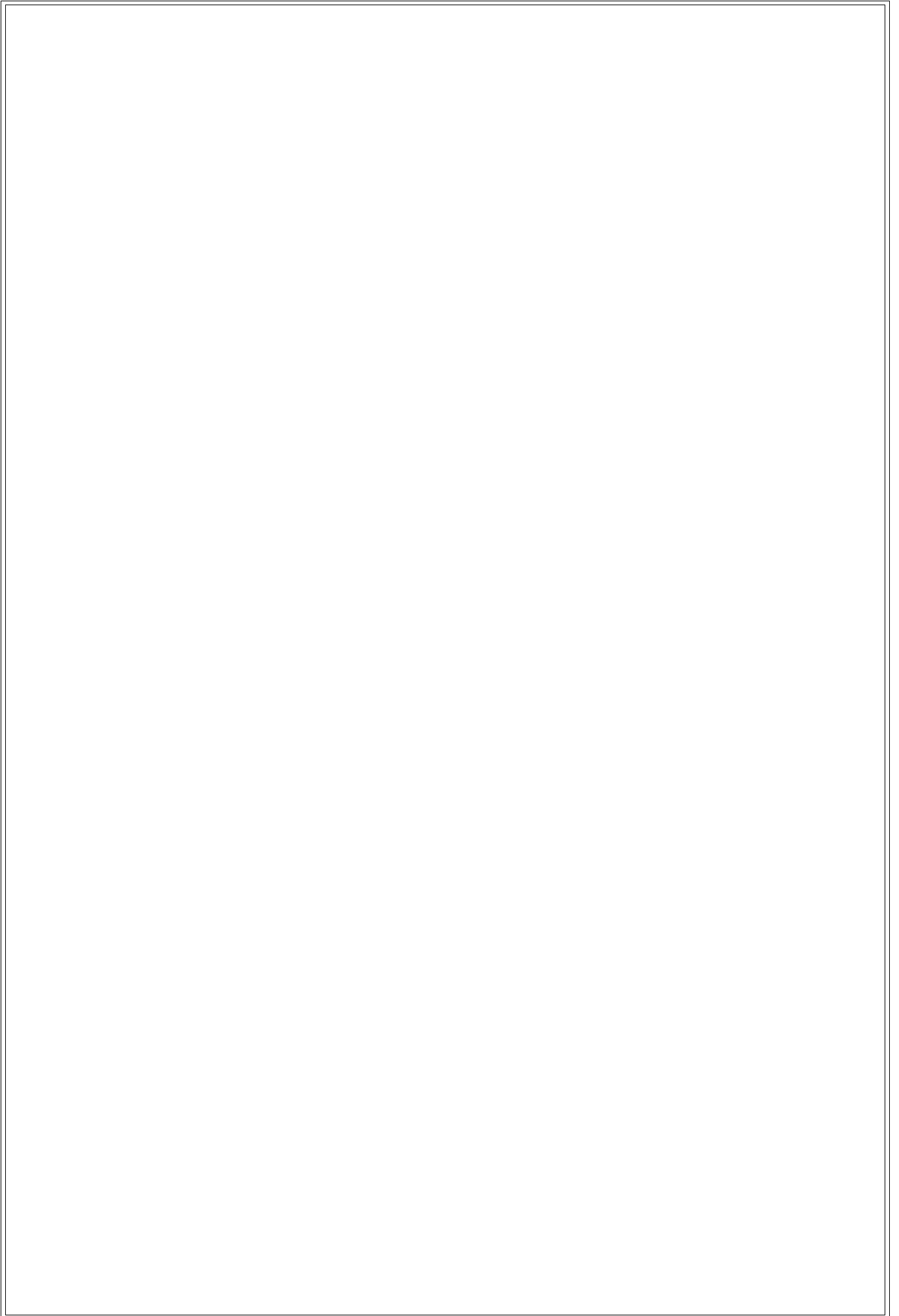
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Yevgeni Katzev / Timothy Goundry (62.1)
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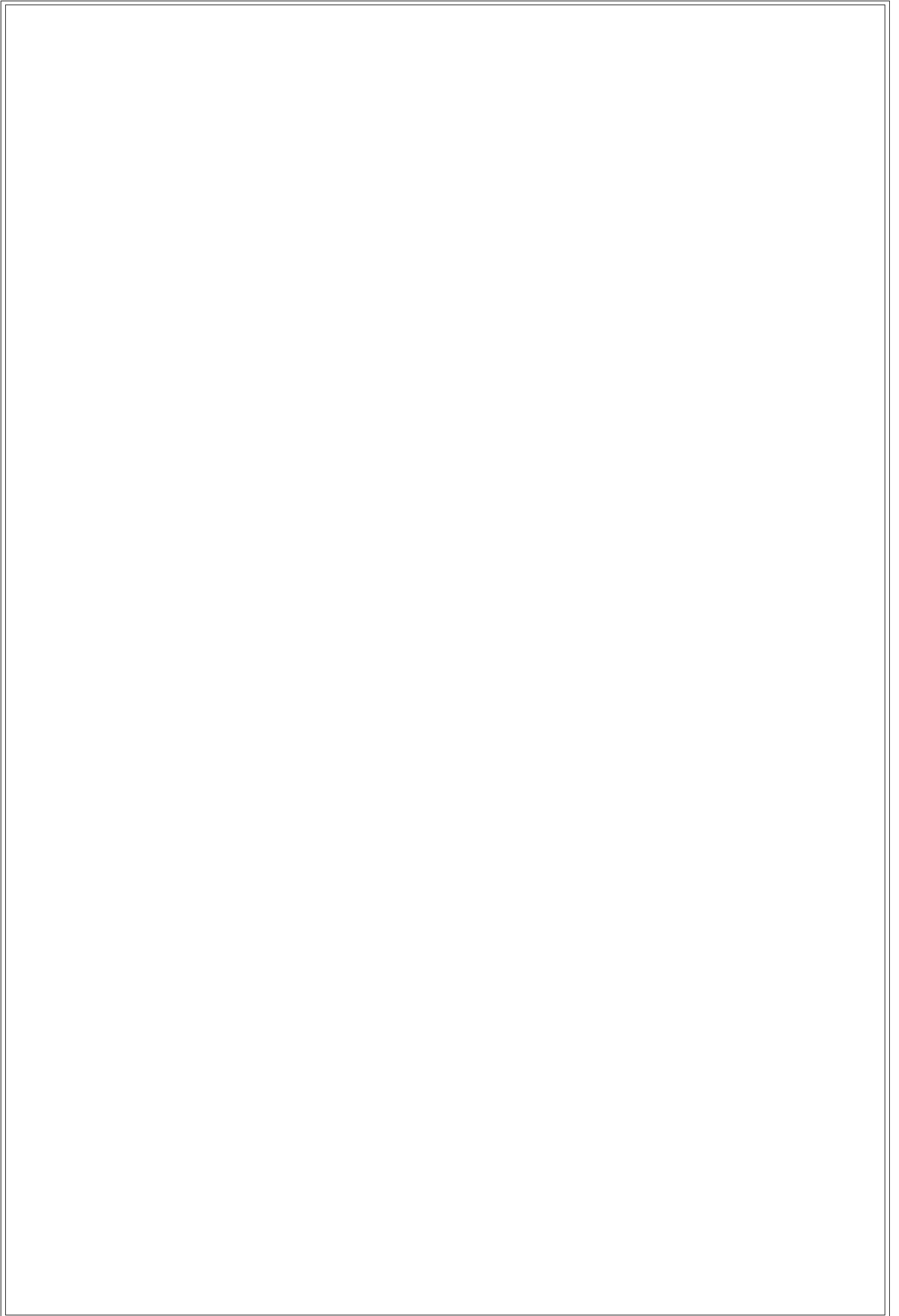
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Simargl, the Empty One / Steve Cooke (269.1)
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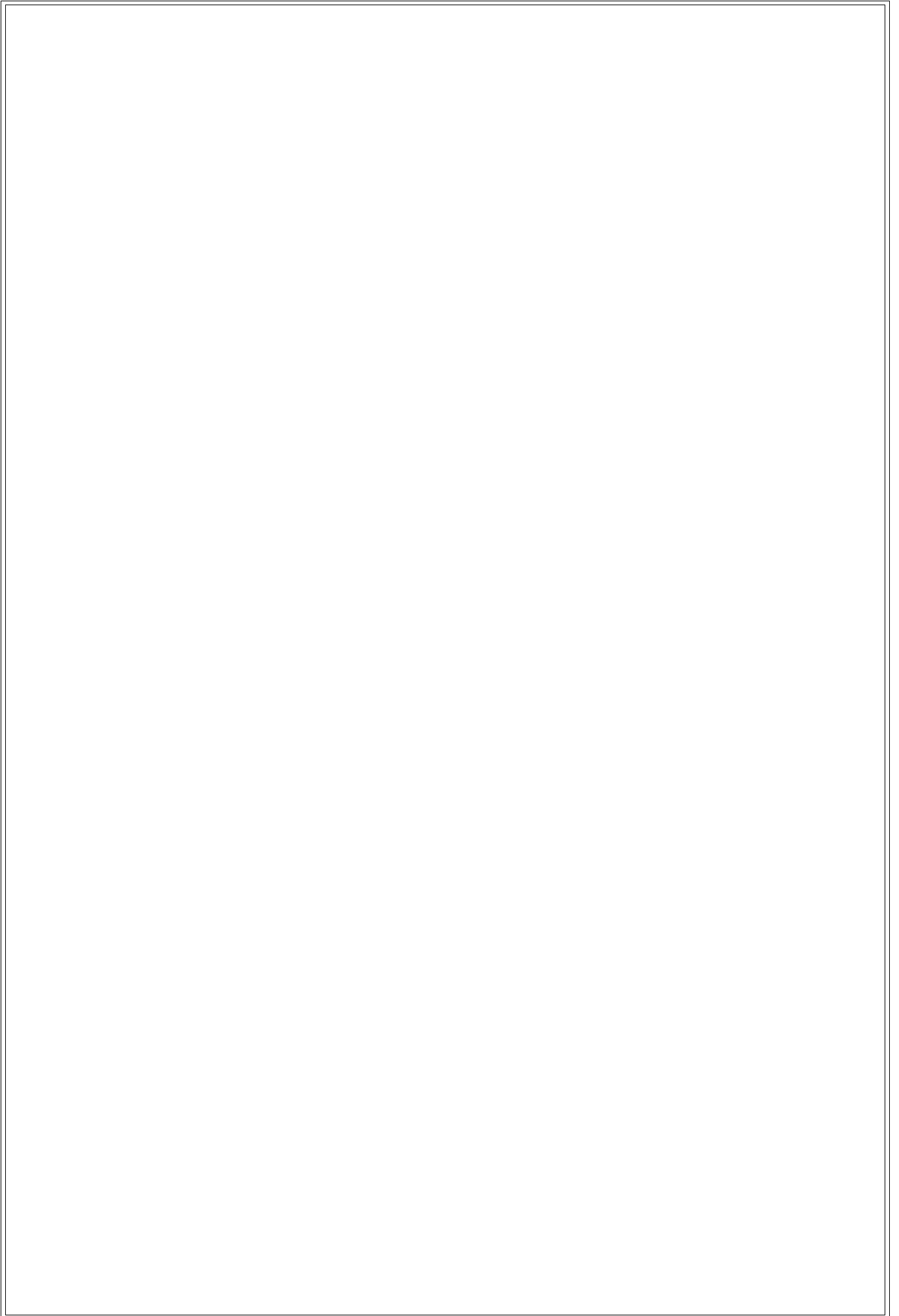
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If you perform Winter's Ghosts, ask the referee to note the presence and CID of anyone with this vision. No reason.

Roleplaying effect: When you awaken, for at least the next hour, fragments of the empty city intrude into your perception; you might see towers rising above the tents of Anvil, imagine odd glowing flowers coiling around a pole, or glimpse bat-like things swooping through the air above. They are hallucinations, but anyone who shared this dream vision with you might experience the same elements (you're encourage to riff about this among yourself). They'll disappear as quickly as they come.

As long as the enchantment lasts you experience a roleplaying effect: you are naggingly aware of how transient memory is. In a surprisingly short time, everything you and the people around you think is important will be a mystery for the people who come after you. What you know now will become a secret, and then a mystery, and then ... perhaps ... drop into oblivion lost forever.



Lutobor (Lut) Branislavovich Glinka / Tom Vickers (9157.1)
Somnolent Wanderer

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You walk the banks of a swift-flowing river, that almost fills a rough stone passage. It flows straight, but the banks are narrow. The passage is not dark, for all that you can feel the weight of the stone and earth above and around pressing in. Strange statues stand at regular intervals; cowed and cloaked figures each with the face of a great cat, holding aloft orbs of effulgent amethyst that burn with a dim, twilight illumination. Each statue towers above you as you pass – fifteen, twenty feet tall. You can feel their eyes on you, the cold stone eyes of these great feline figures. They mark your presence, and a shiver runs down your spine.

After an indeterminate time, the unworked walls give way to worked stone, sheer walls of smooth granite. There are frescos carved into the walls, and while you might linger to look at them when you awaken all but the most trivial details are lost to you. Many show pale stone figures in strange clothing, dancing and feasting, and playing peculiar musical instruments, but there is also death, and war, and hunger, and something else that you cannot quite recall but leaves an empty hole in your mind, like a missing tooth.

The longer you gaze on the frescos, the more melancholy you become. You know nothing of these people and some sense tells you that you never will. Perhaps in untold centuries, some future magician will look on similar art from Varushka, and wonder at the peculiar garb and strange customs.

Then without warning, the passage is gone. The river plunges down into a great calm lagoon beneath a ceiling so high you cannot make it out. The amethyst twilight gives way to a vibrant, shimmering evening glow that shines all around you. Great vines spread around the lagoon, and the air is thick with an attar of night-blooming flowers – the very flowers from which the evening glow emanates.

Down a stone ramp that curves alongside the waterfall, down towards the mirror-smooth lagoon. There is a sense that you have been here for a long time, here beneath the earth, that your journey along the passage lasted days or perhaps even weeks. Perhaps you slake your thirst at the lakeside.

Around the lake stretches a city, but like nothing you have seen in the waking world. There are structures here – great curling towers that seem to spiral around themselves from broad base to narrow pinnacle. Some have collapsed, but many more thrust up into the pale glowing air like horns or talons. The queer vines twine and constrict some of them, while others are naked of flowers, and you can see that they seem to be built of polished ivory, or perhaps dragonbone.

You are not alone. Through the air above you drift great wingéd beasts. These rum aerial creatures are something like bats, but smoother, and they drift through the air as if they were great fish rather than the hectic flapping of the children of the night. They are dark, leathern, with long curling tails. Some are no longer than your arms, while others could dwarf a small cottage. Each one has a single eye in their squat head that glimmers dark violet. They pay you no heed, seeming content to drift in the dark air. Occasionally one dives into a cloud of fluttering bats, and devours them, and sending them scattering in all directions.

You wander across the floor of the great cavern, as the peculiar ... emptiness ... grows. Amid the towers, are many statues of white granite, most choked and broken by the questing vegetative arms. Here and there, a statue had proved carved of sterner stuff, still intact or partly so.

They are ... odd, these statues. Bold half-human figures, with strange faces and an intemperate number of arms; weird hunched figures with taloned hands and feet and fang-filled mouths; coiling serpent worms, their heads entirely consisting of open toothy maws; batwingéd faceless cambion-kind warriors; soft robed naga-kind; and strange aspected briar-kind.

The emptiness, the sense of being deserted, of something passed-away grows. You are alone in a strange place, far from aid. Indeed, were you to cry out, you would most likely only draw more doom upon your head. All your magic will avail you nothing here ... but

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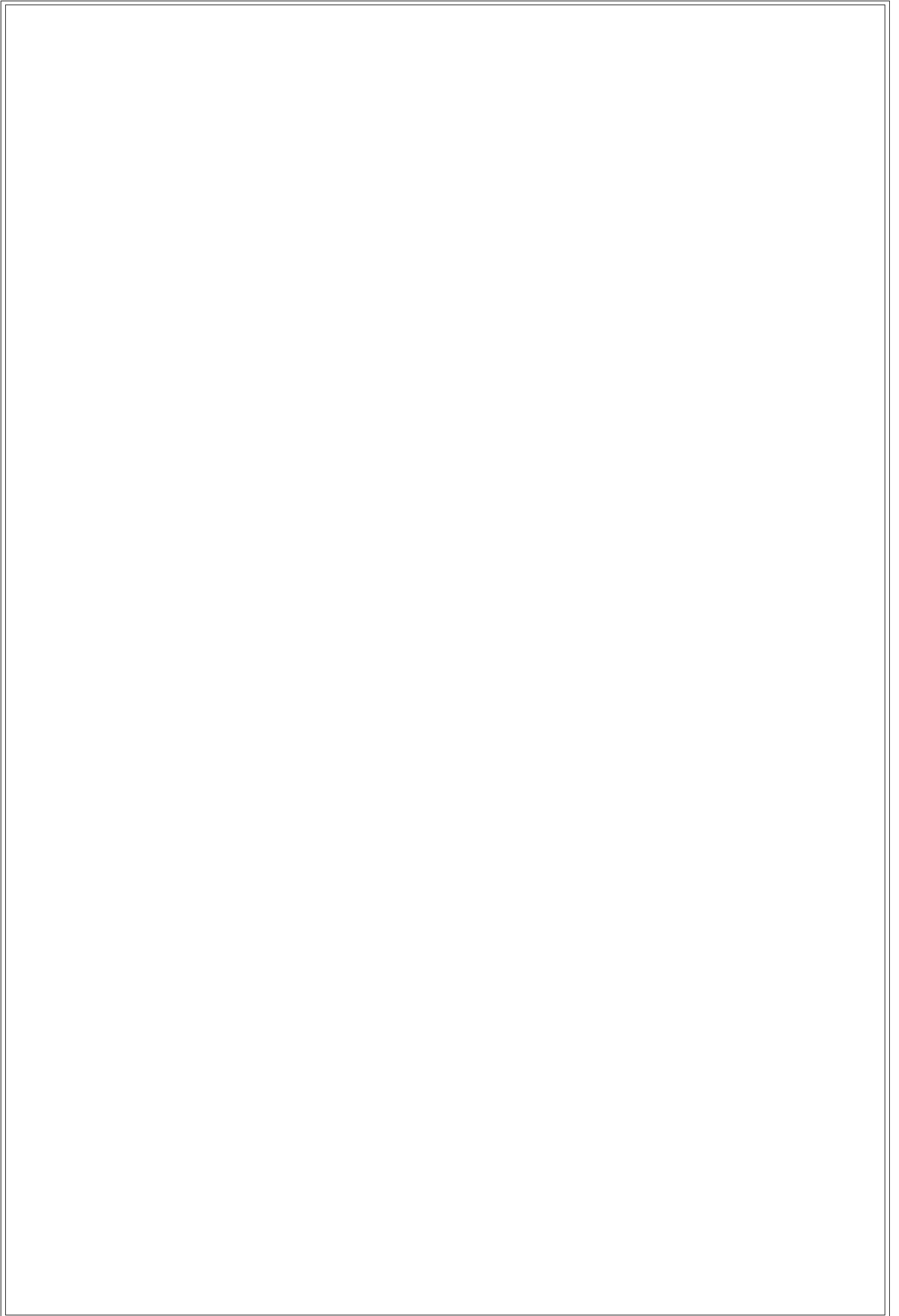
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Vaclav Mladenovich Kostic / John Shockley (438.2)
Somnolent Wanderer

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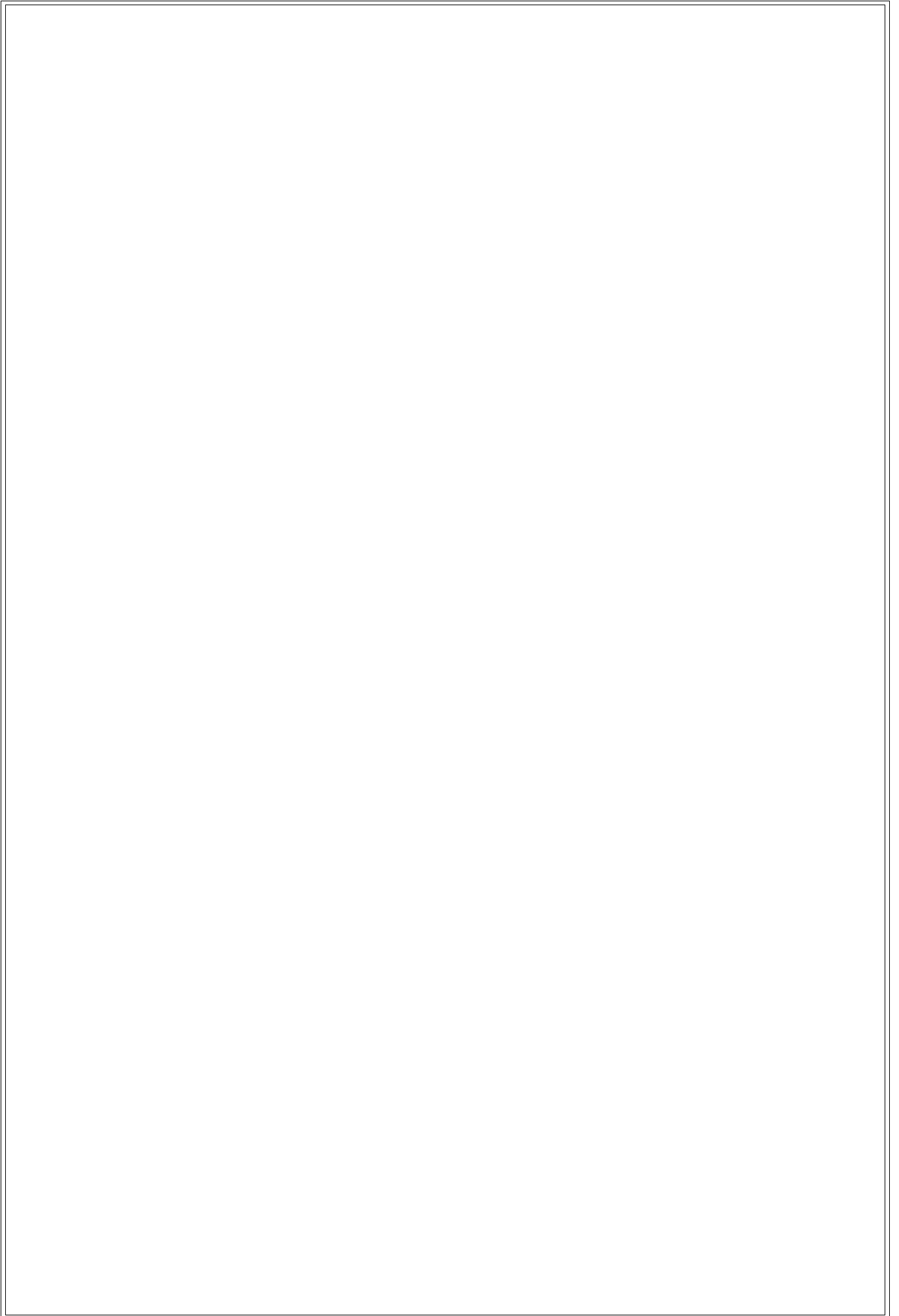
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Luca Lutboravixh Glinka / Ellen Vickers (11171.1)

Somnolent Wanderer

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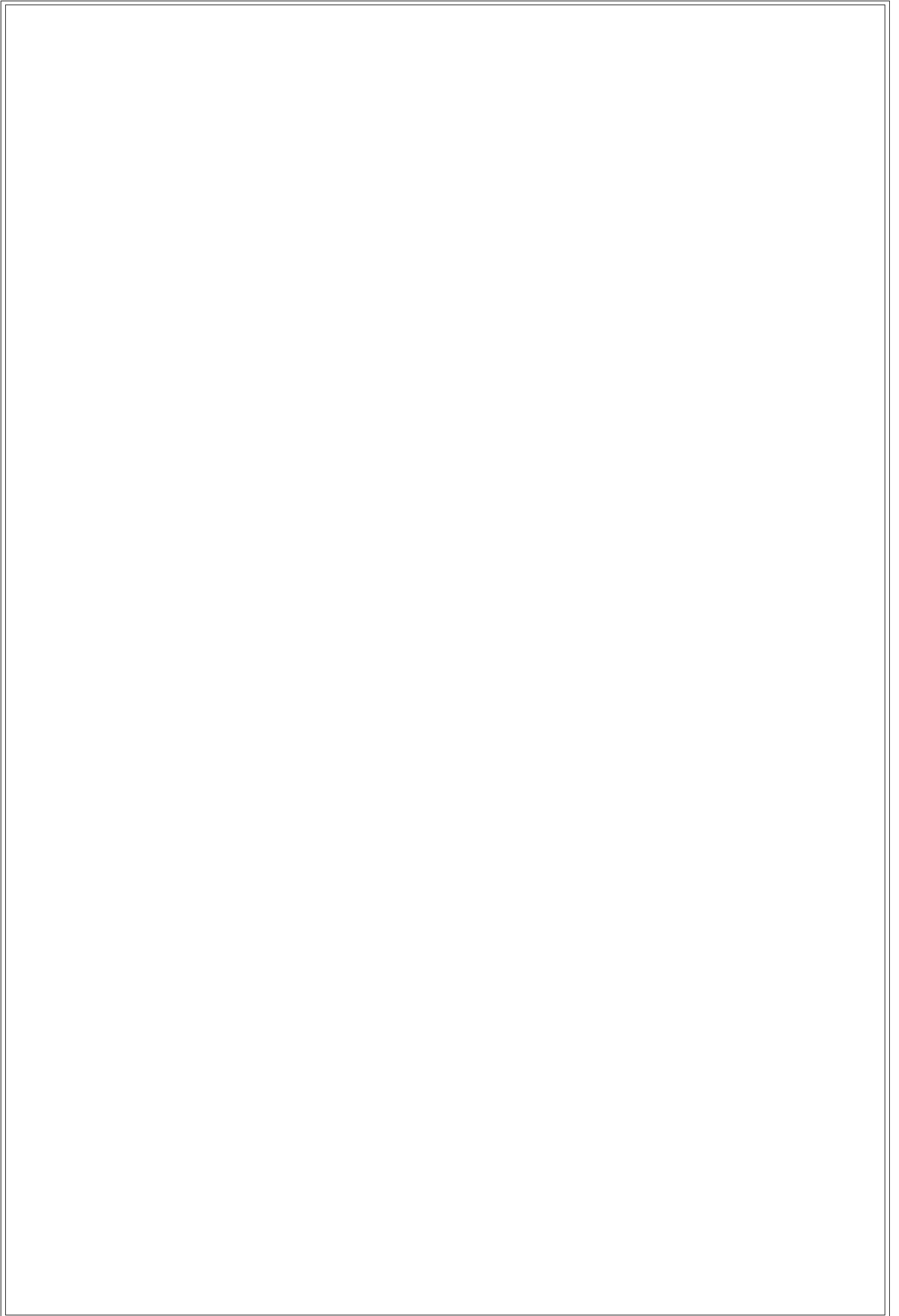
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Vojislav / Ruben Carrasco-Minto (12001.1)
Somnolent Wanderer

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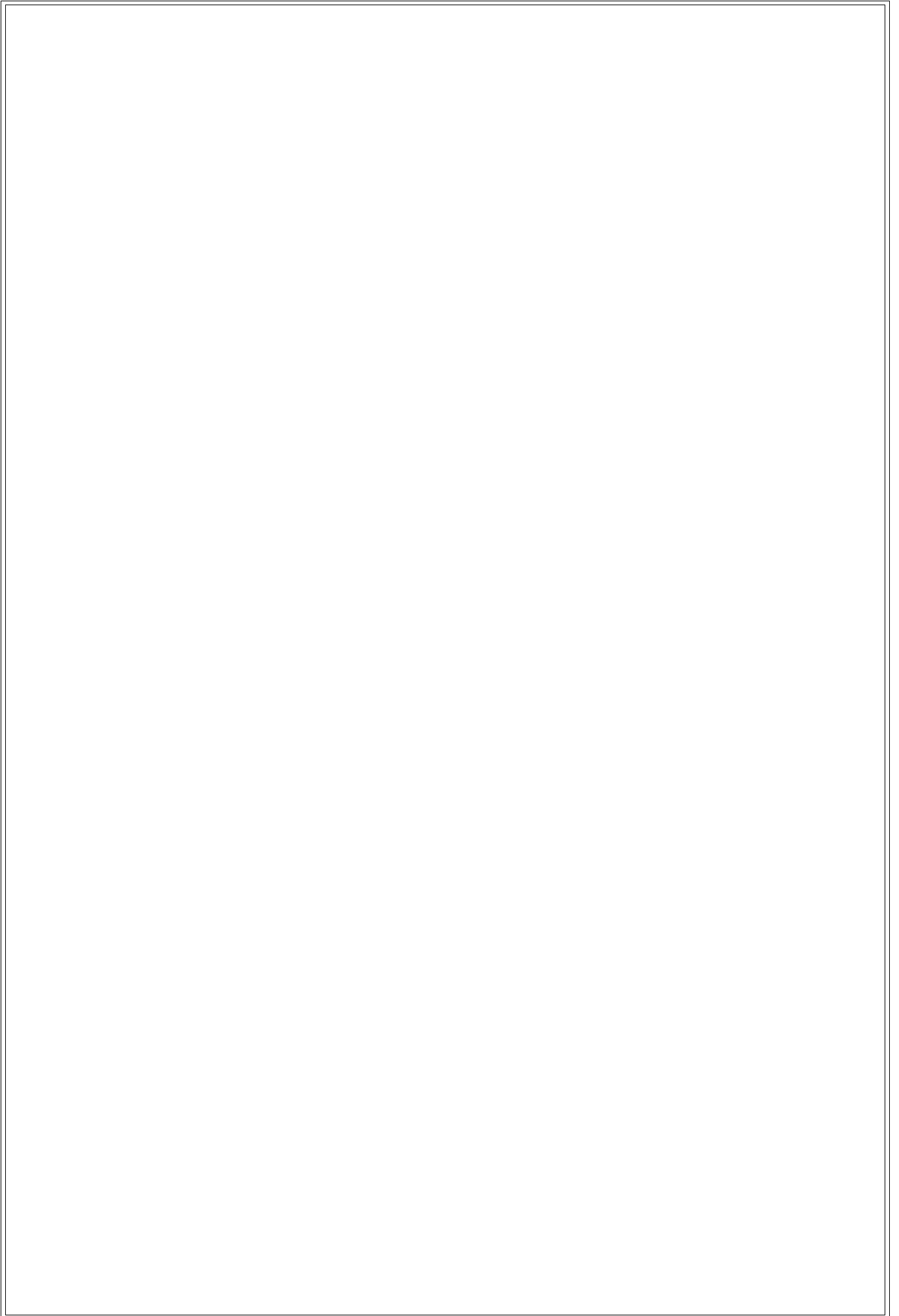
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Zoria / Isabella Shockley (10516.1)
Somnolent Wanderer

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Down a stone ramp that curves alongside the waterfall, down towards the mirror-smooth lagoon. There is a sense that you have been here for a long time, here beneath the earth, that your journey along the passage lasted days or perhaps even weeks. Perhaps you slake your thirst at the lakeside.

Around the lake stretches a city, but like nothing you have seen in the waking world. There are structures here – great curling towers that seem to spiral around themselves from broad base to narrow pinnacle. Some have collapsed, but many more thrust up into the pale glowing air like horns or talons. The queer vines twine and constrict some of them, while others are naked of flowers, and you can see that they seem to be built of polished ivory, or perhaps dragonbone.

You are not alone. Through the air above you drift great wingéd beasts. These rum aerial creatures are something like bats, but smoother, and they drift through the air as if they were great fish rather than the hectic flapping of the children of the night. They are dark, leathern, with long curling tails. Some are no longer than your arms, while others could dwarf a small cottage. Each one has a single eye in their squat head that glimmers dark violet. They pay you no heed, seeming content to drift in the dark air. Occasionally one dives into a cloud of fluttering bats, and devours them, and sending them scattering in all directions.

You wander across the floor of the great cavern, as the peculiar ... emptiness ... grows. Amid the towers, are many statues of white granite, most choked and broken by the questing vegetative arms. Here and there, a statue had proved carved of sterner stuff, still intact or partly so.

They are ... odd, these statues. Bold half-human figures, with strange faces and an intemperate number of arms; weird hunched figures with taloned hands and feet and fang-filled mouths; coiling serpent worms, their heads entirely consisting of open toothy maws; batwingéd faceless cambion-kind warriors; soft robed naga-kind; and strange aspected briar-kind.

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... it is like there is a space here. You stand surrounded by the eerie statues and the strange flowers and the exotic, drifting bat creatures. What wonders might exist within these spiral towers? What secrets are buried here beneath the earth and ...

... the dreamscape holds its breath and ...

A CHOICE: At this point you have two choices. You may choose to disappear next time you are alone and merge with these eerie part of the dreamscape. You will be dead. Your character will no doubt learn unspeakable secrets, but will be dead and unable to tell them to anyone. Perhaps future visitors to the Dreamscape will speak with you about your life and bring messages from the waking world but you will be gone. You can take time to say good bye, but then when along go and retire your character and ask GOD to let the Plot Team know what you have done.

Alternatively, you may shake off the growing urge to stay, and wake up.

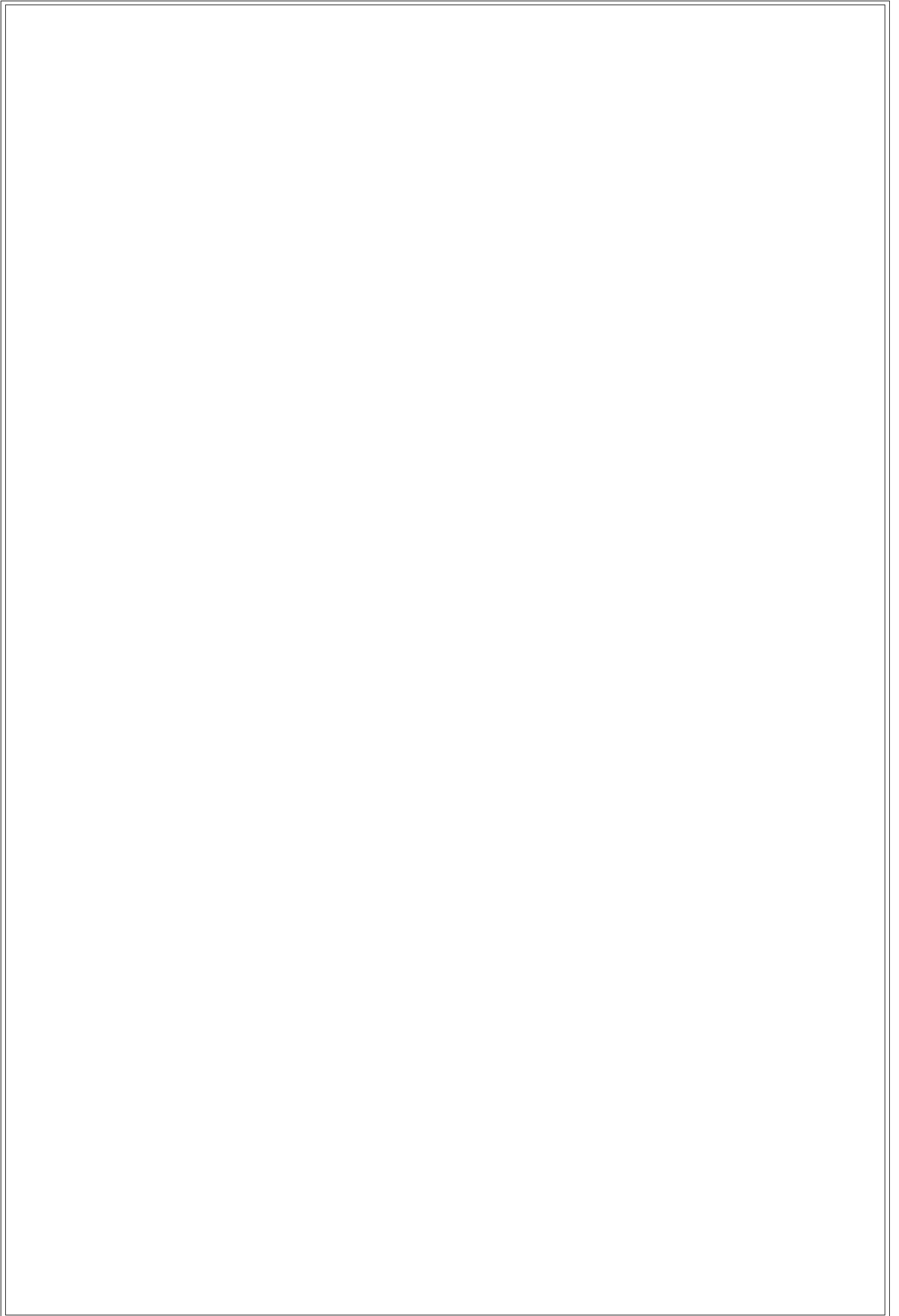
Waking up: All your personal mana has been depleted, rather than replenished by a night's sleep. You can recover personal mana as normal – via a potion or a Chamber of Secrets or similar - but it is as if you had spent all your mana in your sleep rather than resting fully.

Provided you have at least one rank of the appropriate lore, until the start of the next Profound Decisions Empire event you can perform the rituals Cast off the Chains of Memory (Night/4), Skein of Years (Day/8), or Winter's Ghosts (Winter/50) as if you had mastered them; if you have already mastered these rituals, you may perform them as if you have one additional rank of the appropriate lore, subject to the normal rules about additional ranks. You should keep this vision and show it to a referee if you perform on of there rituals.

If you perform Winter's Ghosts, ask the referee to note the presence and CID of anyone with this vision. No reason.

Roleplaying effect: When you awaken, for at least the next hour, fragments of the empty city intrude into your perception; you might see towers rising above the tents of Anvil, imagine odd glowing flowers coiling around a pole, or glimpse bat-like things swooping through the air above. They are hallucinations, but anyone who shared this dream vision with you might experience the same elements (you're encourage to riff about this among yourself). They'll disappear as quickly as they come.

As long as the enchantment lasts you experience a roleplaying effect: you are naggingly aware of how transient memory is. In a surprisingly short time, everything you and the people around you think is important will be a mystery for the people who come after you. What you know now will become a secret, and then a mystery, and then ... perhaps ... drop into oblivion lost forever.



Lechovitch-Roza / Oliver Rose (13366.1) Somnolent Wanderer

There are a number of you, meeting on the banks of a black river. The waters flow swiftly, deep underground. There is the usual moment of meeting, that awareness that you are sharing a dream always electrifying. But as is always the way, within a few moments you are alone and the memory that there was every someone else here is gone.

You walk the banks of a swift-flowing river, that almost fills a rough stone passage. It flows straight, but the banks are narrow. The passage is not dark, for all that you can feel the weight of the stone and earth above and around pressing in. Strange statues stand at regular intervals; cowed and cloaked figures each with the face of a great cat, holding aloft orbs of effulgent amethyst that burn with a dim, twilight illumination. Each statue towers above you as you pass – fifteen, twenty feet tall. You can feel their eyes on you, the cold stone eyes of these great feline figures. They mark your presence, and a shiver runs down your spine.

After an indeterminate time, the unworked walls give way to worked stone, sheer walls of smooth granite. There are frescos carved into the walls, and while you might linger to look at them when you awaken all but the most trivial details are lost to you. Many show pale stone figures in strange clothing, dancing and feasting, and playing peculiar musical instruments, but there is also death, and war, and hunger, and something else that you cannot quite recall but leaves an empty hole in your mind, like a missing tooth.

The longer you gaze on the frescos, the more melancholy you become. You know nothing of these people and some sense tells you that you never will. Perhaps in untold centuries, some future magician will look on similar art from Varushka, and wonder at the peculiar garb and strange customs.

Then without warning, the passage is gone. The river plunges down into a great calm lagoon beneath a ceiling so high you cannot make it out. The amethyst twilight gives way to a vibrant, shimmering evening glow that shines all around you. Great vines spread around the lagoon, and the air is thick with an attar of night-blooming flowers – the very flowers from which the evening glow emanates.

Down a stone ramp that curves alongside the waterfall, down towards the mirror-smooth lagoon. There is a sense that you have been here for a long time, here beneath the earth, that your journey along the passage lasted days or perhaps even weeks. Perhaps you slake your thirst at the lakeside.

Around the lake stretches a city, but like nothing you have seen in the waking world. There are structures here – great curling towers that seem to spiral around themselves from broad base to narrow pinnacle. Some have collapsed, but many more thrust up into the pale glowing air like horns or talons. The queer vines twine and constrict some of them, while others are naked of flowers, and you can see that they seem to be built of polished ivory, or perhaps dragonbone.

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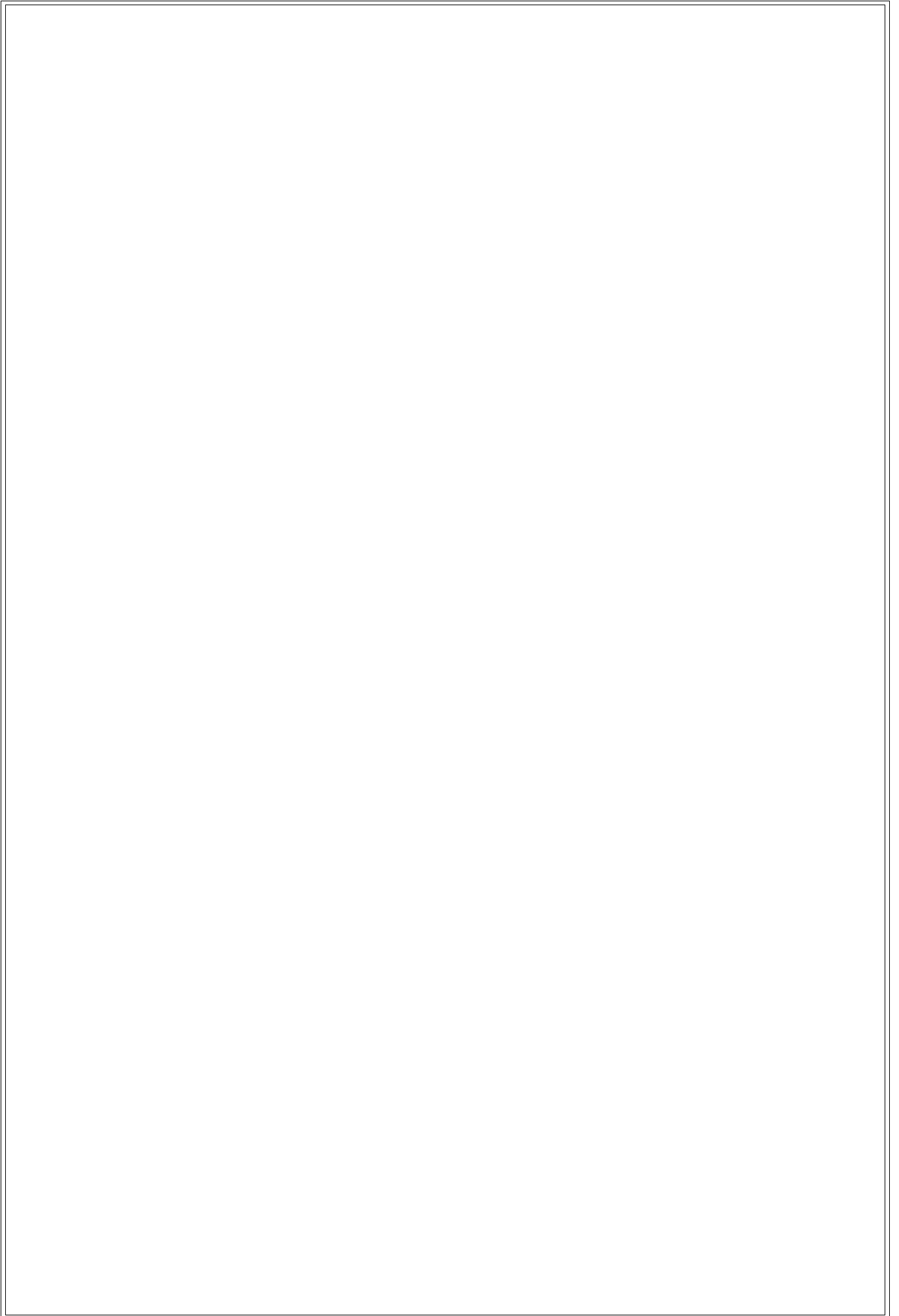
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Sacha / Tom Cold (16304.1)

Somnolent Wanderer

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