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You dream that the night sky is dusted with stars. Their arrangement is unfamiliar. Rather than a random scattering from which patterns emerge the longer you look at them, these stars are laid out with geometric precision. The pattern is immediately obvious but its meaning is beyond you.

You are in a forest of fungus. Great tree-trunk thick stems rise to immense wide caps. Shelves of pale mushroom and spreading stains of rust and mold cover the ruins of some great structure scattered all around you – perhaps a city, or a cyclopean fortress of some kind. Here and there between the mushroom trunks, you can see odd smooth columns of translucent grey crystal jutting from the dry, black earth. There doesn't seem to be any design to their locations. They are angular, smooth sided, and vary between half a dozen feet tall to looming three-storey towers. Shelves of fungus and rust grow along them.

There are bats flying overhead. You spot only a small handful at first, then increasing numbers. They bicker and flutter, zipping across the night sky on some urgent errand. One slaps against the side of a nearby column of clear stone, clinging with its clawed wings, and glares balefully at you from eyes the colour of the sun just before it drops below the horizon. It chitters, agitated, then launches itself into the air again.

There is a wide path here – paved in hexagonal stone flags and bounded by six-inch cylinders of black stone at exactly two-pace intervals. The air is thick with spores, occasionally making you cough. Your pale tunic and hooded cloak are dusted with the pale spores that drift endlessly from the underside of the great mushroom caps, the larger mushrooms become less and less common. It is like entering a clearing in the myconid forest.

In the centre of the clearing is a large tomb, seemingly carved of black glass. The door stands partially open. Strange runes are carved across the surface, inlaid with a shimmering red metal. Almost as soon as you see it, the moment you understand what it is, you find yourself stood at its threshold – crossing the distance between one breath and the next.

Peering in, the tomb is a barren chamber, much smaller than the outside would have lead you to believe – barely six yards long. A shelf runs around the walls at shoulder height, set on which are dozens and dozens of cracked grey crystals, surrounded by piles of dust; the skulls of unidentifiable animals; and here and there an ivory-yellow human skull. None of the skulls have teeth.

At the far end of the room on a waist-high dais of obsidian rests a coffin made of the same material. Resting on top of it are three scrolls of black paper, rolled tight, bound in dark iron.

The door is open but not enough to walk through – you have to squeeze, sucking your breath in. Inside, the air is warm, but the air presses in close, oppressive. There is little light here but you can see fine, as if you were under the harvest moon.

You can't stop yourself moving across the tomb and despite its cramped confines it seems to take forever to reach the coffin. You mount the steps of the dais, although some part of

your Varushkan soul is shouting at you *WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?*

At one end of the black rock box is a clear window, covered in dust. You wipe the dust clear, and gaze down onto the face of the body within. The skin is stretched like parchment on the bones; the eyes sunken in; the hair wispy; and four sharp fangs protrude over the thin lower lips. It is a draughir you think.

The eyes of the corpse are closed ... but you can feel it watching through the glass even in death. A voice begins to whisper in your head, slipping cold syllables directly into your mind. It talks about the joy of hunting, the power that comes from falling on your prey unseen, seeing the fear in their eyes, watching it flicker and fade as your blade cuts deep into their chest. It is a Varushkan voice, but there is no humanity in it.

You can feel the gaze of the dead eyes, hidden behind their lids. You cannot look away. Then, suddenly, they snap open revealing empty black sockets within which burn crimson embers full of hate and hunter. You can move at last, staggering back, half-stumbling and half falling down the steps of the dais.

With a resounding crash, the heavy lid of the glass sarcophagus is thrust aside, splintering on the dais. Something begins to rise from it, a terrible gaunt figure with razor-sharp claws on its long arms, and a mawful of tearing, ripping teeth, and eyes only for you as it tenses to leadp...

... and then you wake up.

Effect: Until the start of the next Profound Decisions Empire event you can perform the ritual Gnawing, Endless Hunger (Winter:20) as if you had mastered it. If you have already mastered this ritual, you may perform it as if you have one additional rank of Winter lore. You should keep this vision and show it to a referee if you perform this ritual. This is an enchantment.

Roleplaying effect: When you awaken, you are under a roleplaying effect that persist for at least an hour: making eye contact with another person makes you nervous and anxious and it is difficult to look directly at anyone's face. If you do so for more than a few moments their eyes fall in revealing those same empty dark sockets with flaming embers in their depths, which is quite unsettling.

In addition, as long as the enchantment lasts, you experience a roleplaying effect: you occasionally find yourself thinking of the best and most effective way to kill the people around you, and occasionally find yourself blurting out comments about how easy it would be to do this and how you'd end their lives.