

*For the last few weeks you have been having strange dreams...*

*Your dreams always start as normal and are as varied as dreams always are, but something is different. As your thoughts twist and turn, delving into the concerns of your day and processing your worries, a large black crow appears in your visions.*

*The crow calls at you and then starts to hop away, half fluttering but moving from rock to rock, from fence post to fence post, from tree stump to tree stump. You move after it, as the scene changes, the colour from your visions going and until everything is in a pale grey colour.*

*You realise that you are focused on the crow until it hops down onto the bloated corpse.*

*In your dreams the body is not always the same. It is sometimes a friend, sometimes someone you have had dealings with during the day, or someone on your mind. It is often the body of an Orc, likely a Jotun by its garb or sometimes a Marcher child.*

*The corpse has swollen to about twice its size, and its skin is pale... through much exposure to water for probably several years. You realise that the scene is once again the marches just outside Swindale.*

*The crow then starts to cough, water coming out of its lungs*

*As you awake you find yourself also coughing muddy water out.*