

You remember fragments of dreams...

You dance on the surface of a milky eye.

"I." the voice says nothing else.

Another self brushes against you. Cold. It wraps long fingers round your arms.

"I can tell you all the secrets about yourself. Your threads from life through to death. The tale of your every bone. Will you stay here with me if I tell you such stories?"

Role-playing Effect: The hair on the back of your neck continues to stand on end after waking, as if cold breath is blowing onto you from behind. From time to time you become certain that someone must be standing there.

This is an OOC document you should not take it into play. Feel free to make any notes about what your character remembers from the dream or vision instead.