

Dreams of Autumn – Oneira di Tassato Mestra

Sometime between the Autumn Equinox and the Winter Solstice, you have the following dream – and unlike many of your dreams recently, you remember it.

You are suspended in a black void. In front of you, hanging on nothing, are an array of masks. It is familiar to you; you saw it when you visited the chamber in which you met Mazen the Many-Faced.

As one the masks speak, in many voices.

"Oneira. Harlequin. We see you. Yes. We see your thoughts. We see your potential. Yes. Yes."

There is a sound like the movement of a great crowd. You hear the murmurings of theatre-goers, and are distracted for a moment. When you look back, you see that a stony-faced figure has joined you, hanging in the dark. Its limbs hang loose, like a puppet with cut strings.

"This is Jannam. This Jannam has been helping us! Yes! Speak!"

The figure jerks into life, and speaks. "By the will of Their Majesties I have produced a Most Excellent ritual text of Great Excitement to the Gull-Catcher. It is the Net of the Gulls."

The figure falls limp again. The voice of Mazen sounds again. "We would dearly like to teach you this... but it is not the nature of our compact. Not yet. Yes! If you would learn this, find this Jannam. They will walk out at the coming Winter Solstice. They will seek you out.

Negotiate with them for a price, and the knowledge of this ritual will be yours. Yes! It will let you whisper to us, as we to you. It will let you tell us of what you do in the name of power. Please us with your stories, and we will aid you. We have done this before. We did it for dear Daniella. We will do it again.

If you cannot find Jannam, you could find Ludmila of Varushka. She can perform this ritual for you... but we think you will like that less, no? After all, we do not think you want to be dependent on another..."

The dream begins to fade, the masks turning into golden smoke, until you are alone in the inky black... and awaken.