

Fragments of dreams swim at the edges of your waking vision...

“You... stayed with me,” the voice is like grating ice.

“Me.”

A flash of the thing: too long arms and legs, and altogether too many of each.

“I might just hold on here. Hold on to you.”

Role-playing Effect: Whenever you catch sight of your reflection, you are sure there is someone stood behind you, but close inspection always reveals it to be a shadow or some other object.

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.