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

The tentacles which had been so present in your dreams fade, withdrawing to the edges of your vision before becoming nothing more than the wind.

A fire flickers, grows, then rages in the dead of night as you sleep. Amber. Hot.

“I sent the many-armed one away. Boring. No friends of yours.”

Whenever your dreams touch on poise or arete, the fire spits sparks into your face.

Role-playing Effect: From time to time, if you find yourself struggling to maintain your poise, you become overwhelmed by the bitter taste of ash.

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.