

The dream starts in the strangest way. Stones on a beach, breathing. Then the sharp smell of sea-salt and a strong sense of hope. You see ships, ships heading across the waves to you. They are great vessels, but you feel no sense of threat. As they draw nearer, you feel the welcome from the old grey orc that rides on their deck. Impossible as it seems, As his tattered robes billow in the wind he shouts to you a question “What could you be when your worth is not spent on another’s dreams” Behind him in the sky, you see faces filled with hope and welcome, orcs and humans both.

Role-playing Effect if applicable: When you wake from the dream, you feel an urge to rush to the docks, to keep returning there, you know this dream speaks of a real opportunity, and feel excited to seek this new fortune and find your courage. As waking takes over, you sense a lingering effect of your own night magic, and realise that the Loquacious One has allowed you a glimpse of the dream you took part in sending.

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.

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