

You dream of a battle mage with a staff from which chiffon of gold and blue flies. The warrior fights among banners of gold but their foes are ones that are rarely fought by anyone you know - there are even creatures that are known to be nothing but legend. There is an ice giant, a unicorn, a lion, a great hulk of rock, a strange green goblin, a stag from the forest, a changeling herald in red and gold, another in blue and white, an antlered orc - the pictures change and change and change some more. Sometimes the battle mage appears tall and strong, sometimes as small as a mouse. The dream swirls and you look in the fighter's eyes, sure that they are actually your own. "Remember" - a voice echoes through the dream - "the children are choosing for me"

You awake with no doubt that this dream comes from Meraud, and also certain that it contains no compulsion, you can get on with your day and let your images fade into sleep if you wish, or you can decide what it means to you, and take action

**Role-playing Effect if applicable:** None

**Mechanical Effect: if applicable:** None.