

You dream. Rainbow wings flutter around you and then you lift up flying across low mountains that split and crack to reveal rivers of silver and green gems flowing towards a vast tented city. You are searching, searching searching but you cannot find what you are looking for.

What are you looking for? Images flash, orcs in purple, hiding close to humans. Humans in every colour hiding close to orcs in purple. Images flash again, whispers of smoke across the sky.

Then you are thrown to a stop. A beaked face peers at you. It speaks.

No one or everyone. No one or everyone. This cannot be done.

You dream this several times between the Equinox and the Solstice. In your memory of the dream the beaked creature appears both disappointed and frustrated, as if it wanted to have served you better.