

It is a dream.

Is there a cicada for every star? Their chitinous chorus calls up summer nights that swell with the threat of a storm - though the lake in front of you is still and dark between sparkling reflections. Silken banners unfurl around you, a riot of reds, yellows and golds, each with a lion in a different attitude, each one of them with teeth gripped around a mage's staff. Through the banners comes a gold tinged herald with red spirals twisting over its cheeks.

"I am told to ask if you would serve the Lord of the Summer Stars" it asks and, not waiting for an answer twists around you and fairly shouts in your ear - "The Fire Mage is challenging magicians taking their first steps into the political game of the Imperials. He looks to you, oh chosen mages of Summer and Majesty. Will you find one of those who have barely yet awoken to the power our magic can bring and guide them to victory? Will you choose a charge and fan their flames bright?"

The violence of his shout fairly shakes you out of the dream though softly drifting into your waking thoughts, you hear a whisper - "find me and name your protege"

Role-playing or Mechanical Effect if applicable: None. There is no compulsion in this dream it is entirely up to you whether you wish to react to it or ignore it.

Note about this document: This is an OOC document, and represents a dream - you should read it once or if you prefer several times. Please do NOT carry the document into play or write it out word for word and use it as part of your roleplay, it does not exist IC.

If you want to make one or two notes of the sort "wrote this on waking so I wouldn't forget" on an paper or in a journal feel free to do so.