

# Somnolent Wanderer

Pitchwalker [Vekkev](#) (5430.3)

You dream that it is twilight, and you are climbing a mountain path. Ahead of you, along the path, you occasionally glimpse a figure in a cowled white robe. They are always too far ahead of you to make out details, and they ignore your hails. You press onward, ever higher, struggling up the path in the gloomy half-light. Occasionally, you are forced to clamber over slopes of chalk-white scree.

From time to time you pass great trees growing incongruously beside the path, their spreading boughs laden with fragrant white blossoms. Petals sift gently down through the night air along the vertiginous cliffs. A great rainbow coloured bird perches high in the branches of one of the trees, launching itself skywards with an echoing, raucous squawk.

As you climb, you begin to encounter black stones, taller than you are. Fragments of text are written on many of the stones, but you cannot make sense of them. Looking down, from the dizzying heights of the mountain, you see tenebrous, fog-shrouded forests below.

As you climb higher, passing ancient and weathered statues of white granite. The statues hint at something serpentine, but are too worn and broken to give up their secrets. The path twists through craggy spires and jagged spikes of granite, ever upwards, towards the mist-shrouded summit of the mountain where a circular amphitheater awaits.

Waiting for you in the amphitheatre is an orc wearing cobalt-blue mage-armour carved with thumb-sized runes. His face is shrouded by a deep blue hood - only his eyes and his cruel mouth are clearly visible.

Whenever you look away, even for an instant, his age changes. Sometimes he is a young orc, sometimes a mature orc with a powerful mien, sometimes a wizened ancient hovering on the verge of death but possessed of a passionate intensity that unnerves you. He speaks with an odd accent - despite the change in his appearance his voice remains the same - the dry scratching of a very old man.

From time to time, great white winged creatures flutter across the sky above - immense moths - casting their shadows down onto the amphitheater.

The orc talks about the stars; about their constancy, about the endless turning tale of years, and about eternity. He speaks also of the mountains - their strength, their power, their sheer presence that warps the face of the world and dwarfs the ambitions of mortals. He speaks about the perspective granted by immortality, and the worthlessness of everything except true power - the power to command others to do your bidding, and the power to increase your power as an end in itself. The truest power is to be a god to others - to set the duration of their lives, to set their station, to command the ceremonies that define their lives as a beast keeper rules

over the herd as a god. He strikes you as very cruel.

He seems aware of the fact you are speaking together in a dream, but he imagines that you are a magician who has chosen to enter the dreamscape, while he is still alive somewhere in the mortal world ... yet you are sure it is he that is the dream and you that are the dreamer.

You leave him gazing up into the heavens, and smiling, stroking his chin.

### **Effect**

Until the start of the next Profound Decisions Empire event you can perform the rituals **Conclave of Trees and Shadow**, **Shroud of Mist and Shadow**, and **Thief's Arcane Gambit** as if you had mastered them; if you have already mastered one of these rituals, you may perform them as if you have one additional rank of Night magic. This is an enchantment. You should keep this vision and show it to a referee if you perform this ritual.

*Roleplaying effect* When you awaken, you experience a roleplaying effect that persists for at least an hour: it seems to be extremely foggy whenever you are outside under the open sky. You find it hard to make out details of things more than a dozen yards or so away. You may become distressed if people claim there is no fog.

In addition, as long as you are under the effect of this enchantment, you feel a strong desire to command others, especially by making them afraid of you. You find it very hard to feel mercy, guilt or compassion for others. Anyone who you consider to be as powerful as you are makes you jealous, and those who you perceive as more powerful fill you with fear.