

On the last night before you reach anvil you experience the following dream.

The hare stands in the long grass as the skies darken to the south.

A lone figure with wild hair in a ragged robe moves through the southern fields, heading north.

His movement is stilted by the chains that he wears.

The winds pick up and lightning strikes the ground.

Flames flicker and spread through the dry grass, engulfing the stumbling figure.

The flames consume the robe of the manacled figure as the chains and irons melt away.

Where once was a wretched figure, now stands a golden being, enshrouded in the flickering flames.

Thunder fills the air, but it is not thunder, it is a name, shouted by a thousand human slaves as their chains are broken.

The hare stands still, blinking in the golden light, and turns its eyes to the south and speaks.

"Fire Melts the chains"