

One night, as you sleep, you dream of a cold pine forest in which you walk alone. You walk for many miles and see nothing else, hear nothing else. But always you feel that you are being watched: worse than that, that you are being followed. You hear footsteps behind you and you cannot help but to flee as your pursuer gives chase. Finally, you stumble, and turn, and see -

You wake, startled, perhaps with a scream, and the smell of rotting meat fills your nostrils. In your hand, on your own parchment and scrawled in your own hand, is the note below (which you can feel free to physrep yourself as you wish):

Mikkal,

I continue to follow this life of yours with interest.

There comes to be sold this season at the Bourse auction an item of great interest: the heart of a wondrous and terrible beast, one of my favoured children, slain far from here.

Those who consume such a thing, who revel in the taste of its flesh, will gain insight into the fundamental essence of the working of curses. You will find it allows the unleashing of cruelties that could only be otherwise dreamt of. Dream well.

I ask nothing for this information, freely given. I hope to be impressed.

The Horned Manticore