

over the last few weeks you have been having the same reoccurring dream.

You are sitting in your bed while your house burns around you. The flames leap and dance in hypnotic patterns but where they touch the skin they burn away your imperfections leaving behind only pale, pure flesh as white as Granite. The intensity of the flames rises as it consumes you and your surroundings. Under it's heat your stone skin glows, creaks and then cracks, it's moans singing a verse in a human voice before exploding in a shower of masonry. All that remains of you is your core, the smallest mote that can never be harmed. You awake with a knowledge that there is something within you that is unbreakable, the first words the voice spoke rings in your ears.

“Oh saw ye the burning star, that stood on high and yet did fall”

**Mechanical Effect:** *If you cast the ritual Signs and Portents show this slip to the ref and ask for “a portent of the red eye”.*

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“and saw ye the verdant land, consumed by flames that so appal”

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“the wisest ones, who once did scoff, content within their sheltered vales”

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“but high hills not from heaven shield, who's burning eye with tears assails”

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“the land where white stone be burn'ed black, where the quarry lays it's head”

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“for that eye, is star-stuff swathed, but what use is it to the dead!”

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