

Somnolent Wanderer

The Shaman (2465.1)

The night sky is awash with stars. The moon is green, and hangs low in the western sky. A faint jade sheen seems to cover it, as if it is wrapped in leaves. Gazing up, for a moment, you fancy you can make out individual lengths of bramble bound around it. The emerald sheen does nothing to change the wan moonlight that drips and drops across the midnight forest. A great flight of moths, dappled red and green, drift through the night sky above, the moonlight glancing off their wings.

All three of you are on a path, bounded by little white stones. Pale-eyed, stick-lean figures peer at you from behind their boles, flinching away when they realise you are looking at them. You can hear them faintly murmuring, a rising-and-falling sound with no words in it, that ebbs and flows like foam on the seashore. You do not feel they are a threat, whatever they are.

In the moments your attention has been captured by these sallow, thin creatures, you realise your companions have disappeared. You are alone in the woods, on the little path, in the dark wood, being watched by pale-eyed, stick-lean figures. There seem to be more of them than there were a moment ago.

A sudden light blossoms ahead through the trees, becoming you. It spills from a round stone building crowned with a dome made up of thousands of pieces of diamond shaped glass in a white metal framework. It is quite beautiful in its way.

You are at the door before you know you have moved, gently tapping. A welcoming voice comes from within. You cautiously open the door.

You are suddenly in the building, without really being aware of any transition from outside to inside. It is much larger on the inside than it appeared from the forest. Glass globes filled with flickering, warm flames drift in the air without any sign of support. Everything is white – stone, metal, wood, fabric all different shades of white. You have never seen so many different hues that are still somehow at the same time... white.

It is a single great room, but there is precious little in the way of furniture. A divan with pearlescent sheets haphazardly tumbling from it. A chair, a table, a desk all of white wood. Hanging curtains the colour of polished white marble accentuated with images of unfamiliar animals picked out on seed pearls and weltsilver thread.

Your attention does not linger long on the chamber itself. You are not alone here. There is an old man, in robes the colour of polished ivory. He is dark skinned and his hair concealed beneath a skullcap the same colour as his vestments. He welcomes you with a broad gesture and a reassuring smile.

He is a student of the heavens, it seems, and is pleased to meet you. He speaks quickly, and he slips from topic to topic easily. You are not speaking Imperial – not a tongue even slightly like it. He offers you white liquor in a bone cup. It is sweet, silky smooth, with a taste that is difficult to describe, but it sets warmth spreading through your body.

The man in ivory robes is pleased to have company. He cheerily admits that he gets

lonely here by himself, sometimes. He asks you questions about who you are and where you come from, why you are here, what you are looking for. In response to your questions however he mostly changes the subject and instead enthuses about the stars – their nature, the power of the constellations, the ephemeral peculiarities of the tulpa, the grand sweep of the celestial wheel that marks the turning of the season. The frisson of excitement when one reaches out to a constellation and rather than simply drawing power from it, finds something reaching back to fill you like water filling a cup.

He seems surprised when you speak of woods, or the Dreamscape. He believes he has walked through something he calls the Door of the Heavens, and lives now among the constellations. He find the idea that you are somehow speaking with him in dreams, through a ritual, preposterous. He takes you to the door, opens it..

The forest is gone. You are so high in the sky you cannot see the ground, surrounded by darkness, surrounded by stars. They are so close you almost imagine you could reach out and touch them. They aren't entirely familiar – you have never seen them from this angle before – but you can sense some familiar shapes. The coiling river of the twin-stars of the Key, the triangle of the Lock, the spreading spiral of the Web, and its companion Spider, and there the red eye of the...

Vertigo takes you without warning. You pitch forward. From behind you, the wizard in the ivory robe cries out once

“Oh no!”

And then you are falling through the stars, plummeting towards something, something rushing toward you as the wind roars past your ears and...

... you hit your bed and wake up.

Game Information

Until the start of the next Profound Decisions event you can perform the **Dreams in the Witch House (Night/12)** as if you had mastered it; if you have already mastered this ritual, you may perform it as if you have one additional rank of Night magic. You should keep this vision and show it to a referee if you perform this ritual.

Roleplaying effect: When you wake up, it appears to still be night time. The skies are clear and you can see the stars and constellations easily. Everything else is dark – just as if it were late night. You find it difficult to see anything that is farther away than a lamp could illuminate, need a lantern or candle to see by, and the like. The effect will slowly fade over the next hour or so.

While the enchantment persists you also experience a more personal roleplaying effect: you are fascinated by the things other people find interesting. You feel an urge to engage others in conversation about their hobbies, drives, dreams, ambitions, and goals, and share your own enthusiasms with them whenever the opportunity presents itself.

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Linnéa Sohvidottir (8420.2)

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Jaska (10476.1)

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