

*The night before the Equinox your dreams are shot through with bright light. Trumpets blast and the sky swirls with banners of gold. In some ways not so very different from this seasons Dawnish campaign but you don't for a second mistake it. These skys are not Imperial. The trumpets give way to a Lion's roar. And you tip your head back and roar too. As the banners cease their swirling and let you see the realm, a great lake extends before you, and in the distance a tower.*

*As soon as the view coalesces, you wake, with a single phrase shouted loud. "What next?"*

**Role-playing Effect if applicable:** There is no compulsion here, you are free to interpret the dream as you choose and decide whether it influences your roleplay or not.

**Mechanical Effect: if applicable:** None