

Somnolent Wanderer

Zlata Ruznikova Perenel, The Weaver (8733.1)

The night sky is awash with stars. You are in deep, dark woods, and for a moment you wonder if you are back in Karov. Yet with the certainty of dreams you know that you are not. You are very far from anything familiar. That knowledge lies in little things - in the shape of the trees, and the positioning of the stars, and just something about the air.

There are lights ahead through the trees. You are suddenly profoundly aware that you are *not on a road* and might be in danger. You hurry through the trees towards the light – lamplight. There is rustling in the tree branches, and you see stealthy movement out of the corner of your eyes. There are little creatures around you - lithe like otters with lambent yellow eyes – but you don't get a good look at them.

The light spills from a circular stone building with a dome composed of thousands of pieces of diamond shaped glass held in a white metal framework. It is quite beautiful. 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 inside without really being aware of moving. The building 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 pealescent 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 – one of the darkest skinned people you have ever seen – his hair concealed beneath a skullcap the same colour as his robes. He welcomes you with a broad gesture and a toothsome smile.

He is a student of the heavens, it seems, and is pleased to meet you. His voice is quick, and he jumps from topic to topic in a bewildering way. 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 the 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. You explain about the wood and the Dreamscape and he laughs. The idea is 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 Great Wyrn, the Three Sisters, the Chain, 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.

You also experience a 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.