

The dreams - the sorrows - are felt more than they are remembered: as if they defy the very nature of recollection - as if knowing their truth is an anathema. So you are left with a lingering anguish and shame to which you can't ascribe.

In the absence of clear dreams your waking hours feel suspended between two points - places far, far above you - so incredibly far - but enjoined to something within you like the strings on a marionette: but with an unbelievable tension across the wires, slender chains that shiver and vibrate with unheard music.

There is also a growing finality - a developing imbalance that, each day upon waking, you feel has compounded - a growing certainty of *knowing* and understanding that upsets the balance in those wires, drawing you towards one of the extremes. In response, an ineffable desperation - a frantic grasping that thrashes down the bonds stringing you together as *forgetting* loses this tug of war - with only your being bound to this struggle keeping it from being over.

With these twists and struggles remembering anything seems to become a struggle - leaving you uncomfortably adrift in the present, untethered from the memories that make you, you.

This stark absence of memory though throws into relief one memory - a memory that is not your own - of a voice speaking with a clarity and purpose that seems unearthly in its conveyance of truth:

*“The Gate Parts for Ankarien at the ninth hour past midday on the second night of the Summer Solstice for all that wish to work the music of the Key - unbound by nation or creed.”*

Teases of the same music – always out of reach of recollection – invade your dreams: rising unbidden to suffuse your sleeping hours with a restless longing – the notes always feeling as if on the edge of comprehension before they recede and you are washed into wakefulness.

As the season has continued though – a figure cloaked in black, bound in chains has appeared – like a flickering spectre of dark flame, it grows weaker as the Summer solstice approaches. It says nothing but extrudes a strange -absence- – as though your dreaming mind were beholding the concept of forgetting itself.

So, when it ‘speaks’ on the seventh night before the solstice it is enough to send you tumbling into consciousness stricken by a confusion that strikes all but one memory from your mind: that of a voice reduced to a bare hiss by strain and graven with dark severity:

*“The Door opens to Ankarien to all those who seek to wield the melody of the Lock three hours before midnight on the second night of the Summer Solstice.”*

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