

Your dreams tonight are kaleidoscope of images and emotions, your mind flitting from scene to scene with dizzying speed. It all begins to become too much to bare as your a drowning in thoughts and memories, of things that have or could have happened. Worse still you cannot wake, trapped in this maddening spiral, going every deeper and deeper towards... something.

As you begin to worry about your mind unravelling, you feel a soft touch on brow, comforting you in your dreams. As everything begins to slow, your nostrils fill with the scent of heavy incense and you hear gentle wordless singing.

As you relax a feminine voice, rich with mystery and portent whispers into your ear.

“You seek the death of the Knight of Rot”

An image of tall imposing figure in battered armour swirls in your mind.

“You seek a secret to it's demise”

An image of a broken sword held by a stern looking female knight comes to your thoughts.

“Secrets are not my trade”

An image of noble court clad in black appears in your dream.

“But parley I can arrange, 15 minutes after 1pm, in a dark wood in Weirmoor. A secret for a secret”

With that the dream slowly and gently fades away, gentle singing easing your mind as you awake.

00C – Conjunction to Weirmoor at 1:15pm on the Saturday of the Summer Solstice, E3 2024