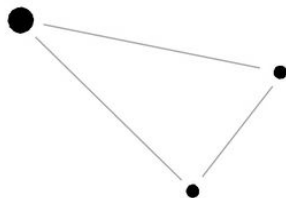


*You are receiving this vision because you are a member of the coven "Voices of the Unbound Storm" which is bound to 'The Obsidian Seal'. If you are no longer a member of this coven, please discard this message.*

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Over the last season the curse from the Obsidian Seal has waned and ultimately abated - whatever dark curse that it was tangled with loosening its coils around both you and the fragment of the tomb your coven was bound to. The inexorable pull towards Spiral that peaked in the approach of the Winter Solstice has seemingly been severed by the journey some of your number took through the Sentinel gate.

Other tensions, however, remain constant - recurring dreams of the stars ringing in discord - two poles seeking a balance that cannot naturally come to be. In the dreams there is a heavy weight upon your chest - and the choking taste of ash and glassy grit in your throat. As you notice this the Key exalts - overpowering your thoughts with its ringing chimes - and you try to forget and pull away - which only empowers the Lock whose inescapable tones draw you into oblivion and waking. But each dawn you are convinced that neither pole was in agreement - that neither would oblige to their song harmonising with the other's - not until some balance was found.

*(OOC: when taking action in pursuit of this plotline that you feel should contribute to its resolution please request that an attending referee explicitly convey what you are doing and why to the plot team so we can have the world respond appropriately)*



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The above is an OOC document that you should not take into play. Feel free to make any notes about what your character remembers from the dream or vision instead.

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