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You sit amid the snowy pine trees within a glade in Hercynia The snow falls around you as you close your eyes and slip into the realm of sleep.

You are surrounded by light and cold. The fire in front of you does nothing to dispel the chill. You feel cold arms with cold hands wrap themselves around you from behind, and feel a chilling kiss as dead lips touch the back of your neck.

You turn to see Yara, stood behind you, her skin is alabaster perfection but her touch is cold and there is ice where her eyes should be.

“Our son” She whispers...

“I can not protect him any longer...”

“Our son...” the thought echoes, not from her lips but in your mind.

“It hunts for him.”

“Protect our son!” she whispers as the dream fades away.

And you are once more looking at the snowy pines of Hercynia.

The chill you feel penetrates to your soul.