

*It is a dream.*

*Is there a cicada for every star? Their chitinous chorus calls up summer nights that swell with the threat of a storm - though the lake in front of you is still and dark between sparkling reflections. You are small - not as small as the cicadas - but given the height of the burnished grass around you, perhaps some kind of rodent? Silken banners fly high up above your head, a riot of reds, yellows and golds. When you tilt your eyes up, up, you can just make out that each shows a lion in a different attitude, each one of them with teeth gripped around a mage's staff.*

*A voice echoes. "You have heard that a mouse can help a lion" it says. "Did you know a mouse can be a lion?" Leaning over you is a golden face swirled with red. "I am Bartheke" it says, "and I bring news of a challenge from the Lord of the Summer Stars. Find me near the Hall of Worlds not long before Conclave begins on the first night of the Equinox if you seek power of great awe and majesty"*

**Role-playing or Mechanical Effect if applicable:** None. There is no compulsion in this dream it is entirely up to you whether you wish to react to it or ignore it.

**Note about this document:** This is an OOC document, and represents a dream - you should read it once or if you prefer several times. Please do NOT carry the document into play or write it out word for word and use it as part of your roleplay, it does not exist IC.

If you want to make one or two notes of the sort "*wrote this on waking so I wouldn't forget*" on an paper or in a journal feel free to do so.