

The presence has begun to visit your dreams.

It started... well, clearly you have a date it can't have started before... but as for when it first happened, between then and now? That is as certain as a dream.

But it is an undeniable fact that the presence that has been with you ever since you witnessed Medea Ruth's experiment with the horse-shaped statue, is there as you sleep.

She is watching, she is waiting, she is clearly **suffering** - but there is more. She seems to be willing you to see something, to understand something. But if ever there was someone who knew intuitively how to communicate with a horse, that someone is not you, or not today.

She is trying, clearly she is. Flashes of thought, accomplished at great and inhuman effort, incomprehensible, almost completely so - the feeling of hooves digging into mud - the taste of cool bright water - a thing held in your teeth - a tight band around your midsection, a familiar weight on your back that does not bear you down but buoys you up with infinite inhuman strength - a fierce joy, but for what you know not - running like thunder across a wide, grassy plain - loneliness - grief - do you see? Do you see?

You do not see. It is not likely that you ever will, without help.

If you should be the target of any effect at this Profound Decisions event that interacts with dreams in any fashion, or interact with any ribboned item related to a horse, please contact a referee for further instructions quoting ribbon ID 16135.