

*How many times this season past have you woken in the middle of a snowstorm, forgetting you were in the Vale of Carrion, forgetting your responsibilities as Senator, but sitting bolt upright where you slept, one arm raised above you, summoning...*

*The dream starts with the great horned stags head that smiles and smiles and smiles as blood drips. The stag turns and looks out over an apple orchard wreathed in unfortunate mists and where amid the falling leaves, twisted figures, once Dawnish, now ridden by Winter stalk their way across heading towards the nearest dwellings. "That was fun". The words of the Stag are one thing, but you sense the ennui pouring off Agramant. Something new is needed, something to make the Hunter in the Wastes smile.*

*Each time you dream the path you take is different. You dwell only on your destination, not your purpose. You go to a regio, to call a servant of The Howler forth. Sometimes you have figures with you - people you know, or strangers, or even just shadows - they carry the key, you guard them and awake not with an arm raised, but with a thrill of pride, and a knowledge that something has been brought*

**Role-playing Effect:** From time to time you may feel the dream lingering leaving you with a surging certainty in your own path and a feeling of being inclined to push harder towards your goals, no matter the obstacles. The effect will be strongest when it is most dramatically appropriate, and will fade over the course of the first evening of the Equinox.

**Mechanical Effect:** None