



KERRY'S DREAM JOURNAL



FORENOTE: FOR AGES SINCE I LEFT THAT FORSAKEN place, it's haunted me in my sleep. The echoes of the screams, the oppressing darkness. It's caused me a few troubled nights of sleep. But more recently... the dreams have been getting more vivid. They're starting to feel less like dreams I have taken to writing down these dreams in order to see if there's any meaning to them, or to see if I just need to lay off the booze.

— Kerry

899 48/4 THE FIRST ONE @ FROGGENS

I clearly had too much to drink that night before. This one was vivid. The tree, and the village around it was all there. When the dream started I was at the top, on the flat bit where they had put the light that was helping to protect the village. Everything below was quiet so I went down to check it out.

All of the buildings were abandoned, the wood that made them was gnarled. It all seemed wrong. In the dream I went to check on my family home to see the same thing. Though I couldn't get inside, or didn't have enough time before up on the platform that I had come from, a purple flame erupted, and started to spread. I flew up to see who or what had started it, to work out where it had come from – but as I gazed into it, it hurt to look into.

I sought safety before the flame took to the branches of the willow, trapping me inside so I flew through the curtain to watch it unfurl below me. But strangely, there was another light. A rowboat in the water nearby. Landing to see who was sailing this boat was a mysterious strange figure who referred to himself as "The Boatman"

He asked me some questions:

- Who are you?
- Why am I here (hinting to the fact this wasn't a dream...)
- Am I happy I left?

He sailed us away towards a lighthouse that had suddenly appeared. Once docked he looked up and told me to "Enjoy the View". I flew up to the platform to see what he was talking about and saw all around the lands of the shadowfell, being lit up by the lighthouse. Suddenly, the light went out. Then next thing, a forest, all around me, on fire.

I sought an escape from all this, a way out and saw a portal that would have taken me to the Feywild. But as I approached, the flames caught me and dragged me away. I shook them, wriggled free to be able to get to the portal. However, it was too late. The portal which had been slowly closing, finally closed on my face

Surrounded with nothing but the fire, I heard a distant tune... the tune of the music box my brother gave me. I closed my eyes to embrace what happened, focused on that melody that had help bring me calm all these years, and the flames fell silent.

Next thing I knew, I was awake



899 57/4 - @ THE BLOODY BEAVER

I THOUGHT THAT DREAM A WEEK AGO WAS A ONE OFF.
Something that happened from just going to bed after drinking too much. Effectively just twisting the usual nightmares I find myself enduring of that place but this is starting to feel like something more. I... don't know yet

The dream started in the same place as before, above the tree looking down into the crown (where I saw the fire start before) and village. This time, I could hear Whispers around me, beckoning me by name "Kerry". This appeared to be coming from the crown of the tree. My curiosity of how the fire started here last time, and wanting to see if there was a source to these whispers made me want to go see what was happening

At the crown, everything was still overgrown and gnarled. Not long after the whispers stopped. I waited around to work out how the first started, when a zap of electricity (notably pink) struck right into the middle of the tree. Despite my best efforts to try and stamp it out before it grew, it ignored me and spread rapidly

I knew the fate that was to become of the tree and Vidium so I decided to set off to the next constant I expected in this place... the Boatman. It wasn't hard to find his boat out on the water. Sat in his solitary boat on the calm water in his Navy Blue Cloak. When I landed he slowly set off, with questions in tow for me

Who Are You?
Where Are you going?
Do you trust them?
- I understand they have secrets and pasts. I wouldn't want anyone asking about my past so I haven't dug deep.
Nonetheless yes, I trust them

In return I took the opportunity to throw some questions back at him:

Who are you?
- "I am the boatman"
Are we going to the Lighthouse again
- Confirmed yes"
Question about the fire, the destruction
- "Many destruction fair"

Finally he imparted some advice back towards me. "The shadowfell keeps its inhabitants alive"... it changes people, so they can survive in its harsh environment. An environment that does not welcome kindness, hospitality, community.

As we pulled up to the dock, I asked one more question... One that had been burning in my mind since Alyanna asked it a few days ago

"A few days ago, I was asked what the worse thing I had done was... and I was thinking. Was it wrong of me

to stand idly when my family moved here. Was it wrong of me to abandon them here. Was it wrong of me to leave the one friend who took me in"

"Were any of these a bad thing... and which one would be the worst... I don't know"

He didn't provide much of an answer for this, and reminded me as I was leaving that flying up to the balcony was one of many options that I could have done. So I took to going inside this time. Inside there was a warm firelit interior. A rare but pleasant find. I took the opportunity to warm off the chill and headed up the stairs onto the roof

Looking over the lands, picturing them alight again, I felt afraid. I knew I had to fight it so I closed my eyes. Moments later I heard those whispers of my name again. When I opened them, fire once again everywhere

I took to the air, going towards where I remember the portal being but I just couldn't find it. As I wasted time searching, the smoke got thicker, the strength of the heat stronger, my wings began to tire. I had to calm myself, I had to fight that fear. Remembering last time with the music box helping me, I stopped and tried to hum that theme,

It would do nothing and I felt myself drop out the air, and into the embrace of the flame

The last thing I heard before waking up was a singular voice... my brother's... calling my name

NOTE: WAKING UP THIS MORNING, IT APPEARED THAT THE *burning i endured from the dream, carried through to my actual wings. It stung... and I was able to hide it in general until Alyanna bumped into my back and wings.*

The pain wouldn't subside so I sought Etienne's help for a salve to help. He noticed the burns but I didn't tell him about the dream

-- Kerry

899 63/4 @ FROGGENS GROG... AGAIN

Sharing the room with Meris, I settled quickly into the embrace of sleep. It, and it's unsettling darkness came in fast as also did the sight of the willow. Seeing the crown, the branches around it, I knew what was to come, that I couldn't stop it, and the whispers I heard arriving reminded me of my brother. Who at the last dream called my name. My family home came to mind and I needed to explore it, even in this twisted version

As I approached the house, different from the others with its proper foundations, windows and two story. I couldn't find a way in, as I was searching for a way to explore, to see what it was like inside in this place... I realised it wasn't alone. Behind me was Meris

This seemed out of place of what I usually experienced so I questioned if he was real. He said he was... "I woke to see you having what I thought was a seizure, I had to check in on you." He had somehow found his way into the dream. He looked around, fixated on the sky and noted the sun. "We're in the Shadowfell aren't we... I recognise that black sun"

I confirmed his suspicions and then, realising what was going to happen soon, I told him we needed to move. As I gestured towards the crown, the fire broke out. Meris, looking shocked at seeing the purple flame starting to appear asked "Kerry... what have you got yourself into... We need to GO"

Knowing where we had to go next I led him to the shore. Knowing my goal of seeing my family house was unfulfilled, I took one last look back as we were leaving. Trying to figure out how I could get into the building with the gnarled vines going through it. We made it to the shore. I could fly to the boat; Meris couldn't and would need to swim. He gave me his cloak to take to the boat and so I flew over

Aboard, I didn't acknowledge the boatman yet. I kept an eye out to make sure Meris made it. Thankfully he did, but what was strange is he couldn't see the boatman. The boatman however still acknowledged me and gestured for me to sit down for his usual questions:

Who Are You?
- "I'm still the same, not much has changed"
Where Are you going?
- "Not here, that's for sure"
Why
- "It's impossible, I can't"

Meris then spoke up as was answering these. "Kerry, I know what this is. This is the dream spell" He starts looking around panicked "Someone has it out for you, you need to stretch the boundaries of it.. Try swimming

away" As he started exclaiming this... he suddenly could see the boatman. While staring right at him, suddenly able to see... his simply disappeared.

I stared at the boatman. "Did you do this!" I exclaimed rounding on him. His next words disarmed me quickly... "People disappear all the time... Family... Friends... Ourselves" I knew what he was referring to... my father...

"Why shouldn't I do what he says" I ask. His answer is calm "Don't you want to figure out why this is happening... Knowledge is power" With this, and what he threatened earlier, I lost trust... I asked him if it's him that has it out for me - his answer is simple "I am just the boatman"

I stood up, considering Meris's suggestion, looking into the water which is dark and foreboding. I could see the souls travelling through it - passing on to the Astral sea. I looked at him and asked why shouldn't I jump. He replies simply: "You'll be back... There is a right answer... and you'll be back until you get the answers" I asked if I need to get the right answers. He said "Depends... how much do you want to lose"

We arrived shortly at the dock of the lighthouse. I climbed off the boat and asked before he sailed away: When will I know if I have the right answers. "You won't, but you must find it nonetheless" he replied simply before rowing away. At this point the cold breeze from the ocean started to get to me so I headed inside.

I took a moment within this Rustic interior, the musty smell clogging my senses, to process what had just happened. What Meris was saying, what the Boatman said. Knowing I needed to push through I took a deep breath and climbed the ladder towards the hatch leading to the walkway. My shadow from the lighthouse was cast on the lands around me. I could see distantly the purple beacon, of the place my family called home, alight

Then not long afterwards, the light behind me flicks off, and my vision is encompassed by that visceral purple flame consuming everything around me. I needed to get out so I took to the air quickly to find the portal I took on my first time here. My search was futile as the smoke obscured everything, first stinging my eyes, then filling my lungs. It didn't take long for me to feel dizzy from it and with that, I plummeted towards the ground.

On the ground, the blanket of fire embraced me and I closed my eyes accepting what came next. With that I felt the pain, then heard the music box playing. Before again.. Hearing the voice of my brother. I opened my eyes to look for him - only to see the light of the tavern room I was sleeping in

POST WAKE UP... 64/4

I woke to see Meris looking over me, concerned. Rolling over to adjust to the light and the unpleasant feeling of waking up - I leaned on my wings which once again stung from the nightmare the night before. Meris noticed my pain and told me to take it easy and he would help. He made a prayer, which while was in Infernal, I picked up the word "Emnos" within - the name of the God of the Underworld

As I sat up, his prayer easing my pain somewhat, I had many questions for him. Who was behind this? WHY. Simply he explained it was a dream spell, being cast by someone powerful that could be anywhere. I... simply didn't know who given my insignificance with all of this.

He asked me about seeing the flame before and I exclaimed to him we had it under control, it was a tool to protect us, from the entities and the cold of the Shadowfell. A desperate option in this desolate place. He looked at me grimly. He described it as the "Purple Flame". It was a creation of the underworld - a pure and unfaltering flame, that was neither good nor evil. It merely burns and everything was kindling for it

Meris turned to me "I know what we need to do... You need to go back" I stared at him stupified at this stupid suggestion... I couldn't go back. It was stupid. It was nigh impossible. I.. I.... "YOU NEED TO GO BACK KERRY" he told me "YOU HAVE NO CHOICE; IF YOU HAVE ANYONE THERE YOU CARE ABOUT YOU NEED TO SAVE THEM"

I sat, figuring what had just happened. What was being thrown on me and that I would need to go back.... I asked him not to mention the dream to the others. I had kept them secret cause it was impossible to explain like a sane person. That I... just... couldn't... Even with me almost telling Etienne

He told me his secret... that he was a cleric of Emnos - the lord of the underworld. While he doesn't believe he can help me as that would go against his tenants. He couldn't stand idly by from what he just had witnessed. He believed that we were destined to travel together for that reason. He told me for what I had just seen, I held the cards - I had value in what was happening here because I valued my life

Unsure on this, I told him I was unsure on this idea not only because of the impossibility of what he was suggesting, but also going back could be playing right into whoevers hand. He consoled me and told me to focus on the calm we had before the storm, and that lady luck works in weird ways.

We then composed ourselves, and headed downstairs for breakfast

RANDOM SCRIBBLINGS ON 65/4 @ SALTY ANCHOR

ORIGINALLY, I INTENDED TO UTILISE THIS JOURNAL JUST *for those dreams. However finding my own tome of Emnos (I hope there's some clues or elaboration to the dreams here) I thought it would be prudent to transcribe what I translate here*

I was going to ask to borrow Meris's but having found my own by luck allows me to investigate without raising worry from the others

THE TENANTS OF EMNOS

1. Preserve the Sanctity of the cycle; With destruction, comes regrowth. With decay, renewal
2. Loyalty and faith above all; Trust the hidden wisdom of Emnos and his great work.
3. Sow seeds where dissolution can be found; Mir is rife with corruption, seek out this corruption and put an end to it.
4. Champion the inevitable end; All things must end to begin anew. Death and disasters bring new opportunities for renewal and growth.
5. Guard the Underworld and its secrets.

Simply put, these were not reassuring to read... The first (which echoed words I had heard but four days ago from a gnomish trapmaker; but that's unrelated) is concerning given what I'm seeing within these visions. The destruction... from the Purple flame which is pure uncontrollable fire

Reading into this also gave me some doubts over Meris. For how deep does his devotion lie. On one hand, he seemed guinely concerned about what we saw in the dreams and that he wanted to stop it.

The other hand, that would put him in direct contradiction of Tenant No.2. Moreover, he seemed worried when I picked up this Tome. Maybe worried about what I could find in it? Ideally, when I can get a moment I will ask him for more details

But, I am now against the clock to work out who is behind all of this and why. The fire we accepted in the shadowfell in indeed was Emnos's flame. But these visions are showing potentially something going wrong with it, that leads to the destruction of the land. But how far will this destruction reach

That's what is confusing though. The Dreams. Why? Why is it me? What goal are they achieving by showing me - someone who is so distant from everything. I need to work out the answers before I get played into whatever is happening here.

For now, I need to control my emotions and suspicions, which I many, none of which with no substance and reason. I haven't admitted yet that my goal now appears to be the Fey as well to the others yet. I would need to explain why and... I just can't yet. All of this seems too far fetched and especially dangerous, and I don't want to drag them into my people's mistake

And for that, I will practise what I preach. The advice I gave to Alyanna for controlling anger works for controlling all emotions. Especially fear

TBC...