

## DREAMS FOR THE BEGINNING OF THE SESSION

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**Dream #1:** The house in the woods is a very beautiful place. You find yourself being drawn to open the front door and let yourself in but there is sound from your right and you walk there instead. It is a garden with gray marble statuary in it. There are other monuments as well and a large building at one end. You approach and find it is a mausoleum. You are about to open the door when you hear a woman call out to you to come back to the house. You turn to see who it is calling you but you don't see anyone. Out of the corner of your eye you think you see something jumping at you but that is when you awake.

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**Dream #2:** The house in the woods is slowly crumbling, decaying away. It was once a stately place and probably quite beautiful. You are compelled to approach the front door, half hanging off its hinges by a voice asking you to come inside and rest. Things move but never when looking directly at them, only out of the corner of your eye. Inside, everything is covered in layers of thick dust. A chair is waiting for you to sit in it and you do when you are confronted with the speaker, a pale woman that is dressed in head to toe with sheer black silk, her face completely obscured by a veil. She thanks you for coming. Which is when a door opens behind you causing you to quickly look behind when something jumps out at you. You wake up in a cold sweat, your heart pounding.

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**Dream #3:** The house is large, obviously built by some nobility in days past, and lights play in the windows like the will'o'wisp you've heard in tales of your youth. There is a slamming of a door that distracts you. You turn and find yourself looking at a barn or carriage house. The door hangs open, the wind playing with it. But there are whispers brought to your ears by that same wind. Drawing closer the voices whispers become less distinct. Peering inside you see a figure with its back to you working in a corner. There is dust everywhere and only sighs of wind making any sound. Until you hear a scream for help, and the wet slap of metal against skin. You awake, heart pounding.

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**Dream #4:** A house stands dark deep in unknown woods. From it a procession of people walk, heads down while rain from above pours down. At the head of the procession a coffin being carried by what appear to be an order of knights. Behind them a woman in black, her face obscured by a veil. As they walk, a green glow comes from the house and you hear an unnatural laugh echoing through the woods as you wake.

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**Dream #5:** A house in the woods is in decay as a man stands on its porch. He is arguing with some unseen person, their words heated. Shortly he gets back on a horse and with several men-at-arms rides away, his face twisted in a scowl. One of his men carries a banner, a coat of arms. As you watch him leave you hear a woman screaming a curse, calling on the ruinous powers to strike his family into degradation and poverty. The banner bursts into green flame but the riders do not notice. You wake as a hand touches your shoulder and the whispers of dark days to come.

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**Dream #6:** A house in the woods stands quiet as the grave. You walk to its doors which hang open. Inside there are streaks of mud on the floors as if people have been dragged by their heels. You explore. Most rooms you find empty but there is one which causes you to swallow a scream. In it are many coffins, all broken open, all contents emptied out but none to be seen here. You run, trying to escape but you find yourself unable to find your way back. That is when the chanting starts. Deep and thrumming it comes up through the floor. Green lights appear and pulse brightly with the thrum. You cover your eyes and awake.

## DREAMS FOR THE FIRST NIGHT IN THE HOUSE

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**Dream #1:** The house is shrouded in a bright white fog. You make your way through the house, hand held over your eye to shade it from an impossible sun. Somehow you find yourself in the dining room where you can smell breakfast. A chair slides out down by the fireplace and sitting you see that your fellow travelers are seated and eating already. They are an unabashed sight of gluttony using their hands to stuff their mouths to the point where any additional food simply slides down their face and onto the plate under it. A plate is sat next to you sizzling appetizingly. Turning you see what it is, you find several fingers bursting in the fat. One of them wriggles until stabbed and stuffed into the mouth of the person sitting next to you. Across the table, a bowl of butter is brought and sat down, crimson drizzled over its surface. Your companions waste no time in fighting over it, spreading the red in a streak over the table as they all fight over the contents.

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**Dream #2:** You are sitting down a meal. There are servants going about but these are skeletons dressed in tattered, rotted clothing. Their movements are like a marionette, arms and legs suspended by forces and an unseen hand directing their jerky motions. You look to find your companions in complete gluttony. Food is grabbed by the handful and shoved into gaping mouths, most of which spills back out into piles in front of them. The servants come back placing a new platter down and quickly pull back the lid. A steaming shank dressed with a sock and boot lies on it. Blood oozes from the cut, the meat seems to twitch as a fork pierces it. The servants scatter carrying plates of slices of this to each person sitting at the table who barely notice and continue to grunt happily as they attack the new morsels.

A bowl of soup is sat in front of you. You pull the lid off and have to wait while a cloud of steam rises from the bowl. Looking down, it seems normal but as you stir it, an eyeball floats to the surface. It turns and looks at you while a second one joins it. They follow your movements back and forth. Before you realize it, a skull floats to the top as well, its mouth open screaming loudly.

You awake finding that the scream you heard in the dream was your own.

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**Dream #3:** You think you hear a knock at your door and getting up, you answer it. A servant stands with a candle and bids you to follow. You follow them through several rooms and end up in what appears to be the library. The Lady stands looking out on a garden through the smoky glass. Her poise suggests familiarity in standing completely bare under the open night. The servant departs, leaving the room drenched in the light from the green moon. Before your eyes can adjust, a hand rests itself on your shoulder and the scent of perfume surrounds you.

Her voice lilts in the darkness, "It was good of you to visit. Perhaps you can stay forever?"

Turning around to respond, you see nothing until the scream of terror rips through the room and a bleached white face races towards you.

You awake finding that the scream you heard in the dream was your own.

## DREAMS FOR THE SECOND NIGHT IN THE HOUSE

**Dream #1:** You wake up and find that you are in the library. The room is dark, dusty and filled with odd smelling fungi that glow in the green light coming through the smoky windows. You see your companions but they do not respond to your calls or touch. Their eyes are focused off in the distance as if mesmerized by an unseen hand. They're dressed rotted clothes, covered in mud and worse suggesting they were taken from a grave in the very recent past.

You hear music and see a quartet playing. Wandering over you observe that these are not people but skeletons dressed in shabby black formal clothes. Their instruments are not the fiddle and harp but literally bone and gut. Horrified you try to flee but end up running into a desert table set in the middle of the room. There you find a bowl filled with the blood and guts of the missing bodyguard, whose head is being propped above the bowl as decoration. The cakes surrounding the bowl take on a sinister sheen as a servant walks over to you, whispering, "Enjoying the cakes? Bone meal makes for the best ones," with wet, slopping sounds coming from their mouth.

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**Dream #2:** You find yourself waking up in a chair on the veranda. Getting up stiffly, you look and find that no stars show in the night's sky. Around you a rustle comes up in a maze which you don't recall being there before. A distant voice calls to you and in looking towards the maze a beam of bright white light reaches into the night from the center of the maze.

It takes some time but you eventually reach the center of the maze and find a mausoleum with the bright light of before, slowly fading down inside of it. Its door flies open with a clang allowing you entrance. The fading light continues to beckon to you, prompting you to go follow it inside. In the furthest corner of the place, the light retreats into the coffin of knight. The lid is cracked and within is an empty cavity.

From behind, you hear the soft disapproving click of a tongue.

You wake up, heart beating hard enough to escape your chest.

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**Dream #3:** There is a knock at your door and you rise to answer it as if you never fell asleep. A servant stands with a candle and bids you to follow. You traverse several rooms and end up standing watching the green light pour through the smoky windows of the Lady's indoor garden. It smells different here, faintly of rot and decay. The servant departs, leaving you alone. Not one to stand still you start inspecting roses and flowers only to find that they're made of paper. Your curiosity piqued, you thrust a hand in the soil and grab something solid, it feels of wood. You pull it out and find it is a femur.

The clatter echoes throughout the room and a scented breeze passes by your cheek.

Without turning around you feel the Lady behind you. Her arms slide across your shoulders and cross against your chest. They hold firm. A second pair slides seductively across against your legs, holding them just as firmly. No longer can you move.

Like lazy water, her words flow from behind your head.

"Now, now, now. Why would you want to spoil the surprise so quickly. We have so much time to spend together. Enough time to know me *intimately*."

She spins you around to find the room dark and you are no longer being held. From the rest of a house a scream of terror starts as a bleached white face races towards you out of the dark.

You awake finding that the scream you heard in the dream was your own.