

You have a dream...

A battlefield outside a village. Corpses everywhere. White scorpion warriors are butchering the survivors. You want to get away from the horror. You look at your hand. It starts to glow and shift shape and colour. You reach it out and the scene freezes and becomes transparent. Beneath is another battle scene. A desert. White Scorpion warriors are massacring a desert tribe. You reach out your glowing, shifting hand again, and the scene fades and becomes transparent. Behind it is another battle scene – an island of rock floating on an ocean. A group of shepherds are being massacred by White Scorpion warriors. You change the scene, faster and faster, trying to find one that doesn't have a massacre in it, but there are none...

You have a dream...

You and Flame are falling. Racing rock walls, darkness below. She is falling backwards, looking up at you. Her face shifts and morphs into Enchanter's, then your mother's, then Humility's, then a whole procession of other women, some of whom you don't recognise...

You have a dream...

A library. It is a mass of sinuous shapes. The bookcases are made of black wood. The shelves are not straight but twist up and around each other. The books are always stacked at right angles to the shelf. The walls are of black stone and there are numerous alcoves. Abnormally long twisty metal spiral staircases go up and down to different levels. The lighting comes from eerie green candles that produce no smoke. Reading lecterns in the shape of owls with staring eyes are dotted around. You have got to find something in one of the books. Your hand is glowing and changing as you turn the pages, but they are black or written in a script that you don't understand. There is a corpse on the floor – a scholar. You killed him because he interrupted you. You have very little time to find the thing you seek. It's getting darker and the shadows are reaching out towards you...

You have a dream...

A fortress-palace made of huge lumps of stone. You are seeking the king, an evil lich. Your staff is glowing and keeps changing shape. You worry that it will change into a weapon that you can't use when you reach the lich. You turn a corner and see an army of White Scorpion warriors blocking your way. There are hundreds of them. They charge forward – you raise your staff, but they bear you down by force of numbers. Their swords are raised to strike...

You have a dream...

You are on the bank of a dark river, lit by moonlight. A man in a boat is casting his net into the water. He is huge – a giant. He is fishing for rocks. He pulls up a glistening haul of boulders, bricks, blocks and stalagmites of all different colours and sizes, and starts sorting through them, tossing the discards back in the water. You feel strongly that he must not be allowed to find what he is looking for.

*As you wake up, you remember that you have had this dream before.*