Frederik's Dream

You sit in a dimmed room, hearing voices echo from a distance. You look to your right and see a man sitting directly next to you. To your left is a woman. Looking down to your lap is a sheet of parchment. It says "The Globe Theatre presents: *Titus Andronicus*." Casting your eyes upwards, you see the stage. A man enters stage right without a hand. He is lamenting how he hand to cut off his hand, but is grateful he has another to beat his own chest with.

You only think about getting up to see what's going on, when the woman next to you reaches for your hand. In the darkness, no one knows who you are. Their prying eyes don't have a place here. For a moment, it is just the two of you. You peer over to her, but her face is blocked by her long hair falling to her chest. You can just barely see her cheekbones. She smiles.

Laughter erupts as the characters on stage are arguing about killing a fly. Did it have parents? They laugh again as a man missing a hand runs about the stage. But you know this play. You've read it before.. It's a tragedy. Its lesser known name is *The Rape of Lavinia.*

Then the stage grows darker. Lanterns are being doused. You look closer and only see the one man on stage. He gestures to where the man missing a hand once stood. It almost is inaudible as he whispers off the stage towards the audience, "Alas, poor man, grief has so wrought on him. He takes false shadows for true substances." Is he looking at you?

Do you see him?

The flames flicker across his face. The shadows seem to consume his right side as he leans forward.

You look around, and you are alone. You didn't even notice the absence of the soft hand holding yours until now. Endless rows of chairs stand before you. The man is so far.. But how does he feel right in your face?

The darkness spreads across and he raises his hands. Looking at them thoughtfully, he turns his left hand away and claws tear through. The nails grow out to be sharper than daggers. It consumes him as his chest grows a sickly green and darkens to black.

"Help us," He seems to say only to you.

You look around seeking an exit. When you turn back, the man is in the aisle of the theatre. He chokes out, "Beware the false gods."

Someone grabs your hand, it's that same soft hand. You let it lead you away as you keep your eyes locked on the darkening figure so he can't make the slip again.

The girl slams the door to the theatre, breaking your sight. She grabs you by the shoulders and leans to your ear, "Find me."

You see this image appear behind your eyes and you wake up.

(scroll to the next page to see it. It will also be in your journal in Roll20)

Scroll for Memories

First Memory Is literally just this guy approaching you as you sit on the ground. There's clearly a battle exactly as pictured taking place behind him.

Second Memory You look at your hands, they're dry and calloused. But they're smaller. Maybe you're 15? Then you plunge them into a pot you're cleaning with sand and water. Someone gently grips your shoulders and whispers in your ear, "Can't that wait?" It's a young and sweet voice. "Your parents would have my head if their stew is sandy." "Dagheiðr could just finish that later! Come! I have something to show you!" You follow the girl away from the kitchen and continue to follow for some time as she leads you into the forest. Opening up into a clearing, you see a strange array of stones piled up and leaning on each other. Each are only about 2 feet high and arranged in a half circle. You can't quite make out her face as a fog finds it's way into the glade, but she excitedly runs up to one of the stacks and placing her hand over it. "Watch." She only whispers from about 20 feet away, but it's like she's right next to you. Touching a stone, a dim purple light glows, starting at the base and making its way to the top of the rocks. She gestures with her chin to do the same to another stack. You do so. And the light from both stacks makes it's way around the circle meeting in the middle, the light connecting to the center of the grassy space and a golden orb appears floating about three feet off the ground. You jerk your hand away and the orbs falls to the ground, almost like the ground absorbed it and it disappears. "Told you it'd be worth it."

Third Memory You sit on a blanket under a tree having a picnic on your own as you watch a man come up to you and ask if he can paint the tree while you're there. You feel a warmth in the air and he sits on the other side to paint. This is the painting. (edited)