

Alaric's Dream the Day Before His Escape

After getting home from a long night of chatting about the theories of predestination versus predetermination, you lost track of time and sneaked in a bit late to your quarters. Sure that you evaded any priests or deacons along the way, you get home and note all of your findings inside your beloved journal, whispering the spell to keep the words hidden. And you go to sleep.

The dream begins in a heavenly sanctuary. Gold lining the walls. Transcendent art filling the space. You stop at one of the paintings. A saint looks down to you with a joyous expression. You smile back. This isn't your church. This.. is safe. It appreciates your presence. And you can feel the warmth.

The sun shines in through the stained glass. Sparkling green and purple beams through the colored glass on the ceiling reflects off the communion cup on the altar. You confidently walk up the aisle to the altar for your communion. There isn't a priest there to assist you in receiving it. But you know it is the time to accept this sacrament.

You consider the thought briefly of Anna as you walk down the aisle. But this isn't the time or the place. This is for you.

As you reach out for the cup of salvation, it is cold. Like... freezing in the snow for hours. You try to pull back and you can't move. The church clings to your every breath. It's stifling you. The glorious light that once filled this space dims and you can hear an oncoming storm in the distance. The gilded chamber becomes dull. A hand grips your shoulder and chokes out the words "You need to get out of here. This place has cast you out and plot your arrest. You were *seen*." You feel the double meaning in that phrase. *You were seen*. For your best and for your "worst." Too many thoughts of the future, too much ingenuity. Some have appreciated it. Some have spat on it.

Finally you are able to move freely, and *fast*. And you are given a direction. You whirl around and there is no one in sight. But you feel the darkness nipping at your heels. You *run*.

"Find me."

Alaric would be left with the following image foggy in his vision:

(Pascal's calculator)

