The Three Visions

By Murdoch Brooks

The week before All Hallows, the party of Orizan was out on a mission to destroy zombie shrines. On the way there, one of our party members killed a fairy. After we came back, exactly at sundown, the entire party felt dizzy, then blacked out.

This is my best recollection of the visions, backed up by notes but not fully developed. The vision may be incorrect or warped due to bad memory.

The first vision went like this:
We were all builders, building the outer wall of a city. We felt grounded and rooted, as if we were supposed to be there. There were makeshift cranes hanging from trees, building the wall, and outside watchtowers like pyramids. There were elementals of all colors helping lift these huge, heavy stones into place. The perspective was different for all of us, some of us were manning the ropes, others on high mountains, mapping stuff.

The second vision went like this:
We started off in a dark and dim area, but we could see just fine. Some of us felt taller and bigger than we were before (elves, I believe) . We were each holding gifts, fruit, baskets, swords, jewels, and carved bones. We were all going into the forest. We reached a small clearing with a wood elf that seemed to be pulsing with green energy. We set down the gifts on a big mossy blanket.

The third vision was much shorter:
We were all running. For many reasons, such as being injured, sick, or chased. We were all picked off. Killed. One by one.

We have yet to determine the meanings of these visions, and I will get back to you when there is more information. If anyone is able to decipher these visions, please write back to me.