

16/17: Intermezzo, Strange Dreams

Lately I've been having very strange dreams at night. I don't know what to think about them. The nature of these dreams is clearly related to my abyssal heritage and I fear the reaction of the others when I tell them about these dreams.

In the first dream I'm walking through a dark cave. I feel I'm lost, no help is present and the way out of these caves seems long forgotten. Without means to get out of these dark caverns I'm doomed to die of thirst and hunger. To make things worse, I felt like being watched. Somehow the walls seem to have eyes and I feel like the tons of rock crushing down on me. I start to panic and run through the caves to find an exit. I'm sure the ceiling gets lower and the walls close in on me. At that time I was sure I was going to die!

The first dream stopped there and I woke up tired and sweat had soaked my clothes.

The next dream didn't improve either. It started exactly as the first one. The walls crept toward me and I ran to find an escape. This time the dream didn't end there. Somehow I knew there was a slight chance I would find an exit this time. My hopes were up again and I dashed through the caves until I reached a corner followed by a larger cavern. I ran full speed into the cavern and knew I wasn't alone.

A huge angelic creature stood there with me in the cavern. Ten feet tall it stood, armored in shining mail. Huge wings protruding from its back and this creature was beautiful in his anger. I couldn't stop my charge at once and tried to stop my momentum. The angel looked at me and somehow I couldn't stop or change direction and when I finally stopped I was in arms range of the angel. The celestial being picked me up by my neck and while staring down into my eyes it started to crush my throat. I can still remember those bright glowing eyes in that beautiful face. Those glowing eyes, judging me, condemning me.

Then in the third night the dreams changed for me. Again the dream started like the first one. Lost in the caverns, hopelessly searching for a way out, even the angel was identical. This time the difference came when the angel was crushing me. Those judging eyes looked at me when it crushed the life out of me, but just before I would die I heard a terrifying roar coming from behind me. Then a flaming sword flashed from out of nowhere. The sword collided with the angel's neck and seemed to pass through. For a split second it looked like the angel didn't even notice, then a shining gap opened up on its neck. Slowly the head pivoted sideways, light shone brightly from the wound, then the head fell to the ground and the bright angelic light being replaced by blood and gore. That uncanny beauty had left the angel and now it was simply a slain, bloody enemy. But was I doomed again? Gasping for air I turned around and saw a huge demon standing beside me. Standing twelve feet tall with dark red skin and huge bat-like wings. Its head was horned, its body muscled beyond believe. It carried a huge flaming sword and a flaming whip. Although this demon was far beyond my capabilities as a warrior I knew I wasn't in any danger. This demon came for the rescue. This demon came to help me.

The fourth dream started differently. I wasn't lost in the caves anymore. I was marching with demons. I remember marching in a moonless night. The huge demon that saved me walked next to me. When I looked back I could see hordes of lesser demons following us. Strangely enough they somehow looked to us in awe. In my dream I was marching with an army of demons and somehow I wasn't scared. In my dream it just felt good, this must be how it feels when you're truly powerful.

The next night this dream continued. The demons marched through the night toward an angelic castle in the far distance. Bright light shone from the castle and angelic guards walked

the battlements. The demon horde surrounded the castle and somehow prepared themselves for an assault. I don't know how I knew it, but somewhere in this castle was a huge treasure. This castle was built solely to protect this treasure and we were here to get what was rightfully ours.

The last dream was another continuation from the story. The demons prepared for the assault and I was told about a secret entrance to the castle from the hidden sewers beneath the castle. The demon hordes were to launch a massive assault on the castle allowing me to sneak in from below and reclaim the treasure that was our birthright. The demons started their assault and their power was awesome to behold. Hordes of the deformed demons ran toward the castle. Hordes of flying demons circling the angelic castle. The angelic guards protecting the castle were fighting valiantly to protect what they had stolen, but it looked like they were being slaughtered. Guards being pulled from the battlements by flying demons. The flying angels dragged down by countless flying demons, only to be ripped apart by their abyssal brethren on the ground. The defenders were distracted and I knew this was my cue. The road to the treasure was open and my time of glory would come soon.

Then the dream suddenly ended. It didn't end like the others, somehow it was stopped short by the ninja's poisonous dart that hit me while I was sleeping.

These dreams seem so real and I do not know what to do about them. Should I tell Reed about them?