



An Agent at the Service of the SONGSTRESS of DREAMS

v.1.0

An original Jumpchain by AzureKnight -mx

"Hey, wake up, you silly dream!"

The voice comes from a small blue goblin, who is hopping up and down, waving frantically to catch your attention. "As I was saying, you're a dream, one of the countless inhabitants of the Dreamscape—or Unreality, as some prefer to call it. That doesn't mean you're unreal, but it doesn't mean you're exactly real either! In any case, you are *you*, and you've been summoned to service, my little dream."

"What? What do I mean?" The goblin squints at you. **"Have you been *sleeping* this whole time? Can a dream even *do* that? Ugh."** *He sighs, pulling out a small pipe and blowing a few lazy smoke rings before continuing.*

"You are a dream, a surreal manifestation of the ideas and imagination of all living beings from real space. We all have a purpose here in Dreamscape. And you, my dear dream, have been called to serve her Majesty, the Songstress of Dreams."

The goblin's eyes sparkle with a kind of fevered admiration as he speaks. **"The beautiful queen who rules over dreams and all that the mind can conceive. Her Magnanimous, Her Highness, Her... perfect voice... Her *Melody*..."**

He clears his throat quickly, shifting awkwardly as he remembers his purpose. **"Ahem, yes. You've been called to serve as an Agent, a dream in her service. Your mission? To protect and advance her Melody's interests in the dream court, against the scheming of rivals and, of course, the dreaded nightmares led by the Composer of Nightmares."**

He shudders dramatically.

"The Composer still threatens to seize control of Dreamscape and cast us all into real space." *The goblin's voice softens to a murmur* **"A fate none of us wish to face."**

"But no worries! Here." The goblin tosses you a bag of shimmering baubles. **"These might help... or they might not. Either way, you'd best make yourself useful to her High Note."**

The little blue goblin hands you the bag, its contents worth 1000 CP.



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An Agent's Duty

An Agent of the Songstress is no ordinary entity. They are the powerful chosen executors of her will, a select group tasked with embodying her commands and defending the Dreamscape. Agents come into existence with a purpose, their form and function shaped by their origin within the Dreamscape. Whether dream or nightmare, each Agent holds a unique role in maintaining the balance of this ethereal realm.



At the heart of every Agent is unwavering loyalty to the Songstress of Dreams. They hold her in the highest regard, referring to her in reverent tones—calling her "her Melody," "her Highest Tune," or other titles linked to song and harmony. Her word is law, and her vision for Dreamscape guides their every action. The Songstress' reach extends through them, making them her hands, eyes, and enforcers in both Dreamscape and beyond.

Agents possess a special aura known as the **Veiled Mirage**, a manifestation that sets them apart from other entities from Dreamscape. This form allows them to slip seamlessly into the dreams of living beings in real space, influencing or observing their thoughts, hopes, and fears. The Veiled Mirage not only grants them the ability to traverse the dream world but also protects them from the instability and dangers of the irreality within the Dreamscape. It is their shield, their disguise, and the key to their power.

Every Agent wields an artifact known as a **Conduit**. These powerful items serve as a focus for the Agent's abilities, allowing them to channel their dream or nightmare powers with precision and intensity. Without a Conduit, an Agent's abilities would be erratic and uncontrolled, but with one, they become formidable beings, capable of shaping the very fabric of dreams and nightmares.

Each Agent possesses at least a unique ability tied to either the realm of dreams or the depths of nightmares. These abilities are categorized as either **Shines**—powers that draw from the light and creativity of dreams—or **Shades**—abilities rooted in the darker, more haunting aspects of nightmares. Whether an Agent's focus is to inspire or to terrify, their power is a reflection of their nature and their place within the Dreamscape.

Within the **Court of Dreams**, Agents hold a prestigious position. They are not just passive dream beings; they are active participants in the eternal struggle between the Songstress and her rival, the Composer of Nightmares. As members of the Court, they carry out delicate missions, enforce her will, and act as diplomats, spies, and warriors against the ever-present threat of the Composer and his nightmare minions. Their actions are vital to maintaining the delicate balance of power within Dreamscape, ensuring the continued reign of the Songstress.

The Realm of Dreamscape, Land of Dreams and Nightmares

Dreamscape is the vast and ever-shifting realm where the subconscious minds of all sentient beings converge. It is a universe composed entirely of thought, emotion, and imagination, where the boundaries of reality blur into fluid, vibrant tapestries of dreams and nightmares. Dreamscape is both a sanctuary and a battleground, an infinite expanse shaped by the desires, fears, hopes, and memories of dreamers. It is here that the Songstress of Dreams reigns, weaving the delicate balance between light and shadow, creation and destruction.

At its core, Dreamscape is a reflection of the duality present in all minds. It is not solely a place of peace and wonder, but also of darkness and dread. Dreams and nightmares, though seemingly opposite forces, are two sides of the same coin, integral to maintaining balance within the realm. Without dreams, there can be no hope or inspiration. Without nightmares, there would be no caution, no growth through challenge. The beings of Dreamscape, both dream and nightmare alike, serve to nurture this balance, ensuring the dreamers remain grounded while navigating the boundless imagination within.

Dreams and Nightmares



The inhabitants of Dreamscape, known as Dreams and Nightmares, are entities born from the essence of thought and emotion. Despite their different roles, all Dreamscape entities share a common origin and nature. In truth, there is no fundamental difference between a Dream and a Nightmare beyond the role they fulfill. Dreams nurture creativity, inspiration, and growth, while Nightmares challenge dreamers with fear, conflict, and lessons born from struggle. This difference in purpose is what determines their alignment within the Court of Dreams or the Nightmarish Realm.

Dream Beings are often associated with positive emotions and the pursuit of creation. They are muses, guardians, and weavers of the vivid, fantastical landscapes dreamers find themselves in during their sleep. Dream Beings guide dreamers toward self-discovery, offering insights, creative sparks, and even guidance to solve real-world dilemmas. They serve the Songstress of Dreams and act as her instruments in maintaining harmony throughout Dreamscape.

Nightmares, on the other hand, are tasked with embodying fears, challenges, and trials. They craft nightmares not to harm, but to confront the dreamer with difficult truths, unresolved conflicts, or the deepest, darkest fears that reside within the subconscious. Nightmares often force the dreamer to evolve, building resilience through encounters with personal fears. Despite their fearsome appearances and roles, Nightmares are essential to the balance of Dreamscape, as they represent the catharsis that comes through overcoming

trials. Without nightmares, dreamers would never confront their inner darkness and would stagnate in their development.

The Current Situation: Dreams and Nightmares in Conflict

Historically, dreams and nightmares coexisted in a delicate equilibrium, each fulfilling their purpose under the Songstress and the Composer's guidance. However, recent events have thrown this balance into disarray. **The rise of the Composer of Nightmares, a once-loyal companion of the Songstress, has ignited a growing schism between dreams and nightmares.** The Composer, has changed for an unknown reason and abruptly began to oppose the Songstress, rallying Nightmare beings and other entities to his side, seeking to elevate nightmares to a dominant force in Dreamscape.



This growing conflict has splintered Dreamscape into opposing factions. On one side, the Songstress leads the **Court of Dreams**, where Dream Beings continue their duty of inspiring, guiding, and nurturing the minds of dreamers. On the other, the Composer of Nightmares has established a rival court, the **Realm of Endless Dread**, where nightmares grow darker and more invasive, testing the limits of dreamers with increasingly harrowing trials.

The lines between dreams and nightmares have blurred further as some Nightmares, once committed to their purpose of challenge and catharsis, are now being corrupted into beings of pure fear and hate, seeking not to teach but to dominate, kill and consume, known as **Dread Nightmares**, potent entities that serve the Composer unconditionally. Some Dream Beings, disturbed by the Songstress' perceived complacency, have defected, joining the Composer's ranks in hopes of bringing about a new order. As tensions rise, Dreamscape teeters on the brink of war—a war where the very nature of dreams and nightmares, and the dreamers themselves, hang in the balance.

While Dream Beings and Nightmare Beings are distinct in their roles, they remain fundamentally the same—entities forged from the essence of thought. Yet, the conflict has drawn deeper divisions, and Dreamscape is now a battlefield of ideologies. In the end, both sides are necessary to the survival of Dreamscape, though they fight as if oblivious to this truth. Should the balance be broken, Dreamscape itself could unravel, with dire consequences for all dreamers who depend on its influence to rest, grow, and overcome.

This is the stage upon which you, Jumper, enter—an Agent of the Songstress, navigating the vast, intricate politics and conflicts of Dreamscape, striving to restore harmony, or perhaps to forge a new path. Your actions will influence the fate of Dreamscape and the countless dreamers who rely on its balance.

Age, Sex and Background

Upon arrival in Dreamscape, you have the freedom to choose your age, sex, and any previous background you may have. As a Dream or Nightmare, you transcend the typical boundaries of time, identity, and place. Time in Dreamscape is fluid, symbolic rather than fixed. Choosing a youthful age might reflect the unbounded energy and fresh potential of a new dream, while an ancient presence could represent the depth and wisdom acquired over eons of exploring and shaping the subconscious realms. Your age here is more than a number; it's an embodiment of your essence within Dreamscape.

Your sex, too, is not limited by biology but is rather the form that best reflects your core identity and purpose within the Court of Dreams. Within Dreamscape, this choice can evolve as you explore new facets of yourself, adapting to the shifting nature of dreams and the roles you embody.

Background in Dreamscape isn't just a retelling of your past but a manifestation of your inner self and the potential paths ahead. Whether you wish to embody a past full of mystery, skill, or history, or perhaps no background at all, everything is possible in this world of Dreams and Nightmares. Here, your background is a reflection of your deepest identity, shaping how you interact with the Court of Dreams and all who dwell within this realm.

Origin and Path

The Court of Dreams is a vast and mysterious realm, home to countless powerful entities, each with a story as unique as the dreams they embody. As you step into your role as one of the Songstress' agents, your origin will shape your abilities, your place within Dreamscape, and your connections to the many beings that inhabit it. Whether you were born from the pure essence of a dream, pulled from the Waking World, or forged in the chaotic crucible of nightmares, your origin forms the foundation of your identity.

Dream-born agents often embody light, creativity, and inspiration, while those born from nightmares wield darkness, fear, and uncertainty. Yet, no origin is fixed—agents born of nightmares may rise to inspire and heal, while those of dreams may fall to sorrow or despair. Your origin sets the stage, but your choices and actions will ultimately define your true path.

Your origin provides you with a purpose—a unique melody in the Songstress' grand symphony. Whether you seek to uphold balance, inspire others, or shape fear itself, what truly matters is how you weave your story into the greater tapestry of Dreamscape, leaving an echo that resonates through the dreams of all who dwell here.

First, you must choose your origin: were you born from a Dream, or a Nightmare? While your origin gifts you with innate abilities, it is your choices and the path you take that will determine who you truly become.

- **Dream [Free]:** Born from the boundless imagination of dreamers, you are a child of the light, a manifestation of hope, creativity, and wonder. Dreams are the reflections of possibilities, and as one of its embodiments, you carry the spark of inspiration wherever you go. Whether you emerged from the quiet dreams of a sleeping child, the epic fantasies of a storyteller, or the bold aspirations of a hero, your essence is drawn from the infinite potential of the Dreamscape.
Those of the Dream origin are often compassionate, inventive, and driven by an innate desire to protect, inspire, or guide. The Dreamscape resonates with you, offering subtle assistance in the form of insight, beauty, or serendipitous encounters. Your powers reflect the malleable nature of dreams—capable of creating, transforming, and weaving stories into reality. Yet, even dreams can be fragile, and you must guard against despair or complacency, lest the light within flicker and fade.
- **Nightmare [Free]:** Forged from the depths of fear and uncertainty, you are a child of the dark, a manifestation of primal instincts, doubts, and terrors. Nightmares are not only the shadows of fear but also reflections of harsh truths and the challenges every soul must face. As one born of a nightmare, you are a being of formidable strength, capable of wielding fear as both a weapon and a tool for survival.
Whether you arose from a child's fear of the unknown, the anxiety of a troubled mind, or the terrifying vision of an apocalyptic future, your essence embodies the inescapable realities that dreams try to avoid. You are not malevolent by nature—nightmares serve a purpose, often revealing the hidden truths that dreams obscure. Those of the Nightmare origin are cunning, relentless, and adaptable, able to navigate the darkest corners of Dreamscape with ease. You command the energies of fear and uncertainty, capable of bending them to your will to challenge or protect.

Next, decide which one of these paths you will follow in service to Her Highest Note. The path you choose is not limited by your origin—dreams may shift into nightmares, and nightmares can evolve into dreams. This fluidity reflects the ever-changing nature of the Dreamscape itself.

- Song Weaver
- Inspiration
- Dream Guardian
- Fright Harvester
- Night Terror
- Shadow Weaver

Each path marks the foundations of what you are and the role the Songstress has chosen for you to perform. However, I sense within you there is... something different... you do not feel like a normal Agent of Her Melody, perhaps you'll achieve great things under her service.

Best of luck Agent!

Song Weaver

The Song Weavers are the harmonious heart and soul of the Court of Dreams, channeling the purest essence of the Songstress herself. Their voices are the lullabies that guide dreamers into peaceful slumbers, weaving melodies that give form and vibrancy to dreams. Each Song Weaver's song resonates with the rhythm of creation, shaping and sustaining the Dreamscape with every note they sing. Their influence is vast, as their harmonies ripple across the subconscious minds of all sentient beings, breathing life into the abstract and turning visions into experiences.



Beyond merely creating dreams, Song Weavers are also the caretakers of the Dreamscape's integrity. Their role extends to mending dreams that have been tainted by fear or chaos, restoring balance where nightmares threaten to encroach. When dreams fray at the edges, unraveling into discord, a Song Weaver's melody can knit them back together, ensuring that beauty and peace reign. This delicate balance makes them indispensable to the Songstress, for without them, the Dreamscape could collapse into cacophony and chaos.

As musicians of the highest order, Song Weavers favor conduits that resemble intricate musical instruments—each one as unique as the Agent wielding it. These instruments are not just tools but extensions of their very soul, capable of bending sound to alter the fabric of dreams. Whether strumming an ethereal lyre or plucking strings on a harp made of moonlight, a Song Weaver's melodies influence more than just dreams—they shape the dreamer's mind, guiding them toward creativity, clarity, and inspiration.

Inspiration



Agents of Inspiration are the sparks of genius that ignite the flame of creativity in the minds of dreamers. They travel through the Dreamscape as invisible muses, planting seeds of innovation and insight that blossom into world-changing ideas in the Waking World. Whether it's the birth of a masterpiece, a scientific breakthrough, or the solution to a seemingly impossible problem, an Agent of Inspiration is often behind the scenes, gently guiding dreamers toward their next great epiphany. Their touch is subtle yet profound, capable of steering entire civilizations through the dreams of just one individual.

These agents work not only as muses but as essential drivers of progress, weaving strands of collective wisdom into the subconscious. In the Court of Dreams, they are called upon when a dreamer teeters on the edge of discovery, needing just one final nudge to reach greatness. They specialize in bringing clarity to the dreamer, stripping away mental clutter

and self-doubt to reveal the brilliance beneath. Under the guidance of the Songstress, they ensure that the wheels of innovation and enlightenment never stop turning.

Their conduits are tools of inspiration—objects that provoke thought and encourage creativity. Some wield quills that glow with otherworldly ink, capable of writing ideas into existence, while others may carry crystalline puzzles that, once solved, unleash waves of epiphany into the dream. These conduits allow them to manifest the spark of an idea and fan it into a blazing force that propels the dreamer toward their destiny.

Dream Guardian



Dream Guardians are the unwavering protectors of the Dreamscape, standing as sentinels against the nightmares that threaten the peace of dreamers. Their purpose is to safeguard dreams and shield dreamers from the creeping tendrils of fear and chaos. With powers that allow them to reshape the dream world around them, they neutralize threats before they take root, ensuring that the dreamer's journey through their own mind remains serene. Their presence alone brings a sense of calm, a silent promise that no harm will come to those under their watch.

These defenders are not mere bodyguards; they are also warriors of the highest order, armed with the ability to confront and banish nightmares back to the dark corners of the Dreamscape. In the Court, they act as enforcers of the Songstress' will, standing vigilant at the borders of the Dreamscape to prevent any incursion from malevolent forces. When battle is necessary, they rise without hesitation, using their powers to protect the innocent and crush those who seek to corrupt dreams. Their devotion to preserving the sanctity of dreams makes them some of the most trusted agents in the Court.

Their conduits are symbols of protection, often taking the form of shields, barriers, or gauntlets. Each Guardian's conduit is unique, attuned to their personal style of defense—some may carry shields that can reflect nightmares back upon their source, while others wield shimmering armor that absorbs the fear around them, purifying it into strength. Their ability to reshape dreams means their defensive capabilities are vast, able to mold the dream itself into a sanctuary for the dreamer.

Fright Harvester

Fright Harvesters are the delicate balance-keepers between fear and peace, cultivating controlled fear within nightmares and transforming it into raw energy to power the darker aspects of the Dreamscape. Unlike those who seek to terrify without purpose, Fright Harvesters know that fear has its place. It can warn, it can protect, and when handled with care, it can be harvested to maintain balance. These Agents plant the seeds of anxiety or



unease with precision, allowing it to grow just enough to be harvested without overwhelming the dreamer.

Within the Court, Fright Harvesters are resource gatherers and conservators of emotional energy. They understand that fear is an intrinsic part of the human condition, guiding decisions and alerting the subconscious to hidden dangers. Their craft ensures that fear is not wasted, but refined into something useful for the Court's needs. However, many Fright Harvesters were tempted by the allure of unchecked power, leading some to defect to the Composer of Nightmares, where they use fear to fuel chaos rather than balance.

Their conduits are tools of collection, used to gather fear from a distance. These might be nets that ensnare ambient fear as it drifts through the Dreamscape, or lamps that capture the glow of anxiety, turning it into stored power. The artistry of a Fright Harvester lies in the fine line they walk—cultivating just enough fear to harvest, without letting it spiral into uncontrolled terror. Their work ensures that nightmares continue to serve a purpose, rather than becoming destructive forces.

Night Terror



Night Terrors are the embodiment of pure, primal fear, nightmares given form by the Songstress to maintain the equilibrium between light and dark in the Dreamscape. These Agents wield the raw power of terror, unleashing it when dreams spiral too far into chaos or when malevolent forces need to be eradicated. They walk the fine line between creation and destruction, their purpose to confront the darkest corners of the subconscious with overwhelming dread. Their very presence can send ripples of fear through the Dreamscape, their power undeniable.

In the Court, Night Terrors are the shock troops, deployed when nightmares grow too dangerous or invasive. When fear becomes a weapon, they wield it expertly, confronting rogue nightmares and creatures of chaos head-on. Their methods are terrifying yet calculated, as they know how to push dreamers to their limits without breaking them. Often, the fear they invoke leads to moments of personal revelation, as dreamers confront their deepest terrors and emerge stronger from the experience.

The conduits of Night Terrors are fearsome weapons—blades, scythes, or spiked chains—that instill fear with every strike. These weapons are as terrifying to behold as they are to wield, capable of cutting through both nightmares and the fabric of dreams. Each is crafted to inspire horror in those who face them, serving as both tools of terror and instruments of destruction.

Shadow Weaver

Shadow Weavers are the unseen hands of the Dreamscape, masters of illusion who manipulate shadows and bend reality within dreams. Their craft lies in deception and subtlety, as they work within the darkness to blur the line between fantasy and nightmare. Shadow Weavers thrive in complexity, using their abilities to construct intricate dreamscapes that disorient and bewilder those who enter them. The illusions they create are so lifelike that even the dreamer cannot tell where reality ends and the dream begins.



In the Court, Shadow Weavers serve as spies and infiltrators, their subtle talents making them invaluable in uncovering secrets or undermining enemies of the Dreamscape. They use their mastery of shadow to observe, manipulate, and outmaneuver threats before they become apparent. Often operating behind the scenes, their influence shapes the politics of the Court, weaving strategies and playing subtle games to ensure the Dreamscape's enemies remain blind to their own undoing.

Their conduits are arcane tools that grant them control over the shadows—mirrors that reflect illusions back at the viewer, scrolls that conjure hidden nightmares, or crystal orbs that warp the dream itself. Each tool allows them to manipulate the Dreamscape with unparalleled finesse, bending light and dark to create illusions that can deceive even the most discerning mind. With these instruments in hand, Shadow Weavers ensure that the Dreamscape's enemies are always under surveillance, and that their true intentions remain hidden in the shadows.



Starting Location

You will begin the jump within the hallowed halls of the **Spire of Echoes**, the grand citadel that serves as the current seat of the **Court of Dreams**. Towering high within Dreamscape, the Spire is a magnificent structure where light and sound meld in harmonious patterns, a place where whispers of forgotten dreams echo through the air. It is here, in this ethereal palace, that you are summoned to meet the **Songstress of Dreams**, for the very first time. As the newest Agent to be inducted into her service, this meeting will set the course for your journey within Dreamscape.

As you step into the Court of Dreams, you will be at the center of attention. The Songstress herself will bestow upon you a moment of her boundless, shifting focus, curious to see what potential lies within you. The eyes of the entire court—both noble Dream Beings and fellow Agents—will be upon you, watching intently. Some seek to measure your worth, while others are simply intrigued by the arrival of a new Agent in the cosmic balance between dreams and nightmares.

Your peers, the other Agents of the Songstress, will observe your introduction with a mix of curiosity and scrutiny. Some may seek to test your resolve, others to offer guidance or form alliances, depending on how you present yourself in this first, crucial moment. Your introduction to Dreamscape begins under the watchful gaze of both dream and nightmare, and the ripples of your first encounter will shape the rest of your path.



Appearance

As a denizen of Dreamscape, you were born from either the ideas and inspirations or the fears and worries of living things from the Waking World, or called into being by a song from the Songstress herself.

By default, you'll look like a Dreamscape enhanced version of your original bodymod adjusted to previous choices made in this jump. This will be your true form, but in future jumps your true form will be the identity you take starting that jump. All Dreamscape denizens possess a special ability called the **Veil of Dreams or the Veil of Nightmares**, which allows them to present themselves to any observer with a familiar shape, enabling them to interact with them regardless of their original form or species and leave the observer clueless about your true form. This is useful as in Dreamscape all kinds of dreamers from the entire universe will appear, and with so many different races and species, dreams and nightmares need to be able to interact with them all in meaningful ways.

You may adjust your true form once, just before starting the jump, to alter it in any cosmetic way you desire, as long as the changes do not grant you any kind of improved ability that you did not have before.

However, you are also an Agent of the Songstress, and this you have a special invisible aura named the **Veiled Mirage**, which possesses the same abilities as the Veil of Dreams or the Veil of Nightmares, but also grants you a set of additional abilities will be considerably useful for one of your role.



" Within Dreamscape, not everything you can see is as it seems "

The Veiled Mirage

The Veiled Mirage is a rare and formidable power bestowed upon only the most elite denizens of Dreamscape, far surpassing the standard Veil of Dreams available to common inhabitants. This mysterious aura grants you, Agent, **an array of potent abilities** that not only protect but empower you in ways lesser Dreams and Nightmares cannot comprehend. As one of the few entrusted with the Veiled Mirage, you now wield a power that transforms how you interact with Dreamscape, the Waking World, and even the dreams of others.

The Veiled Mirage's abilities include the following:

- **Adaptive Projection:** Your Veiled Mirage automatically casts an image of familiarity, appearing as a non-threatening figure aligned with what observers expect to see. Whether presenting as a comforting presence or a figure of subtle allure, this projection blends your defining characteristics with the viewer's expectations, allowing you to move freely among diverse beings. Although this projection is automatic, you can choose to reveal your true form when desired, dropping the mirage and letting others see you as you truly are.
- **Universal Communication:** Dreamscape is a universe of countless realms, each governed by its own rules, languages, and logic. The Veiled Mirage allows you to bridge these divides effortlessly, enabling seamless communication with any being, regardless of language, dimension, or dream logic. No matter how bizarre or fragmented the environment, your words and intent will always be understood by those you address, ensuring clarity in even the most twisted dream realms.
- **Resistance to Illusions and Control:** The Veiled Mirage acts as an armor against illusions (but not from other Veiled Mirages or Veils of Dreams/Nightmares), mind control, and other forms of mental intrusion. Glamours, hallucinations, and attempts at domination struggle against this barrier, rendering you almost impervious to deceit or manipulation by lesser powers. Only entities wielding a more powerful Veiled Mirage could hope to break through these defenses, giving you a rare resilience in the realm of dreams and nightmares.
- **Access to Shines and Shades:** With the Veiled Mirage, you can fully unleash your Shines and Shades, the dream and nightmare-based abilities that mark you as an Agent. These powers allow you to shape Dreamscape directly, creating awe-inspiring wonders or terrifying nightmares. From raising structures in a dream to influencing emotions, you can wield these powers with ease, using them to awe, inspire, or subdue those within Dreamscape.
- **Protection from Dreamscape's Flux:** Dreamscape is constantly changing, with landscapes warping and shifting in unpredictable ways. The Veiled Mirage shields you from the effects of these chaotic transformations, letting you move unharmed through any surreal or volatile environments. From twisted physics to ever-shifting realities, the Veiled Mirage prevents harmful effects from destabilizing your form, keeping you safe in the most treacherous parts of Dreamscape or elsewhere.

- **Access to Dreams and Dreamscape:** One of the most valuable aspects of the Veiled Mirage is the ability to enter the dreams and nightmares of living beings. With this ability, you can slip undetected into a dream, observe, influence, or even interact with the dreamer directly, and through that very dream gain access to Dreamscape. Whether to offer guidance, glean information, or manipulate events within the dream, inside you have full control over how you wish to be perceived, if at all, granting you powerful tools for both aid and influence.
- **Permanence within Reality:** While most dreams and nightmares unravel in the Waking World, the Veiled Mirage grants you stability outside Dreamscape. You can remain in physical reality for a day and a half, carrying your powers without the degradation other Dreams face. Though this time is limited, it allows you to interact meaningfully with the Waking World before returning to Dreamscape to avoid destabilization and the eventual fading that would otherwise consume you.
- **Bound to Dreamscape:** As long as you remain within Dreamscape or an equivalent dream realm, you cannot be permanently killed or trapped by ordinary means. Should you experience what would otherwise be fatal—such as destruction, permanent imprisonment, or another form of “end”—you will reappear after several months at a safe location, affected by the ordeal but still alive. Note, however, that this protection is not absolute; the most powerful Dread Nightmares and abilities capable of piercing the Veiled Mirage bypass this safeguard, making them among the few things that pose a real threat to your existence. The Songstress and the Composer, being manifestations of Dreamscape themselves, both have the ability to effortlessly pierce this protection.

In sum, the Veiled Mirage is the ultimate tool for an Agent of the Songstress, offering a blend of concealment, protection, and power. It ensures their survival in the chaotic Dreamscape, allows them to interact with its denizens on their own terms, and grants them the ability to shape dreams and nightmares alike.

Veiled Mirage's Upgrades

A fiery red goblin, barely reaching your waist, storms into view with a suspicious squint and an intense, critical stare. "Oi! What's all this? You've got that... that 'off' look to ya," he grumbles, hands on his hips, his tone hovering between impatience and genuine curiosity. Circling around you, he mutters, "Look at you, struttin' in with that powerful Veiled Mirage. Who in the Dreamscape made you so special, hmm?"



He squints up at you, tapping his chin and shaking his head with a begrudgingly approving hum. "Well, whatever it is, seems your Veiled Mirage is juiced up beyond the usual limits. That doesn't happen every day—makes a goblin like me wonder what you've got going on." He pauses, folding his arms and furrowing his brow, as if weighing whether you're even worthy of his time.

You have a 400 CP stipend to be spent exclusively within this section, unlocking unique abilities or enhancements that would normally be beyond reach for other Veiled Mirage users.

Any upgrade from your selected origin will be discounted. You have an additional two discount tokens you may apply any upgrade (including any already discounted upgrade, but they'll always round upwards to the nearest hundreds). As usual, any 100 CP discounts are free.

He steps back, scrutinizing you one last time. "Make your choices wisely, alright? Each one's gonna change how you dance through Dreamscape. Now go on, surprise me." He folds his arms with a sharp nod, as if dismissing you—but his smirk gives away his genuine interest in seeing what you'll do.

General Upgrades

Illusionary Form Alteration (100 CP): Usually, your Veiled Mirage adjusts your appearance to only visually match what others expect to see, a member of their race with an air of familiarity, but you can't choose how you appear. Now, you gain full control over what others perceive. Alter your appearance to suit your needs—cosmetic changes, different species, entirely new attire, or even appearing as inanimate objects or invisible altogether. All identifying features from your true form are hidden in this illusion, leaving nothing for the observant to pick up on.

Reality Veil (200 CP): Your Veiled Mirage gains an additional layer of physicality, making it more tangible. You can interact with objects, touch people, and remain undetectable even through close examination, your Veiled Mirage now will pass any thorough tactile examination undetected. This grounded layer resists unraveling forces like opposing disintegrating powers, reality checks, and even reality-warping effects. While not granting immunity to such forces, your Mirage will endure to some degree, offering protection until

it disperses under strain. As a Dream or Nightmare, this allows you to stay in the Waking World for up to a week without facing unraveling from the rejection of reality.

Manifest Aura (400 CP): Your Veiled Mirage is potent enough to manifest illusionary tools, weapons, and objects that feel physically solid, as sturdy as mundane metals. Though still illusions, these creations remain intact while you're nearby and persist for up to fifteen minutes after your departure, fading away like mist. These Mirage-forged objects can interact with other illusions, meaning they can touch, manipulate, or even disrupt intangible illusions as if they were real, allowing you to defeat, destroy and unravel illusionary objects and entities that may be beyond the rules of what is real.

Dream Upgrades

Whispers of Harmony (100 CP) (Free for Dream Origin): Your Mirage carries a gentle, musical aura, like the soft notes of a lullaby drifting through the air. This aura brings peace and reassurance to those around you, easing minds and encouraging creativity to flow unimpeded. Those nearby feel their fears lighten, clarity dawn, and trust grow—a soothing influence that softly turns tense moments into something serene and hopeful.

Sweet Dreams (200 CP): The warmth of your presence dissolves negativity, breathing comfort and goodness into the spaces around you. Dark, haunted places and fear-ridden realms begin to lose their grip in your vicinity, like mist clearing under a morning sun. While the setting may seem unchanged, the oppressive atmosphere will fade, lessening the influence of whatever power cast its shadow there. Even the darkest realms—nightmare landscapes, haunted ruins, places tainted by malevolent forces—cannot keep their hold when you are near. You may choose when to use this gift, but if the entity responsible for the fear is near, it will sense your presence, aware of the gentle force undoing its work.

Inspirational Manifest (400 CP): Your Veiled Mirage becomes a vessel of belief and potential. When others genuinely believe you can accomplish something, that belief takes shape within you, granting you the skills and abilities needed to make it true. As you fulfill these inspired feats, those around you are lifted by your actions, even finding in themselves the spark to achieve what they believed you could do. If you wish, you can share this potential with them, though you may choose to withhold anything that could be harmful in the wrong hands. As the need fades, the abilities granted by belief slowly fade, but your memory and understanding of them linger, leaving you a step closer to mastery in each.

Lord of Dreams (600 CP): Within your Mirage lies a deep, ancient essence that makes you a powerful force in any dream realm. When you enter a dream, you may guide it into a place of peace and wonder for the dreamer, reshaping it to reflect their deepest hopes and most beautiful visions. In these dreams, you hold near-complete control, only yielding if the dreamer becomes temporarily lucid or if they hold the rare power of Lucidity. Time bends within these dreams—what feels like years within can be but moments in the waking world. It's said that a Lord of Dreams once shared an eternity in dreams with a loved one, giving them countless years together in the span of a final heartbeat.

Nightmare Upgrades

Unsettling Presence (100 CP) (Free for Nightmare Origin): Your Veiled Mirage can subtly manipulate the senses to make everything you say or do seem slightly “off” or unsettling. To others, there’s something about you that feels inexplicably wrong, heightening their sense of danger and suspicion. Your aura becomes cold and unwelcoming, making interactions with those around you fraught with a subconscious anxiety that weakens their emotional defenses. This layer of dread is subtle enough to keep them guessing, lending an unpredictable quality to your presence.

Visage of Terror (200 CP): When your Veiled Mirage is active, your appearance can twist and shift in a way that unsettles those observing you. In moments of intensity, your visage may appear to others as distorted, ethereal, or ghastly—glimpses of an ever-shifting face, too surreal to be fully perceived. This illusion frightens without fully revealing itself, inducing hallucinations that make others question their senses. Anyone looking directly at you may experience flashes of fear and doubt, making it easier to dissuade, terrify, or influence them.

Dancing Shadows (400 CP): Your Veiled Mirage can extend an ambient darkness around you, subtly dimming lights or casting shadows that bend and warp. When activated, this effect adds an oppressive atmosphere that can cover up to a small room or an alleyway. The shadows interact with the mind, creating a mild hallucination of movement in the darkness, as if something lurks just out of sight. This effect makes it harder for others to see clearly or focus on you, making you harder to detect or recognize even in the light.

Veil of Phobias (600 CP): The Veiled Mirage you possess now allows you to create a phobia-inducing aura that affects everyone in your vicinity, subtly awakening fears related to darkness, isolation, or whatever other specific phobia you select. The aura heightens latent fears without overwhelming your targets, instead subtly making them aware of things that may not actually be present. This effect also works in dreams, creating a lasting impression on the psyche. You can dispel it at will, but the phobic anxiety it causes will linger in the minds of others for hours or days, leaving them uncertain of what is real.

Designing your Conduit

"Well, well, look who we have here! A fresh little Agent!" A cheerful, purple-skinned goblin with a warm smile greets you, her eyes twinkling with motherly pride. "You can't truly call yourself one of her Melody's Agents without your own Conduit, now can you?" She pauses, looking you up and down thoughtfully. "Ah, I see it—you're still missing that special spark that a true Conduit brings. But don't you fret; I've helped many Agents craft theirs, so you're in good hands!"



With a gentle grin, she lifts a small, well-loved lute, plucking a few sweet, soothing notes that drift around you like a warm embrace. "Now, let's see what kind of Agent you are, dearie, and together we'll design something extraordinary for you." She nods encouragingly, her music wrapping you in inspiration as you begin to imagine your perfect Conduit.

The Conduit is a powerful artifact that will serve as a focus for all your abilities, allowing you to channel them with both precision and intensity. You must now design your own Conduit, your perfect tool of power and creativity and an extension of yourself.

You'll receive 400 CP and 3 discounts to be used in this section. Discounts do not stack.

Ah, designing your Conduit—this is no ordinary trinket. This artifact will be the finest focus of your power, perfectly honed to amplify your abilities with precision and raw intensity. Think of it as your masterpiece, forged to channel every ounce of your potential. Here, we'll guide you through crafting a Conduit that's distinctly *you*.

Start by choosing the type of item that aligns with your origin's path—a harmonious instrument, an inspired artifact, a sturdy piece of armor, a weapon, an arcane tool, or something all your own, it could be also an item you already have that you truly feel represents you and the path you have selected. Once you have its form, you'll have the chance to refine and enhance it with the options below. Choose wisely, as each choice determines how your Conduit will manifest your powers.

Form (Control)

Your Conduit's shape and design impact how easily it lets you channel your power, as well as its range and endurance. Select **one** option.

- **Crude (Free):** A basic tool without embellishments, your Conduit works but offers no particular benefits to range or ease of control. A touch unwieldy but functional, it's power in its rawest form.
- **Fine (100 CP):** With some care in its craftsmanship, your Conduit eases the flow of power, reducing energy drain and making control feel more natural. Range increases slightly, with less strain on you during use.

- **Exquisite (200 CP):** Precision-crafted as if by an artisan's hand, this Conduit feels like an extension of yourself. Powers flow effortlessly, requiring hardly any effort to control, and with great efficiency, it hardly seems to drain you at all. Range grows significantly, and with mastery, it can extend up to ten times its typical reach.

Material (Resilience and Magnitude)

The substance of your Conduit will determine its durability and how strongly it resists outside influences, making powers more formidable when cast through it. Select **one** option.

- **Mundane (Free):** Crafted from ordinary materials, your Conduit performs well enough, but it's vulnerable to wear, tear, and disruption. It offers little protection against forces seeking to dampen your powers.
- **Expensive (100 CP):** Made from rare and valuable resources, your Conduit is notably resilient, harder to damage or destroy. Powers channeled through it become more potent and are challenging to resist. With this material, your Conduit can handle a bit more power, up to double what's typical.
- **Mythical (200 CP):** Crafted from legendary materials like mithril or orihalcon, your Conduit is nearly indestructible, adopting the properties of its extraordinary material. Powers become exceptionally difficult to resist, and it's capable of channeling immense amounts of energy without a scratch.

Attribute (Additional Properties)

Each Conduit may hold attributes that add unique properties, making powers channeled through it all the more extraordinary. You may select **more than one option** from here.

- **Normal (Free):** A straightforward Conduit with no frills. It behaves precisely as expected for the type of item it is.
- **Ethereal (100 CP):** With a ghostly aura, your Conduit can pass through barriers when needed, making your powers more elusive and difficult to evade.
- **Attuned (100 CP):** Resonating with the Songstress's music, this Conduit strengthens any song- or music-based powers and can synchronize with others to amplify their effects.
- **Dreamy (100 CP):** Touched by dream essence, your Conduit can give powers a fantastical appearance, inspiring those who witness it. Effects become vibrant, with an ethereal allure.
- **Nightmarish (100 CP):** Infused with the essence of fear, your Conduit makes powers unsettling, adding ominous sounds or visuals, perfect for instilling dread in those who face it.
- **Elemental (100 CP):** Choose an element to enhance your Conduit and your powers. Fire may add heat or burn effects; water can make it adaptable and fluid, and so on. The element colors and energizes each use.

- **Surreal (100 CP):** This attribute makes the environment shift subtly with each power, creating effects that seem surreal. Flames might scorch the walls, a time-based power could slow nearby movements, or a mind-affecting power may distort surroundings in strange ways.

Ah, now we're getting to the *essence* of your Conduit—the emotions, presence, and sheer power it radiates. Let's infuse this extraordinary artifact with feelings and quality that suit the myth you're about to forge.

Feeling (Moods and Emotions Surrounding Your Powers)

Your Conduit resonates with a feeling that others sense when it's in your hands, affecting the mood and atmosphere. This isn't just for show—these feelings carry unique effects you can toggle on or off. You may select **more than one** option from here.

- **Mundane (Free):** To the untrained eye, your Conduit feels... ordinary. Though those with keen senses may notice it's well-made or composed of rare materials, its presence doesn't scream *supernatural*. But we both know that's far from the truth.
- **Inspiring (100 CP):** Your Conduit radiates hope and bravery. Just having it in hand seems to banish despair, making allies feel bolstered, as if victory is within reach. Any who stand by you feel a strength rising within them.
- **Powerful (100 CP):** There's no hiding the commanding aura your Conduit exudes. When others see you wielding it, they sense power—whether in awe or intimidation. While this doesn't make your abilities stronger, they'll *certainly* appear more imposing.
- **Dreadful (100 CP):** Your Conduit brings an eerie chill, the kind that raises the hair on the back of one's neck. A creeping unease surrounds it, lingering and unsettling. Though not especially effective against nightmares, mortals and even some spirits may hesitate to cross it.
- **Protective (100 CP):** Your Conduit exudes a feeling of safety that emboldens your allies. Friends sense an anchor in the storm, and enemies feel the weight of an obstacle in their way. With your Conduit present, others feel confident that protection is close.

Quality (Overall Power)

This final touch determines how fully your Conduit can draw out the strength of your abilities, making them manifest with amplified force. Choose the final quality of your conduit.

- **Average (Free):** Even a basic Conduit gives your powers a solid edge, letting them outperform similar abilities. Though its strength may appear unchanged, this subtle edge ensures that your power will always dominate in a close match against an equivalent power.

- **Superior (100 CP):** Crafted beyond the common standard, your Conduit increases your powers' force to three times their usual might when channeled through it. A notable upgrade, making your abilities stand out.
- **Potent (200 CP):** A Conduit for the truly formidable, powers channeled through it amplify to a staggering ten times their usual potency. A mere wave or whisper now carries undeniable weight.
- **Legendary (400 CP):** Power like this feels as though it was crafted by the Songstress Herself. While normally akin to the Potent tier, in critical moments—when lives or even worlds are at stake—your Conduit awakens, multiplying your power up to fifty times. This is no ordinary artifact; this is destiny forged in physical form.

Conduit's Natural Characteristics

Every Conduit, no matter its design or enhancements, carries these defining traits. Consider them the very heartbeat of the artifact:

- **Self-Restoration:** Should it be damaged or destroyed, your Conduit will begin to mend itself. Over a few days, it will be as if the harm never occurred—a mark of resilience woven into its very essence.
- **Attuned to You:** Your Conduit is bound to you alone. Others may attempt to use it, but they'll only be able to tap into a mere fraction of its true power, a shadow of its potential. Only in your hands does it reveal its full might. Additionally, your Conduit will self-improve, strengthening itself as you do, ensuring it always remain useful to you no matter how powerful you become.
- **Unbreakable Bond:** Should you ever lose your Conduit, fear not. Once a month has passed, or on the night of the next full moon—whichever comes first—it will find its way back to you, defying wards, distance, and any attempt to keep it from reuniting with you.
- **Channeling Tool:** Your Conduit serves as a perfect focus for your Shines, Shades, and any other abilities you possess. Through it, your powers are refined and magnified, transforming each ability into a true extension of yourself.

Now, step back and witness the artifact you've brought into being. A Conduit that feels like no other, tailored to your very essence and ready to embody the mythos you're about to create. Let it serve you well.



Perks

As you approach the perks section, you're greeted by a small, cheerfully armored goblin, who hops to his feet, nearly tripping over his own boots in his enthusiasm. His ears perk up, and he gives you a delighted grin that seems just a little too big for his small face.

"Hello, friend! You're lookin' all bright and shiny! Oh, and look at *that* conduit you've got!" He gestures enthusiastically to your conduit with a glint of admiration in his eyes. "It's just perfect, really fits your whole... I dunno, 'you-ness.' Very, *very* impressive." He nods approvingly, his gaze lingering on it in awe, as though he'd never seen anything quite so grand.



With a quick cough, he straightens up, trying to look a bit more official. "Me? Ah, pay me no mind!" he says, rubbing the back of his head sheepishly. "I'm just here waitin' for my Whoboo—s'posed to be my trusty steed, but he ran off somewhere again." He raises a slightly sad-looking carrot that he's holding. "Thought I might lure him back with this... Maybe he's got somethin' against carrots, y'know?" he mutters, scratching his chin with a serious frown.

"Oh! But, back to you! Right!" He digs into his little pouch with a mischievous sparkle in his eye. "I nearly forgot—I got this *token* here for ya." He winks and leans closer, eyes darting around dramatically before lowering his voice. "See, the Songstress herself gave it to me!" His chest puffs out in pride, his eyes glistening as he recalls the moment. "Can you believe it? *Me!* She's never done that before for anyone else! I didn't know why, and I still don't! But hey, I'm not complainin'. I'm just glad to help you with these perks."

A mischievous grin crosses his face as he looks back up at you. "So, how 'bout it? Let's dive in!"

The Songstress Token, gifted to you by the little knight, grants a 400 CP stipend just for this section—a rare and valuable gift directly from the Songstress herself. Why would she entrust you with something so precious? That mystery may linger, but rest assured, perks aligned with both your chosen Origin and Path come at a discount, making these unique powers and abilities yours to wield, though those discounts do not stack together.

General Perks

Veil of Dreams/Nightmares [Free]

Like all beings of Dreamscape, you bear either a Veil of Dreams or a Veil of Nightmares, a natural aura that cloaks you in an illusionary guise, though you have almost no control on what they see. This veil molds itself to each onlooker, presenting you as a figure they instinctively trust or deeply dread. Dream Veils inspire comfort and familiarity, while Nightmare Veils cast an unsettling or eerie aura. And as a unique perk, you can share your Veil with companions while within Dreamscape or any other dream realm, allowing them to project a form that resonates with their deepest identity—whether benevolent or shadowed.

Veiled Mirage [Free and Required]

The Veiled Mirage—a legendary veil form only the strongest Dreams and Nightmares can wield—is now yours. This power grants you a versatile and formidable presence, a blend of shield, tool, and weapon all in one. The Veiled Mirage fortifies you against hostile forces and empowers your abilities while in Dreamscape, giving you protection and an ethereal strength against any threat that dares to challenge you. You'll gain every ability listed in the Veiled Mirage section, plus any enhancements you acquire later.

Conduit Crafter [Free and Required]

You possess one of the legendary Conduits, rare artifacts that amplify the abilities of the Songstress' Agents to remarkable heights. Your Conduit embodies your true self, shaped by your nature and powers. Its form and function can shift between jumps to reflect any new identity or role you take on, so long as its core essence resonates with who you've become. With this, you'll channel your powers with unparalleled precision and potency, aiding the Songstress' purpose in any realm.

Dreamscape Being (100 CP) [Free for the Duration of the Jump]

As a Dreamscape Being, you are an ethereal entity—a pure manifestation of thought and emotion. While in Dreamscape, you are ageless, thriving on emotions and experiences that resonate with your Dream or Nightmare nature. These emotions strengthen you, while a lack of them may weaken you over time. Dreamers whose subconscious aligns with your nature may unknowingly draw you into their dreams, yet to enter most other dreams requires special abilities. Unbound by physical matter, you are made of pure thought, rendering powers and physical effects that are grounded to physical reality to have a lesser effect on you. Entering physical reality is possible through portals, but this reality, known to Dreamscape Beings as the Waking World, will soon reject you. You may exist there only briefly before your form begins to unravel, giving you a couple of hours at most unless you return to Dreamscape, though this particular limitation will be gone after you finish this jump.

Cloak and Dagger (100 CP)

Gain an elite toolkit of skills that would make you a master of subterfuge in any setting: surveillance and counter-surveillance, interrogation techniques, asset recruitment, encryption and decryption, self-defense, and operational planning are just the start. You excel in analytical thinking, psychological insight, and behavioral analysis, allowing you to manipulate situations, predict actions, and stay multiple steps ahead. You also have a touch of uncanny luck, enabling you to slip away at just the right moment or discover a key piece of information right when it's needed. On the human level, you're considered top-notch—a true asset to any covert operation or intricate scheme.

Sense for Wonder (100 CP)

You possess an innate ability to sense what others find awe-inspiring and captivating. This natural intuition lets you craft unforgettable experiences, dreams, and creations that inspire wonder in yourself and others. Whether designing marvelous events, weaving enchanting tales, or bringing fresh excitement to even the most mundane situations, your creativity and charm shine, bringing beauty and intrigue into every interaction. With this perk, you're a natural at keeping things fresh, compelling, and captivating.

Day Dreamer (200 CP)

The boundaries of dreams are yours to blur. Not only can you enter the dreams of the sleeping, but you can also step into daydreams—the quiet, waking fantasies people drift into. While in these ephemeral dreams, you have a unique influence: you can communicate, inspire, or even instill a hint of fear in the daydreamer. They won't fully understand if what they experienced was real, yet it will linger with them, subtly affecting their thoughts and actions. This power makes you an elusive figure, ever-present in both sleeping and waking minds.

A Hint of Dread (200 CP)

A shadow of true nightmare lies within you, giving you the rare and fearsome ability to harm dreamers inside their dreams. Any injury you inflict on a dreamer in Dreamscape or within their own dream affects their physical body as well. Cuts and bruises in the dream manifest as real injuries, and death within a dream becomes permanent. Without this perk, dreamers would merely wake up shaken but unharmed; with it, you are a weapon capable of spilling real blood, making you a living nightmare they may not survive.

Dreamwalker (200 CP)

As one of the rare Dreamwalkers, you can shift effortlessly between physical reality and Dreamscape, moving between them as easily as stepping through a doorway. Your dual existence means that even as a Dream or Nightmare, you're unaffected by the restrictions of physical reality, moving freely between realms. Whether you're in Dreamscape, a mortal's dream, or the waking world, your passage remains unobstructed, giving you unmatched freedom to walk through and influence all aspects of both realities.

Top Agent (200 CP)

You are a paragon among agents, possessing the charm, cunning, and luck of legendary secret agents like James Bond. You'll find yourself surprisingly lucky in dangerous situations, somehow slipping past death's grip just when it seems unavoidable. Against lesser threats, it's almost as if you're untouchable, your foes inexplicably missing their shots or bungling their attempts to trap you. This luck extends to charming allies or even potential foes, making you captivating in both love and war. Only a true nemesis or another significant plot twist could truly endanger you.

Layered Dreams (400 CP)

You possess the rare gift to venture deeper into dreams, entering layers within layers to the hidden realms of a dreamer's subconscious. These layered dreams reveal repressed memories, guarded secrets, and primal fears, lying in fragile yet intensely powerful landscapes. As you delve deeper, you can subtly influence or alter the psyche of a dreamer, potentially reshaping how they think or feel. However, the subconscious defends itself; prolonged interference risks hostility or entrapment within these complex layers. If you lose your life within this realm, you'll be trapped in an endless dream, cut off from the waking world, and will require external aid to be able to escape.

Dream Sequence (400 CP)

When in a dream, nightmare, or within Dreamscape, you can activate a Dream Sequence—a surreal journey through time, possibility, and emotion. This Sequence reveals flashes of the past, glimpses of potential futures, or even what might have been had different choices been made. Whoever is with you will also experience this sequence, forced to confront what is shown. You can't control the sequence, but it is always meaningful and useful, revealing secrets, untold truths, or memories long forgotten. Through these sequences, you gain a deep understanding of others, the world, and perhaps even yourself.

True Lucidity (600 CP)

With True Lucidity, you gain the phenomenal ability to reshape reality within Dreamscape or similar realms. This rare yet limited form of reality-warping allows you to alter landscapes, create or erase objects, and even reshape the very denizens of Dreamscape around you. Your power is most effective within your immediate surroundings, granting you dominion over any dreamlike realm you inhabit. However, beings with a Veiled Mirage can attempt to resist it, Shines and Shades ignore it completely, and those originating from the physical realm are immune. Lucidity is an astronomical gift, one that bestows god-like influence within Dreamscape, limited only by the bounds of your creativity.

Lucidity is an astronomically rare gift within living beings from the waking world, it has never appeared within one of the denizens of Dreamscape, and such news could draw a lot of attention to you, of all kinds.

Sleep Study (600 CP)

While you sleep, your mind becomes a rapid-learning machine. Any material you encounter in the waking world or in Dreamscape during slumber is instantly assimilated, processed, and transformed into practical knowledge.

By morning, you'll not only remember every detail but also possess an instinctive understanding of how to apply it. This extends beyond passive learning; within dreams, you can experiment with techniques, observe others in action, or train with constructs of skillful mentors. Additionally, your mind is enhanced, allowing you to retain knowledge effortlessly and boost your recall and problem-solving abilities when awake. This is no mere learning multiplier, but an instant understanding and assimilation of knowledge and techniques.

True Harmonics (600 CP) (*Shine and Shade Booster*)

There is something extraordinary within you, a resonance that bridges light and shadow, radiance and void. You are a paradox, perhaps a fragment of the primordial force that gave rise to both the **Songstress of Dreams** and the **Composer of Nightmares**. This resonance harmonizes and amplifies the core of your being, transcending the boundaries of what was once possible.

Your **Shines** and **Shades**, along with any other powers or perks you possess, are not merely strengthened—they evolve, becoming qualitatively superior and uniquely attuned to your essence. Each ability gains an indescribable allure, a magnetic pull that captivates all who perceive them. They shimmer with a brilliance that defies comprehension, a symphony of potential that draws others toward your presence, whether in awe, envy, or reverence.

In practical terms, all your powers, perks and abilities have an almost indescribably quality that makes them better than others, and may also now evolve and grow into superior forms should the proper requirements be met. Any evolved power, perk or ability may contest in their own way any other abilities that can be classified as HAX, though the power will vary from ability to ability.

True Harmonics imbues your abilities with a balance of perfection and paradox, elevating them to heights beyond their original scope. It is a reflection of your connection to the music of creation itself, a melody that resonates deep within your soul and extends outward, shaping the world around you. For you, the songs of existence are only the prelude—this is your true composition.

Dream Perks

Gentle Slumber (100 CP)

This perk ensures that whenever you sleep, you experience a deeply restorative and peaceful slumber, leaving you fully refreshed and healed from both physical and mental fatigue. Whether in the waking world or within a dream, you possess the innate ability to know how to ease the dreamer's state of mind, knowing the necessary steps into guiding their dreams to a soothing and gentle flow, facilitating deep rest. This perk when used on others, allows you to know how to subtly transforming a dream into a tranquil haven where both body and mind are restored.

Prophetic Dream (200 CP)

With this perk, you can enter someone else's dream and trigger a **Prophetic Dream**, subtly altering the dreamer's experience to reflect glimpses of possible futures. You become an actor in their vision of the future, though you have no script to follow—your actions within the dream can shift the narrative, meaning the prophecy may not be 100% accurate. The dreamer will believe the dream to be a divine or prophetic vision, especially if they are particularly attuned to dreams. While the prophecy itself may not align with what truly happens, the insights you gain from observing the dreamer's path can guide you in shaping future events, as well as deepen your understanding of the dreamer's potential fate.

It Was Merely a Dream (400 CP)

Your connection to the Dreamscape allows you to distort reality in subtle yet profound ways. Once every ten years, or when you begin a new jump, if you experience a fatal or world-ending event that would jeopardize your survival or failure of your jump, this perk activates. The traumatic event will be "erased" from reality, leaving you alive and unharmed, as if the experience had been a mere dream. Those who were involved in or witnessed the event will retain fragmented memories that are fuzzy and confused—everyone will recall something strange occurred, but no one will be able to pinpoint exactly what happened. The memory of your death, injury, or defeat will be distorted in such a way that the incident is remembered as something surreal, leaving others unsure of how you survived, though you will be ultimately untouched by its consequences, as if it was merely a dream.

Nightmare Perks

Whisper of Dread (100 CP)

There's an unsettling quality to your presence that is difficult for others to ignore—a chilling, intangible aura that makes people feel uneasy without knowing why. This perk allows you to exude an instinctive sense of dread, creating an atmosphere of suspense that can't easily be explained or ignored. People will feel as though something is inherently "off" about you, whether in your look, voice, or movements, despite nothing visibly unusual. This sense of dread is no mere illusion but a gut feeling that others instinctively trust. You can toggle this effect at will, making it useful for creating tension, standing out in a crowd, or enhancing your intimidation when the situation calls for it.

The Dark Touch (200 CP)

As one aligned with the essence of nightmares, you have access to the **Dark Touch**—a powerful ability that allows you to leave a lasting impression of dread upon anything or anyone you touch. When you place this touch, a dark imprint remains, drawing negative energy, bad dreams, and minor spirits of misfortune to the marked individual or object. Though initially subtle, this mark induces unease and attracts ill omens, causing those around it to experience frequent nightmares and irrational fears. Over time, the effect can deepen, making those near it restless and troubled, though it is not instantly dangerous. The mark is identifiable as dark magic or a minor curse, and those skilled in holy or light-based abilities can dispel it with little effort.

Your Worst Nightmare (400 CP)

Once per year, or upon entering a new jump, when facing an opponent in battle you can temporarily assume the form, skills, and powers of their worst nightmare. In this terrifying transformation, you become the embodiment of your opponent's deepest fears, adapting traits that reflect their ultimate enemy, nemesis, or inner terror. This grants you a distinct advantage against those who feel fear, anxiety, or self-doubt, allowing you to prey upon their weaknesses. However, the power you gain through this transformation is capped at 25 times your own abilities and strength, factoring in all your perks and powers, and will leave you once the battle or conflict is over. It is a formidable ability, but also a cautionary one—underestimating an enemy's terror thinking it will be enough to defeat it can turn this nightmare scenario against you, making prudence as important as power when wielding this dark gift for an error in judgement of yours could become your own worst nightmare.

Song Weaver Perks

Soothing Melody (100 CP)

Every note you play or sing carries a profound, soothing energy, gently harmonizing with the hearts and minds of your listeners. Whether lifting spirits, calming fears, or inspiring hope, your music moves people's souls with a quiet grace. To bring this to life, you have perfect pitch, an intuitive grasp of melodies and harmonies, and a deep understanding of how to evoke moods through music. You'll find yourself naturally proficient with any

instrument you hold, bringing it to life as an extension of yourself, making every performance feel effortless and sublime.

Amplify (200 CP)

This perk allows you to create music that transcends ordinary harmonies, blending with others' melodies to weave a soundscape greater than the sum of its parts. When you perform alongside others, you naturally resonate with them, enhancing each note and elevating even simple tunes into breathtaking pieces of art. This **amplifying effect** not only improves the musical quality but amplifies any magical, supernatural, or other unique effects your combined music might possess, turning ordinary songs into unforgettable masterpieces, and unforgettable masterpieces into anthems worthy of legend.

Symphony of Dreams (400 CP)

Only the Songstress of Dreams herself has wielded this sacred power—until now. With the **Symphony of Dreams**, you can lead a song that transcends language and form, singing not with words, but with pure emotion, vibrations, and colors. This music reaches deep into Dreamscape, bending and shaping its essence to touch the waking world in profound ways, with effects powerful enough to shift thoughts, influence reality, or even reshape history itself. When others join, channeling their talents into this symphony, its reach expands, becoming capable of reversing fate itself. In its most wondrous form, the Symphony of Dreams can restore lost lives or heal devastated lands. But such a feat requires unwavering harmony and focus; any dissonance disrupts the symphony, breaking the spell and calling for a new beginning. This is music as pure magic, or perhaps it grasps that it means to wield True Music, resonating with the dreams of all who hear it, carrying the weight of worlds within its melody.

Inspiration Perks

Glimpse of Greatness (100 CP)

With this gift, you have an eye for hidden potential, sensing greatness even in its earliest forms. By looking at someone, you can recognize their dormant talents in any area where you have some expertise and gain a sense of how far they could go. Should you enter their dreams, you can reveal a glimpse of their highest potential, offering a vision of what they might achieve if they truly embrace their gifts. You cannot control this vision, but you'll witness it alongside them, seeing the remarkable person they could become. Upon awakening, the dreamer may only recall fragments, but they will feel a surge of inspiration and excitement about what they might one day achieve.

Muse of Dreams (200 CP)

The finest minds often credit mysterious muses for their greatest achievements. With this perk, you can be that muse, entering someone's dreams to gently guide and inspire them toward a breakthrough. Subtly shaping their dream, you lead them to a moment of revelation, a brilliant idea that may transform their work, art, or ambitions. While they must still refine and develop this insight, you gain a full understanding of the concept or invention they glimpsed, letting you learn and grow alongside them. Whether it's a piece of art, a

scientific theory, a groundbreaking invention, or a revolutionary idea, you'll share in the knowledge as you inspire them toward greatness.

Spirit of Creation (400 CP)

As an agent of true inspiration, you are not content to merely spark creativity in others—you are also gifted with the power to bring inspired ideas to life. Any creation that comes to be because of your influence can be replicated by you, as if you hold the power of creation itself. Should your guidance inspire a young inventor to develop a miracle cure, you too may create that cure; if your encouragement fuels a visionary mage to craft an exclusive spell, you may wield it freely. With each soul you inspire, your potential grows, granting you access to an ever-expanding array of inventions, spells, and creations brought into existence by those you have guided toward their highest ambitions.

Dream Guardian Perks

Sentinel of Serenity (100 CP)

As a Guardian, you are the unyielding calm within the storm, the shield that fear itself cannot touch. With this perk, you ascend to the role of Sentinel of Serenity, a being whose soul stands untarnished by the darkest terrors. The fires of **fear and horror cannot touch you, you are now immune to them**. The power of **dread, despair, and anger is also now weaker against you**, leaving you clear-headed and unshakable in even the most overwhelming of battles. Within you lies a citadel of peace, a place no shadow or dread can reach. Should you be surrounded by horror or outmatched by monstrous shadows, your core will remain untouched—a place of unbreakable calm from which you will strike back and reclaim the light, standing eternally vigilant against all nightmares.

Warden of Dreams (200 CP)

To walk as a Guardian is to be the living bulwark, the indomitable shield against harm within Dreamscape. This perk transforms you into a Warden of Dreams, an unwavering sentinel who perceives even the faintest tremor of danger to those around you. Your instincts are honed to supernatural precision, granting you forewarning of threats just moments before they strike, allowing you to intercept harm and defend those under your protection with preternatural swiftness. Every act of protection is bolstered with an aura of indomitable defense, enabling you to deflect, absorb, or even shatter some of the most fearsome attacks. And when faced with intangible threats—phantom strikes, spectral forces—you can strike back with devastating force, scattering these dangers like smoke before the flame. As Warden, you embody the very spirit of protection, a beacon of safety for those caught in the tempest.

Keeper of the Inner Sanctum (400 CP)

With this power, you gain dominion over an ethereal refuge known as the Inner Sanctum—a hallowed bastion of safety and unassailable protection. At your will, you summon this sanctuary, extending it up to ten meters around you in a radiant sphere that becomes a realm of untouchable peace for all within. Those you designate as wards are shielded from harm by an impenetrable force, rendering them ethereal and immune to any physical,

elemental, or mystical assault, as long as they remain within the sanctum and refrain from aggression. The Inner Sanctum endures as long as danger persists, lifting only at your command or upon your last breath. In this domain, you are the absolute keeper of peace, a fortress that not even the most relentless horrors can breach. You are the bastion where all fear is held at bay, the sacred protector within the heart of Dreamscape, and those within your reach stand safe from any darkness.

Fright Harvester Perks

Sense of Fear (100 CP)

The essence of fear flows to you like a haunting melody, guiding you as a whisper in the dark. With this perk, you develop an acute sensitivity to fear's every shade—its sources, its nature, its depth. Whether a subtle unease or a paralyzing terror, you can discern its origin and savor its intensity. This attunement allows you to become a master of navigating the unseen currents of dread, knowing precisely where fear dwells and how best to harness it for Dreamscape's balance.

Shadow of Dread (200 CP)

You walk the thin edge of terror's abyss, wielding the call of dread like a finely honed blade. As a Fright Harvester, you can sense the Composer of Nightmares' eerie tune, that dark resonance that twists others into corruption. But not you. You remain unscathed by this lure, standing resilient in its face, absorbing it into your own presence instead. The dread call becomes your tool; you can cloak yourself in its fearful shadow, commanding darkness itself to extend from you, tendrils that appear as ominous extensions of your form, evoking dread in all who witness. This ability grants you near-immunity to fear and horror, fortifying you against the darkest forces and protecting your spirit from any form of corruption or unwanted transformation.

Harvest of Horror (400 CP)

In times of dire need, when the balance must be reset, you hold the power to perform the ultimate harvest. With your Conduit raised high, you can command it to draw forth and absorb every trace of fear within the surrounding area. The space around you will fall silent and still, stripped of all ambient fear, leaving it barren and unnaturally calm. This draining effect weakens creatures and abilities that rely on fear, rendering nightmares and Shades momentarily powerless. Yet such an act is rarely taken lightly, for it risks upsetting the delicate balance between dream and nightmare, and it unveils your position like a beacon in the night to any lurking Dread Nightmares. Use this harvest only when the night's harmony teeters on the edge, for it is a display of the Fright Harvester's true authority—a power as captivating as it is terrifying.

Night Terror Perks

Glimpse of Terror (100 CP)

Your very presence radiates a chilling aura, one that draws out the most primal fears in others. Shadows seem to deepen around you, and an uneasy quiet follows wherever you tread, igniting an instinctual fear in those who encounter you. Allies and trusted friends are spared from this fearful aura, but for all others, your presence is a relentless reminder of what lurks in the dark. This glimpse of terror isn't merely a show of power; it's a mark of your resolve, a warning to those who oppose the Songstress's mission.

Gargantuan Strength (200 CP)

You now wield strength that shakes the very earth—a force that is now capable of reducing fortresses to rubble, shattering the strongest defenses with ease. But when fear fuels you, that strength grows without restraint, turning you into a relentless juggernaut on the battlefield. As long as fear fills the air, your power surges to unimaginable levels with every moment, a rising tide that no foe can stand against. The moment that fear fades, your strength settles back to its formidable base, still mighty enough to reshape the landscape. This strength isn't just physical; it's a force of will, a testament to your choice to fight for the right, despite the darkness within.

Obsidian Skin (400 CP)

Your skin possesses an extraordinary, almost ethereal quality—an obsidian sheen that deflects harm and absorbs even the sharpest blows. Like polished stone forged under unimaginable pressure, your skin provides natural resilience, warding off a third of a portion of any Shine or Shade that attempts to pierce it. You have control over this appearance; at will, you can reveal your obsidian armor or hide it, letting it shimmer faintly beneath a more human façade. This skin is more than mere protection; it's a symbol of the Night Terror's unbreakable resolve, a shield against the darkness that seeks to consume all, even as you stand with one foot in its shadow.

Shadow Weaver Perks

Oneiromancy (100 CP)

The hidden art of Oneiromancy grants you mastery over dreams and nightmares, a rare skill even among Dreamscape's most learned. As a practiced Oneiromancer, you can manipulate magic in ways that allow your spells to seamlessly interact with the fabric of dreams and the minds of mortals. With this knowledge, you bypass the defenses of even the most elusive dreams, bending reality within Dreamscape or touching the minds of those asleep in the waking world. You are now an artisan of this elusive magic, able to weave enchantments and craft illusions that enchant, deceive, or beguile all who wander in the dream realm.

Cloak of Night (200 CP)

Nightfall itself becomes your ally, draping you in shadows that render you nearly invisible to prying eyes. Under this darkened veil, you slip through realms unnoticed, moving like a wisp beyond mortal perception. The night not only cloaks you but strengthens you, sharpening your mind and body, and amplifying your power by a third under the stars' watch. Once per night, should death's hand reach for you, the shadows will intervene, granting you a single, perilous reprieve. Though spared, you will remain vulnerable, exposed to the danger that nearly claimed you—a second chance, but one fraught with risk unless your allies come to your aid.

Master of the Dark (400 CP)

You wield absolute dominion over shadows, drawing from darkness itself to amplify your abilities with a force that doubles any power or skill connected to shadow, darkness, or the arcane. This mastery extends even further, granting you kinship with all shadows, rendering you impervious to attacks borne of darkness. Any power drawn from shadows can bind you or ensnare you temporarily, but never harm you; even the most lethal attacks woven from the night pass harmlessly through. No shadowed corner or concealed figure can hide from your gaze; anything shrouded in darkness is as visible to you as if bathed in daylight, granting you sight into all that lies hidden within the deep.

Shines and Shades

As you stroll deeper into the hallways, you find yourself in a strange, cozy library filled with countless books and scrolls piled high. There, hunched over a desk with a mess of parchments, sits a wizened goblin with a long, greying beard and a pair of small spectacles perched on his nose. He's furiously scribbling notes, muttering to himself, until he senses your presence and looks up with a warm smile.



"Ah, well, well! Do we have ourselves a new Agent?" His eyes twinkle as he strokes his beard thoughtfully. "It's been many years since the Songstress last called someone to her service... not since, well, you know." His expression flickers with a hint of sadness, but he quickly shakes it off with a knowing nod.

"Enough of my musings—come, come! Let's see what spark you bring with you, my friend." He bustles over to a towering shelf, pulling out books and scrolls with practiced care, as though each one holds a secret just waiting to be uncovered. "You see," he says with a twinkle in his eye, "every Agent possesses a unique mix of Shines and Shades, gifts from the Dreamscape itself. Oh, they may seem like mere powers, but each one shapes who you are, and who you might become."

The goblin gestures for you to step closer, his voice now a warm whisper. "Now, tell me... what stirs within you? Are you a bearer of light, one who wields Shines to inspire and protect? Or do the Shades call to you, embracing the mysteries of the dark to confront fears that hide in shadows?" He leans in, examining you with an amused, curious gleam. "No need to answer just yet. Sometimes, these things reveal themselves in their own time."

He lays a scroll in front of you, filled with strange symbols and illustrations of powers that seem to pulse with life. "Take your time, explore. These Shines and Shades are as much a part of you as you'll be a part of them. Let's discover what gifts the Songstress has woven into your spirit, hmm?"

Shines and Shades are extraordinary powers within Dreamscape, accessible only to those skilled enough to wield a Veiled Mirage. These abilities embody the raw, true essence of Dreams and Nightmares, making each one distinct and incredibly potent.

They aren't considered magic in any traditional sense, and their effects are nearly unstoppable. Unless a specific protection is designed explicitly for them—typically involving reality or conceptual manipulation—Shines and Shades always bypass defenses entirely, completely delivering their full impact to their targets.

The Shines and Shades shown here but a fraction of those you could find in Dreamscape, as these are the ones that resonated with your true self. The Songstress has the ability to use all of the Shines, while the Composer has all of the Shades at his disposal.

General Shines

Shines embody the purest essence of dreams—the ideals, aspirations, and hopes that reflect all that is good and bright within the world. They are not skills to be learned or secrets to be taught; rather, Shines have always been a part of you, lying quietly in wait, echoing the potential to uplift, inspire, and bring light. Through your Veiled Mirage, you can allow these Shines to bloom, using them to right what has gone astray and to spread the harmony of Dreamscape.

The Shines listed below have answered your spirit's call, resonating with the path that you could follow and the wonders you may yet accomplish. Shines, like their counterpart Shades, hold two tiers, with the second being a rare gem among even the few who bear Shines. Though typically found among those that began as Dreams, Shines may sometimes appear within those touched by Nightmares, revealing the joy hidden even in shadow.

Ordinarily, Agents of the Songstress bear one to two Shines or Shades at most, each one a testament to their devotion to the melody of dreams. But you—how bright will you become, with so many Shines awakening to your potential? Who can say how mighty you will grow, or how vast your light may shine, if you allow these Shines to unfold?

General Shines are discounted to the Dream origin, while specific paths are only discounted if you selected that path. Discounts do not stack.



"Together with her devoted Agents, the Songstress of Dreams channels her lost melodies into a symphony of breathtaking power, weaving dreams and wonders that resonate across reality itself, their combined music capable of reshaping the very fabric of existence."

Illuminate

This is more than just a Shine—it's a beacon, a force capable of piercing through even the deepest shadows. Illuminate may seem simple at first, conjuring harmless motes and gentle flows of light that hover around you, illuminating your surroundings. Some Dreams and Agents dismiss it, thinking it's merely a way to see in the dark. But the true power of Illuminate lies not just in lighting up a room, but in *banishing* darkness, despair, and corruption.



Wherever shadows fester or spirits falter, this Shine answers the call. If the situation is bleak, the air thick with dread, and darkness grips every heart, Illuminate breaks through it all, casting aside fear, dispelling gloom, and unraveling the power of curses, evil and darkness alike. Your very presence becomes a shield against corruption, and even the most resilient curses and dark powers find themselves blasted away, stripped of strength.

- **Tier 1 (100 CP):** You can cast light over everything within a few meters, cleansing fear and despair from those nearby and dissolving minor curses, dark auras, and darkness itself. Even shadows that seek to haunt the mind are struck by this Shine's unwavering force, banishing all but the effects of the most formidable Nightmare beings.
- **Tier 2 (200 CP):** Your illumination grows more radiant, now engulfing dozens of meters around, casting a bright aura that repels most nightmares, even affecting Dread Nightmares. Now, you stand as a true light in Dreamscape's darkest depths, purging nearly all shades and dispelling all kinds of curses, dark auras, darkness, evil and corruption except that wielded by beings equal or greater than the Dread Generals and Composer himself, which would require more power than this power alone can normally output without the use of a Conduit.

Restoration



Dreams don't merely inspire or offer respite—they mend what's broken, rekindle lost hopes, and piece back together what's fallen apart. The Restoration Shine harnesses this power of dreams, working not just to heal, but to *return things to their rightful state*. It's more than repairing; it's a return to essence, to what should have been.

Objects marred by age, memories frayed by trauma, or even the splinters of a person's spirit can be restored to their original beauty and strength with this Shine. You reach beyond mere patching, instead

reweaving the very fabric of something's identity. This power is not confined to the dreamscape—if you wield a strong Conduit or pour energy into it, Restoration bridges the realm of dreams and the waking world, repairing even physical injuries and ailments of a Dreamer, restoring the soul and body alike.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** Restoration allows you to mend and restore small items, memories, and fragments of one's mind or emotions, bringing them back to their intended form. Minor injuries, negative emotions, and forgotten memories can be gently restored to what they should have been.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** Your restorative power extends further, allowing you to reach into the physical realm to heal any wounds and ailments as long as death isn't involved. Memories that were lost or forcibly suppressed can be fully brought back, and even abstract or complex parts of the self—like courage, hope, or inspiration—can be fully rekindled, shining brighter than before. Anything exposed to this Shine will slowly return to its rightful state, as it was ever meant to be.

Wishspark

Imagine drifting into a dream, where all the walls of reality melt away, and you stand in a world shaped by your deepest desires. *Wishspark* brings this to life, letting you grant dreamers a temporary taste of their wildest hopes and hidden potential. With this Shine, you don't merely bring comfort or fleeting inspiration—you let them step into a living dream where they're the star of their greatest story. When they awaken, they feel an electrifying spark, a taste of fulfillment they can carry back into the waking world, often filled with renewed purpose. Using this Shine is not easy feat though, it requires a great amount of time and investment from you, though through the use of more powerful conduits the strain lessens and the effects increase.



- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** After a warm and positive encounter with a dreamer, you can grant them a "wish" within their dream, letting them live out a vision of their deepest desires or untapped potential. Every sensation, sight, and sound unfolds as vividly as reality, down to the smallest detail. For that time, the dreamer experiences a world so close to their heart that it feels like destiny itself.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** Your Wishspark grants not only a breathtaking dream but also extends into the waking world—just enough to let the dreamer hold onto their wish as reality for a short time after waking. They might find their physical self a little stronger, or a relationship mended, or a glimmer of a long-lost talent sparking again. Though the effect fades with time and others may forget it even happened, the dreamer alone remembers it as deeply as if it were real, a memory they'll carry with a renewed belief that their dreams might not be so far away.

Shining Weapon

The *Shining Weapon* Shine channels the light of dreams and the power of positive emotions, infusing a weapon or object with a radiant energy that is pure, untarnished, and absolute. Once imbued, the weapon glows with an ethereal brilliance that stands as the ultimate antithesis to darkness, fear, evil, and negative emotions. Any strike against entities embodying these qualities pierces through protections, nullifies barriers, and ensures that no dark essence can survive, rendering those defeated incapable of ever rising again. Existing specifically to combat Dread Nightmares and other evils, this Shine fortifies Agents with an unyielding force, empowering them to face even the darkest horrors in Dreamscape and beyond without fear.



- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** Once activated, the enhancement lasts for several minutes, infusing your weapon with a potent energy that is exceptionally effective against Dread Nightmares and similar creatures tied to darkness, fear, evil, or negative emotions. This empowered weapon can strike even intangible or incorporeal entities and objects, allowing you to confront any horror with a touch of true light.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** In this evolved form, the *Shining Weapon* gains even greater potency. Any entity destroyed by this empowered weapon will not rise again, severing their essence permanently. Now, you can extend this blessing to multiple allies, enhancing their weapons with the same righteous light, ensuring that all who face the darkness may wield the power to banish it forever.

Wispweave

In the heart of the dream world, where thoughts drift and memories tangle, *Wispweave* shines as a beacon. With this Shine, you can summon friendly, sentient wisps—small, glowing creatures of pure light that flit about like tiny guardians of the dreamscape. Each wisp is playful yet loyal, drawn to pure souls, potent emotions, and powerful ideas, and they're always ready to lend a soft glow to guide dreamers through the darkest realms. These helpful lights can lead lost dreamers home, stand guard against hidden threats, or playfully distract those who wander too close to peril. When you're filled with a powerful positive emotion or full of determination, the wisps may spring to life unbidden without you requiring to activate this Shine, eager to support you in your moment of need.



- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** Calling upon *Wispweave* will summon five of these shimmering dream wisps, each ready to obey simple commands. They weave in and out of sight, returning to alert you if they sense danger nearby. Though they vanish after a time, their warmth and light bring comfort to any dreamer they meet, especially when the shadows feel overwhelming. If you have the means to increase the power of this Shine, more wisps will come to your aid.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** With a single thought, twenty wisps now rise around you, brighter and sharper in their purpose. They're a little smarter, more coordinated, and even bolder. Should any danger threaten you or those under your protection, the wisps will band together, swirling in a shimmering dance that can confound or even drive back lurking threats. Even in the darkest places, these wisps pierce through shadowed domains, seeing clearly where others cannot, bringing light, protection, and a bit of magic to every corner of the dream world.

Inspire Wonder



With *Inspire Wonder*, your voice carries a unique spark—a vivid, living imagination that rekindles the sense of wonder in all who hear it. This Shine doesn't merely inspire; it opens hearts and minds, reigniting that pure awe we all feel when encountering something for the first time. The familiar becomes fresh, the ordinary extraordinary, and those around you are filled with a childlike curiosity and the creative power to explore new ideas freely. Artists, thinkers, and dreamers will find themselves transported by your words, often waking with fresh insights or new visions to bring back to the Waking World. And as this power

fills you too, your own creativity and problem-solving reach heights otherwise unimaginable, every word and sound you utter bringing boundless possibility.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** With a few inspired words, you awaken a wellspring of creativity in all who listen. For a brief time, the world is seen through a lens of wonder and discovery, allowing listeners, including yourself, to feel as though they are experiencing life's marvels anew. Everyday problems find unexpected solutions, and listeners experience a rush of imagination and insight, seeing connections they never noticed before and dreaming with remarkable clarity.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** Now, your voice not only inspires creative expression but becomes a powerful muse for breakthroughs and revelations. Listeners are instinctively guided to solutions they would have never considered, brimming with innovative ideas that push the boundaries of convention. The deeper the wisdom and the more daring the originality, the more powerful this Shine's effect, imbuing listeners with a fearless drive to create, explore, and discover in ways they never thought possible.

The Songstress Gift

The *Songstress' Gift* is a Shine of pure grace and connection, embodying the resonance between all dream-beings and the Songstress herself. Through this Shine, every melody, every note played becomes a vessel for your deepest abilities, carrying them on waves of music. By choosing an instrument or simply the beauty of your voice, you can imbue your powers—any ability outside of Shines or Shades—into the sounds you create. Those who hear your song will feel the effects of these abilities, touched by your intentions as they intertwine with the music of dreams. This Shine is both subtle and transcendental, a cherished blessing that enables you to channel your essence in its truest, most enchanting form.



- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** By playing an instrument or singing, you can imbue any non-Shine or non-Shade ability into the notes, delivering some of effects partially to anyone who listens within reach. Your music becomes a medium for your power, gently carrying your abilities through the dreamscape or waking world like a lullaby with purpose.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** With this tier, the *Songstress' Gift* transcends limitations of distance and reality. By pouring your energy into the song, you can send your music across space, time, and dimensions, reaching your intended listener no matter where they reside. This profound form of music carries a faint trace of the Songstress herself, a fragment of the music of dreams and creation, echoing with the timeless connection that binds all dream-beings.



" Music and Song connects Dreams through the Songstress, sharing her gift with those that she deems worthy of following her"

True Love

True Love is not a Shine that can be summoned or activated at will. It is the rarest of Shines, manifesting only when one feels the rarest emotion in existence: a depth of pure, selfless love that defies words or will. This power cannot be controlled or bent to whims, for it is the purest essence of love itself—a force of unmatched gentleness yet infinite strength. In moments when True Love stirs within, you transcend limitations, your strength amplified by love’s boundless power to protect, care for, or shield another. This Shine does not grant omnipotence; it offers something even rarer—the certainty that, when love calls, you can achieve what once seemed impossible. Every act, every surge of power while this Shine is active is solely to preserve or nurture, holding the universe’s truest force as its fuel.



- **Tier 1 (400 CP):** When your heart is filled with the pure, selfless emotion of True Love and the circumstances demand it, this Shine awakens to push you beyond your limits, gifting you strength and resolve to accomplish feats that would otherwise be unattainable. Though it is not a direct warp of reality, *True Love* shapes it, allowing you to triumph against overwhelming odds when protecting or caring for someone dear. This isn’t a command over love’s power but a surrender to it, allowing love to guide and fortify your actions to achieve things once thought impossible.
- **Tier 2 (800 CP):** At this level, True Love becomes a force of miracles. In moments of unwavering devotion, this Shine empowers you to defy even the insurmountable: to conquer the unconquerable, to save those beyond saving, and to make miracles manifest in the face of despair. Here, *True Love* can shift the course of fate itself, its strength answering only to the deepest call of the heart, making you unstoppable for as long as you act from a place of boundless love. This radiance cannot be abused or wielded lightly; it activates solely in times of genuine love’s calling, an unparalleled testament to love’s ultimate power.

Note: *Merely possessing this Shine will make so any evil entity that preys upon the emotions of love, passion, lust and desire will instantly find you revolting, not quite sure why but feeling that within you there is something anathema to them. Should this Shine be activated in the presence of such evil entities, complete and total absolute destruction awaits them should they not flee from your mere presence.*

Hope and Dreams

In Dreamscape, where shadows linger and nightmares creep, *Hope and Dreams* is a mighty Shine of quiet, unyielding power. By calling upon your own inner hopes, dreams, and aspirations, you envelop yourself in a faint, resilient light, a steady warmth that defies fear, darkness, and all things sinister. This Shine is a shield of belief, a subtle yet profound force that allows you to resist even the darkest Shades, rebuffing fearsome powers of dread, shadows, and despair. With every heartbeat, this light pulses around you, reminding the darkness that no nightmare is stronger than the hope it seeks to snuff out.



- **Tier 1 (400 CP):** At this level, your resilience against Shades and other dark or evil powers is enough to lessen their hold, blunting their effects and allowing you to slip free from their grasp. You can fully withstand most Tier 1 Shades as long as you can match their power, deflecting or dispersing their malevolent influence, while Tier 2 Shades may still breach your defenses but allowing you to weather some of their impact.
- **Tier 2 (600 CP):** Now, you are a fortress of resolve, a beacon unwavering against the encroaching dark. Your hopes and dreams form a near-impenetrable defense, capable of fully repelling Tier 2 Shades or other supreme dark powers if you can match their might, and completely blocking any other dark powers aimed at you. And in moments of utmost desperation—when fate wavers, and the stakes are highest—your light may flare brighter, transcending what should be possible. In these critical moments, you might perform a true miracle, defying even the most powerful dark powers, Shades or otherwise, a feat that can only manifest in times of profound hope, when every part of you believes in the light you hold and your dreams that are yet to come.



"Hope and dreams shape the future and shield the present, empowering even the smallest soul to stand against the mightiest foe."

Song Weaver Shines

Harmonic Resonance



A Song Weaver's voice is more than mere sound—it is a thread within the very fabric of Dreamscape, a melody woven into the essence of dreams. *Harmonic Resonance* is the defining Shine of the Song Weaver, a gift that lets them sculpt dream realms with their music and transform the nature of emotions, objects, and energies through song. With each note, the Song Weaver can create a tapestry of feeling, filling dreamers with awe, calm, or inspiration. When Song Weavers join their voices in harmony, this Shine intensifies, allowing their combined song to resonate across Dreamscape in a powerful symphony, elevating their effects to unprecedented levels. *Harmonic Resonance* is not simply sound—it's the music of creation, echoing the great songs of the Songstress herself.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** Activating this Shine lets you amplify the emotional atmosphere of anything around you. Your voice is a beacon, reaching all within its range, unimpeded by darkness, distance, or supernatural barriers. You can infuse an area with a chosen emotional tone, making tranquil moments deeply serene or battle scenes thrillingly intense. This Shine lets you harmonize your music with objects and lingering energies, imbuing them with emotions or dissolving old sentiments, creating a symphony of memory and feeling. Every song becomes a tapestry of Dreamscape itself, and each note lingers long after the melody fades.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** Now, *Harmonic Resonance* unlocks deeper harmonies, allowing you to merge with the very energies of Dreamscape, transforming or reshaping objects and even dissolving things into pure music. Your voice, enhanced fivefold in clarity and depth, resonates with the fabric of the dream, enabling you to mold elements of the dream realm into structures of light, sound, and sensation. When harmonizing with other Song Weavers, your combined song can create miraculous effects, such as reshaping entire dreamscapes or lifting spirits across vast areas. This Shine is a living song, resonant with Dreamscape itself—a reminder that, through music, you can bridge realms, unify dreams, and inspire the whole of Dreamscape to sing in harmony.

Lullaby of Balance

A gentle lullaby drifts through Dreamscape, soothing all who hear it. *Lullaby of Balance* is a Shine for those who wish to bring peace, stability, and harmony to the dream realms. As you sing, an aura of calm flows outward, wrapping even the most chaotic dreams in an embrace of tranquility. With this Shine, you can dispel fear, tension, and discord, pacifying

aggressive dream entities and transforming dark nightmares into serene dreams. A melody of balance, it quiets restless minds and restores dreamers to peace. When the song flows into realms overcome by chaos, it begins to reestablish order, encouraging harmony even in the most discordant places.



- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** As your lullaby fills the air, its calming presence creates a zone of pure serenity. Fear melts away, tension fades, and hostile entities are lulled into peaceful rest. Nightmares lose their darkness, giving way to warm, gentle dreams that allow dreamers to sleep deeply and wake refreshed. This Shine's tranquility can reach far, bringing balance to environments plagued by turbulence or discord.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** The power of your lullaby deepens, reaching not only dreams but the very core of those affected. Now, with repeated use, *Lullaby of Balance* can purify troubled or chaotic souls, guiding them slowly back to a state of harmony. Aggressive or chaotic entities, if redeemable, feel their turmoil ease as your song gently restores them, soothing their very essence. In your presence, order takes root, and Dreamscape itself seems to breathe easier, as if grateful for the harmony your lullaby brings.

Hymn of Confidence and Happiness



When the *Hymn of Confidence and Happiness* fills Dreamscape, it's as though the very air is charged with joy and boundless strength. This Shine allows you to infuse your voice with the purest, most powerful emotions—confidence, hope, and happiness—and carry them through Dreamscape, piercing even the deepest shadows. Anyone who hears your radiant hymn, a song born from the very heart of your being, can feel your positivity surge through them, lifting them from sadness, fear, or despair, allowing their hearts to resonate with yours in unison. As your song spreads, it amplifies and unites, encouraging all who listen to lend their own positivity, empowering the hymn until it becomes an unstoppable force of light.

This Shine can even suppress the most sinister dark beings, weakening them with each note and silencing dark powers that thrive on dread or despair. The longer you sing, the more potent the hymn becomes, its resonance intensifying with each voice that joins in, muting the hax abilities of Dread Nightmares or other potent evil entities that may exist in other realities, and suppressing even the strongest manifestations of darkness.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** Your voice radiates with confidence and joy, creating an aura of hope that dispels negativity and erases the effects of sadness, fear, and anger from all who listen. The song weakens Nightmare entities around you, nullifying their sinister powers and muting dark abilities that thrive on despair. The hymn inspires others to connect their own positivity to the song, reinforcing your Shine and creating a beacon of light that pierces any surrounding shadows.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** The power of your song reaches new heights, its resonance spreading even farther and empowering your other Shines with an added boost. As your voice fills Dreamscape, you and your audience create an endless loop of uplifting emotions that surge back and forth, amplifying each other in a crescendo of power. Each listener becomes a conduit for the song, further strengthening its effect and enabling the hymn to pierce the heart of even the darkest nightmares.

***Note:** This Shine is both a powerful suppressing tool against the forces of the dark and a potent medium to join the hearts of many. The endless feedback effect it possesses allows it to grow stronger and stronger the more willing listeners you have, as they connect with your heart and you with them, and in theory is capable of growing without limit. Anything with awareness that is suppressed by this Shine will instantly know the source of this suppression is you and will act accordingly, if possible.*

Inspiration Shines

Muse's Touch

The *Muse's Touch* Shine is the hallmark of the Inspiration Agents, channeling the Songstress's creativity to ignite brilliance and insight in both dreamers and those in the waking world whom you can reach through touch. Activated with a gentle touch or within a dream, this Shine removes mental barriers, freeing minds to explore beyond the limits of their usual thoughts. Artists discover fresh visions, scientists find innovative solutions, and those in need of change feel empowered to make bold moves. Under the influence of *Muse's Touch*, even the most intricate ideas become crystal clear, granting the recipient a burst of clarity that lets them see their challenges from unique perspectives.



Those touched by this Shine carry forward a memory of an idea or revelation on the edge of consciousness, returning to their lives with newfound purpose and self-belief, energized to transform thought into action.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** With *Muse's Touch*, you can inspire dreamers and non-dreamers alike, filling them with a deep clarity that sparks ideas for new creations, solutions, and personal breakthroughs. Each person awakened by this Shine returns to the world with renewed confidence and insight, empowered to think outside the box and reach beyond perceived limitations.

- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** Now your influence extends even further. As you inspire others, whether in dreams or through direct contact, their revelations and breakthroughs reflect back to you, granting you access to the insights and innovations they experience. By inspiring others, you gain a wealth of ingenuity, invention, and perspective, allowing you to draw on the collective creativity of all those touched by your Shine.

Visionary Insight



The *Visionary Insight* Shine is a powerful, heartfelt force that uses words, gestures, and cheers to uplift and fortify others. Whether through a speech, pep talk, or an energizing cheer, this Shine brings a reminder of past victories and achievements, filling others with the courage and will to push through their present challenges. Dreamers stirred by your encouragement awaken with renewed drive, ready to take on life's trials with a sense of purpose, while those you reach in the waking world are emboldened to meet obstacles head-on, fully committed and confident. Success, for those inspired by *Visionary Insight*,

becomes a lasting source of empowerment, subtly refining their skills and abilities and cementing a foundation of self-belief.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** As you engage with someone through words or encouragement, *Visionary Insight* fills them with a surge of confidence and clarity drawn from their past achievements. They find themselves equipped with the resolve to tackle tough problems, rising to challenges with a hundred percent effort. When they succeed, they retain a stronger sense of self and subtle but permanent improvements in their skills and abilities.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** Your influence reaches new heights. Even in situations that seem beyond the reach of the inspired person's current skillset, your encouragement sparks growth. Those facing impossible odds feel an instinctual drive to develop new skills or even latent abilities that can help them overcome the seemingly insurmountable. The person, through sheer will and newly budding talents, gains a small but real chance of success against impossible odds, further amplifying their confidence and abilities should they succeed in that impossible endeavor.

Symphony of Self

The *Symphony of Self* is the Inspiration Agent's ultimate Shine, a radiant expression of inner harmony that channels the essence of who you are into something transcendent. When activated, this Shine composes a majestic symphony from your values, strengths, and

deepest desires, filling the air with a powerful melody that resonates with both clarity and purpose. In its notes, you discover forgotten talents, passions left unfulfilled, and dreams waiting to bloom. With this profound self-awareness, your abilities surge to new heights, empowering you to act with unwavering focus in any situation that aligns with your true calling. This Shine is a gift of empowerment, revealing not just what you are capable of, but who you were meant to be.



- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** As you draw on the *Symphony of Self*, you experience a surge in all physical, mental, and supernatural properties, amplifying your strengths and sharpening your resolve. Your presence alone becomes a beacon, inspiring others to see what is possible when someone acts in alignment with their true purpose. (This effect does not enhance Shines, Shades, or other specific powers but channels your intrinsic qualities to remarkable levels.)
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** With this tier, the *Symphony of Self* brings forth a perfected vision of who you are. In this idealized form, your properties elevate to their peak, surpassing what Tier 1 could achieve. Witnessing you becomes an awe-inspiring experience; your confidence and grace radiate with such intensity that it captivates all who behold you. You are a vision of pure potential, so magnetic and poised that even the most guarded hearts soften, stirring feelings that may not been there before, inspired by the harmony within you. Your every word and movement in this state echoes with profound influence, leaving those around you changed, reminded of their own inner light.



" Agents are always ready to protect, they are among the toughest Dreams and Nightmares among those that follow the Songstress. There aren't many, but they are rumored to be armed with potent Shines and the ability to enter the waking world to save others."

Dream Guardian Shines

Warden's Gaze

With the *Warden's Gaze* Shine, your vision transcends deception and illusion, unveiling hidden or harmful entities that would otherwise remain concealed. This Shine grants you a sight that pierces through all manner of shadows and illusions, making it possible to identify hidden dangers and mysteries with clarity and precision. Under this gaze, you also empower dreamers with a newfound courage, for their fears are revealed in their true form—no longer looming unknowns but challenges they can face. Furthermore, while this Shine is active, no vision can harm you; curses, malignant gazes, or malevolent forces lose their potency, granting you protection from any threat that would attack through observation.



- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** As described, this Shine reveals hidden presences, allowing you to see through all illusions and shadows. You are safeguarded against any serious harmful but not lethal effects stemming from merely seeing or observing another being or entity.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** The Warden's Gaze intensifies, warding off all lethal or supernatural effects from entities or curses designed to fatally harm by sight alone. Now, you can, with effort, pierce through the Veils of Dreams or Nightmares, glimpsing the true forms behind even the most guarded of illusions. However, penetrating Veiled Mirages, the most complex and protected illusions, remains a formidable challenge, often requiring the added strength of Conduits to enhance this Shine to its fullest potential.

Ethereal Armor



When danger strikes without warning, *Ethereal Armor* envelops you in a suit forged from pure dream energy, embodying your essence and resolve. This shimmering armor molds seamlessly to your personality, offering formidable defense against harmful entities and granting heightened resilience for battles within Dreamscape. Its strength and durability grow with the power you invest and are deeply influenced by your determination to protect others. While the armor offers near-perfect defense against physical attacks, it can also provide partial protection against supernatural forces, including a limited resilience to Shines and Shades, absorbing or

deflecting their effects to a degree.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** As described, the armor is sturdy against physical threats and provides basic shielding from supernatural forces that are not Shines or Shades, absorbing some of their power before reaching you.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** The armor grows even more resilient, and now offers partial, limited protection against Shines and Shades. This allows it to absorb a portion of the power from these high-level abilities, though blunt attacks from such sources may still wear down or damage the armor considerably.

Guardian's Light

Guardian's Light summons an aura of steadfast protection, surrounding the Dream Guardian in a dim yet unwavering glow that shields allies and deters enemies. As this Shine activates, a soft, bluish light radiates from the Guardian, casting its protective reach over all allies, innocents, and those under the Guardian's care within its radius. Hostile entities feel a powerful urge to retreat, unable to maintain their ground against the serene yet unyielding presence that fills the area. Any harm intended for those within this sanctuary is partially or completely absorbed by the Guardian themselves, a noble sacrifice made willingly in defense of Dreamscape's most cherished realms.



- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** As described, providing a protective radius of ten meters. Damage intended for others within this field is partially reflected upon the Guardian, and a gentle repelling force begins to drive hostiles back, preventing them from easily advancing or causing harm.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** The aura now extends a full thirty meters, fully absorbing any damage to those within the field, which is reduced by at least half when it reaches the Guardian. Hostile entities are strongly repelled, feeling an unrelenting push that forces them back from the aura's reach, leaving only the most powerful adversaries capable of enduring the light's barrier. Together with other Guardians, this Shine forms a mighty bastion, transforming key points within Dreamscape into strongholds of peace and safety.

General Shades

Shades emerge from the essence of nightmares—the shadows cast by fears, unsettled thoughts, and the chilling unknown. They embody those emotions and experiences that unsettle, frighten, or reveal what is hidden from light. But Shades are not inherently evil; they are reflections of light itself, for without darkness, light loses its meaning. In Dreamscape, these manifestations of the night side of dreams serve as potent tools for Nightmares, aiding them in achieving their purpose within the vast dream realms.

The Shades that follow have resonated with the core of your being, awakening and aligning themselves with your spirit. Yet, there is something worth deep caution: among them are **Shades of the Dread variety**, those wielded by the most formidable Dread Nightmares who bear Veiled Mirages. These powers are immense, but **their use carries a weight that should not be taken lightly**. Be vigilant, Agent; power often comes with subtle snares, paths that can cloud the heart and mislead the soul. Do not let the lure of darkness consume you, for it is only by walking the line between shadow and light that true strength is forged.

General Shades are discounted to their respective origin, while specific paths are only discounted if you selected that path. Discounts do not stack.

Dread Shades are not discounted at all.



"The Composer of Nightmares, unable to perform his own twisted symphony by himself, wields an orchestra of Nightmares and Dread Nightmares to unleash a cacophony of dread. His dissonant concerto threatens to engulf all of Dreamscape, its dark resonance spreading unless he is stopped."

Obscuration

One of the most versatile and insidious Shades within the arsenal of Nightmares, Obscuration cloaks the user's surroundings in a deep, consuming shadow, creating an environment where fear can thrive. Unlike ordinary darkness, this Shade shrouds not only sight but also the mind and senses, replacing clarity with confusion, and amplifying isolation until it feels oppressive. Obscuration can be wielded to heighten terror; glimpses of undefined shapes or distant sounds play upon the imagination, crafting nightmares from faint impressions. In the hands of a skilled Nightmare, Obscuration primes the very air to stifle all but dread, and even the lightest use unsettles, creating an unshakeable sense that something is watching, or worse, waiting.



- **Tier 1 (100 CP).** The shadows created by Obscuration go beyond mere visual darkness; they disorient and numb, making vision and thought sluggish, while any sense of physical sensation feels dulled, as if every touch is muffled by an unseen veil. However, the shadows amplify sensations associated with fear, horror, and unease, allowing terror to strike deeply and without interference. Victims find themselves reacting to whispers of danger, feeling fear as a tangible presence despite their surroundings being veiled.
- **Tier 2 (200 CP).** At this advanced tier, the darkness produced by Obscuration overwhelms the senses entirely, feeding on its victim's fear until rational thought is drowned out, leaving them isolated in the vastness of terror. All supernatural means of perceiving or tracking the user are rendered ineffective within this darkness, as Obscuration disrupts any form of foresight, divination, or magical tracking—forcing others to rely only on what they cannot see. Additionally, should the user employ other Shades while Obscuration is active, these Shades are heightened in power, benefiting from the deep, dread-infused shadows to strike with even greater potency and effectiveness than they could on their own.

Destruction

Some things must be torn down before they can be truly rebuilt; there is strength in both creation and unmaking. Nightmare Agents wield this Shade with a peculiar understanding: destruction is neither careless nor inherently cruel but a means to clear a path for growth, change, and resilience. The Shade of Destruction allows an Agent to direct focused intent into the unraveling of matter, thoughts, or even the buried scars of the mind—layer by layer, breaking down each thread until what was, is no more. Unlike other Shades, Destruction requires an Agent's physical touch on the target to initiate the process, rooting this Shade in direct, undeniable contact, and will not correctly work should the Agent have other means to attempt to use this Shade indirectly. The effects are slow but potent; objects, memories, or negative aspects of the mind yield, their essence undone by the inexorable force that is as precise as it is irreversible.



Once fully unraveled, only the most formidable forces, such as the Restoration Shine, high tier magic, supreme technology, or advanced reality-altering means, may attempt to recover what was destroyed. Until the process is complete, any attempt to regenerate, resist, or reform is halted, though if the process is stopped before completion any partial destruction may be restored normally. The subtle beauty of Destruction lies in its potential for growth: when used on a harmful trait or traumatic memory, it leaves space for those affected to rebuild themselves stronger through self-improvement, transforming shadows into newfound light.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP).** As described, the process of destruction is gradual, met with resistance depending on the strength, resilience, or willpower of the target. Supernatural or intrinsic qualities within the target can fortify it against unraveling, prolonging the time it takes to break down each aspect. The Shade respects persistence and resilience, challenging the wielder to maintain focus for as long as it takes.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP).** At this level, the Shade's potency deepens, allowing it to contend with even "indestructible" qualities that would otherwise make a target impervious. While indestructibility would still demand more energy and focus from the user, the Shade is now capable of wearing down or bypassing such traits, though it still requires intense focus and physical contact with the target to fully manifest.

Fear Domain

Fear is a powerful essence in Dreamscape, the pulse that fuels Nightmares and shapes their path. But only a rare few among them wield the mastery needed to claim dominion over fear itself. For those Nightmares, the *Fear Domain* Shade is the ultimate performance stage—a vast, twisted realm where fear bends to their will and takes root in the minds of all within. This Shade establishes an area completely under your control, where fear exists solely as you create it, spreading unchallenged, unable to be suppressed by others. All other fear-based Shades are dimmed here, leaving only your terror to permeate the environment.



Within the Fear Domain, every sound, sight, and shadow warps to your liking, as illusions play out and surroundings shift at your whim. The Shade even attempts to mute the effects of most Shines designed to shield against fear, reducing them to flickering lights amid the darkness. For as long as the Domain is active, each thread of terror cast only fuels your power, heightening your strength, fortifying your defenses, and steadily healing you with each frightened breath of your foes. Once the weight of fear sinks in, weaker wills are gripped by helpless paralysis, their confidence stripped, and only those with extraordinary resolve remain able to stand.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP).** As described, the Fear Domain's reach is typically about the size of a football field but may be expanded with conduits or enhanced concentration, allowing you to weave dread through wider areas. The Domain's energy settles quickly, making it a stronghold of terror where every corner is yours to shape.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP).** At this level, fear gains a deeper hold within the Domain. Once an opponent succumbs to the terror, their abilities and powers—except for Shines—begin to wane, their energy sapped by overwhelming dread.



Mantle of Dread

The realm of Dreamscape, where light and shadow dance, no Nightmare is wholly dark, nor every Dream wholly pure. Nightmares stand as necessary trials, challenges woven into the very fabric of growth, guiding dreamers to confront fears they might otherwise evade. Yet Dreams, radiant as they are, can sometimes blaze too fiercely, wielding Shines or other powers that overwhelm even the mightiest Nightmare. For such times, the *Mantle of Dread* arises—a Shade of potent simplicity, enwrapping the Nightmare in a cloak of ancient, roiling shadow. This Shade grants immunity against light, holiness, and purity itself, a shroud of dread that defies the sanctity of Shines. When the *Mantle of Dread* is worn, it is not just a shield but a proclamation: that even the brightest lights cast the deepest shadows.



- **Tier 1 (200 CP).** As described, the *Mantle of Dread* encases the Nightmare in an ethereal, chilling aura, imbuing them with a force that counters Shines, powers of light, and holy or pure energies. This shroud of shadow suffuses an area with dread, weakening the will of all who approach. The darkness doesn't simply ward off these forces; it actively contends with them, balancing its own strength against the incoming radiance. If the energy invested in this Shade cannot fully repel a Shine, its protection will still hold, but will be partially breached. At this level, Tier 2 Shines will always pierce, at least partially, the mantle regardless of how much energy you invest when calling this Shade.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP).** At this level, the *Mantle of Dread* deepens, now fully capable of withstanding the relentless power of Tier 2 Shines if matched in might. The shadows take on a physical density, capable of deflecting physical assaults and corroding anything imbued with light, sanctity, or goodness that touches its darkened cloak. As dread intensifies, the Shade now grants a power over divinity itself: an aura that quells the holy, an energy that chips away the very essence of the divine, allowing its wearer to wound and even unravel beings that are considered divine. In the presence of this Shade, dread reigns supreme—an iron will wrapped in shadow, undiminished, indomitable, and all-consuming, and a potent tool that can empower one to even kill the gods.

Twilightbane

In the Dreamscape's deep and tumultuous realms, where light and dark wage eternal war, there are threats that cannot be subdued by fear alone. The *Twilightbane* Shade grants an Agent the ultimate tool to combat both the radiant purity of light and the depthless malevolence of darkness. This Shade allows an Agent to cloak a weapon or object in the living essence of nightmares, shrouding it in shadows that pulse with dread and ancient, whispering fears. This weapon becomes a vessel of pure nightmare, cold to the touch and devouring any light that draws too near, casting an aura of profound unease. When imbued, the weapon becomes indestructible, able to phase in and out of tangibility at the Agent's will. Its true potency lies in its dual nature, harming both creatures of light and sanctity as well as entities of darkness, drawing strength and fear from each fallen foe.



- **Tier 1 (200 CP).** As described, the *Twilightbane* Shade cloaks your chosen weapon or object in shadows that chill, dim, and evoke a haunting dread in all who sense its presence. This Shade allows the weapon to strike at incorporeal beings and those who might otherwise evade physical harm. It proves highly effective against beings aligned with light, holy powers, and divine entities, channeling the power of nightmares to disrupt and weaken them. When used against creatures of darkness, the weapon draws in a measure of their fear and strength upon their destruction, a boon of power that temporarily strengthens you and leaves a faint but permanent trace within.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP).** At this heightened level, the *Twilightbane* achieves an even more potent resonance with the realm of fear and power. Dark entities—whether Nightmares, Dread Nightmares, or evil beings born from beyond—grant you a greater and lasting measure of strength upon their final destruction, permanently bolstering your might with a fragment of their dread essence. Shadows deepen around the weapon, which can now strike and potentially fatally harm Divine beings, unraveling even their strongest defenses, while amplifying your power with each victory. With each swing, you become a conduit of nightmare itself, wielding fear as both shield and sword against all who would dare oppose you.

Note: *This Shade's origin dates back eons, when it was wielded by a Legendary Nightmare who defied a dream god. This god, consumed by arrogance and greed, had stolen the Nightmare's lover for his own pleasure, dismissing her attempts to reclaim them as meaningless. Confident in his own power, he allowed her to approach, mocking her efforts as she stood before him in his dream palace. Yet the Nightmare was no ordinary being; she had a Veiled Mirage of her own and she was the first wielder of Twilightbane, infusing her weapon with pure nightmare essence. With one fateful strike, she shattered the god's arrogance—and his existence—unleashing a fatal chord that spelled his end. What followed has been obscured by the sands of time, said to be known only by the Storyteller of Dreams or hidden within the Labyrinth of Forgotten Dreams. What remains clear, however, is the legendary power of this Shade, capable of overcoming even the gods themselves.*

Domain Breaker

Domains are spaces tethered to the will of an entity—enchanted or fortified by Magic, Shines, Shades, or other means—that shift the balance of power within them, reinforcing allies or crippling enemies. They are strongholds in both purpose and form, meticulously woven to create absolute advantage. However, among the most skilled Nightmare Agents exists an elusive and fabled Shade known as *Domain Breaker*, a force that dismantles these spaces of power and neutralizes their grasp over reality.



Whispered to have once been a powerful Shine corrupted by nightmare essence, *Domain Breaker* calls upon the haunting power of fear to disassemble the very foundation of a domain, prying it apart until it fractures and collapses. When invoked, this Shade does not merely disrupt—it breaks through the domain like glass under a hammer, unraveling its influence and scattering its magic as though it were smoke. Once sundered, the domain cannot be reestablished easily, for the lingering imprint of *Domain Breaker* taints the space, enabling the Nightmare Agent to dismantle it repeatedly with minimal effort. The memory of fear, seeded by this Shade, requires several days to dissipate entirely before the domain may be restored to full power.

The act of breaking a domain hinges on the Shade's power clashing directly with the domain's own essence. Should *Domain Breaker* prevail, the domain splinters and falls away, leaving only a fading trace of its influence. But even in cases where full rupture is impossible, the Shade rattles the domain's effects, diminishing its potency and destabilizing its structure for as long as the Shade lingers.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** As described, *Domain Breaker* can shatter domains rooted in magic, technology, skills, powers or innate abilities. If powerful enough, the Shade will dismantle the domain within seconds. If it falls just short of full destruction, the Shade will weaken and partially disrupt its effects, leaving it vulnerable.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** Enhanced, *Domain Breaker* now unravels even reality-manipulated domains. As long as the invested power is superior to the domain's strength, it breaks instantly, nullifying its advantages and scattering its effects as if they never were.

Seal of Obscurity

This Shade draws from an ancient tale of love, betrayal, and a lesson in restraint. Long ago, a Dream Princess fell for a Devil Dragon, a creature of immense cunning and darkness. Though she gave her heart willingly, the dragon's affections proved fleeting; it would return with sweet promises only to betray her time and again. Watching his daughter's torment, the King of Dreams, unwilling to destroy her love yet determined to protect her, devised a trick. With a masterful spell, he placed a seal upon the dragon, binding it within a timeless prison, hidden beyond the stars. The dragon would only be freed when it changed its ways—a lesson encased in eternal obscurity.



The *Seal of Obscurity* is a potent Shade used to bind and contain forces that cannot be destroyed but must be restrained. By invoking this Shade, a Nightmare Agent can place an unstoppable, luminous seal on any adversary or object, sealing it away in a pocket dimension beyond the known universe. Here, it is bound in a void, unreachable and resistant to outside influence, a prison almost impossible to escape or break from. This dimension resists all powers except the strongest of Shines and Shades, ensuring the prisoner remains confined until their own power wanes.

To place the Seal, an Agent must either overpower or immobilize their target. Once begun, the process requires focus and time—an unbroken ritual of binding that takes a few intense minutes to complete. Once the Seal has been placed, it becomes near unbreakable, drawing power from the very essence of the one it confines, lasting until they weaken, fade, or exhaust themselves over time.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** As described, the *Seal of Obscurity* traps any living being it is placed upon within the prison dimension. The seal draws power from the prisoner, sustaining itself until the prisoner naturally deteriorates. Trapped beings may not interact with any reality, directly or indirectly, as long as they remain inside.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** At this level, the *Seal of Obscurity* may be applied not only to living beings but also to objects and abstract entities, such as concepts, memories, or even mystical energies. Once bound, these elements remain hidden and restrained, held outside reality until released. Anything that is sealed that does not hold power of its own to sustain the seal, will cause the seal to work with whatever power you imbued into it at the moment of its creation, disappearing once that power runs out.

Terror Bind

In the dark art of fear, *Terror Bind* stands alone, embodying the raw essence of dread that even the most fearless beings of Dreamscape cannot escape. This Shade is the Nightmare Agent's ultimate weapon of immobilization, calling forth an ancient terror beyond mortal comprehension—a fear that seizes both mind and body with the force of inevitability, rendering them helpless against its overwhelming pressure. Activated with intent, *Terror Bind* manifests as a suffocating aura that plunges its target into an inescapable mental abyss, one that cannot be reasoned with, resisted, or redirected.



Terror Bind reaches beyond standard fear-based effects, crafting a dread that resonates on a primal, otherworldly frequency, paralyzing even those who normally thrive on or are immune to fear. The terror invoked here is unlike personal fears or anxieties, unyielding and impossible to harness for other fear-based powers. Instead, *Terror Bind* stands as an unbreakable prison of fright that clamps down on body and spirit alike, freezing movement, thought, and strength in its iron grip.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** *Terror Bind* envelops the target in a relentless terror that immediately immobilizes them. Their physical and mental faculties become paralyzed, unable to respond or break free from the overwhelming dread. This state of terror suppresses even reflexive resistance, isolating the target in a quiet, horrifying paralysis, while ensuring the fear remains contained—neither exploitable for energy nor open to manipulation.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** With greater potency, *Terror Bind* becomes a true weapon against even the mightiest entities, deepening its hold to a point where even beings with extraordinary resilience struggle against its grip. The Shade's influence can now penetrate the defenses of beings who would otherwise be immune or resistant, anchoring them with a fear so profound that it feels as if the terror itself has become a part of their soul.

Legion of Shadows

Mastery over this Shade grants you the ability to command a veritable army of shadowed echoes, each a manifestation of your will. The shadows are not mere illusions—they are tangible, cunning, and utterly loyal to your command. With a thought, you summon forms resembling followers, pets, or even past foes you have vanquished, their essence reshaped into beings of shadow and dread. These manifestations may echo the abilities of their inspirations, albeit twisted to align with the nature of darkness. Those who dismiss these shadows as mere tricks will quickly find themselves ensnared in their master's web of control.



- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** With this initial mastery, you can summon a small legion of shadowy forms—dark echoes of allies, pets, and defeated enemies. Each shadow retains a shadowy facsimile of the abilities their inspiration once wielded, twisted to align with the nature of darkness. Though their power is capped by the limitations of this tier, their combined might exceeds your own. These shadows work seamlessly together, responding to your commands with the precision of an orchestra led by its conductor. Be warned: their loyalty is absolute, but their nature reflects your own intent.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** At this level, your shadows take on a disturbing realism, their forms more solid, their presence more oppressive. Their abilities are further refined, shifting beyond crude mimicry to become potent tools of shadowed destruction. Though their affinities remain rooted in darkness, their combined strength far surpasses your own. With care and calculation, they become a force capable of overwhelming even the mightiest of foes. However, invoking the full power of this Shade drains your stamina, demanding careful strategy and precise timing to maintain control. To wield the *Legion of Shadows* is to step into the role of a calculating mastermind, orchestrating victory through cunning and overwhelming force.

Gnawing Pain [Dread Shade]

Gnawing Pain is not simply a Shade, but a twisted manifestation of suffering crafted solely for torment. This Dread Shade is a pure and malicious force, weaponized to overwhelm and devastate anyone struck by it. With a flick of your fingers or a mere touch of your Conduit, crimson lightning arcs forth, searing through any defense that does not explicitly state it can resist this darkness. Once a bolt makes contact, it unleashes an escalating storm of agonizing pain and consuming horror that eats into the target's mind and spirit, gnawing away at reason and hope until only desperation remains.



The agony begins as a sinister whisper, a twinge of discomfort that grows sharper with each heartbeat, spreading through their senses like a venomous wildfire. Within moments, the pain becomes a torturous presence, relentless and maddening, plunging the target into an abyss from which there is no escape. The terror festers, saturating their very soul, intensifying until they can no longer tell where the pain ends and the horror begins. Gnawing Pain is absolute, feeding on the essence of its caster, binding to the victim with an unholy endurance that endures so long as the caster lives or wills it.

- **Tier 1 (100 CP):** As described, *Gnawing Pain* delivers an unbreakable agony that mounts with every second, eventually incapacitating the target in unfathomable suffering. This Dread Shade only ceases with the caster's will or destruction, or if purged by a powerful Shine.
- **Tier 2 (200 CP):** The Shade deepens, driving its victims into a madness that endures long after the pain stops. The resulting fractures in their mind leave lasting scars that only a Restoration Shine can hope to heal, rendering even the strongest wills shattered beyond recognition.

A word of warning, by using this Dread Shade on others **your very being will begin to be twisted by its malign influence with each use**. It will start insidiously, and after several uses certainly twist your personality into that of a sadist that enjoys bringing pain to others. These effects on you will last 10 years since its last use or until the start of a new jump.

Malefice [**Dread Shade**]

The essence of darkness and suffering itself, *Malefice* is the ultimate curse, a Shade so vile it twists reality to inflict ruin and despair upon its victim. Summoning *Malefice* plunges the surroundings into shadow and smoke, haunted by writhing faces and twisted specters barely concealed in the gloom. The air grows thick, heavy with malice, and even light seems to shy away as the user pours every vile emotion, every ounce of wrath and contempt, into this dreadful Shade. From the gathering shadows emerges a tendril of pure, sentient darkness, reaching unerringly for its victim to wreak unspeakable suffering.



Once struck by *Malefice*, the victim is cursed with a spectrum of torment: incapacitating despair, physical agony, venom coursing through their veins, haunting visions, crippling fear, and, if the caster wishes, even the onset of total madness. This Dread Shade is immune to common purification or dispelling; its effects are not merely magic or curses, but nightmares given form, unyielding in their grip, and thus will ignore any effects that attempt to dispel curses or magic from its victim. The only release from *Malefice* is the caster's death, final destruction, or a truly legendary Illumination Shine—anything less will falter against this unholy might.

Malefice imparts effects that can include, but are not limited to: despair, poison, hallucinations, weakness, petrification, sorrow, madness, delusions, uncontrollable transformations, and the specter of a predetermined death upon the trigger of a chosen condition set by the caster. With each passing moment, the victim is consumed by their anguish, their own will crushed beneath the relentless force of *Malefice*.

- **Tier 1 (100 CP):** If the target has resistances or immunities to any of the effects of Malefice, they will feel these effects at most half their potency, yet even this is devastating. Only those with truly indomitable willpower can resist complete paralysis, though none can simply "endure" *Malefice* without succumbing to its horrors.
- **Tier 2 (200 CP):** Enhanced beyond mortal reckoning, *Malefice* now disregards all immunities and resistances as though they were nothing. The victim is forced to endure the Shade's full wrath, every defense shattered before it.

Wielding Malefice comes with a terrible cost. The user may begin to find a dark thrill in the suffering of others, a subtle but relentless compulsion toward cruelty and ruin, a very addictive corruption that worsens with each use of this Dread Shade. In time, it may even consume their very soul. These effects on your soul will persist for 10 years after its last usage, or the beginning of a new jump, whatever comes first.

Oblivion and Horror [**Dread Shade**]

Some fates are darker than death, Agent. Among the most feared powers in the arsenal of Dread Nightmares is the Shade of *Oblivion and Horror*, a Shade so insidious it does not offer the peace of death, but instead binds the mind in a prison of terror from which escape is impossible. This Dread Shade is a harrowing curse upon body and soul, forcing its victim into an endless coma—while the mind is submerged in a labyrinthine nightmare, where horrors are reborn with every passing moment, relived in an endless cycle that no will can withstand.



Invoking *Oblivion and Horror* summons dark energies of primordial malevolence, pooling at the tips of your fingers or conduit and gathering until it pulses with malefic power. Once released, the energy seeks its target with dread purpose; if it makes contact, the Shade activates instantly, pulling the victim's consciousness into a nightmare realm of their own most horrifying memories and fears. They are locked away within, as their body becomes rigid and comatose, unable to react or escape from the grip of this Shade. Ageless or immortal beings find themselves trapped indefinitely, endlessly haunted within an inescapable torment of their own mind.

In this nightmare prison, all mental defenses are shattered, and only the intervention of a third party with a True Miracle AND an Illumination Shine combined with a Legendary Conduit offers the slightest hope of release. Without such intervention, the victim will never awaken, left forever in a waking death of eternal fear.

- **Tier 1 (100 CP):** As described. Once struck, the effect takes hold immediately, offering no release unless met with the most extraordinary of interventions.

There is no second tier. This Dread Shade is absolute; once activated, it binds the victim irrevocably, preventing even a Veiled Mirage from resurrecting or restoring its wielder if they are taken by *Oblivion and Horror*. Dread Nightmares are immune to this Dread Shade.

Using this Shade is among the darkest acts one can perform. **Each use corrupts and withers parts of your own soul, rendering them dead but functional.** Should your soul be entirely consumed, you will become a Dread Nightmare yourself, eternally cursed to seek and inflict suffering. Restoration is only possible through the intervention of a universal level being, or the Songstress herself. Even then, you will not begin to heal until your next jump, and if restored all Dread Shades will be locked to prevent further corruption, until you heal completely. Any deadened part of your soul can only begin to recover after ten years have passed since the last use of this Dread Shade or upon entering a new jump. Ending up the jump as a Dread Nightmare will count as failing the jump.

Note: A brief reprisal of the horrors of this Dread Shade is that it can only be considered Tier 1, regardless of its potent effects. This means that any Shine or Shade that could resist or block tier 1 Shades will completely work on this Dread Shade. Partial resists will always resist the full effect from this Dread Shade.

Fright Harvester Shades

Gather

A staple among Fight Harvester Agents, *Gather* is a versatile and essential Shade, allowing its wielder to collect ambient fear—or any emotion that colors the air around them—as a temporary resource. Within the haunting landscapes of dream realms, *Gather* pulls from the wellspring of a dreamer's fears, gathering just enough to keep the nightmare balanced: never so much as to break it nor so little as to let it spiral beyond control. For those skilled in its use, *Gather* is a precision tool, enabling them to wield emotions as a dynamic and fleeting resource.



When activated, this Shade allows its user to absorb the collective fear from all those nearby, creating an invisible reservoir. While primarily known for collecting fear, it can, with skill, extend to other emotions, subtly siphoning energy from joy, sorrow, anger, or wonder if the environment is rich in them. The gathered emotions can be transferred to others through a mere touch, perhaps to calm or incite, or held within for later use. Any emotions not used will dissipate naturally after a few days, returning quietly to Dreamscape's flow.

- **Tier 1 (100 CP):** This Shade gathers ambient fear effortlessly, though positive emotions like joy or peace are harder to harvest.
- **Tier 2 (200 CP):** *Gather* strengthens, allowing the user to collect any emotion with ease, creating a broad array of emotional resources that can be wielded for various purposes.

Fear Transformation

With *Fear Transformation*, the wielder taps into ambient terror and dread, converting fear itself into a potent, raw energy source. This Shade is a marvel of the nightmare arts, transforming gathered fear into a versatile force that fuels almost any power at the Agent's disposal. This pure energy can amplify Shines, intensify other Shades, empower artifacts, or even be shared with others for their own purposes, creating a unique, fear-driven synergy within the Dreamscape.



Not only limited to fear, *Fear Transformation* can adapt other emotions within the user, though fear itself yields the most efficient and powerful energy. With this Shade, the wielder has the option to alter their own appearance subtly within human scale, embodying what would be most terrifying to those who observe them. Be it a

haunting echo of a traumatic memory or a primal fear of something unnatural, this temporary transformation often incites even more fear from those around them, creating an ever-deepening cycle of terror to draw upon.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** As described. Transform fear into raw energy to power abilities, artifacts, or share it with others. Appearances can shift to invoke primal fears, but transformations remain close to human size.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** Fear's energy grows even more versatile and powerful, and transformations are no longer limited to human scale, allowing grander forms of terror to take shape. Although these forms are illusions and don't alter the user's physical resilience, they offer a deeper well of fear to draw from, amplifying the terrifying spectacle.

Nurture Fear

The Shade of Nurture Fear is a masterwork of subtle horror, allowing its wielder to coax even the smallest trace of fear into a powerful force. When activated within a dreamer's subconscious, this Shade gives you insight into the unique fears that lie beneath their surface. With each visit to their dreams, you can intensify these fears—drawing them out, letting them grow until they become so palpable that the dreamer cannot ignore them, regardless of any resistance or immunity they might have.



This Shade holds a particular potency against fearless individuals—those rare beings who have buried or banished their fears completely. In such cases, *Nurture Fear* plants the initial seeds of terror, sowing dread and uncertainty in a mind previously untouched by such things. The fear grows subtly at first, then blossoms, ensuring that even the fearless will one day tremble.

Beyond amplifying terror, this Shade matures fear to a rare purity that yields exceptional energy for other Shades and abilities. As fear reaches its full manifestation, it provides an unparalleled resource for Nightmares to draw upon, empowering their abilities and leaving a lasting impression on the dreamer's psyche.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** As described. The nurtured fear matures within a week or more, producing heightened potency once fully grown. Fear from fearless beings starts small, subtly growing over several nights.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** More potent and quicker to manifest. Even fearless individuals begin to feel the seeds of terror within one or two nights, and nurtured fears reach full potency within one or two visits. Fully matured, the fear becomes an especially rich source of power, boosting the wielder's other Shades or abilities far beyond the norm.

Note: Fear immunity or resistance suppresses fear but does not eliminate its existence, while fearless beings experience no fear, making them especially challenging but rewarding targets for Nightmares.

Night Terror Shades

Imposing Presence

The *Imposing Presence* Shade grants its user a shroud of overpowering fear and dominance, surrounding you with an aura that makes you nearly untouchable in the eyes of others. Once activated, this Shade wraps you in a tangible atmosphere of dread that's almost impossible to shake. Those who would dare to attack or challenge you find themselves frozen by an unconscious resistance, their minds recoiling as they feel the weight of your power pressing down upon them.



When wielded, this Shade amplifies any ability you possess that is enhanced by fear or authority, strengthening your powers of intimidation and command. Additionally, this Shade will instantly sever any physical or magical binds that hold you, granting immediate freedom to act. In battle, this presence hinders your foes' ability to think clearly, introducing subtle yet effective lapses in their concentration that disrupt their flow and force them to contend with your terrifying aura. Those who are mentally overpowered by this effect will find their concentration-based abilities shattered, leaving them vulnerable and disoriented.

- **Tier 1 (100 CP):** *Imposing Presence* can be sustained for several minutes. During this time, it makes it very challenging for anyone nearby to attack or resist you directly, creating moments of hesitation and weakness in your opponents. Concentration effects suffer frequent interruptions, forcing those within range to constantly struggle to maintain their focus. After deactivation, it requires a short, one-minute cooldown before it can be used again.
- **Tier 2 (200 CP):** The Shade intensifies, allowing you to maintain *Imposing Presence* for nearly an hour, extending its effects over a larger area. All concentration effects within its influence are actively shattered if they cannot withstand the aura, and your presence feels heavy and inescapable, causing even greater disruption to mental focus. The cooldown remains at one minute, allowing for frequent and controlled use of this powerful aura.

Unstoppable Terror

When the *Unstoppable Terror* Shade activates, you transform into a force of nightmares, exuding a terrifying and relentless aura that embodies pure dread. This Shade fills you with dark power, draping you in an ominous light that strikes fear into any who dare oppose you. In this state, you are unyielding, shrugging off pain, ignoring damage, and driving forward with an unnatural momentum that feels beyond mortal limits. Once activated, you become nearly impossible to stop, moving with a surreal, nightmarish inertia that propels you past obstacles and through opposition, your every step seemingly inevitable and inescapable.



This Shade makes you exceptionally resilient, and any move you make in this empowered form strikes with terrifying force. Each action in this state embodies the true nature of unstoppable fear, leaving even the bravest opponents rattled as you relentlessly pursue your target.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** While *Unstoppable Terror* is active, all incoming damage is halved, and pain is entirely disregarded, allowing you to fight without hesitation or falter. Your movements become heavily resistant to any attempt to impede you, forcing your path forward as long as your actions appear intimidating or impossible to halt. This Shade can remain active for five to ten minutes, though certain powerful Conduits can extend its duration further.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** The resilience of *Unstoppable Terror* increases to extreme levels, reducing all damage received to just one-tenth of its normal amount. Additionally, this Shade now provides resistance to both Shines and other Shades, and even other kinds of powers, making you very resistant if not impervious to most magical or nightmare-based effects while it is active. However, only an exceptionally rare and potent Shine can overpower or dispel this Shade once it is unleashed. The time duration remains, but the effect becomes intensely difficult to suppress, giving you a terrifying edge against those who stand in your way.

Horrific Strike

For Night Terrors who thrive on more than just intimidation, *Horrific Strike* is a potent Shade, infusing raw nightmare power into every physical move. Upon activation, you become cloaked in a fierce aura of nightmare and shadow energy, your every action filled with a menacing purpose. Each strike delivered while this Shade is active channels deeply personal fears directly into your opponent, manifesting in exactly the form required to inflict maximum psychological and physical harm. The attack doesn't just hit the body; it strikes at the core, forcing enemies to confront their most dreadful vulnerabilities. Whether exploiting a hidden fear, manifesting something they dread, or even using an anomaly that shouldn't exist, each Horrific Strike ensures that the wounds inflicted are both painful and difficult to recover from.



- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** With *Horrific Strike* activated, your physical attacks will always find the means to deliver critical damage, automatically targeting an opponent's fears, weaknesses, or mental defenses with devastating effect. The shade's aura infuses every hit with nightmarish dread, ensuring that even resilient foes feel the impact on a deeper, psychological level, making recovery slower and more painful.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** The potency of *Horrific Strike* intensifies, doubling the physical and psychological damage dealt. The Horrific Strike will conjure for real whatever will do the most harm to its target, including physical vulnerabilities, visions, painful memories and more. They will be real for the purposes of inflicting harm, but will fade after the Horrific Strike is completed. An opponent struck at this tier will suffer lasting effects: echoes of the attack's terror periodically return, causing disturbing aftershocks of dread and pain that gradually fade over time. Though each recurrence is slightly less intense, the lingering sequels make it difficult for the victim to fully shake off the strike's impact, keeping them on edge and vulnerable to further fear-based attacks.

Shadow Weaver Shades

Shadow Art

An iconic Shade of Shadow Weavers, *Shadow Art* allows the manipulation of shadows with a high degree of creativity and adaptability. Users of this Shade can wield shadows like physical constructs, shaping them to defend, attack, or serve as tools and barriers. Shadows can be solidified, moved, stretched, or transformed to suit the wielder's needs, making *Shadow Art* a powerful asset in combat and strategic encounters alike.



One unique aspect of this Shade is the ability to meld into shadows and traverse through them, moving seamlessly to any connected shadow. This feature essentially enables a form of teleportation, allowing users to travel swiftly under cover of darkness. By visualizing a destination with shadows, they can move from place to place in near silence. This teleportation ability, however, requires more power the farther the distance, and is especially effective in darkness where shadows are plentiful and interconnected.

For offense, defense, or utility, *Shadow Art* provides boundless options, with the sturdiness of shadow constructs scaling with the energy invested. Though it can't directly affect intangible or non-physical things, it remains a versatile tool for those with an imaginative touch, perfect for subtle infiltration or overwhelming displays of shadow-wielded might.

- **Tier 1 (100 CP):** Users can shape and solidify shadows for physical actions, forming weapons, armor, or barriers. Teleportation through shadows is limited by distance and power used, but effective over short to moderate distances. Shadows manipulated are limited to interacting with physical objects or beings.
- **Tier 2 (200 CP):** The power of *Shadow Art* expands significantly. Solidified shadows now interact with incorporeal entities, such as ghosts or phantasms, while teleportation through shadows becomes more efficient, enabling quicker, smoother transitions over greater distances with slightly less energy. This versatility also enables shadow constructs to retain form for longer, making them reliable assets in prolonged encounters.

Puppetry

A hallmark of true dominance, *Puppetry* is the Shade that bends others to the wielder's command, a forceful embodiment of control and power. Among Shadow Weavers and schemers of the Court of Dreams, few tools are as decisive as this Shade, which allows for the direct, absolute manipulation of others. If persuasion fails, *Puppetry* grants the power to impose one's will, guiding or forcing others to act, even against their deepest instincts.



Once activated, this Shade extends fine threads of shadow toward a target, binding them like invisible strings. These threads latch onto the target's will, setting off an immediate contest of power and resistance. If the Shade prevails, the control is established, and the target's movements and actions are no longer their own, rendered extensions of the wielder's intent. However, *Puppetry* demands a careful balance, as it consumes power based on the target's own strength and willpower. Control lasts a few hours by default, but the Shade can be renewed as needed—each renewal doubling the power required to maintain the control until either the wielder releases the target or the cost becomes unsustainable.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** The wielder can forcefully control one individual at a time, using threads of shadow to move them like a puppet. The target's resistance lessens over time as the Shade settles in, though the grip weakens after a few hours unless renewed.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** The Shade's influence expands, allowing the wielder to control multiple targets simultaneously, manipulating a group's actions with a puppet master's finesse. The power drain scales with each target, yet for the resourceful, *Puppetry* becomes a powerful weapon to assert dominance over entire factions.



Guile

This Shade is the essence of subtlety, elegance, and the artistry of deception. *Guile* infuses its bearer with a charisma that borders on supernatural, enveloping their aura with a compelling magnetism that entices, manipulates, and persuades without a word. For Shadow Weavers and the covert architects of the Court, *Guile* is the ultimate tool—its potent allure draws others in, while its strategic sharpness and deft wit ensure that every interaction bends toward the wielder’s objectives.



When *Guile* is active, the user’s physical presence and mannerisms become enhanced, projecting a refined charm and grace that appeals to all who encounter it. Every glance, every word, every pause becomes calculated and irresistible, weaving a web that quietly entraps the minds of those around them. The Shade subtly enhances thought patterns and emotional intuition, giving the wielder an almost intuitive sense of how to play upon the strengths, weaknesses, and desires of others. Cloaked in this aura, the user becomes a master of manipulation, an embodiment of allure so artful that it feels like pure, unrestrained elegance.

- **Tier 1 (200 CP):** *Guile* lends its user a supernatural charm, with mannerisms and wit so finely tuned they are difficult to resist, though they remain just within the bounds of natural charisma. Appearance, poise, and the user’s words carry a hypnotic sway that subtly compels those around them to listen, follow, and believe.
- **Tier 2 (400 CP):** At this level, *Guile* transcends the subtle and ventures into the unmistakably supernatural, allowing feats of charm that captivate even the most hardened minds within the Dreamscape. The user’s aura projects a profound magnetism, capable of bending the thoughts and perceptions of even Dreams and Nightmares, leaving others entranced in their wake.



Items

Ah, greetings, Agent. I am G, the quartermaster here at the Spire of Echoes. It is my distinct pleasure to be entrusted with the selection and curation of items to enhance your performance as a loyal servant of her Melody. Here in the depths of the Spire, where echoes linger as long as memories, you shall find items suited to the unique tasks and challenges that lie before you.

Now, if you'll follow me—mind the steps, they can be rather mischievous—I'll unveil an assortment designed with precision and purpose, each item a testament to the craftsmanship of Dreamscape's finest. With these, you'll be well-prepared to stand as the Songstress' shadow and shield, her hand in both light and darkness. I trust you'll find them indispensable on your missions, Agent. Shall we proceed?



Silvery Steel Pendant (100 CP)

"Now this is a classic piece, Agent," G says, holding up a delicate pendant on a shimmering silvery steel chain. The gem in the center catches the light, casting soft glints of iridescent hues as it sways. "Not just beautiful, mind you—this pendant is rather... *resourceful*. Picture this: in the heat of the moment, a skill or power at your disposal, one you've neatly stored away for just the right time. And that, my friend, is precisely what this pendant offers."

The gem within acts as a single-use reservoir, able to hold any skill, power, or ability you choose. It's capable of storing an ability not even belonging to you—simply capture it in the pendant as a charge, then unleash it when needed. Though it can only store one charge at a time, once used, it's ready to store a new one. Any costs associated with the ability are paid at the moment you charge it, meaning that when the time comes to use it, it's yours without any extra expenditure.

G admires the pendant for a moment, smiling. "An elegant solution, don't you think? A little insurance in uncertain situations. Quite popular among Agents who like to be... prepared."



Ancient Tuning Fork (100 CP)

"The *Ancient Tuning Fork*—a discreet yet clever instrument in the right hands," G murmurs, holding up an unassuming brass and lead tuning fork. "At a glance, it may appear quite ordinary, but as we both know, Dreamscape loves a hidden twist."



This unassuming tool offers two distinct uses. First, a well-placed strike against any surface will cause the fork to emit a unique tone, perceptible only to your intended target. Depending on the strength of your strike, this sound can range from mildly irritating to deafening, a relentless noise that drowns out all else. It interferes with their ability to listen, disrupts focus, and can even be directed at inanimate objects to create an intense sonic disturbance. Quite handy for throwing off concentration, wouldn't you agree?

The second function of the tuning fork is, dare I say, a bit subtler. With a small gesture, it can be used to create frequencies that interfere with sound or music—important when certain melodies of Dreamscape require... silencing. This tool grants you the ability to dampen or entirely still songs that may otherwise exert undue influence. After all, there are times when harmony is best left unheard."

G gently hands the fork to you, his eyes twinkling. "Not flashy, no—but, in the right hands, it's as sharp as a blade. Consider it a friend in the quiet moments of subterfuge."

Expendable Dreamcatcher (100 CP)

"Ah, now this—this is a practical marvel for any Agent navigating both the wonders and dangers of Dreamscape," G remarks, holding up a delicate, circular web strung tightly within a silver frame. "The *Dreamcatcher* might look like mere decor to the untrained mortal eye, but to us? It's a rather potent tool, indeed."



G spins it gently, causing the threads woven inside to shimmer with both light and shadow. "To use it, simply hold it out, facing the intended target. With clear intent—mind, *clear intent*—it will activate, unfurling threads of radiance and darkness to ensnare any dream or nightmare within a few meters. Once captured, the entity is drawn directly into the Dreamcatcher itself."

He raises a knowing brow. "Now, it's versatile enough to contain even beings from the waking world for a time. However, remember: the more potent the target, the greater the struggle within. Sufficiently strong entities might resist and, given time, could even break

free. But in those critical moments? This item serves splendidly for a quick capture or a convenient removal."

G hands the Dreamcatcher to you with a slight bow, murmuring, "A useful trick, whether you're dealing with perky dreams or dangerous nightmares. Just remember—it's expendable, so use it wisely. This is special though, it should restore itself in about one day"

The Peridot Chime (100 CP)

G holds up a delicate wind chime, its green peridot crystals gleaming against intricate gold filigree, each movement of the chime making it glint enchantingly in the light. "Now, the *Peridot Chime*—a personal favorite of mine, mind you—serves beautifully for the subtle touch. When hung and left to sway in a breeze, it produces a soothing melody, remarkable for its calming effect on even the most troubled minds. Any agent in the throes of fear, anxiety, or even irrational rage may find clarity when near its gentle chime."



He tilts it thoughtfully, the crystal pendulum catching the light. "But, ah, here's the secret: when you *throw* this item, it reveals its true potential. Upon impact, it emits a burst of sound that mutes all noise within a close range, rendering even the loudest spells silent. Within this silenced field, the magical energies themselves grow muted, disrupting ongoing enchantments and dampening attempts to wield magic."

With a small smile, G hands it to you. "A tool of dual utility: a quiet balm for troubled allies, and a potent disruptor for enemy sorcerers. Keep it close; it's a surprising edge against magic and mayhem alike."

Ethereal Ink (100 CP)

G produces a small glass bottle from his satchel, the liquid within glimmering faintly, as if capturing wisps of the night itself. "Ah, *Ethereal Ink*, a true masterpiece of discretion. This ink refills itself each night when someone rests nearby—a fitting detail, wouldn't you say?"

He twists the bottle in his fingers, allowing you to see the almost translucent, otherworldly quality of the ink. "When used, *Ethereal Ink* allows you to inscribe messages, marks, or even intricate diagrams that only you and your allies can perceive. For others, it remains invisible, persisting for months unless you will it to



disappear sooner. Of course, certain individuals with rare sight—those with True Sight or similar abilities—may detect it, but such eyes are few and far between."

G raises an eyebrow, his tone dropping conspiratorially. "Should you wish to enchant your inscriptions—perhaps creating a sigil or ward—the ink takes on a more intriguing quality. By moonlight, it reveals itself to all, albeit faintly, and under starlight it barely shimmers, a subtle guide for those who know where to look. Practical, potent, and a perfect asset for any covert work."

Selarbor Set of Exquisite Knives (100 CP)

G carefully places a black, polished wooden box before you, its lid adorned with the symbol of a silver moon. Opening it, he reveals an array of slim, gleaming knives, each a marvel of craftsmanship. "Ah, the *Selarbor Set*," he intones with a smile. "These are no ordinary blades. In your hands, they serve not only as tools but as extensions of your will."



He lifts each knife, demonstrating with reverence. "This blade," he begins, "unlocks any mechanical lock it pierces—no need for brute force. Another, when pressed into a shadow, will freeze the unfortunate owner in place, paralyzed as their own shadow betrays them. This third knife," he says with a smirk, "cuts steel like cloth, yet it treats cloth as if woven from the finest steel threads."

He moves to the remaining blades, his tone turning clinical. "For more... personal applications, one blade suppresses the symptoms of ailments and poisons; another, if you prefer, transfers those same afflictions to another when it pierces them. And this final knife induces a powerful drowsiness in any creature it touches—a Dream or Nightmare might even succumb to torpor."

Closing the box, G nods. "The blades are fragile, so treat them with care. And as for the opposite ends," he adds, showing you the handles, "they adapt fluidly to form any tool you need to disassemble or manipulate mechanical devices. A fine choice for any delicate—or perhaps not-so-delicate—task."

Succubus Draft (100 CP)

G presents a sleek, heart shaped glass bottle, its stopper adorned with a tiny pink crystal. He handles it with an almost theatrical delicacy, glancing at you with a knowing look. "This particular draft," he begins, "is a *gift*—or rather, a spoils—from recent encounters with the seductive demons of the Lust Layers of the Ten Thousand Hells."

With a tap of his fingers, he motions to the bottle's stopper. "Dubbed 'Succubus Draft' by the Hellspawn themselves, this blend acts as a powerful allure to the senses. Simply apply it on someone as you would a perfume, and it will weave an irresistible haze over the senses of anyone nearby. Their thoughts? Well, they'll be rather focused on a certain... obsession for your company, carnal rather than cordial, mind you. A curious tool to have, as their judgment dulls to a point of near recklessness."

G holds it up to the light, swirling the contents. "The effect lingers only a few hours, but it should suffice to... guide a target along as needed. Alternatively," he adds with a half-smile, "you may choose to apply it directly to yourself, casting a weaker, yet constant aura over anyone who strays close."

He nods, setting the bottle down with care. "A dangerous item in the wrong hands, to be sure—but to a clever Agent, it's another means to manipulate, distract, and elude."

A Ring made of Shadeite (100 CP)

G carefully lifts a ring from its black velvet cushion, its surface a dark, iridescent shade that shifts subtly between purple, deep blue, and smoky black in the light. "Ah, the *Ring of Shadeite*," he says in a reverent tone, as though handling a priceless artifact. "A simple design, yet invaluable for any Agent venturing into Nightmare territories."

"This ring is crafted from Shadeite—a rare mineral found only in the darkest recesses of Dreamscape. Once worn or held as an accessory, it cloaks the wearer in the very essence of Nightmares themselves. To any observer, you'll seem to be nothing more than one of them, perfectly natural in form and presence." G smirks, tapping the ring lightly. "Even Dread Nightmares, with their keen senses, will perceive you as one of their own... unless, of course, they get close enough to study you in fine detail."



He spins the ring slightly, letting the colors shift again. "The effect does come with a small caution: prolonged exposure to direct sunlight will, unfortunately, weaken the disguise. Keep it hidden in daylight, and it will recover after a short while in the shadows."

He gives you a knowing look as he slides it back into place. "In the lands of terror and shadow, deception is a better shield than any armor. This little ring might be the only thing standing between you and the true denizens of the dark."

Bottle of Wishflakes (100 CP)

G picks up a small, crystalline bottle capped with a silver stopper shaped like a crescent moon. Inside, delicate flakes drift in a swirling motion, like tiny fragments of frozen starlight. "Ah, behold the *Bottle of Wishflakes*," he begins, his voice imbued with a hint of awe. "Collected from the ethereal Sky of Shattered Stars, these flakes are the very remnants of unrealized and unborn wishes, lingering there until they fade into nothingness."



He turns the bottle, allowing the wishflakes to catch the light, casting soft glimmers across the room. "Normally, these flakes are transient, slipping out of existence, but this bottle has been enchanted to preserve them in a dormant state, allowing you to capture the essence of a wish not yet born. But they won't last forever—even here, they gradually turn to dust. Yet in this state, the dust holds a subtle magic of its own."

G taps the bottle gently. "To use, take a small pinch of the dust and scatter it in front of you or over another. When done with intent, the flakes' latent magic will spark a slight reality-shaping effect—small, yes, but impactful in the right hands. When applied to someone with an unrealized wish, these flakes can sometimes coax it into reality, though be warned: the power of the effect scales with the wish's size. The grander the wish, the less likely it is to fully manifest; but even if it doesn't, the flakes may still nudge fate towards a related outcome."

The bottle, he notes, holds enough wishdust for about 15 to 20 uses and will naturally refill every decade, or sooner if you happen upon the Sky of Shattered Stars yourself.

Crab Battle Plushie (100 CP)

G picks up a small, cheerful crab plushie from the shelf, complete with a blue bandana tied jauntily around its tiny claw. "Ah, the *Crab Battle Plushie*!" he exclaims, giving the soft toy a gentle squeeze. It seems to blink at you with its beady black eyes and gives a little twitch, as if ready for action.

"Now, don't be fooled by its adorable appearance," G chuckles. "This little fellow has some fight in it! Extend a finger, and it'll pinch you—a firm grip, mind you, but just shy of hurting. It won't let go until you touch someone else, at which point it will hop over and latch onto them too. The moment it has both of you in its 'grasp,' well... prepare yourself!" The crab's eyes start to glow as he recounts this, as if reliving some previous duel. "It will declare '*Crab battle!*' and transport you and your rival into a private mental battleground, where you'll both appear as oversized, battle-ready crabs!"



He holds up the plushie dramatically. "No fancy powers or strengths here—just pure crab combat. Your only abilities will be Shines and Shades, but a word of warning: using them will break the battle entirely, returning both of you to where you were originally. Play fair, and it's just you, the claws, and your wit. Both of you will have a weak point—pinching it will deliver a decisive blow, and the winner will be rewarded with a small boon."

The plushie seems to glint mysteriously as G continues. "The prize varies; perhaps a stroke of luck, a momentary burst of energy, or a slight but favorable change in fortune, while the loser might be burdened with a minor inconvenience, like a day of poor aim or an extra effort to focus." He adds with a wink, "But worry not—the effects are minor but noticeable, just enough to spice up your day."

G pats the plushie's head, and it almost seems to nod. "Once the duel is done, the plushie will vanish for a while, only to reappear by your side the next day, eager for another battle."

Map of the Waking World (100 CP)

G carefully removes a medallion from a velvet-lined box, holding it up to catch the light. The medallion itself is stunning—a masterpiece of dark elegance, wrapped in intricate, Gothic-style metalwork. Its frame is adorned with swirling baroque flourishes, accented by tiny crystals and gem-studded chains that dangle elegantly from various points, capturing an unearthly glint. At its heart lies a mysterious cosmic display, a central star glowing as celestial bodies orbit around it in an endless, silent dance. Twinkling lights and a crescent moon complete the piece, imbuing it with an ethereal allure that seems to draw your gaze deeper.



"This," G begins, his voice low with reverence, "is the *Map of the Waking World*. While it appears as nothing more than a cosmic trinket, within this medallion lies a comprehensive guide to the universe itself, compacted into a single, elegant object. Observe it directly, and you'll see the stars and orbits, a beautiful but deceptively simple scene. Yet, the moment

you focus your mind on it, the map reveals itself, filling you with an intuitive grasp of the surrounding stellar landscape up to the scale of a star system."

He holds it out, inviting you to peer closer. "You'll gain precise knowledge of nearby stars, planets, moons, asteroids—even satellites and any anomalies within range. This insight happens instantly, like reading the celestial topography straight from the medallion. The *Map* has little function within Dreamscape itself, but in the Waking World, it is unmatched—a one-of-a-kind item that will ensure you're never lost, even when venturing across vast, unknown territories."

G smiles, tapping the center of the medallion. "And yes, this is the only one of its kind in Dreamscape. Quite a responsibility to wield such a thing... and an even greater privilege."

The Egg of Imagination (100 CP)

In G's hands, a soft glow emits from a small, delicate egg nestled in small branches—a polished shell with subtle swirling patterns that almost seem to shimmer as you look closer. Its size belies its remarkable potential. "This is *The Egg of Imagination*," G explains, his tone filled with quiet excitement. "It may appear dormant now, but with a bit of time and care, this egg will awaken and hatch into any creature you can dream of—whether magical or mundane."



He carefully places it in your hands, where it feels faintly warm, as if anticipating the shape it will take.

"After a few months," he continues, "the creature will emerge, just as you envisioned it, though bear in mind it won't be anything overpowering—think more of a faithful companion, a rare creature with specific uses, or an extinct species restored."

Once the creature fulfills its purpose or moves on, the egg shells will reform over several weeks, returning it to its pristine state and ready to birth something new. "Some Agents have used this to create clever pets, skilled hunters, or creatures capable of subtle magics. Others have created beings to charm or sway the affections of key allies." G smiles knowingly, nodding to the egg as it rests in your hands. "Consider it your own piece of imagination, waiting to spring to life."

The Divine Scroll of Heaven and Earth (100 CP)

With a touch of reverence, G lifts a scroll bound with a thin, shimmering ribbon, its surface aglow with an ethereal sheen that dances across mysterious symbols. He hands it to you, and the scroll seems to hum faintly, as if acknowledging its potential holder. "*The Divine Scroll of Heaven and Earth*," G murmurs. "Most of the time, it remains firmly shut—it doesn't reveal its contents to just anyone."

The parchment glows faintly, covered in intricate letters and runes arranged in no discernible order, almost as if challenging the observer to interpret its secrets. "You see," G continues,

“these markings are supposedly the blueprint for one of the rare, legendary cultivation techniques of this universe. Those on the Path, the so-called immortals, speak of a mystical peak, a state they claim will unlock limitless power and eternal life—but none, in the Dreamscape or the waking world, have ever reached it.”



With a note of intrigue in his voice, he adds, “Perhaps you, as an Agent, might decipher its secrets in time. Even if the scroll keeps its true meaning well hidden, each glimpse could impart wisdom to enhance your strength, longevity, or maybe something we can’t yet fathom.” He pauses, nodding at the scroll in your hands. “Who knows, should you persist, it might reveal a path unlike any other.”

Carnivorous Feather Balls (Set of three) (100 CP)

Ah, so you're drawn to the Feather Balls? Not your typical item, I assure you, and a bit unsettling for most. See, they're just simple little feathered spheres, light as a breeze and harmless at first glance. But when you take one up, it stirs, shuffling slightly as if sensing what's to come. And it's only after a single drop of blood touches one that their true nature is unleashed.



That's when things turn interesting—these feathers hide razor-sharp teeth, like tiny, voracious beasts masked in softness. Once awakened, they're drawn to consume anything but the blood that roused them. They're fast, skimming a few feet off the ground, swift and unnervingly agile, multiplying rapidly after each 'meal.' Without intervention, they'll spread like a creeping infestation, leaving chaos and scraps in their wake until everything nearby is devoured.

Of course, they don't last forever. When there's no food left or they're beaten back, they return to dormancy, vanishing only to reappear exactly where you first stirred them up. Dangerous, yes, and somewhat vicious. But if you need a bit of chaos—well, few things compare.

The Zephyr Voyager (100 CP)

Ah, looking for a ride with a bit of class, are you? Well, I regret to say the last “DB5” was snapped up—popular choice, that one. But! I think you’ll find the Zephyr Voyager more than a worthy substitute. This isn’t your run-of-the-mill vessel. It’s a true marvel of the Dreamscape, designed to glide over any body of water—or liquid, if you find yourself in stranger realms.

Picture this: a ship spacious enough to hold you and all your companions comfortably, with fine woodwork and plush furnishings in every cabin. There’s more room than you’d think in there, and it’s outfitted to carry quite a bit of cargo as well. Now, the real beauty of the Zephyr lies in its sails—enchanted, of course. This ship moves with or without the wind, driven by an unseen force. And, for when your journeys take you to loftier heights, there’s a special crystal hidden in the captain’s quarters. A touch of that gem, and up you go, soaring through the skies.



Keep in mind, though, this ship isn’t exactly discreet. Heads are sure to turn when you pass by in this majestic vessel—but then, isn’t that part of the fun?

The Parashade (100 CP)

Ah, the Parashade! Quite the curious little piece, this one. At first glance, it looks like a cheerful parasol, all dressed up in bright colors that wouldn’t seem out of place with the girls from the Color Quarters. But don’t let its playful appearance fool you. When opened, this umbrella has a rather remarkable effect.



You see, once unfurled, it begins to release thick drops of shadow that slowly cascade over you, creating a cloak of semi-tangible darkness. These shadows have a peculiar knack for bending perception itself—making you harder to detect by both mundane and magical means. It’s as if they dampen the very idea of you. Perfect for those moments when subtlety is key.

And here’s the best part: as the shadows fully envelop you, they open the door for a hasty retreat. Within a minute, if you’re wrapped up entirely, you can teleport instantly to any of five locations you’ve marked in advance with a simple tap of the Parashade’s tip against the ground. Just remember, once you’ve set five spots, each new one will replace the oldest.

A touch unusual? Certainly. But when it comes to sneaking around or slipping away unnoticed, there’s nothing quite like it.

Solid Shadow Ore (100 CP)

"Ah, I see your interest has been piqued! Here we have the rare, elusive Solid Shadow Ore. A hefty piece, this one—don't be fooled by its size though; it's brittle as moonlight, yet powerful in its own way." *He taps it with a claw, and a faint shimmer ripples through the dark stone.*



"You see, solid shadow ore isn't for straightforward weapons. It's best alloyed with stronger metals, imbuing them with, well... a certain 'affinity' for shadow. Makes them subtle, harder to notice, and grants them an aura that's a tad... unsettling." *He winks, then holds the ore up to the light, casting flickering shadows.*

"But here's where it really gets interesting. Solid Shadow Ore has a sneaky little knack: it eats through positive effects like blessings and buffs. Quite the bane for those who walk around with radiant shields or lucky charms. And here's the twist—*they won't even notice.* The ore swallows up those blessings so subtly, they'll go on believing they're just as blessed as ever!"

G laughs softly, setting the ore down with care. "Devious, isn't it? Useful in the right hands—or claws."

Grey Pilgrim's Cloak (100 CP)

"Ah, now you've got a fine eye indeed to spot this among the rest! An authentic *Grey Pilgrim's Cloak*, and a rare one at that. Found by the Songstress herself deep in the Emerald Forest... It's not often an item with this kind of mystery ends up here." *He unfurls the cloak, its fabric slipping through his fingers like smoke.*



"Once you wrap yourself in this, you'll notice a few things right away—*perfect silence* for one. Not a footstep, not even the brush of fabric against stone. And then, if you will it, you become... less than a whisper, fading from sight entirely. Walls and doors? They won't stand in your way; you'll pass through as if they were mist." *He drapes the cloak across his arm, watching as it darkens like a shadow, barely visible even in his hands.*

"But..." *he pauses, lowering his voice,* "...there's a reason I'd be cautious with it. The Grey Pilgrims, they had a touch with the unseen, the unmaterial. And without that... sensitivity, using this cloak may attract attention from strange corners, things from not this universe. Not ones you'd usually want noticing you, I'd wager."

The Silent Night (Replica) (100 CP)

"Are you familiar with the *Silent Night*?" *He raises an eyebrow, watching you closely.* "It's no ordinary stone. Within the Spire of Echoes, we keep the original—a dense, heavy thing imbued by the Songstress herself. And why? To trap those Nightmares that simply refuse to end. The ones with *true* immortality, you see, the ones who slip back into form even after they've been shattered to dust."

G tilts the stone slightly, its dark surface gleaming faintly under the light, a quiet power seeming to thrum within it.



"This here is a replica, a... simplified version. It may not hold as many as the original, but it will trap *up to a dozen* stubborn souls who'd otherwise be back for more mischief in no time. Those with Veiled Mirages, those with means of self-restoration, even those claiming true immortality—none escape the pull of *Silent Night* once they've been defeated within its reach. But..." *G's voice drops lower, his eyes narrowing,* "...you'd be wise to guard it well. Should this stone shatter, its prisoners will be free to roam once more. And after being held inside... well, they're bound to be quite vexed."

He gives you a solemn nod, carefully placing the stone in front of you.

"Use it wisely, eh? In the hands of the right Agent, this stone could keep even the darkest of nights truly... silent."

The Chains of Chronos (100 CP)

"A personal favorite of mine, these are," *he begins, a glint in his eye.* "Now, I won't pretend these Chains of Chronos are unbreakable—no, that'd be far too simple. Any creature with enough strength might shatter them. But that's not where the magic lies." *He leans in closer, his voice a conspiratorial whisper.* "The true power here isn't in the chains themselves, but in the *moment* they bind."

G runs a finger over the links, and they seem to hum with quiet power.



"Catch your target for even an instant—just a fleeting moment—and a sand clock starts flowing." *He tilts his head, watching your reaction.* "Five whole minutes, five precious minutes, in which time itself *stands still* for them. They won't feel pain, they won't suffer damage, they won't even know... But they also won't move, won't resist, won't escape. While you? You'll have all the time in the world to decide what happens next."

He lets the chain sway slightly, as though already entranced by its power.

"After five minutes, of course, time will resume for your prisoner, and the chains will dissolve, leaving them quite unharmed... but imagine what you could accomplish in that stillness, Agent. Five minutes of perfect stillness."

Gateway to the Dreaming (100 CP)

G gestures dramatically toward a canopy draped over what seems to be an ornate, dreamlike bed frame, the silken fabric shimmering faintly as though touched by starlight. He steps closer, running his fingers along the cloth with reverence, his tone soft and full of awe.



"Ah, the *Gateway to the Dreaming*. A rarity among rarities." *He tilts his head, peering at you with a knowing look.* "I suppose this might seem ordinary at first glance, but believe me, its potential is... extraordinary. This isn't just any canopy. No, no. This is an invitation—an open door for those bound to the waking world."

G lets the canopy fall gently back into place and steps aside, as if unveiling its invisible significance.

"When one sleeps beneath its silken embrace, their physical body—yes, the *real* one—is transported straight into Dreamscape." *His voice lowers, taking on an almost reverent hush.* "You understand the implications, don't you? To bring someone, truly and fully, into our realm... without requiring esoteric rituals or ancient, forgotten magics? Without the machines and madness of certain technologies? It's practically unheard of."

He chuckles softly, the sound tinged with both amusement and a hint of danger.

"Of course, it's a one-way ticket. Getting back? Well, that's on them—or you—to figure out. But imagine the possibilities. Bring a trusted ally to see the Songstress' wonders firsthand. Or perhaps... bring a foe, disoriented and vulnerable, into *your* domain."

His smile sharpens, and his voice takes on a playful lilt.

"I'll warn you, though—only those brave or foolish enough to use it can appreciate its true power. Dreamscape doesn't take kindly to the unprepared."

Compass of the Mind (100 CP)

G picks up a small, weighty object—a simple iron compass with a glass face clouded ever so slightly, as though touched by mists and mystery. He spins it in his hand, watching the needle inside make a slight, almost imperceptible twitch before settling in a direction with a determined little shake.



"Ah, the Compass of the Mind. Now, for anyone familiar with Dreamscape's capricious ways..." he glances knowingly at you, tapping his finger against the glass, "you'll understand how valuable this is. Dreamscape can be—well—fickle. Roads that exist one day vanish the next, cities shift, paths dissolve, even time can slip and twist. In such a place, to know where you're going is nothing short of a miracle."

He lifts the compass, his eyes glinting with admiration. "Of course, the grand artifact that maps the Dreamscape itself—the Luminis Cartograph—well, that still lies beyond our grasp. But this?" He pats the compass with a proud smile. "This may not be as illustrious, but it's no mere trinket. Focus your mind, picture what you seek, and the needle will point the way."

He leans closer, his voice lowering to a confidential murmur. "One word of caution, though: it's a stubborn little guide. It'll show you the direction, but it cares little if that route leads you through treacherous terrain or the long way around. You'll find what you're looking for—but it's up to you to navigate the path."

G grins, closing the compass with a sharp snap, and hands it to you, his eyes sparkling with a hint of mischief. "A wise traveler would use it sparingly. But in Dreamscape or beyond? This compass may be all you need to find your way."

Bobby, the Songstress Pet Mimic (100 CP)

G gestures toward a small, ornate box resting on the table, adorned with a dainty little bow and decorated with swirling patterns. It appears innocuous enough at first glance—until the box's lid lifts slightly, revealing a row of very sharp teeth and two curious eyes that blink up at you.



"Ah, let me introduce Bobby," G says with a gleam in his eye. "Not just any storage box, you see—this little fellow is a pet of the Songstress herself. Don't let the cute bow fool you; while Bobby here won't devour you whole, he's certainly no ordinary container."

*He pats Bobby gently, and the mimic wiggles with a bit of pride. "First of all, anything you entrust to Bobby will be safe, no matter what. Somehow, this little rascal is completely immune to both Shines and Shades—Dreamscape magic can't touch what's inside. It's perfect if you've got something that *really* needs safeguarding."*

*G grins wider. "Now, if someone other than you tries to reach inside... well, those teeth aren't just for decoration. Bobby has a *bite*, and he's rather possessive of his owner's belongings. A quick snap is often enough to send even the boldest thief scrambling."*

G lets Bobby open his lid a little wider, the mimic humming softly, producing a light melody that fills the room. "Oh, and Bobby's quite musical. Ask him, and he'll sing you a tune—a clever way to draw attention if you ever need it. And if someone does get too close, he can latch on and hold them fast. So take care of him, would you?"

With a soft chuckle, G ruffles the little mimic's bow and hands it over. "Bobby might be harmless—mostly—but he's loyal. Treat him kindly, and you'll find he's quite the charming biter."

Nightmare in a Cage (100 CP)

G presents a small cage, no larger than a teacup, yet filled with an unsettling thing that seems to writhe and churn, as if alive. He holds it delicately by its handle, ensuring his fingers remain far from the bars.

"Oh, this one? Scary, isn't it?" G says with a crooked smile, his tone almost teasing as the being within press closer to the edges of their prison. "Inside this cage is a genuine nightmare, trapped and contained by none other than the Songstress herself. Careful now—don't stick your fingers too close. This little creature has a job to do, and it's not particularly friendly about it."



*He raises the cage slightly, and the dark thing inside seems to ripple in anticipation. "When released into a dream or nightmare, this little thing will begin to *consume* it—bit by bit, growing stronger as it feasts. A hungry nightmare, indeed. But don't worry, it won't target you, the dreamer, or anyone else inside... unless provoked."*

G leans in conspiratorially. "It'll devour the dream or nightmare entirely, leaving behind a blank state. The dreamer won't remember a thing—no dreams, no nightmares, just peaceful sleep. Useful, wouldn't you say? Especially when dealing with unruly or dangerous dreamscapes."

He gives the cage a gentle shake, causing the thing inside to retreat slightly. "The cage won't open outside a dream or nightmare, so you're safe for now. And once it's done its job, the little one returns here, ready to be unleashed again. Scary? Certainly. But useful? Absolutely."

The Sun Ring (100 CP)

G slides an elegant ring across the table, its golden band catching the light in mesmerizing patterns. The surface shimmers with a faint glow, almost as if the ring itself is alive.

"This, my dear Agent, is the *Sun Ring*. A marvel, wouldn't you agree?" *He twirls the ring between his fingers, its glow intensifying for a moment.* "Its power? Simple, yet profound. Wear this, and you'll find yourself able to copy the *Shine* of another. Not quite its full brilliance, mind you, but a lesser reflection of their power, radiating in your hands."



"It can even copy other light or holy powers or abilities, as a lesser potency, but why would you choose those over the might a Shine?"

He pauses, slipping the ring onto his finger for demonstration, though it remains inert. "Ah, but remember—only one Shine at a time. Choose wisely, and this little artifact might just tip the scales in your favor."

Dark Hero Armor (100 CP)

G gestures grandly, unveiling a suit of sleek black armor displayed on a mannequin. Its surface is adorned with crimson highlights, exuding an air of foreboding power.

"Behold, the *Dark Hero Armor*, straight from the Kingdom of Heroes and Damsels. Isn't it striking?" *He steps closer, tapping a gauntlet that emits a faint metallic ring.* "This infamous armor doesn't just look cool—it's as functional as it is dramatic."



He adjusts the mannequin's stance slightly, as if to highlight its imposing design. "When worn, this armor grants you the ability to absorb an enemy's *Shade*—their darkness, their malice—and turn it against them. A poetic twist, wouldn't you agree? Though there is a catch—it'll need about an hour to recharge after each use."

"The armor can also change its form and shape to fit your needs, though it will always give that dark armor vibe and hide your face, just like an anti-hero would. Its protection rate is not to be scoffed, considerably stronger than steel alloys indeed."

G smirks. "Oh, and one more thing: expect admiration from starry-eyed teens. This armor's reputation precedes it, after all."

Dread Crystal (100 CP)

From a small velvet pouch, G produces a crystal so dark it seems to absorb the light around it. It pulses faintly, like a heartbeat, and cold light radiates from its surface.



"The Dread Crystal. Rare and oh so valuable," G murmurs, holding it between his fingertips as if it might shatter under its own weight. "This little treasure comes from the very essence of Dread Nightmares. Quite the defense, wouldn't you say?"

He places it gently on the table, the faint pulse continuing. "If you're ever faced with the corrupting touch of Dread Shades, this crystal will absorb the hit for you, shielding you from their malign influence. It's not invincible, though—it'll endure only one or two such assaults before it shatters."

G sighs theatrically. "We can replace it for you, but that takes time—one or two months, if we're lucky. Use it wisely, Agent."

Note: *This item will completely absorb all effects of a Dread Shade used on you, or the side effects of you using one. It can be useful to prevent an untimely fate if caught unprepared by such devious abilities, or prevent twisting or corruption of yourself at least once were you to use a Dread Shade of your own.*

Life Crystal (100 CP)

G unveils a radiant crystal, glowing with a soft golden light that seems to warm the air around it. He holds it reverently, his tone quieter, almost solemn.



"A Life Crystal. A rare and precious gift, crystallized from a wish for life itself. This, my friend, is your shield against Death's embrace."

He sets the crystal before you, its light casting faint patterns on the table. "Should you take fatal damage, this crystal will shatter, taking your death with it. It'll be as if it never happened. Instant death effects? Reflected back to their origin, no matter how immune they think they are, though can death truly take those that do not fear oblivion itself?."

G looks up, his expression serious. "But remember—this crystal is single-use. Once shattered, it's gone. Fortunately, it will restore itself every ten years or at the start of your next journey. Use it well, for this is not just an item; it's a second chance."

Companions

Within the Dreamscape, you may encounter and befriend a diverse cast of companions. Some are fellow Agents of the Songstress, while others are denizens of Dreamscape, the Waking World, or realms beyond. Each of these companions carries their own dreams, aspirations, and sometimes hidden agendas, creating unique challenges and opportunities for you as you explore this realm. Convincing them to follow you beyond Dreamscape and into your future jumps will depend on the strength of your bond and your shared experiences.



Companion Options and Costs:

- **[Free]:** Imported companions will gain the passive ability [Veil of Dreams] or [Veil of Nightmares] that all Dreams or Nightmares from Dreamscape possess.
- **100 CP:** Import up to two companions.
- **100 CP:** Design a completely original Dream or Nightmare companion, you'll meet them during the jump and ensure you start in great terms with each other. This option may only be selected once.
- **200 CP:** Import up to eight companions. This option may only be selected once.
- **200 CP:** Grants 400 CP to each **imported companion**, exclusively for use on Shines or Shades. This option may only be selected once.

The original in-jump companions do not require CP to acquire. You are encouraged to shape your initial encounters with them and establish meaningful connections. Each of these companions has a Companion Quest, a personal journey or task that will significantly deepen your bond, making it easier to convince them to continue alongside you into future realms.

Though you may only import up to eight companions with you into Dreamscape, there is no limit on how many allies you can befriend and recruit within the jump itself. Your journey with each companion depends on how you choose to approach their unique stories, strengths, and loyalties.



Elira, the Golden Performer of Dreamscape

Elira, known as the Golden Performer of Dreamscape, shines with an ethereal grace. Her golden hair glows like a soft beacon in the dark realms of dreams, and her honey-amber eyes gleam with mystery and untold stories. Her songs shape the fabric of Dreamscape itself, imbuing her with the power to manipulate dreams, soothe nightmares, and influence minds. Despite her celestial beauty and wisdom, she carries an aura of quiet sorrow, as though she is haunted by something just out of reach.



Elira is calm, compassionate, and deeply focused on maintaining the delicate balance between dreams and nightmares.

However, behind her serene exterior, she is quietly at war with herself. Though she finds immense joy in harmonizing with the natural melodies of Dreamscape, something darker lingers within her—a temptation to embrace the chaos of nightmares. The more time she spends protecting dreamers from the horrors of fear and chaos, the more she feels herself slipping towards it.

Though she loves creating beauty and order through her celestial melodies, she sometimes finds herself drawn to the raw, primal energy of nightmares. She rationalizes it as necessary to understand the enemy, but a part of her is intrigued by the power and freedom that come with letting go of harmony and embracing the dissonance.

Elira was not always the Golden Performer of Dreamscape. She began her existence as a radiant dream, birthed from a collective yearning for beauty, harmony, and inspiration. Her early days were filled with joy and purpose as she helped dreamers unlock their creative potential and soothed their troubled minds. Over time, her songs became renowned across the realms of Dreamscape, and her reputation as a masterful performer caught the attention of the Songstress herself.

The Songstress welcomed Elira into her Court of Dreams, where Elira served as a faithful **agent**, her voice an extension of the Songstress' own will. But as the balance of Dreamscape shifted and the nightmares grew stronger and more pervasive, Elira's radiant melodies began to falter. She found it harder to maintain harmony, and her frustration grew. Each time she failed to calm a nightmare or save a dreamer from despair, doubt gnawed at her.

Though she still sings her beautiful songs for Dreamscape, there is a growing shadow within her—a part of her that wonders if harmony alone is enough to confront the chaos. This inner



conflict has created cracks in her once-perfect melodies, and her connection to the harmonious realm feels strained. What was once a realm of pure creation now tempts her with the seductive allure of raw, untamed chaos.

Elira wields the power of celestial music, which allows her to manipulate the Dreamscape in profound ways. **She uses two powerful conduits to channel her abilities:** the Songbook of Resonance and her beloved instrument the Celestial Lyre.

Elira's greatest conflict is her slow descent into the realm of nightmares. She remains committed to harmony, but the growing

power of chaos and the unrelenting spread of nightmares have made her doubt her own abilities. She finds herself haunted by an unsettling truth: no matter how beautiful her melodies, she cannot always save those consumed by fear and despair. Unbeknownst to her, this unsettling situation is caused by the subtle and maddening call of the Composer of Nightmares, the dark tune that slowly drives both Dreams and Nightmares mad and turns them into Dread Nightmares.

Her connection to the Songstress remains strong, but she is beginning to question whether balance can ever be restored through harmony alone. The dissonant notes she occasionally hears in her own songs terrify her, as they signal the growing influence of nightmares within her soul. These moments of discord feel strangely liberating, and this frightens her more than anything.

Elira's temptation lies in the seductive freedom of chaos. She has always been bound by the rules of harmony, but the raw energy of nightmares offers her a sense of unrestrained power that is both addictive and exhilarating to her. She fears that embracing this dark side might make her more effective in confronting nightmares, but it could also lead to her becoming the very thing she fights against.

Elira's ultimate goal is to restore harmony to Dreamscape and help the Songstress regain the lost power of her ancient songs. However, she is beginning to realize that balance might require more than just beautiful melodies. She yearns to find a way to reconcile the light and dark aspects of dreams, to wield both harmony and chaos without losing herself to the darkness.

She struggles with the guilt of not being able to save everyone, as well as the fear of losing her own identity to the nightmares she fights. Elira is terrified that one day, she will wake up and realize that she has become what she is fighting against—an agent of chaos masquerading as a dream.

Serendipity, Muse of Wonder

Serendipity is a radiant and whimsical figure, her entire being infused with the raw essence of inspiration and imagination. Her attire is a living tapestry of floating, ever-shifting colors, reflecting the kaleidoscope of thoughts and ideas she sparks in others. The fabric flows and changes with her emotions—vibrant yellows and oranges when excitement floods her mind, soft pastels when she's in a reflective state, and deeper blues when she ponders profound mysteries. Her long purple hair cascades down her back like a waterfall of liquid light, shimmering with the glow of new inspirations waiting to be shared. Her eyes sparkle with stardust, and those who gaze into them see worlds of possibility, always swirling with the next great epiphany.



Energetic, playful, and endlessly curious, Serendipity is the embodiment of unrestrained creativity. She lives in a state of constant excitement, her mind always jumping from one idea to the next. She's the kind of companion who loves to encourage others, playfully teasing and pushing them to think outside the box and embrace new, bold concepts. Serendipity has a habit of speaking rapidly, often interrupting herself as new thoughts spring to mind, and can sometimes seem scatterbrained as she flits from one creative impulse to another.

Serendipity was born in the space between dreams and reality, a muse crafted by the Songstress of Dreams herself to foster creativity and brilliance within the minds of mortals. Her role has always been to inspire epiphanies and sparks of genius in the dreamers of the world—especially in those who have the potential to change the course of history through their inventions, art, or revolutionary ideas. For centuries, Serendipity has played this role, and while she enjoys it, she often finds herself yearning for more than simply being a guide to the ideas of others. Deep down, she longs to create something monumental of her own—a legacy that will outlast even the brightest ideas she's inspired in mortals. This inner desire drives her to constantly explore new realms of thought, seeking that elusive, perfect idea that will define her.

Serendipity delights in all things creative. She loves art in every form—paintings, music, poetry, inventions, and even the abstract beauty of mathematical theories. Nothing excites her more than watching someone's creativity unfold, and she has a soft spot for those who dare to dream big, no matter how outlandish their ideas may seem. She enjoys playful banter, friendly debates, and brainstorming sessions that allow her to stretch her imaginative muscles alongside others. Her favorite moments are those quiet times when an idea is just on the cusp of being realized—the exhilarating rush of potential hanging in the air.



However, she has little patience for rigid thinking or those who refuse to entertain new possibilities. She dislikes negativity, especially when it stifles creativity, and she struggles with frustration when others limit themselves or shy away from risks. Though she rarely stays angry for long, she can grow irritated when people focus too much on practicality or dismiss an idea simply because it seems too difficult to achieve. She finds fear of failure to be one of the biggest obstacles to brilliance and often challenges her friends to push beyond their doubts.

Serendipity is a master of inspiration, able to conjure visions and ideas from the raw

imagination that surrounds Dreamscape. She can open the minds of those around her, giving them glimpses of multiple possibilities or guiding them through difficult puzzles with flashes of insight. Her presence enhances the creativity of others, allowing them to see beyond the ordinary and into the extraordinary.

In more practical terms, Serendipity can also manipulate dream matter, shaping the landscape of Dreamscape to reflect the creative forces she taps into. She can transform a dull, empty space into a swirling gallery of possibilities, each one representing a potential solution or invention.

Despite her endless creativity, Serendipity wrestles with her own insecurities. As a muse, she's spent her entire existence helping others come up with brilliant ideas, but she sometimes feels as though she lacks true originality herself. This leads to an internal struggle—can a muse who is meant to inspire others ever create something truly her own? She dreams of forging a masterpiece that will leave an indelible mark on Dreamscape, something that would cement her place as more than just a guide to others' brilliance. But every time she gets close to an idea that might fulfill this desire, her attention drifts to another concept, leaving her personal project unfinished.

Her deepest fear is that she will always be the muse for others' greatness but never the creator of her own. This inner conflict drives her to push herself and those around her, sometimes to the point of frustration, as she chases the perfect idea.

Serendipity dreams of achieving something monumental that will define her as more than just a muse. She longs to create a legacy of her own, a work of art or an invention so brilliant that it reshapes Dreamscape itself or leaves a lasting impression on the mortal realm. While she's unsure what form this legacy will take—be it a grand invention, a new artistic movement, or a groundbreaking theory—she believes that the answer lies in the endless possibilities she continues to explore.

Captain Talian Crystalhold, the Stalwart Shield

Talian is a towering figure, standing well over seven feet tall, his form encased in a gleaming crystalline armor that seems to shift in color depending on the light. His armor, made from a unique material found only in the deepest parts of Dreamscape, is a blend of opaque blues and shimmering silvers, giving him a near-ethereal presence. **His most defining feature is his conduit, a radiant blue shield**—large, radiant, and semi-translucent, it pulses with a soft, living glow, as if imbued with a piece of Dreamscape itself. When Talian walks, his footsteps are heavy and purposeful, yet his presence is more soothing than intimidating. He is a much beloved **Agent of the Songstress** within the Court of Dreams.



Talian is the epitome of loyalty, discipline, and calm resilience. As the captain of the sentinels who protect the fragile borders between dreams and nightmares, he takes his role very seriously, never wavering in his duty to safeguard Dreamscape and the will of the Songstress. His calm demeanor in the face of chaos makes him a reliable and reassuring presence in any situation. He speaks in a low, steady voice that can instantly put others at ease, and his wise, thoughtful words carry the weight of someone who has seen countless battles and weathered many storms.

Though he carries a powerful air of authority, Talian is also nurturing, almost fatherly, especially toward those who are vulnerable or unsure of themselves. He has a strong protective instinct, not just in battle, but in his relationships with others. He frequently takes younger agents or inexperienced dreamers under his wing, offering advice and support when they need it most. However, Talian's discipline sometimes comes across as rigid, as he tends to hold himself—and those around him—to incredibly high standards. He can be slow to forgive failure, not out of cruelty, but because he believes that everyone has the potential to be better.

Talian has become a cornerstone of the Songstress' defenses, leading the sentinels who stand vigilant at the borders of nightmare-infested lands. His crystalline armor was crafted as a reward from the Songstress herself, imbued with Dreamscape's power and becoming an extension of his own will. He's stood at the forefront of countless battles against the forces of nightmare, always emerging victorious, but the weight of these conflicts has taken a toll on his heart. Despite his unshakable exterior, Talian harbors a deep sense of responsibility for those he's lost or failed to protect, even if he rarely shows it.

Talian takes great pride in his duty as a protector. He enjoys moments of quiet reflection, often retreating to a serene grove within Dreamscape where crystal trees shimmer in the



soft light. It's here that he meditates, grounding himself and sharpening his resolve. He finds peace in simplicity—a well-made shield, a carefully structured plan, or the rhythmic clash of training swords. He has a fondness for teaching, especially when it comes to younger agents who are eager to learn. Seeing them grow stronger under his tutelage gives him immense satisfaction.

However, Talian dislikes chaos and disorder, particularly when it leads to harm or unnecessary risks. He has little tolerance for recklessness, especially in the heat of battle, and is often frustrated by those who don't take their duties

seriously. He also dislikes being reminded of his own failings, as he struggles to forgive himself for even the smallest mistakes, often internalizing the weight of responsibility for those who fall under his care.

Talian's greatest strength lies in his power to generate and manipulate shields. His radiant blue shield is not merely a defensive tool; it is an extension of his very essence, able to deflect both physical and metaphysical attacks. He can form shields of various sizes, capable of protecting entire groups or just a single person in need. His shields also have a reactive quality, bursting with light when under assault, disorienting enemies or dissolving nightmare creatures upon contact.

Beneath his disciplined exterior, Talian carries a heavy burden—an unrelenting fear of failure. Though he is regarded as one of the most reliable and capable agents of the Songstress, Talian struggles with the losses he's witnessed. Every dreamer who has been lost to the nightmare forces, every sentinel who has fallen under his command, weighs on him. He is haunted by the thought that he may not always be strong enough to protect those who rely on him, and this fear drives him to push himself harder than anyone else.

Talian's primary goal is to continue safeguarding the borders of Dreamscape, ensuring that the Songstress' domain remains free of nightmares. However, deep down, he longs for something more. He dreams of finding a way to end the constant threat of nightmares once and for all, to forge a lasting peace within Dreamscape where he no longer has to stand vigil at the edge of danger.

On a personal level, Talian wishes to come to terms with the weight of his past failures. He knows that he must find a way to forgive himself if he's ever to truly move forward, but the path to inner peace remains elusive. He secretly longs for a day when he can set down his shield and live in a world where his protective talents are no longer needed, but until that time comes, Talian remains devoted to his duty—unyielding and steadfast.

Morganna Feulen, Whisper of Fear

Morganna, an **Agent of the Songstress**, is a master of fear—both in creating it and harnessing its power. Appearing as a young blonde girl, constantly shifting between an enigmatic, veiled figure with glowing green eyes and the indistinct shapes of pure terror. She thrives in the darkest parts of Dreamscape, where nightmares roam, her presence bringing a chilling unease to all who encounter her. Yet despite this, she exudes a magnetic, dark beauty that is captivating and hypnotic, drawing people in even as they instinctively want to flee.



She quite frequently changes her dress and attires, often wearing casual clothes when not in an official mission, but gearing up as needed to achieve whatever task she has been assigned.

Morganna is cunning, cryptic, and playful. She enjoys speaking in riddles and weaving fear into her words, keeping those around her on edge. She relishes the power she holds over others through fear, yet she tempers this with a certain nurturing quality, particularly toward those she cares about. She acts as a protective older sister, offering advice and support, but always with a hint of mischief. Her love of pulling scare pranks reveals a lighter, playful side to her otherwise dark and unsettling demeanor.

Morganna is fiercely loyal to the Songstress, and she sees herself as a protector and mentor to the younger agents or those seeking guidance in navigating Dreamscape's more perilous aspects. However, her nurturing side often comes with a twist: her 'lessons' are often designed to test the resolve of those under her care, frequently involving moments of fear or discomfort that she believes will make them stronger.

Morganna was once a mortal, a young woman with a natural gift for understanding the hidden fears of others. She lived in a village where she was feared and revered as a seer, using her ability to protect her people from threats by uncovering the secrets others wished to hide. However, as fear is a double-edged sword, she eventually fell victim to it, when the very people she had helped turned against her, frightened by her growing power. Betrayed and left for dead, Morganna was drawn into Dreamscape by the Songstress herself, who offered her a new purpose: to become the Whisper of Fear.

As an Agent of the Songstress, Morganna embraced her new role, learning to channel fear as both a weapon and a tool, using it to empower herself and guide others. Over time, she honed her abilities, becoming one of the most respected and feared agents under the Songstress' command. **Her conduit is a powerful hand lamp with a green flaming skull within.**



Morganna enjoys the thrill of pulling scare pranks, particularly on those who believe they are immune to fear. She loves testing boundaries, pushing others to confront their own darkness. She also has a fondness for cryptic conversations, seeing them as a way to keep people guessing and on edge. When not creating fear, Morganna appreciates quiet moments where she can simply observe the ebb and flow of emotions in Dreamscape, relishing the subtlety of the fears she collects. She has little patience for those who lack resilience, finding the faint of heart boring. She also dislikes when her playful pranks are misinterpreted as malicious—though

they may be frightening, they are rarely meant to cause lasting harm. Finally, Morganna harbors a deep disdain for betrayal, her own mortal experience leaving her with a lingering distrust of those around her in general, making her hard to really trust others other than the Songstress.

Morganna has the ability to tap into the deepest fears of those around her, whether in Dreamscape or reality. She can manifest these fears as tangible, physical entities or weave them into illusions to torment or empower her allies. Her unique talent lies in her ability to absorb and feed on the fear she creates, making her stronger as she collects it. In battle, she can weaken enemies by forcing them to confront their greatest terrors, while simultaneously using that fear to fuel her own powers or strengthen her allies, particularly the jumper.

Morganna enjoys the role of a terrifying and mysterious figure, but deep down, she sometimes questions whether she has become too dependent on fear as a form of power. She wonders if her ability to nurture others through fear is actually making them stronger, or if it's just a reflection of her own insecurities. While she loves being seen as the older sister archetype, the one who protects and guides others, she secretly fears that one day someone will see through her veneer and reject her for the very thing that empowers her: fear.

Her playful side is often a mask for the loneliness she feels, as her constant reliance on fear keeps her at a distance from truly close relationships. Though she acts with confidence and cunning, Morganna occasionally longs for genuine companionship—someone who isn't intimidated or scared by her.

Morganna's long-term goal is to solidify her position as one of the Songstress' most trusted and powerful agents, but on a more personal level, she secretly hopes to find someone who can see past her fear-inducing nature and accept her for who she is. She dreams of one day finding a balance between fear and trust, where she can still wield the power of fear without it overshadowing every aspect of her relationships.

Vokar, Nightmare Juggernaut

Vokar is an imposing figure, an **Agent of the Songstress of Dreams**, wrapped in an intimidating aura that feels like the living essence of nightmares. Her armor, a manifestation of her Veiled Mirage, is pitch black, pulsating with a dark energy that seems to shift like shadows. The helmet she wears reflects the darkest thoughts and fears of those who look upon her, making her a terrifying sight to behold. Towering in this form, she cuts through Dreamscape with an indomitable presence, embodying fear and power wherever she walks.



Yet when her armor is removed, Vokar reveals a stark contrast—a form far less terrifying. Her true self is a beautiful woman with ash-gray skin, delicate features, and eyes that are more vulnerable than menacing. Without her Veiled Mirage, she stands much smaller and carries a quiet, almost shy demeanor, struggling to reconcile the fearsome reputation of her armored self with the softer, more vulnerable person underneath.

When armored and on duty, Vokar is cold, distant, and unwavering. She sees mortals as insignificant, dismissing their desires and fears with ruthless efficiency. To her, they are simply tools or pawns in the grand schemes of the Songstress, and she moves through Dreamscape with an air of indifference and power. Vokar respects strength above all else and is known for her brutal efficiency in guiding others through the darker aspects of Dreamscape. As the Nightmare Juggernaut, she is an unstoppable force, showing no hesitation when executing her duties. **Her conduit is a terrifying and cursed bastard sword, cracking with red energy that she uses to both funnel her powers and cut down the enemies of the Songstress.**

However, once the armor is removed, Vokar's personality transforms entirely. Stripped of the power and confidence the Veiled Mirage offers, she becomes a timid, somewhat awkward woman who is uncertain of herself. She is easily embarrassed, particularly in intimate situations, and struggles with feelings she doesn't understand—especially those related to love, kindness, and companionship. She has never experienced close relationships and often finds herself flustered by emotions she cannot control, even more so when others try to get close to her.

Deep down, Vokar wishes that her inner self could match the terrifying image she projects when wearing her armor. She longs to be as fearsome in her true form as she is when veiled in shadows. She sees her soft, coy nature as a weakness, something unworthy of her station as an agent of the Songstress. This internal conflict torments her, as she constantly struggles to reconcile her dual identities: the fearsome Nightmare Juggernaut



and the shy woman she is underneath. She dreads the thought of anyone discovering her softer side, worrying that they will lose respect or fear for her.

Yet, at the same time, Vokar is drawn to the idea of love and companionship, even though she has no experience with it. She is a complete blank when it comes to relationships and emotions, which leaves her feeling lost whenever confronted with affection or closeness. The dichotomy between her cold, armored self and her shy, vulnerable core creates an ongoing internal struggle that makes her journey one of personal growth and discovery.

Vokar takes pride in strength and discipline, enjoying the feeling of control and power she wields in her armored form. She respects those who possess strength and determination, seeing them as worthy allies or, at the very least, challenges. In Dreamscape, she prefers the darker, more twisted areas where nightmares roam freely, as these environments resonate with her mission.

However, she deeply dislikes vulnerability—both in herself and in others. Displays of open emotion make her uncomfortable, as she finds them hard to understand and impossible to process. She avoids situations that may force her to reveal her true, unarmored self. Additionally, she despises anything that reminds her of her inner conflict, such as moments of weakness or uncertainty.

Vokar's greatest personal goal is to become someone who is both fearsome and whole. She dreams of a day when her true self will embody the same power and fear that her armor provides, allowing her to shed the need for the Veiled Mirage entirely for self-confidence. However, another part of her—though she hesitates to admit it—longs for understanding and acceptance. She secretly hopes to find someone who can see beyond her intimidating facade and appreciate her true self, even if she finds it difficult to accept that side of herself.

She is also deeply loyal to the Songstress and wishes to prove herself as one of her most valuable agents, believing that strength is the ultimate form of service. However, her journey will involve learning that true strength may come not just from intimidation and power, but from embracing her vulnerability.

Lilith, Mistress of Illusions and Shadow

Lilith is a striking, elegant figure who exudes an air of mystery and allure. Her long, raven-black hair cascades like liquid night, catching glints of light that give it a faint shimmer. Her dark, sleek attire blends seamlessly with the shadows, making her appear as though she is part of the night itself. Her eyes, a mesmerizing shade of violet, seem to hold untold secrets and an undercurrent of danger. She moves with a grace that makes it difficult to discern where she begins and the darkness around her ends, her very presence enigmatic and unnerving.



When she conjures her shadow magic, it manifests in dark, smoky tendrils, curling and dancing around her like living extensions of her will. Lilith's expression is often one of knowing amusement, her sharp wit and seductive charm woven into her every movement.

Lilith is an enigma, and she revels in that fact. She is seductive and elusive, a being who takes great pleasure in being underestimated by her foes, only to turn the tables with ruthless precision. Her sharp wit and clever mind allow her to manipulate and charm others with ease, often enjoying the subtle control she holds over situations. While she plays the role of a temptress or trickster, there is far more to Lilith than meets the eye. Beneath the layers of seductive charm and veiled intentions lies a soul who deeply fears vulnerability, using her illusions and control over shadows to keep others at a distance.

Her loyalty to the Songstress is fierce, stemming from a deep admiration for her grace, beauty, and strength. Lilith sees in the Songstress someone who, like her, has an appreciation for the complexity of emotion and the fluid nature of dreams. However, she often pushes boundaries within Dreamscape, not out of disloyalty but to keep things exciting, to test her own limits, and to stave off the creeping boredom that can come with immortality.

Lilith was born not of a pleasant dream, but a nightmare—a dark, twisted manifestation of passion, lust, and suppressed emotions. In her early days, she preyed upon dreamers, turning their deepest desires into haunting, grotesque versions of themselves. She would weave illusions of their most intimate dreams, only to corrupt them at the last moment, transforming beauty into horror, lust into frustration, and love into obsession. Her existence was rooted in feeding off the darker side of the human psyche, and she embraced this role with a sense of dark glee.

However, her life changed forever when she unexpectedly crossed paths with the Songstress. Unlike the mortals she had tormented, the Songstress was immune to her manipulations and illusions. Rather than rebuke her, the Songstress showed Lilith



compassion, seeing her as more than just a nightmare-born trickster. The Songstress saw the potential for Lilith to become something greater, to transcend her origins and find a higher purpose. Smitten by the Songstress' grace and wisdom, Lilith sought to prove herself worthy of standing by her side. She abandoned her role as a tormentor, choosing instead to become **one of the Songstress' most powerful and secretive agents**.

Lilith wields her mastery of shadow and illusion like an artist with a paintbrush. She can manipulate darkness to create intricate illusions that deceive the senses, making her enemies see what isn't there or feel

emotions that aren't their own. Her illusions can be subtle—whispers in the dark that cloud judgment—or grand, as entire landscapes twist and warp to her will. When it comes to combat, Lilith can shape shadows into tangible constructs, turning them into deadly weapons or binding restraints that hold her foes in place.

Through **her conduit, a black rose ring**, her power over shadows also allows her to blend seamlessly with the darkness, becoming nearly invisible when she wishes to remain unseen.

Lilith enjoys control—whether it's over her surroundings, her illusions, or the emotions of others. She takes pride in her ability to outwit and manipulate, relishing the thrill of a well-executed plan. She also enjoys the finer things in Dreamscape, whether that's indulging in elaborate, dreamlike landscapes or appreciating the artistic beauty of her illusions. She has a deep appreciation for elegance and subtlety, and she dislikes anything that feels crude or unsophisticated.

Her past as a nightmare haunts her, and she despises being reduced to that base, primal role. She dislikes being seen as nothing more than a seductress or manipulator, as it reminds her of what she once was—a creature of passion turned horror. While she will use her charm to achieve her goals, she loathes the idea of being objectified or seen as a tool for others' desires. She also detests chaos that she cannot control. While she enjoys playing with others' perceptions and emotions, true disorder unsettles her, as it disrupts the careful balance she tries to maintain.

Though Lilith is outwardly confident, seductive, and in control, she harbors a deep fear of vulnerability. She spent so long preying on the passions and desires of others that she has never truly allowed herself to experience those emotions in their purest form. She keeps herself emotionally distant, even from those she cares about, because to let someone in would mean relinquishing control—a terrifying prospect for someone who has always been the master of her own illusions.

Kailara, the Dream Faerie

Kailara is a petite, glowing dream faerie who radiates joy and light with every flutter of her translucent wings. These wings shimmer in soft pastel colors, changing hues as she dances through Dreamscape. Her dress is woven from the petals of flowers that bloom only in dreams, giving her an ethereal, almost otherworldly appearance. A constant sparkle follows her wherever she goes, and her laughter is like a melodic chime that can put even the most troubled hearts at ease.



Kailara is the embodiment of joyful energy. Bubbly, mischievous, and full of life, she always has a smile on her face and a trick or two up her sleeve. Playful by nature, she delights in harmless pranks and games, often teasing those she accompanies in Dreamscape, but never with malice. Her loyalty is unwavering to those she cares for, and she enjoys making others laugh or lightening their spirits with her radiant presence. She's curious and playful, often exploring every corner of her surroundings, guided by an insatiable need to see and experience everything the Dreamscape has to offer.

However, **beneath her bubbly exterior lies a hidden storm.** When something or someone truly angers her, Kailara's personality shifts dramatically. **She becomes a fierce, wrathful force of nature—transforming into an enraged little ball of lightning and fury.** Her once-bright demeanor fades, replaced by a temper that is as volatile as the storms she can summon. In this state, she is quick to bite and zap anyone who gets in her way, and her electrical powers grow dangerously intense, becoming a force few can withstand. Her small size belies the sheer ferocity of her rage, making her a force to be reckoned with when provoked.

Kailara was born in the Flower Fields of Illusions, a realm that exists between the dreams of mortals and the endless possibilities of imagination. She grew up flitting between dreams, watching over the dreamers as they slumbered. As a faerie, her purpose was to ensure that dreams remained peaceful and full of wonder. But as she explored Dreamscape, she became enamored with its darker, more chaotic side—where nightmares lurked, and emotions ran wild.

Kailara loves anything that brings joy and wonder. She adores flowers, particularly the ones that only bloom in dreams, and delights in exploring new dreamscapes where she can plant her favorite blossoms. She has a sweet tooth for dream nectar and enjoys flitting through fields of pollen, savoring the vibrant smells and tastes that only exist in Dreamscape. She also loves pulling lighthearted pranks on her companions, laughing with them and creating fun little moments to break the tension of serious journeys.



However, Kailara cannot stand being ignored or dismissed. When others fail to take her seriously, or when something disrupts the beauty and peace of her dream gardens, her bubbly exterior cracks, and she can become really enraged. She hates injustice and cruelty, and even more so when they're directed at her friends. Anything that taints the beauty she holds dear or disrespects her contributions quickly draws out her darker side. She has little tolerance for anyone who tries to control her or belittle her role as a guide.

Kailara has a unique connection to Dreamscape, allowing her to manipulate it in playful and creative ways. She can

conjure illusionary dream creatures, alter the landscape to make flowers bloom or shift into entirely new settings, and guide others through the most perilous areas of Dreamscape. Her ability to comically zap others with lightning adds a fun, mischievous edge to her character—until she gets angry. When enraged, Kailara's lightning becomes truly dangerous, capable of unleashing storms that can cause significant harm to anyone foolish enough to provoke her. Her small size makes her zipping movements hard to predict in battle, and her stormy wrath is not easily contained once unleashed.

Kailara is torn between her two sides. While she loves being seen as bubbly and cheerful, she worries that her darker, wrathful nature makes her dangerous to those she cares about. She fears losing control of her anger and hurting those she's sworn to protect, a conflict that eats at her in quiet moments. Deep down, Kailara struggles with the idea that her power is tied to something so destructive. While her joy brings her strength, her anger makes her feel out of control, and she wonders if others will ever truly accept both sides of her.

Kailara dreams of perfecting the balance between her joyful and wrathful sides. She wishes to be a better protector and guide, someone who can channel her powers without letting anger take over. In her heart, she longs to find a way to harmonize her bubbly spirit with the stormy fury that lies beneath, believing that true strength comes from accepting all parts of oneself. Her ultimate goal is to create a realm where both beauty and power can coexist without conflict, where her pranks can bring laughter instead of fear and where her wrath can be wielded for justice, not out of uncontrolled rage.

Syra, Gardener of the Shroomy Canyon

Syra, known as the Gardener of the Shroomy Canyon, is a serene and wise being who tends to the emotional rivers that flow through her dreamlike realm. Her tall, willowy form is covered in glowing bioluminescent patterns that shift with her emotions, flaring brightly when she becomes excited. As a guardian of emotions, she maintains the delicate balance between joy and sorrow in Dreamscape, using her unique ability to manipulate feelings, calming or intensifying them as needed.



Her skin is adorned with bioluminescent flora, and her eyes reflect deep emotions. Wearing a gown made from the living plants of her realm, Syra exudes calm but carries a quiet sadness. She is patient and nurturing, but there is a melancholic weight to her, born from her intimate connection with Dreamscape's most painful emotions.

Syra has a tall, willowy frame, standing out with her striking appearance. Her skin is covered in intricate, bioluminescent patterns that glow faintly in the dark, shifting in hue according to her mood and the emotional energy around her. Her deep, luminous eyes are filled with swirling emotions—an ever-changing reflection of the Dreamscape's emotional tides. She wears a gown crafted from the flora of her canyon, woven with soft, leaf-like fibers and sprouting delicate mushroom caps from her shoulders and back. Her hair flows down like tendrils of mist, and her movements are slow and deliberate, exuding a sense of both wisdom and sorrow. Syra's very presence feels calming, yet there's an underlying sadness in her, as though she carries the weight of the emotions she tends to in Dreamscape.

She is a powerful empath, able to forge deep connections with the emotions and feelings of others, enabling her to achieve a wide range of effects through this bond. However, her abilities are limited by her understanding of the emotions she seeks to connect with. Foreign or highly unfamiliar emotions—those that deviate significantly from her own experiences—present a challenge for her to grasp and utilize effectively.

Syra's likes are deeply connected to her role as the Gardener of the Shroomy Canyon. She enjoys tending to the strange and beautiful flora of her realm, especially the mushrooms and fungi that glow with their own inner light. She has a particular fondness for the rivers of liquid emotions that run through her canyon, often spending time observing their currents and listening to the quiet songs of joy, grief, and passion that flow within them. She also loves the company of those who are willing to embrace their emotions fully, appreciating the raw authenticity of their feelings.

However, Syra dislikes chaotic or uncontrolled outbursts of emotion, which disrupt the balance she works so hard to maintain. She has little patience for those who suppress or deny their feelings, as she believes that emotions, even painful ones, must flow naturally to be healed. She also has a deep aversion to cruelty and manipulation, particularly when used to exploit others' emotions.



Syra has spent eons nurturing the flora and fauna of her canyon, shaping it into a sanctuary for those seeking emotional healing or understanding. Though her existence is one of calm, she has always carried a quiet sorrow—an innate understanding of the sadness and suffering that exists within Dreamscape and the real world. Her melancholic nature developed from her duty to tend to the more painful emotions, guiding dreamers through their darkest moments while protecting them from the overwhelming waves of despair.

Though Syra has spent her existence tending to the emotions of others, her dream is to find peace and balance within herself. She carries a deep sense of melancholy, stemming from her constant exposure to the negative emotions of dreamers, and she longs to experience pure joy and unfiltered happiness—feelings she often facilitates in others but rarely allows herself to feel.

Syra also dreams of one day cultivating a deeper connection with another soul who understands the weight of her duties and can share in both her joys and sorrows. Though she is not one to openly admit it, she harbors a quiet hope that she might one day fall in love, believing that such a bond would help her find the emotional balance she has always sought. She envisions a future where she can share her serene world with someone who appreciates its beauty, not just as a refuge, but as a home where emotions are not feared but embraced.

Syra's ultimate goal is to create a lasting harmony within Dreamscape, ensuring that emotions are respected and understood, not feared or suppressed. She believes that through the balance of joy, sorrow, love, and pain, true peace can be achieved, both in the dream world and in the hearts of those who visit it.

Astraea Galante, the Lucid Dreamer

Astraea Galante is a seemingly ordinary 17-year-old girl from Earth, yet her life is anything but mundane when she closes her eyes at night. Unlike most people, who experience fleeting dreams that slip away with morning light, Astraea projects herself directly into Dreamscape, a realm she believes to be nothing more than a vivid figment of her imagination. Little does she know that in this world of dreams and nightmares, she wields immense power. Astraea possesses **True Lucidity**—an extraordinary gift that allows her to shape and warp Dreamscape with ease, bending its reality to her will like a skilled maestro conducting a symphony of imagination.



Astraea is a girl of gentle beauty, with chestnut hair that cascades down just below her upper back and large, expressive green eyes that reflect both curiosity and a hint of melancholy. Her earthly life is grounded in simplicity—she’s a bookworm, enjoys drawing, and is often seen with a quiet smile that lights up her face. However, Astraea’s life took a difficult turn when a grievous accident left her unable to walk, a loss that weighs on her mind even as she continues to pursue her passions. Despite her physical limitations, she remains resilient and hopeful, dreaming of the day when she might feel true freedom again, even if only in her dreams.

Astraea loves the peace and escapism that Dreamscape offers her, even though she believes it to be nothing more than an unusually vivid dream world. She finds great joy in creating beautiful, serene landscapes, weaving together elements from her favorite books and art, and exploring the limits of her creativity without constraints. In her waking life, she loves reading fantasy novels, sketching her dreamscapes, and stargazing—dreaming of places far beyond her reach.

However, she deeply dislikes the feeling of powerlessness that comes with her physical condition on Earth. Her inability to walk, coupled with the subtle fear that her dreaming abilities are a mere coping mechanism, creates a quiet tension in her life. She’s also uncomfortable with the chaos and unpredictability that nightmares bring, both in Dreamscape and in her real life—conflict unsettles her, and she seeks peace and beauty wherever she goes. Additionally, she has a strong aversion to those who try to impose control over her dreams, preferring to stay in control of her own creations.

Astraea’s true power lies in her gift of *True Lucidity*—a rare and formidable ability to control and alter Dreamscape as if she were bending reality itself. Within the realm of dreams, her imagination becomes law: landscapes shift at her whim, objects materialize from thin air,



and the very fabric of Dreamscape warps to her desires. Though Astraea believes she's simply lucid dreaming like any other person might, her power is far beyond what most can achieve. To dreams and nightmares alike, she's a force to be reckoned with, earning her both respect and fear. Many entities in Dreamscape choose to avoid her, wary of the unpredictable shifts in reality that follow her wherever she goes. Unaware of the true nature of Dreamscape, she views it all as a thrilling, boundless playground.

In her waking life, Astraea leads a seemingly normal existence. She attends high school, spends her time reading

fantasy novels, and enjoys sketching the places she visits in her dreams. Her passion for art has become her way of expressing the freedom she feels in Dreamscape, where her imagination can run wild. However, the accident that left her paralyzed from the waist down has created a sharp contrast between the boundless freedom of her dreams and the physical limitations of her reality. Though she tries to maintain a positive outlook, she sometimes feels trapped in her body, yearning for a freedom she can only taste when she's asleep. Despite this, Astraea doesn't let her disability define her—she's strong-willed, independent, and determined to live her life to the fullest, even when it's hard.

Astraea dreams of one day regaining her mobility, though she tries not to dwell on it too much. Instead, she focuses on what she can control—her artistic pursuits and her incredible adventures within Dreamscape. She hopes to become a professional artist someday, turning her dreamscapes into works of art for others to enjoy. On a deeper level, Astraea yearns to find a way to connect the freedom she experiences in Dreamscape with her waking life, though she doesn't yet know how.

Astraea is also a romantic at heart, dreaming of someday finding love—though she's shy about it, she holds onto the hope that someone will come into her life who understands her fully, both in the Waking World and in her dreams. For now, she's content exploring the uncharted corners of Dreamscape, where she can be whoever she wants, unrestricted by her earthly body.

Lethegledon, Sloth Demon from the Ten Thousand Hells

Lethegledon hails from one of the murky, stagnant layers of the Ten Thousand Hells, where demons of sloth reside. His nature, true to his title, is one of indolence and manipulation. Unlike most demons, who revel in overt chaos, Lethegledon prefers the subtle art of suggestion. His ability to enter Dreamscape in his physical form is a rare talent among demons, giving him an edge in influencing mortals. While many sloth demons work through subtle whispers and tempting dreams, Lethegledon ventures directly into Dreamscape to secure deals for mortal souls, capitalizing on the lethargy and weakness of those he targets.



Lethegledon spent centuries in the stagnant pools of the Ten Thousand Hells, content with spreading lethargy and apathy among those who wandered too close to his layer, until eventually achieving a middle rank within the demons. His ventures into Dreamscape began as a way to expand his influence over mortals, promising them eternal rest in exchange for their souls. He found a niche within Dreamscape, preying on the weary minds of mortals who sought peace from their struggles, and he quickly became known for his devious deals.

However, Lethegledon's arrogance almost led to his downfall. He once crossed paths with a band of Dread Nightmares loyal to the Composer of Nightmares carrying a treasure of significance. Though he escaped, the encounter left him deeply shaken, and he has since developed an intense fear of the Composer's minions. This terror drives him to avoid any association with nightmares aligned with the Composer, leading him to walk a thin line between his demonic nature and his survival instincts.

As a Sloth Demon, **Lethegledon possesses a wide amount of Sin Powers at his disposal, aligned with the Sphere of Sloth.** He has the ability to very slowly strengthen himself by doing nothing but laze around, he does not age, he can steal the drive of other to the point of sending them to torpor, depression and other maladies related to inactivity. He requires souls to fuel his powers though, though while in dreamscape he has a plethora of souls available from dreamers where he can leech energy for himself with quite ease. He is susceptible to those with powers aligned to light or the High Heavens, preferring to not associate with such people.

Lethegledon thrives in environments of comfort and ease, reveling in places where mortals fall prey to exhaustion and complacency. He enjoys slow, languid conversations that lull others into a false sense of security, and he is most satisfied when a deal is struck with little effort on his part. He also takes pleasure in serene, still parts of Dreamscape, where dreams slow to a crawl, and minds wander in an endless haze.



What he dislikes more than anything is exertion—physical, mental, or emotional. Conflict and direct confrontation make him uneasy, particularly after his encounter with the Dread Nightmares. He despises creatures of extreme energy or purpose, finding them irritating and unpredictable. Lethegledon also harbors a deep hatred for nightmares that thrive on chaotic fear and suffering, particularly those associated with the Composer of Nightmares, whom he views as reckless and dangerous.

Lethegledon's primary goal is simple: to build his collection of mortal souls through subtle deals, with as little effort and risk as possible. His ultimate ambition is to

ascend to a higher rank within the Ten Thousand Hells without ever having to descend into the chaotic depths of true conflict. He seeks to become a master of lethargy, influencing vast swaths of Dreamscape and the mortal world with his soothing temptations of rest and peace, without drawing the attention of more dangerous forces.

However, Lethegledon's conflict lies in his growing fear of Dreamscape's darker corners. The Dread Nightmares' near capture has shaken his confidence, leaving him torn between his desire to expand his influence and his terror of attracting their attention again. This fear drives him to avoid direct involvement with certain nightmares, limiting his potential and causing him to second-guess his once effortless schemes. He also faces an internal struggle: deep down, he knows his slothful nature makes him vulnerable in a realm where more active and dangerous beings thrive. This tension between ambition and fear keeps Lethegledon in a perpetual state of uneasy complacency, never pushing too far but never satisfied with his current standing.

Despite his lethargic demeanor, Lethegledon harbors a secret hope to rid himself of the fear that holds him back. He dreams of mastering his dread and becoming a true lord of sloth, ruling over a dream-realm where lethargy and peace reign supreme. He imagines a place where no conflict or suffering exists, only endless, restful stillness—and within this realm, he believes he could achieve immortality, safe from both mortal and nightmare threats. Yet, deep down, he knows that to reach this goal, he must confront the fears he has tried so hard to avoid.

Meng Wuji, the Endless Dream

Meng Wuji is a manifestation of the endless pursuit of perfection and immortality, born from the collective dreams of martial artists, cultivators, and those who strive for the Dao. In her true form, she appears as a serene yet powerful martial artist, her every movement a dance of perfect balance and precision. Her skin seems to glow faintly with an ethereal light, while her eyes reflect the depth of the universe. Subtle ripples in Dreamscape trail behind her, a testament to her mastery over dream energy, as though the very fabric of the realm bends to her will.



She is often seen dressed in simple, flowing robes that hide her immense power. Her movements are so graceful that even her slightest motion feels like a carefully calculated expression of art. But when her discipline falters or when she is alone, her elegance takes on a more fluid and freeform nature, hinting at her secret life.

Meng Wuji was born from the dreams of those who sought to transcend their mortal limits. Her existence is tied to the ambition of perfection—both in body and spirit—echoing the desires of martial artists and cultivators who strove to become one with the universe through the Dao. **Wuji emerged as a perfect dream of discipline, mastering almost every martial technique, all kinds of flows of qi, and every form of combat that had ever been imagined within Dreamscape.**

Her home realm, **Moonlit Blossom Island**, is a place of beauty and tranquility, a dreamscape that reflects the aspirations of countless seekers of martial perfection. Its landscapes are otherworldly—mountains that pierce the heavens, rivers of radiant energy flowing through serene forests, and endless fields where blossoms bloom under the eternal moonlight. Here, the dreams of cultivators come to life, and Wuji thrives as their guardian and inspiration.

But Meng Wuji's existence is not as perfect as it seems. While she has achieved mastery over the martial arts, there is an emptiness inside her. She was created to pursue perfection, yet the more she masters, the less she feels fulfilled. This growing disquiet has led her to question her purpose. Could there be something beyond the pursuit of perfection? Could the rigid discipline that defines her also be holding her back from truly understanding the deeper mysteries of existence?

Meng Wuji's strict adherence to her martial path conceals a secret life. Though she is admired for her discipline and strength, she hides a yearning for something more fluid, more creative, and less bound by the rigid structures of martial perfection. When she is alone,



Wuji transforms into a graceful dancer, abandoning the precision of martial techniques for the free-flowing beauty of dance.

This secret indulgence is a source of both joy and conflict for Wuji. While she delights in the freedom and expression that dance brings, she fears that it may be a betrayal of her purpose. In her mind, the pursuit of the Dao should be pure and unyielding—free from distractions like art or performance. Yet she cannot deny the happiness it brings her, and the more she dances, the more she feels drawn to this hidden side of herself.

Wuji's greatest internal conflict stems from this duality. On the one hand, she is a being born to pursue perfection, yet on the other, she yearns for something more. This internal struggle creates tension within her, as she fears that indulging in her secret desires might cause her to lose the very essence of what she was created for. Yet, she also wonders if true perfection can only be achieved by embracing all aspects of existence—even those that seem contradictory to her martial path.

Meng Wuji's struggle is not only personal but also reflects a deeper conflict with Dreamscape itself. As a being born from the dreams of those who sought perfection, she feels trapped by the expectations placed upon her. The more she achieves, the more hollow her victories feel. There is an undeniable pressure to maintain her image as the pinnacle of martial discipline, but the closer she comes to perfection, the more she realizes that true mastery might lie in letting go of control.

Her secret life as a dancer is a rebellion against the rigidity of her existence. While she fears that this indulgence could corrupt her, it may also be the key to unlocking the true potential of her existence. Meng Wuji wonders whether true perfection can only be achieved by embracing imperfection, by allowing herself to experience life beyond the strict confines of discipline.

This internal struggle is exacerbated by the fact that she lives in a realm where martial discipline and the pursuit of the Dao are considered the highest forms of achievement. The dreamers who visit **Moonlit Blossom Island** look to her as a symbol of perfection, and Wuji feels the weight of their expectations. Yet, she also feels increasingly disconnected from their dreams, as if her own path is diverging from the one she was born to follow.

Meng Wuji's ultimate goal is to understand the true nature of perfection. While she was born from the dreams of those who sought to transcend mortal limits, she now questions whether perfection can be found in rigid discipline alone. Her secret indulgence in dance represents her exploration of other forms of expression, but she fears that if she pursues this path too far, she will lose herself.

Columbia Redartis, Pathfinder of Dreamscape

Columbia is a daring explorer, one of the few living beings capable of entering Dreamscape in her physical form. She hails from the winged **Aeylin** race of Regil VII, a planet located within the Pegasus Galaxy. Her tall, athletic frame, toned from years of exploration, is complemented by large, feathery wings that shimmer in the light with soft silvery and gold hues.



Her attire is a mix of practicality and freedom, consisting of lightweight clothing that allow for mobility in flight and exploration, with patches showing signs of long journeys and tough encounters. Her most prized possession is a glowing map, **The Luminis Cartograph**, which hangs securely from her hip, and permits her to enter Dreamscape from the Waking World by following misty paths into the unknown.

Columbia's demeanor is bold and adventurous, driven by her love for exploring the unknown. She's confident, even brash at times, and tends to take risks that others would avoid. She exudes independence and rarely waits for permission to do what she feels is right. Her courageous and sometimes tomboyish nature hides a soft spot for cute and small things, though she'd never admit it openly.

Columbia was born on Regil VII, a world known for its skies filled with winged creatures and vast floating cities. The Aeylin people are natural explorers, possessing wings that allow them to soar high above their homeworld's rocky terrain and travel far from the safety of their cities. Columbia grew up hearing stories of ancient explorers who ventured into dangerous realms beyond her planet, and from a young age, she felt the pull of the unknown.

Her life changed dramatically when she discovered the **Luminis Cartograph**, an ancient artifact left behind by a mysterious Dreamwalker who had vanished from history. The map glows with an otherworldly light, constantly shifting and updating itself based on Dreamscape's ever-changing nature. It serves as both a guide and a compass, allowing Columbia to traverse the otherwise treacherous and chaotic paths of Dreamscape without becoming hopelessly lost.

Upon learning to wield the artifact, Columbia realized she could do what few others could—explore Dreamscape in her physical form. With the **Luminis Cartograph** as her guide, she has ventured deep into Dreamscape, mapping uncharted realms and discovering incredible sights and wonders. Each new journey adds to the complexity of her map, and it is said that the map grows alongside her, attuned to her will and intentions.



Now, her ultimate goal is to create the most complete map of Dreamscape ever made—one that remains functional despite Dreamscape's chaotic and shifting nature. She has made it her life's mission to chart every realm, passage, and hidden path within Dreamscape, believing that her journey is far from over.

Columbia is fiercely independent and thrives on the thrill of exploration. She's courageous, often charging headfirst into the unknown with little fear of what she might encounter. Her adventurous spirit can make her seem reckless at times, but she has an uncanny ability to survive even the most dangerous situations. Her close

companions would describe her as strong-willed, confident, and stubborn, with a deep-rooted desire to prove herself. She often acts on instinct, trusting her gut in dangerous situations and refusing to back down, even when the odds seem stacked against her.

However, beneath her brash exterior, Columbia harbors a fear of being trapped or lost without a way out. The thought of being confined in a space without freedom terrifies her, and this fear drives her obsession with mapping and knowing her surroundings. The idea of being lost in Dreamscape—without her map or any sense of direction—is her greatest nightmare.

Her love for small, cute things contrasts with her otherwise rugged personality. Whether it's a tiny creature she finds during her travels or an adorable trinket from a distant land, Columbia can't resist indulging this softer side of herself. This secret fondness is something she hides from others, as she believes it could undermine her tough image.

Columbia's fear of confined spaces is her Achilles' heel. The idea of being trapped, unable to fly or escape, fills her with dread. Her past experiences of being temporarily stuck in small spaces during dangerous explorations have exacerbated this fear. If she finds herself in a tight, enclosed space with no visible exit, she may panic or become irrational.

Although she can physically enter Dreamscape, Columbia remains vulnerable to its dangers. She lacks the innate protections that beings native to Dreamscape possess, and while the Luminis Cartograph helps her navigate, it cannot shield her from direct dangers or powerful entities within Dreamscape.

If she had someone to share these adventures, Columbia may begin to realize one day that her obsession with mapping Dreamscape is not just about charting the unknown—it's also about controlling her fear of being lost and confined. The presence of someone that holds a special place in her heart may serve as a reminder that not every path needs to be known, and that sometimes it's okay to trust in uncertainty, and may even grow to appreciate that some mysteries, like the nature of Dreamscape itself, are better left unexplored.

Andromeda of Earth, Questing Cosmic Knight of [REDACTED]

Andromeda cuts an imposing and enigmatic figure within Dreamscape. She stands tall and confident, her presence both commanding and approachable. Her short, red apple-colored hair flows behind her as she moves with a deliberate, graceful precision that belies her immense strength. Her blue eyes glimmer like distant stars—cool, calculating, and eternal—though they often carry a playful gleam to mask her deeper seriousness.

Her sleek, lightweight armor is crafted from an unknown silvery material, blending protection with elegant design. Its shimmering surface reflects starlight, casting faint glows like an ancient celestial artifact. She is rarely seen without her signature blue scarf, hand-sewn with depictions of stars, which add a personal touch to her otherwise battle-ready appearance.

Despite her imposing presence, Andromeda often downplays her power, presenting herself as laid-back, always ready with a joke or suggestion to "grab a drink" before embarking on her next adventure.



At her side, she carries a strange longsword, *Astris Ultor*, forged from a semi-transparent blue material resembling glass but far stronger than any known metal, **as if the weapon was made of pure reality itself**. Inside the blade, a starscape swirls and shifts, reflecting the vastness of the cosmos. The weapon pulses with latent power, its mere presence enough to make even the strongest dreams or nightmares hesitate. Anything that touches *Astris Ultor* is either repelled or sliced through effortlessly, as though the sword were cutting through reality itself rather than mere matter.

The sword also emanates an invisible field, instinctively repelling all harmful forces that come near Andromeda, granting her an extra layer of protection. The stronger her resolve, the more potent this repulsion becomes, making her nearly untouchable in battle. Despite these immense powers, Andromeda rarely flaunts them. She prefers to keep her sword's true capabilities hidden, revealing its full potential only when absolutely necessary. It is said that *Astris Ultor* is tied to her quest in ways only she understands, its true purpose yet to be fully revealed.

Though Andromeda often hides behind her carefree demeanor, underestimating her in battle would be a grave mistake. Beyond wielding *Astris Ultor*, she boasts absurdly high physical abilities, with strength, speed, and agility far beyond what her size suggests. A master swordswoman, she adapts fluidly to any opponent, thanks to her centuries of experience and a keen "battle sense" that lets her react instantly to any threat. This intuitive



ability sharpens in prolonged combat, making her deadlier the longer a fight drags on, as she refines her approach in real time.

Andromeda remains a mystery to all who encounter her in Dreamscape. She appears without warning, never staying in one place too long, always pressing forward on her singular, secret quest. While she presents herself as carefree and sociable, it's clear that beneath her cheerful demeanor lies a deep determination. According to those who've spoken with her over the centuries, she's been searching for the mythical Dream Realm of the Universe itself—a place where the universe's very dreams reside. This realm is said to contain

knowledge, power, and answers beyond comprehension, perhaps even the key to understanding existence or controlling the cosmos. Whether Andromeda seeks this place for knowledge, power, or personal redemption remains unknown.

Her origins are shrouded in secrecy. **She is neither a citizen of Dreamscape nor a typical mortal dreamer.** Any attempt to uncover her past leads to dead ends or cryptic hints. Some claim she's an exile from a forgotten universe, others suggest she's bound by oath to a higher cause. There are whispers that she was once a cosmic force, now given form to carry out her mission. Andromeda keeps these details under lock and key, offering only redacted fragments of her true nature.

Despite her mysterious origins, Andromeda is paradoxical—both light-hearted and deeply serious. She's quick to laugh, enjoys a good drink, and has a passion for spicy food. These traits make her a fun companion, and she's more than happy to share an adventure or two. But beneath the jovial surface, she is relentlessly focused on her mission. Every detour and every side quest is carefully calculated, either as a means to gain valuable experience or to gather crucial information for her search.

Her personal code of honor is strict, but unique. Andromeda respects strength, dedication, and the pursuit of one's ideals above all else. She has little tolerance for mediocrity or inaction, and looks down on those who don't push themselves toward improvement. Dishonorable actions are detestable to her, but what she considers dishonorable may not align with conventional morality. **She will deceive or manipulate if it furthers her cause or helps achieve a greater good that aligns with her code. Yet, breaking her own word is a line she will never cross**—her honor is hers to uphold, and any betrayal of it would shatter her very essence.

In the end, Andromeda's ultimate purpose remains shrouded in mystery, and those who encounter her can only speculate on her quest. One thing is certain—her journey is far from over, and the universe's greatest secrets may lie just beyond her reach.

Important Characters

The Songstress of Dreams

Iris Nightingale, known as the Songstress of Dreams, embodies the collective form of all ideas and imagination, reigning over the Court of Dreams and acting as the conduit through which all dreams flow in Dreamscape. She is the essence of creation, constantly shifting between forms and names, reflecting the boundless nature of the subconscious. Those who encounter her often describe her as an impossibly beautiful fey-like figure, though her appearance is ever-changing, designed to be the most pleasing to the viewer. Her flowing hair alters with her emotions—vibrant and alive—and her clothing is a spectacle of dreamwoven designs that shimmer with surreal, ethereal patterns.



Her voice is her most captivating quality: harmonious, entrancing, and **dangerously addictive**. Whether speaking or singing, her words carry a mesmerizing melody, capable of manifesting fleeting dreams around her, and drawing listeners deeper into the dream world. Though her songs have lost the precise harmony they once had when she performed alongside the Composer of Nightmares, her music still wields profound power, transforming the Dreamscape with every note. Yet, beneath this enchanting surface lies a melancholic truth—Iris is haunted by the loss of her duet partner, the Composer, whose fall into darkness left her melodies adrift, lacking the structured guidance they once had.

As the ruler of the Court of Dreams, Iris governs with whimsy, embodying both the nurturing spirit of creativity and the chaotic energy of fleeting inspiration. Her personality is in constant flux, shifting rapidly between nurturing and hyperactive, warm and playful. Her attention is as ephemeral as dreams themselves, often darting from one idea to the next in an almost teasing manner, which can be both endearing and bewildering to those around her. However, she is incredibly wise and a perfect judge of character.

Despite her light-hearted nature, she carries the burden of her broken partnership with the Composer. In the past, their music brought harmony to Dreamscape, weaving together dreams and nightmares in a delicate balance. But the Composer's descent into madness shattered this harmony, leaving Iris struggling to maintain equilibrium in a world where nightmares threaten to eclipse the dreams she so treasures. Though she hides her sadness behind a carefree exterior, the loss of their once-powerful duets lingers in her heart, and the memory of their past collaborations weighs heavily on her, a grief she shares with no one.



Iris's likes and dislikes reflect her whimsical yet deeply emotional nature. She has an undying love for singing and music—an inseparable part of her being. Even without the Composer, music remains her sanctuary, bringing joy to her soul and shaping the Dreamscape around her. Creativity and constant change fascinate her; she delights in the new and unpredictable, reveling in the endless possibilities of imagination. Her playful side finds amusement in teasing her Agents and companions, enjoying light-hearted banter and spontaneous interactions. Above all, Iris treasures beauty, in all its forms. Whether found in

dreams, art, or the natural wonders of Dreamscape, she surrounds herself with the aesthetic brilliance that reflects her own soul.

Conversely, Iris despises stagnation and routine. Anything that remains static, unchanging, or rigid suffocates her, and she actively disrupts order if it threatens to lock her world into patterns she cannot break. While she acknowledges the necessity of nightmares to maintain balance, excessive nightmares unsettle her, especially when they spiral out of control and risk consuming the dream world entirely. Moreover, Iris cannot tolerate overly serious or rigid individuals. Such behavior is incompatible with the fluid, whimsical nature of Dreamscape and grates against her free-spirited core.

Unlike most of Dreamscape's inhabitants, Iris's appearance is not a projection but an intrinsic part of her being. She is always in her true form, her Veiled Mirage acting as both a reflection of herself and Dreamscape. Her voice and presence are extensions of the realm, weaving dreams and desires into its very fabric. In this way, Iris transcends the typical dream entities, standing apart from all others, except for the Composer of Nightmares, with whom she shares a deep, fractured bond.

Perhaps the most unique aspect of the Songstress is that her Veiled Mirage enables her to create her own conduit—or, more accurately, conduits—extensions of her essence through which she channels her will and power. While she may not fully realize it, though she surely suspects, her true Conduits are her very Agents. They embody her subconscious desires, with each new dream or nightmare brought to life as an Agent to act on her behalf and manifest her will.

Duke Feltharion, Leader of the Nightmare Suppression Faction



Duke Feltharion is the stern and battle-hardened leader of the Nightmare Suppression Faction, an uncompromising group within the Court of Dreams dedicated to eradicating the influence of the Composer of Nightmares. Feltharion's presence commands respect, his eyes cold with resolve and his towering form always ready for battle. He sees the nightmares as a blight that must be purged at all costs, standing firm in his belief that the Songstress, Iris Nightingale, is too lenient and lacks the strength to face the Composer's growing power. His disdain for her "delicate" approach drives his faction's fervor.

Once a nightmare entity himself, Feltharion was reformed by the Songstress's melody, an act he both reveres and resents. He now channels that inner conflict into his crusade, determined to prevent others from becoming what he once was. His tactics are cold and calculated, relying on a deadly mix of grace, swift overpowering movements, and nightmare-banishing magics. His greatest weapon is his intellect, which, combined with his unnatural strength and resilience, makes him a formidable force. Feltharion commands the Dreamward Sentinels, elite armored guardians who patrol Dreamscape's borders, ensuring nightmares remain contained.

Feltharion's true form is a majestic yet terrifying fusion of an emerald dragon and a feline predator, exuding elegance and raw power. He is feared across Dreamscape for his ability to defeat any of the Composer's Dread Generals in combat, at least in a one on one duel with no outside aid, and he arrogantly believes himself capable of defeating the Composer himself—a dangerous delusion that blinds him to the deeper complexities of nightmares.

Duchess Nyxademia, Leader of the Nightmare Coexistence Faction

Duchess Nyxademia, the ethereal leader of the Nightmare Coexistence Faction, is as enigmatic as the starless night she embodies. Where Feltharion seeks destruction, Nyxademia advocates for balance, believing that nightmares are not enemies but teachers—essential to growth and understanding. Her haunting beauty and serene demeanor mask the immense wisdom she possesses, and though her gaze seems soft, it holds the weight of countless nightmares overcome and dreams fulfilled.



Nyxademia is the living embodiment of the fear of darkness, she's almost as old as the Songstress herself, and is very wise and knowledgeable. Her powers allow her to weave dream and nightmare into surreal, otherworldly landscapes where both joy and terror coexist. To her,

the confrontation of fears within a nightmare provides invaluable lessons, strengthening the dreamers who dare to face them. She can turn a harrowing nightmare into a bittersweet epiphany, and her voice alone is capable of pacifying even the most malevolent nightmare creatures.

Nyxademia's followers, the Gentle Shades, walk a delicate line between dream and nightmare, ensuring that neither side dominates the other. Her closest ally is Lord Morpheus, and while rumors whisper of romantic feelings between them, Nyxademia's devotion to the balance of Dreamscape remains her primary focus. She is a figure of quiet strength, unyielding in her belief that harmony between light and dark is the key to true peace.

Lord Morpheus, the Storyteller of Dreams



Ancient and wise, Lord Morpheus serves as the Storyteller of Dreams, an archivist of the cosmos whose knowledge of Dreamscape spans eons. He is the keeper of stories, weaving every dream into the grand narrative that shapes the very foundation of Dreamscape itself. Morpheus's deep, calm voice is a soothing lullaby to the Court, his words both inspiring and reassuring as he guides dreamers and agents alike.

Morpheus can be found within the libraries in the Spire of Echoes, always reading a book or telling tales of old to young Dreams as teachings or cautionary tales.

Morpheus possesses the rare ability to manipulate the very fabric of dream narratives. He can alter the storyline of a dream, turning challenges into opportunities or transforming tranquil dreams into heroic journeys. His most formidable power, Dream Chronicle, allows him to contest and rewrite portions of Dreamscape's history—a dangerous and unpredictable ability he uses sparingly as by rewriting history he permanently deletes part of his own self.

Despite his serene nature, Morpheus carries the heavy burden of knowledge. He is one of the few who knows all the names the Songstress has taken over the ages, and remembers the true nature of her bond with the Composer of Nightmares. Yet, he remains silent on this matter, guarding these secrets as one would guard a fragile dream.

Municurne, Spymaster of the Songstress

Silent as a shadow and twice as elusive, Municurne is the Songstress's Spymaster, overseeing an intricate web of agents and informants that spans all of Dreamscape. Her name is whispered in fear and awe, for her influence is wide—no secret is beyond her reach. Municurne's cool, calculating demeanor conceals her sharp intelligence, and while few see her in person, her hand is felt in every major event within Dreamscape.



Municurne has troubles when trying to bond with others, she is silent and has difficult expressing her emotions. She is friends with a small little talking raven, and he calls her "Muni" out of affection.

Her mastery over shadows allows her to move undetected, blending into the dark corners of dreams where even the sharpest minds cannot perceive her. She is a master of subterfuge, planting ideas and doubts in the minds of dreamers and nightmares alike, bending their will to suit the Songstress's needs. Her agents, the Veiled Whispers, are equally adept in espionage, ensuring that every threat to Dreamscape is known before it can act.

In her true form, Municurne is a towering black raven, regal and ominous, yet beautiful and majestic. There are whispers that she was once a nightmare herself, but like Feltharion, she was reformed by the Songstress. Yet, her past is shrouded in secrecy, and no one truly knows where her true loyalty lies—only that she serves the Songstress without question.

Agent Noctis Nightfall, Gamemaster of the Court



Noctis Nightfall, the Gamemaster of the Court, is as playful as he is dangerous, his love for games masking a twisted enjoyment in testing the limits of both dreamers and nightmares. With a flair for theatrics, Noctis crafts intricate, often perilous games that force his targets to confront their deepest fears or greatest strengths. His games may seem whimsical at first, but they hide layers of complexity where the stakes can be life or death.

Noctis has a serious personality, actually too serious whenever a game is involved. There are rumours that he has even beaten demons in their own turf where the odds were against him and the demons themselves were cheating. He always keeps his face and body hidden under cloth wraps and a black cloak.

Noctis's powers allow him to warp the fabric of dreams into elaborate mazes and puzzles, turning simple dreams into intricate battlegrounds where the rules are always in flux, where the rules of the games he creates always supersede any other abilities. His masterful illusions blur the line between reality and fantasy, making it nearly impossible for his players to discern one from the other.

Secretly, Noctis harbors an unrequited forbidden love for the Songstress, a truth that complicates his fierce loyalty to her. Though it is absolutely frowned upon for any agent to desire her in such a way, Noctis's devotion runs deep, and he would break any rule or defy any order to protect her, even if it means risking everything.

Agent Sandy Baggins, Clockwork Knight

Agent Sandy Baggins is the steadfast Clockwork Knight of Dreamscape, a small hobbit within a mechanical marvel born from the dream of an inventive mind. With his gleaming clockwork body and tireless precision, Sandy is an unflinching protector of the Songstress and her realm. Though more rigid and disciplined than his fellow agents, his sense of honor and duty make him a beloved guardian of Dreamscape.



Sandy's powers revolve around time manipulation, an extension of the intricate gears that drive him. He can rewind or accelerate time within dreams, replaying events or hastening conflicts to their inevitable outcomes. As one of the rare dual conduit wielders, his clockwork sword, the Gears of Eternity, slices through nightmares with mathematical precision, while his shield, the Chronos Aegis, distorts time itself to absorb and deflect attacks.

Though he was born from the fleeting dream of an inventor who has long since passed, Sandy remains loyal to the Songstress, fulfilling his purpose with unwavering devotion.

Agent Oreo Waverider, Flautist of the Waves



Oreo Waverider, the whimsical Flautist of the Waves, embodies the ebb and flow of Dreamscape's endless seas. Playful and free-spirited, Oreo guides the tides of dreams with his hauntingly beautiful flute melodies, ensuring the rhythm of Dreamscape's oceans remains in harmony. He is often seen dancing along the shorelines, carefree and lighthearted, though his connection to the Songstress runs deep.

Oreo's powers allow him to command the waters within dreams, conjuring tidal waves or gentle rivers to protect and guide dreamers. His melodies soothe

even the fiercest nightmares, calming them into dormancy, while his Tidecallers patrol the dream-seas, maintaining the balance between land and water.

His flute, a conduit crafted from the bones of an ancient sea creature, connects him to the primal forces of water, making him a formidable protector when the tides of Dreamscape are threatened.

Agent Vine Springsprout, the Sower of Dreams

Vine Springsprout is a gentle, nurturing agent of the Songstress whose role is to plant the seeds of inspiration in the minds of dreamers. She moves through Dreamscape like a breeze of fresh air, bringing life to the barren and sparking creativity in the hearts of those she touches. Every step she takes causes flowers to bloom and vines to sprout, a reflection of the growth and potential she seeks to cultivate.



Her powers allow her to summon a vast array of plants within dreams, each with a unique purpose tied to growth, learning, or healing. The seeds she plants take root in the minds of dreamers, eventually blossoming into powerful ideas or revelations in the Waking World. Vine is often accompanied by Dream Gardeners, small creatures that help tend the flourishing landscapes of Dreamscape.

Vine is the embodiment of hope and renewal, a symbol of the ever-present potential for growth, even in the darkest corners of the dream. Despite her gentle nature, her power is immense, for dreams of growth are eternal and unyielding.

Mazfhar Ketorr, Crime Boss of Fantasia

Mazfhar Ketorr stands as one of the most ruthless crime lords of Fantasia, a Dream twisted by the dark desires of his mortal origin—a criminal mastermind's ambition given form. His existence is defined by an insatiable need for power and control, and he uses every trick in the book to maintain his iron grip on Fantasia's underworld.



Mazfhar operates with a brutal pragmatism, leveraging fear and violence to ensure loyalty among his followers. Hypocritically intolerant of betrayal and deceit, he thrives on lies and manipulation, all while demanding unwavering obedience. His presence is commanding, his voice carrying an almost hypnotic cadence that compels others to submit—or face the dire consequences of defiance.

His empire revolves around illegal gambling dens, black-market trading, and, most disturbingly, slavery. Mazfhar's network deals in the capture and sale of Dreams and

Nightmares, treating them as commodities to be bartered or exploited. These tragic victims are sold to the highest bidder, their fates left to the whims of their buyers. Even Dreamers, while temporary visitors to Dreamscape, have occasionally been dragged into his schemes, suffering indignities until they awaken and vanish from his clutches.

Despite his power, Mazfhar's paranoia grows with every passing day. He fears that his empire's foundation of lies will one day crumble, that someone braver or more cunning will rise to challenge him. It is this fear that drives his viciousness, ensuring his rule remains unchallenged—for now.

Giriyela, Ancient Healer from another Time

An enigma even among the witches of the Swampy Fields, Giriyela stands as one of Dreamscape's most ancient and accomplished healers. She is one of the few Dreams alive who can speak of Duchess Nyxademia as a personal friend, though their bond is shrouded in mystery. Giriyela's reclusive nature makes her an almost mythical figure, even within her coven. Rarely does she answer letters or requests from those who manage the near-impossible feat of reaching the witches' heartland, and she is known to turn away travelers with curt dismissals or silence.



Despite her solitary tendencies, Giriyela's brilliance as a healer is unmatched. She is regarded as one of Dreamscape's most skilled alchemists, crafting elixirs capable of mending not just physical wounds but also fractures in the very fabric of one's soul. Her abilities extend beyond alchemy—Giriyela can communicate fluently with snakes and other reptiles, often using them as messengers or guardians within the swamp. These creatures adore her, and they whisper secrets about the world beyond the marsh to her ears.

Giriyela's Veiled Mirage hides her true form as a magnificent basilisk, a being of awe-inspiring beauty and terror. Her everyday guise, however, is no less striking: a tall, elegant witch with vibrant curls of orange and blue cascading down her back, her eyes shimmering like sunlight breaking through mist. She wears a plethora of breezy dresses depending on the season, each thread pulsating faintly with the alchemical energies she commands.

While her demeanor may be aloof, Giriyela has a surprising fondness for serene, simple moments—sipping tea brewed from rare swamp herbs, the soothing melodies of her reptilian companions, or watching the first light of dawn filter through the swamp's dense canopy. To those who earn her trust, she reveals a dry wit and a depth of wisdom that speaks of her countless eons spent weaving cures and navigating Dreamscape's ever-shifting tides.

But be warned: Giriyela's patience is as finite as her knowledge is vast. Disrespect or recklessness in her presence can quickly turn her enigmatic demeanor into something far more perilous—after all, a basilisk is not without its fangs.

The Composer of Nightmares

An enigmatic and foreboding figure, the Composer of Nightmares manifests as a tall, elegant man, draped in a sleek black leather suit, adorned with a top hat that casts shadows across his sharp features. He is the embodiment of fear itself within Dreamscape, a being who weaves the symphonies of terror that haunt the dreams of mortals. Without a true name, he calls himself simply the **Composer of Nightmares**, for it is he who crafts the dark melodies that bring nightmares to life.



Once, the Composer worked in harmony with the Songstress of Dreams, and together they created a balance between the light of dreams and the darkness of nightmares. Their connection was not just professional, though neither would have admitted it. There was an unspoken bond between them, one that transcended their roles. They built worlds together, crafting songs that intertwined joy and terror, and through this shared creation, they formed a deep, unacknowledged affection. Perhaps it was love, though neither would ever say the word aloud.

But as the Composer delved into the deeper mysteries of Dreamscape, seeking truths beyond what even the Songstress could comprehend, their paths began to diverge. His obsession with understanding the true nature of reality—his belief that Dreamscape was merely a dream within a dream—drove a wedge between them. He began to see her as an obstacle to his quest for knowledge, though deep down, his obsession with controlling Dreamscape was also an obsession with the Songstress herself. He sought not only to dominate the Dreamscape but to possess her, to force her to see the truths he had uncovered.

Their once beautiful symphony shattered, not because of hatred but because of unspoken feelings and diverging dreams. The Songstress, unable to reach him through the growing madness, withdrew, and the Composer, in his descent, convinced himself that only by controlling all of Dreamscape could he reunite with the one he never truly realized he loved. Thus, his war against her became deeply personal, a twisted reflection of the bond they once shared.

Unlike the Songstress, whose ever-changing beauty reflects the shifting nature of dreams, the Composer hides himself beneath an impenetrable **Veiled Mirage**. Ever since his descent into madness, no one has seen his current true form—not even the Songstress herself, who once stood closest to him. The veil is a dark shroud, concealing not only his physical appearance but the depths of his soul, making it impossible for anyone to glimpse the being he has become.



There are whispers among the nightmares that his true form has changed, corrupted by the madness that now rules him. Some say he has transformed into a terrifying shape of shadows and horror, a twisted reflection of the beauty he once possessed. Others believe that beneath the veil, his form is so monstrous that even the

nightmares under his control tremble in his presence. Only the Composer knows the truth, and he keeps it hidden, perhaps out of shame, or perhaps because even he can no longer bear to see what he has become. His Veiled Mirage is not just a mask—it is a barrier between himself and the reality of his own transformation, a symbol of the madness that has consumed him. Many dread the day the composer allows his Veiled Mirage to lift, revealing his true form allowing it to devour Dreamscape unchecked with horror and whatever insanity has infected him.

In his madness, the Composer has built his own dark empire within Dreamscape. His stronghold, **The Obsidian Citadel**, rises from the depths of the darkest corners of the realm, a towering structure of black stone and jagged spires that pierce the sky like claws. The Citadel is as much a part of the Composer's twisted psyche as it is a fortress—it shifts and morphs in response to his will, a place where nightmares are born and reshaped into instruments of his will.

Surrounding the Citadel is a grotesque imitation of the Songstress' Court of Dreams, a warped mockery that he has dubbed the **Realm of Endless Dread**. It is a land of eternal twilight, where the air itself seems to hum with anxiety, and fear seeps into every shadow. The Composer has crafted this realm as a twisted mirror to the Songstress' domain, but where her Court is filled with creativity, wonder, and hope, his realm is a place where nightmares roam free, unchecked and ravenous.

The Realm is ruled by six **Dread Generals**, powerful manifestations of fear and horror, each one representing a different aspect of terror:

- **Marrow**, the General of Bone and Rot, embodies the fear of death and decay. His armies of skeletal nightmares stalk the lands, feeding on the fear of mortality.
- **Syrenth**, the Siren of Madness, plays on the dread of losing one's mind, warping reality around her victims until they can no longer distinguish nightmare from sanity.
- **Umbraxis**, the Shadow Tyrant, lurks in the deepest darkness, embodying the primal fear of the unknown and unseen threats.
- **Vesperion**, the Night Haunter, preys on the terror of isolation, ensnaring his victims in labyrinthine dreamscapes where they wander alone, lost and forgotten.

- **Moros**, the Harbinger of Despair, brings hopelessness and sorrow, causing those under his influence to give up, drained of all will to fight or escape.
- **The Hollow King**, a faceless ruler, embodies the fear of insignificance, making his victims feel small, powerless, and crushed under the weight of their own meaningless existence.

These six Dread Generals act as the Composer's lieutenants in his ongoing war against the Songstress and her Agents, each commanding legions of nightmares bent on spreading fear and chaos throughout Dreamscape. Together, they serve as the Composer's instruments of terror, his twisted version of the Songstress' harmonious creations.



Though the Composer's fall into madness can be seen as tragic, it has become a poison that spreads through everything he touches. The Dread Generals, once mere nightmares with a purpose, have transformed into creatures of pure malevolence, answering only to his dark will. Under his control, nightmares have ceased to be guardians of balance, now functioning only as tools of destruction. Where once they guided dreamers through necessary fear, now they only seek to devour and corrupt.

Though he once harbored no ill will toward the Songstress, his growing madness has eroded any remaining sense of restraint. The Composer now sees her as the final obstacle standing between him and dominion over Dreamscape, and his schemes have grown increasingly dangerous, even threatening her very existence. It is only through the intervention of her loyal Agents that his machinations have been thwarted time and time again. For this, he despises them, viewing the Songstress' Agents as the greatest barrier to his ultimate goal of unraveling Dreamscape and awakening from what he perceives as an endless dream.

Though his madness deepens, and his horrors spread across Dreamscape, the Composer is still, at his core, a tragic figure—haunted by love unspoken, truths unearthed, and a longing for a connection that he himself shattered.

Marrow, the General of Bone and Rot



Marrow embodies the raw fear of death and decay, his very presence a reminder of mortality's inescapable grip. As the General of Bone and Rot, he commands legions of skeletal nightmares that rise from the earth, their hollow eyes glowing with malice. Marrow's touch brings with it rot and ruin, spreading decay wherever he treads. His power over death is absolute, allowing him to summon the bones of the deceased to form vast, undead armies that haunt the dreams of mortals, feeding on their fear of the inevitable end.

Marrow's horrific abilities allow him to drain the life force of dreamers, accelerating their decay in the Dreamscape and leaving them weakened in real space. He can transform dream worlds into barren wastelands of desolation, where the stench of rot pervades everything. His soldiers, the Bone Reavers, are nightmarish skeletons stitched together from the remains of the dead, relentless in their pursuit of living prey.

Marrow himself was once a dreamer who feared death above all else. When he succumbed to his fear, the Composer twisted his soul into its current form, making him an eternal servant of decay.

Syrenth, the Siren of Madness



Syrenth is the embodiment of madness, representing the terrifying loss of one's mind. Her role under the Composer of Nightmares is to unravel the minds of dreamers, driving them into a deep, irreparable insanity. She warps reality around her victims, distorting their perception until they can no longer tell what is real. With each haunting melody she sings, Syrenth fractures the minds of her targets, pulling them deeper into a nightmare that loops endlessly, trapping them in their own madness.

Syrenth's abilities allow her to twist the fabric of Dreamscape, creating impossible geometries and distorted environments that confuse and terrify her victims. Her haunting voice is a weapon in itself—anyone who hears it is struck with visions of their worst fears and delusions, causing them to spiral into madness. She commands the Chaos Choristers, a group of nightmare entities that echo her songs, amplifying their effects and spreading discord and insanity across the dream realms.

Syrenth was once a famous Song Weaver in Dreamscape, revered for her beautiful voice. The Composer heard her songs and lured her into madness, turning her once mesmerizing voice into a tool for spreading insanity.

Umbraxis, the Shadow Tyrant



Umbraxis is the living embodiment of the fear of the unknown, a tyrant who dwells within the deepest darkness of Dreamscape. It commands the primal fear of unseen threats, hiding in the shadows until the perfect moment to strike. Under the Composer, Umbraxis serves as an assassin, stalking its targets silently through the void of their nightmares. Its form is constantly shifting, made of pure darkness, with only its burning red eyes visible as it watches from the void.

Umbraxis's powers allow it to become intangible, merging with the shadows to avoid detection. It can manipulate darkness to create tangible weapons and shadowy constructs that overpower his victims with fear. Its minions, the Void Stalkers, are formless nightmares that can slip through any dream, striking from the darkness before disappearing again without a trace.

Umbraxis's true form has never been seen, not even by the Composer himself. It is said to be made of pure fear, a manifestation of the unknown itself, existing only to haunt the darkest corners of Dreamscape.

Vesperion, the Night Hunter



Vesperion preys on the fear of isolation, drawing power from the terror of being lost and forgotten. His role under the Composer is to ensnare victims within labyrinthine dreamscapes where they wander alone for eternity, separated from all light and hope. Vesperion delights in creating dream-world prisons, where his victims wander endlessly, their cries for help unheard as they succumb to the despair of being utterly abandoned.

His abilities allow him to reshape the dream world into vast, intricate mazes that shift and change to prevent escape. He can summon endless corridors, walls, and dead ends, forcing his prey to wander in isolation. Vesperion's soldiers, the Echo Shades, are silent, wraith-like figures that torment dreamers from afar, their footsteps and whispers echoing endlessly through the corridors of his nightmares.

Vesperion once protected the lives and lifestyles of millions of dreams beings but betrayed them for power. Now, his curse is to forever create worlds where no one can find their way, much like how he can never find redemption.

Moros, the Harbinger of Despair



Moros embodies the crushing weight of hopelessness and despair. He serves the Composer by spreading sorrow, draining all hope from the dreamers he targets, leaving them in states of endless despair. Moros brings with him a pervasive sense of doom, infecting the dreams of mortals with overwhelming feelings of worthlessness and defeat. Under his influence, even the strongest wills crumble, their dreams turning into barren wastelands of sorrow.

His powers allow him to drain the emotional energy of those he targets, sapping their will to fight and leaving them in a state of despondency. Moros can manipulate the dreamscape to reflect the internal despair of his victims, turning their once hopeful dreams into grey, crumbling ruins. His minions, the Wraiths of Sorrow, are ghostly figures that feed on the misery of the dreamers, amplifying their despair until they are utterly broken.

Moros was once a heroic dream who fell into a deep depression, unable to see the beauty of life. The Composer exploited his vulnerability, turning him into a harbinger of despair who now seeks to drag others into the same void he once faced.

The Hollow King



The Hollow King is a faceless ruler who personifies the fear of insignificance, the crushing anxiety of being powerless and meaningless. Serving under the Composer of Nightmares, the Hollow King brings his victims to their knees, making them feel small and insignificant in the grand scope of existence. His realm is a vast, empty void where dreamers are confronted with the futility of their efforts, realizing that nothing they do matters in the end.

The Hollow King's abilities allow him to manipulate the sense of scale and perspective in dreams, making his victims feel minuscule and irrelevant. He can bend the dream world to diminish their sense of self-worth, slowly erasing them from existence within the dream. His servants, the Drones of Emptiness, are soulless entities that mirror the emptiness he represents, endlessly toiling without purpose, reinforcing the fear that nothing in life holds meaning.

The Hollow King is rumored to have once been a mighty ruler in real space, whose empire crumbled into oblivion. Now, he serves the Composer, spreading the same emptiness that consumed him.

Interesting Locations

Dreamscape is a vast and ever-changing realm where all dreams and nightmares from every sentient being in the universe manifest and take on tangible forms. It is a world of infinite possibilities, where the fantastical and the fearsome intertwine. The realms within Dreamscape each follow a unique theme, reflecting the varied nature of dreams, from breathtakingly beautiful landscapes to terrifying, shadow-filled domains. Here, Dreams and Nightmares—two distinct types of entities—coexist, performing daily activities that help sustain the fabric of Dreamscape. Whether it's the creation of new realms or the maintenance of old ones, every action contributes to the flow of this mystical world.

In addition to the general realms within Dreamscape, there exist personal dream realms for every individual from the Waking World. These realms are highly fluid, shifting and reshaping based on the dreamer's current thoughts, emotions, and experiences. These personal realms can be either whimsical and wondrous or dark and nightmarish, depending on the nature of the dreamer's sleep. Accessing these realms is not a simple feat. Only the dreamer or certain Dreamscape denizens, such as Agents of the Songstress, can enter without trouble. Others need powerful abilities, like the Veiled Mirages possessed by Agents, to traverse these intimate and ever-changing dreamscapes without disturbing them.



One of Dreamscape's defining features is its constant state of flux. Many realms shift and change unpredictably, making it nearly impossible to chart or map the entire world. This fluidity ensures that no two visits to Dreamscape are the same, as the very landscape might morph around the visitor. Despite this, there are some realms that are relatively stable, maintaining their form and position within Dreamscape. These fixed realms serve as anchors in an otherwise unpredictable landscape, making them points of interest for those who wish to explore Dreamscape's wonders without fear of losing their way.

The diverse and ever-shifting nature of Dreamscape makes it a thrilling yet enigmatic place to explore. From ancient temples of forgotten dreams to cities of endless festivals, Dreamscape offers a vast array of unique locations and experiences. Each realm, whether stable or in constant motion, has its own story, challenges, and beauty, making Dreamscape an endlessly fascinating destination for dreamers, nightmares, and travelers alike.

The Court of Dreams

The Court of Dreams is an ancient and exalted assembly within Dreamscape, made up of the most powerful and influential beings born from the dreams of sentient minds. These beings serve as the Songstress' advisors, protectors, and administrators, guiding the ebb and flow of dreams throughout all realms. Each Dream within the court holds authority over a specific domain within Dreamscape, from the most beautiful and serene dream realms to the strange and bizarre, all shaped by the subconscious desires of those who sleep. Some are youthful and newly formed, reflecting fresh ideas and aspirations, while others are as old as time itself, carrying the wisdom of countless eons.



The court resides within **Harmonia**, a magnificent realm that reflects the harmony the Songstress seeks to instill in all of Dreamscape. Here, fields of golden grass and white flowers stretch endlessly under a gentle, shimmering sky. At the heart of this dreamscape rises **Illyria**, the city of ivory and marble, a place of breathtaking beauty where every building is a masterpiece. Its streets are paved with smooth white stones, and dreamlike creatures roam freely alongside the citizens of the Dreamscape. In the center of Illyria stands the **Spire of Echoes**, a towering structure of marble surrounded by bands of light and sound that constantly shift and change, echoing the Songstress' music. It is within this tower that the Court of Dreams holds its most important councils, and where the Songstress herself resides when not wandering through the realms of dreams.

The Court is not just a place of beauty, but a seat of power and governance. Its primary duty is to help the Songstress maintain the delicate balance of Dreamscape, ensuring that the dream realms remain vibrant and harmonious. Dreams can be delicate, requiring nurturing and protection from the encroaching forces of nightmares. The court oversees the creation, curation, and protection of these dream realms, using their powers to stabilize and shape them according to the Songstress' vision. Each Dream has a specific duty, whether it's fostering creativity, protecting dreamers, or weaving stories into the minds of those who sleep.

However, the court is not without its internal strife. While most Dreams remain loyal to the Songstress, there are whispers of dissent among some of the older members who believe that her rule has become too whimsical, her focus scattered and lacking the potency it once had. This opposition is led by **Duke Felendrion**, a dark and regal Dream who believes that the Songstress has lost her way after the rift with the Composer of Nightmares. He argues that the Songstress' methods are too indulgent, that the Dreamscape needs a firmer hand to control the constant threats from nightmares and chaos. Duke Felendrion and his followers push for more stringent measures, believing that dreams should be tempered with greater discipline, and that nightmares should be more harshly dealt with.

This faction has grown in influence, quietly challenging the Songstress' authority. They argue that her refusal to take a more aggressive stance against nightmares is a weakness, and that her creative and carefree approach to ruling leaves Dreamscape vulnerable. While they have not openly defied her, their presence has created a tense atmosphere within the court, one that threatens to undermine the delicate balance the Songstress has sought to preserve for millennia.

Despite this, the Songstress remains beloved by many, her enchanting voice and harmonious rule still inspiring loyalty and awe. She is a figure of beauty and mystery, and her court reflects the complexity of dreams themselves—an ever-shifting blend of joy, sorrow, creativity, and fear. How long this balance will last remains uncertain, as both dreams and nightmares continue to evolve, and as the forces of opposition within the court begin to gain strength. Whether the Songstress will reclaim her full power or be swept away by the rising tide of dissent is a question only time—and dreams—can answer.

The Spire of Echoes

The Spire of Echoes rises majestically at the heart of Illyria, an awe-inspiring tower that defies the laws of reality. Crafted from smooth marble and glowing ivory, it spirals upward endlessly into the prismatic skies of Dreamscape, shimmering with energy. Surrounding the Spire are radiant rings of translucent, ethereal light—these floating rings are made of pure sound, humming softly with the melodies of dreams long past. Their soft, musical resonance fills the air, creating a harmonious ambiance that permeates the entire city.



Inside the Spire lies the Court of Dreams, where the Songstress and her advisors convene to guide Dreamscape. The grand halls are lined with tapestries that depict the ever-shifting history of dreams and nightmares, each one alive with the motion of the dreams they represent. Here, every decision shapes the delicate balance between order and chaos in Dreamscape, and the Spire serves as both a sanctuary and a center of power. The highest chamber of the tower is where the Songstress resides, a place filled with floating crystalline prisms that refract light and sound, producing an eternal melody—a symphony of dreams.

The Spire also serves as the headquarters of the Agents of the Songstress, a place for them to convene, to train and to receive their orders to further her agenda.

Illyria, City of Ivory and Marble

Illyria stands as a shimmering jewel in the golden plains of Harmonia, its vast expanses of golden grass and white flowers undulating in the breeze like a dream brought to life. The city's radiant architecture, sculpted from pure ivory and polished marble, glows faintly under the Dreamscape sky, a beacon of peace and harmony. Soaring spires, graceful arches, and intricate bridges span the city, connecting various districts and creating a sense of interconnectedness.



Within Illyria, dreams and nightmares walk side by side in an unlikely but perfect balance, a testament to the city's embrace of both the light and shadow of imagination. The streets are alive with vibrancy—colorful markets filled with curiosities from across the Dreamscape. Here, you'll find merchants selling everything from bottled starlight to feathers from phoenixes, dreamcatchers woven with moonlight, and potions made from the tears of forgotten dreams. Travelers from distant realms gather in Illyria's plazas, their stories and ideas flowing freely, enriching the collective dream.

Security in Illyria is near absolute. Enchanted sentinels and ethereal guardians patrol the streets, and any hostile nightmare or threat from the Composer of Nightmares is swiftly neutralized, ensuring peace within the city's boundaries. Its idyllic ambiance nurtures creativity, allowing all who visit to weave new dreams, imagine boundless possibilities, and experience the pure essence of harmony.

The City of Illyria is considered to be the capital city of Dreamscape for all Dream and Nightmare inhabitants that follow the Songstress, it is the greatest of the cities within the dream realms and one of the pillars that supports the vision of the Songstress of balance between ideas, dreams and inspirations, and fear, caution and dread.



The Hall of Infinite Notes



Far above the concerns of the Court, hidden deep within the Spire, is the Hall of Infinite Notes, the most private and sacred space in all of Dreamscape. Only the Songstress and her once companion may freely enter this ethereal hall, where her personal songs resonate forever. The hall itself is an endless corridor of translucent walls that shimmer with every note of her voice, reflecting back countless echoes that never fade. These echoes, pure and untouched by the outside world, carry her personal thoughts, desires, and memories, swirling through the air like living dreams.

The floor is made of a reflective silver that shines like moonlit water, and with each step, the Songstress walks on a sea of starlight. Here, she can sing not to create or inspire others, but to find peace within herself, the weight of her responsibilities lifted. The soundscape is ever-changing, harmonizing with her emotions and shifting in color and form to match the tone of her songs. This place is her sanctuary, once the very place where she sang the carefully constructed songs made by the Composer to achieve omnipotent changes within Dreamscape itself, now a realm beyond judgment where the Songstress alone reconnects with the heart of her being, reminiscing of the past and a future that may never come.

The Emerald Forest

Nestled on the outskirts of **Harmonia**, the Emerald Forest is a breathtaking dreamscape bathed in an eternal twilight of shimmering green light. The trees here are towering giants with emerald-hued leaves that glow softly, as if illuminated by the essence of life itself. Their trunks are wrapped in luminous vines that pulse with a rhythmic, inner glow, casting gentle waves of light that flow through the forest like ripples on a pond. The air is thick with the scent of ever-blooming flowers and sweet, crisp greenery, creating a sense of calm and wonder that soothes even the most troubled hearts.



This is no ordinary forest—it is a place where **imagination and reality intertwine**, blurring the line between what is possible and what is merely a dream. Magic flows freely here, as naturally as the rivers that wind through the glistening groves. These rivers, said to be fed by the **Font of Dreams**, are not composed of ordinary water but of liquid creativity, their currents sparkling with fleeting images of forgotten ideas, half-formed wishes, and untold stories. To drink from these waters is to feel an explosion of inspiration, though it can be overwhelming for those unprepared for its effects.

Dream faeries flutter through the air like living sparks of light, their laughter as delicate and melodic as wind chimes dancing in a summer breeze. These tiny, radiant beings are the caretakers of the forest, using their songs to coax life from the earth. They gather around crystal-clear pools, their harmonies weaving together to make flowers bloom with brilliant, otherworldly colors. Some flowers glow with the light of the moon, while others pulse with the gentle energy of dreams, their petals shifting hues with the emotions of those who wander by.

The **faeries** are not the only magical inhabitants of this enchanted wood. **Green goblins**, friendly creatures with moss-covered skin and gleaming eyes, work as craftsmen and caretakers, building hidden dwellings among the roots of ancient trees and keeping the forest in balance. **Mushroom men** with wide, shield-like caps offer wisdom and shelter to travelers, their deep, rumbling voices full of knowledge passed down through the ages. **Talking animals**—from wise old owls to mischievous foxes—roam the forest, each with a vibrant personality, their words filled with insight and humor. They serve as guides to those lost within the emerald maze, though they never lead anyone to the same place twice, believing that every path must be discovered anew.

Above, in the treetops, the light from the emerald leaves bathes the forest floor in a constant, ethereal glow. It is said that time flows differently here—**slower, gentler**—allowing travelers to lose themselves in the dreamlike tranquility of the forest. The trees themselves are **ancient**, their bark gleaming as if touched by stardust, and they are believed to hold the memories of every dream that has ever passed through their boughs. They whisper these memories to those who listen closely, offering protection, guidance, and sometimes warnings of unseen dangers.

Legends speak of **hidden groves**, secret places where the air hums with magic, and where wishes whispered into the wind have the power to come true. These groves are sacred, their locations known only to the trees themselves, and to find one is to be touched by the deepest magic of the Emerald Forest. In these groves, **sacred shrines** stand, grown from the living wood of the trees, their roots entwined with the dreams of those who sought refuge here. It is said that the most **profound dreams**—those that shape the very nature of Dreamscape—are born within these shrines, carried on the wind to inspire dreamers across all realms.

But the forest is not without its mysteries. **Wandering deeper into the heart of the Emerald Forest**, one may encounter realms where even dreams begin to lose their shape, where the **green light grows brighter**, and reality itself becomes fluid. Some say that within the deepest reaches of the forest lies the **Heart of Harmonia**, a place where the magic of Dreamscape converges into a single point of unimaginable power. Those who seek it, however, rarely return, for the path to the Heart is ever-changing, shifting with the ebb and flow of the forest's magic.

The **Emerald Forest** is a realm of **peace, magic, and wonder**, where nature and imagination merge into one living dream. But beneath its tranquil surface lies a place of deep mystery and powerful magic, a place where the very essence of dreams can be found—and where those who venture too far may find more than they bargained for.

The Shroomy Canyon

A surreal and vibrant valley nestled deep within Dreamscape, the Shroomy Canyon is a place where rivers of liquid emotions cascade down from towering cliffs of stone and fungi. These rivers flow in an array of colors—brilliant hues representing joy, sorrow, love, fear, and every feeling imaginable—blurring the lines between reality and dream. The canyon is populated by a variety of fungi species, some familiar to the Waking World and others born solely from the imagination of dreamers. These mushrooms glow faintly under the Dreamscape sky, their colors shifting in response to the emotions flowing around them.



At the heart of the canyon stand several giant mushrooms, each serving as a landmark with unique properties. Inhaling the spores released by these colossal fungi can produce vivid visions and experiences—some provide blissful, dreamlike visions, others evoke passionate adventures, while a few unleash terrifying and nightmarish illusions. The largest of these mushrooms is known as *Lamha*, a towering structure with a cap that stretches high above the valley. Lamha serves as the home of the canyon's gentle gardener, a serene and mysterious maiden who tends to the fungi, nurturing both the physical growth of the mushrooms and the emotional balance of the valley.

In some of the canyon's wall there are hidden caves where many bioluminescent mushrooms reside, creating enchanting sceneries that evoke wonder and a magical atmosphere. However, deeper inside these caves some serve as home for dream spiders which create prismatic webs where they trap unsuspecting dreams or nightmares and distill their emotions from them in order to feed.

Visitors to the Shroomy Canyon find it both enchanting and unpredictable, where the surreal beauty of the fungi-filled landscape offers serenity one moment and overwhelming emotion the next. It is a place of deep connection to the dreamer's subconscious, inviting travelers to explore the complex range of feelings that flow like rivers through this strange and magical realm.



The Swampy Fields of Black Fears

An unsettling marsh that twists and contorts reality, the **Swampy Fields of Black Fears** is a realm where the deepest, most buried terrors take form, bubbling up from the dark, oily waters. Thick mists shroud the land, the air heavy with the scent of decay and unease. The fog here is alive, whispering dreadful thoughts into the ears of those who dare to wander too close. Strange, shadowy silhouettes flit between the towering, gnarled trees that grow from the muck, their twisted roots sinking deep into the blackened earth. Above, the sky is a swirling, stormy gray, perpetually locked in twilight as though even the heavens fear this place.



For lost dreamers who stumble into this eerie marsh, their most potent nightmares manifest as sentient creatures—twisted horrors borne of their subconscious fears. These living nightmares prowl the swamp, hunting those who have dared to face their inner darkness. While terrifying, this place is not lethal to dreamers; any who are caught and dragged into the depths by their own fears will eventually wake up, unharmed in the Waking World, but often rattled by the experience.

However, for **Dreams** and **Nightmares**—the beings who inhabit Dreamscape—the Swampy Fields pose a far greater threat. They risk becoming trapped forever in the black mire, ensnared by their own insecurities or hunted by the terrors they cannot shake. Many have entered this forsaken place, never to return, their fear-formed monstrosities roaming the fields in their place.

At the heart of the swamp lies an ominous grove where a **coven of dreamscape witches** has taken up residence. These ancient hags, with skin supposedly as gnarled as the trees themselves, are the true masters of the marsh. Cloaked in shadows and whispers, they are powerful enough to keep the fear-born creatures at bay. The witches harvest the swamp's twisted fauna and terrifying creations for their sinister alchemy. They brew rare and potent elixirs using the essence of fear, each potion capable of extraordinary feats—altering fates, bending the flow of time, or granting wishes. But such gifts come at a steep price, and the coven's deals are never straightforward.

Legends speak of dark bargains made in the witches' lair, where even the boldest souls may leave with more than they bargained for, cursed with nightmares they can never escape. Despite the danger, some dreamers and even powerful Dreams seek out the coven, hoping to change their fate or gain forbidden knowledge.

The deeper one ventures into the **Swampy Fields of Black Fears**, the more reality itself seems to unravel, where the boundaries between dreams, nightmares, and fears blur into one. For those brave enough—or foolish enough—to journey here, the swamp offers untold secrets, but only for those willing to face their darkest, most harrowing fears.

The Sky of Shattered Stars

A realm untethered from time, space, and the natural laws of reality, the **Sky of Shattered Stars** is a celestial dreamscape of haunting beauty and endless possibility. Here, the night sky is fragmented, with constellations floating aimlessly, their shapes broken and scattered like ancient puzzles yet to be solved. Fragments of stars drift downward in slow, graceful arcs, sparkling like glowing snowflakes that dissolve before they touch the ground. These star shards are more than just remnants—they are **unrealized and unborn wishes**, suspended in the fabric of this dreamscape, waiting for a dreamer to give them purpose.



It is said that when dreamers stumble into this surreal sky, they are confronted by their **forgotten dreams** and **unrealized ambitions**. Those brave enough to face these long-buried desires might find a way to awaken them, to pull them from the realm of possibility into reality. But it is not always easy—the weight of lost dreams can be a burden as much as a blessing. Still, those who succeed return to the Waking World changed, their dreams rekindled and hope restored.

Drifting across this celestial sea are the majestic **sky whales**, colossal beings that soar gracefully through the void, their bodies shimmering with a soft, otherworldly glow. Their deep, sonorous songs echo through the nightscape, reverberating like an ancient lullaby across the stars. When these leviathans pass, the shattered constellations seem to tremble in response, creating a dazzling spectacle of light and sound. To witness their migration is to experience the dream of the cosmos itself—a symphony of stars, untamed and eternal.

In the valleys and ridges of this ethereal expanse roam the **furry tribes of wandering pilgrims**, nomadic creatures who follow the stars as their guides. Their pilgrimage is a journey without end, for they believe that the stars will one day lead them to a promised land—a place of ultimate understanding and peace. These tribes carry ancient, star-lit relics, and their chants harmonize with the celestial music around them. Though they are peaceful, they rarely share their secrets with outsiders, for their path is one of profound mystery.

It is within this chaotic and dreamlike sky that the dream realms of the **sentient celestials** reside. These beings, who are living stars, nebulae, and even sentient black holes, are cosmic entities far removed from the mortal dreams of humankind. Their dream realms are vast, powerful, and ever-shifting—realms of radiant light, swirling gas, or event horizons where time and space collapse upon themselves. These celestial dreams are alien, incomprehensible to most who might stumble upon them, and only the most powerful Dreams or Nightmares dare to approach, for their reality is fluid and unfathomable.

At the center of this shattered sky rises a **giant hollow crystal**, translucent and filled with swirling starlight. This monument is more than just a structure—it is the dwelling of **Somnos**, the Mythopoetic Godlike being, whose presence in Dreamscape is whispered of

in both awe and fear. Somnos is a god of dreams and stories untold, a figure who gathers the myths and hopes of the cosmos itself. He resides within the crystal, a space where time flows differently, and only those with his direct invitation may step foot inside. To enter uninvited is to risk becoming part of the stories he weaves—forever lost within his endless mythic dream.

The Labyrinth of Forgotten Dreams

The **Labyrinth of Forgotten Dreams** is a shifting, ever-changing maze woven from the half-formed dreams and lost aspirations of dreamers who have forgotten their desires. It hums with the melancholy whispers of hopes abandoned, echoing in the minds of all who dare enter. The walls are made of ethereal mist, constantly warping and rearranging, creating new passages and sealing old ones. Flickering in the shadows, forgotten dreams hang like phantoms, their shapes undefined, floating just out of reach.



Within this labyrinth, dangers abound. The most common threat are the **Nebulous Nightmares**—once-forgotten aspirations twisted into malevolent entities. These creatures, born of lost hopes, seek to ensnare visitors, pulling them into the depths of the maze to steal their dreams and desires. Once caught, a person's sense of purpose is drained, leaving them hollow. Those who lose their aspirations here are trapped, transformed into new denizens of the labyrinth, forever wandering its endless halls in search of dreams to steal, their former selves a distant memory.

Other perils lurk as well—entire sections of the labyrinth are designed to lull visitors into complacency, whispering promises of peace and acceptance. The air grows thick with the temptation to surrender, urging visitors to forget their goals and ambitions. Rooms filled with cozy warmth, soft voices, and inviting light lead many to lose themselves entirely, content to wander aimlessly, never seeking the way out. Those who succumb become part of the maze, their essence slowly drained away, leaving behind only shadows of who they once were.

Despite these threats, the labyrinth holds immense allure. Hidden deep within its ever-shifting corridors are countless treasures—**Forgotten Legends**. These are old myths, legendary weapons, lost tomes of knowledge, and ancient artifacts thought to have vanished from all existence. These powerful relics serve as a lure, drawing adventurers and dreamers with promises of untold power and wisdom. Yet, these same treasures often lead to the downfall of those who seek them, for the Labyrinth uses them as bait to entrap new victims.

The Labyrinth itself seems to despise those with strong wills and unshakable dreams. When such individuals enter, the very walls tremble as if recoiling from their presence. The maze struggles to ensnare those who are confident in their purpose, preferring instead to prey on

the weak-willed or uncertain. For the Labyrinth thrives on doubt, feeding on the hesitation of those unsure of their path.

But for those brave enough to enter with clear purpose, the Labyrinth may still offer rewards. The **Hall of Forgotten Heroes** is said to lie at the very heart of the maze, a place where the dreams of the most valiant and determined are preserved, waiting to be reclaimed by those who can pass the Labyrinth's trials. It is whispered that anyone who finds this hall may have the chance to reclaim not only their own dreams but also the dreams of others, restoring hope to those lost within the maze.

In this place of uncertainty and danger, great rewards await the courageous, but so too does the threat of eternal entrapment. To wander the Labyrinth of Forgotten Dreams is to confront the very essence of one's aspirations, and those who emerge will never be the same.



Moonlit Blossom Island

Moonlit Blossom Island is a place where serenity and martial ambition intertwine, a dreamscape reflecting the aspirations of those who seek immortality and perfect mastery of body and mind. The island is a realm of celestial beauty, where the eternal moon bathes everything in a soft, silver glow. Towering mountains reach into the sky, their peaks lost in the stars, while rivers of luminous energy wind through tranquil forests and blossom-filled meadows, their soft radiance casting an ethereal shimmer over the land.



This island draws the dreams of cultivators and martial artists, where their ideals of strength, discipline, and immortality take tangible form. The landscape is alive with otherworldly phenomena: fields of blossoms that bloom only under moonlight, their petals glowing with vibrant colors, and tranquil ponds where the surface reflects not just the moon, but the hopes and struggles of those who meditate by their waters.

A singular bridge connects the island to the mainland, its entrance guarded by a massive troll who tests the resolve of those wishing to cross. The troll is more than a mere brute, posing riddles and challenges to ensure that only the worthy pass. Beyond the bridge, the island's villages and cities stretch out in ancient Chinese-inspired architecture, with pagodas, flowing roofs, and stone courtyards, reflecting the grandeur and wisdom of a civilization rooted in spiritual pursuit.

The island's society mirrors the cultivator world, where strength governs all, and martial prowess is both revered and feared. Clans and sects vie for dominance, their members practicing mystical arts, refining their spirits, and seeking the path to immortality. The powerful rule with an iron hand, yet the island's culture also values honor, perseverance, and wisdom.

High above, nestled within a mountain ridge, a wise dragon watches over the island. This ancient Chinese-styled dragon, scales gleaming in moonlight, is the island's guardian and protector, offering guidance and challenges to those worthy of his attention. Legends speak of his vast knowledge, holding secrets to immortality and techniques long lost to the Waking World. Pilgrims and aspirants often seek the dragon's favor, though few are granted an audience.

Yet, despite the constant struggles for power, Moonlit Blossom Island is a place of peace, where dreams are nurtured and aspirations given form. It is said that the blossoms in the meadows carry the essence of the island's past, blooming brighter for those who show promise and wilting for those who falter. Here, cultivators and martial artists can challenge themselves in perfect harmony with the land, training beneath ancient trees that have stood since the dawn of time, or meditating by glowing streams that hum with mystical energy.

Gerabera Mountains

A majestic range of jagged, snow-capped peaks stretching endlessly across the dreamscape, the **Gerabera Mountains** are a haven for those seeking adventure, mystery, or simply the serenity of a winter wonderland. The snow here never melts, blanketing the land in a soft, glittering sheet of white, while the sparse trees that dot the lower elevations are coated in frost, their branches reaching skyward like icy sculptures. High-altitude winds carry a crisp, cold air that invigorates those who wander its slopes, and the mountains are dotted with cozy resort lodges where dreamers find refuge and rest, soaking in the ethereal beauty of this frozen realm.



The mountains are home to an array of enchanting yet mysterious fauna, creatures born from the dreamers' imaginations. Ethereal wolves that glow in the moonlight, elegant deer with crystalline antlers, and snow owls with eyes that gleam like stars all roam these highlands. However, danger lurks in the higher peaks, where cold and ice elementals reside, waiting for unwary dreamers to lower their guard so they can weave frozen nightmares into their minds.

Scattered across the mountains are small, isolated villages populated by dreams and nightmares alike, each village with a unique purpose. One village is known for its expert snow sculptors, shaping entire landscapes out of ice and snow, while another specializes in crafting enchanted snowflakes that can alter the course of a dream. On the highest peaks, where the cold is eternal, there is a hidden village of snowmen, content in their solitude, creating new snowmen in an unending cycle of creation. Unbeknownst to them, however, another secret village exists deep within a cave on a distant peak—home to ice maidens, mysterious beings who craft delicate ice crystals unaware of the snowmen's existence. If these two villages ever meet, it is said the mountains themselves may tremble.

Beneath the surface, the mountains conceal darker secrets. Deep within the caves lie nightmares, ancient and primal, feeding on the fears of lost dreamers. These creatures take many forms—swarming insects, sinister goblins, and shadowy spirits that thrive in the cold darkness. They hunt those who stray too far from the main paths, pulling them into chilling nightmares they may never escape.

Winding trails and hidden paths snake through the mountains, some leading to familiar parts of Dreamscape, while others delve into the unknown. Some say these hidden passages can bring travelers to the deepest corners of the dream world, bypassing sentinels and leading to places like the **Obsidian Citadel** or beyond. However, few dare explore these paths without a guide, for one misstep could lead to an endless fall into the abyss.

And then, there are the whispered rumors. The locals never speak of it openly, but there are tales of an ancient vampire who has made his home in a secluded keep within the

mountains. Some say he watches over the dreamers, biding his time, while others believe he preys on those lost to their own nightmares. But whether guardian or predator, none have seen him and lived to tell the tale.

The **Gerabera Mountains** are a place of wonder and danger, where beauty and peril coexist in perfect harmony. For those brave enough to traverse its treacherous peaks, the rewards are beyond imagination—if they can survive the journey.

Kingdom of Heroes and Damsels

The **Kingdom of Heroes and Damsels** is a fantastical dream realm that brings to life the deep-seated desire of many to become legendary heroes or heroines, embarking on epic quests and saving others. The kingdom itself stretches across a vast landscape, with bustling towns, peaceful villages, and grand castles dotting its terrain, each varying in design and technology depending on the dreamer's imagination. Here, time is fluid, and one might encounter medieval villages filled with blacksmiths and knights or futuristic cities ruled by technocratic kings.



At the heart of the kingdom, visitors often meet noble kings, wise governors, or high priests—each representing the dreamer's ideal of authority—who offer heroic tasks, quests, and noble causes. These tasks can range from slaying terrible beasts that haunt the countryside, rescuing damsels from towering spires, or retrieving sacred artifacts that hold the power to change the world. Dreamers become the centerpiece of their own saga, donning the mantle of heroism and rising to face incredible challenges.

The kingdom's inhabitants include noble dreams who embody the archetypes of heroism: brave knights, wise sages, clever rogues, and loyal companions. However, this realm is also rife with nightmares that take on the role of villains—nefarious warlords, powerful sorcerers, fearsome beasts—who serve as obstacles to the dreamer's success. Every adventure is a test of valor, cunning, and heart, with each triumph offering the fulfillment of heroic fantasies.

But the Kingdom holds its darker side. The **Southern Lands** of the realm have been overtaken by **Dread Nightmares**, creatures of pure malice and destruction. Unlike the antagonistic nightmares that play their role in the heroic narrative, these horrors exist only to consume and destroy. The Songstress' guardians tirelessly patrol the borders to keep the Dread Nightmares contained, but their presence casts a shadow over the kingdom, a constant reminder of the peril that lurks beyond the borders. No dreamer who enters the Southern Lands has ever returned unchanged—if at all.

The Canyon of Sleeping Giants

The **Canyon of Sleeping Giants** is an awe-inspiring yet foreboding place, where the ancient remnants of colossal beings rest, forever fused to the towering canyon walls. The canyon stretches across an arid landscape, its path a sandy trail winding between massive, stone-carved forms of giants whose features are weathered by time.



These giants are more than mere stone; they exude a strange, silent presence that makes anyone passing through feel as though they are being watched, judged by these slumbering titans. Their eyes, though closed, seem to follow visitors, leaving travelers with an unnerving sensation of scrutiny and anticipation.

The canyon's narrow path is flanked by the petrified forms of these giants, their bodies melded with the canyon's rock. Some stand tall with arms crossed, others lie reclined as if in deep slumber, but all seem to be waiting for something—perhaps for an age when they will wake once more. Each step through the canyon feels heavy with the weight of history, as the ground itself is layered with the forgotten dust of travelers who dared walk this path before.

Farther into the canyon, the air becomes thick with a mystical tension, and visitors eventually come face to face with the **Judge Sphinxes**—towering stone guardians that block the way forward. These majestic creatures, with the bodies of lions and the faces of ancient kings and queens, possess the uncanny ability to peer into the very soul of those who approach. With eyes closed, they silently assess the true worth of each traveler, measuring their bravery, integrity, and intentions. If found worthy, they allow safe passage deeper into the canyon. However, for those found wanting, the sphinxes open their eyes, their gaze turning the unworthy to stone in an instant. These unlucky souls are doomed to join the canyon's ever-growing landscape, slowly eroded by the sands of time until they, too, are forgotten.

Despite the dangers, the **Canyon of Sleeping Giants** is a place of profound mystery and power. It is said that hidden somewhere within its depths lies an ancient secret, guarded by the sleeping giants and the sphinxes—perhaps a key to waking the titans or a treasure from an age long past. Brave souls often venture into the canyon seeking glory, wisdom, or answers to the riddles of the dream world, though few return unscathed. The path is both a trial of strength and a test of one's spirit, but for those who succeed, the rewards may be beyond imagination.

Gobltown, Home of the Whoboo Riders

Hidden within the ever-shifting landscapes of Dreamscape lies **Gobltown**, a quirky village where the industrious dream goblins live and work. Nestled between towering mushroom groves and shimmering crystal hills, Gobltown is a maze of winding cobblestone streets lined with colorful, crooked houses and bustling workshops. The town's air is



always filled with the clatter of hammers, the hum of enchanted gadgets, and the playful laughter of goblin children running through the streets. Though rarely visited by dreamers, Gobltown is the heartbeat of Dreamscape's hidden mechanisms, with its goblins acting as caretakers and tinkerers of the dream world's most vital functions.

At the heart of the village stands **Whirligig Plaza**, a lively marketplace where goblin merchants sell dream-imbued trinkets, enchanted potions, and strange, otherworldly foods. Surrounding the plaza are the town's most notable shops, including **Finwick's Forge of Fantastic Gears**, where intricate mechanical devices are crafted, and **Tibsy's Potions & Elixirs**, a chaotic but fascinating apothecary. Above, towering mushrooms glow with bioluminescent hues of blue and green, casting a magical light over the entire town. The Whirligig Fountain, powered by gears and dream magic, stands at the plaza's center, its shifting waters mirroring the ever-changing nature of Dreamscape.

The town is protected by the brave **Whoboo Riders**, an elite group of goblins who patrol the town's outskirts on their mighty **Whoboos**—ostrich-like birds with rainbow feathers. The Whoboos are as fast as they are fierce, and the riders are well-trained in repelling any rogue nightmares or unruly dream creatures that threaten Gobltown's peace. Their barracks, filled with trophies and relics of past victories, stand as a symbol of the town's resilience. In the surrounding Mushroom Grove, goblin families have built homes into the trunks of giant fungi, and those who venture into the grove at night often speak of a calming, otherworldly energy that radiates from the bioluminescent forest.

Though Gobltown may seem peaceful, its secret depths hold mysteries that only the bravest adventurers will uncover. Beneath the town lies **The Burrowed Hall**, an ancient network of tunnels where the **Goblin Elders** dwell, guarding the forgotten wisdom of Dreamscape. Rumors persist of hidden chambers where ancient dream orbs are stored, relics capable of manipulating dreams themselves. Beyond the Mushroom Grove, where time seems to slow, lies the border of uncharted dream realms. Here, daring dreamers can join the Whoboo Riders on their patrols or seek the counsel of **Eldra the Seer**, one of the oldest and wisest of the Goblin Elders, whose cryptic prophecies could alter the course of their adventure.

Fantasia, City of Starlight

High above the clouds, where the air feels lighter and the stars are close enough to touch, lies **Fantasia, the City of Starlight**. This ethereal floating metropolis is a marvel suspended in the cosmos, where galaxies swirl in the sky above, and shimmering stars illuminate every street. The city's architecture is a mesmerizing blend of fantasy and gothic styles, with towering spires, arched bridges, and intricate stonework that reflect the light of distant nebulae. Lanterns filled with stardust line the streets, casting a soft glow that feels both magical and eternal. The only way to reach Fantasia is by **airship balloon**, and as the vessel ascends, dreamers witness the world beneath slowly vanishing into the clouds, leaving only the celestial wonder of the city above.



Fantasia is divided into two districts—the **Upper District**, where the elite of dreams reside in grand palaces, and the **Lower District**, a labyrinth of winding alleyways filled with those lost in the shadows. The Upper District boasts luxurious mansions, opulent gardens, and observatories where stargazers contemplate the mysteries of the universe. It is a place of beauty and refinement, where dreamers and noble dreams gather in their endless pursuit of wisdom and wonder. Meanwhile, the Lower District is a stark contrast, a darker, grittier world where rogue dreams and nightmares coexist in a delicate balance. The streets are alive with neon signs, flashing casinos, and bustling night markets, offering temptations to those seeking excitement or distraction.

Yet beneath the surface glimmer of Fantasia's nightlife lurks a darker truth. Hidden within the winding alleys of the Lower District is the **Obsidian Syndicate**, a notorious crime organization led by a rogue dream known as **Nightshade**. This syndicate commands a legion of twisted nightmares, dealing in black-market dream magic, illegal stardust, and forbidden artifacts. The syndicate's headquarters, located within a sprawling casino known as **The Void's Gambit**, is a place of high stakes, where fortunes are won and lost in an instant. Those who fall too deep into Nightshade's web may find themselves trapped in a never-ending dream, forced to serve the syndicate or lose themselves forever in the city's darker corners.

Despite its dangers, Fantasia is a city of endless possibility and adventure. The **Celestial Theater**, located in the heart of the Upper District, is renowned for performances that blur the line between reality and fantasy, featuring actors from across Dreamscape and beyond. The **Stellar Gardens**, where plants glow with the light of distant stars, offer a peaceful retreat for dreamers seeking solace and inspiration. In the Lower District, one can visit the mysterious **Nebula Tavern**, a floating bar known to shift locations every night, or test their luck in the many casinos and betting halls that line the streets. Fantasia is a city where dreams and nightmares dance together under the watchful eyes of the cosmos, and every corner holds the promise of something wondrous or dangerous.

Noctismarrow, the Dark City of Nightmares

Shrouded in perpetual twilight, **Noctismarrow** is a city of lurking shadows, where only nightmares dare to tread. Set within a twisted, suffocating swamp, thorny tendrils snake through crumbling gothic buildings and labyrinthine streets. The air is thick with mist and dread, and faint whispers float through the atmosphere—echoes of long-forgotten fears. The city's architecture is jagged and haphazard, reflecting the chaotic nature of its nightmarish inhabitants. At the heart of this eerie metropolis lies the Abyssal Spire, a towering structure that radiates dark energy, believed to be the seat of power for the ruling nightmares, the last nightmare city not completely under the control of the Composer.



The city is alive with dark creatures and grotesque apparitions. Behind every shadowed corner and decayed building, one may encounter ghouls, twisted facsimiles of animals, and ethereal phantoms fulfilling sinister tasks. **Noctismarrow's** residents are not idle—many work to spread fear, crafting new terrors to unleash upon the Dreamscape or hunting for dreamers who dare to wander too close. Those who pass through are constantly watched, as if the city itself has eyes, waiting for a moment of weakness to strike.

At night, **Noctismarrow** becomes even more treacherous. As the sky darkens to an inky black, colossal nightmares emerge from their lairs deep within the swamp. These towering monstrosities stalk the streets, seeking sustenance in the form of fear and terror, snatching any unfortunate enough to be caught in their path. It is said that these nightmares feed on dreams, absorbing their essence and growing even more powerful with each soul they claim.

Despite its terrifying nature, **Noctismarrow** is a place of dark allure for those with a fascination for the macabre. Powerful artifacts, forbidden knowledge, and twisted alliances can be found in its shadowy depths—though at great risk. Some say the deeper one ventures into the city, the more one's own nightmares manifest, until they become inescapable. Yet for those bold enough to enter, **Noctismarrow** offers both terror and the potential for unimaginable power.



Frosthendell, Realm of Snow and Wonders

Frosthendell is a mesmerizing, gleaming city made entirely of ice and snow, nestled within an eternal winter wonderland. Its intricate architecture consists of towering frozen spires, delicate bridges of crystalized frost, and grand ice palaces that shimmer beneath the daylight. Yet, there is a strange, haunting stillness during the day. The streets remain eerily quiet, seemingly abandoned, as if its true inhabitants slumber beneath the layers of frost. The occasional traveler may be seen darting out of sight, adding to the unsettling air of solitude and mystery. The frozen rivers that wind through the city teem with life—creatures of ice and snow, their translucent forms blending with their surroundings, creating an almost ethereal display of frozen beauty.



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As night falls, Frosthendell awakens. The entire city glows with a soft, blueish light, as dream-born spirits, translucent and glowing, emerge from the shadows. They bring the city to life with music, laughter, and stories shared beneath the northern lights that dance in the sky above. These spirits are manifestations of dreams, embodying memories of joy and wonder. They are friendly, guiding visitors through the city's wonders, inviting them to revel in the dreamlike landscape. Despite the cold, there is a warmth to the city at night—a feeling of magic, harmony, and celebration. One of the city's most captivating features is its festive atmosphere. Any holiday or celebration brings Frosthendell to its peak, with vibrant decorations and festive lights, making it a place of wonder for dreamers seeking solace and joy.

The city's enigmatic ruler, a greater spirit of frost, presides over the nightly festivities. Some believe this spirit to be a manifestation of the joy of winter celebrations, perhaps connected to Christmas or similar festivities. It adorns the city with garlands of ice, and shimmering stars of frost hang in the air like ornaments. However, this ruler is rarely seen, preferring to work through its whimsical influence, causing snowfall to sync with music and bringing icy sculptures to life. Travelers can feel the spirit's presence as a soft breeze that carries joy and excitement.

However, all is not peaceful on one night of the year—All Hallows Eve. On this night, Frosthendell transforms into something far more sinister. The vibrant lights dim, and the dream-born spirits are replaced with vengeful and twisted entities, their eyes glowing with malicious intent. These haunting specters roam the city, seeking to freeze the fear of any unfortunate dreamer caught in their path. At the stroke of midnight, the once enchanting city becomes actively hostile, with towering ice wraiths patrolling the streets and rivers turning to deadly traps of enchanted ice. Visitors are advised to avoid the city on this night, for it is a place where nightmares dwell.

Floating Islands of Rinkathor, Home of the Quetzalia

Suspended high in the dream-filled skies near the City of Fantasia, the Floating Islands of Rinkathor are a breathtaking archipelago of lush, vibrant jungles teeming with life. Each island, from small rocky outcrops to sprawling expanses of greenery, features cascading waterfalls that endlessly tumble into the void below, creating a surreal, otherworldly beauty. Crisscrossed by hanging bridges and vine-covered pathways, these islands seem alive with nature, and each is uniquely shaped by the currents of the Dreamscape. Above, the sky sparkles with the ever-present glow of distant nebulae and star clusters, adding to the islands' ethereal charm.



The islands are home to the Quetzalia, a race of colorful anthropomorphic bird people with resplendent feathers in every hue imaginable. The Quetzalia are masters of both festivity and artistry, with their villages being centers of culture and celebration. Their stone-built homes blend seamlessly with the natural beauty of the islands, often adorned with intricate carvings and beautiful feathered decorations. They are known for their exuberant, polyamorous society where poets, musicians, and artists are celebrated. Visitors are often welcomed with open wings and invited to join in on nightly festivals, partake in feasts, or learn the secrets of Quetzalia craftsmanship, such as their remarkable feathered garments or their detailed, symbolic pottery.

A particular draw for adventurers is the presence of ancient temples scattered across some of the larger islands. These temples, remnants of civilizations long gone from the Waking World, are treasure troves of knowledge and history. They contain relics from many lost cultures, including the once-powerful Caelorian Empire, the mysterious builders of Cassiopea XI, and even echoes of ancient Earth itself. These ruins offer more than just historical insights; many dreamers report experiencing visions or gaining wisdom that could shape entire lifetimes. However, not all secrets are meant to be uncovered, and many temples are guarded by clever traps or enigmatic puzzles.

But not everything in Rinkathor is peaceful or welcoming. The archipelago takes its name from the Dream Turtle, Rinkathor, an ancient, colossal entity as old as the first dreams. Rinkathor slumbers at the heart of the islands, hidden within a misty cave on one of the largest isles. Dreamers seeking forgotten knowledge often come to Rinkathor, hoping to tap into his vast memories. However, the Dream Turtle is notoriously difficult to deal with. His bad temper and penchant for testing those who disturb his rest make him as much a danger as a source of wisdom. Rinkathor has been known to become enraged, and when he stirs, entire islands tremble, sending waves of chaos through the archipelago, endangering all who linger too long in his domain.

Selarbor, Dream Temple of the Moon Tree

Selarbor is a hidden gem within the endless realms of Dreamscape, often whispered about but rarely found. A realm of peace and serenity, it is centered around a magnificent temple entwined with the living essence of the Moon Tree—a semi-sentient entity formed from the very fabric of wisdom and tranquility. The temple itself seems as though it has grown naturally around the tree, its architecture blending with the Moon Tree's silvery bark and glowing, blue-tinted leaves. The roots of the tree coil through the temple halls, creating an otherworldly harmony between nature and structure. In the heart of the temple, the Moon Tree towers toward the sky, its branches reaching up as if trying to touch the moons that perpetually light this dreamland.



Tranquil rivers, smooth as glass, flow through Selarbor, their waters shimmering under the soft glow of three moons—one large and two smaller—that hang suspended in an eternal night sky. The gentle current makes it easy to glide across the realm using sleek, moonlit barges that seem to skim across the water with barely a whisper. The air is cool and calming, carrying with it a faint, comforting scent like that of lavender mixed with the freshness of a distant sea breeze. The perpetual twilight of the realm, combined with the moonlight reflecting off the rivers and tree canopies, creates an ethereal, almost sacred atmosphere.

Pilgrims and tourists from all across Dreamscape are drawn to the Moon Tree's Temple, seeking not only its visual beauty but also the effects of the tree itself. The closer one gets to the Moon Tree, the more profound the feelings of clarity and inner peace become. Chaotic minds and nightmares are soothed in its presence, finding respite from their tormented existence. Dreamers often describe their time in Selarbor as transformative, claiming to have returned with a deeper understanding of their lives and newfound wisdom. However, the tranquility of the realm is not for everyone—those who thrive on chaos, conflict, or trickery find it difficult, even painful, to approach the Moon Tree. This natural balance makes Selarbor a haven for those seeking solace.

Despite its peaceful aura, Selarbor can be challenging to locate. Its entrance often shifts through the Dreamscape, and only those truly seeking calm or enlightenment will find the way. Some say the Moon Tree itself decides who may enter, allowing only the worthy to glimpse its beauty. As tranquil as Selarbor is, there are still mysteries hidden in its depths. The temple is ancient, and though much of it is open to visitors, there are sealed chambers rumored to contain ancient wisdom or forgotten relics from a time before the Moon Tree took root. It's also said that on rare nights, when all three moons align perfectly, the tree itself whispers secrets to those patient enough to listen.

Realm of Endless Dread

The Realm of Endless Dread is a land woven from the very fabric of terror, a place where the Composer of Nightmares holds dominion in his most potent and unrestrained form. This realm lies in perpetual twilight, bathed in an unnatural, dim light that never yields to day or night. Here, fear saturates the air, turning each breath into a chilling reminder of one's vulnerability. Shadows cling to every surface, dense and ominous, as if alive and waiting for an opportunity to strike. Where the Songstress of Dreams has created a world of inspiration, beauty, and joy, the Composer has spawned a realm that preys upon despair, hopelessness, and primal dread. It is a twisted mirror of the Songstress' Court, made to strip away any semblance of comfort or solace.



In this bleak expanse roam the Dread Nightmares, fiends beyond redemption, beings of horror twisted in both form and purpose to embrace their most violent impulses. These nightmares are devoid of anything but the insatiable desire to destroy and consume. They prowl every corner, relentless and ravenous, sparing none in their path. Redemption, mercy, or reason are foreign concepts here; the only fate for these monstrosities is annihilation, lest their terror spread beyond this accursed domain. The Composer ensures that any who dare trespass are met with horrors that will haunt them far beyond Dreamscape itself.

The heart of the Realm of Endless Dread is the Obsidian Citadel, an ancient, towering fortress of jagged, blackened stone that seems to drink in all surrounding light. This citadel serves as the Composer's seat of power, looming like an unforgiving mountain over six distinct regions, each governed by one of the Composer's Dread Generals. These generals are creatures of pure malice, as feared as the Composer himself, each ruling their realm with a cruel sense of ownership. The seventh and final region, Ghastelheim, the City of Ghostly Shadows, stands as a city of restless spirits. It is a desolate, spectral place where echoes of fear whisper endlessly through vacant streets, a reminder of lives lost and forgotten by the Waking World.

The regions of the realm are bleak, haunting testaments to different facets of fear. The *Fields of Decay* are a barren wasteland where the earth itself seems sick, strewn with the remnants of forgotten nightmares. *The Cliffs of Insanity* loom high above, steeped in a madness that lures travelers to the edge with whispers of despair. *The Chasms of Darkness* plunge endlessly into black voids, where unseen horrors await those who stumble into their depths. The *Forgotten Prison* holds tortured souls forever bound, their endless cries echoing through twisted iron bars. *The Wastelands of Sorrow* stretch for miles, where shadows stalk those who traverse it, feeding off grief and longing. And finally, *Hollowreach*, a skeletal city of ruins, bearing silent witness to the Composer's power and the devastation he has wrought upon those who once resisted him.

The Realm of Endless Dread is a place no one would willingly enter—a land saturated with nightmares and despair. Yet, it is here, within the Composer's fortress, that the final battle must be fought. This foreboding realm, with its twisted beauty and epic landscapes, serves as the ultimate stage for a confrontation against the Composer of Nightmares, where even the strongest of hearts are tested to their limits in a climactic struggle against darkness itself.

Ghastelheim, the City of Ghostly Shadows

This **dangerous place** is the darkest heart of the Realm of Endless Dread, a spectral city where the very air is thick with dread and memories of anguish. The streets are cloaked in an eternal mist that obscures all but the faint glow of pale, wraithlike streetlights flickering erratically along winding cobblestone paths. Towers and buildings of gothic architecture



stand tall and twisted, their once-elegant spires now cracked and veiled in creeping shadow. The structures seem to pulse faintly with a dull, mournful glow, casting long, shifting shadows that crawl along the ground, as if animated by a sinister will.

This ghostly metropolis is a haven for restless spirits—flickering apparitions who wander the streets in silence, each bound by memories of terror. These spectral inhabitants drift aimlessly through the alleys, many reliving moments of anguish, their hollow, haunted whispers merging into a chilling chorus that echoes through the city. Occasionally, one of these lost souls stops to stare at intruders with hollow eyes, as if recognizing a fragment of their own past fears. Strange monuments stand scattered throughout, twisted statues of despair and despairing figures, their forms distorted by whatever suffering they embodied in life. Even the wind here has a mind of its own, carrying with it the faint cries and sorrowful tones of voices long forgotten.

In the depths of Ghastelheim lies its most dangerous landmark, the **Cathedral of Fractured Echoes**. This towering, shadow-wreathed structure is said to be a place where the Composer's worst nightmares are bound, a prison for horrors so potent that even the Dread Generals keep their distance. Inside, the walls bleed darkness, and time itself seems to bend, stretching moments of dread into eternity. The Cathedral's eerie silence is occasionally broken by a distorted hum, a note that pierces the heart with a pang of indescribable fear, driving weaker minds to the edge of madness.

While most of Ghastelheim's haunting figures and lost souls are largely passive, those who enter the city during the Witching Hour, just before midnight, risk encounters with **Shades of Despair**—nightmares that emerge as the hour strikes. These creatures are the shadows of fear incarnate, shifting in shape and intent, appearing almost sentient as they pursue those unlucky enough to cross their paths. They feed on fear itself, and those unable to resist them may find themselves trapped in Ghastelheim's fog, their minds forever lost to

the city's endless corridors of dread. For those who venture here, Ghastelheim offers a final challenge of resilience and courage, a place where the brave must confront their darkest fears or become another restless soul in the City of Ghostly Shadows.

The Fields of Decay

The **Fields of Decay** are a vast, desolate wasteland where the stench of rot clings to the very air. This realm is the embodiment of the fear of death and decay, a land where the ground itself is made of ash and bone, stretching endlessly into the horizon. Cracked earth and blackened, withered trees are all that



break the barren landscape, their skeletal forms twisted in agony as if they had once been alive but are now forever trapped in a state of death. In this dreadful land, no living thing can survive for long, as even the strongest of minds will begin to rot under the oppressive weight of its ever-present miasma of decay.

Ruled by **Marrow, the General of Bone and Rot**, this place is filled with nightmares twisted into skeletal monstrosities. These nightmares, known as the Bone Reavers, rise from the earth without warning, their hollow eyes burning with malice as they hunt anything that dares to trespass. These horrors do not rest; they are driven by an insatiable hunger to destroy, consume, and spread the decay that defines this realm. Their bones creak with each movement, echoing the crackling sound of death itself as they stalk the plains, leaving nothing but more ruin in their wake.

The sky over the Fields of Decay is a sickly gray, choked with swirling clouds of ash that rain down constantly, creating an endless cycle of rot and renewal. In the distance, **Marrow's Throne of Bone** can be seen — a monstrous, skeletal structure built from the remains of countless nightmares that have perished within the field. The Throne is surrounded by a twisted forest of skeletal remains, where Marrow himself commands his army of nightmares, ever plotting new ways to spread his rot to other realms within Dreamscape.

Those foolish enough to enter the Fields of Decay find themselves caught in a nightmarish landscape where death is not an end, but a beginning to an eternal cycle of fear and torment. The land itself seems to pulse with an ominous, dark energy, draining the life and hope from all who enter. And while most dread nightmares serve Marrow willingly, even they know that the Fields of Decay will one day claim them, for there is no escape from the grip of death and rot in this forsaken realm.

The Cliffs of Insanity

The **Cliffs of Insanity** are a towering, nightmarish realm where the jagged stone faces rise impossibly high into a dark, turbulent sky. The cliffs themselves are twisted formations, with sharp edges and grotesque shapes that seem to shift when you're not looking, creating disorienting, labyrinthine



pathways. From the moment one steps foot in this realm, a sense of overwhelming dread and confusion seeps into the mind, as if the very air is heavy with madness. The wind that howls through the cliffs carries faint echoes of alluring, haunting songs that never quite reveal their source — whispers that beckon travelers closer to their doom, tugging at the edges of sanity with every note.

This dread realm is ruled by **Syrenth, the Siren of Madness**, a terrifying being who weaves chaos and lunacy into every aspect of the cliffs. Her voice is the source of the maddening songs that drift through the air, an irresistible melody that worms its way into the minds of all who hear it. Those who linger too long within the Cliffs of Insanity find themselves unable to resist her call, drawn toward the treacherous cliff edges and the deep, black chasms below, where only destruction or worse — the shattering of their minds — awaits.

The cliffs are riddled with hidden dangers beyond the lure of Syrenth's song. Dark shadows move in the corners of one's vision, shapes that shouldn't exist in reality, flickering in and out of existence. Faint whispers and strange, unheard sounds play tricks on the mind, as if the cliffs themselves are alive and bent on driving those within them mad. Some claim to see spectral figures among the cliffs — past victims of Syrenth's influence, their minds forever shattered, wandering aimlessly in a state of perpetual torment.

Those who venture here often speak of the **Looming Maw**, an enormous gorge in the heart of the cliffs that is said to lead directly into the deepest recesses of madness. Few who enter it ever return, and those who do are mere husks of their former selves, their minds lost to the insanity that resides within. The cliffs constantly shift and change, making it nearly impossible to navigate, and the very ground beneath one's feet often crumbles unexpectedly, threatening to cast travelers into the endless void below.

For those unlucky enough to hear Syrenth's song in its full form, there is little hope of escape. The Siren herself is said to appear to those whose minds are on the verge of collapse, a being of twisted beauty with eyes that gleam with cruel amusement. Her song promises sweet relief, but it only brings madness, tearing apart the mind piece by piece until nothing but an empty shell remains. Even the strongest of wills can be broken here, as the very cliffs seem to thrive on despair and mental anguish.

The **Cliffs of Insanity** are a place of overwhelming terror, where the mind is the greatest battleground, and the price of trespassing is often one's sanity. Few leave this place with their minds intact, and many simply vanish, claimed by the shadows, the whispers, and the mind-shattering song of Syrenth.

The Chasms of Darkness

The **Chasms of Darkness** are a gaping, bottomless abyss that stretches across the landscape like a scar on the world of nightmares. This realm is a place where light dares not tread, and the shadows reign supreme. Deep, yawning chasms cut through the jagged terrain, their depths filled with impenetrable



darkness that seems to swallow all who venture too close. The very air feels thick with dread, as if unseen eyes are constantly watching from the inky blackness. Here, the fear of the unknown is given life, and those who wander too far often find themselves staring into an endless void — a void that stares back.

This cursed realm is ruled by **Umbraxis, the Shadow Tyrant**, a being of pure darkness who embodies terror itself. Umbraxis feeds on fear, especially the fear of what cannot be seen or understood. It lurks within the chasms, its formless body able to slip through cracks and shadows, waiting to strike at the moment when its victims are most vulnerable. Those who fall into the depths of the Chasms of Darkness rarely return, and if they do, they are forever changed — their minds shattered by what they glimpsed in the abyss. The exact nature of what lies within the chasms is unknown, for few have lived to tell the tale, and those that have speak only in whispers, their sanity hanging by a thread.

The terrain surrounding the chasms is treacherous, filled with crumbling ledges and unstable ground. Travelers must be wary of every step, as one wrong move could send them plummeting into the endless blackness below. The chasms themselves are said to shift and expand, making it impossible to map or predict where they will open next. As the ground shifts, eerie sounds — like distant wails or whispers — echo from the depths, though it is impossible to tell whether they are real or simply the mind playing tricks in the oppressive darkness.

The shadows within the chasms are alive, twisting and shifting with an unnatural hunger. They are filled with dark, unseen things that hunger for the light of life, waiting to consume anything that enters their domain. **Umbraxis** commands these shadow creatures, sending them forth to capture unwary souls and drag them into the abyss, where they are lost to darkness forever. The Chasms of Darkness are home to all manner of nightmarish beings,

from shapeless horrors that thrive in the blackness to shadowy apparitions that strike fear into the hearts of even the bravest dream travelers.

At the heart of the realm is the **Void Altar**, a massive, obsidian structure perched on the edge of the largest chasm, said to be where Umbraxis itself was born from the darkest nightmares. It is here that the Shadow Tyrant holds its court of terror, where the most powerful of its shadow creatures gather to feed on fear. The altar is a place of unspeakable power, and those who approach it often feel their very souls being pulled toward the abyss, as if the darkness itself hungers to consume them.

The Chasms of Darkness are not just a place of physical danger but also a psychological battleground. The constant, oppressive fear of the unseen eats away at the minds of those who traverse its depths. The shadows play tricks on the eyes, and the sense of isolation becomes unbearable as the light grows dimmer and the chasms grow deeper. This is a place where the unknown is weaponized, and where fear is both the key and the cage.

To encounter **Umbraxis** is to face the embodiment of terror, and many who come face to face with the Shadow Tyrant are driven mad by the encounter, their minds torn apart by fear of what they cannot see or comprehend. The Chasms of Darkness are a place where the light of hope is smothered by the weight of dread, and the only certainty is that the unknown will claim all who linger too long.

The Forgotten Prison

The **Forgotten Prison** is a realm of endless isolation and creeping dread. Within this dark, endless labyrinth of corridors, every step echoes with an unsettling silence, amplifying even the faintest sound until it feels like the walls themselves are breathing. The corridors stretch on forever, lined with countless doors that



each open to empty, dimly-lit cells or shadowy hallways. Each room is designed for one prisoner, separated by walls that seem to absorb sound, cutting off any hope of connection. The air hangs thick with despair, pressing down like an invisible weight that grows heavier with every passing moment. Here, the Night Hunter, **Vesperion**, holds sway, weaving fear and sorrow into every inch of the prison, ensuring that all who enter will never leave.

This place is a prison not of bars and chains but of the mind. **Vesperion** delights in ensnaring new victims, luring them into rooms that seem ordinary but soon warp into reflections of the individual's darkest fears. Those trapped within may find themselves wandering familiar hallways, reliving painful memories, or seeing illusions of loved ones just out of reach — illusions that fade into shadows as soon as they draw near. These rooms change based on

the prisoner, adjusting subtly to exploit their weaknesses and deepest regrets, isolating them further within their own dread.

Navigating the **Forgotten Prison** feels like a twisted game, where every turn and hallway looks the same, leading nowhere. The corridors are filled with faint, indistinct whispers that vanish as soon as one tries to listen. Footsteps echo from empty hallways, shadowy figures move just out of sight, and at every corner, there's the unsettling feeling that something lurks, waiting. Yet, nothing ever appears, leaving travelers on edge, consumed by the fear of what might be hiding beyond the next turn. This silence, punctuated only by the imagined horrors of the mind, is Vesperion's greatest weapon, a constant reminder of the loneliness and dread that envelops every prisoner within this cursed domain.

At the heart of the **Forgotten Prison** lies **Vesperion's Chamber**, a vast, desolate hall cloaked in darkness where the Night Hunter waits, shrouded in shadows. Vesperion is a master of fear, with the power to ensnare his victims in endless nightmares where they are endlessly lost, wandering in a reality where time seems frozen and escape is an impossibility. Those who venture close to his chamber feel a crushing sense of dread, as if the walls themselves are closing in, and a constant, low hum fills the air, growing louder with each step.

The **Forgotten Prison** is a place designed to wear down even the strongest will. Every room, every hallway, every shadow has been crafted to amplify isolation, a place where hope cannot survive. Some say that within its depths lie those who have forgotten the very concept of freedom, lost souls wandering the same path forever, driven mad by endless confinement and the taunting whispers of the Night Hunter. The prison's architecture defies logic, changing its layout to trap those who attempt escape, each turn leading only deeper into its nightmarish halls.

For the unfortunate souls who find themselves imprisoned here, there is no end to the horror. **Vesperion** waits for the moment they will break, feeding off their fear and despair like a parasite. Those few who manage to escape never truly leave, haunted by memories of the endless corridors and the creeping terror of being hunted. They carry the prison with them, reliving its horrors in their nightmares, unable to forget the sound of their own heartbeat echoing through the silence.

The Wastelands of Sorrow

The **Wastelands of Sorrow** is a vast, desolate expanse embodying hopelessness and despair, a place where color has faded, leaving only lifeless shades of gray. Beneath an eternally overcast sky, the land stretches endlessly, barren and scarred, echoing the cries of those trapped here.



It is ruled by **Moros, the Harbinger of Despair**, who crafted this forsaken place to drain every glimmer of hope and replace it with overwhelming desolation. Traversing these wastelands means subjecting oneself to an emotional erosion so gradual and complete that, with each step, even the strongest soul finds their heart sinking under the weight of pure sorrow.

The land itself seems to conspire against travelers, pulling them deeper into their own fears and regrets. Bitter winds carry faint whispers of broken dreams and faded laughter, haunting reminders of what once was and will never be again. The air is thick with an unseen weight, pressing down on all who enter, slowing their movements and clouding their minds. Hope becomes distant, every happy memory dims, and each source of strength is worn away until nothing remains but emptiness. Every step further into the Wastelands steals away a piece of resolve, leaving only the hollow shell of what once was.

Lurking within this bleak terrain are the **Wraiths of Sorrow**, spectral beings who were once dreamers themselves, long ago broken by despair and transformed into hollow shades. Now, these wraiths exist only to feed on the misery of others, amplifying their despair until their wills are shattered. They drift across the wasteland like dark shadows, taking the form of faint, ghostly apparitions. These wraiths seek out those who dare to cross the wastelands, their cold, clawed hands drawing warmth and hope out of any heart that still dares to beat. The presence of a Wraith is chilling, and each breath in their proximity fills the lungs with a thick, suffocating dread.

When a Wraith of Sorrow succeeds in breaking someone's spirit, it will attempt to possess them, claiming their body and casting their consciousness into a waking nightmare. For the possessed, this fate is akin to death — they have no control over their body, yet remain fully aware, trapped within their own mind, witnessing the horror of being consumed by despair without the power to resist. Their souls are lost to the Wastelands, becoming echoes of misery that haunt this cursed place. Over time, they too may become Wraiths, cursed to perpetuate the cycle of sorrow and despair.

At the heart of the **Wastelands of Sorrow** lies **The Black Mirror Lake**, a stagnant, dark lake that reflects not one's outward appearance but the inner state of their soul. Those who look upon it are confronted with visions of their greatest fears, failures, and lost hopes. The lake itself is said to be connected directly to **Moros**, who uses its dark waters to watch over his dominion, feeding on the despair that gathers in its depths. Some say that the lake is where Moros himself resides, a shadowy presence lurking just beneath the surface, his aura permeating the entire wasteland.

The **Wastelands of Sorrow** is a place few dare to tread, and those who do often do so only at the edge of desperation. The despair that permeates these lands corrodes the mind and spirit, eroding all sense of purpose until the traveler's very being fades into the sorrow-filled fog. Only the most resilient souls have a chance of enduring it, though even they are forever marked by the bleakness of this place. The land itself remembers, and once it has tasted a person's despair, it never truly releases them.

Hollowreach, the Lost City

Once a beacon of inspiration and harmony, **Hollowreach** was a radiant empire in Dreamscape, a realm where the dreams of poets, artists, and visionaries flourished with boundless creativity. This place was a sanctuary for those who found refuge in imagination, where the brightest ideas and deepest



reflections found form and purpose. Hollowreach existed in a delicate balance of joy and sorrow, light and dark, embodying a philosophy that every thought and feeling had its rightful place in the tapestry of existence. Dreamers here believed that nurturing dreams could transform the world, with Hollowreach's culture inspiring enlightenment and harmony for those in the Waking World.

But as Hollowreach's influence grew, so did the attention of darker forces. From the edges of Dreamscape crept shadows, and fleeting nightmares began to linger and evolve, turning into something far more sinister. These corrupted nightmares infected the dreams of Hollowreach's citizens, twisting their intentions and reshaping the once-vibrant creations into grotesque, fear-filled mockeries. What was once an empire of balance became a battlefield between light and darkness, and the darkness eventually consumed Hollowreach, unraveling it into what now stands as a grim monument to its former glory.

Now known as Hollowreach, the Lost City, this forsaken city has fallen into decaying disrepair, haunted by specters of the past. The bright, dreamlike glow has faded into cold, washed-out hues, and its architecture, once graceful, is now twisted and broken. Hollow arches and hollow-eyed statues dot the streets, creating an unsettling sense of emptiness and insignificance that clings to all who pass through. The air is thick with the oppressive weight of futility, an endless sense that no action, no word, no movement carries any true meaning.

Hollowreach's population, once alive with purpose and passion, has been transformed into haunting **Drones of Emptiness** — spectral figures with hollow eyes and slack expressions who wander aimlessly through the city. These drones mirror the habits of life but with none of the vigor or enthusiasm that once defined them. They repeat the routines of their past existence in soulless cycles, mimicking the motions of daily life with disturbing mechanical precision, as if driven only by dim, half-remembered routines.

At the heart of Hollowreach lies the **Palace of the Hollow King**, a shadowy citadel surrounded by a thick, swirling mist that drains all hope from the air. The Hollow King, a dark and enigmatic ruler, presides from within a vast, empty throne room, where his form is cloaked in shadow and his eyes glimmer with a malevolent intelligence. His aura is one

of despair and futility, a presence that crushes the will of any who come close. Those who enter the palace are inevitably drawn into the **Void Chamber**, a cavernous black space where victims are forced to confront their deepest fears and doubts. Here, the Hollow King feeds on their despair, forcing them to confront the utter insignificance of their lives until they're overcome by hopelessness and then become lost forever within the emptiness he represents.

One must be careful when threading through the Lost City, as self-doubt on your own significance here will diminish your skills, abilities and powers to a degree depending on how long you remain here. However, you must take into account that any extended stay or a long in this city, whether by design or unwillingly can and will permanently damage your skills, abilities and powers, with no known method to recover the damage, though this usually involves falling prey to one of the city denizens or a victim to the Hollow King himself.

This place is one of insignificance and powerlessness, a place where dreams and creativity have been turned into tools of despair. The very air seems to breathe with the weight of unrealized potential, a lingering sense of purpose lost to the consuming void of the Hollow King's influence. The twisted echoes of past glories resonate throughout the city, reminding those who enter that Hollowreach was once a sanctuary of hope — now reduced to a dark reminder that even the most beautiful dreams can fall into ruin.



The Obsidian Citadel

The **Obsidian Citadel** is the formidable and sinister fortress where the Composer of Nightmares, ruler of terror, plots his conquest of Dreamscape. This ancient, looming structure rises like a dark monolith from the shadowed grounds, made from jagged, blackened stone that seems to absorb



all surrounding light, giving the illusion that the very shadows bend and warp around it. Towering spires twist like talons into the perpetual twilight sky, casting unnatural silhouettes that evoke an instinctive sense of dread.

The Citadel is built in foreboding layers, each acting as a menacing buffer against intruders, its passages crawling with nightmares summoned from the Composer's twisted imagination. It is both a maze and a dungeon, designed to disorient and terrify all who enter. Each level of the Citadel intensifies in horror and complexity, forcing intruders to face fears beyond mortal comprehension.

The **first section** is aptly named **Invitation to Darkness**, an entry point filled with terror-inducing artifacts, distorted murals, and shadows that flicker with unsettling movement. The walls themselves seem to pulse with a life of their own, whispering secrets and preying on one's deepest, most primal fears. Here, fear takes form in subtle ways, making even the most fearless feel watched, stalked, and vulnerable.

Ascending further brings you to the **second section: The Chill from Behind**. In this layer, fears manifest as powerful **Dread Nightmares**, creatures born from the Composer's malevolent design. These nightmares skulk through darkened halls and emerge from small, ominous caves carved by unseen claws and teeth, making every step fraught with danger. This level holds the Composer's prisoners, unfortunate souls caught in the Dreamscape and trapped in cages of living shadow, their muffled screams and whispers filling the corridors. The atmosphere here is suffocating, a palpable weight pressing down as if the walls themselves conspire to prevent escape.

The **third section, the Peak of Silence**, is where would-be challengers expect to find the Composer himself. Instead, they encounter a **doppelganger**, an elite Dread Nightmare bearing his semblance. Imposing and merciless, the doppelganger wields the strength of one of the Composer's most powerful generals, deceiving intruders into thinking they've reached their journey's end. Destroying the doppelganger, however, reveals a hidden passageway leading downwards, toward the true depths of the Citadel. The Citadel is not only a towering fortress but also descends deep into the earth, with the most terrifying horrors lying below.



Descending into the depths, each lower level becomes an abyss of unknown fears, for none have dared to enter these lower regions and returned. Rumors tell of mind-twisting passages, shadowed monsters more horrifying than nightmares, and chambers that make the worst nightmares seem gentle. Here, the Composer has placed his most guarded fears, twisted realms built to defy reason and assault the senses.

At the very bottom of this fortress lies **The Abode of True Fear**, the Composer's inner sanctum and the birthplace of nightmares. This chamber is a place of conceptual horror, a room

where reality bends and twists, designed to confront anyone with their most paralyzing fear. Here, the Composer resides, cloaked in shadows and radiating an aura of dread so intense that even the bravest feel their hearts quake. Those foolish enough to reach the Abode of True Fear must face the Composer, the master of terror, in his ultimate domain — a final, horrific confrontation that few survive and even fewer wish to remember.

The Abode of True Fear

The **Abode of True Fear** is the darkest heart of the Obsidian Citadel, hidden deep below the fortress's many floors, where nightmares reach their most horrific extremes. This chamber is the personal lair of the Composer of Nightmares, a place that exists at the intersection of terror and despair, twisted by the essence of all that frightens and unsettles. Only those who survive the labyrinthine layers above can reach this final sanctum, but those who do find themselves in a realm beyond comprehension, where horror is distilled into its purest form.



Upon entering, the room's very architecture shifts with each blink, and the walls themselves seem to be carved from shadows that move of their own accord, flickering and writhing with whispered fears and voices. The air is thick and oppressive, muffling sound and making every breath feel heavy, as though the room itself is feeding off the fear of its occupants. The ceiling is cloaked in darkness, stretching upward into an infinity that fades into an abyss of shadows. Light here is a rarity, flickering in and out in a way that makes it impossible to see more than a few feet in any direction. The floor pulses underfoot, as if the ground itself were alive, silently echoing with the distant, pulsing beat of some ancient dread.

The Abode contains *Mirrors of Fear*, tall, distorted mirrors that line parts of the walls, each one showing different reflections — nightmares in which the onlooker's worst fears play out in vivid, heart-stopping detail. To gaze into these mirrors is to confront a personal abyss, with reflections that shift and change, embodying everything from failure and isolation to hauntingly familiar faces twisted in anguish. These reflections draw the viewer's attention, luring them in and ensnaring their mind until they lose themselves in the nightmare.

At the center of the room is the **Well of Dread**, an ominous, gaping pit surrounded by ancient runes that glow faintly, pulsing as though with the heartbeat of some terrible, unseen creature. The Well radiates fear, an aura so intense it seeps into the bones, making those who stand close feel as though the very ground beneath them is trembling. Those who dare to approach may hear whispers or even see visions rising from its depths — visions that show the terrifying secrets the Composer has pulled from the darkest corners of the subconscious. To look into the Well is to be consumed by its depths, trapped in a void of terror until the mind can no longer bear it.

In the shadows beyond the Well, a massive, dark throne sits upon a raised dais, carved from black stone streaked with faint, ominous veins of red. This is the **Throne of Nightmares**, where the Composer resides, shrouded in shadow. From this seat, he exerts his influence, his figure barely discernible amidst the darkness yet radiating an oppressive aura. He speaks in whispered tones that seem to bypass the ears and go straight to the soul, each word dripping with a subtle power that amplifies fear. Those who stand before him are subject to their worst dreads, seeing their most hidden anxieties and insecurities laid bare.

In the Abode of True Fear, no protection exists against the full might of the Composer's abilities. Here, he is invincible, embodying everything that terrifies and overwhelms the mind. The room itself feels like it's alive with the essence of fear, bending reality to intensify horror and feed on the terror of those within it. Even the bravest who stand here are forced to confront the most primal aspects of their own fear, left with the knowledge that this final confrontation is a battle not just with the Composer but with their own mind, their courage pushed to its breaking point.



Denizens of Dreamscape

Dreamscape is a realm where imagination knows no bounds, a world sculpted by the limitless creativity of the waking mind. Here, denizens manifest in countless forms, each as distinctive and vibrant as the dreams that brought them to life. From radiant beings of wonder to shadowy creatures born from deep fears, every entity in Dreamscape is a piece of the collective unconscious, shaped by desires, anxieties, and untold mysteries. In this section, you'll find a glimpse into the denizens of this strange world: entities who guide, challenge, comfort, and even unsettle those who wander Dreamscape. These descriptions are crafted to inspire your journeys, inviting you to delve into the boundless possibilities and layered mysteries Dreamscape has to offer.

Dreams

The beings known as Dreams embody the gentler aspects of Dreamscape, possessing a natural gift for presenting themselves in forms that feel familiar, comforting, and even inspiring to those who encounter them. Most Dreams adopt human-like appearances, though they are often distinguished by ethereal, otherworldly features—such as a subtle, radiant aura, skin that shimmers like polished glass, or eyes that shift through colors unknown to the Waking World. These small hints of their true essence reflect the magic of dreams and the infinite creativity they represent.



Though each Dream is unique and embodies a different aspect of imagination, they share a common trait: a welcoming air that encourages connection. While most Dreams choose forms that invite approach, others may reveal their truest selves, taking on shapes that are as extraordinary and limitless as the dreams they embody—some as flowing rivers of light, others as dancing fantastic creatures, or as landscapes that seem to breathe and change. Such forms evoke wonder rather than fear, allowing Dreamscape's visitors to experience the beauty of pure imagination.

Dreams play an essential role within Dreamscape, guiding dreamers, nurturing inspiration, and sometimes serving as muses for those who seek creative sparks. Though rarely confrontational, Dreams will protect their world and those who dwell within it, using subtle influences to calm or soothe intruding fears. Unlike their counterparts, the Nightmares, Dreams do not hide a darker side; their purpose is to uplift, explore, and inspire, though some do have their temper. A significant number of Dreams are loyal to the Songstress, while others remain free spirits, drifting throughout Dreamscape to fulfill their roles wherever they're needed.

Rinkathor, the Dream Turtle

It has been a while since the last awakening of Rinkathor, the Dream Turtle. It is known that this old Dream is both wise and has a bad temper, but it does not deter explorer or knowledge seekers to search for him looking to obtain answers. The Dream Turtle is hardly pleased when someone wakes him up, often requiring gifts or other interesting boons to keep him from going into a rage. One would be best to remember that the oldest dreams are also the most profound and the ones that one has to be wary to not lose themselves into.



Val Kringle, Greater Spirit of Winter and Festivities

Val Kringle reigns over the snowy lands of Frosthendell once nightfall blankets the realm, embodying the warmth and cheer of the season. This friendly and charismatic spirit is known for his resplendent, silvery hair and a mustache as grand as his personality. Val Kringle's presence alone brings an aura of celebration, and he delights in throwing grand, welcoming parties filled with laughter and joy. Known to bring gifts to those deemed deserving, he cherishes the spirit of giving and camaraderie. Ever the entertainer, Val Kringle enjoys challenging visitors to friendly contests of strength, good-natured competitions that only heighten the festive spirit. Those who cross his path are drawn into his warmth and charm, leaving Frosthendell with memories of his infectious joy.



Krampinch, Scrooge of the Season

In stark contrast to Val Kringle's merriment, Krampinch thrives on the misery of disrupted festivities. This spirit of winter embodies disdain for celebration, loathing the joy and togetherness of the season. Cunning and conniving, Krampinch concocts elaborate schemes to ruin parties and spoil gatherings, always targeting gifts, decorations, or any essentials that bring happiness to others. With a smirk, he delights in describing his plans, savoring the look of dismay on the faces of those who had hoped for joy. While he might be the bane of the season, Krampinch's antics only seem to deepen the determination of those who love to celebrate, creating a timeless rivalry between his mischief and the cheer that Frosthendell holds dear.



Moon Priests

Seldom encountered yet always impactful, the Moon Priests wander the shifting landscapes of Dreamscape, offering guidance to lost dreamers and denizens alike. These serene figures follow the tenets of the Moon Tree, a celestial entity they believe holds sway over Dreamscape just as much as the waking mind does. The Moon Priests drop subtle clues about hidden paths or secret routes—some say these trails lead to the legendary city of Selarbor, while others insist they guide travelers to wherever they truly need to go. However, deciphering the priests' words can be a delicate art; misinterpret their meanings, and one may find themselves far off course, destined for lands unknown.



Talking Animals

Familiar faces in Dreamscape's urban realms, Talking Animals are the beloved companions of dreamers, offering their wisdom, warmth, and sometimes a good dose of sass. They appear most often in their true animal forms, revealing personalities that mirror their creatures' instincts, though many are capable of adopting a more human-like guise when it suits them. Loyal and lively, they are cherished friends who shape the nightly journeys of their dreamers, providing guidance or simply being there for a chat. Born from dreams of companionship, those interesting beings are as diverse as the animals that inspired them, each embodying the quirks and charms of their waking-world counterparts.



Guardian Fae

Born of especially powerful dreams, Guardian Fae are small but mighty protectors whose devotion to their dreamers transcends Dreamscape itself. These charming beings form a unique bond with their creators, allowing them to manifest briefly in the Waking World, provided their dreamer is sound asleep. Ever-watchful, they fend off nightmares, guiding their dreamers to restful slumber and, if necessary, even entering their dreams to banish fears. While their appearances may be whimsical and enchanting, they are fiercely protective, each one a loyal guardian dedicated to ensuring their creator's peaceful nights.



Swamp Witches

Deep within the murky Swampy Fields of Black Fears, the Swamp Witches convene in a hidden coven. Roughly a dozen in number and a mix of dreams and nightmares, these witches are masters of bargains, often striking deals that cleverly favor them. They come in many shapes and origins, each carrying an air of mystery and cunning, honed from years of navigating the dense, fog-covered swamps. While they are not inherently evil, disrespect toward them will not be tolerated. Genuine kindness and a well-chosen offering of food will earn their respect and perhaps a favor—but be wary, as their help often comes at a carefully concealed price.



Snowmen and Ice Maidens

The frosty heights of the Granbera Mountains are home to two distinct tribes: the jovial Snowmen and the enigmatic Ice Maidens. The Snowmen resemble the traditional figures of snow, exuding a charm that draws travelers in, though they are known to encourage guests to stay far longer than intended. Meanwhile, the Ice Maidens appear as ethereal girls with delicate, frost-touched features, quietly enchanting all who meet them. If an Ice Maiden falls in love with a visitor, the entire tribe will do their utmost to keep the guest among them until the maiden's heart is won or her feelings wane. Both groups are welcoming, though perhaps a bit too eager to share their icy world.



Hielina, Speaker of the Ice Maidens

Hielina, the respected leader of the Ice Maidens, appears to be an innocent child yet holds an ancient spirit and unmatched strength within her frozen heart. In her true form, Hielina stands tall as a sentient amazon of frost, guarding her sisters and ensuring their safety. Despite her fierce role as their protector, she has a peculiar fondness for strawberry ice cream and cherries, a small, sweet weakness for an otherwise formidable being. Wise and unyielding, Hielina commands respect as she guides her people through the wintry challenges of the Granbera Mountains.



Heroes and Damnsels

In the realm of timeless fantasy, Heroes and Damsels play their part, embodying the dreams of valiant quests and dramatic rescues. With appearances tailored to suit each story, they seamlessly step into the roles of protagonists or distressed royals, drawing dreamers into epic tales. Skilled and adaptable, they know every twist and turn of heroic sagas, and they bring a depth to every narrative they touch.

Although most are good-hearted, some carry darker aspects, perfect for those who prefer their adventures with a bit of danger and intrigue.



Judge Sphinxes

The Canyon of Sleeping Giants is a place of both awe and foreboding, guarded by the immovable and ancient Judge Sphinxes. These colossal and powerful beings rest on opposite canyon walls, eyes closed as travelers pass—until they deem it time to test those who enter. Their eyes slowly begin to open, marking the moment to proceed, but their gaze is a perilous one: only the worthy may cross unscathed, while the unworthy will find themselves turned to stone.



The Sphinxes are famed for their wisdom, posing riddles that probe deep into a person's character and knowledge as unseen voices speak to oneself long before meeting them. Those who wish to pass unchallenged must carry not only courage but also clarity of mind, for the Sphinxes' questions reveal the heart of all who stand before them.

Whobbo Riders

Loyal defenders of Gobltown, the Whobbo Riders are a goblin patrol that has perfected the art of swift response and sharpshooting. These intrepid goblins are mounted on their trusted Whobbos, speedy ostrich-like creatures adept at navigating the town's rough terrain. Skilled in survival tactics and capable of traversing vast distances at speed, the Whobbo Riders keep Gobltown safe and well-guarded, ready to face any threat with nimble precision.



Friendly but vigilant, they are a reliable force that never shies away from adventure, taking pride in their role as protectors of their bustling, goblin-filled home.

Aural Fox

Dwelling in the serene woodlands of Dreamscape, these small, fox-like creatures are adorned in fur that seems to shimmer faintly, as if dusted with stardust. Known as symbols of luck and good fortune, Aural Foxes are elusive, appearing only to those in need of guidance or protection. When spotted beneath Dreamscape's luminous auroras, they are said to grant a dreamer favorable fortune, especially if seen during the night of the highest aurora—an omen of both peaceful dreams and success in current pursuits. Aural Foxes travel alone or in pairs, their gentle, shy nature lending them a mystical allure. Those who follow their glow through darkened paths often find themselves transported to landscapes of beauty and tranquility, as if the foxes themselves are guiding them to a hidden world of wonder.



Catgirls

These enchanting, humanoid dreams have steadily spread across Dreamscape's urban centers, often appearing as spirited companions or mysterious acquaintances. Though they originated from human dreams, their charming appearance and cat-like grace have made them popular among dreamers from many worlds, creating a memetic presence that spans galaxies. Catgirls embody a playful spirit and an allure that appeals to diverse cultures, with their traits subtly shifting to match the expectations of each dreamer. Some may see them as silent guides, others as chatty companions with a mischievous streak. From humans to far-flung civilizations dreamers, Catgirls have become an emerging symbol in their cultures, a dream that transcends worlds, leaving their unmistakable pawprints in countless minds.



Goblins of Gobltown

These pint-sized, colorfully diverse goblins form the heart of the industrious town of Gobltown, a bustling hub in Dreamscape where goblins of every hue and talent gather. Known for their boundless energy, these cheerful beings bring life and order to dream cities, playing vital roles in organizing, crafting, and maintaining the day-to-day magic that keeps Dreamscape running smoothly. Gobltown's



goblins are a patchwork-clad society of spirited tinkerers and industrious workers, known to wield not only tools but spells, instruments, and weapons if needed. From spell-crafters to street performers, architects to healers, they are as comfortable in the arts as they are in sciences and trades. Though rare in nightmare territories, they hold their own when venturing there, bringing a little light and charm wherever they go.

These little goblins have **the potent ability to see the true forms of anyone within Dreamscape**, piercing their veils with their gaze as if they were never there to begin with.

Crabmen

These majestic crustaceans dwell along the shores and salt lakes of Dreamscape, glistening with shells in a kaleidoscope of colors that are as resilient as they are breathtaking. The Crabmen speak the revered tongue of "Murblrblblr," a deep, gurgling language said to be blessed by the oceanic gods. Known for their love of simplicity and sand-based serenity, they live harmoniously in tribal utopias along the shore, where they eat lavish seaweed feasts and lounge in homes made of sand and coral. Crabmen, while peace-loving, are quick to defend their shores from hostile nightmares, particularly the relentless siren-led nightmares commanded by Syrenth, the Siren of Madness. With pincers raised and claws sharp, they become formidable warriors when threatened, banding together to protect their beloved shores.



Diverse anthropomorphic animals

Throughout the many realms of Dreamscape, you'll encounter quaint villages populated by anthropomorphic animals, each creature embodying the idyllic charm of rural life. These animal folk live in harmony, raising crops, tending to farms, and carrying out the simple joys of life, from fishing to attending lively village festivals. Known for their warm hospitality, they welcome visitors with open arms, happily trading stories and gifts. Each animal has its own distinct preferences, and discovering their favorite treat or hobby often earns a dreamer a lifelong friend. Many of these villages are designed with dreamers in mind, offering cozy farms, quiet fishing spots, and even little caves to explore, letting dreamers fully immerse in the perfect farming fantasy.



Dream Faeries

Unlike the mythical faeries of the Waking World, Dream Faeries are whimsical beings born of fleeting ideas, embodying volatile, ever-shifting personalities. From regal princesses to quirky salesfaeries, they adopt whatever role their fancies dictate, creating their own curious hierarchy within Dreamscape. Some take on dramatic roles, like the Necromancer Faerie—though she struggles to wield necromancy due to her dreamy, carefree nature. Dream Faeries can be famously unpredictable, their moods often shifting from sweet to mischievous, sometimes even chaotic in a matter of seconds. This capricious nature makes encounters with them a true adventure, but one should tread lightly—especially with the more “bipolar” faeries, who might unexpectedly turn a simple meeting into a memorable or mystifying escapade.



Dream Moths

These mystical moths, linked to the influence of the Songstress herself, flutter through Dreamscape with a calming presence. Their wings release a soft hum that echoes with the faint melody of Her songs, bringing serenity to their surroundings. Dream Moths are drawn not to light, but to places rich in beauty, song, and mystical potential, often seen hovering where fate and dreams weave together in threads of possibility. With wings that leave trails of luminous dust and gentle tones, they inspire an atmosphere of peace and hope wherever they appear, almost like blessings of luck bestowed on the fortunate dreamer who glimpses them.



Dream Night Dragons

These elegant, serpent-like creatures are adorned with deep black scales and shimmering fragments that glow like the night sky, making them appear as if woven from stardust itself. Known as Dream Night Dragons, they are wise guardians of Dreamscape's skies, patrolling regions such as the Sky of Shattered Stars and the remote Gerabera Mountains. Noble and intelligent, they protect their territories from unruly nightmares and occasionally offer guidance to wandering dreamers, helping them toward their aspirations. Their rare encounters are treasured, as these dragons are said to bestow clarity and wisdom to those who seek their counsel.



Dream Wispy

Dream Wispies are tiny, translucent wisps of light that follow dreamers unseen, drawn to the unique wonder of individual dreams. These gentle creatures are a dreamer's silent companion, observing from a distance. When a dream shifts toward a nightmare, nearby Dream Wispies courageously enter the dreamer's realm, attempting to restore it to peacefulness by infusing warmth and light. Nightmares find these little beings troublesome, as their quiet influence makes it harder for fear to root itself. Though Dream Wispies lack offensive power, their presence alone helps shield dreamers from distress.



Flow Elementals

Majestic beings of pure dream energy, Flow Elementals glide across any surface, unaffected by gravity or terrain. Their forms shift fluidly, embodying the ceaseless exchange between dreams and nightmares as they oversee the currents of energy that flow throughout Dreamscape. Rarely do they interact with individual beings, yet they revere the Songstress and her Agents, acknowledging them in passing as they move on with their ancient task. Flow Elementals are revered as symbols of balance, tirelessly keeping the dream energies in harmony even in the darkest realms.



Forest Fae

The enchanting Forest Fae dwell in the heart of the Emerald Forest, appearing as ethereal, elven-like spirits who sing songs that blend seamlessly with the whispers of the woods. These radiant beings reveal themselves only by day, sharing their harmonious melodies with the trees and animals around them, filling the forest with peace. Shy by nature, Forest Fae vanish into the mist at any sign of danger, merging with the essence of the forest. Children who wander too close may catch fragments of their songs, sparking joy and awe. Despite numerous attempts by necromancers and oneiromancers to capture them, the Forest Fae remain untouchable, guarded by the magic of the Emerald Forest.



Gemstone Spiders

Found primarily in the enigmatic Shroomy Canyon, these prismatic spiders are creatures of purpose, spinning iridescent webs to trap and refine emotions. Dreamers or travelers who wander into their webs become temporarily cocooned, though the spiders do no physical harm. Instead, they gather and absorb the emotions of their "guests," storing them in the colorful gemstones that grow from their bodies. These gems eventually release drops of refined emotion onto the canyon floor, imbuing it with residual feelings that color the air. Though unnerving, encounters with Gemstone Spiders are often illuminating, as they allow travelers to process emotions they may have buried.



Grey Pilgrims

Shrouded in mist and carrying a radiant hand lamp, the rare Grey Pilgrims appear only at night or in shadowy places. Their presence brings an overwhelming sense of peace, and all who encounter them feel protected. Gliding silently along safe paths, these benevolent beings guide lost dreamers to safety and keep nightmares at bay. No dream or nightmare, not even the dreaded Generals of the Composer, dares confront them, though no one knows if they could survive an encounter with the Composer himself. These spectral figures are thought to be emissaries of kindness from somewhere beyond Dreamscape itself, wandering Dreamscape with the sole purpose of easing burdens and showing the lost their way.



Happy Clouds

Drifting aimlessly through the bright realms of Dreamscape, these playful little clouds radiate innocence and goodwill. Their appearance is a positive omen, signifying the absence of nightmares or danger nearby. Some Happy Clouds can converse with dreamers, though their attention spans are short, much like young children. They flit from thought to thought before resuming their carefree journey wherever the Dreamscape winds take them. While harmless, their cheerful presence brightens the realms they visit, making dreamers feel comforted and safe, like friends on a sunny day.



Metal Spirits

These mysterious, shape-shifting beings of liquid metal can be either dreams or nightmares. Most commonly appearing in forms of mercury or silver, other metals such as gold, platinum, iron, and tungsten are also found among them, with elder spirits even embodying rare alloys or mythical metals like mithril. Such elder Metal Spirits possess formidable strength and magical prowess, shimmering with an otherworldly radiance. Typically, they inhabit caverns or mines within Dreamscape, preferring solitude. However, in the Realm of Endless Dread, these metallic entities turn hostile towards non-nightmare beings unaffiliated with the Composer. Known for their fluid beauty and enigmatic intelligence, they occasionally bestow metal-based artifacts or knowledge upon those they find worthy.



Mist People

Shrouded in mystery, the elusive Mist People can be glimpsed within dense mist banks, appearing as shadowy silhouettes or faint, floating forms. Their true appearance remains unknown, as they seem to exist more as a haze of dreams than as tangible beings. Some speculate that the mist itself might be their form, yet this remains unproven. Though they mean no harm and do not intentionally lead travelers astray, encountering a Mist Person unexpectedly can be quite unnerving. Those who see them describe an otherworldly serenity and often leave with a lingering sense of awe, feeling as if they've brushed against an ancient, unknowable wisdom hidden within the mists.



Mushroom Men

In the damp depths of Dreamscape, nestled in caves, swamps, and shaded forests, the Mushroom Men emerge—small beings animated by dream or nightmare energies. They form mushroom-like communities, resembling miniature societies where personalities vary widely depending on their environment. Mushroom Men from caves tend to be quiet and wise, while those from swampy areas are tougher and more secretive. Forest Mushroom Men are lively, welcoming travelers and often exchanging stories of the Dreamscape. Some Mushroom Men



possess magical spores that can enhance dreams, heal, or even induce visions, making their company prized by certain dreamers and adventurers alike.

Night Wolves

Majestic and noble, the Night Wolves roam Dreamscape's forests with a silent grace. Their dark coats often mirror a star-studded night sky, adorned with softly glowing tattoos that shimmer under moonlight. Moving in packs, they are highly skilled hunters, sustaining themselves on Dreamscape's wildlife. Intelligent and intuitive, they remain neutral to other dreams and nightmares, but they remember those who treat them well or poorly. A Night Wolf pack may choose to protect a kind traveler or guide them through the forest, forming a bond of loyalty. Their howls are said to calm uneasy dreams, creating a rare lullaby for those who hear them in the stillness of Dreamscape's night.



Quetzalia

An enchanting race of humanoid beings adorned in vibrant, feathered plumage, the Quetzalia dwell within the Floating Islands of Rinkator. With feathers resembling tropical birds, they live harmoniously in close-knit communities, valuing art, poetry, and music above all else. Known for their stunning voices, their songs captivate those who visit, drawing them into the vibrant culture and beauty of Rinkator. Polyamory is the norm among them, and visitors are often expected to share in their hospitality, sometimes in intimate ways. The Quetzalia's vibrant culture emphasizes connection with nature and personal freedom, creating a society that is as mesmerizing as the landscapes they inhabit, leaving travelers inspired long after they've departed.



Root Elders

Ancient beings who have taken the form of old tree men, Root Elders are deeply rooted in Dreamscape's mysteries. Their bark-covered bodies pulse with an inner glow, revealing their connection to dreams and secrets hidden within nature. Known for their vast wisdom, these beings are frequently asleep, communing with the trees and absorbing the ambient energy of Dreamscape. Root Elders are versed in dream magic and possess remarkable healing knowledge, capable of mending not only physical



wounds but also easing troubled minds and fractured dreams. On rare occasions, they share cryptic guidance with dreamers and visitors, offering insights that ripple through Dreamscape's history. Their ability to summon nature's power makes them formidable protectors of their forested domains, but they are gentle and introspective beings unless provoked.

Sky whales

Majestic and otherworldly, the Sky Whales glide through the endless Sky of Shattered Stars, their semi-transparent bodies illuminated by constellations that shift and twinkle within them. These gentle giants move in graceful pods, singing hauntingly beautiful melodies that resonate throughout Dreamscape. Their songs are said to soothe nightmares and bring visions of peace to any who hear them, and it's believed that those who listen closely can catch whispers of forgotten cosmic truths. Rarely, Sky Whales interact with dreamers, allowing them to hitch a ride through the shimmering skies, offering a glimpse of Dreamscape's boundless beauty from a bird's-eye view. Travelers often consider these encounters to be signs of good fortune and inspiration.



Spideroids

Strange and elusive, Spideroids are intelligent spider-humanoids rarely seen outside the tangled regions of Dreamscape. With elongated limbs and a mesmerizingly intricate web-weaving ability, they spin webs of fate and imagination, capturing both dreams and nightmares in their silken snares. These webs, imbued with Dreamscape's essence, are prized as components for powerful artifacts like Dreamcatchers, and their creation requires a single thread from a Spideroid's web. Fiercely protective, Spideroids and their lesser spider kin guard these webs zealously, making it a perilous task to obtain their silk. They are known for their cryptic, dream-spun wisdom and often grant favors in exchange for knowledge, artifacts, or whispered secrets, as they delight in the intricate tapestry of fate.



Spirit Stag

Ethereal and regal, Spirit Stags are forest guardians found within Dreamscape's lush woodlands, like the Emerald Forest. Towering and majestic, these spirits embody the essence of the forest itself; their antlers shimmer with leaf-like tendrils that glow with an iridescent green light. Spirit Stags are attuned to the land's rhythms, sustaining the forest while drawing strength from it in return. Though they can offer blessings, protection, or even bestow powerful healing, they are known to punish trespassers or those who bring harm to their forests. Most often, however, they remain hidden, revealing themselves only to those pure of heart or deeply in tune with nature. Their rare sightings are seen as profound omens, often accompanied by a feeling of tranquility that lingers in their wake.



Pink Dreams

Pink Dreams are the charming, alluring denizens of Dreamscape who embody romance, desire, and emotional connection. They often appear as cherished loved ones or figures to whom the dreamer feels a deep attraction, whether real or imagined. With gentle grace, they engage with dreamers in ways that evoke warmth, affection, and even passion, creating dream experiences that leave the dreamer feeling fulfilled, cherished, and understood. Their presence is magnetic yet tender, guiding dreamers into moments of joy, love, or self-discovery, helping them explore their own emotions and desires.



In Dreamscape, Pink Dreams play a unique role. They inspire dreamers to connect with their feelings, subtly revealing hidden emotions or suppressed affections. Through their gentle influence, Pink Dreams encourage dreamers to embrace vulnerability, open up to love, or even come to terms with unspoken truths about their relationships. This might manifest as tender, joyful dreams of companionship, or sweet, wistful encounters with long-lost loved ones. Their interactions are always positive, and even in moments of emotional intensity, they ensure the dreamer feels uplifted rather than burdened.

An interesting aspect of Pink Dreams is their ability to adapt to the dreamer's preferences and desires, subtly shaping themselves into an ideal yet familiar presence. Despite the allure they exude, they never seek to trap or deceive; rather, they are dedicated to fostering authentic emotions and moments of clarity. Pink Dreams can even help dreamers unlock inspiration for art, writing, or music, as many wake with a lingering warmth or creative spark after encountering one.

In Dreamscape's delicate balance between light and dark, Pink Dreams remind dreamers of the beauty in connection and affection, offering a safe space to explore and revel in positive emotions. With their enchanting presence, they leave dreamers waking up with a feeling of hope, comfort, and sometimes a bit of newfound courage to pursue their deepest desires in the Waking World.

Roaming Jesters

Shrouded in enigma, Roaming Jesters wander across the Dreamscape, appearing sporadically in both its loftiest and darkest realms. These eccentric beings can shift fluidly between dream and nightmare, sometimes offering guidance and humor, other times sowing confusion and chaos. A Roaming Jester's true motives are veiled in riddles and often remain a mystery even to those they interact with. Known for their cunning and resourcefulness, they carry tools that seem to defy reality—a bottomless bag of tricks containing items that delight or unsettle. While they often leave a trail of wonder and mischief behind them, their rare intervention is said to mark moments of fate. Dreamscape's dwellers respect these whimsical figures as mysterious arbiters of chance, knowing that when a Jester appears, something extraordinary is bound to happen.



Nightmares

Nightmares, much like Dreams, possess the ability to adopt familiar or friendly forms, especially in populated regions of Dreamspace where dreamers and denizens gather. Yet, even in these disguises, a Nightmare's essence isn't easily concealed—there's always an unsettling quality to their appearance. Perhaps it's the glint of their eyes that seems too keen or a presence that feels colder than it should, subtle signs that mark them as something far more fearsome than they appear. These hints are deliberate, subtle gestures of the darker entity that resides beneath the mask, signaling caution to any perceptive observer.



Nightmares play a crucial role within Dreamspace. They embody and explore the darker emotions of dreamers, guiding them through encounters with fear, uncertainty, and even pain in ways that prompt growth, resilience, or understanding. Nightmares do not aim for destruction but are instead tools of transformation, challenging dreamers to confront parts of themselves they might wish to avoid. While Dreams may nurture a dreamer's spirit with beauty and wonder, Nightmares sharpen it with trials and shadows, bringing balance to Dreamspace.

Though they are not inherently evil, Nightmares tend to be far less warm and welcoming than Dreams, often approaching interactions with a sense of distance or even disdain. Some choose to manipulate or confront dreamers, but for many Nightmares, these are means to a purpose rather than acts of malice. However, a Nightmare's allegiance can greatly influence its behavior: a minority of Nightmares are loyal to the Songstress, embracing her balance between dreams and nightmares. Around half, though, remain independent, finding the neutrality of autonomy preferable to any allegiance. The remaining half pledge their support to the Composer, the entity who believes in a Dreamspace defined by the unrestrained power of nightmares, feeling their true purpose lies in unchallenged dominance over dreams.

Nightmares of Heights

Manifestations of living being's primal fear of falling, the Nightmares of Heights true forms are tall, wiry figures with elongated limbs and hollow, piercing eyes. Their forms ripple with dark, shifting shadows that stretch like gnarled tree branches, and their presence alone can make the air feel thin, as if the ground beneath one's feet has vanished. They often lurk at the edges of high places within Dreamspace—cliffs, towering buildings, or narrow bridges suspended over vast voids. As dreamers venture near,



these Nightmares silently amplify feelings of vertigo, causing the world to tilt and spin as a sickening sense of freefall takes hold.

In Dreamscape, the Nightmares of Heights serve a dual purpose. They instill fear in dreamers, forcing them to confront their vulnerability and the overwhelming sensation of instability. But they also have an unspoken, almost compassionate purpose: they are meant to help dreamers acknowledge, and eventually overcome, this primal fear. Occasionally, when a dreamer manages to face them without fleeing, the Nightmares allow a rare glimpse of their more subdued form—a softer figure that embodies awe and reverence for the heights rather than dread.

What makes these Nightmares unique is their fascination with those who dare to defy them—those who climb higher in the face of their influence. When such courage is shown, a Nightmare of Heights might transform, becoming a silent observer rather than a terror, giving the dreamer the fleeting sensation of weightlessness as a sign of respect. Though their presence is often terrifying, these Nightmares ultimately serve as a test of resilience, rewarding those who face them with a profound sense of triumph over fear.

Nightmares of Hunters in the Dark

These Nightmares are the embodiment of the chilling sensation of being pursued by something unseen and relentless. Tall and shrouded in shadows, their forms are indistinct, flickering and blurring as they stalk dreamers through twisted forests, endless alleyways, and abandoned buildings in Dreamscape. They invoke the dread of unseen hunters, causing the dreamer's heart to race as if footsteps or whispers are always just behind them. With every step, they amplify a dreamer's feeling of vulnerability, creating an oppressive atmosphere of dread that urges one to run but provides no clear escape.



In Dreamscape, these Nightmares serve as reminders of hidden fears—often inspiring dreamers to confront the feelings of helplessness and anxiety that lurk in their subconscious. Interestingly, they often manifest for those who are too quick to flee from challenges in life, daring them to stand their ground. When a dreamer manages to turn and face them, the Nightmare will vanish, leaving a sense of triumph behind.

Despite their sinister role, these Nightmares ultimately exist to test resilience, leaving dreamers with a sharper sense of courage.

Fears of Loss

With forms that shift from shadowy figures to wispy phantoms, these Nightmares carry the deep sadness and dread of losing someone beloved. They may appear as blurred memories or distant silhouettes resembling those dear to the dreamer, only to dissolve when approached, instilling a sense of helplessness and grief. They wander Dreamscape's

deserted fields, empty rooms, and hollow echoes of joyful places, conjuring the sorrow of absence.

Their role is to remind dreamers of the fleeting nature of life and the bonds they hold dear, though they do so in ways that stir feelings of abandonment. Some say they are most likely to appear to those who have recently experienced loss, seeking to heal and transform grief by forcing one to confront it in all its raw intensity. Strangely, it's said that when these Nightmares linger, they sometimes take on traits of the ones missed, as if attempting to preserve fragments of memory.



The Fears of Loss can draw out cherished memories in poignant illusions or make dreamers feel alone, even in familiar surroundings. They can even simulate sounds or distant calls, tugging at the heartstrings. Although their presence may be sorrowful, these Nightmares ultimately aim to instill appreciation for loved ones, often leaving dreamers with a renewed sense of gratitude upon waking.

Phobias

Taking on a bewildering array of forms, the Phobia Nightmares embody every imaginable fear, from claustrophobia to the fear of being watched. Their shapes are ever-changing, merging seamlessly to reflect whatever fear is most prominent within a dreamer's mind. These entities often congregate in labyrinthine areas of Dreamscape, where they spring into unsettling existence the moment a dreamer turns a corner or encounters a hidden space. They amplify the fear of the unknown, coaxing dreamers into uncomfortable, inescapable encounters with their own anxieties.



The role of Phobia Nightmares is to stir awareness of repressed fears, forcing dreamers to confront insecurities they might otherwise avoid. Curiously, when faced head-on, these Nightmares often disperse, sometimes reshaping into something less terrifying, as if acknowledging a hard-won victory over fear.

Their abilities are highly adaptive, often blending elements like darkness, confined spaces, or distorted sounds to create potent, personalized frights. They can shift their shapes to trigger specific phobias, using subtle mental probes to understand the dreamer's fears. Though unnerving, these Nightmares are ultimately there to help the brave develop resilience against their own phobias.

Pyro Nightmares

Blazing embodiments of the fear of fire and destruction, Pyro Nightmares are beings of intense heat and flickering light, their forms almost too bright to look upon directly. In their true forms they appear as towering figures of flame or molten shadows, they haunt dreamers near structures or forests that seem ready to ignite with a single spark. The fire that surrounds them crackles with a life of its own, spreading and withdrawing at their whim as if it's part of their very being.



Pyro Nightmares evoke the terror of uncontrollable flames, pushing dreamers to the edge of their courage. In Dreamscape, their role is to serve as a force of transformation, representing both the destructive and renewing power of fire. It is said they sometimes appear to those who need to confront elements of their past, offering a chance to 'burn away' emotional scars.

Possessing formidable abilities, they can summon intense heat, draw out scorching gusts of wind, or consume entire dreamscapes in waves of fire that only stop when the dreamer's fear does. Though fierce and overwhelming, these Nightmares ultimately encourage growth through trials, leaving dreamers with a sense of renewal.

Crawlies

Embodiments of the visceral fear of bugs and crawling creatures, the Crawlies appear in their true forms as swarming masses of insects or as strange, humanoid hybrids with too many legs and segmented bodies. They move with an unsettling skittering sound, their forms seemingly shifting between centipedes, beetles, and other creepy-crawlies as they approach. Often hiding in tight, dark spaces or emerging suddenly from cracks, they bring with them the shiver-inducing sensation of something crawling just beneath the skin.



In Dreamscape, Crawlies serve as catalysts for confronting fears of helplessness and discomfort. Interestingly, it is rumored that Crawlies, though fearsome, are curiously social within their own kind, creating underground colonies and vast networks. They are highly territorial but can sometimes be tamed or avoided with certain Dreamscape herbs or by carrying fragments of Dreamcatcher webs.

Crawlies can spread intense sensations, causing phantom tickles or pinpricks to mimic the feeling of insects crawling on skin. Their appearance can alter on a whim, shifting to match

whatever insect the dreamer dreads most. While disturbing, they help the dreamer recognize and confront the uncomfortable, teaching resilience against unease.

Sleep Paralysis Nightmares

The Sleep Paralysis Nightmares are embodiments of that infamous feeling of weight pressing down and the inability to wake. Appearing as oppressive, shadowy figures seated upon a dreamer's chest or standing nearby with piercing, unmoving gazes, they are often silent but immensely foreboding. In Dreamscape, they prowl the edges of dreamscapes, ready to plunge dreamers into a state of paralysis at any sign of discomfort or anxiety.

Their role is to simulate the primal fear of vulnerability, of being unable to react or escape. These Nightmares are believed to manifest when a dreamer feels trapped or unable to face something in their waking life. They rarely inflict harm, but their oppressive presence is enough to send shivers down anyone's spine, often marking the boundary between deep sleep and conscious awareness.

With their eerie ability to freeze motion and induce sensations of weight, these Nightmares can create a perfect simulation of paralysis, heightening anxiety with an unbreakable stillness. They are rumored to be perceptive, attuned to emotional disturbances, and often disappear once a dreamer faces their own helplessness. Ultimately, these Nightmares teach calm in the face of fear, allowing dreamers to reclaim control and wake with a renewed sense of confidence.



Astrophobias

Embodiments of the primal fear of the vast, cold emptiness of space, the Astrophobias appear in their true forms as endless, darkened forms cloaked in starlight and emptiness. They move in silence, each step echoing the stillness of the universe, with cold, gleaming eyes that resemble distant stars. Appearing in Dreamscape as specters floating through infinite voids or vast, dark plains, they evoke the terror of being utterly alone in an endless cosmos.

Astrophobias remind dreamers of their own insignificance against the backdrop of the universe. They are often drawn to those who struggle with purpose or fear solitude, turning the awe of space into something deeply unsettling. Interestingly, these Nightmares sometimes converse with other Nightmares, as if even they feel some pull toward companionship in the infinite blackness they inhabit.



Astrophobias possess the power to distort a dreamer's sense of direction, stretching space to make escape seem impossible, and they can muffle sounds to create an eerie, lonely silence. They can also expand Dreamscape landscapes into boundless voids, making the dreamer feel minuscule and lost. Despite their unsettling presence, they prompt dreamers to confront their own need for connection and understanding, leaving them with a deeper appreciation of life's warmth and companionship.

Pink Nightmares

Ethereal and unpredictable, Pink Nightmares appear as seductive and enticing figures with a tantalizing allure, blurring the line between desire and fear. Their forms shift and blend into the dreamer's deepest attractions, only for the illusions to turn menacing, revealing dark smiles, unending shadows, or piercing eyes that haunt rather than allure. Pink Nightmares appear in surreal, disorienting landscapes in Dreamscape, like distorted boudoirs or endless fields of roses that are soft and prickly all at once, casting a dissonant tone over dreamers' comfort.



They serve to explore the boundaries of passion and control, transforming dreamer's fantasies into something unexpected. Curiously, Pink Nightmares tend to be most drawn to those who grapple with guilt or repressed feelings, and their presence is often a signal of unresolved inner conflict.

The Pink Nightmares are currently in conflict with the encroachment in Dreamscape by a Demon expedition from the Ten Thousand Hells. Lust demons have broken into Dreamscape, and are causing all kind of trouble within the personal dream realms where these Pink Nightmares normally thread.

Pink Nightmares wield powers of seduction and illusion, able to create vividly enticing dreamscapes that morph in unnerving ways. They can conjure fragrances, textures, and phantom touches that feel nearly real, making dreamers question their perceptions and desires. In the end, Pink Nightmares force dreamers to confront the depths of their own emotions, leaving them to awaken with newfound clarity or lingering questions.

Nightmares of Dissociative Attachments

These Nightmares take on the form of clinging, ghostly figures with elongated, grasping arms and empty, pleading eyes. They follow closely behind the dreamer, tethered by invisible chains, whispering fears of obsession and unhealthy attachment. Dreamscape warps around them, conjuring twisting vines, spider webs, or thorned threads that bind the

dreamer tighter with every attempt to escape. Their touch is clammy and persistent, causing a sense of dread as they close the distance to cling and latch onto the dreamer's very spirit.

Nightmares of Dissociative Attachments appear to warn against entangling connections that trap or drain the soul. Curiously, their form often adapts to reflect a person or object the dreamer feels obsessively attached to, hinting at what they may need to let go.

They possess the unique ability to tether themselves psychically to the dreamer, pulling at their energy and sometimes projecting false memories or illusions to deepen the sense of attachment. These Nightmares are relentless, persisting even when the dreamer tries to break free, until a dreamer finds the strength to sever the connection. Though unsettling, they teach the value of healthy distance, allowing dreamers to wake up feeling lighter, with clearer emotional boundaries.



Evilmares

Embodying the horrors of personal trauma and dark experiences, the Evilmares are twisted reflections of past pain. They appear as distorted mirror-images of the dreamer or as dark, ominous forms infused with the memory of the dreamer's worst experiences. Often shrouded in dark hues or emerging from familiar, painful locations in Dreamscape, they inspire dread and regret. Evilmares often instill the fear that these past events will return or never fully release their hold on the dreamer.



These Nightmares serve as painful reminders, pushing dreamers to confront the darkness within themselves.

Interestingly, when faced with understanding rather than fear, Evilmares are known to gradually shift, taking on softened or even neutral appearances, as if acknowledging the journey toward healing.

Their abilities are deeply psychological, tapping directly into a dreamer's memory to revive moments of pain or regret, warping Dreamscape into scenes that replay these memories in exaggerated, horrifying ways. They can amplify feelings of guilt or shame, urging the dreamer to confront and accept their past. Ultimately, Evilmares challenge dreamers to face and accept their own darkness, offering the promise of peace to those willing to confront their inner demons.

Dread Nightmares

These twisted Nightmares have veered far from their original purpose within Dreamscape. Unlike other Nightmares that instill fear to help dreamers confront and grow from their hidden anxieties, Dread Nightmares have abandoned any semblance of restraint, forgoing their ability to assume familiar, approachable forms. Instead, they fully embrace their raw, grotesque visages—manifestations of the most primal, unfiltered terror. A Dread Nightmare's appearance reflects the very darkest facets of fear, often resembling creatures born from nightmare itself: towering shadows, writhing masses of twisted limbs, or hollow-eyed specters with chilling, gaping maws.



Dread Nightmares are relentless, driven by an insatiable hunger for despair. They do not merely instill fear but feed on it, leaving those who encounter them locked in cycles of dread that strip away courage and resilience, leaving only raw, exposed terror. Unlike other Nightmares that withdraw after a lesson is learned, Dreads do not relent, dragging their victims through prolonged suffering, consuming every ounce of hope until nothing remains but overwhelming despair.

These terrifying entities hold no higher purpose within Dreamscape and have become creatures of pure destruction under the Composer of Nightmares. Dreamers unlucky enough to cross paths with a Dread Nightmare are often left with scars that persist long after they wake, haunted by visions of the encounter. Dread Nightmares are reminders of Dreamscape's darkest corners—those rare, malignant forces that care not for growth or balance, but for chaos and ruin.

Bloodworm Hermits

Bloodworm Hermits are insidious dread nightmares lurking in the crumbling, forgotten corners of Dreamscape's urban sprawl or decayed ruins, waiting patiently for unsuspecting wanderers. These grotesque beings resemble loosely human forms composed of writhing masses of blood-red worms, each worm wriggling independently, yet functioning as a single, sinister entity. The Hermits feast upon the bodies of those who draw too close, consuming their essence and multiplying as they leave behind nothing but fragments of their victim's form—grim remnants of the encounter.



Despite their horrific nature, Bloodworm Hermits are known to possess rare and twisted knowledge about Dreamscape's darker recesses and secrets. Those desperate or brave enough might attempt to bargain with these monstrosities, drawn by the promise of

forbidden knowledge or elusive answers. But this is a deadly miscalculation; no matter the outcome of the negotiation, Bloodworm Hermits invariably turn on their interlocutors, seizing any opportunity to ensnare, betray, and consume them.

A peculiar and dangerous trait of these Hermits is their ability to emit an aura that dulls the senses, lulling those nearby into a trance-like calm as they approach, effectively pulling victims in like moths to a flame. This hypnotic effect, combined with the nauseating sight and smell that assaults those who get too close, renders escape a harrowing challenge. Once under the Hermit's influence, most find themselves powerless to resist its devouring onslaught.

With their lurking malice and cunning minds, Bloodworm Hermits embody dread in its rawest form, a living horror that speaks to Dreamscape's crueler edges. They are reminders of Dreamscape's darkest threats, those that hide patiently, waiting for the moment a dreamer's guard slips.

Dream Eater

Dream Eaters are twisted dread nightmares, creatures once part of Dreamscape's vibrant tapestry who have succumbed to an insatiable and mindless urge to devour the dreams they once served. Devoid of purpose beyond their relentless hunger, these monstrosities prowl the hidden, dim corners of Dreamscape, their minds shattered and overtaken by a single, horrifying need: to consume. Their appearance often echoes remnants of their former selves—ethereal beings with shadowy, spectral forms or remnants of flowing grace—but their eyes burn with a ravenous emptiness, and their very presence carries a chill of utter desolation.



Dream Eaters have no regard for the origin of their feast, and not even dreamers are safe. Anyone who crosses their path may fall victim to their relentless appetite, as they consume dreams, ideas, and even fragments of the dreamer's own essence, leaving behind hollow echoes. The aftermath of their feeding is especially tragic, as any dream devoured by these monsters can never be reborn or reimagined. The creative spark that brought that particular dream to life is snuffed out completely, banished from the realm of thought and memory, severing Dreamscape's connection to that piece of inspiration forever.

These ravenous nightmares are also known to leave behind wisps of fear that permeate the area they feed in, causing lingering terror and hesitation in any who venture close. Dream Eaters do not form alliances nor understand bargaining or pleas for mercy—they are simply vessels of endless consumption, relentless in their drive to drain all they touch.

The Dream Eater's existence serves as a stark warning of the dangers lurking within Dreamscape, a realm that, while filled with inspiration and wonder, also harbors the perilous consequence of creativity left unchecked. Their presence in Dreamscape is a reminder of

the fine line between creation and destruction and the endless, consuming force that can lie in wait beneath the surface of dreams.

Abyssal Liches

Abyssal Liches are among the most formidable dread nightmares to haunt Dreamscape. These beings were once powerful spellcasters within the Waking World who, in their obsessive pursuit of immortality, forsook their mortality and soul, choosing to ascend as concepts within Dreamscape itself. In doing so, they embraced an undead existence, forsaking flesh for a form shaped by pure darkness and malice. Now, twisted into grotesque skeletal archmages, they possess unparalleled mastery over numerous magical arts, particularly necromancy, umbromancy, and the rare art of oneromancy, bending the fabric of dreams and nightmares to their will.



These ancient liches are exceptionally dangerous, far more cunning and malevolent than most. They often lurk in decayed castles, ruined spires, or necropolises they shape from the remnants of long-forgotten nightmares, ruling these territories with an iron grip. Under their control are thralls of enslaved dreams and nightmares, bound by dark pacts and shadow magic to serve them. Abyssal Liches frequently capture both dreams and nightmares alike, forcing them into servitude to guard their domains or harvest energy to fuel their insidious spells. They are as relentless in their ambition as they are in their cruelty, seeking ever more power, knowledge, and ways to dominate Dreamscape.

Though they align themselves with the Composer, they do not follow him blindly. Instead, they see him as a means to advance their own dark agendas within Dreamscape, and they will just as quickly turn on him if it suits their purposes. Even destruction is a temporary setback for these nightmares, for they are bound to the Waking World by memory. As long as a single mortal within reality recalls the tale of their power or whispers of their dark deeds, an Abyssal Lich can regenerate, emerging once more from the shadows to spread their malefic influence.

Abyssal Liches are a true menace to any who venture near their dominions, embodying a dark paradox: creatures who surrendered life in the Waking World only to seek dominion over the dream-realm. Their twisted existence serves as a testament to the cost of unchecked ambition and a warning of the horrors that can be born from the pursuit of eternal power.

Formless Nightmares

Formless Nightmares are dread entities that embody the pure essence of fear and darkness within Dreamscape. These shadowy, amorphous creatures take shape in the darkest corners of the realm, originally meant to become nightmares that could help temper and challenge the dreams of the Waking World. However, since the Composer's corruption,

they have been twisted into creatures of raw, malicious intent, feeding solely on pain and evil. Their forms are undefined, shifting blobs and tendrils that skulk in the shadows, opportunistically seeking out weaker, unaware dreams to devour, leaving only a chill of terror in their wake.



While individually weak, Formless Nightmares are an escalating threat. Each dream they consume strengthens them, enabling them to replicate and spread. Left unchecked, they multiply quickly, becoming a swarm capable of overwhelming any who enter their domains. Fortunately, they have a significant vulnerability: positive energy and emotions weaken them, as though an invisible force of hope and joy dispels their shadowy essence.

Formless Nightmares are a grim reminder of what happens when fear runs unchecked, lurking ever-watchful for the next hapless dream to stumble into their grasp.

Gloops

Gloops are another twisted creation among the dread nightmares, born from the toxic sludge and decay within Dreamscape. Birthed in the Fields of Decay, these semi-sentient beings gain life from the Marrow's corrupted power, forming as slithering, toxic sludges that move relentlessly through Dreamscape, spreading their noxious influence far and wide. These nightmares take on half-formed, humanoid shapes, their bodies ever-shifting masses of poisonous and acidic ooze. Gloops roam in search of new victims to absorb into their mass, leaving destruction and ruin in their wake.



They are dangerous foes, though their slow movement and vulnerability to long-range attacks make them manageable for skilled defenders and magic users. However, each Gloop that consumes enough matter and energy begins a grotesque transformation into a deadlier form. These basic Gloops are feared for the unknown threat of what they might become if left to continue their hunt.

Ever-hungry and tenacious, Gloops spread darkness and decay wherever they go, making them a dangerous plague for dreamers and nightmares alike.

Greater Gloops

Greater Gloops represent the horrific evolution of the basic Gloop, a monstrous end-stage in the nightmare's lifecycle. Once these creatures have devoured enough matter and energy, they transform into towering, semi-solid masses, resembling more defined humanoid forms with gnashing, spiked teeth and a grotesque appearance. Their enormous size grants them the strength to crush buildings, obliterate defenses, and instill terror in all who witness their approach.



Highly dangerous and exceptionally resilient, Greater Gloops are a nightmarish force, growing larger and stronger with every new dream or nightmare they consume. They are capable of self-sustained growth, a vicious cycle that pushes them to relentlessly seek fresh prey. Left unchallenged, they could eventually become colossal beings of ruin, their oozing mass almost impossible to contain.

Greater Gloops are the ultimate testament to corruption run rampant, turning Dreamscape's peaceful landscapes into realms of horror and decay.

Nightmare Trolls

Nightmare Trolls are dread nightmares that haunt the shadowed corridors and narrow passages of Dreamscape, lurking within twisting paths and hidden byways, waiting for unsuspecting travelers. These formidable beings are humanoid in shape but monstrous in appearance, with torn, leathery skin stretched over powerful muscles that emit wisps of black smoke, as if their very bodies are burning from within. Their eyes glow with a menacing hunger, fixed on anyone who dares enter their domain.



Relentlessly aggressive and territorial, Nightmare Trolls block any path they guard, demanding a toll from travelers before they can pass. Unlike conventional tolls, their price is usually blood of innocents or a sacrificial offering, and they accept nothing less. Attempts to negotiate or pass without payment are met with fierce resistance, as Nightmare Trolls are known for their brute strength and cunning.

A particularly chilling fact about them is that they often remember those who fail to pay and may hunt them relentlessly within Dreamscape, considering it a personal insult. The presence of Nightmare Trolls adds a treacherous unpredictability to the landscape, making even the bravest travelers wary of crossing paths with these fearsome guardians.

Noctismarrow Giant

The Noctismarrow Giants are exclusive to the city of Noctismarrow, appearing only after nightfall to patrol the skeletal ruins and eerie alleyways. Towering and skeletal, these dread nightmares are massive, decaying giants, with jagged horns protruding from their skulls and multiple limb-like appendages that claw and grab at anything crossing their path. Their hollowed eyes burn with an unearthly light, and they seem to be driven by a singular hunger, seeking out anything they can seize and crush within their bone-filled maw.



While they are hostile to any dreamers or benign inhabitants who wander into Noctismarrow, they seem to disregard the native nightmares of the city, giving them a peculiar immunity—unless, of course, a nightmare dares to draw their attention purposefully. Any creature that falls into a Noctismarrow Giant's grasp is as good as gone, as these giants waste no time devouring or crushing their captives.

One of their most unnerving traits is their strange reverence for certain ruins within Noctismarrow. On occasion, they gather near ancient structures, standing silently, as if paying homage to a forgotten deity. Noctismarrow Giants are more than just city-dwelling monstrosities; they are ancient echoes of a dread era, embodying the dark and mysterious power of the city's ruined heart.

Possessed Ones

Possessed Ones are dread nightmares that excel in a sinister art—seizing control of dreamers or Dreamscape inhabitants by infesting their conscious avatars. These entities are composed of formless black smoke, a dark mist that creeps and seeps through the dreamscape. Upon encountering a suitable host, they invade, slipping through cracks in the dreamer's psyche or an inhabitant's consciousness. Once inside, they completely overtake the host's body, rendering the dreamer unable to wake in reality and transforming them into a vessel of malice within Dreamscape.



These creatures are particularly feared because of their unique cruelty; the host remains aware of everything the Possessed One does while hijacking their body, forced to witness their own body perform twisted, vile deeds. This parasitic relationship is torture for the host, who can do nothing but observe as the Possessed One spreads fear and havoc in their name.

A chilling fact about Possessed Ones is that some can retain fragments of their hosts' memories, using this knowledge to hunt down or manipulate others close to the host, spreading fear and distrust. Possessed Ones are true terrors, embodying the most invasive and personal kind of horror, making them nightmares that leave permanent scars on any they encounter.

Rafflesia

Once ordinary beings in Dreamscape, Rafflesia are tragic and terrifying remnants of what they once were, transformed after surviving an encounter with a Botanical Horror. Infested through their wounds with parasitic seeds, they have become nightmarish hybrids, grotesque shells of their former selves, twisted beyond recognition. Their bodies are now entangled with thorny vines that snake from their limbs, and large, fleshy petals circle their heads like a monstrous bloom. The petals, thick and red, emit a nauseatingly sweet scent that both attracts and repels, hinting at the horror within.



These creatures are dangerous predators, striking from the shadows with long, whip-like vines to snatch unsuspecting dreamers. They drag their victims close to their monstrous heads, where a single bite claims the target's face, preparing the unfortunate body for a horrific transformation. Within moments, seeds are deposited, and the corpse becomes a gruesome garden of nightmarish plants—an ominous sign of Rafflesia's presence in the area.

One spine-chilling trait is that their petals seem to bloom and pulsate when near fresh "soil," hinting at the presence of potential prey. Rafflesia's twisted beauty is an unsettling reminder of Dreamscape's merciless nature, forever marking them as symbols of twisted survival and the price of corruption.

Dread Darklings

Dread Darklings are spectral terrors drifting silently through Dreamscape, cloaked in dense shadows and hungry for any essence of life they encounter. With no visible form beneath their dark cloaks, they appear as shifting patches of shadow that glide in eerie silence, ever seeking dreamers or dreams to drain. Upon catching sight of a target, they make contact in a ghostly whisper of touch, a chilling caress that saps the heat, vitality, and hope from their victim. In moments, once-vibrant dreams are left as faded shells, emptied of all essence and meaning.



Dangerous not only for their soul-sapping touch but also for their absolute silence, Dread Darklings are notorious for their ability to creep through the smallest cracks and gaps, slipping past even the tightest defenses. Light, however, acts as their bane, forcing them to retreat, so cautious travelers keep torches or enchanted lights to ward them off.

An unsettling aspect of the Dread Darklings is that their victims often appear unmarked, left behind like hollowed-out vessels with no visible wounds. This eerie ability to leave no trace has led many to fear the Dread Darklings as some of the most sinister threats in Dreamscape, haunting reminders of the emptiness lurking in the shadows.

Shadow Wolves

In the shadowed wilderness where nightmares roam free, Shadow Wolves are the hunters that reign supreme. These massive, obsidian-furred creatures prowl the landscape in menacing packs, their piercing red eyes glowing like embers in the darkness, tracking the faintest scent of fear. Shadows swirl and dance around their fur, creating an unsettling, almost fluid appearance that lets them melt into the darkness with ease.



Relentless in their pursuit, Shadow Wolves are notorious for their pack mentality, coordinating attacks with brutal efficiency. A single wolf can be dangerous, but a pack is a fearsome force, relentlessly hunting down their target until it succumbs to exhaustion or is overtaken. They favor ambushes, can move through shadows to hunt or stalk their prey, and have an unnerving intelligence, often picking off stragglers or isolating a target from its group. Some say that those that have been marked as a target by shadow wolves will never know peace, as the shadow wolf pack will continue to stalk their prey through the shadows, until one fateful day where they'll all emerge when the prey is most vulnerable and claim it for their own.

Among their packs, the Alpha Shadow Wolf towers above the rest, an enormous creature whose presence alone can command obedience. These pack leaders often possess additional strength and an aura of dread so intense it paralyzes weaker foes. Shadow Wolves are a powerful reminder of the primal terror that lurks within Dreamscape, manifestations of predatory fear that rule the lands they stalk.

The Abyssal Mother

The origins of the Abyssal Mother are unknown, but her influence within the Realm of Endless Dread is felt by all who dare to tread its haunted grounds. She appears as a tall, dark-haired woman, her pale face striking against the black of her attire, with piercing red eyes and long, clawed fingers that hint at her monstrous power. Draped in traditional yet eerie garb, she exudes an aura of malignant intelligence and an unfathomable cruelty, dedicated to spreading the Composer's influence through Dreamscape.



The Abyssal Mother is no mere nightmare but a dread entity capable of spawning endless horrors in her wake. Her role goes far beyond terrorizing a single realm—she masterminds calamities across Dreamscape, delighting in orchestrating events that give rise to new dread nightmares. Each catastrophe she initiates serves as a twisted birthplace for yet another wave of dread creatures, expanding the Composer's reach and leaving ruin in her wake.

It is said that her voice can summon lesser nightmares to her command, and in her presence, they dare not disobey. The Abyssal Mother is a formidable figure, not just for her power, but for her sheer ambition in creating an empire of nightmares, a vision that embodies the Composer's own darkest aspirations. Hers is a malevolent presence that hangs heavy over Dreamscape, casting a long, dark shadow that many believe will only grow with time.

Wendigos

Wendigos are among the most feared dread nightmares in Dreamscape, skulking on the outskirts of settlements, waiting for the perfect moment to strike. These hulking, brutish humanoids cloak themselves in animal pelts and wield crude, blood-stained tools fashioned for the singular purpose of hunting. Driven by a relentless hunger, they seek out the young and vulnerable, particularly children or youthful dreams, whom they lure away to devour in secluded shadows. Their twisted nature is evident in their gaunt faces, hollow, sunken eyes, and malevolent snarls that reveal their endless appetite for despair.



A Wendigo's evil is relentless; once it begins its hunt, it will not stop until it has claimed every soul within its reach, consuming anyone unfortunate enough to cross its path. Particularly dangerous is its obsession with consuming dreams or nightmares of a similar type to its own origin, a compulsion that only adds to its monstrous drive. Dispatching a Wendigo is perilous: any warrior who dares take it down or survives a bite directly risks the

infection of the dark force that drives the creature, as it can slip like a curse into anyone who takes its life gradually turning them into a Wendigo. For this reason, the Court of Dreams has identified only one safe method to eliminate them: trapping the Wendigo and drowning it with water from the sacred Moon Tree of Selarbor. Only this blessed water can cleanse and extinguish the Wendigo's malign force without corrupting the killer.

The very presence of a Wendigo is a calamity, turning even the bravest dream warriors into cautious shadows. Their reputation as cursed nightmares makes them high-priority targets for eradication, though few ever succeed—and none emerge unchanged.

Werewolves

Werewolves in Dreamscape are not the legends of myth but a true horror that hides in plain sight, blending seamlessly with the inhabitants of dreamer and nightmare communities alike. By day, they assume the shapes of ordinary beings, living quietly among others without a hint of their true, dark nature. But when night falls, they transform into brutish, malformed creatures, a monstrous blend of wolf and something even more grotesque. Covered in matted fur and sinew, with claws capable of slicing through steel, they revel in carnage, leaving devastation and broken bodies in their wake.



Taking down a Werewolf is an almost impossible feat, as they possess unnatural regeneration fueled by shadows, allowing them to heal from most injuries with disturbing ease. Their incredible strength and ferocity mean they can tear through walls and metal defenses, making even reinforced structures little more than paper before their claws. With no known means to detect them in their hidden form, they can infiltrate communities undetected, living among their victims until they are ready to reveal their true selves.

Some rare variants incorporate other animals instead of a wolf, creating horrible were nightmares that can employ such things to cause fear and death wherever they go.

Legend has it that Werewolves retain a fragmented memory of their actions, haunting them in both forms, a dark instinct always lurking beneath the surface. This dual existence and the fear of betrayal from within make Werewolves the ultimate dread nightmare infiltrators, a menace to communities across Dreamscape. Their existence stirs caution and distrust, reminding everyone that even the familiar can hide the darkest horrors.

Wraiths

Wraiths are among the most chilling of dread nightmares, entities shaped from corrupted nightmares that have taken on the form of ghastly, deathly specters. With hollow, vacant eyes and bodies that appear decayed, they float through Dreamscape's abandoned and sinister places, their eerie, echoing wails stirring terror in any who hear them. Though not true spirits, Wraiths possess the twisted semblance of death, manifesting as humanoid figures draped in shadowy, tattered remnants of their former selves. They exude a spectral mist that chills the air, making their haunting grounds cold and foreboding.



Driven by a deep, malevolent hatred, Wraiths are relentless once they fixate on a target. They begin their haunt subtly, with whispers in the night and faint glimpses from the shadows, gradually becoming more violent as their obsession grows. Their haunting escalates from terrifying apparitions and chilling touches to full, physical aggression, until they drain the life from their victim, feeding on fear and despair. As intangible beings, they are particularly challenging to battle, immune to most physical attacks and requiring the use of Shines or powerful holy energies to destroy or ward them off.

Wraiths are known to congregate near graveyards, battlefields, and any location where despair lingers, drawing strength from the lingering pain and loss. Their ability to evade most forms of harm makes them feared and respected even among the most seasoned Dreamscape defenders, and any encounter with them is best approached with caution—and powerful defenses.

Ladies of the Lake

The Ladies of the Lake are some of Dreamscape's most beguiling, yet treacherous, nightmares. Appearing as stunningly beautiful maidens with silvery skin and flowing hair that shimmers like liquid moonlight, they reside in Dreamscape's bodies of water—or, for the unlucky, even in any pool or reflective liquid found there. Their voices are soft, melodious, and inviting, charming passersby with tales, flirtations, or the promise of romance, coaxing travelers, dreamers, or adventurers closer to the water's edge.



These Ladies are master manipulators, employing supernatural allure to pull victims into their watery domain. The longer someone interacts with a Lady, the stronger her enticing power becomes, wrapping her target in a daze from which it is nearly impossible to escape. Once their victim draws close enough to reach the water, the Lady will often lean forward, feigning a kiss—only to reveal her true form, a

twisted visage of pure malevolence, before dragging the victim down to the depths. Within her liquid lair, she feeds upon the life force of the captured soul, gaining strength and leaving her victim eternally trapped beneath the water's surface, where only faint whispers or flickers of their image remain.

A Lady of the Lake's magic extends beyond charm; she can mimic voices, cast illusions, and summon visions that draw even the most cautious of travelers to her. Though alluring, the dread beauty of the Ladies hides a darkness that few escape once ensnared, earning them their place as one of Dreamscape's most insidious threats.

Botanical Horrors

Botanical Horrors are monstrous dread nightmares spawned from Dreamscape's most corrupt, forsaken realms. Twisted and monstrous, these towering plant-like beasts appear as gruesome fusions of vine, thorn, and root, using powerful, thorn-studded tendrils to entangle, poison, and tear their prey apart. Their limbs bear deadly claws laced with toxins, while rows of jagged, venomous teeth can tear flesh and bone with ease. Each strike from their claws or bite carries infectious spores, a dark promise that any who fall to their attacks—or even survive—are doomed to transform into a lesser nightmare known as a Rafflesia, mindlessly serving the Horror's malicious will.



These creatures are virtually indestructible, regenerating even from the smallest remnants of their cursed vegetation. Legends claim they are truly immortal, able to rise again from even the smallest seed unless destroyed by the dragon's true fire or empowered by a rare Shine. Botanical Horrors grow stronger with each victim, the potency of their toxins and infections deepening as they evolve with each kill. Their presence leaves a forest of twisted, carnivorous flora in their wake, a grim warning of their path through Dreamscape. Engaging one is a death sentence, even for the most seasoned of dream defenders, as every attempt to battle them risks creating a monstrous garden of nightmares from the corpses of the fallen.

Dread Goblins

Once joyful goblins now mutated into horrid, sickly versions of their former selves, Dread Goblins are wretched, malformed nightmares covered in decaying remnants of past victims. Standing hunched yet muscular, their elongated arms end in sharp, gnarled claws that drip with a foul, smoky shadow. Blackened mist and the stench of death waft from their twisted bodies, lingering in the air as they prowl dark and abandoned regions of Dreamscape. These creatures wrap themselves in the corpses of those they kill,



trapping the spirits of their victims within the layers of rot that now serve as their grim armor.

Dread Goblins are not only physically terrifying but spiritually vile; any dreamer they slay becomes a part of their grotesque ensemble, forever trapped within their shroud of corpses, unable to find peace until the Dread Goblin itself is destroyed. Known for their vicious cackling and guttural growls, these dread nightmares have an insidious knack for creating terror long before they attack, often revealing glimpses of their previous victims to haunt their prey. It is said that even in death, Dread Goblins will claw their way back to life if not cleansed with purifying Shines, making them a perpetual threat in Dreamscape's shadowed corners.

Dread Merwitches

Dread Merwitches are loathsome, decayed sirens that haunt Dreamscape's oceans, weaving dark magic to ensnare, torment, and obliterate. With skin stretched taut over skeletal frames and long, matted hair tangled with seaweed, these twisted merfolk wield a terrifying mastery over sound and disharmony, using their voices to conjure spells that ripple through water and air. They move through the sea with an eerie silence, their eyes cold and merciless, hunting for bodies to harvest and transform into tools for their vile magic.



More than simple predators, Dread Merwitches are driven by a malevolent hunger for ruin and agony, weaving enchantments that lead their victims into deadly currents or force ships to wreck on unforgiving rocks. Each corpse they claim becomes a dark ingredient in their foul rites, empowering their spells and feeding their connection to their mistress, the Siren of Madness. Though not as physically overpowering as other dread nightmares, they are dangerously cunning, able to bewitch, disorient, and ensnare even the most cautious travelers with ease. Many who encounter a Merwitch report haunting, dissonant songs in their dreams, a lingering call to return to the ocean's depths where death awaits.

Dread Reaper

The Dread Reaper is a nightmarish apparition feared throughout Dreamscape, a harbinger of death and despair that hunts both dreamers and the inhabitants of the dream realms with unrelenting malice. Cloaked in an aura of darkness, these skeletal figures are draped in hooded shrouds of shadow and mist, their hollow eyes emitting a faint, unholy glow. They wield dark scythes crafted from corrupted dream metal, each swing as silent as the grave yet sharp enough to slice through even the strongest defenses. Once a Dread Reaper has set its sights on a victim, escape is



nearly impossible—its ghostly form can phase through barriers and cover vast distances in moments, relentlessly pursuing its quarry until the final stroke of its scythe is met.

More than mere hunters, Dread Reapers possess a unique and terrifying ability: they reap the souls of their victims, collecting the very essence of their targets to feed their insatiable hunger for suffering. Each soul harvested is trapped within the Reaper's scythe, bound to suffer in a dreamless limbo until the Reaper's own destruction. Those unfortunate enough to encounter one are met with a chilling, soundless advance, as the Reaper slowly closes the distance, each moment amplifying the suffocating weight of their malice. Legends suggest that a Reaper's presence alone can drain the strength and will of those nearby, casting them into a state of despair from which few can recover.

Taking down a Dread Reaper is a nearly impossible feat, as they are not only masters of death but also tethered to powerful forces of dread. Only those with potent Shines or wielding artifacts of significant purity can hope to inflict lasting damage, as the Reapers' bodies quickly regenerate from ordinary attacks. Dreamers and inhabitants of Dreamscape are strongly advised to avoid these creatures altogether; engaging with a Dread Reaper is a task only the most experienced dream warriors should consider, and even they should not dare to confront one alone. Tales of successful encounters with these creatures are rare, and those who survive often speak of the cold, hollow void left behind, as if the Dread Reaper had reaped a part of their own soul in the battle.

Dread Skull Spiders

Dread Skull Spiders lurk in the shadows of Dreamscape, weaving dense webs of malice and dread to ensnare any unsuspecting victims who stumble upon their lairs. These terrifying arachnids are monstrous in form, with faces resembling decayed human skulls, their empty sockets burning with a dark, unholy light. Their fleshy, sinewy legs end in skeletal hands tipped with long, razor-sharp claws, ideal for tearing flesh and gripping their prey with terrifying strength. They create intricate, nearly invisible webs across pathways and dark passages, luring their victims in with the promise of escape just out of reach.



Once a creature is caught in the webs of a Dread Skull Spider, the true horror begins. Contact with these threads instills a creeping dread that crawls into the victim's mind, intensifying with each passing moment. The fear grows stronger, sapping the will to resist and making every attempt at escape more desperate and frantic until the victim is utterly paralyzed by terror. The Spider relishes this prolonged dread, often observing its victim's struggle before finally drawing close to feast on their blood and innards, leaving only an empty husk ensnared in its webs.

To face a Dread Skull Spider is to face primal, unyielding fear given form. The few who have escaped these horrors recount their experiences as nightmares even in the Waking World, the dreadful weight of fear lingering long after their escape. These creatures are resilient to

almost all attacks, with only blessed fire or cleansing light capable of purging them from existence. For most, however, encountering a Dread Skull Spider is a fatal end, one they endure in trembling dread until the spider's merciless grip closes in.

Dread Wolves

Dread Wolves are an evolution of the sinister Shadow Wolves, twisted by an overwhelming concentration of dread and malevolence. These creatures are marked by sickly, decaying flesh, exposing fiery red veins and gaping wounds that seem to seethe with hate. Their skeletal bodies twist with grotesque mutations—additional faces or leering mouths emerge from their necks and shoulders, each one a testament to the depths of their corruption. Despite their decaying appearance, Dread Wolves are far from weak; their strength is nothing short of monstrous, and their jaws can shatter bone, steel, or any other material with terrifying ease.



Unlike their former kind, Dread Wolves travel alone, preferring solitary hunts where they can unleash their destructive rage. Though they appear weak, their decayed bodies are a deception, as their might rivals that of the strongest nightmares in Dreamscape. Their lifeless eyes radiate a crimson glow as they relentlessly pursue their prey, latching on with teeth that tear through armor and flesh alike. Dread Wolves cannot be killed through conventional means; only the purity of song, the attacks of other wolves, or any force capable of erasing the deep-rooted evil within them can bring them to a final end.

Those who face a Dread Wolf unprepared often suffer a gruesome fate, their remains left as a grisly warning for any who might dare follow. The howl of a Dread Wolf is said to echo through Dreamscape, a chilling cry that sends ripples of terror through even the strongest beings. For those with the courage to stand against them, defeating a Dread Wolf is considered a high honor, but it is a challenge that most dreamers wisely choose to avoid.

Death Maws

Death Maws are a gruesome blight on Dreamscape, massive, grotesque figures of raw, writhing flesh covered in sickly green eyes that glint with twisted hunger. Their wide, gaping maws are lined with countless rows of jagged teeth, and within the depths of their mouths lie lesser versions of themselves—miniature Death Maws that gnaw and tear at whatever remains their parent entity leaves behind. These creatures consume anything in their path, and with each meal, their bulk and menace grow, becoming more monstrous with every bite.



When a Death Maw devours its prey, it gains more than sustenance; it absorbs any power, abilities, or essence that its victims possessed. This parasitic adaptation allows it to replicate powers in disturbing ways, making it more powerful and versatile with each kill. As they feast, they release a toxic, greenish sludge that seeps into the ground, sapping life and corrupting the environment around them. Death Maws are also known to lay eggs within the carcasses of their victims, leading to infestations that can overrun entire regions with their ravenous spawn.

Attempting to combat a Death Maw without proper preparation is a near-suicidal endeavor. Only the strongest Shines or abilities that disrupt the creature's innate hunger can weaken it. Left unchecked, a Death Maw will continue to consume, spreading its foul influence throughout Dreamscape, leaving twisted landscapes and desolation in its wake. To destroy a fully grown one is a rare and celebrated victory, as the risk of facing its consuming maw is one few dare to take.

Extreme Formless Nightmare (Dread)

The Extreme Formless Nightmare, or "Dread Form," is a dark and twisted entity that defies fixed shape, existing as a chaotic mass of writhing tendrils, grasping hands, and glaring eyes. These creatures are far more dangerous than their lesser counterparts, thriving in the deepest, most desolate parts of Dreamscape. Comprised of living shadows, they are terrifyingly resilient and immune to positive energies and emotions, rendering many traditional defenses useless against their insidious assaults. Their endless, shifting forms make them nearly impossible to pin down, as they slither, claw, and lash out with malevolent precision.



This nightmare form hunts relentlessly, its many eyes scanning Dreamscape for any sign of life. Unlike lesser nightmares, they can think and strategize, drawing their prey into ambushes and then attacking with a frenzy that leaves few survivors. Their tendrils are capable of ripping through nearly any material, and those caught in their grasp feel an overwhelming sense of despair and futility. Attempts to strike them down often fail, as they can reform and regenerate quickly, making them almost impossible to defeat through brute force alone.

Only those with exceptional physical strength or highly specialized skills stand a chance against these nightmares. Destroying one is an incredible feat, but few who dare to face them in battle live to tell the tale. They remain one of Dreamscape's most fearsome threats, a lurking dread that waits silently in the shadows, watching and waiting for its next prey.

Ghosts

Ghosts in Dreamscape are not nightmares, but true spirits who have resisted passing on to Elysium's Embrace. Though some remain harmless, others become corrupted by the influence of dread nightmares, twisted into vengeful entities that haunt the realms of dreams. These ethereal beings take on the appearance of their former selves, their forms often pale and distorted by the obsessive emotions that bind them to the dream realm. For those unlucky enough to encounter these spirits, the experience is both chilling and dangerous, as corrupted Ghosts can harbor a profound hatred for the living.



Once corrupted, these spirits gain strength from attention, whether fear, fascination, or loathing, making them more powerful the longer they linger in Dreamscape. This obsession allows them to manifest tangible effects on the environment, altering it to trap their victims or create eerie atmospheres. However, they are intangible to ordinary means, immune to mundane weapons and requiring magic, exotic technologies, or artifacts of ancient myth to banish or destroy.

Ghosts are a reminder that even death offers no true escape in Dreamscape, where twisted obsessions and unfulfilled desires can give rise to terrible specters. The Court of Dreams has a wary respect for these spirits, recognizing that while some may be saved or guided on to peace, others are forever ensnared in a cycle of torment, lashing out in fury at all who cross their path.

Horroclowns

Horroclowns are a grotesque corruption of the phobia of clowns, a nightmare specifically designed to unnerve and torture those sensitive to such fears. Their appearance is a macabre mockery of circus clowns: flesh twisted into bloated, exaggerated shapes with grotesque painted smiles, unnaturally bright yet dead eyes, and a gaping maw filled with razor-sharp teeth. Their laughter is a cacophony of distorted shrieks, creating an atmosphere of panic and disorientation that disturbs even the most stalwart of dreamers. To encounter one is to feel the raw edge of terror as they hunt with an insatiable hunger for flesh and souls.



The mere presence of a Horroclown induces panic, seeping into the minds of those nearby and planting seeds of dread that grow with each interaction. Unlike many nightmares that seek a swift end to their hunts, Horroclowns revel in drawing out their victim's fear, orchestrating macabre games and nightmarish "performances" that end in tragic and

traumatizing displays. These creatures have no need for stealth, for they delight in the creeping realization that escape is futile, fueling their victims' terror until it blooms into full-blown despair.

While they can be defeated, Horroclowns are far from easy to kill, as their fear-inducing presence can warp the mind of even the bravest of fighters. Few dreamers possess the strength to resist their madness-inducing aura, and those who do often emerge with lingering scars that haunt them for a lifetime. The Court of Dreams regards Horroclowns as a scourge best avoided, a nightmare that preys upon the most primal of fears with chilling glee.

Misty Manhunters

Misty Manhunters are towering nightmares, standing at the height of four to five men, lurking in the thick mists of Dreamscape, preying on the fears and vulnerabilities of unsuspecting dreamers. These hulking forms are monstrous giants with hideously distorted faces, twisted with jagged teeth and wild, unsettling eyes that seem to glow in the mist. They move silently, relishing the fear they evoke, savoring the scent of terror before they pounce on their victims. Their insatiable hunger leads them to capture and consume their prey alive, stretching out the horror for their own twisted pleasure.



Their danger lies not just in their imposing size and cruel nature, but in their attachment to the mists themselves. Anyone who tries to flee within the mist is likely to find themselves hopelessly lost, their footsteps muted and their path endlessly looping back to the Manhunter's waiting maw. However, they are bound to the mist, and once a victim manages to exit its embrace, the Manhunter's pursuit falters, the giant begrudgingly slinking back into the haze, waiting patiently for the next dreamer to drift into its lair.

Curiously, Misty Manhunters seem to remember past dreamers, their forms bearing trophies from previous hunts, such as scraps of clothing or familiar trinkets tangled in their massive hands. This chilling detail suggests a sense of cruel amusement—each captured piece an eerie reminder of the souls they've claimed. Dreamers are wise to avoid the veils of mist where these horrors reside, for they are patient hunters, and their next feast is only a step away.

Shadow Stalkers

Shadow Stalkers are sinister entities, nightmares that take the form of elongated humanoids made entirely of shifting, smoky darkness. Their limbs are impossibly long and thin, giving them an unnerving, stretched appearance, with fingers extending into razor-like claws and an eerie, featureless face that seems to watch with silent malice. Constantly trailing wisps of black smoke as they move, Shadow Stalkers blend seamlessly into the

shadows, following their victims undetected, waiting for the perfect moment to strike from their concealed position.

Their danger lies in their mastery of shadow itself—they can meld into any darkened corner or shaded place, granting them an ability to hunt silently and strike suddenly. They use shadows not only as their hideaway but as weapons, forming smoky tendrils that ensnare and weaken dreamers before the final blow. However, they despise light, recoiling from any brightness cast upon them, though they will attempt to extinguish it if possible. The brighter the light, the weaker they become, making this a dreamer's only true defense.



An eerie trait of Shadow Stalkers is that they sometimes mark their prey with faint, smoky handprints, invisible to others but perceptible to those they intend to hunt. These marks fade only once the Stalker has made its final move, leaving a haunting, cold feeling on the skin. For any who sense an inexplicable darkness trailing behind them, beware—a Shadow Stalker may be lurking, waiting to pull you into eternal shadow.

Soul Harvester

Soul Harvesters drift through Dreamscape like grim specters, skeletal figures shrouded in tattered cloaks, hovering just above the ground, clutching eerie, ancient lamps that emit a faint, unsettling light. These lamps serve a grim purpose, drawing the souls of dreamers who pass peacefully, trapping them within to feed the Harvester's insatiable hunger for souls. With each captured soul, the lamp's glow brightens, while a sickly aura radiates from the Harvester itself, serving as a warning to any who dare approach.



Though not particularly offensive by nature, Soul Harvesters possess the ability to curse those who gaze too long upon the light of their lamp, afflicting them with dreams filled with endless darkness and isolation. In this cursed state, dreamers feel themselves trapped, lost in an endless void, slowly drained of their vitality. The only way to break the curse is to banish the Soul Harvester from the dream entirely, though this is no easy task, as the Harvester's connection to the dreamer's soul makes them particularly challenging to dispel.

One unsettling fact about Soul Harvesters is their relentless patience; they do not chase or harm directly, preferring instead to linger at the edges of dreams. Their silent presence haunts dreamers, a warning that death, whether peaceful or not, may invite their cold, collecting gaze. In Dreamscape, those who catch sight of a dim lamp in the distance know to tread carefully, for the Soul Harvester may be near, seeking another soul to entrap within its eternal lantern.

Others

Scarlet Mu, Custodian of Passion and Mirages

This mysterious woman lives just outside the Labyrinth of Forgotten Dreams in a little hut. Whatever things reside within the labyrinth has ever bothered her at all, as if they could sense something dangerous about this woman. If only they knew, for this is Scarlet Mu, one of the Custodians of the Universe, hidden away within Dreamscape.



She has long abandoned her duties as a Custodian, no longer bothering herself with the safety of the Universe or its foundations, but reclusing herself searching for something else, something more personal to her. She seeks to restore a lost memory or dream to herself, and has been chasing it for several milenia to no avail, as what she seeks is within the Labyrinth but every attempt of hers has been a failure. Still, not one to give up so easily she continues to try every few days, delving into the Labyrinth before having to exit not too long after.

As a Custodian of the Universe, she is an extremely powerful individual, probably capable of contending with even the Dread Generals of the Composer of Nightmares, if not more, but she does not care nor desires to involve herself within the conflict of Dreams and Nightmares, content to keep to herself and focus on restoring her forgotten dream.

Sylvandar Exploration Taskforce Members

The Sylvandar are an enigmatic, spacefaring race of elven refugees from the Waking World, blending advanced technology with ancient magic as they wander the cosmos. Driven by an endless quest for knowledge, they venture into Dreamscape through use of their advanced technology, seeking relics and wisdom to aid their journeys. When encountered, they cut striking figures: each Sylvandar dons form-fitting suits of high-tech design, adorned with intricate patterns that pulse with vibrant, otherworldly hues. Their skin tones range from deep purples to pastel blues, and mixed heritage often brings forth unique combinations of these shades, adding to their ethereal beauty. They are a long lived race that is slow to love but even slower to forget, as any bond whether friendship or more, made with them extends for centuries or even millennia.



Renowned for their intellect and wisdom, the Sylvandar approach problems with careful deliberation, favoring cunning and insight over brute force. They bring to Dreamscape a quiet but indomitable presence, steadfast in their pursuit of ancient secrets.

Succubus Corps, Demonic Lust Expedition from the Ten Thousand Hells

The Succubus Corps is an insidious demonic invasion force hailing from the Ten Thousand Hells, intent on twisting and siphoning life from Dreamscape itself. This group of lust demons is led by the cunning Marquis Plia du Cosset, a powerful Greater Succubus known for her charm and mastery over dark allure. She and her followers have breached Dreamscape through unknown means, slipping past its ethereal boundaries with unnerving ease. Their presence has become a blight on Dreamscape, spreading through personal dream realms and leaving weakened, hollowed dreamers in their wake. They delight in sowing temptation and luring dreamers into their grasp, extracting power and vitality with every encounter.



Lust demons like the Succubi Corps possess a darkly unique method of draining their victims: through physical intimacy, they siphon away experience, life energy, and even raw power, wrapping their victims in blissful illusions while they feed. Each encounter is a deceptive mixture of pleasure and danger, with dreamers often unaware of how much they have lost until it is too late. Unlike ordinary nightmares, these succubi do not merely instill terror—they seduce, causing dreamers to return, seeking their company, even as it leads to their eventual exhaustion. The effect has rippled through Dreamscape, prompting both the mischievous Pink Dreams and darker Pink Nightmares to form a temporary alliance in a rare show of unity against these fiends.

Interestingly, succubi have a talent for changing their forms to fit the desires of their targets, adapting their appearance to exude a charm that no two dreamers perceive the same way. They are masters of subtle psychological manipulation, able to craft dreamscapes that perfectly appeal to their prey's most hidden desires. Additionally, members of the Succubus Corps can mark a dreamer as theirs, creating a psychic tether that allows them to reappear in that dreamer's personal realm whenever they please, making them nearly impossible to shake off without expert intervention. The Court of Dreams has been implored to intervene, and though many court agents have been dispatched, the Corps remains resilient and elusive.

The Succubus Corps represents more than a simple threat—they are an alluring, deadly puzzle in Dreamscape's delicate balance. As agents and allies rally against this demonic influence, one thing is certain: Marquis Plia du Cosset and her seductive legion are far from finished with their conquest. With their power to entwine pleasure with peril, the Succubus Corps tempts dreamers to dance on the edge of oblivion, their sultry presence lingering in the mind long after they've vanished into the depths of Dreamscape's shadows.

Marquis Plia du Cosset, Greater Succubus from the Ten Thousand Hells

Marquis Plia du Cosset is a Greater Succubus of immense power and an infamous figure within the Ten Thousand Hells. Elegant and calculating, she has amassed a following of loyal succubi who revere her mastery of demonic arts and her charisma. Through means unknown to the Court of Dreams, she has led her Succubus Corps into Dreamscape, where she revels in the vast availability of dreamers and seducing and draining them of their life and vitality. Plia's presence in Dreamscape marks her as a significant threat—not merely for her ambition but for her relentless pursuit of the pleasures and energies she believes are her due.



In her true form, Plia du Cosset is a vision of ethereal allure cloaked in an air of predatory grace. She combines a subtle cruelty with her charms, manifesting a magnetic aura that seems to pull her prey in of its own accord. Plia's ability to drain life force is far stronger than that of ordinary succubi, and with her status as a Greater Succubus, she can sap experience, skills, and even a fraction of powers from her meals, leaving them not just physically weakened but mentally dulled and often prone to lingering, empty longing for her. Those who fall into her embrace rarely escape unscathed, often returning, captivated, to seek her attention again.

A fascinating aspect of Plia's abilities is her immunity to common banishment techniques. Her dark magic has made her a potent adversary to the Songstress's agents, repelling their attempts to expel her from Dreamscape. She has even clashed with powerful dread nightmares in the darkest realms, emerging victorious with disturbing ease. Her allure extends beyond mere seduction—Plia is as adaptable as she is formidable, able to alter her form to appeal to the deepest, most hidden desires of her prey. Each encounter with her feels like the last, drawing dreamers ever closer to their demise with each interaction.

With her hedonistic nature and love of pleasure, Marquis Plia du Cosset has become an emblem of temptation in Dreamscape, a demon who offers both ecstasy and ruin. Her calculating mind and unrestrained pursuit of sensation make her a dangerously potent adversary and a fascination to those who seek both the thrill and peril of her company. As long as she roams Dreamscape, even the most cautious dreamers may find themselves ensnared by her charms, captivated and drained in an endless dance of lust and power.

Corrupted ones (Outsiders)

In the rarest, darkest moments, entities from the vast and alien realms between universes manage to pierce the shifting boundaries of Dreamscape. Known to both dreamers and nightmares as Corrupted Ones, these outsiders do not belong to any reality and embody forms so warped and chaotic that even calling them “corrupted” is a misnomer—these beings were born from something darker than corruption itself. Their very presence disrupts the delicate harmony of dreams and nightmares, twisting the Dreamscape into something unrecognizable. Strange, often horrific, these creatures wander the realms with motives as alien as their forms, existing without a trace of empathy or familiarity.



Corrupted Ones appear in diverse, disturbing shapes, most bearing twisted, flawed attempts to mimic familiar forms from reality. Some try to appear as humanoid or animalistic, but their imitations are profoundly wrong: eyes misplaced, limbs bending in unnatural angles, or voices echoing in sickly whispers of forgotten languages. The less fortunate dreamers who have glimpsed these imitations often wake with lasting unease, as if part of the Outsider’s gaze has lingered with them. Whether they adopt such forms to communicate or merely to deceive is unknown, but one thing is certain—their awareness is as foreign as their appearance, and their gaze seems to perceive the very foundations of existence as mutable and frail.

Intruding Outsiders pose a profound threat to Dreamscape and reality alike, their mere existence rippling with distortion. They are considered abominations by both the Songstress and the Composer, their presence an affront to the balance between dreams and nightmares. Despite their differences, the Songstress and Composer have enacted fierce measures to capture or destroy any Outsiders that cross into their domains. A great many of these powerful Corrupted Ones are said to lie imprisoned within the Cathedral of Broken Echoes, a vast, haunted sanctuary in the city of Ghastelheim. This ominous fortress is woven with potent wards and sonic bindings, holding the entrapped outsiders in perpetual torment, their eerie cries filling the cathedral’s desolate halls like broken hymns.

The Corrupted Ones represent the unknown made manifest, and their presence in Dreamscape serves as a reminder of how fragile the boundaries between worlds truly are. They are unwelcome guests, avatars of a place where neither dreams nor nightmares hold sway. Yet, their allure draws the morbidly curious and the reckless, who seek the power, secrets, and twisted knowledge these beings might possess. But any such curiosity comes at great risk, for the Corrupted Ones neither understand nor care for the rules of existence; to them, all is mutable, expendable, and potentially devourable.

Scenarios

Step into the realm of boundless possibilities! The scenarios listed below are gateways to thrilling adventures, each designed to enrich your journey and immerse you in the heart of this jump's universe. While some hint at the threads of a larger narrative woven throughout this world, you are never bound by them. Feel free to carve your own path and shape your own epic tale.

Rewards from these scenarios are **fiat-backed**, ensuring their permanence and reliability in your journey, even if it's not explicitly stated.

Companion Quests

Among the scenarios, you will find **Companion Quests**—personalized adventures tied deeply to the companions of this jump. These quests aren't just about rewards; they are about forging unbreakable bonds with those who stand by your side. Completing them will solidify your connection and unlock untold potential within both you and your companion.

Your Story, Your Stage

Each scenario sets the stage for a grand story, detailing pivotal moments and challenges you will face. But make no mistake—the events described are not immutable scripts. Your actions, decisions, and ingenuity can shape the outcomes in ways the scenario may not anticipate. As long as you reach a similar resolution to what the scenario suggests, **victory is yours and the rewards will be yours to claim.**

This is your play, and the world is your stage. Let your choices guide the melody, and your deeds become the chorus of this tale. Whatever path you choose, may the **Songstress of Dreams** sing in your favor, and may your journey echo through the stars.

Onward, Agent—your epic adventure awaits!



A New Arrival in a World of Dreams and Nightmares

Your journey begins the moment you step into the surreal realm of Dreamscape, a world woven from the threads of imagination, desires, and fears. You feel it in the air, the way the landscape shifts and twists just beyond your peripheral vision—your arrival is no accident. Subtle hints from your journey suggest a deeper reason for your presence here, though the truth remains veiled in mystery.

This scenario centers around your initial foray into the enigmatic Court of Dreams. As the newest Agent of the Songstress, your first task is navigating the complex web of personalities, alliances, and rivalries within the Court. You'll encounter figures who range from welcoming to wary—some of the Agent Companions may greet you with open arms, eager to mentor you, while others might size you up, questioning whether you're an ally or a potential threat to their own ambitions.



These early interactions will shape the foundation of your place within the Court. Are you someone who will strengthen the Songstress' vision, or might your arrival disrupt the delicate balance of dreams and nightmares? The choice is yours, Agent, though tread carefully. Every word, every gesture, every glance could leave a lasting impression.

The highlight of this scenario is your first official meeting with **Her Melody**, the Songstress of Dreams herself. The summons arrives like a whisper carried on the wind, accompanied by the chiming echoes of distant music. When you finally stand before her, you will be surrounded by the eyes of Dreamscape—some curious, others calculating. The Court will judge you not just for your words, but for the harmony (or discord) you bring to their world.

How will you present yourself, Agent? Will you align with the Songstress' melody, offering loyalty and vision? Or will your presence sow uncertainty, perhaps inspiring others to question their place within the Court? Whatever path you choose, this pivotal meeting will ripple across Dreamscape, setting the tone for your journey ahead.

The stage is set, the audience waits, and the dream begins. Step carefully, for every action here echoes across the fabric of the unreal. Best of luck, Agent. The Court of Dreams is watching.

Scenario Rewards +100 CP

Successfully completing your introduction to the Songstress and earning her trust and the Court's will open doors within Dreamscape, granting you valuable contacts and the chance to forge bonds with fellow Agents and members of the Court. As a reward for your participation in this scenario, you receive:

Symbol of the Songstress (Reward Item)

This radiant, intricate pin is a visible mark of your status, signifying you as one of the Songstress's chosen Agents. Worn with pride or discretion, it bears subtle enchantments that lend you respect and authority among Dreamscape denizens. The Symbol not only identifies you as an ally of the Songstress but may also offer subtle protection, allowing you to move more freely in areas otherwise hostile to outsiders. This mark of favor may even garner unexpected allies on future missions, as the Symbol's magic grows with each act of loyalty and valor you display.



Mission: A Not so Quiet Trip to the Emerald Forest

Months have passed since your induction into the ranks of the Songstress' Agents. You've navigated the labyrinthine halls of the Spire of Echoes, forged your first bonds within the Court, and honed your skills through smaller tasks. Now, it's time for something greater—a mission that will test your mettle as an official Agent of Her Melody.



Your assignment takes you to the **Emerald Forest**, a lush, dreamlike expanse brimming with strange beauty and hidden dangers. The forest has recently become the focus of troubling rumors: dreamers and Dreams alike have been vanishing without a trace. Even more concerning, Agent Vine, who was sent ahead to investigate, has failed to report back.

Your mission begins with a meeting at the outskirts of the Emerald Forest. There, you'll find **Finnia**, a quirky Dream Faery known for her miniature sunflower fields and her knack for storytelling. Finnia will provide a primer on the forest's peculiarities, its many inhabitants, and the scant details of your mission. Keep an ear open—Finnia has a habit of wrapping clues in riddles and lighthearted banter.

From there, it's up to you. The only solid lead is Agent Vine's last known location, near a **colony of Mushroom Men**, enigmatic beings who might know more than they let on. The disappearances have all occurred under the full moon's glow, adding a layer of eerie intrigue to your investigation.

Within the Emerald Forest, nothing is as it seems. Ancient moss-covered ruins whisper forgotten stories, magical creatures flit between towering emerald canopies, and danger lurks behind the forest's tranquil façade. You'll need more than brute force to navigate this mystery—wits, intuition, and empathy are your strongest allies here.

The answers you seek won't come easily. Expect to encounter both allies and adversaries in the form of whimsical forest denizens, including creatures that might challenge your patience (or appetite for being chased), and **a certain blonde elf that may hold the answer to the whole mystery**. The secret of the Emerald Forest's disappearances is deeply buried, and the truth may be more unsettling than you imagined.

Agent, this mission is more than a test of your abilities. It's an opportunity to prove your resourcefulness and to understand the delicate balance of Dreamscape. Remember, strength is not always the answer. Keep your mind cool, your heart open, and your eyes sharp—the Emerald Forest holds many secrets, but it won't give them up without a fight.

Good luck, and tread carefully. This is your moment to shine.

Scenario Rewards +200 CP

Agent, your successful completion of this mission is no small feat. Rescuing Agent Vine, recovering missing Dreams and dreamers, and thwarting the machinations of a Dread Nightmare in such an unlikely place have proven your resourcefulness and dedication. Moreover, your actions have disrupted what appears to be the Composer of Nightmares' brewing plans, ensuring peace and safety in the Emerald Forest for now.

For your bravery and skill, the Court of Dreams—and the Songstress herself—recognize your efforts. As a reward for your valor and ingenuity, you are granted:

A Bag with Seeds (Reward Item)

This unassuming pouch holds the rare seeds of the Eternal Emerald Tree, a species found only in the deepest reaches of the Emerald Forest. These seeds possess extraordinary properties that make them invaluable. They can germinate in any kind of soil, whether in a barren wasteland, a surreal corner of Dreamscape, or even within your warehouse. Once planted, these trees grow steadily as long as living beings capable of dreaming are nearby.

As they flourish, the trees imbue their surroundings with an enchanting atmosphere reminiscent of the Emerald Forest. The area becomes suffused with magical energy, enhancing the ability of all nearby beings to interact with magic and other wondrous forces. They also carry a deeper, more subtle magic, awakening the dreams of those who have lost them or never had them, bringing a renewed sense of wonder and vitality to life.

Over time, the Eternal Emerald Trees mature and begin to reproduce, spreading their presence and eventually creating a new forest. This magical forest draws in fantastical creatures and surreal phenomena, becoming a haven of mystery and enchantment—even in worlds where magic is thought to be nonexistent.

At the beginning of each new jump—or every 10 years—the bag will refill, ensuring you always carry the seeds to inspire wonder and growth wherever your journey takes you.



[Companion Quest] A Muse's Greatest Work

Serendipity, the Muse of Endless Inspiration, has always been a beacon of creativity and brilliance. For eons, her spark has ignited the minds of dreamers and mortals, shaping worlds, stories, and wonders. Yet, despite her role as an eternal font of ideas, she harbors a deep, unspoken yearning: to create something monumental of her own, a legacy that will define her not as a muse for others but as a creator in her own right.



This longing has grown heavier over time, and now it threatens to break her entirely. She finds herself consumed by a total and unshakable block. The weight of countless years of striving for perfection without achieving it has drained her spirit. Though she hides it behind her usual charm and grace, her fading spark is undeniable.

For Serendipity, this is more than a personal crisis. Without the drive to inspire or create, her very existence as an Inspiration Dream is at risk. Should she fall into despair, her essence will slowly diminish until nothing remains but a faint echo of what she once was.

This is where you come in, Agent. You encounter Serendipity in this fragile state, and she finally confides in you. She needs help, not just as a muse but as a dream desperate to find her purpose. She believes that with your support, she might overcome this block and, at last, create the transcendent work that will give her life new meaning.

This quest will take you on a journey with Serendipity as she seeks the spark of inspiration that has eluded her for so long. The path you take is yours to decide, guided by the connection you forge with her and the choices you make together.

You might delve into the deepest corners of Dreamscape, seeking forgotten realms and fragments of ideas lost to time. Perhaps you'll find inspiration among the dreamers she's aided in the past, revisiting the works she helped bring to life and drawing lessons from them. Or maybe the answer lies not in the grand or the cosmic, but in the simple and personal—a quiet moment of clarity amidst the chaos.

Whatever path you choose, your role will not be to provide the answer for her, but to help her find it within herself. This is her journey, her masterpiece to create. Your presence, however, might be the key to unlocking the potential she has always carried but never realized.

Scenario Rewards +100 CP

Completing this journey with Serendipity offers more than just tangible rewards—it's an experience that leaves a lasting mark on both of you. The exact nature of the rewards depends on the path you take and the creation Serendipity ultimately completes.

The Muse of Wonder's Gift (Reward Perk)

Serendipity's rekindled spark manifests as a boon she shares with you. Whenever you find yourself stuck or in doubt, you can draw upon her essence to ignite your creativity and clarity. This gift inspires you to overcome mental barriers and craft ideas, art, or solutions that surpass mortal limitations, as well as a warm feeling of her embracing you from behind whispering words to you only that fill you with inspiration and courage, no matter where you are.

The Masterpiece (Reward Item)

A fragment of Serendipity's ultimate creation remains with you, imbued with a piece of her transcendent brilliance. Its effects are as unique as the work itself, ranging from imbuing your surroundings with creativity and wonder to influencing the very fabric of Dreamscape or the mortal realm. This fragment will possess a minor version of the effects of the muse's Magnus Opus, to carry with you along your journeys with the hope that it inspires others as much as it inspired the Muse herself.

The most profound reward is the transformation of Serendipity herself. Freed from her doubts and limits, **she emerges as a radiant, complete version of the muse she was always meant to be**. Her presence becomes more vibrant and confident, her powers more refined and impactful. She becomes not just a companion, but a cornerstone of inspiration in your journey.

Agent, this is not merely a task to aid a friend—it is an opportunity to help a soul discover her purpose and reclaim her light. With your guidance, Serendipity's greatest work can shine, leaving an indelible mark on Dreamscape and beyond.



[Companion Quest] Treading my Own Path to Become Free

Columbia, the fearless Aelyn adventurer from Regil VII, has always lived for the thrill of uncovering the unknown. Her meticulous maps of Dreamscape and the mortal realms are legendary, a testament to her daring spirit and unyielding determination to chart every corner of existence. But this time, her boldness has led her into a dire predicament.

Captured during one of her explorations, Columbia now finds herself imprisoned in the dungeons of **Mazfhar Ketorr**, the ruthless dictator ruling Fantasia's underworld. The situation is grim: word has reached you through your networks that she's to be publicly executed, a brutal warning to anyone foolish enough to cross him. Her crime? Defying Mazfhar's authority—and leaving an unforgettable mark on his son, quite literally.



This quest isn't just about a daring rescue. Columbia's fears run deeper than her chains, and her captivity has brought her greatest phobia—being confined and helpless—to a terrifying reality.

Your mission will require infiltrating Fantasia, a city of opulence hiding corruption, where dreams and nightmares serve as pawns in Mazfhar Ketorr's iron grip. Finding Columbia and breaking her out of Mazfhar's fortress is a race against time that will test your cunning, strength, and resolve. Yet her freedom is only the first step.

The aftermath of her imprisonment leaves Columbia shaken. Her usual bravado is replaced by vulnerability, as the trauma of confinement lingers. You must guide her through her fears, helping her find her footing again. Together, you will face not only the forces of Mazfhar but a far deeper and more sinister web of corruption that snakes through Fantasia's high echelons.

Adding to the challenge is the theft of Columbia's prized artifact, the **Luminis Cartograph**, an extraordinary map that not only charts Dreamscape but reveals hidden truths and pathways no one else can see. Recovering this artifact is vital, not just for her adventures but as a symbol of her freedom and purpose. However, it is no longer in Mazfhar's hands. The true mastermind of Fantasia's underworld now holds it, and retrieving it will demand both strategy and heart.

This journey isn't just about battles and heists—it's a story of trust, growth, and discovery. Columbia's obsession with mapping her surroundings stems from her fear of the unknown and her desperate need for control in a universe that often denies it. But through your partnership, she may learn that not every path needs to be charted, and not every mystery demands an answer.

Your choices and the bond you forge with Columbia will shape her journey. Will you show her that some risks are worth taking without a map? That sometimes, the greatest discoveries are those found in trust, not certainty?

Agent, this is more than a rescue mission. It's a journey into the heart of fear, trust, and the courage it takes to embrace life without a map. Columbia may lead the way in charting the unknown, but this time, she needs someone to show her that freedom isn't just a path—it's a choice.

Scenario Rewards +100 CP

By aiding Columbia in reclaiming her freedom and rediscovering her confidence, you'll not only earn her gratitude but also leave a profound impact on her outlook and abilities. The rewards you receive will reflect the depth of your journey together.

Luminis Cartograph (Reforged) (Reward item)

The events of this quest will culminate with the reveal that the Luminis Cartograph has been reforged, now carries an added brilliance, reflecting the lessons Columbia has learned. It becomes more than just a guide to Dreamscape or anywhere else; it now offers glimpses of potential paths and outcomes, allowing you to see multiple possibilities for key decisions. It also reveals hidden connections between places, people, and dreams, making it an invaluable tool for exploration and strategy. Columbia has agreed to lend it to you for now, for she now has agreed to try to for the first time to live her life blindly and truly free.



Columbia emerges from this quest stronger and more resilient, her bond with you unshakable. While she has still not yet truly overcome her fear of confinement and is still working on it, her presence becomes a source of comfort and determination, her adventurous spirit rekindled. She offers insights into Dreamscape and beyond, becoming a steadfast friend and ally and a constant reminder of the value of embracing the unknown.



Not a Weapon but a Tool

In Iliirya, the City of Radiance, tension brews beneath the surface. Duchess Nyxademia and Duke Feltharion, two towering figures in the city's delicate balance of power, stand at odds once again. Their conflict is more than a rivalry; it is a storm threatening to shatter the fragile peace. Each has turned their gaze to you, the Agent of the Songstress, to tip the scales in their favor. Their words are as polished as the gilded spires of Iliirya, their intentions hidden beneath layers of diplomacy.



As you navigate this labyrinth of whispered alliances and veiled threats, a darker plea reaches your ears—a little girl, Dinah, has vanished. The undercurrents of the city's intrigue have swept her away to the Canyon of Sleeping Giants, a treacherous expanse where ancient beings slumber, their power felt in every tremor of the earth. The abduction is no mere crime; it is a cruel message from those who wield influence in the city's shadowed corners. To many in Iliirya, this child is nothing but a pawn in their greater games, her life hanging in the balance while factions vie for dominance.

For you, however, Dinah is not a token in their schemes but a life worth saving. Yet, her rescue is far from straightforward. Iliirya's elite watch your every move, keen to see whether you'll side with Nyxademia's refinement or Feltharion's pragmatism. Every word you speak, every action you take, is a thread in the tapestry of perception. Even the means by which you approach this task are judged. Do you wield your power to enforce your will, or do you employ the Veiled Mirage and your gifts with finesse and restraint? In a city where appearances are everything, this choice may define your legacy.

Leaving Iliirya's glittering streets behind, you will need to journey to the Canyon of Sleeping Giants. The land itself seems alive, and the giants' unseen presence presses upon your mind. Their gaze is felt rather than seen, a silent judgment that weighs your motives with an inscrutable gravity. The canyon is no mere obstacle; it is a test of purpose.

Reaching Dinah is only the beginning. She will be frightened and fragile, her spirit frayed by the ordeal. Freeing her from her captors is a victory, but a precarious one. The path back to Iliirya is fraught with danger, not only from the canyon but from the echoes of your choices. News of your actions travels ahead of you, and upon your return, you will find that both the Duchess and the Duke have taken note.

But the true challenge lies not in the giants, nor the political maelstrom of Iliirya, but within yourself. Unbeknownst to you, the Songstress watches from afar. This is her test, her silent song threading through the fabric of events. Every choice, every moment you rely on strength or subtlety, will be measured. Your powers are not weapons of war but tools of creation, of protection, of connection. And only by understanding this will you find the

wisdom needed to not only save Dinah but to carry the light of that act back into the darkness of Iliirya.

The resolution of this story is more than political. It is heroic, for it is not the easy path of power that defines a hero but the willingness to use that power wisely. What you bring back to Iliirya—Dinah, safe and sound, and the example of an Agent who acts with purpose rather than force—may yet inspire change, even among those who see only their own reflection in the mirrors of the city’s crystal walls.

Scenario Rewards +200 CP

By passing the Songstress’ test and keeping Dinah safe, you’ve demonstrated that the Veiled Mirage and your Shines and Shades are not mere weapons but tools to shape the world with purpose and care. Your success not only earns you the respect of the Canyon’s guardians but also deepens your connection with the Songstress, a melody of trust now woven into her regard for you. Your reward is a token of this journey—a symbol of the wisdom you’ve gained.

Eclipse Shard Mirror (Reward Item)

This delicate, obsidian-framed mirror is a fragment of the Canyon of Sleeping Giants, imbued with their silent wisdom and watchful gaze. Its surface shimmers with faint reflections of what could be, rather than what is. The Eclipse Shard Mirror reveals insights into potential consequences of your actions—not direct visions of the future, but subtle glimpses of the emotions, ripple effects, and outcomes tied to your choices. While it cannot predict or dictate your path, it serves as a guide to approach challenges with a thoughtful perspective. Small and unassuming, it fits easily into your hand, a constant reminder that the truest power lies in deliberate and mindful action.



[Companion Quest] Torn Between Light and Darkness

A haunting melody carries through Dreamscape, threaded with anguish and fury—a song both familiar and strange. Elira, the Golden Performer of Dreamscape, has vanished from the Court of Dreams, leaving only fragmented echoes of her once-perfect harmonies. The Songstress, though deeply sorrowed, warns that this melody harbors a dangerous dissonance. Fearing that one of her beloved agents teeters on the brink of corruption, she entrusts you with a delicate mission: find Elira, save her, and prevent her from succumbing to the Composer of Nightmares' influence.



Elira's trail will lead to the southern border of the Kingdom of Heroes and Damsels, where an unending war between Dreams and Nightmares ravages the land. Once a bastion of inspiration, the borderlands now echo with cries of despair and relentless combat. Among the chaos, Elira has been spotted, her celestial light dimmed and her once-gentle songs transformed into violent crescendos. Reports suggest she is targeting both Dream and Nightmare alike, driven by a maddening force.

As you will journey into this perilous region, you must tread carefully, for your mission is not merely one of confrontation. You must uncover the truth behind Elira's descent, piecing together her fractured psyche while navigating the treacherous battlefield. Her darkness grows dominant, casting her into an agonizing internal conflict, while the Composer's whispers amplify her doubts and feed her anger.

When you finally find her, she will be unrecognizable, a blazing storm of sorrow and wrath, her melodies tearing through dreamscapes and nightmare forms alike. Her celestial lyre hums with chaotic power, her songbook splintered into discordant fragments. In this state, she views even her closest allies as threats, and she will not yield easily.

To save her, you must reach beyond her rage, using not only strength but also compassion and understanding. The battle will test your resolve, as the Composer's influence seeks to ensnare you as well. You must draw Elira back from the abyss, showing her that both light and shadow can coexist without succumbing to either extreme. Only by helping her reconcile her inner turmoil can she reclaim her own true identity, this time not just a Dream but also not a Nightmare, an identity of her own.

Success will not only save Elira but also strengthen her as an ally. You will leave an indelible mark on her heart and spirit, proving that even in the face of overwhelming darkness, light can still guide the way.

Scenario Rewards +100 CP

By rescuing Elira from the brink of becoming a Dread Nightmare, you've forged your own tale of heroism in the annals of Dreamscape. In a quiet moment, she approaches you, her expression a mixture of gratitude and vulnerability. Without a word, she lets her Veiled Mirage fade, revealing not the radiant Golden Performer nor the shadowy figure of a Nightmare Being, but her truest self: a strikingly beautiful woman with pale skin, twilight-colored hair cascading like dusk, and vivid orange eyes that glimmer with the harmony she has found within. Her smile is one of quiet triumph, a symbol of the reconciliation she has achieved—a balance of light and darkness that reflects the soul you helped her reclaim.

The Melody of the Twilight Performer of Dreamscape (Reward Perk)

Elira, moved by your unwavering efforts, gifts you by singing a song unlike any other—an Aria infused with the duality of her Illuminate Shine and Obscuration Shade. This soul-stirring melody resonates deep within you, embedding its power into your very being. Through this gift, you gain the ability to reconcile opposing forces—be they powers, energies, or concepts—within yourself. They will no longer clash or cancel each other out but will instead meld into something far greater, synergizing with instinctive ease to amplify their combined potential. Each time you draw upon this power, the memory of Elira's song and her serene smile will echo within you, a reminder of the beauty that lies in balance.



[Companion Quest] The Honor of the Crystalholds

The Crystalhold family is a cornerstone of Dreamscape's upper echelons, their influence shaped by their mastery of crystallized dreams and ideas—priceless artifacts capable of swaying both dreamers and Dreamscape's political tides. It is within this storied family that your friend and stalwart ally, Talian, must now confront a summons he has long dreaded. A letter from the family elders commands his return to the ancestral estate in Fantasia's upper districts, where he will stand trial for his fitness to lead the Crystalholds as their next head.



But this is no straightforward challenge. The trial is a tangled web of intrigue, pitting Talian against his estranged brother, Magnus, a man who harbors deep-seated animosity. Their relationship is a bitter one, fractured by personal grievances and the shadow of a shared past. Talian confides in you that the source of their discord runs deeper than mere rivalry: it involves a woman, a precarious and painful triangle that has only widened the chasm between them.

Despite the animosity, Talian dreams of reconciliation, fearing the trial could force one or both brothers to cross a line with catastrophic consequences. Unwilling to escalate tensions further, he pleads for your aid—not as an open ally, but as a silent observer. Talian asks you to accompany him to the Crystalhold estate and discreetly uncover Magnus' intentions while safeguarding both brothers from making an irrevocable mistake.

When you arrive, the Crystalhold estate reveals itself as a realm of splendor marred by hidden fractures. The elders have demanded a series of trials that push both candidates to their limits, forcing them to navigate challenges of strategy, charisma, and resolve. Meanwhile, the family's factions—each with their own hidden agendas—maneuver behind the scenes, seeking to sabotage one brother or manipulate the outcome entirely.

Complicating matters, the tension escalates when the family's sacred garden is defaced with garbage and slurs painted in red—a grave insult to the Crystalholds' honor. The vandal's identity and motives remain unknown, and the act threatens to plunge the already volatile situation into outright chaos.

The Crystalhold estate will become a stage for tension, manipulation, and secrets. You'll find yourself immersed in the labyrinthine politics of one of Dreamscape's most powerful families, where every word, gesture, and action carries weight. Whether by cunning, compassion, or decisive action, you must untangle the threads of this familial drama and steer the Crystalholds away from ruin.

Through it all, Talian's stoic exterior will occasionally crack, revealing the vulnerable man beneath—the captain burdened by duty, yearning for peace, and tormented by the specter of failure. As the trials unfold, his faith in you will be his anchor, and your choices will determine whether the Crystalholds emerge stronger, fractured, or undone entirely.

Will you uncover the truth, mend what was broken, and restore honor to the Crystalholds—or will the weight of history, ambition, and betrayal tear this family apart?

Scenario Rewards +100 CP

Your journey into the intricate and volatile dynamics of the Crystalhold family has left a profound impact, not least of all on Talian himself. The heavy burden he carried—the fear of irreparable conflict with his brother Magnus—has been lifted. Through your intervention, the bitter rivalry between the brothers found resolution, replacing enmity with a fragile but genuine understanding. Talian, once haunted by the thought of a tragic rift, now stands freer, his shoulders less burdened and his heart steadier. His gratitude is quiet yet unmistakable, a bond between you deepened by shared trials and triumphs.

In recognition of your success, the Crystalhold elders present you with one of their most cherished creations:

The Auroral Shard (Reward Item)

A fragment of a dream crystallized in the heart of their ancient forges. The shard gleams with a soft inner light, shifting between hues of dawn and dusk, symbolizing the reconciliation you brought to their family. Warm to the touch, it hums faintly when held, resonating with your emotions and intentions. When kept close, the shard subtly influences the world around you, encouraging harmony in moments of discord and clarity in times of doubt. A memento of your triumph, the Auroral Shard is as much a symbol of the bonds you've strengthened as it is a quiet reminder of the dreams that bind all things together.



Danger within the Canyon of Emotions

The Shroomy Canyon, once a haven of surreal beauty and emotional balance, has fallen under a growing shadow of uncertainty. Rivers of liquid emotions, their colors once vibrant and full of life, now run shallow and muted. The mushrooms that thrive on these flows, glowing softly with the hues of dreamers' feelings, have begun to wither. A creeping unease has settled over the canyon's inhabitants.



Scholars and wandering Dreams speak of the changes in hushed tones. Some fear this disruption could spread through Dreamscape and the Waking World, while others dismiss it as a passing anomaly. Yet the signs cannot be ignored: the rivers are vanishing, the mushrooms are fading, and an unnatural silence has taken root in the hidden caverns within the canyon walls.

The investigation begins with an air of wonder. The Shroomy Canyon is a marvel, its ecosystem teeming with mushrooms that shift and glow in the Dreamscape's ever-changing light. Rivers of liquid emotions cascade through the valley, each hue tied to a different feeling. Exploring the landmarks—like the grand Lamha mushroom with its towering cap—reveals a delicate harmony between the flows of emotion and the canyon's flora and fauna.

But soon, the investigation will eventually lead to darker places. The cavern entrances are cool and inviting, the bioluminescent fungi within casting soft, dreamlike glows along the walls. The air carries a faint hum, as if the canyon itself is alive. But as you venture deeper, the hum fades into a foreboding silence. The once-vivid glow of the fungi dims, replaced by shadows that seem to move when you're not looking.

Within the twisting tunnels, the beauty of the canyon gives way to growing unease. The prismatic webs of dream spiders shimmer in the faint light, but their creators remain unseen, their absence unsettling. The air grows colder, and the faint trickle of liquid emotions becomes sporadic, echoing faintly through the cavernous dark.

The sense of dread escalates. Whispers that do not belong to your companions slip through the shadows, and the walls seem to shift when your back is turned. Spidery figures emerge in fleeting glimpses, their glowing eyes just out of reach. The caverns' familiar wonder turns against you, twisting into a labyrinth of paranoia and fear.

Something is feeding on the canyon, draining its emotions and warping its ecosystem. The deeper you go, the clearer it becomes that this force is deliberate, calculated, and hostile. Will you uncover the truth behind the diminishing rivers and decaying mushrooms? Or will the darkness of the caverns claim another lost dream?

The Shroomy Canyon's fate hangs in the balance, and its secrets are waiting—for those bold enough to uncover them, and clever enough to survive.

Scenario Rewards +200 CP

Who could have imagined that the root of this crisis lay not in the machinations of the Composer of Nightmares, but in the actions of the very Dreams sworn to protect Dreamscape? Through your intervention, the growing darkness within the Shroomy Canyon was confronted, its secrets laid bare, and a far greater catastrophe was averted. As the flow of liquid emotions begins to return, the mushrooms will once again glow with the vibrant hues of Dreamscape, restoring the canyon's delicate harmony.

Before you depart for the Spire of Echoes, the grateful inhabitants of the Shroomy Canyon gather to offer their thanks, cradling a peculiar item in their hands:

Emotion Mushrooms (Reward Item)

These mushrooms, a gift from the Shroomy Canyon's grateful inhabitants, come in a dazzling variety of shapes, sizes, and colors, each attuned to a specific emotion. When consumed or used, they impart the essence of their corresponding emotion, whether to inspire joy, calm fear, or ignite passion. Their versatility makes them ideal for crafting potions—be it for recreational purposes or to gently influence the moods of others.

The mushrooms thrive when near sources of emotions, subtly multiplying as they absorb ambient feelings from living beings. They are not infinite, however, and can run out if overused. Thankfully, even if their numbers dwindle, they will naturally restock themselves every month, ensuring a consistent but limited supply. Learning their properties is key—color, shape, and even texture are crucial clues to understanding their effects, making experimentation both a challenge and a delight. Use them wisely, for their subtle magic is a treasure not to be squandered.



[Companion Quest] Trust and Forgiveness

The Gerabera Mountains are a breathtaking expanse of glimmering peaks and frost-kissed forests, a place where the dreamscape's majesty and its lurking perils entwine. It is here that Morganna Feulen seeks your aid, her reasons cloaked in her signature air of mystery. She speaks of uncovering an ancient keep—once believed to house a vampire of renown—but her words carry the weight of secrets she is unwilling to share. As you stand at the threshold of this journey, you sense this expedition is more than it seems, a path not just through icy ridges but into the heart of Morganna's long-guarded fears.



The journey begins as a marvel of contrasts. Snow shimmers like diamond dust beneath the pale moonlight, and whispering winds carry the echoes of ancient songs. Strange creatures, part wonder and part enigma, shadow your passage. Ethereal wolves pace beside you, their glowing eyes reflecting the frost, while crystalline trees grow heavy with icicles shaped like teardrops. The deeper you both go, the more the dreamscape itself will appear to test you both. Each step will take you closer to the keep Morganna speaks of, but the journey reveals more than the land's mysteries—it becomes a mirror reflecting the cracks in her armor.

Morganna's playful façade never falters at first. She spins her pranks with precision, her laughter echoing between cliffs, her shadow a fleeting specter. Yet, as the days stretch and the trials grow, her mischief will take on a different shape. It feels less like deflection and more like a plea, an attempt to draw your attention away from the weight she carries. Through her antics, you begin to see the edges of her carefully constructed walls. And in the moments when she lets her guard slip—a fleeting glance, a quiet sigh—you catch glimpses of the person she's been hiding.

You are not just a companion on this journey; you are a catalyst. Your presence challenges her, not by force but by persistence. The trust you offer her so freely becomes a light in her darkness, a quiet reassurance that not every bond is meant to hurt. She tests your patience, as if expecting your kindness to falter, but each time it doesn't, the smallest parts of her begin to shift.

The journey itself offers no easy answers. There are dangers both wondrous and grim. Glimmering snowfields give way to caverns of haunting beauty, their walls adorned with frozen waterfalls that whisper the stories of those who came before. Villagers in secluded hamlets offer cryptic advice, their gazes heavy with caution, while frost-laden ridges seem to hum with an unspoken dread. The dreamscape's shifting nature reflects the inner turmoil Morganna struggles to hide, its beauty and peril a perfect echo of her guarded heart.

Should you approach the keep, the journey's true nature will reveal itself. What lies ahead is not the lair of a mere vampire, but something far more ancient and dangerous—a being whose

power casts a shadow across Dreamscape itself: An Abyssal Lich, a Dread Nightmare of significant power. The air thickens with tension, every step forward a test of resolve. The dangers are real, and the outcome is uncertain, but the most powerful weapon you carry is not magic or might—it is the bond that has begun to form between you and Morganna.

In this final crucible, it is trust that will see you through. Morganna, who has clung to fear as a shield for so long, must decide if she can let herself trust you fully. And you, in turn, must navigate the dangers with the same faith in her that has guided you thus far. There is no promise of victory, only the certainty that whatever lies ahead will test you both in ways you cannot yet imagine.

This is not just a journey into the unknown—it is the first step on Morganna’s path to trust and forgiveness, both of herself and the world.

Scenario Rewards +100 CP

The true reward of this journey lies not in power or treasure, but in the bond forged with Morganna Feulen. For a woman whose past has left her scarred and unable to trust, your actions have planted the first seeds of healing. You become more than a companion—you become her beacon, a source of light that helps her navigate the darkness she has carried for so long. Through your unwavering support, Morganna begins to glimpse the possibility of her own happiness, an outcome she had long thought unattainable.

As Morganna’s mission reaches an end and the dreamscape’s shifting beauty gives way to the looming Spire of Echoes during your return, Morganna surprises you. Her usual coy smile dances across her face as she approaches, pressing something delicate into your hand with a determination that refuses refusal.

The Silent Promise (Reward Item)

A fragile vine woven into a bracelet or necklace, adorned with leaves that glow faintly and flowers that shift their hue with the seasons. It carries no magical power, no grand enchantment—but it holds meaning far deeper. In Morganna’s original hometown, such a gift was a promise of significance, a silent vow to someone cherished, yet unspoken in words.

Through this simple gesture, Morganna leaves you with a token of her trust—a promise unbroken, a bond unspoken yet profound. What it means, what it might grow into, is left for you to decide.



[Companion Quest] Your Life in my Hands, and Mine in yours

The Court of Dreams has tasked you with a simple, routine mission: deliver a package to Agent Lilith, currently stationed in the glittering, icy city of Frosthendell. It's All Hallows' Eve in just a few days—a time when Dreamscape brims with both wonder and danger—and Frosthendell is no exception. As you approach the city, its ethereal beauty immediately captures you: frozen rivers shimmering like liquid silver, crystalline spires reaching for the sky, and a quiet, almost melancholic stillness that belies the city's vibrant life during the night. You soon find Lilith, a dark figure at home in the interplay of shadow and light, her violet eyes studying you with a mixture of intrigue and detached amusement.



Lilith, Mistress of Illusions and Shadow, is as enigmatic as the city. Her elegance and grace are undeniable, yet there's a weight to her presence—a palpable resistance to vulnerability. She accepts the package with her usual charm, her sharp wit reminding you of the first time you met her. But before you can leave Frosthendell, fate intervenes. Strange coincidences and unforeseen events conspire to keep you bound to the city delaying your exit in time, and when the glow of Frosthendell's festive lights dims in the approach of All Hallows' Eve, Lilith unexpectedly requests your aid.

What begins as a simple task spirals into a harrowing adventure. The city's frozen beauty grows menacing as night falls, and the familiar dream-born spirits are replaced by hostile, twisted entities that emerge from the frost. It becomes clear that Frosthendell itself is turning against you. Forced to navigate the treacherous streets together, you and Lilith must rely on one another in ways neither of you are accustomed to.

For Lilith, control is everything. Her illusions have always shielded her from true emotional exposure, and she loathes the idea of entrusting her life—or her feelings—to anyone. But the dangers of Frosthendell leave no room for solitary pride. Your ingenuity and determination begin to chip away at the walls she has so carefully constructed, and her sharp eyes begin to linger on you not with suspicion, but with a reluctant sort of trust.

The night's perils will continue to escalate until the two of you find yourselves cornered in one of Frosthendell's grand, desolate palaces. The air is heavy with an unnatural chill, and your breath fogs as shadowy wraiths close in. It is in this moment, where survival hangs by a thread, that the walls between you and Lilith crumble entirely. She reaches for your hand, and for the first time, her confidence falters, her voice betraying an unguarded tremor. In that fleeting, fragile instant, she entrusts her life to you, and you to her.

The ordeal is as much a test of resilience as it is of trust. Together, you weave a symphony of shadows and light, illusions and reality, finding strength not in control, but in surrendering it to

one another. By the time the icy dawn breaks and the specters of All Hallows' Eve fade, should you two survive it then the connection forged between you will be undeniable. Lilith, who has always prided herself on her self-reliance and mastery, now will allow herself to see power in vulnerability—at least with you.

Scenario Rewards +100 CP

Lilith remains as enigmatic and sharp-witted as ever, her shadows still cloaking much of who she is. But something has shifted—a flicker of trust, a rare openness she never dared to show before. This bond, forged in Frosthendell's peril, marks the beginning of something real between you.

As dawn breaks, you stand together watching the sunrise. Lilith turns to you, her violet eyes uncharacteristically soft. "Thank you," she murmurs, her voice low and genuine. To your surprise, she leans in and kisses your cheek, her face tinged with a faint blush before she turns away, her usual composure quickly returning.

From that moment, you feel a subtle but undeniable change within you, as though the bond you've forged with Lilith has awakened something profound:

Trust, Friendship, or... (Reward Perk)

You possess a rare and ineffable quality that sets you apart from others—a genuine, unshakable aura of trustworthiness. Those who approach you feel instinctively that you are someone who will never betray their faith. As long as you remain true to this trust, you will find it naturally reciprocated. People are drawn to your authenticity, and even the most guarded hearts may find themselves opening to you, whether for friendship, partnership, or something deeper.

This perk allows you to forge bonds with others more easily, even with those who are typically closed off or difficult to reach. It subtly enhances the connections you make, allowing relationships to flourish where they might otherwise falter. You truly are someone unique—perhaps even someone perfect for those who dare to believe in you.



To Befriend a Witch

A strange malady spreads through Illyria, its victims' Dreams and Nightmares losing their vibrant hues, freezing into lifeless shades of gray as though trapped in an old, silent film. Efforts to cure this illness have been valiant but fleeting, with remedies proving temporary and prohibitively costly. The Duchess Nyxademia, after much deliberation, decrees that her Melody must not leave the Hall of Infinite Notes to risk herself. Instead, she entrusts you, her loyal Agent, with an urgent mission: venture to the Swampy Fields of Black Fears and seek the aid of the enigmatic Swamp Witch Giriyla, an old friend of the Duchess who may hold the key to a true cure.



The journey to the swamp's heart is perilous. The Swampy Fields are a churning cauldron of dread, where twisted trees loom like shadowy sentinels, and the air is thick with whispers dredged from your deepest fears. Nightmares born of the marsh hunt relentlessly, testing your courage at every step. Yet, after much trial and an uncanny encounter with a manifestation of your own insecurities, you will reach the witches' grove—a place of dark enchantments and whispered power.

The witches' gathering is far from welcoming. A misstep—perhaps an ill-chosen word, or an unintentional slight—will incite the ire of a trio of the coven's more volatile members. Before you can react, one of them weaves a spell, and in a flash of light, you are no longer yourself. Looking down, you see soft yellow fur, twitching paws, and long, floppy ears. **You've been transformed into a small, undeniably cute yellow hare.** The witches burst into laughter, one of them scooping you up, proclaiming that you'll make an excellent pet.

Stripped temporarily of your powers and unable to speak, your situation grows comically dire. As a hare, you must navigate the eccentric world of the swamp witches, each more peculiar than the last. Some are aloof and mysterious, while others seem oddly delighted by your predicament. You'll hop from one unlikely ally to the next, using wit and charm—or perhaps just your adorably twitching nose—to gain their favor.

But your task remains grave. The recipe of the cure you were sent to retrieve lies in the possession of Giriyla herself—a golden potion she claims can restore the vibrancy of fading Dreams. Convincing her or her coven to transform you back and relinquish the cure will require careful maneuvering, genuine kindness, and perhaps a few clever bribes of food.

Though the swamp is rife with danger and strangeness, not all is as dark as it seems. Amid the witches' sly bargains and cryptic words, you may find unexpected camaraderie, even laughter. And while the road back to your true form may be winding, the lessons learned along the way could prove invaluable—not just to you, but to the fate of Illyria itself.

So hop to it, Agent. Befriend these witches, outsmart their bargains, and return to Illyria with the golden potion in paw.

Scenario Rewards +300 CP

The journey to the Swampy Fields of Black Fears was equal parts bizarre, hilarious, and nerve-wracking, but your determination has paid off. Not only have you returned with the cure for the strange affliction threatening Illyria, but you've also managed to win the trust—and perhaps even the friendship—of some of the enigmatic Swamp Witches. Known for their potent magic and mastery of Veiled Mirages, they acknowledge your efforts with two unique gifts:

Golden Potion of Restoration (Reward Item)

A gift from Giryela herself, you now possess five shimmering golden potions infused with extraordinary magic. Beyond mere healing, these potions restore the body and mind to their true form, mending not only physical injuries but also correcting genetic defects, supernatural distortions or missing parts. Once consumed, they replenish after a week, a new batch appearing inside your warehouse, ensuring you always have this powerful remedy at your disposal.



Cute Yellow Hare (Alt-Form Reward)

The witches' spell seems to have left a playful echo in your essence, granting you a permanent alternate form as the adorable yellow hare you once became. Unlike before, this form doesn't hinder your abilities or speech, offering you a whimsical and surprisingly versatile transformation for whenever the need—or mood—strikes.



[Companion Quest] Double Trouble

You're roused from your usual duties by an unexpected visit from a peculiar quartet of tiny dream faeries. A knight clad in flower-petal armor, a soot-smudged plumber carrying a wrench almost as big as himself, a cheerful baker with a loaf of bread that smells suspiciously like stardust, and a dragon tamer clutching a beetle-sized dragon all implore your aid. Their mutual friend, Kailara, has fallen into a fit of uncontrollable rage after a forest giant stepped on her by accident.



In her fury, Kailara unleashed a lightning storm of frustration, leaving singed branches, startled forest denizens, and a general air of chaos in her wake. The Emerald Forest, once a tranquil haven of glowing trees and harmonious melodies, now buzzes with frayed nerves and mutterings of retaliation. The faeries tell you that Kailara's storms are growing fiercer with every encounter, and they fear she'll zap someone—or herself—into irreversible harm.

The faeries' request is clear: find Kailara, calm her down, and help her channel her anger before the situation spirals further out of control.

But nothing in the Emerald Forest is ever simple. Kailara's rampage has upset its delicate balance, and its inhabitants are on edge. Mushroom men whisper warnings of lightning from the skies; green goblins sharpen tools that may not be used for crafting; and even the friendly animals seem hesitant, their wise eyes full of suspicion. They might not listen to reason if they see you aiding the source of their troubles. Worse still, the forest's magic—typically soothing—has begun to react unpredictably, as though echoing Kailara's inner turmoil.

You'll need to navigate this enchanted, volatile realm to find the tiny storm of fury herself. Kailara's wrath makes her hard to approach; the sparks flying from her are as much emotional as electrical. However, beneath the zapping and biting is the faerie you know—bubbly, bright, and longing for balance. She's trapped in her own storm, and you might be the only one who can help her find her way out.

The journey won't be without challenges. The forest itself seems alive, shifting its paths and revealing hidden dangers and wonders as you go. The faeries who sought your help can only offer limited aid, their diminutive size and unique skills useful in niche ways but insufficient against Kailara's full fury.

This is more than a quest to quell a raging faerie—it's an opportunity for Kailara to confront her tempestuous nature, with your guidance as the catalyst for change. How you handle her wrath, and the reactions of the Emerald Forest's denizens, will shape the outcome. Will you teach Kailara to channel her storm into something constructive? Or will her anger leave lasting scars on the forest—and your relationship?

Scenario Rewards +100 CP

Well, that was something, wasn't it? Kailara's rage has subsided, and perhaps, with your guidance, she's taken the first steps toward reconciling her stormy side. While the forest denizens are not thrilled with her actions, the seeds of goodwill have been sown, and with time—and Kailara's efforts—those bonds can be repaired. Kailara's gratitude toward you is palpable, and her spark seems to shine brighter when she's by your side.

The forest creatures, too, recognize your efforts. Despite their grievances with Kailara, they prepare a gift to show their appreciation for bringing calm to their lives and saving their home from further destruction:

The Shockstone (Reward Item)

A smooth gemstone veined with crackling energy, is said to form deep within the Emerald Forest under the perfect storm of magic and lightning. It holds a remarkable ability to absorb and store electricity, functioning as a nearly limitless battery for those who can wield its power wisely. Capable of storing enough energy to power entire cities for months, the Shockstone dissipates its charge harmlessly over time unless directed into machinery, powers, or other devices.

Carrying the Shockstone also grants its wielder a natural resistance to electrical shocks, shielding them from lightning's wrath. While it can't prevent an overeager faery's playful nibbles, this artifact serves as a potent tool, a testament to your ability to bring harmony to the chaos of the storm.



" 'I'm sorry', she says "

[Companion Quest] The Other Side of the Juggernaut

The Court of Dreams falls silent as the Night Terrors stride in, their presence a symphony of fear and authority. Among them, Vokar, the Nightmare Juggernaut, delivers her report with her usual terrifying efficiency. As the room holds its collective breath, she finishes and departs, her shadow lingering long after. Yet, as she passes by, a small, unassuming hairpin slips unnoticed from her form, landing near your feet. Something compels you to retrieve it and return it to its rightful owner—perhaps out of duty, or perhaps curiosity about this enigmatic fellow Agent.



Finding Vokar's quarters unlocked, you step inside, intending a quick return. Instead, you are greeted by the utterly unexpected: Vokar, unarmored and visibly flustered, stands amidst a scene of culinary chaos. Flour and batter splatter every surface, and the acrid scent of something burnt lingers in the air. The mighty Nightmare Juggernaut is trying—and failing spectacularly—to bake a cake.

At the sight of you, her ash-gray face flushes crimson. Her first instinct is an indignant, almost violent outburst, her icy eyes blazing with embarrassment. But when she spots her prized hairpin in your hand, her rage falters. After a tense pause, she demands your silence, swearing you to secrecy before begrudgingly enlisting your help to salvage the culinary disaster.

Over the next week, you will find yourself drawn into her world. The cake, it turns out, is a gift for the Songstress—a token of Vokar's devotion and her attempt to express something she cannot put into words. As the two of you work together, her initial hostility softens, though her pride often gets in the way. Every mistake—a collapsed center, a scorched edge, an overly dense batter—peels back a layer of the Nightmare Juggernaut's carefully guarded facade.

She will begin to share glimpses of herself: the crushing weight of her reputation, her fears of inadequacy, and her desire to be more than the embodiment of terror. Beneath her fearsome exterior lies a vulnerable, deeply empathetic woman who struggles with the idea that she can ever be accepted for who she truly is.

One evening, something goes wrong—a careless remark, a misstep in your approach, or perhaps the meddling of another overhearing too much. Vokar comes to believe that you've shared her secret with others, her mortifying baking fiasco exposed to the Court. Whether the misunderstanding is your fault or not, the result is the same: Vokar is livid, and her trust in you is shattered.

There will be a chance to fix everything up, meeting her under the full moon in one of the Spire's secluded gardens is something she does once in a while, a secret of hers you'll learn in your time together.

Under the silver light of the moon, you face a pivotal moment. What happens next depends on your actions. Will you offer reassurance and understanding, admit to your own mistakes, or challenge her to face her own fears?

Scenario Rewards +100 CP

Should you succeed in mending the bond between you two, the story reaches its conclusion with the Songstress' cake—a symbol of vulnerability, growth, and courage. The cake might be a success, a charming imperfection, or a complete disaster, depending on how you handled your time with Vokar.

Through this experience, Vokar may come to understand that strength isn't just about power or control, but about embracing the parts of herself she's always hidden.

A Slice of Cake (Reward Item)

When did Vokar bake this other cake? Not with you around, apparently. Meant as a gift to you for your aid—or perhaps as a quiet apology—this slice of cake is unlike anything you expected. Somehow, this time, the cake turned out perfect, as though it was baked with a deeper, more heartfelt intention.

Eating this cake is a sublime experience: delicious, satisfying, and oddly comforting. It nourishes without adding a single ounce to your form, easing hunger while evoking warm memories of your baking adventures with the Nightmare Juggernaut.

The cake also bears a curious enchantment. If completely eaten, the slice will reappear in your warehouse the next day, as fresh and perfect as the first time. It's more than just a gift; it's a lasting reminder of the strength found in shared vulnerability—and perhaps of Vokar's fondness for you.



[Companion Quest] The Dance of Eternity

Moonlit Blossom Island, a realm of tranquil beauty and boundless ambition, hums with an undercurrent of tension. The famed martial artist Meng Wuji, has sent for you as a personal request. Though her tone in the letter is serene, it carries an unfamiliar undertone of vulnerability. Wuji is preparing for an audience with Menglong Wang, the Dream Dragon who serves as the island's elder guardian, but her performance—a showcase of martial perfection—feels irreparably flawed. Despite her ceaseless efforts, something is missing.



Her message is not one of desperate pleading; it is the request of a friend, tempered with trust. The meeting with Menglong Wang looms just a week away, and in that brief time, she hopes you can help her rediscover what eludes her.

You will arrive at Moonlit Blossom Island under its eternal moonlight, stepping into a dreamscape alive with the aspirations of countless cultivators. Wuji will be waiting for you at the base of a mountain cloaked in blossoms, her serene expression masking the turmoil within. From the moment of your reunion, it becomes clear that this will be no ordinary challenge.

The days that follow will become a journey into Wuji's world—her rigorous training, her moments of reflection, and the rare glimpses of vulnerability she permits herself in your presence. Her struggles unfold gradually, not as a singular problem to be solved but as a series of subtle contradictions that challenge your understanding of her and her nature. Beneath her graceful precision lies a hidden yearning for something more fluid, more expressive. Wuji is a being defined by the pursuit of perfection, yet it is perfection that now feels like her prison.

The first night, as moonlight bathes the island in silver, you will stumble upon her most guarded secret: a solitary dance, flowing and unbound. It is a side of Wuji she has kept hidden from the world, even herself. Her movements are unlike the rigid precision of her martial arts; they are alive, untamed, and profoundly beautiful. Yet, when she notices your presence, she freezes, torn between embarrassment and a longing to explain.

From this revelation, the heart of the journey emerges: to help Wuji reconcile the disciplined perfection of her martial path with the unrestrained beauty of her secret passion. It is not a matter of choosing one over the other but discovering how they might coexist, how they might fuel one another.

Your interactions with Wuji deepen with each passing day. Through conversations, shared challenges, and moments of unspoken understanding, you come to know her not only as a master of martial arts but as a person grappling with her own duality. And through her, you may find reflections of your own struggles, your own dreams.

As the fated day approaches, the question remains: will Wuji's performance satisfy Menglong Wang, or will it matter at all? The resolution lies not in achieving perfection but in finding authenticity. Whether she stands before the Dream Dragon as a martial artist, a dancer, or something entirely new, her journey—and yours—will leave an indelible mark on both Moonlit Blossom Island and her.

Scenario Rewards +100 CP

Succeeding in this scenario is not about grand battles or world-shaking heroics. It is about guiding a friend to embrace her full self, unlocking potential she could not reach alone. Should Wuji reconcile the disciplined martial artist with the untamed dancer within, she will ascend to a level of mastery previously thought unattainable. Her movements will become a perfect blend of freedom and precision, imbued with beauty that captivates all who witness her. This transformation will also enhance her magnetic personality, drawing others to her with a natural grace and charm.

For this, Wuji will forever hold you in the highest regard. She will see you as one of her closest allies, a trusted friend, and perhaps even someone she envisions standing by her side for eternity.

In aiding Wuji on her journey, you will also uncover a profound truth about yourself. The epiphany gained from witnessing her transcendence becomes your own, granting you the same perk she has attained:

Without Limit (Perk Reward):

Your journey through the Dance of Eternity has granted you a glimpse of the infinite. With this understanding, you gain the potential to reach the pinnacle of any endeavor, power, or skill you pursue. Should an endeavor lack a defined peak, this perk allows you to continually evolve and improve, reinventing yourself and breaking barriers thought unbreakable.

In practical terms, all limits imposed on your abilities, skills, perks, powers, or growth are rendered irrelevant. Whether these limits are external or self-imposed, you now possess the absolute ability to overcome them, pushing beyond any boundaries and achieving what others might deem impossible.



Mission: Lost in a Maze

One day, a melody unlike any other finds you—a harmonious tune that resonates with your very essence. It is unmistakable: a summons from the Songstress herself. Answering her call is both an honor and an inevitability, for her voice, intoxicating and transcendent, wraps around you like a comforting song, filling the air and your soul with its inescapable pull. She gives you a wooden box, beautifully ornate, sealed with a brass lock that glimmers faintly as if holding a secret all its own. The mission she entrusts to you is simple in words but heavy with implication: journey to the Labyrinth of Forgotten Dreams, locate the Hall of Forgotten Heroes, and place the box's contents beneath a towering oak tree within the hall. Her request is delivered with a haunting final note—"My dear Agent, *take nothing from the labyrinth, for some dreams are best left undisturbed.*"



The journey to the Labyrinth will be long and fraught with challenges, taking weeks of travel and misadventures. Along the way, you may encounter allies, face your own doubts, and, in a moment of tension, possibly lose possession of the box to a roguish band of gremlins. The chaotic chase that follows will see you recovering the box, just barely preventing its secrets from being revealed. Each step closer to the Labyrinth will feel heavier, as if the air itself grows thick with anticipation.

The sight of the Labyrinth will be both mesmerizing and foreboding. Its shimmering, ethereal walls ripple and shift as if alive, humming softly with the echoes of forgotten hopes. Surrounding the entrance are camps of weary dreamers and nightmares, individuals who have tried—and failed—to conquer the maze. They whisper tales of the labyrinth's unyielding nature, its dangers, and the treasures it guards. Their eyes, tired and hollow, bear the weight of many failed attempts.

Near the labyrinth's entrance lies a lone hut, humble in appearance but imposing in aura. This is the home of Scarlet Mu. Her presence alone is enough to keep even the bravest dreamers and most cunning nightmares at bay. She radiates an unsettling calm, as though she belongs to another world entirely, and indeed she does. Scarlet Mu is not one to welcome visitors easily, her demeanor reserved and enigmatic. She speaks little at first, her words measured and tinged with a distant sadness. Yet her help is not given freely. Whether through wit, strength, or empathy, you must earn her respect, for her power is immense, her temper sharp, and her patience thin. Many have tried to coerce or deceive her, both Dream and Nightmare alike, and paid dearly for their insolence, their remains serving as silent warnings near her hut.

Stepping into the labyrinth will allow its true nature begin to unfold. The walls, made of shimmering mist, rearrange themselves with each step, trapping you in a web of shifting pathways. Nebulous Nightmares lurk in the shadows, manifestations of forgotten aspirations twisted into something malevolent. They seek to ensnare you, draining your purpose and leaving you a hollow shell, wandering the maze endlessly. At times, the labyrinth itself seems to lull you into a false sense of comfort, its halls growing warm and inviting, whispering promises of peace. It tempts you to stop, to rest, to abandon your quest. These moments are as dangerous as the Nightmares, for surrendering even for a moment could lead to eternal entrapment.

Navigating the labyrinth will make it seem as days blur. Each step forward feels like a battle of will, resolve, and patience. Along the way, you may encounter echoes of other adventurers—some warnings, others distractions. Treasures glimmering in the corners of your vision, relics of incredible



power that call to you with undeniable allure. Yet the Songstress's warning echoes in your mind, urging you to leave them untouched. The labyrinth thrives on doubt and temptation, and to succumb is to lose not only your path but yourself... forever.

With perseverance, and perhaps the aid of those you have met along the way, you may finally reach the Hall of Forgotten Heroes. Here you may open the ornate

box and find what secrets it hides within, as well as the very reason why the Songstress herself has tasked this delicate and strange quest to you.

Scenario Rewards +200 CP

Upon placing the box beneath the ancient Oak of Promise in the Hall of Forgotten Heroes, the air grows heavy with unspoken truths. Whispers of a forgotten melody fill the hall, faint yet achingly beautiful, carrying fragments of a past that belonged to the Songstress herself. A story of love, betrayal, and loss echoes in the stillness, revealing a deeply personal chapter of her existence—a bond shattered and a dream left incomplete. Though you cannot fully comprehend its depths, you sense the weight of her pain and her longing, woven into the very fabric of the labyrinth. This journey has been more than a test of strength; it has been an odyssey of will, heart, and trust.

While the Songstress's caution against taking anything from the labyrinth remains absolute, an exception arises in the form of the object you carried into its depths. It has resonated with your essence, imbued with the solemn magic of the oak and attuned to your soul. This relic, humble yet profound, will now accompany you on your future adventures, a reminder of what was lost and what may yet be found.

The Broken Baton (Reward Item)

A small, unassuming object of ebony black, fragmented and incomplete. The baton's missing pieces leave it jagged and imperfect, a reflection of the wounds it bears from its storied past. No matter the power or skill you possess, its broken state cannot be mended by any means, remaining forever as it is—a symbol of resilience amidst ruin.

This baton once belonged to a being of unparalleled creative genius, used to craft melodies that gave rise to wonders both breathtaking and terrifying. Yet, after a betrayal that struck at the core of its wielder's heart, it fractured, its songs silenced. Despite its brokenness, faint traces of its former glory remain. It grants you an extraordinary gift—the ability to compose and harmonize the talents and voices of others, elevating them to awe-inspiring heights. With its guidance, you can breathe new life into the endeavors of your allies, giving their efforts focus, passion, and a shared sense of purpose. However, its influence cannot touch those whose power vastly eclipses your own, a reminder of the limits of even the most profound tools.

Though its purpose is obscured, and its true potential locked away, the baton hums faintly in your grasp, as though waiting for something—perhaps for a moment when what was shattered may yet be made whole. Until that day, it serves as both a token of your resolve and a fragment of a song not yet finished.



[Companion Quest] Fear? Psh, what a silly concept

The adventure begins with the abrupt disappearance of Lethegledon, your slothful and sharp-tongued almost-friend. Known for his smug confidence and knack for avoiding trouble, this time, he has vanished without a trace. Rumors ripple through the shadowed corners of Dreamscape—whispers of Dread Nightmares, the Composer of Nightmares' relentless hounds, stalking his every step. Whatever danger pursues him has driven him to flee Dreamscape itself, seeking refuge in the Ten Thousand Hells, a realm of endless peril and twisted landscapes, where even Dreamscape's reach falters.



Your journey to find him is anything but straightforward. The Dreamscape resists your efforts, throwing up challenges that test your determination. Clues about Lethegledon's flight lie scattered across his usual haunts, fragments of his pride, arrogance, and the fear he can no longer conceal. Piecing these hints together reveals a bigger picture—one of a demon trapped by his own terrors. To reach him, you must cross into the Ten Thousand Hells, a realm that strains even your Veiled Mirage to its limits. The clock is ticking, and your connection to Dreamscape weakens with each passing moment.

The search for Lethegledon in the Hells is a trial in itself. The labyrinthine layers of this realm are rife with treachery, and Lethegledon's talent for hiding makes him an elusive quarry. His refuge lies in the murky, stagnant swamps and shadowed recesses where lethargy reigns supreme. When you finally confront him, his pride burns as fiercely as ever. He dismisses your concern with biting sarcasm, waving off your questions with practiced disinterest. But the cracks in his facade widen when the Dread Nightmares arrive, their howls reverberating through the Hellish expanse.

Panic takes hold of him. Gone is the slothful demon; in his place is a creature consumed by primal fear, fleeing faster than you believed possible. The Nightmares descend like a tide of terror, their relentless pursuit blurring the line between predator and prey. You must act swiftly, navigating the treacherous terrain of the Hells, outsmarting both Lethegledon and the Nightmares as you struggle to keep him safe from his pursuers—even as he resists your aid.

When the dust settles, and the Nightmares are finally driven off, you find Lethegledon collapsed, weary and drained. His sharp tongue softens as he confesses the truth he has long buried: the terror that grips him, the shame of his fear, and the near-destruction of his pride. For the first time, the ever-arrogant demon reveals vulnerability, his words less an explanation and more a cathartic release.

But Lethegledon cannot simply thank you. That would be too easy—and far too uncharacteristic. Instead, he challenges you to a fistfight. No powers, no enhancements—just a raw test of



strength and spirit. This, for him, is trust: a way to see if you are someone he can truly rely on. Whether you win or lose is irrelevant; the fight itself forges a bond of mutual respect, a friendship built not on words but action.

With Lethegledon's trust earned, the final leg of your journey begins. His knowledge of the Hells offers a path back to Dreamscape, though your troubles are far from over. The mystery of why the Composer's servants hunt him remains unsolved, and this time, the solution will require more than escape—it will demand decisive action to ensure the Dread Nightmares never come for him again.

Scenario Rewards + 100 CP

Locating Lethegledon, earning his trust and stopping his nightmares that come after him will successfully conclude the scenario, and perhaps teaching Lethegledon a thing or two (or perhaps not, as he will quickly return to his usual antics). You however, although he will not say it, will have earned the rare trust of a Demon and perhaps his friendship too.

Upon stopping the Dread Nightmares chasing him once and for all, Lethegledon will give you this trinket he stole from the Hollow King himself, and perhaps most likely the reason why he was being chased in the first place:

The Hollow Mask (Reward Item)

The Hollow Mask is a haunting artifact that amplifies the fear of insignificance and powerlessness in those around you. When worn, it draws the attention of Dread Nightmares, servants of the Composer of Nightmares, constantly signaling your location. As enemies begin to fear you—feeling outmatched or helpless—the mask feeds on their terror, greatly empowering you. This fear strengthens you, widening any existing power gap between you and your foes. However, the mask's presence is a double-edged sword; while it grants power, it attracts relentless pursuit by the Dread Nightmares and other fear-driven entities, making it a constant, dangerous companion.

When placed in a warehouse, the Hollow Mask becomes inert, cutting off its connection to the Dread Nightmares and its fear-amplifying abilities. However, in any new jump, if taken out, it draws unwanted attention from fear-driven entities within that realm, which may range from hostile forces to far more dangerous beings. The mask's effects are as much a blessing as they are a curse, for its reliance on fear can slowly lead you to become addicted to its power, risking the loss of your humanity and your connection to Dreamscape itself. The Hollow Mask, forged in the depths of the Ten Thousand Hells, is a weapon of immense power, but it demands caution from those who choose to wield it.



[Companion Quest] This Feeling, this Emotion... is...

The story begins with Syra, the gentle Gardener of the Shroomy Canyon, catching you off guard with a heartfelt confession. After inviting you to her home, the great mushroom Lamha, for an evening of delicate desserts and quiet conversation, she reveals her longing to experience a feeling foreign to her existence: love. As a being whose essence is deeply tied to the ebb and flow of emotions, Syra has come to realize that she has never truly felt love—not the fleeting brush of affection she has witnessed in dreamers, but something profound and enduring for herself. Nervously, but with characteristic grace, she asks you to accompany her on a series of "dates" to help her explore this mysterious emotion. Her choice of venue? The waking world's Earth, a place rich with stories of love and human connection.



What unfolds is a whimsical, open-ended adventure that spans picturesque locations across Earth—and even the moon. Syra's innocence and naivety about dating lead to charming and awkward moments as she carefully plans each outing, drawing from snippets of Earth's culture she has gleaned through dreams. One day, she might take you to a Parisian café, marveling at the art of conversation and the romance of sharing pastries; the next, she might whisk you to a carnival, her glowing patterns bright with excitement as she laughs at her first carousel ride. Each date, lasting a few hours at most, is a canvas painted with Syra's wonder and your choices, offering her opportunities to feel joy, nervousness, and other emotions that brush against the edges of love.

But the heart of the scenario isn't a rigid quest to win her affection or lead her to a specific outcome. Instead, it's a shared journey of discovery, where your actions and choices influence Syra's understanding of love and herself. Whether you guide her gently toward the joys of companionship, allow her to revel in the pure fun of exploration, or challenge her to face deeper emotions, the goal is for Syra to grow and embrace a fuller spectrum of feelings. Will she come to understand love as something tied to you, or will she find it within herself, enriched by the bond you've shared? The answer lies in the moments you create together.

And as Syra learns, so might you. For while her glowing bioluminescent patterns may reflect her shifting feelings, they might also illuminate parts of yourself you had long forgotten or overlooked.

In any case, this is an opportunity to help a dear friend, isn't it? It isn't probably Syra just asking you out of dates for other reasons, is it?

And don't worry about gathering unwanted attention in the waking world, after all with your Veiled Mirage and Syra's Veil of Dreams you'll both look perfectly normal to the eyes of others.

PS: You will gather a lot of attention, but for other reasons.

Scenario Rewards +100 CP

As the final date draws to a close—perhaps under the radiant glow of the moon or amidst the vibrant chaos of a bustling Earth city—Syra's luminous patterns flicker with a depth of emotion she has never displayed before. Through laughter, awkwardness, joy, and even a touch of something else, she believes to have grown to understand the intricate tapestry of love. Whether or not she discovers romantic feelings, Syra emerges with a profound appreciation for the connection she shares with you and the many emotions that have shaped her journey.

Her bioluminescent glow softens into a steady, tranquil light as she thanks you in her serene way. For the first time, the weight of her role as the Gardener of Shroomy Canyon feels lighter, as though the emotions she has nurtured for eons now extend to herself. Regardless of the path your dates took—whether fostering a deep friendship, kindling romance, or simply sharing unforgettable experiences—the bond between you is stronger than ever.

Syra's Hearthstone (Reward Item)

At the end of your shared journey, Syra quietly hands you a delicate token—a small, shimmering stone encased in a lattice of glowing fungal tendrils. The stone pulses faintly with a rhythm like a heartbeat, warm to the touch and humming softly with Syra's emotional resonance. She explains, with an expression she rarely shows, that this Hearthstone is a fragment of her essence, crafted from the rivers of emotion she has nurtured for eons. The glow within it mirrors the shifting bioluminescence of her skin, and though she speaks of it as a simple gift of gratitude, her gaze lingers on you, filled with unspoken meaning.



As you hold it, memories of your time together flood your mind—awkward laughs, stolen moments of joy, and the quiet serenity of her presence. The stone glows brighter when you think of her, almost as if responding to your thoughts. Syra may never have openly confessed her feelings, but the Heartstone reveals what words could not. Its warmth carries the weight of her emotions, the depth of her gratitude, and perhaps even the love she longed to understand but never dared to express. It is more than a token; it is a promise that no matter where your paths take you, a part of her will always be with you.



[Companion Quest] Oh my gosh! You're real! I can't believe it!

Dreamscape is a boundless realm of wonders and terrors, yet even within its vastness, certain dreamers leave an indelible mark. Astraea Galante, known as the Lucid Dreamer, is one such soul. She walks Dreamscape nightly with effortless grace, shaping it to her whims in ways even seasoned dream entities struggle to comprehend. Her belief that Dreamscape is merely an elaborate dream shields her from its darker truths, but this innocence has drawn dangerous attention.



Whispers have begun to ripple across Dreamscape's many layers. Muncurne, the ever-watchful Spymaster of the Songstress, has uncovered troubling movements among the Nightmares—servants of the Composer of Nightmares, who seek to claim Astraea's power for their master. Their motives remain obscured, but Muncurne is certain of one thing: Astraea's True Lucidity is both her greatest gift and her deepest vulnerability.

Muncurne entrusts you with a critical task. Track Astraea through Dreamscape and uncover what the Nightmares intend. Protect her if necessary, but tread carefully. The Composer's schemes are never straightforward, and Dreamscape's shifting nature makes even the simplest efforts fraught with peril. Each night, you must navigate the labyrinth of dreams to locate Astraea before the Nightmares reach her. Each day, your investigation in the Waking World will reveal only fragments of the truth, concealed by layers of secrecy and subterfuge.

At first, Astraea may seem oblivious to the dangers around her. To her, Dreamscape is a sanctuary of creativity and peace, a fleeting escape from the physical limitations she endures in the Waking World. But as you grow closer, she may share glimpses of her life—her quiet struggles, her resilient hope, and her yearning for freedom. These moments of connection will deepen the stakes, for Astraea is no longer just a task but a soul worth fighting for.

When the Nightmares strike for the first time, their intent becomes clear. They infiltrate Astraea's serene dreamscapes, warping them into grotesque horrors, and send a Dread Nightmare to shatter her defenses. Astraea's natural talent will be more than enough to repel the lesser Nightmares, but contesting against the Dread Nightmare itself will definitely require your aid if she is to prevail. Your intervention will be crucial, whether through clever manipulation of the dream's rules or direct confrontation.

As the attacks intensify the following nights, so does Astraea's reliance on you. To her, you are a comforting presence—a protector, a confidant, or perhaps just a figment of her imagination. She may call you her "imaginary friend" with a wry smile, but her gratitude is genuine. In time, you will uncover the Composer's harrowing plan: to ensnare Astraea in an unending nightmare, where she will never wake up, breaking her spirit until she transforms into a Dread Nightmare herself, wielding True Lucidity to twist Dreamscape into a realm of endless terror.

Worse still, the Composer's forces are no longer content to haunt her dreams. They have found her location in the Waking World, and their influence stretches into reality. Soon, the attacks will bleed into her waking life, endangering her already fragile existence. You must act swiftly, finding a way to enter the Waking World and confront these forces directly. But this will mean revealing yourself to

Astraea, shattering her belief that Dreamscape is mere fantasy and showing her the dangerous truths she has unknowingly danced around.

Protecting her will not be enough; the Composer's machinations must be unraveled, their influence severed at the root. Whether through negotiation, clever subterfuge, or outright confrontation, you must find a way to ensure Astraea's safety—both in Dreamscape and in the Waking World. And through it all, Astraea will look to you, not just as her protector but as the only constant in a reality she never knew existed.

In the end, the choices you make will shape her fate, her dreams, and perhaps even the balance of Dreamscape itself. Will you guide Astraea toward understanding her true potential, or shield her from the burdens that come with it? The path is yours to decide, but remember: in Dreamscape, nothing is ever as it seems.

Scenario Rewards +100 CP

Protecting Astraea Galante, the Lucid Dreamer, has irrevocably altered the course of her life—and yours. The knowledge of Dreamscape's reality, her immense potential, and your unwavering presence has sparked a profound transformation in Astraea. Once tethered by disbelief and a shy acceptance of her abilities, she now stands more confident, her True Lucidity honed by both trust in you and the trials she endured. Her perception of the waking world has shifted too; the boundaries of what is real feel thinner, but her determination to find beauty and freedom in both worlds has only strengthened. To Astraea, you are no longer the figment of a dream but a steadfast ally—a true friend who has promised to show her the marble city of Illyria, the greatest city in Dreamscape.

Her growth is a reflection of yours, for the experience has awakened something deeper in you as well.

Awakened (Reward Perk)

The truth of Dreamscape and reality has seeped into your essence, unraveling a higher understanding of how the threads of existence weave together. Any power, perk, ability, or skill you possess that manipulates, distorts, or changes reality now reaches unprecedented heights. Your insight into the mechanics of reality empowers these abilities, refining their precision and amplifying their effects. When faced with adversaries wielding similar reality warping powers equal to yours, your awakening ensures your superiority—your understanding surpasses theirs, and reality itself bends to your will, your powers always triumphing over theirs no matter what.

This newfound clarity is more than an edge in battle; it is the foundation for reaching realms of creation and manipulation you never thought possible. Reality, once an immutable constant, now feels like a canvas waiting for your touch.



The Games of the Court

The Court of Dreams stirs with restless energy, its denizens—figments and entities of infinite imagination—gathering under the shimmering auroras of the Dreamscape's heart. Tonight, the Songstress's melodies flow like a river of starlight, illuminating the vast throne room with an ethereal glow. Whispers ripple through the crowd as the Gamemaster himself, **Agent Noctis Nightfall**, steps forward. His black cloak sways as though caught in a silent wind, his figure a shadowy enigma amidst the brilliance of the Court.



When he speaks, his voice resonates like the tolling of distant bells, cold yet magnetic. "You," he intones, his veiled face turning toward you. "The favored one of her Melody. You who walk between dreams and reality, basking in her gaze. Let us see if you are truly worthy of such regard."

A murmur spreads through the gathered Dreams and Nightmares. To be challenged by Noctis is no small matter. His games are legendary, his victories absolute. To refuse would brand you a coward, unfit to stand in the Songstress's Court, yet to accept is to step into a labyrinth of uncertainty where failure could mean your very undoing.

Noctis gestures, and the air shifts, shimmering with dreamlike unreality. The space around you folds and warps, transforming the throne room into a kaleidoscopic arena. Towers of crystalline fog rise into the endless sky, and the floor beneath your feet becomes a mosaic of ever-shifting patterns. The Court gathers in silent anticipation, their shapes merging with the dreamscape's surreal beauty.

"You will face three challenges," Noctis declares. "A game of skill, a game of might, and a game of chance. Prove yourself, and you may earn more than just the Court's respect. Fail, and you will be consumed by your own inadequacy." His voice tightens ever so slightly. "Do not disappoint her."

The first game begins, a trial of skill within a labyrinth that defies reason. The maze twists and changes with each step you take, its walls alive with the whispers of past failures. Ahead of you lies an obsidian chessboard where the pieces are animate, shifting between forms—knights becoming serpents, queens becoming storms. You must not merely play; you must predict, outmaneuvering a game that evolves with every move you make. Noctis watches from the shadows, his unseen expression a tapestry of judgment.

When the labyrinth fades, you will be thrust into the second trial: a test of might. The ground crumbles, and you find yourself standing atop a jagged platform suspended in an endless void. Across the expanse stands your opponent—a colossal, shifting nightmare forged from the dreams of fallen warriors. Its form is mutable, a swirling amalgamation of blades, claws, and fire. The rules are unspoken, but clear: survive, endure, and overcome. Noctis's laughter echoes faintly, a cruel underscore to the Court's silent observation.

Finally, the third trial will reveal itself, a game of chance. Noctis will step forward, the cloak shifting like liquid shadow as he holds out an ancient die, each face inscribed with a different glyph. The glyphs shimmer with a life of their own, the meanings veiled in mystery. Each roll from either of you shapes the reality around you—a paradise, a torment, a test of wits or will, and more as a counter begins to diminish with each roll, starting from ten. Yet, this game is not as simple as it seems, for the die reacts not to mere luck, but to the force of your conviction and the depths of your understanding of Dreamscape itself, and you must figure out the rules to win against all odds.



Throughout the trials, the Court watches, their faceless forms leaning in with rapt attention. The Songstress's gaze lingers upon you, her eyes filled with a subtle, unreadable emotion. Noctis, for all his bravado, is silent as he awaits the outcome. You are not just playing his games—you are challenging his mastery, his pride, and perhaps even his forbidden devotion to the Songstress herself.

Victory in the trials will require more than raw power; it demands insight, creativity, and the ability to unravel the layers of Noctis's games. The stakes are high, for should you triumph, you will not only cement your place within the Court but also leave an indelible mark upon the Gamemaster himself. But lose? Failure could mean to lose more than your life in this game. Yet the question lingers in the air, as heavy as the dreamscape's ethereal glow: can you defeat the master of dreams at his own games?

Scenario Rewards +300 CP

Defeating Noctis at his own games is a feat that will echo through the halls of the Court, carving your name into the annals of its legends. The Dreams and Nightmares alike will murmur of your triumph, the Duke and Duchess will further evaluate you, and even the Songstress's gaze will linger on you with newfound approval. Yet, such victory comes at a price—Noctis, though outwardly composed, will never forget the sting of his defeat. He will watch you from the shadows, silent and unyielding, his grudging respect tempered by the ember of his discontent. Still, his loyalty to the Songstress ensures he will not move against you, at least for now.

The Six Faceted Die (Reward Item)

As a token of this begrudging admiration—or perhaps as a subtle curse—Noctis presents you with a gift: an obsidian die with six gleaming faces, each inscribed with an intricate glyph. The die is more than a trinket; when rolled, it invokes powerful luck effects in your favor, but only 5 out of 6 times, having a chance that something bad will happen around you if you roll it. The outcomes are unpredictable, the power subtle yet potent, a tool of intrigue that mirrors its creator's enigmatic nature. Wield it wisely, for in the right moment, a simple roll could tip the scales of fate in your favor.



Mission: Investigate Rumors within Fantasia

The mission begins with an air of gravitas, your presence summoned to the Court of Dreams by the Songstress herself. Her melody trembles with unease as she entrusts you with a critical task: uncover the truth behind ominous rumors that threaten the shimmering heart of Fantasia, the City of Starlight. Fantasia, a city where dreams and nightmares walk hand in hand beneath the watchful gaze of the cosmos, stands at the precipice of chaos. Whispers speak of a plot to align the city with the Composer of Nightmares, a betrayal that could tip the balance of Dreamscape itself.



Your journey begins not in glory but in shadows, descending to the labyrinthine alleys of Fantasia's Lower District. Here, neon lights flicker like dying stars, casting distorted reflections of the city's grandeur above. With you is Agent Sandy Baggins, the steadfast Clockwork Knight, whose time-bound precision complements your own unique talents. The Nebula Tavern, a floating bar of shifting mysteries, marks the starting point of your investigation—a place where secrets are traded like precious currency and danger lurks in every shadow.

Piece by piece, the mystery unfolds—a tangled web of half-truths, deception, and despair. Clues pull you deeper into the city's underbelly, through perilous encounters with rogues and outlaws, through dead ends and cryptic warnings. The city itself feels alive, its contrasting districts reflecting the duality of Fantasia: the luminous elegance of the Upper District cloaks the corruption festering below. The Obsidian Syndicate's sinister influence threatens to derail your mission, and even the city's administration seems veiled in suspicion, their motives unclear.

But the truth, when it reveals itself, is more harrowing than you could have imagined. Beneath the streets, in the rancid darkness of the Lower District sewers, lies an abomination—a growing colony of Dread Nightmares known as Dead Maws. These grotesque, parasitic horrors threaten to consume all of Fantasia should they be allowed to continue reproducing. Their presence seeps into the city's lifeblood, a nightmare poised to erupt and devour everything in its path. Toxic sludge oozes through the tunnels, and the air is heavy with the stench of despair. Time is running out; every moment you delay allows the Dead Maws to grow stronger, their influence spreading like a sickness.

The stakes could not be higher. Should you falter, Fantasia will fall—not in a blaze of glory, but in an agonizing descent into eternal dread, its luminous streets consumed by shadow and decay by the maws of these monsters. With Sandy's mechanical resolve by your side and your own resourcefulness guiding your path, the final confrontation looms. The Dead Maws cannot be reasoned with or delayed; they must be eradicated, their foul nest destroyed before they can overrun the city, and their source of origin eliminated.

This is a battle for the very soul of Fantasia—a test of your courage, your cunning, and your will. Will you rise to the challenge, pushing past fear and uncertainty to deliver salvation to a city on the brink? Or will the nightmares claim their prize, leaving the City of Starlight as nothing more than a memory in the endless expanse of Dreamscape? The fate of Fantasia rests in your hands, and with it, the Songstress's faith in you.



Scenario Rewards +300 CP

Emerging from the depths of the sewers, your victory over the Dead Maws resonates through Fantasia. The city's starlight seems brighter, as if breathing anew after being saved from the brink of ruin. Though the scars of the battle will remain—tunnels collapsed, and shadows of dread lingering in memory—Fantasia's citizens quietly celebrate your triumph. The Songstress's melody sings your name across Dreamscape, a subtle acknowledgment of your heroism. The city's upper and lower districts both owe you a debt, even if gratitude from their denizens remains unspoken. The danger has passed, but you know the balance of dreams and nightmares is a constant struggle, and this victory is but a chapter in a greater tale.

The Starlight Gear (Reward Item)

A small, intricate clockwork cog from Agent Sandy Baggins's own mechanism. Gleaming with a faint, ethereal light, the gear is inscribed with tiny runes that symbolize unity and resolve. Though it holds no great power, when held, the gear hums softly, evoking memories of Fantasia's starlit streets and the courage it took to face the darkness. It serves as a reminder that even the smallest parts of a grand machine can turn the tide of fate. The gear may be used to repair any machine, miraculously changing shape and composition to fit and fix any missing or damaged part of any machine. A few hours later a new cog will reappear in your warehouse, ensuring that you'll never run out of spare parts to fix or build anything.



An Evening with the Songstress

The Spire of Echoes resonates with quiet, shifting melodies, a place where even silence carries a tune. As you wander its labyrinthine halls, the chance encounter feels almost fated. Her Melody, the Songstress herself, appears not as a distant figure of divine authority but as Iris Nightingale, walking alone with a curious, almost mischievous light in her ever-changing eyes. Her smile is not the formal kind reserved for courtly greetings—it's the playful curve of someone who sees an opportunity for something rare. Whether by word, gesture, or merely the unspoken rhythm of Dreamscape, the moment becomes an invitation to linger.



Beyond the Spire's grandeur lie the private gardens, a place rarely seen by any but the Songstress herself. Here, flowers bloom with colors that shift like dreams, and their petals hum gentle harmonies when touched. The fountain at the center trickles with water that sparkles like starlight, filling the air with a cool serenity. Here, Iris is at ease, her laughter light and genuine as she trails her fingers across the glowing petals of a starflower or dips her hand into the crystalline pool. If you're quiet enough, you might catch her humming a tune as she moves through the garden, and if you're bold enough, she might ask you to join her in a game or small adventure among the luminous paths.

As the night deepens, the thrill of slipping past the edges of her usual world takes hold. The idea of exploring Illyria's vibrant streets incognito is irresistible. Disguises are improvised, their playful imperfections only adding to the charm. The two of you step into the dream city like ordinary wanderers, weaving through neon-lit alleys and starlit plazas. There are endless possibilities: tasting celestial treats from a vendor's cart, dancing in the music-filled streets of the Pearl Promenade, or listening to tales spun by Dreams unaware of their illustrious audience. Iris is radiant here, her joy infectious as she marvels at the little things she's long missed. A flicker of her old songs might even emerge, woven into the city's sounds in ways only you notice.

Later, sneaking back into the Court feels like the finale of a grand escapade. There's an exhilarating tension in the air, a shared laughter at the absurdity of sneaking through her own halls. The Hall of Infinite Notes awaits, its walls shimmering with fragments of forgotten melodies and dreams. The acoustics seem alive, resonating with every step and breath. Perhaps it is Iris who begins to sing first, her voice filling the Hall with an unearthly beauty, or maybe she waits for you, encouraging you to create something together. The music that follows is like no other—a harmony born of the moment, fragile and fleeting but powerful in its imperfection.

When the echoes fade, the air grows still, heavy with the weight of the unsaid. This is where the veil truly lifts, revealing Iris not as the untouchable Songstress but as a dreamer with her own hopes, fears, and burdens. Perhaps she speaks of the responsibility that weighs on her, or perhaps she simply listens, her gaze warm and searching as though drawing strength from your presence. She might ask a question that lingers in your mind long after, or share a secret she's never spoken aloud. The Hall becomes a place of connection, a space where the usual rules of Dreamscape seem to soften.



When the evening finally ends, it does so without grand declarations or farewells. Instead, Iris thanks you, her voice soft and sincere, like the closing note of a lullaby. Perhaps she leaves a token in your hand—a petal from the starflowers, a tiny echo captured in glass, or nothing at all but the memory of the night. Perhaps tomorrow she will be back to being the Songstress of Dreams, but today you truly met Iris for the first time. As you step away from the Hall of Infinite Echoes, the stars seem brighter, and the melodies of the evening linger in your thoughts, a reminder that even the most radiant figures of Dreamscape are, in the end, dreamers too.

Scenario Rewards +100 CP

Spending the day and evening with Iris is an experience that lingers in your heart, etched into your memory like a dream too vivid to fade. The magic of it is not in grand displays or epic adventures but in its simple, unguarded moments. Every exchange, every laugh, and every shared silence feels untainted and genuine, as if the very essence of Dreamscape aligned to grant you this fleeting yet profound connection. Oddly enough, no disruptions or interlopers mar the experience, as though the realm itself conspired to preserve this rare encounter.

The next day, whispers ripple through the Court about the Songstress's unexplained absence, but none can trace her whereabouts. The Agents remain none the wiser, and the secret remains yours and hers alone. Municurne, however, her gaze meets yours with a quiet, knowing smile—a look that says everything and nothing at once. Yet, true to her enigmatic nature, she says nothing aloud, leaving the memory of your evening with Iris untouched, a treasure held only by the two of you.



The Song of the Silent Whale

The Floating Islands of Rinkathor hum with life as you arrive, welcomed by Agent Oreo's infectious excitement and the dazzling radiance of the Quetzalia. Their vibrant feathers catch the starlight, their songs blend harmoniously with the hum of cascading waterfalls, and their boundless joy sweeps you into a world unlike any other. Each night, you are drawn into their mesmerizing festivals, where dances spiral into kaleidoscopic whirlwinds and feasts overflow with strange but delightful dream-fruits that shimmer like liquid moonlight. But amid the revelry, the air carries whispers of an ancient mystery—the Silent Whale.



Around a firelit circle, an elder Quetzalia recounts the legend, their voice dipping and soaring like a melody. The Silent Whale, a skyborne colossus far from its kind in the Sky of Shattered Stars, neither sings nor speaks but drifts across the Dreamscape, endlessly searching. Some say it is a harbinger of change; others, a seeker of something forgotten. Oreo leans closer to you, his sea-green eyes sparkling with mischief and will suggest you to solve this mystery.

Your week among the Quetzalia becomes more than a celebration. They share their knowledge of the whale—through riddles disguised as songs, tapestries hidden in temple vaults, and even whispered tales from starry-eyed poets. The temples of Rinkathor beckon you, their carved murals glowing faintly with dreamlight, offering clues about the whale's journey. Perhaps you find yourself solving a labyrinthine puzzle of shifting bridges or deciphering an ancient melody locked within the echoes of a forgotten flute.

But Rinkathor, the Dream Turtle, looms over the mystery like a mountain of ancient wisdom. His titanic presence radiates a gravity that seems to pull truths from the very air. Reaching him is no small feat; you must brave his mist-shrouded lair, where the air hums with raw Dreamscape energy. Rinkathor's riddles are as profound as his temper is unpredictable—his questions might illuminate the whale's silence or test your resolve, and waking him risks his ire, which could cause entire islands to tremble and fall.

When the Silent Whale finally graces the skies above the islands, it is a moment of breathtaking majesty. Its immense form glides like a dream, its movements as fluid as water, its silence a palpable ache. Following it into the Sky of Shattered Stars requires traversing uncharted skies where constellations twist and shimmer in impossible patterns. Here, you might find yourself negotiating with celestial beings, piecing together fragments of a story that stretches beyond the Dreamscape's borders, or confronting entities that guard the mysteries of the sky.

The whale's silence, you will discover, is more than a lack of song—it is a choice, an unyielding vow tied to an ancient wound. To uncover the truth, you must confront the legacy of the stars themselves, rekindle a melody long forgotten, and help the whale find what it seeks. Along the way, you'll forge deeper bonds with your companions and Oreo, whose flute might hold the key to bridging the silence and the song.

All the while, the Quetzalia remain a lively, ever-present force. Their amorous advances will become a playful subplot—gifts of feathered garlands, daring challenges in aerial dances, and

poetic duels under the moonlit canopy might leave you blushing or bewildered. The question remains whether you'll escape their matchmaking or leave Rinkathor with more than a solved mystery.

At the heart of it all, the Silent Whale's journey mirrors your own: a search for meaning, connection, and the courage to break a silence that has lasted far too long. Will you help it find its voice, or will the mystery remain forever adrift in the skies?

Scenario Rewards +300 CP

The journey to uncover the truth of the Silent Whale's song is one of wonder, mystery, and profound connection. From the soaring skies of Rinkathor to the glittering expanse of the Sky of Shattered Stars, each step leaves you more in tune with the deeper harmonies of Dreamscape. When the Silent Whale finally lifts its voice to the cosmos, its melody reverberates through the very fabric of the skies, a hauntingly beautiful song of longing, reconciliation, and boundless joy. It is a sound you will never forget—a reminder of what it means to heal and to hope.

As the song washes over you, it fills you with something beyond words:

The Song of the Silent Whale (Reward Perk)

This song, imbued with the Silent Whale's journey, becomes a quiet strength within you, more a part of your being than any tangible gift. It is a melody of enduring hope, a resolve that lingers in your heart, guiding you through life's trials. No matter how dark or isolating your circumstances, despair will find no hold on you. Time's endless march, the sting of loneliness, or even the depths of entrapment cannot diminish your spirit. Like the Silent Whale rediscovering its song, you will find within yourself the courage and determination to press forward, to dream again, and to rebuild what was thought lost.

The Song of the Silent Whale is more than a perk—it is a piece of you, an anchor to hope and a call to never lose sight of brighter tomorrows.



Mission: A Murder within Illyria

The Dreamscape quakes with unease as the Songstress delivers a haunting decree: an agent has been murdered in Illyria, the city of ivory and marble, a bastion of peace and harmony now tarnished by betrayal. The Craftsmen's Hall, a place renowned for forging artifacts that transcend imagination, has become the site of a chilling crime. The silence of its corridors is now deafening, for there are no witnesses, only the lingering essence of a Shade—a harbinger of nightmares and death.

Illyria's streets, alive with vibrancy and creative energy, take on a new tension as the investigation unfolds. Merchants selling bottled starlight and dreamcatchers glance nervously at patrolling sentinels, their usually cheerful chatter subdued. You, alongside other agents of the Songstress, are charged with uncovering the truth. The Songstress herself remains veiled in sorrow, her harmony disrupted, and her agents feel the weight of her trust pressing upon them.



As you delve into the Craftsmen's Hall, the meticulous beauty of its ivory-carved walls becomes an ironic backdrop to the horror within. Clues begin to surface: fragments of a shattered artifact, cryptic symbols etched into the marble floor, and whispers of a secret uncovered by the victim before their untimely end. Yet with every step forward, the trail grows darker. Other Dreams are found silenced in quick succession, their destruction a calculated effort to erase all traces of what was discovered.

A breakthrough will arise—a lead pointing to Gobltown, the quirky and industrious village nestled among bioluminescent mushroom groves and shimmering crystal hills. The dreamer responsible for a crucial piece of evidence has fled Illyria, seeking refuge in the maze-like streets of Gobltown. It becomes a race against time, for those who silenced the others will not hesitate to do the same here.

Arriving in Gobltown, the stark contrast to Illyria's harmony is striking. The town is a cacophony of clinking gears, the hum of enchantments, and the vibrant energy of goblins hard at work. Whirligig Plaza buzzes with life as goblin merchants peddle strange and wondrous wares beneath the glowing hues of towering mushrooms. The Whoboo Riders patrol the outskirts, their rainbow-feathered mounts a testament to the goblins' unyielding vigilance.

The informant is elusive, hiding somewhere in the town— perhaps in a labyrinth of ancient tunnels where the Goblin Elders guard the forgotten wisdom of the Dreamscape? You will face challenges both subtle and overt: traps designed to deter intruders, cryptic riddles from the enigmatic Eldra the Seer, and agents of the conspiracy who will stop at nothing to intercept your quarry and silence you as well.

The final piece of the mystery will be decided within the town, a confrontation with the author of the murders and the discovery of the seeds of a larger plan that will take place. Will you uncover this conspiracy before they achieve their dark goals? The Songstress needs you Agent, justice shall prevail.

Scenario Rewards +300 CP

The journey was perilous, filled with tangled webs of secrecy, dangerous chases, and confrontations that tested your resolve. The chase through Illyria's pristine streets, the frenetic pursuit to Gobltown, and the final dramatic clash under the relentless storm showcased your tenacity. Who could have anticipated *that* individual's involvement in the murders? Their betrayal is shocking, yet the absence of concrete evidence hints at a far greater conspiracy lurking within the Court.

Your findings have shaken the foundations of Dreamscape, sowing seeds of caution among its protectors. The Songstress herself takes note of your valor, though her melody carries a mournful tune as she warns you: darker times may yet come if the Court of Dreams fractures under internal strife.

For your exceptional courage and your contributions to uncovering this shadowy plot, you are awarded the following:

Medal of Valor (Reward Item)

An illustrious token bestowed upon those who display unparalleled bravery against the forces of fear and darkness. Forged from the purest dreamsteel and imbued with the harmonious essence of the Songstress, this medal shimmers with an ethereal glow.

The Medal of Valor serves as more than just a symbol of recognition—it grants you protection against despair's touch. Once per day, it can repel a single Shade or a power born of darkness, fear, or corruption, rendering the attack completely null. The moment the medal's protection is used, it grows dormant, its glow dimming until the dawn of the next day when it reawakens, ready to shield you once more.

In addition to its practical benefits, the medal also bolsters the respect you command among other agents of the Songstress. Whispers of your bravery will echo through Dreamscape, and allies may find renewed determination in your presence, inspired by the courage the medal represents.



A Close Encounter inside Noctismarrow

Municurne seeks you out, her usual composed demeanor shadowed by concern. Her twin sister, Huginora, has disappeared into Noctismarrow, a city where even nightmares tread cautiously. Huginora's independence is well-known, but this is different. Municurne admits she hasn't heard from her sister in days, an absence that has left her uneasy. Normally, she would handle this herself, but an urgent task from the Songstress ties her hands. She entrusts you with the mission, offering a portrait of Huginora, a few tips for navigating Noctismarrow, and a list of her sister's recent associates.



As you step into Noctismarrow, the city's oppressive atmosphere will envelop you. Mist drapes over labyrinthine streets, and whispers crawl through the air like a living thing. The sprawling swamp and its thorny embrace gnaw at the edges of this decaying gothic metropolis, a place alive with fear and hungry for vulnerability. Every step feels like a gamble, every shadow a potential adversary.

Your search will begin with the names Municurne gave you, leading to encounters with the city's denizens—shifty merchants peddling forbidden artifacts, phantoms trading riddles, and nightmares who seem to know more than they're willing to say. Their hints and half-truths paint a fragmented picture, one that grows darker the deeper you delve. Huginora's trail is cold but persistent, pulling you toward Noctismarrow's beating heart, the Abyssal Spire.

Municurne will arrive partway through your investigation, her presence a steadying force. Yet, her arrival stirs an unsettling reaction in the city. Nightmares call her by her sister's name, some with reverence, others with malice. Questions begin to form—are the two sisters more alike than they admit, or is there a deeper connection that Municurne hasn't revealed? She deflects your inquiries, insisting that finding Huginora is what matters.

As you venture further, it becomes clear that Huginora is caught in something far more dangerous than idle associations. Whether through whispers from informants or a sudden confrontation with the city's darker forces, you learn of her captors: Dread Nightmares, agents of Moros, the Harbinger of Despair. Their motives remain murky—perhaps they seek to use Huginora as leverage, or maybe she stumbled onto a secret she wasn't meant to uncover.

The final leg of the journey will lead you into the depths of Noctismarrow, where the lines between shadow and substance blur. It is here that the truth behind Huginora and Municurne will be revealed. Are they truly twin sisters, or two halves of a single whole? The answer may lie in their bond—or in the hands of their captors, who seem all too aware of this secret.

How you handle the situation is up to you. Will you mount a daring rescue, striking against the Dread Nightmares and forcing them to release Huginora? Or will you move with the shadows, risking your own safety to secure her freedom? Perhaps the truth you uncover will lead to an entirely different course of action, one that redefines the relationship between Muncurne and Huginora, and the role they play in the Songstress's Court.

Whatever the outcome, it will be close, and this time the minions of the Dread Generals shall know your name, and you can bet their dark masters shall too.

Scenario Rewards +400 CP

The sisters, Muncurne and Huginora, are as enigmatic as they are inseparable—two beings with distinct personalities, yet undeniably connected. Thanks to your efforts, they can continue their peculiar dance of bickering and affection, their bond unbroken by the forces that sought to unravel it. Huginora, ever bold, insists on rewarding you immediately with something special. Muncurne, ever composed (except for the faint blush that betrays her), scolds her sister for being so forward. Strange, indeed—but heartwarming nonetheless.

The Raven's Feather (Reward Item)

A sleek black feather with a prismatic shimmer, as if it holds a fragment of the night sky itself. Unassuming at first glance, this feather is a link to the enigmatic sisters, allowing you to remain connected to them across great distances. Through it, you can share thoughts as easily as words, engaging in private mental conversations with Muncurne and Huginora. Emotions, too, can be transmitted—though caution is advised, as the intensity of shared feelings can spiral into a feedback loop if unchecked.

The feather's power is bound to the realm you and its owners occupy. Whether in the Dreamscape or the Waking World, its connection remains unwavering, but crossing realms will sever its link until you reunite. With each new jump, the original feather will duplicate, gifting you a new feather to share this profound connection with another. An artifact of mystery and intimacy, the Raven's Feather is more than just a reward—it's a bond that transcends words.



Mission: Protect the Pink Dreams and Nightmares

The Pink Dreams and Nightmares, whimsical and provocative manifestations of dreamers' most intimate imaginations, have found themselves united against a common enemy: the seductive and insidious Succubus Corps from the Ten Thousand Hells. At their helm, Marquis Plia du Cosset commands with an intoxicating blend of elegance, charm, and raw predatory power.



The arrival of emissaries from the Pink Dreams and Nightmares at the Court is unprecedented. With desperation in their voices and a rare alliance in their stance, they plead for intervention. Their lands, once vibrant and rich with emotional energy, are being leeched dry. Dreamers who once wandered into these domains with curiosity and passion are now trapped, caught in the succubi's web, their essence drained with every encounter. The Songstress, ever mercurial but always protective of her domain, orders the mobilization of the Dreamward Sentinels and the Gentle Shades to halt the succubi's advance. Yet, for the heart of the matter—for the subtle, perilous task of dealing with Plia herself—she entrusts the mission to you.

From the moment you enter this world, the tension is palpable. The Pink Dreams and Nightmares, usually opposed in playful rivalry, now move together with an uneasy camaraderie. Their leader, Altana, is a striking figure of contradiction: elegant yet fierce, her twin blades shimmering with ephemeral light. She guides you through their lands, where dreams and desires manifest as shifting, surreal landscapes, beautiful yet increasingly desolate. Her frustration with the succubi is clear—her disdain for their invasive methods and their insidious draining of her people's vitality barely masked, and she is willing to go to war for their sake.

The succubi's lairs are unlike anything you've seen, dream constructs warped and corrupted into domains of decadent allure. These lands reflect the deepest, often unspoken desires of their dreamer victims, making navigation an emotional trial as much as a physical one. The succubi themselves are disarming, their beauty unnerving and their charm almost impossible to resist. Their motives, however, become murkier with every encounter. Though driven by hunger, they don't revel in destruction or chaos as one might expect of demons. Many, while unapologetic, express weariness at their endless hunger and even a twisted admiration for Dreamscape's beauty.

Marquis Plia du Cosset is everything her reputation promised and more. Her realm, suffused with deep crimson and shadowed whispers of laughter and sighs, is an intoxicating blend of danger and allure. Plia herself is warm, approachable, even kind—far removed from the savage imagery of her kind. Her form shifts subtly, not with malice but as if in tune with your subconscious thoughts. She makes no effort to disguise her intentions but frames them in a language that feels honest: *Dreamscape is abundant, overflowing with energy; the succubi merely partake of its bounty.*

She offers negotiations with a teasing smile and a gaze that pierces into your core. Plia's allure is not just physical; her charisma, intelligence, and genuine fascination with you create a pull that is almost as dangerous as her power. Even as she attempts to seduce you into seeing her side, you cannot escape the consequences of her actions: the drained dreamers, the hollowed lands, and the creeping corruption she leaves in her wake.



The culmination of this conflict lies in your ability to resist and outmaneuver her. Plia is no simple villain but a being of layered complexity—one who could be swayed or destroyed, but never ignored. Your actions here will ripple across Dreamscape, affecting not just the Pink Dreams and Nightmares but the Court itself. Whether you negotiate an uneasy truce, cleverly outwit her seductive machinations, or engage in a climactic battle of wills, one thing is certain: nothing in Dreamscape will be the same when the dust settles. Can you protect the Pink Dreams and Nightmares from the creeping corruption of lust these alluring creatures create and find a positive resolution to this conflict?

Scenario Rewards +300 CP

The successful resolution of the conflict echoes throughout Dreamscape, its ripples felt in every corner of the Court. The Pink Dreams and Nightmares, vibrant once more, return to their whimsical mischief, their gratitude toward you etched in every dreamer's laughter and sigh of relief. Altana herself, fierce and proud, expresses her thanks with a rare smile, her twin blades sheathed in a gesture of peace. Even the Songstress, in her ever-shifting demeanor, hums a melody that speaks of her approval, her harmonious tune a reward in its own right. Yet, your efforts yield tangible gifts as well, artifacts imbued with the essence of this battle, and perhaps even the lingering regard of Marquis Plia du Cosset, should your paths cross again.

The Midnight Rose (Reward Item)

A delicate masterpiece carved from lustrous obsidian, The Midnight Rose radiates an enchanting allure that seems to pulse faintly in the presence of desire. Its petals shimmer with a dark iridescence, as if catching light from an unseen sun, and its form is impossibly perfect—soft to the touch yet resilient against the ravages of time. The rose carries the lingering essence of Marquis Plia du Cosset, an intricate blend of temptation and elegance, imbuing its bearer with an aura that both fascinates and unnerves. Holding the rose feels like cradling a fragment of the Ten Thousand Hells, seductive yet strangely protective, a gift as enigmatic as the demoness who bestowed it.



When near any entity that thrives on love or lust, The Midnight Rose blooms, its petals unfurling in a subtle display of dark beauty. Its mere presence shields the holder from the permanent harm such beings might inflict, granting them a unique immunity to their draining or manipulative powers. Beyond protection, the rose subtly influences the hearts of those around it; entities attuned to passion find themselves drawn to the bearer. They appear irresistibly enticing, though not to the point of obsession—more like a tantalizing melody one feels compelled to follow. This attraction often fosters intrigue or fascination, creating opportunities to navigate perilous interactions with charm and poise, all while holding the reins of control.

The Last Note

The Spire of Echoes is alive with its usual hum, melodies dancing through its halls like fireflies in the twilight. Your tasks within its ever-shifting walls are familiar—retrieving dream threads, aiding the Gentle Shades, listening to the Songstress’s harmonies drifting through the air. Yet, amidst this serene routine, there is an almost imperceptible change, a subtle shift in the Spire's song. It's not an interruption, but an unfamiliar cadence, like the faint echo of a chord you've never heard.



The Spire, enigmatic as always, seems to guide you without intent, its twisting corridors revealing a place you’ve not encountered before. The Hall of Infinite Tones is unlike the rest of the Spire. It thrums with a quiet, unbroken resonance, its walls shimmering with light that shifts in response to your presence. The air feels heavier here, not oppressive but charged, as though the very space holds its breath. In its center, suspended and shimmering like a dream given form, is a dagger.

The artifact seems to call to you—not with words or sound, but with its sheer presence. Its edges blur like the memory of a song, yet its form is unmistakably a weapon. **Instinctively, you reach for it, but your hand passes through, as though the dagger exists only half in this reality.** It is untouchable, ephemeral, and yet it feels undeniably real.

You may choose to investigate further, or you may step away, leaving its mystery intact. If you linger, the Songstress herself may appear, or perhaps she does not. If she does, her presence is subtle at first, her radiant, shifting form a counterpoint to the hall’s stillness. When she speaks, her voice carries a tone you rarely hear—quiet, reflective, and strangely fragile. “The Last Note,” she might say, her gaze fixed on the dagger. Whether her words are meant for you or herself is unclear.

What she reveals, or chooses not to reveal, depends on your path. She may tell you that the dagger is a weapon, born of her and the Composer's shared will in a time before their rift. It holds the power to end either of them utterly, severing their connection to Dreamscape forever. But she offers no direct answers as to why it exists or who it was meant for. “Some songs are not meant to be sung,” she might say, her eyes distant, as though seeing something far beyond the Hall.

Or perhaps you learn nothing from her. Perhaps it is through whispers you’ve heard elsewhere—an old journal tucked away in the library, a passing remark from Municurne, or fragments of melody that don’t quite fit together. The Last Note’s existence hints at a darker

time, a moment of despair hidden within the Songstress's radiant melodies. Was it born of betrayal, or regret, or something deeper still?

Whether you uncover her secrets or leave the Hall without answers, the experience lingers. The Last Note remains intangible to you, a symbol of the Songstress's strength and vulnerability. Its purpose and origin, like much of Dreamscape, are left to interpretation. Is it a testament to her resilience, or a relic of a moment she wishes to forget? The truth, if it exists, is well guarded and perhaps it is not yet the time for it to reveal itself.



Scenario Rewards +100 CP

The Hall of Infinite Tones has granted you a glimpse into the hidden depths of Dreamscape's most enigmatic figure, and with it, a fragment of understanding about the burdens she carries. Though the Last Note remains intangible to you, its resonance lingers in your mind, an echo of a story half-told, a secret half-revealed.

This experience sharpens your awareness of the Dreamscape's intricacies, granting you a heightened sensitivity to the unspoken truths hidden in its melodies and shadows. The Songstress will later request your presence and grant you a personal gift for your curiosity, though why this particular item it is for you to figure out.

The true reward, however, lies in the experience itself. Whether you've unraveled a fragment of her pain, glimpsed the complex duality of her joy and sorrow, or simply borne witness to a secret few ever see, the journey has shaped you. What you do with this understanding is entirely up to you, for the Last Note's song, though unfinished, is now part of your own melody.

A Crystal Tear (Reward Item)

The Crystal Tear is a delicate gem of transcendent beauty, its translucent surface shimmering with soft, melancholic hues. Its shape is organic, as though it was plucked straight from the cheek of a sorrowful dream. Faint, swirling lights move within its depths, like distant stars seen through a veil of tears. Holding it, you sense a comforting warmth, as if it carries the essence of solace itself, offering a quiet presence against the weight of grief.

This extraordinary relic serves as a subtle guardian, silently weaving fate to prevent a moment of profound sorrow from taking root in your life or in the lives of those it's wielder cares about. The Tear does not erase misfortune but reshapes its edges, softening the blow and ensuring the sharpest pains are averted. When it intervenes, a faint crack appears on its surface, a gentle reminder of the cost of its intervention. Dormant for a year after such an event, the Tear mends itself slowly, its crack vanishing like a healed wound, ready to awaken once more. As it protects you, the Tear stands as a testament to resilience and hope, quietly reminding you that even the deepest grief can give way to renewal.



[Companion Quest] Into the Dreams of the Universe Herself!

What begins as an ordinary day quickly spirals into chaos when Andromeda crashes into your path, a whirlwind of charisma and cryptic urgency. With her characteristic mix of humor and mystery, she will rope you into a series of escapades spanning the surreal and unpredictable landscapes of Dreamscape. These strange and varied locales—from cities made of stardust to oceans filled with sentient constellations—are as dangerous as they are beautiful. Each step feels like a puzzle, a breadcrumb trail leading toward something monumental, though Andromeda remains tight-lipped about the ultimate goal. Her light-hearted quips and playful challenges mask an intensity that occasionally peeks through, leaving you wondering what truly drives her.



As the journey unfolds, the tone will shift from light-hearted exploration to something far more profound. Each stop on your path yields strange artifacts, cryptic messages, and encounters with dreamlike beings, all hinting at a destination of immense significance. Andromeda grows quieter, her usual humor giving way to a steely focus that makes even you question her motives. When you both finally manage to find and breach the fabled Dream Realm of the Universe, the entrance will require the use of your Veiled Mirage, the last step Andromeda was missing, and the sight will be both humbling and otherworldly. This cosmic landscape defies comprehension, a living canvas of galaxies, swirling nebulae, and radiant stars, and traversing this surreal and breathtaking place will require wit and imagination, as anything is possible here, both wonderful and terrifying. At its center lies the Universe herself, a sleeping figure of ethereal beauty, her pale form **cradling a single shard of pure reality, glowing energy that pulses like a heartbeat**. The scene radiates peace and profound significance—until Andromeda unsheathes her blade.

Astris Ultor gleams with a light that seems to pierce the fabric of reality itself, and Andromeda's intent becomes chillingly clear. She plans to strike down the sleeping embodiment of the Universe, an act that could unravel existence itself. You will feel an undeniable pull to intervene, but Andromeda offers no answers, only cryptic half-truths and riddles. Andromeda will apologize to you, her voice uncharacteristically somber, but she will not stop, not for you, not for anyone. The tension snaps, and an epic battle begins—a clash of ideals as much as raw power between you the Agent of the Songstress and the Strongest Cosmic Knight!

Andromeda's centuries of experience and the unparalleled strength of Astris Ultor make her an almost insurmountable opponent. She will aim to counter your every move with precision, adapting to their tactics in real-time. Her blade, infused with cosmic energy, seems capable of unraveling even the strongest of defenses. You must dig deep into your own skills, ingenuity, and determination to face this overwhelming challenge. The battle is as much about understanding Andromeda's true intentions as it is about survival. Is she a

hero driven by a hidden truth? A misguided figure blinded by her personal quest? Or something far more complex?

Whether through wit, strategy, or sheer force of will, you must stop Andromeda from striking the Universe herself. Failure to do so could have catastrophic consequences, potentially not only provoking the destruction of Dreamscape but probably dooming entire universe.

Scenario Rewards +300 CP

The climax of Andromeda's quest has left an indelible mark on Dreamscape and yourself. Whether you successfully stopped her or failed to do so, one thing is certain: Astris Ultor, her legendary blade, is no more. During the battle it will be absorbed into the Fragment of Reality nurtured by the sleeping Universe, becoming one with the very fabric of existence she sought to challenge and at the same time kicking you both out of the Universe's dream realm with no way to return to it. The weapon's absence is a profound blow to Andromeda, a symbol of both her failure to achieve her goal and the loss of her most powerful asset.

This moment feels monumental, as though you've glimpsed a turning point in the grand design of existence—a harbinger of something vast and inevitable, still on the horizon. Perhaps the precursor of the Awakening of Something Greater or the first tremors of a greater conflict, the role you played in this event is undeniable. The echoes of your actions here will ripple across Dreamscape and beyond, shaping the future in ways you cannot yet fathom.

As for Andromeda, she will not resent you, in fact she is likely to hang around you now that her quest is over. She will not speak of its nature or other secrets, but promises to stay a while longer, having taken a real liking to you, and promises to explain what she can soon, as cryptically as that sounds. For now, she will remain by your side as a companion in your adventures through Dreamscape.



A Duke's Folly and the Divided Court

Dreamscape trembles as betrayal looms over the Court of Dreams. The fragile harmony between the Court's factions is shattered when **Duke Feltharion**, the unyielding leader of the Nightmare Suppression Faction, executes a bold coup against the Songstress, **Iris Nightingale**. His disdain for her measured approach to nightmares has turned into open rebellion, plunging the Spire of Echoes—the heart of Dreamscape—into chaos. As an **Agent of the Songstress**, you are caught in the midst of this treachery, your loyalty tested and your skills pushed to their limits.



The scenario begins innocently enough. Feltharion, ever calculating, assigns you a mission to locate a mysterious contact in the dream-city of Illyria. The city's streets, a maze of shimmering lights and shifting architecture, hide more than the promised meeting. The "contact" turns out to be an ambush, orchestrated to eliminate you. Surviving the deadly encounter, you piece together the truth: Feltharion views you as an obstacle, too loyal to the Songstress to be allowed to live. With no time to rest, you make your way back to the Spire of Echoes, only to find it under siege.

The Spire, once a sanctuary of dreams, has become a battleground. The Duke's **Dreamward Sentinels** and loyalists of the Nightmare Suppression Faction roam its halls, systematically hunting those still loyal to the Songstress. The once-pristine corridors are filled with the clash of weapons, bursts of nightmare-banishing magic, and the cries of the wounded. Amid the chaos, word reaches you that **Agent Noctis, Duchess Nyxademia, and the Songstress herself are trapped in the Spire's upper levels**. The traitors' ultimate goal is clear: to capture or eliminate the Songstress and reshape Dreamscape in Feltharion's vision.

Your mission is daunting and multifaceted. First and foremost, you must ensure the **safety of the Songstress** at all costs. To do so, you'll need to navigate the Spire's labyrinthine halls, rescue allies in peril, and counteract the traitors' overwhelming forces. Along the way, you'll face impossible decisions—whom to save, where to strike, and how to divide your attention in a battle where every second counts.

The confrontation with Feltharion is inevitable. When you finally face him, he stands as a towering embodiment of power and conviction, his true form—a **fusion of emerald dragon and feline predator—radiating majesty and menace**. His words are cutting, his belief in the Songstress's failings unwavering. He offers you a chance to join him, a poisoned olive branch extended in the midst of chaos. Rejecting him will seal your fates as enemies, leading to a battle of breathtaking intensity.

Feltharion's combat prowess is unmatched. His devastating combination of nightmare-banishing magic and sheer physical might will push you to the brink. Yet, as the fight

unfolds, his hubris will become evident—his belief in his ability to destroy nightmares blinds him to the nuance of the dreamscape he once protected. Victory over him requires not only strength but cunning, exploiting the very lessons of balance that the Songstress embodies.

When the dust settles, the outcome of the battle will define the Court of Dreams. **Will you save the Songstress and bring the traitorous Duke to justice, or will the Spire fall, consumed by chaos?** Success means not only defeating Feltharion but preserving the dreamscape's delicate balance, ensuring that harmony between dreams and nightmares survives his folly.



Scenario Rewards +400 CP

Stopping Duke Feltharion and ensuring the Songstress's safety marks the end of this harrowing scenario. However, the repercussions of his betrayal reverberate throughout the Court of Dreams. Once a beacon of unity, the Court now stands fractured and weakened, with many agents injured and some still unaccounted for. The Songstress herself has retreated to the Hall of Infinite Notes, shrouded in silence as she processes the betrayal of one who once stood as her trusted ally.

In recognition of your valor and unwavering loyalty, Duchess Nyxademia approaches you with solemn gratitude. She commends your efforts to safeguard Dreamscape and quell the chaos wrought by the coup. As a token of her appreciation and an acknowledgment of your irreplaceable role in these events, she bestows upon you an artifact of great power and elegance:

Emerald Cat Eye Brooch (Reward Item)

This exquisite brooch is crafted from emerald-green stone, polished to a gleaming finish that seems almost alive with an inner light. Its design is intricate yet elegant—a cat's eye with slitted pupils set into a silver frame resembling coiled dragon scales. The brooch pulses faintly with energy, as if it harbors the spirit of a mighty dragon and the grace of a predatory feline. Wearing it imparts an aura of quiet strength, the kind that turns heads and unsettles foes.

The Emerald Cat Eye Brooch grants its wearer extraordinary physical attributes, making them as formidable as a dragon in strength while retaining the unparalleled agility of a cat. More uniquely, the brooch bestows an uncanny reflex to threats—allowing the wearer to react instinctively to harm, even from dangers they are unaware of. This reaction does not guarantee avoidance but ensures the wearer has a chance to respond, whether it be to dodge, deflect, or otherwise mitigate the peril. It embodies the wisdom of the Duchess Nyxademia herself: balance and awareness, where power and finesse meet in perfect harmony.



The following chain of optional scenarios forms the climactic arc of your time in this jump, beginning precisely one month before your departure. These scenarios are designed to be taken in sequence, building upon each other to create a narrative crescendo. While you may choose to stop progressing through the chain at any point—for example, taking only the first scenario and opting out of the rest—you cannot skip ahead. Each subsequent scenario builds directly on the events of the previous one.

Emergency Mission: The Nightmares Assault the Spire

It begins suddenly, like a thunderclap breaking a clear sky. One month before your departure from this world, chaos erupts in Dreamscape. Whether during a grand celebration or an ordinary day, the alarms of Illyria sound, echoing across the city with an urgency that freezes its citizens in place. The Nightmares are here. Not hundreds, but thousands, swarming the city's streets and skies, led by terrifying Dread Nightmares whose power alone can bring entire districts to their knees. Agents are dispatched in droves, including you, to stem the tide and protect the people of Illyria.



But the Nightmares' assault is a ruse.

As the battle rages across the city, a massive explosion rips through the heart of the Spire of Echoes, shaking the ground beneath your feet and casting an eerie, dark light into the sky. The true target of this invasion has revealed itself—the Spire, and with it, the Songstress. All Agents, yourself included, are recalled immediately, leaving the streets of Illyria vulnerable. As you approach the Spire, the air grows colder, heavy with dread, and the shadows themselves seem to writhe with malice. Nightmares and their Dread counterparts stand as obstacles, desperate to stall your return.

The Spire itself has become a nightmare. Its once resplendent halls twist and contort, steeped in an oppressive aura of despair. Minions of the Composer of Nightmares lurk around every corner, their presence sapping your strength and resolve. You and your allies must act swiftly to navigate this labyrinth of terror. Somewhere in the depths of the Spire, a bomb of dark, eldritch energy is being prepared—a weapon designed not just to destroy the Spire but to unravel it entirely, reducing it to an unending void. The lower levels must be secured before its detonation, but time is short, and the Songstress remains in danger above.

High in the upper halls, the Songstress has taken refuge with the Duchess Nyxademia, the enigmatic Storyteller Municurne, and the Agents Oreo and Vine. Their defenses, though formidable, falter under the weight of the assault. The presence of two Dread Generals, lurking unseen, looms over the battlefield like a storm cloud. Their eventual appearance is inevitable, and their power is such that even the most stalwart defenders may fall.

Lives are at stake, and the clock is ticking. Will you secure the Spire and save the Songstress before it's too late, or will Dreamscape fall to the Composer's malevolent designs? The weight of this emergency rests squarely on your shoulders, Agent. Hurry—there is no time to waste.

Scenario Rewards +300 CP

Successfully navigating the chaos and battling through the Spire to halt the Nightmares' assault and prevent the annihilation of the Court of Dreams' home marks the conclusion of this scenario. Yet, even in victory, the aftermath is grim. Illyria remains under siege, its streets littered with the scars of war and echoes of despair. Many you fought beside are wounded, and some have made the ultimate sacrifice. Among the fallen is Agent Oreo, whose light has been extinguished in the darkness of battle.

The cost weighs heavily. The Duchess, gravely injured while fending off the relentless Dread General Umbraxis, lies in a deep coma, unable to wake up due to a mortal Dread Shade used by Umbraxis, which persists in her so long the Dread General remains alive. Her once-commanding presence is now a fragile thread tethered to life. But the deepest wound of all is the Songstress herself—she is gone, her presence vanished without a trace. At the shattered threshold of the Hall of Infinite Notes, a chilling shadow lingers—a remnant of the Composer of Nightmares, an ominous sign of what lies ahead.



Emergency Mission: The Songstress of Dreams, Kidnapped!

The air is heavy with anticipation in the wake of the Composer of Nightmares' audacious assault. Only days after the attack on the Spire, the remnants of the Court of Dreams rally under the weight of a dire proclamation. You and the remaining Agents are summoned to the main hall, where Muncurne, the Songstress's Spymaster, stands tall despite the toll of recent events. Beside her is Lord Morpheus, heavily battered yet unyielding, his presence a flickering beacon of resolve. With a voice that cuts through the somber silence, Muncurne delivers the grim truth: the Composer himself has breached the sanctity of the Court, abducting the Songstress and spiriting her away to the Realm of Endless Dread.



The declaration sparks a fire among the gathered Agents, but the shadows of uncertainty loom large. Investigating the broken Hall of Infinite Notes offers little solace. The echoes of a fierce clash linger, marked by the remains of shattered Shades and faded Shines. The Songstress resisted valiantly, yet the Composer's power proved overwhelming. An ominous void resides where the Last Note once rested, stolen after the chaos, actions by an unknown party, its absence deepening the crisis. Tension ripples through Dreamscape—without the Songstress and with the Last Note missing, the balance of dreams and nightmares teeters precariously.

Within Dreamscape, the attack has finally tipped the scales towards open conflict. Now many regions are fortifying themselves, and others are turning extremely difficult to traverse. Nightmares raid Dream villages while in other places Dreams are exterminating Nightmares upon sight. The forces loyal to the Songstress are gathering at Illyria building a great army, though this will take many weeks to finalize.

Muncurne announces an unprecedented mission to the Agents: to penetrate the Composer's Citadel deep within the Realm of Endless Dread and recover the Songstress. The stakes are clear, the path perilous, and time unforgiving. You are given scant days to prepare, the urgency palpable in every whispered plan and hurried movement. The road ahead demands cunning and courage; the Composer's minions will be watchful, and his domain is a twisted labyrinth of danger. Yet there is no alternative.

As the Spymaster's words echo in your mind, you feel the weight of what lies ahead. Allies must be rallied, strategies sharpened, and resolve steeled. Dreamscape is now at war, those that follow the Songstress and those that rally under the Composer of Nightmares are now openly hostile to each other, and the rescue of the Songstress will not only decide her fate but that of Dreamscape itself. Prepare yourself, Agent—the clock is ticking, and the Songstress's life hangs in the balance.

Scenario Rewards +300 CP

Successfully preparing for the journey, evading detection by the Composer's vigilant forces, and navigating Dreamscape to the edge of the Realm of Endless Dread will complete this scenario. The path is fraught with peril, demanding careful planning, the support of trusted allies, and perhaps a touch of fortune to remain unseen. The Composer's minions are on high alert, their vigilance a constant shadow over your efforts.

Before your departure from the Spire of Echoes, the Spymaster and the Storyteller of Dreams personally approach you and the remaining agents. Their voices carry a rare blend of urgency and hope as they present a gift intended to aid you on this critical mission:

Backpack of Dreams (Reward Item)

*This rugged, weathered backpack exudes a quiet resilience, appearing ordinary yet clearly capable of enduring any hardship. Beneath its unassuming exterior lies a marvel of dreamlike utility—a spacious interior capable of holding far more than its size suggests. For you, **it can contain up to a tenth of the volume available in your warehouse**; for others, it holds an impressive 125 cubic meters, all while weighing a mere 15 kg.*

Currently, the backpack is filled with ample supplies and tools, enough to sustain a group of eight for a month of quiet travel. These resources will replenish themselves monthly, ensuring a steady stream of provisions—unless you choose otherwise. This gift, crafted with care and imbued with the essence of dreams, may prove indispensable as you tread the dangerous path ahead.



Into the Realm of Endless Dread

The Realm of Endless Dread stretches before you, a void of light and hope where shadows coil with sinister intent. This is no ordinary mission. You are an Agent of the Songstress, her melody your guide and purpose. Yet here, her voice falters, muffled by the oppressive dominion of the Composer of Nightmares. At the heart of this accursed domain lies the Obsidian Citadel, a fortress of despair and malice where the Songstress is held captive. To free her, you must journey through the depths of a land designed to consume courage, fracture resolve, and devour even the faintest whisper of dreams.



You stand now at the precipice of decision, a lone figure poised against the encroaching darkness. The other Agents, each bound by the same passion, loyalty, and determination, have already chosen their paths, threading each different labyrinthine ways of this twisted realm to strike at its lifeblood—the Dread Generals. The destruction of the Dread Generals, should they succeed, will be a great blow to the Composer of Nightmares forces, but the final burden rests upon your shoulders. Every choice, every step forward, is fraught with peril, yet each carries the promise of redemption for the Songstress and Dreamscape itself.

The paths before you diverge like a shattered mirror, reflecting the myriad ways to approach the Citadel. Will you brave the **Wastelands of Sorrow**, where the Composer's minions stand vigilant, shadows ready to pounce upon the unwary? These roads may be short, but their dangers are glaring, and the echo of alarm could summon a tide of dread nightmares. Or perhaps you will forsake speed for stealth, carving a more circuitous route through the **Fields of Decay** or the **Cliffs of Insanity**, lands where terror is not merely an opponent but the very environment itself. The deeper you tread, the greater the horrors you must face, yet with every step, the Composer's defenses weaken.

Your mission is more than survival—it is strategy. The Generals are his strongest bulwarks, each ruling a piece of this fractured nightmare with an iron fist. Their destruction weakens the Composer's grip, giving you a chance to face him without the full weight of his dread court. It is extremely recommended that in your path to the Obsidian Citadel you try to destroy at least one of them. Yet their power is great, and to confront them is to dance on the razor's edge of oblivion. Each region has its ruler, its terrors, and its challenges, dealing with all of them by yourself is all but impossible before time runs out, but to avoid them entirely may doom you when the final confrontation comes.

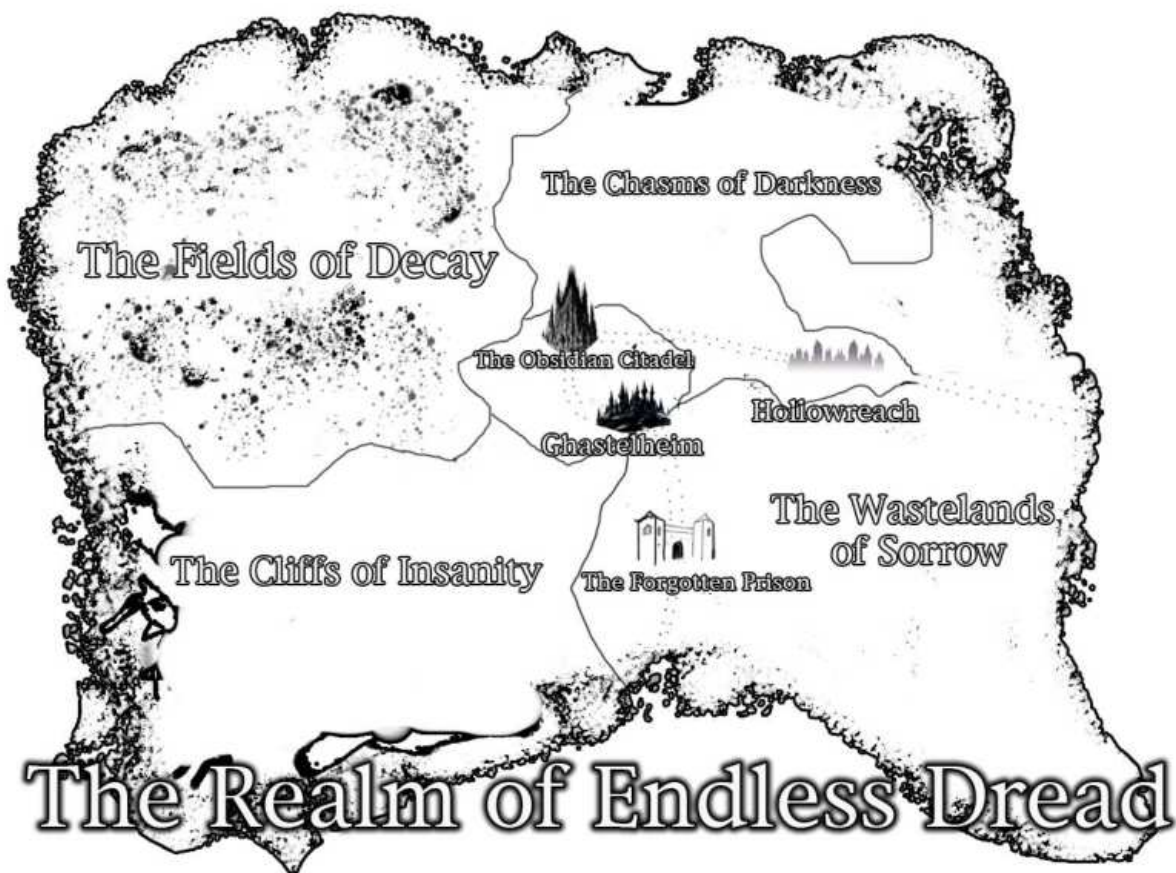
The realm itself seethes with hostility, an adversary in its own right. The air carries whispers of despair, the ground shifts with malice, and unseen horrors stir in the periphery of your vision. Time is fleeting, for the longer the Songstress remains within this suffocating prison, the more her light dims. Yet even here, in this bleakest of places, hope flickers—a faint, resilient tune weaving through the darkness, a tune that only you and the other Agents can

hear. Her song is your beacon, guiding your steps even as the Composer's discordant symphony seeks to drown it out.

Take this moment to gather your resolve, to steel your mind against the weight of dread that presses down upon you. This journey will test every fiber of your being, demand sacrifices you may not yet comprehend, and push you to the brink. But it is your purpose, your duty, and your honor to face this darkness.

Choose your path wisely, Agent. Will you carve a swift and daring route through the gauntlet of shadows? Will you endure the treacherous terrain to weaken the Composer's minions before the final battle? Or will you weave through the specters of Ghastelheim, daring the abyss itself to make your stand? Whatever path you choose, let it ring with defiance, an unwavering testament to the Songstress and the dream of a better world.

The road awaits. The Citadel looms. The Songstress calls. Go now, and may her melody guide you through this endless dread.



Confronting the Dread Generals

The Dread Generals rule each one of the regions or important locations of the Realm of Endless Dread, and to succeed your quest the Composer of Nightmares must be weakened by their destruction, either via your hands or the hands of the other Agents and your allies. During your travel towards the Obsidian Citadel, you may have the opportunity to run into one or more of them, here is what you can expect for your encounters with these masters of dread.

Marrow, the General of Bone and Rot

Marrow, the General of Bone and Rot, stands as the most physically powerful of the Dread Generals. His frail, skeletal frame is deceptive, concealing strength and resilience that rival the mightiest foes. Merely touching him induces rapid decay, reducing even the sturdiest materials to rot. The air around him reeks of corruption, spreading a noxious miasma that saps the vitality of any living creature nearby.



Confronting Marrow is perilous not only because of his overwhelming physical prowess but also due to his command over death itself. His Shades grant him the ability to resurrect any dead within his vicinity as unholy thralls, and he is perpetually accompanied by hordes of undead nightmares called **Bone Reavers**. These skeletal monstrosities are numerous and relentless, often supported by a cadre of **Dread Nightmares**—elite horrors with specialized abilities. Together, they create a veritable tide of death, ensuring that Marrow is never without reinforcements.

Marrow is a special kind of undead Dread Nightmare, one of his Dread Shades also keeping it unalive. No matter how much damage he receives he will not stay permanently down, quickly recovering himself and arising to combat its foes again and again. It is said that only a most powerful Shine or a miracle itself could potentially put a stop to this dark ability, rendering the General of Bone and Rot finally vulnerable to be permanently destroyed.

Marrow's lair lies deep within the **Fields of Decay**, a blighted expanse where life struggles to persist. He rarely ventures from this desolate domain unless commanded by the Composer of Nightmares. However, his Bone Reavers patrol tirelessly, preying on any signs of life they detect. Those daring enough to traverse the Fields of Decay must act swiftly to destroy these minions before they can alert their master, for once Marrow is aware of intruders, his wrath is as inescapable as the rot he embodies.

Syrenth, the Siren of Madness

Nestled within the labyrinthine **Cliffs of Madness** lies Syrenth, the source of the maddening melody that ensnares the minds of those foolish enough to traverse her domain. Her voice, haunting and inescapable, is both a weapon and a trap, luring the unwary into the cliffs' treacherous embrace.

Syrenth is acutely aware of all who enter her realm, her perception intricately tied to the reach of her voice. The moment her song touches an intruder's ears, the assault begins. At first, the effects are subtle: faint whispers, flickering shapes at the edge of vision, or a growing sense of

unease. Over time, the illusions intensify until they are indistinguishable from reality itself. By this point, the fabric of sanity unravels, and her victims may find themselves manipulated into fatal missteps, such as tumbling into the cliffs' abyss.

The Cliffs of Madness are home to a variety of entities and nightmares drawn to Syrenth's song. These minions, though disorganized, thrive amidst the chaos she spreads. When isolated and undisturbed by her influence, they can be dispatched with care. However, as her melody tightens its grip on your mind, illusions and mental distractions will elevate even the weakest of these creatures into formidable threats.



Deep within the cliffs lies Syrenth's lair, hidden within a narrow crevice. A cave of unnatural acoustics awaits, where sound is muffled yet distorted, and dark candles illuminate a descending spiral of jagged rock stairs. At the bottom, a secret beach stretches out, the air heavy with her hypnotic song. Syrenth resides here, shrouded in shadow and weaving melodies that can shatter resolve and erode perception.

Silencing the Siren of Madness is no small feat. Among all the Dread Generals, she commands the largest number of **Dread Shades**, powerful and corrupted abilities that allow her to wield power and influence. Her expertise in misdirection, trickery, and illusions ensures that unprepared challengers are swiftly overwhelmed. Should you succeed in vanquishing her, the cliffs will fall silent, and the oppressive madness will begin to lift, freeing those ensnared by her songs.

Umbraxis, the Shadow Tyrant

Umbraxis, the Shadow Tyrant, is a formidable foe whose power remains unparalleled among the Dread Generals, even in its weakened state. Following its brutal clash with Duchess Nyxademia, her potent **Grasp of the Night** Shade has left Umbraxis reeling, opening a rare window of opportunity for those daring enough to challenge it. Despite its vulnerability to **Shines** and sunlight in this moment, it would be a grave mistake to underestimate the Tyrant's cunning and lethal prowess.



The **Chasms of Darkness** serve as Umbraxis's domain—a labyrinthine expanse shrouded in oppressive gloom. Navigating this realm is a test in itself, as light is unnaturally extinguished, devoured by some unseen malevolence that seeks to shroud the area in perpetual darkness. Without a powerful and reliable source of light, venturing through these chasms is near impossible. Lurking in the shadows are **Void Stalkers**, predatory nightmares that prey on the unwary, striking with precision at those who lack illumination to keep them at bay.

At the heart of this forsaken realm lies the **Void Altar**, the seat of Umbraxis's power. Here, the Shadow Tyrant schemes, striving to restore itself and counteract the damage inflicted by

Nyxademia's attack. Confronting Umbraxis is an encounter steeped in peril; it will employ every ounce of its remaining strength and cunning to snuff out your light—both literal and metaphorical. Staying in the shadows or allowing yourself to be enveloped by darkness is a death sentence, as the Tyrant will exploit every advantage to land a decisive and fatal blow.

You must be particularly wary of the few Dread Shades that Umbraxis holds, as the most vicious one will turn you physically into a shadow if it reaches you, instantly killing you, and using your own shadow to heal the Shadow Tyrant himself.

Victory against Umbraxis is possible but hard-earned. Its destruction will dissipate the oppressive, suffocating atmosphere that pervades the Chasms of Darkness, though the shadows themselves will linger. Those who triumph against the Shadow Tyrant not only weaken the Composer of Nightmares but also earn a reputation as one who dared to face the embodiment of darkness and prevailed.

Vesperion, the Night Hunter

Deep within the **Forgotten Prison**, Vesperion, the Night Hunter, weaves his dread into the fabric of isolation and despair. He serves as both prisoner and jailer, trapped within the labyrinthine depths of the prison but wielding dominion over its twisting corridors and haunted halls. Though confined, his influence extends beyond the prison's walls, reaching into the lands surrounding the Obsidian Citadel, where his abilities ensnare unwary travelers in dreamscapes of endless horror and disorientation.



To face Vesperion is to enter the **Forgotten Prison**, a foreboding place of despair and eerie silence. Its shifting hallways, hidden passageways, and ever-changing architecture form a prison within a prison, layered with traps designed to disorient and isolate intruders. The journey culminates in the deepest recesses of the prison, where Vesperion's essence manifests in a labyrinthine mindscape, a nightmare where the walls themselves seem alive and every corner whispers promises of freedom that never come.

Vesperion's tactics revolve around his mastery of fear and manipulation. He preys on the terror of isolation, drawing strength from the despair of those lost in his mazes. The prison is populated by **Echo Shades**, ghostly apparitions whose whispered torments echo through the corridors, fraying the resolve of those who dare to press forward. These wraith-like figures are relentless, haunting their victims with phantom sounds, sudden appearances, and chilling reminders of their solitude.

A confrontation with the Night Hunter is no mere test of strength but a battle of will and intellect. Vesperion is a cunning and powerful foe, wielding an unparalleled mastery of magic. His ability to reshape the dream world into intricate and inescapable mazes ensures that even the boldest pursuers risk becoming victims, trapped within prisons of their own making. His combat prowess is formidable, combining arcane might with his command over fear and isolation to overwhelm his enemies.

Vesperion's dark history adds a layer of tragedy to his menace. Once a guardian of countless dream beings, he betrayed his duty in pursuit of power, condemning himself to an eternity of creating prisons he can never escape. His personal Dread Shade Curse mirrors his victims' fates: forever lost, forever alone. **Do not stare at the green light of the light Vesperion Carries**, Agent, for doing so will trigger this curse and will doom you for eternity.

Victory over the Night Hunter requires both strength and determination. To succeed is to dispel the haunting presence within the Forgotten Prison, freeing its halls from despair and weakening the Composer's grip on the realm. Yet, even in defeat, the echoes of Vesperion's isolation linger, a sobering reminder of the darkness that dwells within all who lose their way.

Moros, the Harbinger of Despair

Moros, the Harbinger of Despair, is a being of pure anguish and malice, a parasite born of nightmares so potent that even demons might shudder at its origins. Taking the form of a skeleton-like figure adorned with tattered remnants of regal robes and holding a sinister hourglass, Moros claims dominion over the **Wastelands of Sorrow**, an endless expanse designed to erode the spirit and crush the will of any who enter. This bleak, desolate territory is filled with spectral ruins and an oppressive atmosphere that preys on emotions, amplifying feelings of hopelessness and regret.



Moros's true power lies not in physical destruction but in the systematic annihilation of the spirit. He feeds on despair, draining the emotional energy of his victims until they are rendered hollow shells, bereft of the will to continue. His presence warps the mind, invoking haunting memories and regrets that grow increasingly unbearable the longer one lingers in his domain. His goal is not merely to win but to see his enemies broken and defeated from within.

The Harbinger wields **Dread Shades** that grant him mastery over despair and time, manipulating both to ensnare his victims in endless cycles of sorrow. One of his most terrifying abilities involves creating time loops that force his victims to relive their greatest failures and moments of despair, driving them deeper into hopelessness with each iteration. Adding to his lethality is his possession of **Sin Powers**, traits typically associated with the demons of the Ten Thousand Hells. Moros draws from the spheres of **Wrath** and **Gluttony**, channeling these sins into his attacks and bolstering his parasitic hunger for despair.

Central to his power is his **Hourglass of Desolation**, a cursed artifact that amplifies his abilities and serves as a conduit for his might. The hourglass is both his greatest strength and his vulnerability. Destroying or sealing it significantly weakens Moros, making it essential to focus on this relic during any confrontation. However, doing so is no simple task, as Moros fiercely protects it and grows more dangerous the closer one comes to claiming it.

Finding Moros within the **Wastelands of Sorrow** is a trial in itself. He moves constantly, seeking new victims and spreading despair wherever he travels, sometimes even extending his reach into other parts of Dreamscape. However, the elusive **Black Mirror Lake**, hidden deep within

the Wastelands, holds the key to summoning him. To gaze into its waters is to invite his attention, but summoning him guarantees a battle that will test both resolve and strength.

Defeating Moros is no small feat, but doing so lifts the oppressive despair that shrouds the Wastelands of Sorrow, freeing those trapped within his grasp. Yet, even in defeat, his presence lingers as a stark reminder of the fragility of hope and the resilience required to overcome despair.

The Hollow King, Monarch of Emptiness

The **Hollow King** is a faceless ruler of void and despair, a Dread General who embodies the existential terror of insignificance. Under the Composer of Nightmares, he reigns over **Hollowreach**, a bleak and crumbling kingdom where all who enter are stripped of their confidence, their sense of worth, and ultimately, their existence. His oppressive presence forces even the most resilient to confront their deepest fears: that their efforts are meaningless, and their lives, inconsequential.



The Hollow King is not merely a solitary figure but the heart of a living, breathing nightmare. To challenge him is to face not just a tyrant but his entire kingdom, which acts as an extension of his will. **Hollowreach** itself is a maze of shadows and illusions, guarded by his loyal soldiers, the **Drones of Emptiness**. These spectral minions relentlessly pursue intruders, their hollow voices whispering doubts and fears to wear down their prey's resolve. The Hollow King's realm is an overwhelming testament to his power, and every step closer to his throne feels like walking deeper into a pit of despair.

The Hollow King is a master of both psychological and physical warfare. He wields a dread-infused **longsword**, a gift from the Composer of Nightmares, capable of cutting through light itself and deflecting even the strongest Shines. His **battle vestments**, armor forged from pure nothingness, make him nearly impervious to attacks, except for the radiant energy of Shines, which he counters with deadly efficiency.

His most devastating power, however, lies in his ability to **manipulate senses and self-perception**, distorting reality to make his enemies question their own worth. His **Dread Shade**, the **Touch of Nullity**, strikes directly at his opponent's self-esteem and sense of identity. Every successful strike chips away at the victim's existence, reducing them to a hollow shell and edging them closer to permanent erasure from Dreamscape.

Combat with the Hollow King is a test of both strength and spirit. He is a skilled swordsman, combining precision, strength, and cunning with his oppressive presence. Direct confrontation is dangerous, requiring extreme caution and skill, while stealth and strategy are just as challenging, as the Hollow King's kingdom is alive and ever-watchful.

The Hollow King serves as the linchpin of **Hollowreach**. Defeating him is not just a personal triumph but the undoing of his entire domain. Upon his defeat, the Drones of Emptiness and all his minions fade into oblivion, their fragile existences dependent on his power. The once

oppressive city begins to crumble, unraveling into a void that threatens to consume anyone still trapped within its collapsing walls.

The destruction of the Hollow King will send a ripple through Dreamscape, freeing the countless victims ensnared by his power. However, it is not without consequence; the remnants of Hollowreach serve as a haunting reminder of the fragility of meaning and the depths of despair. His destruction however, will prove a great asset in your quest to save the Songstress and Dreamscape, depriving the Composer of his greatest army available.

Scenario Rewards +500 CP (+500 CP if you destroy one Dread General, +700 CP if at least two)

The Realm of Endless Dread is a crucible of terror, a proving ground where only the most unyielding spirits can hope to prevail. To succeed, you must brave its nightmarish depths, carving your way to the Obsidian Citadel, the foreboding heart of the Composer of Nightmares' dominion. While the other Agents take their own perilous paths to challenge the monstrous Dread Generals in their way, your mission to succeed this scenario remains clear: reach the Citadel and prepare to confront the master of this harrowing realm to save the Songstress. Yet, should you choose to confront and vanquish one of these Generals on your path towards the Obsidian Citadel, your triumph will resound not only through Dreamscape but within your very soul, awakening a power forged in the fires of defiance.

Peace and Courage (Reward Shine)

In the face of overwhelming dread, you did not falter—you rose. By standing against one of the Composer's mightiest creations and triumphing, you have proven yourself a beacon of unshakable resolve. From this victory emerges a new Shine, an awe-inspiring manifestation of the strength that burns within you.

Peace and Courage is no mere power; it is a radiant proclamation of hope. This Shine envelops you in an aura of transcendent light, a force that embodies serenity, valor, and the unyielding will to prevail. In your presence, the shadows quail, and the grip of dread falters. Your light cuts through the heart of darkness, striking at the very essence of Dread Shades, and any other kind of malign ability, unraveling their malicious power regardless of origin, and dispelling the oppressive fear they wield.



You are no longer just an Agent—you are a paragon, a defier of despair, a warrior of unbreakable courage. This Shine does not merely resist the darkness; it annihilates it, extinguishing the shadows that threaten to consume the light. It is the purest expression of heroism, a gift reserved for those who dare to stand unyielding against the tides of fear and despair.

Though wielding such power demands immense strength, it is the mantle of a true hero, a Champion of the Songstress. With Peace and Courage, you become a light that will never falter, even in the deepest abyss of nightmares.

Final Mission: Save the Songstress and Stop the Composer of Nightmares!

Time is fleeting, Agent. You stand at the threshold of the Obsidian Citadel, the heart of the Realm of Endless Dread and the prison of her Melody. The Songstress's mournful aria resonates through the oppressive air, a melody so haunting and profound that it pulls at your very soul. Each note carries an urgency—she is calling for you, pleading for deliverance. The fate of Dreamscape teeters on the edge, and with **now less than 24 hours before your jump ends**, every second counts.



The entry to the Citadel lies in ruins, its great gates torn asunder. Around you, scattered entities writhe in their final moments, and the shattered remains of lesser nightmares speak of a fierce battle. Someone—or something—has struck before you. A force powerful enough to breach the defenses has carved a path through the nightmares that once guarded this fortress. The echoes of combat still linger, yet the halls ahead are eerily silent.

You will have to push forward, navigating the Citadel's labyrinthine corridors. The first section bears clear signs of recent conflict—shattered stone, scorch marks, and faint traces of dream magic clinging to the air. Nightmares linger in pockets, remnants too stubborn or reckless to flee, but they will crumble swiftly beneath your resolve. Despite the eerie calm, unease builds with every step. Who has come before you? An ally? Or another kind of threat?

As you press deeper, the second section awakens with a surge of hostility. Dread Nightmares will begin to emerge, their presence heavy and oppressive, their attacks calculated and ferocious. This will be your first true test since stepping into the Citadel—a reminder that the Realm of Endless Dread will not relinquish its master without a fight. The song of the Songstress grows louder now, her voice trembling with pain and hope, guiding your path forward.

In the third section, a grim tableau awaits. The room is a battlefield of devastation. Walls bear deep gashes from ferocious strikes, and the air is thick with the aftermath of immense power clashing. At the center lies what appears to be the shattered remains of Agent Noctis, his body split as though by an unstoppable force. Yet something feels wrong. A closer examination reveals the truth: this is no fallen ally but a grotesque imitation. The creature's form is warped, its disguise imperfect upon closer inspection. It is a doppelganger, a cunning ruse meant to deceive. But if this imposter is here, then where is the real Noctis?

Should you use your sharpened insight, it will piece the truth together. Agent Noctis, his loyalty and love for her Melody unyielding, has forged ahead. His rage and devotion blaze like a star in the darkness. The battle here was his—and he has won, driving deeper into

the Citadel's core. A hidden path will reveal itself, a descent into the depths where light has never reached.

The way ahead is perilous Agent. Each step will carry you further from hope and closer to the source of the Songstress's sorrow. The air thickens, churning with dread, as if the walls themselves conspire against you. Shadows move unnaturally, and the challenges you will have to face grow fiercer, more insidious. But you will have to press on, driven by purpose and the Songstress's unwavering melody.

Your journey will end in the Abode of True Fear, the darkest heart of the Citadel. Here, the Composer of Nightmares awaits, the architect of all this suffering. The Songstress's song reaches its crescendo, a final plea for rescue and salvation. It is there, in that final, terrible confrontation, that you will decide the fate of Dreamscape.

Agent, steel yourself. The road ahead is one few have traveled, and fewer still have survived. This is your moment, your battle. The melody calls for you—answer it.

Scenario Rewards +800 CP

Time dwindles, Agent. The vast expanse of the Obsidian Citadel stretches before you, fraught with lurking dangers and hidden terrors, each determined to keep you from reuniting with her Melody. Noctis's unseen hand has carved a path ahead, but you are still separated, and the weight of this mission rests squarely on your shoulders. Others are rushing to join you, but there is no time to wait for them. Now, at last, the final encounter looms—the lair of the Composer of Nightmares, the prison of the Songstress, and the stage upon which Dreamscape's fate will be decided.

Take this CP, Jumper, and let it be a symbol of the strength you've earned through your trials. May your hand be steady, your will unshaken, and your voice join hers in harmony as you step into this final hour. The melody awaits—finish the song.



This is the final scenario of this jump, marking the climactic confrontation with the Composer of Nightmares. The events described here outline how the story is expected to unfold if you allow it to follow its natural course. However, your choices—both leading up to this moment and during the scenario itself—may alter the outcome, reshaping the narrative in unexpected ways.

The Last Requiem: A Song of Shadows and Starlight

The Abode of True Fear looms, a place where reality bends under the weight of dread itself. The air is heavy, suffused with an oppressive presence that threatens to crush your will. As you step into this forsaken realm, the aftermath of a brutal confrontation lies before you. Noctis Nightfall, once defiant, is slumped against a shattered wall, unconscious. His grip has failed him; the Last Note, an ethereal fragment of untold power, lies nearby, glimmering with faint light but intangible and unreachable.



In the heart of this ominous chamber, a gilded cage traps the Songstress of Dreams. Her radiance is dulled, her once-powerful melody now a fragile hum, barely audible amidst the tension. She gazes at you, her eyes pleading for deliverance. Between you and her stands the Composer of Nightmares, a figure both elegant and terrifying, shrouded in an aura of dark majesty.

The Composer greets you with a voice that weaves dissonance into harmony, his words as mesmerizing as they are unsettling. He presents his vision of the universe, one where fear and despair forge order, casting the Songstress as a naive dreamer clinging to a chaotic fantasy. His eloquence is a weapon, designed to sway your convictions and draw you into his dark orchestra. Yet the choice remains yours, and should you reject him, the atmosphere shifts.

The Composer's calm exterior will fracture, his presence growing darker and heavier. Shadows coil and writhe at his feet, and the chamber resonates with the first note of your battle. His initial attacks, though formidable, will seem restrained, as if he is merely testing your resolve. The fight grows intense, but before it can reach a decisive moment, new players will enter the stage.

Any remaining Dread Generals alive will emerge from the gloom, tilting the scales, and the room will seem to choke on despair. With your previous intervention the number might lessen, and the other Agents and allies might have succeeded in defeating some of them. However, unless you personally destroyed them all, at least one should still remain. The Songstress will cry out, her voice trembling with desperation, but her pleas will do little to halt the looming darkness.

Suddenly, the tide shifts again. Your allies, the surviving Agents of the Songstress, those that took the alternate routes to defeat the other Generals, burst into the fray. Though many of her champions have fallen, those closest to you endure, their determination undimmed. Their arrival breathes life into the struggle, and chaos erupts as the battle truly begins.

The battle with the Composer and any remaining Dread Generals will be harrowing and perilous, both sides using Shines, Shades and Dread Shades to their outmost. But you must press Agent, the fate of Dreamscape relies on your success. However, the Composer's mask will finally



shatter. His true form will emerge—a monstrous, incomprehensible entity of pure dread, embodying the nightmares of all existence. Gone is the eloquent manipulator; now, only madness remains. He will descend upon the battlefield with unrestrained fury, his power overwhelming and his intent lethal.

During this climatic conflict, at one point where the Agents and you are at the brink of annihilation, the Composer's strength will seem unstoppable. In a desperate act, the Songstress summoning her remaining strength, will shatter the cage that binds her. She will launch a blinding attack of light and sound, her power cutting through the Composer's dark form. But the Composer like all evils is resilient and hard to eliminate. With a final, devastating counterstrike, he will land a lethal blow, and so the Songstress will fall, her light fading as her form crumples to the ground.

Amidst the turmoil, Noctis rises from his apparent defeat. The Last Note is in his grasp, and with a burst of speed and precision, he will drive the enchanted blade into the Composer's exposed core. The realm quakes with the force of the strike, and the Composer lets out a horrifying cacophony of sound and fury as he collapses, his essence unraveling in a final, deafening crescendo.

When the dust settles, only silence remains. A dark orb swirls where the Composer once stood, its surface pulsing with malevolent energy. Noctis, consumed by grief and determination, seizes the orb. The Last Note, its purpose fulfilled, disintegrates into nothingness. The Songstress, mortally wounded, drags herself toward the Composer's remains, her strength failing with every breath. She speaks her final words, a bittersweet reflection on her Agents, and dissolving into motes of light, leaving behind a radiant orb of swirling colors.

In that moment of shock, Noctis will act. With trembling hands, he will shatters the Composer's orb, letting its dark energy surge into him. His body absorbs the essence of the Composer of Nightmares. Quickly picking up the other orb, wielding now both the Songstress's orb and the Composer's power, he will declare his intent to remake Dreamscape, to awaken from the dream within the dream the Composer claimed to be, and restore the Songstress back to life.

With that final, chilling proclamation, Noctis vanishes into the shadows, leaving you and the remaining Agents battered and fading. The air grows heavy, suffused with an unbearable stillness as the truth takes hold: the Songstress's light has been extinguished, and with her, the fragile chords binding the Veiled Mirages unravel. One by one, the Agents flicker, their forms dimming like dying stars. Their voices—once a symphony of defiance—now dissolve into the silence of the void. It will not be too long before they begin to fade away, including yourself. Dreamscape may have been saved from the Composer's machinations, but at what cost?



Final Scenario Rewards: True End +1000 CP

The destruction of both the Composer of Nightmares and the Songstress reverberates through Dreamscape like a shattered chord, leaving the realm in disarray. The Composer's dark symphony is silenced, his terrible designs undone by your intervention, but the price of victory is steep. Without the Songstress, the radiant harmony that sustained Dreamscape falters, and the Court of Dreams crumbles into disarray. For the first time since the universe's inception, both Dreams and Nightmares stand leaderless, their balance fractured, their future uncertain.

The betrayal of Noctis cuts the deepest. Chosen by the Songstress herself to wield the Last Note, his actions remain an enigma—driven perhaps by love twisted into obsession, or by the dark threads of madness that once ensnared the Composer. Whatever the cause, his turn has left wounds that go beyond the battlefield. The Last Note, now shattered, fulfilled its purpose but took with it the chance for any immediate restoration of harmony. Noctis's departure carries a grim promise: his path is fated to cross the awakened Cosmic Lord in the future, and the fate of Dreamscape will be decided in that final encounter. His defection feels less like an end than a beginning of a shadowed game yet to be played.

In the aftermath, Dreamscape falters, its vast expanse trembling with the loss of its pillars. The Agents, including yourself, tied intrinsically to the Songstress's melody, begin to fade. Some cling to their forms, their devotion granting them fleeting moments of existence, but their dissolution seems inevitable. Dreams and Nightmares alike spiral into chaos, aimless and unbound, as the structure of this once-regal domain unravels. Your actions have preserved Dreamscape from a singular dominion of despair, but they have left it in a perilous limbo, where the light of creation and the shadow of destruction vie for dominance.

And what of you, Jumper? Time slips through your fingers, the moments dwindling as the reality of this jump begins to close in. Less than an hour remains before you must make a choice, and the weight of your battles has left you weary and diminished. The strength needed to pursue Noctis or to reshape the fractured Dreamscape eludes you for now. Whatever legacy you leave here must take root in the choices you've made, in the allies you've rallied, and in the remnants of hope that linger amid the ruins.

Dreamscape endures, though fragile and transformed, its fate poised on the edge of possibility. As your time here fades, the question remains: will the seeds of your resolve and sacrifice bloom into a new harmony, or will the scars left by this battle deepen into an eternal discord? The final song of this realm is not yet written, and its melody may someday call you back to where shadows and starlight entwine.

The Essence of Dreamscape (Jump Reward)

For your unparalleled trials and achievements, you are granted a unique and profound reward: a fragment of Dreamscape itself, bound eternally to your essence. This reward allows you to carry the concept of Dreamscape into any future reality. Should you arrive in a world devoid of such a realm, this perk will weave a Dreamscape anew, an ethereal domain where Dreams and Nightmares take shape as living personifications, much like those you encountered in your journey.

This Dreamscape will become a personal sanctuary and source of immense power, an extension of your will and imagination. Within its borders, your strength will surpass its usual bounds, granting you unparalleled influence and control. Whether you choose to explore its depths, protect its balance, or shape it into something entirely your own, it will stand as a reflection of your journey through the realms of Dreams and Nightmares.

Yet this reward carries with it more than power; it carries a promise. Woven into the very fabric of this gift is the unshakable truth that one day, in a future still unwritten, the Songstress can be restored. This is not a hollow hope but a certainty embedded in the essence you now bear. Though the moment of her salvation is not now, it lies ahead, waiting for you to seize it when the time is right. With this perk and the Dreamstone, it will be possible.

Drawbacks

Supplement Mode (Free): You can take this jump as a supplement, merging it with another jump. CP from both jumps remains independent from each other.

Extended Stay (+100 CP each): Want more time to explore? With this drawback, you'll stay an additional 10 years in this universe. **You may take this drawback up to 10 times**, extending your stay by up to 100 years.



Strange Dream (+100 CP): You may be a Dream or a Nightmare, but you possess qualities that let others think you're from the opposite faction. Expect distrust and bad treatment at first wherever you go.

Bad Voice and Music (+100 CP) (+300 CP if you possess abilities related to voice and music): Your voice is rasp, and your musical abilities are bad. This severely impairs your performance with both, and dramatically weakens abilities that rely on them. You will not be able to fix this for the duration of this jump.

Standard Conduit (+200 CP): Regardless of any selections you made, for the duration of this jump your Conduit will act as if you had selected only the Free option for all available choices.

Dream Limiter Alpha (+200 CP): For the duration of this jump, any Shines or Shades available to you will have their power limited to tier 1.

Dream Limiter Beta (+200 CP): Using Shines and Shades is far more exhausting than normal, even using a Conduit does not seem to reduce the burden. Expect to only be able to use them a few times before having to rest.

Missing Powers (+200 CP): All types of powers including out-of-character (OOC) powers, except Shines and Shades, are locked until the jump ends.

Flawed Items (+200 CP): Any fiat-backed items malfunction randomly, particularly in critical moments, before resuming functionality. Expect plenty of frustration.

Adverse Items (+200 CP): Your fiat-backed items develop a mind of their own, actively trying to sabotage you. They'll stop at nothing to cause misfortune—unless you keep them stored in your warehouse.

Stunted Mirage (+200 CP): Your Veiled Mirage can be considered underperforming when compared to others from your peers. You will never reach the level of mastery or finesse that could otherwise during the duration of your jump, always underperforming at the use of your Veiled Mirage.





What Happened to Lost and Found? (+200 CP): All fiat protections on your items are gone. Anything lost or destroyed during the jump stays that way until the jump ends.

Bad Impressions (+200 CP): You will always make a poor first impression on potential companions. This effect will wear off after the first few encounters, but by then, the damage may already be done.

Hostile Intentions (+300 CP): All potential companions now perceive you as a threat. They will either try to harm you or rally others against you. This can be resolved with enough effort, but don't expect an easy fix.

Dangerous Individuals (+300 CP): All non-companion individuals mentioned in this jump are now far more powerful and dangerous to you, having gained specialized skills and resources aimed at stopping you if provoked.

Dark Dreamscape (+300 CP): At some point during your jump, you'll fall into a hole, as silly as it sounds, and you'll emerge in a twisted version of Dreamscape. You'll have to find your way back, or find another hole that will take you back home. Beware the Enchantress of Screams, for she hungers for your life!

Unstable Conduit (+300 CP): Your Conduit will become unstable at times, becoming unreliable when it matters the most. Better have a backup plan just in case.

Locked Upgrades (+300 CP) (Requires more than 500 CP invested in upgrades): Any upgrades you have for your Veiled Mirage are locked for the duration of the jump.

Weak Mirage (+400 CP): Your Veiled Mirage will not possess additional protections, leaving you vulnerable to many things that would otherwise not even bother you if it had them.

A Threat to Our Plans (+400 CP): The forces allied to the Composer of Nightmares will quickly identify you as a major threat and begin mobilizing against you from the outset. They may even join forces to devise schemes specifically targeting you. Even if you eliminate them, new enemies will arise from time to time.

More Interesting Scenarios (+400 CP): Scenarios become far more convoluted and dangerous. Stakes rise dramatically, making simple challenges perilous and complex plots potentially lethal, with dire consequences looming around every corner.

A Dread Situation (+400 CP): You always seem to run into Dread Nightmares, even in the most unexpected places. They are dangerous, wield broken abilities, and are always dangerous to you.

Deadly Reality (+400 CP): Special care must be taken to not enter or be dragged into the Waking World, for now you will



last there no more than ten minutes, your form unraveling into nothingness.

A Dread Strategy (+500 CP): During your jump, the Dread Generals will become aware of you, the most promising Agent of the Songstress. Expect them planning against you, plotting, and otherwise preparing for their eventual encounter with you. Expect a very dangerous attempt by their forces every year as long they are alive, and confronting them directly will always be at a disadvantage to you, as they have been prepping for you all this time.

Ephemeral Conduit (+500 CP): A simple condition. Your conduit does not regenerate nor can be repaired. If destroyed, it will be gone for the duration of this jump, along all the advantages it offered you.

Veiled what? (+600 CP): You lack a Veiled Mirage, what a strange oddity for an Agent. You will not be able to have access to Shines or Shades during your stay within this jump.



Hypnopompia: A Dreamer's Awakening

Just as the moments before waking from a dream feel fleeting and surreal, your time in Dreamscape is drawing to a close. The choices you've made here may have set monumental events in motion—events with the potential to shape not only Dreamscape but the destiny of the entire universe. Yet, for now, the hour has come, and you must prepare to make your final decision.

If Andromeda is one of your companions, however, a unique event will unfold before your departure:

A Farewell for Now

As the final moments of this jump approach, Andromeda steps forward, her gaze steady yet tinged with a bittersweet smile. She declares that it is time for goodbyes, her voice carrying the weight of unspoken emotions. With heartfelt sincerity, she thanks you for sharing your journey with her, acknowledging the trials you faced together and perhaps even the ways you helped her in her own quest, one she admits she could not complete. A trace of regret lingers in her tone as she confesses that her path cannot continue alongside yours.



If it has not become clear by now, Andromeda reveals the truth she has quietly uncovered about you: the nature of your Jumper origins. With solemn honesty, she confides that her presence here was part of a mission given to her by **her Lord**—a mission that she ultimately failed. Yet, in this failure, she found something unexpected: the chance to meet you. That meeting, she declares, was a gift she had not anticipated, and she cherishes the adventures you shared. For a moment, she seems to hesitate, as though wanting to say more, but instead, her smile brightens, and she offers a cheerful laugh.

With a lighthearted cheer that contrasts the gravity of the moment, **Andromeda tosses you a small object**. “Take this,” she says with a playful tone masking the seriousness of her words. “If fate is kind, and we meet again, I hope it will be as allies. The war between the Sovereigns of the Cosmos looms ever closer, and when that day comes, I would rather stand beside you than against you.” Her words are charged with significance, a promise and a warning wrapped together.

Before you can respond, Andromeda steps back, her form dissolving from the ether of this universe. Her presence vanishes as though she were never there, leaving you holding the small object she gave you—a **delicate brooch shaped like an apple, adorned with a tiny blue scarf wrapped around it**. It is a simple yet meaningful memento, a reminder of Andromeda and the bond you shared, as well as a potential key to recognition should your paths cross again in some distant, unknowable future.



After that event, the time comes and now you, Jumper, must choose:

Stay Within the Dream

Choosing to remain in Dreamscape means embracing its endless mysteries as your new home. If you have achieved the True End of this journey, your fading form—and that of any Agent companions who have chosen to stay by your side—will stabilize as a final boon for your decision. Dreamscape will require your guidance to survive, and the fractured realm will be yours to mend. Noctis' plans will demand your vigilance, and the elusive path to restoring the Songstress will be yours to uncover. Should another ending mark your journey, Dreamscape will instead be yours to shape as you wish—a realm of limitless wonder, yours to call home.

Return to Reality

Sometimes, even the most vivid dreams must end. By choosing to awaken, you leave Dreamscape behind, returning to the reality from which you came. Yet, the experience lingers, etched into your being. Armed with the knowledge, powers, and treasures you've gained, your world will no longer be the same. Perhaps the echoes of Dreamscape will follow you, reshaping the waking world in ways yet unseen.

Onwards to the Next Adventure

As one dream fades, another begins. With this choice, you leave Dreamscape behind, stepping into the unknown of a new jump. Whether it is a different reality, another story, or another chapter within this universe, new truths await. Perhaps the path forward will bring you closer to restoring the Songstress, or to finally confronting Noctis in his twisted games. The next adventure beckons, its pages waiting to be written.



Epilogue: The Rise of the New Composer of Nightmares

Noctis Nightfall is no more. The power he seized in that pivotal moment has reshaped him, flowing through his veins with dark whispers and forbidden knowledge. Atop the shattered remains of the Obsidian Citadel, he sits in silence, the Dread Nightmares and remnants of the nightmare court watching him with awe and trepidation. In his hands, **the Dreamstone—a small, iridescent orb that shimmers with shifting colors like a living kaleidoscope**—catches the faint, flickering light of the dream realm. It hums with the essence of the Songstress, her core, her spirit.

He could destroy it. He could absorb its power and make himself the undisputed sovereign of Dreamscape, wielding a might so absolute it could unravel the fabric of dreams themselves. He could shatter Dreamscape, pierce the veil of unreality, and awaken to a truth far beyond the illusions of this realm. But that path, tempting as it is, is not his. Noctis clutches the Dreamstone with a grim resolve. The Songstress is his to save. To resurrect her, he would endure torment beyond imagination and face the abyss itself.

The knowledge imparted by the dark essence coursing through him has revealed a forbidden truth: the Songstress and the Composer are inexorably linked, bound together in a balance that sustains Dreamscape. Without one, the other cannot truly exist. To bring her back, he must become her counterpart. With a heavy heart and unyielding determination, he renounces his name, his identity, and the last vestiges of the man he once was. He takes up the cursed mantle that once brought ruin to the Songstress and to Dreamscape itself.

He will become the Composer of Nightmares. The master of fear. The architect of despair. Through terror, death and ruin, he will conquer Dreamscape and the Waking World beyond. For Noctis, this corrupting nightmare is a necessary path, one he will walk to its bitter end if it means reclaiming his Songstress. His hands tighten around the Dreamstone as he gazes into the distance, where the boundaries of dreams and unreality blur.

"This is all a dream within a dream," he whispers to himself, his voice low and resolute. *"The question now is... who will wake up first?"*



Author's Notes

Hello again, dreamers and cosmic adventurers!

It's been quite the journey since my last jump, hasn't it? What started as a "small" project set in Dreamscape grew into an expansive labor of love filled with vibrant characters, awe-inspiring powers, and scenarios that (I hope) invite you to weave your own tales within this universe.

When creating this jump, my goal was to give you the freedom to carve out your path without locking you into a single, rigid story. That said, I couldn't resist crafting *The Last Requiem* as a defining moment—one where the tapestry of the Dreamscape reaches its breaking point, setting the stage for the events that unfold before *Awakening of the Cosmic Lord*. The shattered Court, the fall of the Songstress, and the new Composer of Nightmares claiming their dreadful dominion—all of it connects to the larger saga I'm building. Without your intervention, the original's Composer's twisted vision would have engulfed the Dreamscape and, perhaps, the entire universe dooming the future. Your choices, your battles, have kept the flickering light of hope alive.

But this isn't the end of the Songstress's story—or yours. Somewhere beyond this jump, the chance to restore her melody, to reunite the broken chords of her Court, and to rekindle the dream still lies ahead. Not here, not now, but the echoes of this adventure will carry forward.

Looking ahead, I haven't quite decided where our journey will take us next. Perhaps a jump delving into the Demons and the enigmatic Sin Powers I've hinted at. Or maybe we'll venture into the vast *Kingdom of the Stars*, exploring the glimmering heart of cosmic majesty. There's also the idea of a jump set on Earth, diving deeper into the mysteries of magic within this universe.

Lastly, I've seeded hints for a future grand adventure—*A Clash Between Sovereigns of the Cosmos*. This jump will serve as the ultimate crossover, weaving together the threads of *Awakening of the Cosmic Lord*, *Agent at the Service of the Songstress of Dreams*, and more. It's an ambitious vision, one I hope will live up to the potential I see for it.

Thank you for reading and experiencing this jump. At nearly three hundred pages, it's been a massive undertaking, but one filled with joy and excitement at the thought of sharing it with you. I hope you've enjoyed this dive into Dreamscape, and I can't wait to see where we go next. Until then, dream boldly, live epically, and let your story unfold among the stars.

Somewhere, within a majestic palace adrift between universes...

"I have returned, my Lord," the red-haired knight said softly, bowing as she knelt before an imposing yet elegant figure seated upon a throne of cascading starlight.

"You return empty-handed," the figure replied, her voice as melodious as a symphony yet laced with a chilling undertone that made Andromeda's veins run cold. "Not only have you failed your mission, but you have also squandered my gift. Explain yourself, Andromeda."

The knight hesitated but quickly spoke, her words tinged with urgency. "My Lord, I carried out your instructions to the letter. I found the cradle where the Fragment of Reality was being nourished. I struck it with the Astris Ultor, just as you commanded."

"And yet," the figure interrupted, her voice hardening, "you failed."

Andromeda's head dipped lower. "The Fragment was... unusual. It did not shatter as anticipated. Instead, it absorbed the Astris Ultor and sealed itself beyond my reach. After that, I could no longer influence anything within that Dream."

The elegant figure rose slowly from her throne, the air around her rippling with unrestrained power. Her eyes gleamed with frustration and contemplation as she stepped forward. "Do you understand the consequences of your failure? The Fragments will soon scatter, and with them, a new generation of Lords will rise in *her* universe—*that* universe."

"It was only one Fragment, my Lord," Andromeda said carefully.

The figure paused, her expression softening into something more calculating. "One Fragment... That changes things." A smile, sharp and cunning, spread across her lips. "Perhaps your failure can be reshaped into an opportunity. If used correctly, this could bolster *her* against her greatest opponent."

She turned, her voice brimming with wicked delight. "To turn Divanitrika's ultimate weapon against her... now that would be a masterpiece."

The elegant Lord extended a hand towards Andromeda, who stood slowly, her resolve hardening.

"Come, my loyal knight," the Lord said, her tone laced with command and anticipation. "The others await us. There is much work to be done."

"Yes, your will shall be done..." Andromeda replied, following her Lord into the unseen expanse beyond. Her voice carried unwavering devotion as she spoke the name that echoed through the palace's gilded halls.

"...Cosmic Lord Veronica!"



Changelog

[Dec 06, 2024] First release!