

The empty landscape filled with sound as consciousness slowly made itself known to me. *Drip, drip, drip*, plopped the echo of rain, and from the fading trails of those reverberations the landscape cascaded into existence. *Drip, drip*--a blanket of fog rolls in like a crescendo. *Drip, drip*, the hazy frames of wooden buildings cast themselves like shadows in the white, gnarled wood of old trees following in their wake.

In this foreign dreamscape built of memory I walked slowly towards the source of that noise, goosebumps building on my skin with each repetition...building would begin to form around me the sound of a battle being heard barely beneath the drip, drip, drip in the fog. Wood Wailers would begin to take shape clashing with bandits, some falling and some continuing to fight. As more buildings begin to take shape she would recognize the landscape and a place as where she was earlier that day, Hyrstmill. I was here with a few others. She would look around the fog covered landscape not seeing the tunnels that a few used or the gate, even though the ever present drip, drip, drip could be heard.

Continuing to walk forward on the ground, a set of broken wakashais lay on the ground, the blades shattered before a tall xaela dressed in black wearing a hood that covers part of his face could be seen. The voice would come out broken and as one looks at the xaela they would see their armor is destroyed by sword slashes and claw marks and they would be covered in blood. "Why...why didn't you save us?" The sound of drips could be heard still in the distance as the xaela in front of me speaks. His blood dripped to the ground, drip, drip, drip being heard.

I would shake my head darting forward as another broken weapon would come into my path, this time it would be a spear the hilt shattered. I would move past the mask towards the dripping sound ahead, not hearing it from behind. As I approach a different voice would come out. "You could have helped us more." This voice would belong to another tall Xaela male who would be wearing a red mask over his face. His long jacket ripped and torn blood covering him. No, this isn't real, they are both ok and would ring in my head as I dart past towards the dripping sound.

A third weapon would lay on the ground broken, this one a heavy ax. In the distance a broken voice would speak out. "Why.." Thia voice would again belong to a Xaela male but unlike the first two he would be covered in armor and his face would be visible, this face would belong to one I have spoken to many times since meeting him, a familiar comforting present severely injured and bloody just like the other two. As this figure begins to ask the question the other two would seem to come out of nowhere surrounding me, the drip, drip, drip of their blood echoing along with their voices asking repeatedly "why did you not aid us?" "Why did you not heal us?" Over and over again until I awaken with a start covered in sweat, shaking and looking around widely as somehow transported back into the dream.