



Words With Friends

Author: Joachim Worthington



Dou feel soft ground beneath your head, and a light breeze in the air. Yet you don't need your sight to know, instantly, that something is wrong. *Give up.*

You shrug off the thought and cautiously climb to your feet. Centuries in Cthaa's pit have fortified your mind against invasion, but the others may not have your resilience.

Knowing better than to call out, you raise one hand to your face to ensure your smooth, eyeless mask is tightly bound to your head. Even at this depth, just below the dream's surface, wandering eyes are perilous - and you sense the usually-serene woods of Shannon's mind are more perilous than your worst expectations. Hopefully the others have their masks as well. *Masks won't help them.*

You move from trunk to trunk, passing your hands silently over the jagged bark. The breeze rises to an ominous whisper, as though a wind walker is dogging your footsteps. Then your hand brushes over a peculiar shape carved into one of the trees...



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