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You are walking through an ancient forest. The enormous trees press in close around you, and their branches reach up higher than you can see. Only the faintest streaks of sunlight pass through to the ground. As you press onward, picking your way over thick roots and through the underbrush, the sunlight fades from a pale gold to a thin grey, the green of the wood turns dark and sinister, and sickly yellow leaves begin to fall around you. You quicken your pace, certain that the edge of the forest must be near, but the trees are endless. Now you see the falling leaves are grey, and they crumble to ash as they touch the ground. The trees are now black against a sunless sky, twisted into grotesque configurations, and drifts of fine ash cover the forest floor. A chill wind whistles through the remains of the trees. Though you see no one, you have the distinct sensation of being watched.

You wake up normally in the morning, but the dream haunts your waking thoughts.