

## THE DANCE OF DREAMS

*A shadow play of horror,  
murder, and revenge!*

*Let yourself be enraptured and terrified  
by shadow theater with clockwork  
as amazing as that of the master's  
constructions on the continent. Watch  
as evil smiles, good people go to their  
doom, and spirits come to life! Follow*

*Oscar Hjort's encounter with the  
Black One, his struggle, and finally  
the betrayal which claimed his life.  
Hear the tunes of the enchanted flute  
that sends souls dancing to hell.*

*The show will premiere shortly  
at the Witch Cat Inn.*

*Not for the faint of heart!*

*Meet me tonight at the Witch Cat Inn / Olaus*

A: The note from Olaus Klint

### ENTHRALLED

A vengeful creature has taken control of your body for a few moments. You think the other player characters are responsible for a terrible crime committed against you, and you want to kill them. Perhaps this is reflected in your breathing and posture? Try to build a scary atmosphere by portraying how your character has changed. You might tell the other characters you hate them and that none of them will leave the inn alive. Draw your weapon and attack one of them. After one round of combat the creature loses control of your body.

B: Instructions to a possibly enthralled character's player

January 15th

I saw it again last night, as I was on my way to empty the widower Nutzer's chamber pot. The candle in my hand went out and, standing still in the dark corridor on the second floor, I could hear the floorboards move. Someone was walking toward me. I whispered my husband's name, and an unknown voice responded with a word I couldn't understand. The hairs on my arms stood up and the blood throbbed in my veins. Finally I dropped the pot and ran downstairs. My footsteps woke several of the guests. I had to spend more than an hour on my knees scrubbing the stench of Nutzer's excrement off the floorboards. Sami was angry. I didn't tell him I'd seen a ghost - it would be adding fuel to the fire.

January 17th

Do I really have myself to blame? I know what I did to Sami, but that was almost twenty years ago. He gets so different when he's angry, and I go mute with fear - what he demands answers. Perhaps I should know better than to upset him? But all I did was suggest that the sudden falling apart of the inn might have occult causes. I definitely shouldn't have mentioned the ghost. Now I won't be able to show myself to the guests for a week - the bruises around my neck can be concealed with a collar, and no one can see the pain in my chest and stomach, but my left eye is purple like a plum and my nose is swollen. I fear for Sophia. She is so much like me, and I'd like to tell her everything - but I'm afraid of what Sami would say. He wants to eradicate all things artistic and sublime from his daughter's body - that which came from me.

January 31st

I mentioned my nightmares to Sophia, and it turned out she's been having the same dreams! A man being killed - the murderer sneaking up behind him and cutting his throat with a knife. The body is buried in unconsecrated ground, and suddenly it is my body in the grave. I've been buried alive and can't get out. All I want is revenge, or peace in death. I wake with a scream.

February 7th

The fourth time I saw him I understood what he was whispering - it's not a word, but a name: "Pepi". After spending several days pondering the matter, to Sami's great annoyance, I remembered where I'd heard that name. Sami's grandfather, who used to run this inn, was named Pepi Harjula. There are lots of old letters in the attic. Among them I found a stack of messages all signed with Pepi's name, written in code and addressed to someone in Upsala. The code was easily deciphered, and now I've shut myself away in my room all morning, reading Pepi's love letters. Sami is furious that I've neglected my duties. He is banging the kitchen walls and throwing saucepans against the floor. Poor Angelic.

February 8th

I now know who the dead man is. Pepi writes of his guilt and feelings of remorse over a murder he committed. He killed a man named Oscar Hjort by slitting his throat. This happened during a meeting with three people from Upsala. One of them was named Albert. Oscar was unwilling to cooperate, but what he was meant to do I am unsure of. They buried his body somewhere in our garden. Pepi says that, instead of having a priest consecrate the ground, they desecrated his body with magic. He fears that he has damned the inn and condemned himself to hell.

March 1st

Sophia has been quiet and withdrawn for some time now. I sat down to talk with her, and she told me that she dreams of setting up a theater. She wants to put on shows here at the Witch Cat. I think it's a brilliant idea. I have sent an invitation to the Troll Dreams theater troupe, mostly to attract customers but also to inspire Sophia. They will pass through here in early April. This time I won't let Sami get his way.

March 17th

Sami saw the letter from the theater director, and as I'm writing this I have hid in the stable like a naughty child. He hit me with the fireplace poker - everything went black and I woke up on the floor. I lost the feeling in the fingers of my left hand, and they are still numb. Blood, saliva, snot and tears are running down my face, so I need to keep this paper away from my body to avoid staining it. I'm so scared.

April 3rd

If I stay here he'll kill me. Tonight I'm packing my things, and I'm taking Pepi's letters with me. I'll show them to Sophia when I come for her. Perhaps we will return to the Witch Cat one day, when Sami has died or come to his senses. Then we can go looking for ghosts together.

C: Nora's journal