An infant sits content in his Mother’s arms, her smile providing him warmth and shelter. The Mother’s golden hair is the child sun, her pale skin the his moon.They are alone together and that is fine, they are all each other need. A mass of void faces begin to circle the mother and child, there hands grasping and groping at them, seemingly determined to tear them apart. The mother tries with all of her might to hold on to her child, but lacks the strength to fight off the masses.The child is taken far from the mother, until even the memory of her is distant. The youth no longer has its sun or moon, all it has is nothing. The void faces still continue to circle, tugging the child in many directions with seemingly no regard for him.While the faceless ones continue to try embrace the child, all their attempts do is ensnare him. Unlike in his Mother’s arms, he felt protected, in theirs he feels nothing.Since he has no means of losing their grip, he sheds his tears instead. His lament continues for seemingly forever, a deluge of sorrow. The tears continue on until they go from clear to crimson.The faceless ones grip on the boy loosen, and he takes in his first truly free breath in what seems like forever. He is suddenly greeted with a familiar sensation, one from deep in his past. He felt safe. Standing before him was his Mother. Not the same woman he knew before; different. The golden hair was now jet black, and her gaze was fearless. Deep down, the boy knew he would never be alone again. Nothing would ever separate him from his Mother.

Arsolimese awoke, in a cold sweat, in the middle of desolate plains of Adas. This, of course, is unbeknownst to him. This night in Shadow Lands, a person would have no concept of where they were. The darkness was such that one might even doubt their own existence. Arsolimes, still slightly reeling from the dream he just, quickly recomposes himself. He sits for a moment in quiet contemplation, going over what he can remember of his unconscious visions. He, however, found it difficult to concentrate with the shooting pain coming from his right temple. He reached up to rub the affected area, and when his hand first touched it there was a sudden wetness. He quickly retracted his hand and his olfactory center detected the all too recognizable smell of iron. The man’s lacerated head was teeming with several unanswered questions: Where was he, how did he get there, and Why. But all those took their place in the background to the paramount question of who.Who was he?

So there he lay, in the middle of the cruel, cold desert. His head bleeding and no idea exactly who he was or how he got there, completely alone.To most any ordinary man, this would be crushing and unbearable. Even the most level-headed of men would struggle in this situation. Arsolimese laughs out loud, looking into the Darkness. He knew in the darkness he would never be alone, never again.