



A Vision Quest for dr Farsight

or

Reality is subjective

Mission title:	<i>A Vision Quest for dr Farsight or Reality is subjective</i>
Mission log:	1-07
Mission Johnson:	
Mission reward:	
Participants:	Dr. Farsight

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The last thing dr. Farsight could remember before unconsciousness had embraced him, was another embrace – this one of two *very* eager ladies and one latex-clad gimp (and registered nurse) with hands that were doing very right things. He hadn't been fully consenting at the time – but then again he hadn't been fully *non*consenting either. He couldn't remember anything like the coarse texture of whatever it was he was lying on in his bed, however.

Dr. Farsight opened his eyes. He was in the middle of a misty heath, cold dampness seeping through the loose robe he wore. His trusty bow was nowhere in sight. He got to his feet, and tried to get his bearings.



A white, mossy stone marker was some distance off to the elf's side, apparently haphazardly placed. The fine mist obscured any other landmarks. Stamping his feet for warmth, he made his way over to the stone marker, hoping to find some mark, something to tell him where he was now.

As he came closer, it was apparent that the stone marker was covered in sigils. Some of the sigils were finely rounded, carved into the rock with precision and elegance. Others were more clumsy, far more uneven in their finish, and completely different in appearance – almost runic and linear to the rounded elegance of the most prominent writing. Yet others were mostly crude pictograms depicting stick figures, apparently hunting some strange animals he didn't recognize. The moss obscured some of the writing. Deeply suspicious, dr. Farsight scrutinized the marker for any signs of written Sperethiel.

Suddenly, it was as if the sun had broken through the cloud cover, or as if some joker had put a spotlight directly on his back. If it had been a *cold* sun, or a spotlight emitting *cold* light. He turned around. Some of the light mist seemed to have inexplicably withdrawn, revealing a dry, red, mound of sand some distance away.



On that mound of sand, he could just barely make out some figures, flickering and moving in the wind as if they were somehow less substantial than he. In a heartbeat, the sky fell dark as if the unseen sun had impossibly disappeared.

The group of six suddenly stood in front of dr. Farsight, their alien visages flickering in some unseen wind. The sky was fully dark now, and the wind completely subsided. One of the entities started speaking in dr. Farsight's mind, without moving its lips.

{We | This group | Association} have a proposition...

Angered and perhaps egged on by a slight tinge of fear, dr. Farsight summoned his own eldritch energies. He felt his killing intent entering his fist. With a muttered curse in Sperethiel, he started throwing full strength punches at the entities. As the punches landed, with every erg of energy that he could muster, he noticed with some satisfaction that the entities started dissolving in a cloud of sparkly smoke. Faster and faster he punched, hands moving in a blur.

Suddenly, the entities started receding. Before blackness engulfed him, the last he saw was the entities staring at him, *evaluating*, calculating...

