

entrance to the Blasted Heath. Something caught my eye: I can only describe it as a slight shimmering effect. Milen said she saw it too. The two of us, having far too much curiosity for our own good, decided to investigate. Looking closer we saw the shimmering formed a gate in the fence. We had never seen this gate before but it's very easy to miss small details and we thought this may have been the case. No one was to be seen so we decided to investigate. After all, who could resist temptation like that?

We entered and everything seemed normal at first. We decided that we would just walk over to the nearest oak for a quick peek, then hurry back to the road before anyone would have a chance to see. We got to the oak and walked around to the back. Behind the oak stood a large stone marker, taller than either of us and almost as wide as the tree. In the very center of it was a talisman, a jewel the likes of which I have never seen before, set in platinum. Etched into the metal were strange runes.

Excited over finding a new item, we took it from the marker without thinking, and headed off to see if we could find an Oracle, hoping for some insight on the nature of this object. We searched but all were busy with their tasks. As we exited one of the buildings on our way around town I felt what seemed to be a cold cold breeze, but there was no wind. It was like someone had traced a line down the back of my neck with ice cold fingers. Milen and I ran back to the Heath, knowing in our hearts we had taken something which we never should have. We got back to the Oak and to our amazement the stone marker had transformed into a door which lead directly into the oak. It was open slightly and we cautiously peered inside but all was dark. We hurried to the Bar-L Bar and each purchased a lantern and then went to the Temple. We went to the Tabernacle where we meditated silently in prayer to Morpheus, asking for guidance to amend whatever we had done wrong. Then we lit the lanterns, using the flame of one of the holy candles, and headed back to the Oak, frightened yet determined to set our wrongs right.

Opening the stone door further and entering the oak with our candles we saw a huge circular staircase which descended into the depths below. The stairs were carved of polished obsidian and seemed to wind downwards for eternity. When we reached the bottom of the stairs we stood in a large chamber. On the wall was a portrait of a young woman. She was beautiful ... her skin as pale as white satin, her lips a deep red, her hair a dark crimson, but her eyes - eyes which seemed to follow us from the painting - her eyes were red. Directly beneath the bed lay an empty coffin, and beside it on a table was a black box, carved of stone. On the box were two names were etched in the stone: Nicci and Milen.

I remember feeling shaken, frightened and just ... empty, inside. I couldn't bear to think of the possible harm I might have subjected my World to, all because of my curiosity. Milen and I knew we had unlocked a curse of some kind and this knowledge filled us both with dread.

We ran back to the city to try to enlist the help of our many friends. From this point on things get hazy. I remember telling everyone about what had happened and then my memories become fragmented. When I close my eyes I have a vague image of looking at my reflection in the water of the fountain and not seeing my face looking back. I saw the eyes of a Vampire starting back at me, I looked at my skin and I was pale pale white, my teeth had been replaced by fangs. I can't retrieve any solid memories from that point onwards for a period of hours.

I do remember Carmila though, strange, beautiful, alluring. The next memory I have is a feeling of fear for her. I remember a feeling of being *pulled* to the Blasted Heath once again, Milen was there when I arrived and she had felt it too. We looked and looked for Carmila but she was no where to be found. The shimmering gate had appeared in the fence in the same place that it had appeared hours ago. I even remember asking if anyone else could see it but they couldn't. It was only visible to Milen and me. Milen went though and I waited patiently for Carmila. Minutes later she arrived but was feeling ill. I suggested that I get her back to the oak and she agreed. She leaned heavily on me as if she was drained of her life energy and we slowly made our way back to the oak. Milen was there at the door and she helped me. When we opened the door we couldn't believe it. Sunshine cascaded upon the stairs which were no longer carved of obsidian but of diamond. As we began to make our way down the stairs there was a flash of light, a feeling of peace overwhelmed me and then the next thing I remember is waking up on the floor of Carmila's chamber at the bottom of the stairs. Milen was there beside me already sitting up slightly dazed. I heard her gasp and looked over to see Carmila laying on the floor on the other side of the room. We ran to her side and we amazed at what we saw. The extreme pallor had left her cheeks and they now had a hint of rose colour to them. She was breathing but it was very very shallow. We gathered her up hoping to get her out of the oak and back to the city for help but when we got to the stairs we couldn't ascend them with her. Milen and I asked Morpheus why this was so and we knew then in our hearts that it wasn't her time but that Milen and I belonged in the city. We carried her back to a pile of blankets and laid her down and she looked up at us with tears in her eyes. She silently mouthed the words "Why not me?" and then slipped into unconsciousness. I looked beside me: on the desk was the same box that had been there earlier, but instead of our names, Milen and Nicci, the box was engraved with a single name: Carmila.

I've talked with many about the events of that night and the conclusions I draw are only mere speculation gleaned from rumors and stories. I have no way of confirming if what I think is true.

Carmila was a Vampire, one of an ancient breed. When we took the talisman we unleashed her power allowing her to enter the city to spread the curse of Vampirism. Morpheus protected us by sending us Indigo and the SunRays. It is they who protected Kymer while the evil was being spread. We live in the DreamWorld and just like dreams every so often one has a Nightmare. Last night the DreamWorld was part of one of these. One can say that Morpheus wasn't protecting us by letting us fall into this but I disagree. For it is only through Nightmares that we can ever learn not to take our Dreams for granted. One can never know true happiness without ever feeling sorrow. My friends, let this Nightmare guide you through your dreaming, learn from it and value it. Morpheus has taught us each a lesson to keep in our hearts.

I don't know if I will ever see Carmila again. While she was evil a flame of goodness still burned in her heart. Morpheus recognized this and freed her from the bonds of Vampirism. And now she sleeps, deep within the confines of that oak tree. I don't know if the stone marker is still there, I don't know if it will ever form a door again. I do know that if you peer through the bars of the fence at Blasted Heath, and if you look hard enough at the branches of oak tree where Carmila dwells, you can see the slightest bit of green, the tiniest of buds ... and this gives me hope.

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Enter worlds...far away...
Bright sun shining...follow street signs...
[Friendly] beings...Frogs...Monkeys...Ladies...Men...
Unicorns...Puppies...Heroine...Computer...Horse...Broccoli?...
*
Kindness...fresh...neoteric...
Is that German?...perhaps French?...
Can you type in Japanese here?...
Need some tokens?...perhaps new head?...
Can I show you where colors are sold?...
Want a tour?...What's there to do?...
So many questions....answers...games...Countries...[people]...ideas...
*
Oracles...Acolytes...Necrolytes...Magica...
Frogs are friendly...and PC heads...
Mischievous smile..< tickle>... lol...
Thieves...[crime]...laws...taxes...
Mischievous smile..< tickle>... lol...
*
Mr.Musty: "I shall not steal heads"...
"I shall not steal heads...I will be kind to other avatars..."
"I shall not steal heads...I will be kind to...
<tickle>...<tickle>...<tickle>...
The [spell] is broken....
*
Deepest darkest night...alone... hushed...
Softly breathing... rurssttllle, creeeak, ice shifts in glass...
clickclickclick _ clickclickclick , [smile] :-)
clickclickclick _ clickclickclick _ clickclickclick ?
*
Moonlike glowing screen...
Cold hands awash...
[seek] keys...

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>GHOST RACING REPORT
--by Acolyte Serena

Last week we asked:
Will Shaker go for three in a row? Or will Huckleberry break his chance at a hat trick? Before we answer, lets get to the winners. Winning one race each on 10/30 were Necrolyte Benny for 50T, and Piemur won a silver teapot.

Winning two races were Soltron, netting a horseshoe and 50T, BigJohn won a pumpkin head and 50T, and ABE (winning his first races!) won 125T. Huckleberry came away with two wins netting a spider and one of the infamous bowling pins.

Our two time, returning champion, Shaker, only won one race. Sorry to say, another had unghosted before I left the area, and when they went for the prize, that resulted in a false start which had the race being rerun. Shaker vows to regain his title, so look out all those going for that prize.

Speaking of prize, it was a very nice lighted pumpkin head (energy efficient, non polluting power) that ID's with Ghost Racing Champ 10/95 and Shaker graciously presented it to Huckleberry. Our thanks

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