

The Dreamer in the Ice

Description: a thirty foot tall, admittedly monstrous-looking (what you can see of it), frozen entity in the middle of a glacier.

Well, that's what the fishermen out of Skarsvåg, Norway call it. They never actually *talk* to outsiders about the Dreamer in the Ice, because they know that the Dreamer doesn't want them to. But they talk to *it*. The Dreamer comes to them in their own dreams; large, cold, of a form not native to Earth. From its sets of lips drip alien lore and uncanny whispers. And the whispers cajole, they do. The Dreamer can offer many things; good fishing, for one. The Dreamer has many mysterious and arcane powers. All the fishermen need to do is provide in return what the Dreamer requests. Such simple things, really. Mere baubles.

No, really.

No, seriously, it's not asking for very much. Every member of the 'cult' that 'venerates' the Dreamer in the Ice must spend about four or so hours a day watching television programs, reading books (or at least look at every page),

listening to music; pretty much anything pop-culture related. Then, when cult members go to sleep, the Dreamer visits their brains and more or less ‘downloads’ the information into its own head. The Dreamer has eclectic tastes, but there are specific movies and authors that it likes, so sometimes it gets a cultist to peruse the relevant work. And that’s largely it.

Oh, and the Dreamer’s presence isn’t to be revealed to the outside world. Which is fine, really. Good catches (and the occasional ‘washed-up’ piece of jewelry or whatnot) are easily worth keeping your mouth shut and watching TV. You can even do it on the boat. It’s not like the Dreamer ever wants its cultists to do anything *bad*; it certainly doesn’t expect them to sacrifice anyone. If one showed up with a cow and a ceremonial knife, the Dreamer would promptly tell him or her to take the cow to the butchers, get a nice ribeye out of the deal, and cook it medium-rare with a good local beer on the side. And to *not* bolt the food. Eat it nice, and slow.

Now, true, the Dreamer is pretty insistent on nobody talking about its existence. Mostly because it’s hiding from something that is somewhat more powerful, and almost infinitely nastier. But the Dreamer in the Ice itself is all right. The last few decades have been pretty good for it,

as Skarsvåg has gotten more and more connected to the outside world, but there are plenty of aspects to Earth's culture that it hasn't had a chance to sample yet, and the Dreamer is surprisingly easy to negotiate with if somebody has a memory sensation that it would like to duplicate.

Just don't try to cheat it, or betray it, or do anything else stupid. The Dreamer really is hiding out from a horrible enemy; which means that if you deliberately do something to make that harder for it the Dreamer will not hesitate before smacking you down. It doesn't start fights, but it will finish them in a heartbeat. You Have Been Warned.

No, really. It'll point this out in your dreams, too. The Dreamer in the Ice doesn't really have the concept of 'personal space.'

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