Vlad's Interlude

Vlad noticed that the tablet was deceptively heavier than it appeared and slightly warm to the touch as he carefully slipped it into his backpack. Vlad had laid down beside the small campfire after completing the first watch. The dampness of the Underdark was kept at bay by the warmth of the fire. Sleep quickly enveloped him. Suddenly, Vlad found himself standing on a ridge with the distant sounds of battle and war drums filling his ears. He involuntarily tightened his grip on his sword and shield and scanned the horizon for approaching foes. In the distance Vlad noticed swirling shadows moving up the ridge. A huge half-Orc warrior, a remnant of a race destroyed during the Age of Dragons strode toward Vlad enveloped in what appeared to be tentacles of living shadows. Vlad raised his weapon and readied his shield. The voice of the half-Orc boomed over the din of battle and drums, "Vlad, spread my word and we will fight as one on the field of battle!" Vlad dropped to one knee and replied firmly, "I will." There was a deafening thunderclap and a bolt of lightning struck Vlad square on the chest with no visible ill effects. A mystical energy now coursed through his heart and soul. Vlad awoke with a slight ringing in his ears and the quizzical stares of his companions.