Today had started like any other. Merlin walked through the small village where he lived, and where nothing ever seemed to happen. People followed him, as they did every day, asking for potions or seeking answers to their troubles. “But can you make the nightmares go away?” an old woman asked, panting hard as she scurried alongside him, trying to keep up. Looking at her, Merlin slowed his pace. “Yes. Visit me tomorrow,” he said. “I’ll have a potion ready.”