

# Pangea

# Knock Knock

## *Sidebar*

Despite popular belief, not all of the black stone used during the Cur Empire's reign was obsidian. A large portion was a type of granite that they infused with magic, warping the color.

Our band of heroes marches forth, each one a testament to a different heroic characteristic.

Eryk, mountain of beard and muscle he is, stands tall and strong, embodying the might of his dwarven ancestors. Many a hammer has been swung to bring him to where he is today, and each crash adds a resounding note to the never-ending chorus of Eryk's life.

Allura, the embodiment of elegance and grace. Still in her first century, she is young yet learned in the ways of the elven religion. Gifts can be given, and gifts can be taken. Thus, each day is a blessing to behold.

Vik stands resolute in his beliefs, knowing that magic makes up a great deal of the world around him. His meek and mild attitude hides a ferocity that can only be described as hungry ambition. Vik's desire to learn and study, to grow as a mage, is his greatest asset.

And Omara, fierce and beautiful. Perhaps not a leader by birth, but she bears a heart for adventure and excitement. Always the one to push her comfort zone, to try something others dare not attempt. That part of her father lives on inside her, ever strong.

"Is that...?" Vik asks through shallow breaths. Hiking had never been his strong suit.

Omara squints in the distance. "I think that's a tower! Come on!" She beams excitedly before rushing toward the distant structure.

"Again with the running..." Vik pants.

As the tower grows closer, looming taller and taller under dark clouds, Omara slows her pace. Close behind her, the others approach, though with much more hesitance.

"Hey, shortstop." Eryk says to Omara with an almost discernable note of trepidation in his voice. "You thinking this is our place?"

The group looks up at the tower before them. Black stone, cracked and leaning slightly. Thorny vines claw their way up the sides about half the tower's height. A single door with a broken hinge gives entry to the ominous structure, and a solitary stained glass window rests on the roof of the tower, with no other windows or doors anywhere visible from the outside.

"I absolutely think this is the right place. Let's head inside!" Omara approaches the door.

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As Omara reaches for the rusty knob to open the leaning door, a magical mouth of cracked lips and broken teeth forms in the wood.

“Interloper! Intruder! Begone, foul fiend!” The mouth speaks in a harsh, raspy voice, as if words have not passed its bleeding lips in many years.

“This is definitely the right place.” Vik says while wringing his hands. “My head feels kind of fuzzy here.”

“Are you well, Sir Vik?” Allura asks, concerned. “Perhaps this isn’t the best idea.”

Eryk taps the stone near the door. “This is quality stuff right here. I kind of want to see the inside.”

“I’m going in, even if alone.” Omara stands firm, then opens the door.

A cloud of darkness bursts from the tower, consuming our heroes entirely. As the cloud recedes back into the tower, the four adventures are gone, and the door is closed once more.

Dark clouds hang over the tower as a light drizzle of melancholic rain cascades to the grassy hills below. The tower looms, creaking and eerie. Whatever dark magic was worked here, some portion remains. A storm builds in the distant north, that ominous reminder of the mission our heroes postponed. And within the walls of the dark tower, an even more ominous sign occurs.

Light returns to their eyes, as our heroes find themselves standing in a circular room with four doors. Each door bears a symbol, a mark of some indication of what lies beyond. The room exudes a low light, though no light source is visible. As our heroes adjust, the same raspy voice from before returns.

“Interlopers! Foul fiends! Trespassers! Welcome to my humble abode. Would you like some tea before we start?”

The group look at each other, more than a little confused.

“Syke! There will be no tea for you! Only pain! And suffering! Ahahahaha!! Ahem. Pass my four tests to be granted entry to my antechamber. Fail, and be stuck here... forever! Ahahaha! Each trial will test you in a different way. Pass the test to move on to the next one. And no cheating! On your marks! Get set! Suffer!!”

The four doors open, revealing dark swirling clouds behind them. A wall of swirling smoke blocks all sight beyond.

And yet, they must choose.



STONEHART

IRON SEA

THE RIFT

AGEA

DRIFT SEA

GREENWOOD

PANGEAN OCEAN

