

Pangea

Screwy Decimal System

Sidebar

The River Styx is a mythical river in the underground of Pangea. It is rumored to carry the souls of the dead into the eternal abyss. In reality, it is the name given to the flow of souls fed into the last Cur's soul machine.

"Uh... Now what?" Asks Eryk, looking at the four doors with a confused stare.

"We try one and see what lies beyond, of course!" Omara claps her hands together excitedly. "I can't wait!"

Vik inspects each door, still questioning whether this is real or not. To him, this place feels off. Twisted almost. But each door holds a secret that may reveal great rewards at the end. "Each door has a symbol. In clockwise fashion, starting from where we faced when we appeared here, we have a book, a flame, a skull, and gear. Any guesses what they hold?"

"In my experience," states Allura, "skulls are rarely a good sign."

Omara picks at her lip, lost in thought. "We could do them in order. So, book first?"

The others nod in hesitant agreement. And with that Omara steps through the smokescreen to the book room, the others close behind.

The group finds themselves in a circular library, shelves of titleless books lining the outer ring. A glass case sits in the middle of the room atop a marbled stone pedestal. Etched into the front of the pedestal is a phrase, written in a distant tongue.

Vik's eyes light up, like a child gifted first dips on a mountain of candy. "I recognize that script! It's a Curran dialect!" Vik immediately rushes toward the pedestal to examine it.

"Pfft, so what?" Eryk says with a belch. "What does it matter what language they chiseled into stone? The stone's not even that great. Any dwarf could make that."

"Oh, hush you. Let's see if Vik can translate it." Omara motions to Vik. "What do you think it says?"

Vik traces his finger over the etching, softly mumbling to himself. "I think it's a riddle. Let me see..."

"Three made one, one made whole. In folly, undone. To dusk be our soul."

Vik straightens, wiping his brow. "That's what I think it says."

Pangea

Knock Knock

Allura wanders the room, eyeing the unmarked spines of the many books filling the room. “What does it mean? It sounds malevolent.”

“On the contrary.” Vik stands, adjusting his glasses. “If this is the tower of a Curran mage, then it probably references a book of their history. The three founding nations that became the Cur Empire, the unity that spread while Cur existed. And then the undoing of Cur at the end of the Third Age. Actually... Look for books on the River Styx!”

Eryk flips through a few books, bored out of his mind. Allura scans the covers of several, looking for the requested topic. Omara acquires a pile nearly her own height as she searches hungrily. After several moments, Eryk opens a fourth book.

“Why do we care about sticks in rivers anyways? Like, this book doesn’t make sense.” He chucks the book he held over his shoulder.

The book clatters to the ground as Vik stares, wide-eyed. “River Styx! Not River of sticks!” He tentatively picks up the discarded tome. “Something you wouldn’t understand.” Vik closes the book gently, revealing the front cover. A ferry boat.

“Actually, Eryk, you might have found it!” Vik clutches the ferry tome tightly, his excitement growing.

Omara steps out of her pile, eager to see what happens. Allura clutches her holy symbol, whispering an elven prayer to the tribunal above.

Vik places the tome Eryk discarded under the glass on the pedestal. He steps back and watches, his fists aching from clutching them so tightly.

The tome rests for a moment, silent and still. The group begins to wonder whether this is the right book, when a sudden flash of light catches them off guard. The tome beams brilliantly, swallowing all other light in the room. Shelves melt into the walls and the glow fades, revealing our heroes standing once more in the main antechamber. The door with the book symbol is gone, with three others remaining.

“Yes!” Cheers Omara. “We did it!”

“One test done, three more to go.” Vik straightens his glasses, a wide smile on his face. “What do we want to try next?”

“Well, the flame is next if we go clockwise.” Omara checks the door. It opens without any resistance. “Anyone that can’t take the heat, stay out of the roasting pit. See you on the other side!” Omara jumps through.

“Does she ever slow down?” Eryk asks with a hmph.

Vik chuckles a little nervously. “Not really. She’s kind of full energy all the time. We should move on.”

And with that, the group steps through the flame door.



PANGEAN OCEAN

