

NOTE- This is an unfinished HTML project. I've pasted what I can here!

## CITADEL OF SCARLET



Seeking refuge from an abrupt storm, you make your way into a gleaming red citadel lodged inside the surrounding turbulence of valleys and thickets.

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You enter a dim laboratory. There are steins and beakers brimming with exotic substances littered over stone tables. Smog coils and snakes in a massive glass dome at the room's heart.

A thin, looming figure approaches. He is completely obscured with thick leather, studded with iron. There are circular lenses ensconced in his mask, and a boiled leather beak that droops to his neck. He clears his throat and speaks: His voice is low, brooding.



\* The sun sets, the tide recedes, and in washes a stranger from the wilds..  
\* You look a provincial soul- there is little here of interest to you.  
\* Still. . . The company of this dwelling lacks grace. Should you have questions, I will hear them.  
\* My name? (He gestures towards the synthetic mess of the room) I am The Physiker.

> WHAT'S IN THAT DOME?

The Physiker ambles awkwardly towards the glass dome. He strokes the pane with a gloved hand.

\* A cure, though for what I cannot say.  
He turns towards you. Light catches his lenses.

\* If it wasn't apparent to your unschooled eyes, all of us in this citadel suffer the same sickness.

\* But the ingredients here are limited. The weeds that choke through the brick, the last crumbs of the pantries, vestiges of alchemical experiments. I'm trying to ignite a bonfire with half a stick.

\* But there is nothing for it, other than to keep trying. . . throwing myself into the proverbial night.

You hear the creak of leather under his mask. You get the sense he is smiling.

\* If you find any interesting substances, do let me know.