

> Load CARCINOGEN

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...CARCINOGEN V0.01596877 Loaded. Local Instance saved and locked in.

... You wake up on the third pillar of Grondell, a way-station of sorts for those trying to reach the floating cryo chamber of the remorseless prince. You are a traveler with plans to end his awful reign of stasis. Beneath you is the stale green haze of Carcinogen, and above you is a ladder of clouds reaching up towards a vanilla sky. The dead Rangools body is still here, rotting and amassing flies.

> Examine Inventory

... You possess five blood marks, a bone flute, The Bakers Keepsake, and climbing tools.

> Practice bone flute

... You play your instrument adequately. In the distance a flayed Chimeraul swims through the air. It's lazy ariel loops sending chunks of meat and sinew flying in all directions.

> Climb cloud ladder with climbing tools

... You begin shaky but steady progress up the ladder of clouds, helped by your equipment. The Chimeraul comes closer, and watches your ascent with interest, before flying down to the surface. After hours of climbing, you make it to a platform, rectangular in shape. This must be the entrance point for the Eternal Road! A traditional PesterKnight stands guard, its armor old and faded, you would think it was dead if not for the faint glow out of its secondary visor, kept alive by its armor. It transforms its left hand into a laughing shield and forbids passage. "State your name" it commands

> Lord Tegues-Chromis

... Your Real Name

> Doug Kyson

The PesterKnight is satisfied and lets you pass.

> Thank them

... The PesterKnight nods slightly in response.

> Continue on my merry way

..... You do not possess a merry way.

> Oh come on

...

> Start journey on Eternal Road

... With a spring in your step, you continue on your merry quest, excited now that you have finally reached the eternal road. After months of travel, your journey has finally begun.

> Continue traveling

... The sky above you accelerates with every step you take, clouds are twisted and tumbled about like socks in a washing machine. You cannot tell if time is speeding up, or if this is a

strange quirk of this biome. You have heard tales of traps set by the estate of the remorseless prince. This could be one of them.

> Recall tales specifically

... You think back, but it takes you some time to remember specific events, as you're the type of person who only remembers information when it's convenient to them, and at the last possible moment, to boot. It would be quite easy to become the sort of person who cherishes each piece of info related to this journey, but you were never that type, and old habits are hard to break. You were never the type to break old habits either. You faintly remember something to do with a dread wraith obsessed with scales. But you can't remember the specific type.

> Take out bloodmark and continue

... Not interested in trying to fish around your brain for potentially life saving information, you continue walking. The sky, once a placid blue, becomes a clotted red. It speeds up even more, until you can't even register the movement. It seems like the whole world is turning.

> Stop walking

... You stop in your tracks, and notice that the sky has transformed itself into a fleshy tunnel that wraps around the eternal road, you hear groaning in the distance.

> Announce myself as a traveler who seeks to end the Remorseless Prince's awful reign of stasis.

... "We are then at an impasse, Doug of the Kyson name, for I am the Prince's great champion" the Dreadwraith snarls, appearing from the shadows of the great loops and knots of the flesh tunnel. It's mottled potentially human skin is stretched tautly upon it's head, tight due to the modified terror-skeleton that has replaced his bones. A cruel mockery of the majestic Daggonwelts that were once rumored to use CARCINOGEN as a breeding ground. "And I have been given strict orders to eviscerate to ashes any who dare walk on this road."

> I say "I hear you are a lover of scales."

... The Dreadwraith, surprised by your knowledge, eagerly gets out a pair of judges' scales from one of it's flesh pustules. "Yes, indeed! There is no better way to morally judge someone, and determine whether they deserve to keep on living." it looks too and fro, it's neck snapping brutally as the beast twists it all the way around. It unwinds like a childrens toy. "Don't tell anyone I said this, but I am known to make exceptions to my evisceration orders, but only to those deemed worthy by my scales. It pats them tenderly, like one might a beloved pet.

> Take out The Bakers Keepsake

... The Dreadwraith's eye holes sparkle. "My my... that is the most morally pure keepsake I have ever seen! Just by looking at it I feel like my sins are being washed off of me by a very thorough Dlog farmer. Does it belong to you?" it rips off one of it's boils and places it on one side of the scale. "Because if so I must say you have a very good chance of avoiding my primary and secondary claws upon your throat."

> Say it's mine

... But it's not.

> Lie and say it's mine

... The Dreadwraith is too excited about being able to use it's scale to notice your obvious lie. The keepsake says "the baker's" on it, and you have the distinctive air of someone who has never baked, or cooked for that matter. The keepsake, given to you by the baker out of the kindness of her heart, is carelessly plopped on the right of the scale. The two items balance perfectly. The Dreadwraith stares at the way the two sway in tandem, it's face unreadable.

> Ask if I can move on without being eviscerated

... The Dreadwraith motions to you with a flipper like appendage to continue on your way, keeping it's eyes locked on the scale, now in perfect balance. You continue on, happy that all you had to lose was an irreplaceable treasure.

> Continue on and play my bone flute as I walk

... You play unfitting music poorly on your instrument until you come to a door with no handle. This must be the remorseless prince's chamber!

> Slap bloodmark onto door

... How did you know to do that?

> You've done it before

...

... You open the door without incident to find a small cramped chamber full of boxes piled high with documents and spreadsheets. Very unbecoming of a prince. The only things of note outside of these boxes are an occupied cryo chamber and a computer monitor.

> Examine man in the cryo chamber

... The man in the cryo chamber looks familiar to you.

> No he does not

... The man in the cryo chamber looks familiar to you.

> Explore the rest of the room

... The man in the

> Quit

... you feel your body fall, and suddenly you are in the cryochamber, looking at their long dead body, puppeteered by will and codic magick and oh, wait a minute, is this your forever home#? Is the sickness coming back, is the fun diversion over, is it time for th\le p@\in|||\All th\ey se*e^^ is black|{(and all y###ou s\lee is re\ddd [|]}}}

> Undo last move

... You are standing in the remorseless prince's quarters, a cryochamber stands with a man who looks exactly like you floating within. There is a computer system next to you, it's red display blinking intermittently. What do you do?

> Interact with computer

You walk over to the computer and see that it contains a program called AFLATOXIN, a text adventure of some sort.

> Laugh dryly

You laugh a laugh full of liquid and bile.

> Load AFLATOXIN

...

... AFLATOXIN v0.7899347 loaded. Local instance saved and locked in.