

Journey from Rocky Valley to Isendathing.

“Take this, my son, and flee this village’. My father handed me a tightly rolled scroll. “Get help from the Priests at Isendathing. They have the knowledge to...”

And my father gave a huge cry and died. Then, to my horror, he scabbled in the dirt, and raised his head, sniffing like a dog searching for a bone. But his eyes, his eyes were dead. He had become as some of the other villagers – walking dead. I took a step back, and there, oozing out of the Inn door, was a huge white slug without stalks, like a sinister cave worm, crawling at surprising speed toward me. I nearly tripped, but gathered myself, and ran down the road, even outpacing other fleeing villagers. I told them to follow me, and a few took my advice, as we rushed out of the previously happy valley where I had spent the twenty four years of my life.

Panting, exhausted, I sat on a rock to catch my breath. Curious, I unrolled the scroll, and revealed this map. I, who had never been out of Rocky Valley, had begun the epic journey to Isendathing to seek help.