

TOWER OF MYSTERY

(advanced with or without)

"A role playing trip into a different time"

Prolog

Our Hero faces a hard trial he should lift the secret of the "Tower of Mystery". He passed many trials before, mastered the "Cloudy Mountain", escaped the claws of the "Minotaur" and won many battles. This mystical tower looked like it was made for a hero of his size and cleverness.

The Tower

When he arrived and examined the tower to find an entrance he couldn't find on, there was no option left as to climb it to see if the tower was to enter from the top. Right when our hero climbed over the pinnacles of the tower he could see a stairway into the tower. Soon as he touched the ground he checked his armament. Not much; a sword, a shield, a chain mail under it leather skirt, a pair of magical boots in which you never freeze and which never get wet, made of a strange orange material (he inherited them from a time traveller). To supply he carried enough gingerbread and dried fruits for the trip into the tower. Very pleased he was by this little chest in which he could carry far more things as its small size will let assume (he "inherited" it from the same time-traveller who due to circumstances can't make use of it anymore).

As he stepped downstairs into the dark he couldn't perceive anything special, there wasn't even much to hear. He didn't expected that there will be much to perceive except of the increasing darkness. But even his own noises, the sounding of his steps and the rattling of his armament seemed to be swallowed by the nearly invisible walls. This he felt is a strange if not mysterious fact. He doesn't had to wait long and the first being glided soundless in his direction. Due to experience our hero held his sword always in hand (even at night) and he defeated it with easiness. What was left of the being was not a corpse it was something like glowing ashes and our hero thought "they seem to be

supernatural, it looks like this being can resurrect to life anytime".

The Dungeon

He wasn't very surprised when suddenly the next goggle-eyed gnome faced him and provoked him to a fight. For a moment he thought about a return, but he displaced this thought because this tower is not of common nature and it could be it will cost his life if he tries to exit the tower before he mastered the test. Soon he found the next stairway down to the next deeper level of the tower. But he hasn't visited the whole floor and he decided to explore more, maybe he can find one or two useful things. But except of an old Boot there was nothing to find. All along his way was colored mists which seemed to vanish and reappear. He stayed away as good as he could, but once he had to cross a crimson colored one it was a bad experience and in future he took care not to cross their path, other mists seemed to have no noticeable effect. He used them to get the proper timing to run unaffected through such a mist. There was even magic teleports which transported you to a random place in the level. Since he got no harm from this magic he decided to use them for his advantage.

He returned to the stairs and entered level two of the tower. Except that the corridors was different to the last level nothing differed from it. As he rested he asked himself if it would make sense to get the old boot which he had seen in the level above. But it would mean he would have to go up one level and he wasn't sure what could happen due to that. He flipped a coin and decided to upstairs - nothing happened except that everything was again dark around him. But he remembered well where he saw the boot and returned with it to the second level.

Suddenly he remembered an old man who he met on his way to the tower, he warned him and advised him to return before it's too late and he will get lost in the 32 levels of the tower. But how could the old man know that the tower has 32 levels? Did he survived the Tower, has he heard of one? Maybe he's the wizard himself who created this mysterious tower. But maybe it's just grapevine or the old man like to make me scary, "Any fear i must kill before it grows else it swallows me faster as any of these goggle-eyed gnomes".

The Magic

On every corner he met the same luckless creatures which little surprised him and as he fought himself through the dungeons and corridors he viewed his almost as friends to be called foes. He found on his way many items of special interest and riddled about what they might have for a use. A boot, a bottle of uncertain color with some fluid in it which interested him less by now as a scroll. It was something written on it and unsuspectingly he mumbled the words while he was reading them. As soon as he noticed his mistake he found himself in total darkness in a different area of the level and felt that he had luck that the magic of the spell wasn't stronger. He started to get interested in that bottle he still got and risked to empty it. That was done well and he felt like he could mess with the devil himself. As he used up all his magical items he went to search for more treasures, just a couple of steps from where he left, he discovered the same bottle of the same uncertain color and thought, "That must be the same bottle as I drank before and I'm sure here was nothing hidden before, it seems this bottle will always return after its use".

As the time passed he began to feel mercy for the beings in this tower. Their eyes seemed to beg for mercy and not for death. "What if these lost souls are all valiant heroes who failed in their mission and forever can't escape from the tower"? He decided never again to think of such "this demon won't ride me"!

He tried once to use the boot to bribe a monster but it didn't work out well and he had again to depend on his sword. Thus he decided to depend in battles on his sword and not on his talents in conversation. As he stepped deeper into the tower he found more and more items of interest. A crooked stick which sent out flashes of lightning if pointed against a wall, that was a very powerful weapon and he used it with great caution until it was used up. Deeper in the tower he found a necklace and as he wore the necklace on he felt more powerful, not far from this he discovered a mortar, but as he picked up the mortar the magical necklace repelled off his neck, "That's a powerful black magic" he put his sword beneath the mortar and it turned to a magical sword which serviced well in beating the monsters of the tower's deeper levels. Sometimes when he reached a deeper level of the tower magical things changed their appearance, certain magic stopped or started.

A candlestick could be as magical as a scroll, sometimes things had to be used others like the cloaks or books had to be kept to make use of them, sometimes they turned to be magical only together with other treasures.

He found two flasks along the way, both of the same color and after the good experience with the first bottle he drank first one and after he perceived nothing bad he drank the second. Right when he took the first sip he found himself in front of the mystical tower. He met the old man a second time and he told him the same words as before. But there was now a white cross in front of the tower and he knew it wasn't there the first time he passed here. Immediately he felt that he must have been here many times and that it wasn't the second time he met the old man. Never mind, what really worried him that he had to get into the tower a second time to uncover its secret magic.

The Curse

Exactly like the first time he examined his armament and it was in the same condition as it was for the first time. Not even the gingerbread or the dried fruits has getting fewer. Despite all of this our valiant hero fought himself again through the dungeons of the tower and he felt more and more as he would have already become a doomed of the tower. He started to make marks in distance to the tower to count how many times he must have passed the old man, he knew now that he had been many times in the tower. But this only encouraged him and he tried harder to reach his goal, "I will uncover the secret of this cursed mystical tower!" Even when he already felt like a doomed and didn't even counted his markings anymore. As deeper he went into the tower (and his claws) as faster and more powerful his enemies became. New treasures brought success or failure, "If only it would be possible to profit of the experiences of the last attempts", but he could only remember it shadowy, not their exact color or function. So he had to experience the effect of the treasures and potions each time new what a big handicap was.

No one can tell how many times he met the old man but once he set his feet on the steps to the 32nd floor and to freedom. To his surprise he found himself right in front of the tower and there was no white cross to see anymore. "Finally i've made it, i mastered the Tower of

Mystery", and was about to celebrate his victory as he noticed a vellum with words and numbers scribbled on it.

```
+-----+
| Strength      13
| Stamina       4
| Charisma      3
| Level        32
|
| ID ##80 - #### - ####
| Password     ####
+-----+
```

He thought, "Am i of such a weak character, me who mastered so many battles?" Unconsciously he mumbled the numbers while he read them and like through magic he found himself exactly above the stairs to the 32nd level and to freedom. Immediately he wanted like to get one level higher to the stairs to the 31st floor. After a couple of tries he noted following:

```
+-----+
| Strength      13
| Stamina       4
| Charisma      3
| Level        31
|
| ID ##79 - #### - ####
| Password     ####
+-----+
```

He tried it further but thought it won't be as easy as it looks right now. And like assumed after a couple of floors this method didn't worked anymore.

As he entered the tower once again for a new time, fearless knowing that to die in the tower is not like the real dead. He even met the old man again, but this time he had a different smile on his face if not to say a demonic laughter and our valiant hero started to freeze.

He wanted to get released from the spell of the Tower of Mystery and went to the nearest settlement. But the numbers didn't let him rest, even when he amused himself

he had to think of them. One morning he woke up in cold sweat and thought it must have all been a nightmare, but there was this vellum and his own notes and they was an evidence for that it wasn't a dream. So he had to return to the Tower of Mystery again and again to uncover its final mystery.

It's no secret that he became a doomed of the Tower of Mystery.

Gernot Schrader