

# THE FROZEN CITADEL

by Daniel Comerici

## THE ENTRANCE

A. A rock platform, covered in **debris and ice**. Some **frozen** carcasses at the borders, two giant pillars invite to a staircase finely carved. Scent of death and some 6 meters **birds nests** along the path will reveal the inhabitants of this place, giant **harpies** hunting on this mountain. Their nests are made with stones, wood, fur and fabrics taken from their preys. *Is there something useful?*

B. The huge citadel door. Carved in **stone and dark metal**, completely frozen and closed, an **inscription** above it (*what is the message?*). The door is difficult but not impossible to open, but making **noise** will attract attention from D. A small fountain on the left spills water (not frozen) in a **metal bowl**. Drinking the water will grant the door to open, but will cause the person the same curse that tainted the inhabitants in D. Signs will start to show after an hour. Otherwise going back to the middle of the staircase will reveal the **hidden path** to C.

C. The staircase to B is covered in debris and partially broken. Another **smaller staircase** starts after a 5 meters crevice on the left, partially hidden behind a turn in the mountain. The hole, 25 meters deep, goes directly down to H, no light comes from below. At the top of the staircase there is a group of buildings, a **partially dissolved tower** (*what was inside the tower?*), and the core of the Citadel.

## THE UNDERGROUND

E. A small cavern with a **strange shrine**. A small cursed humanoid statue made of **dark metal and white crystal**. All is **covered in ice**. Stairs goes down to other chambers and then to G. Under the ice on the far end of the room a **secret passage** to F and a smaller staircase, blocked by a **small dark metal door** that goes to P.

F. A big cavern, ice pillars are carved insanely with glyphs, whispering about **stillness and eternity**. A giant figure lies stuck in the ice floor, chained in it, fused in it like sleeping. Watching carefully you can almost see him **breathe**. A pillar on one side has a metal bowl with an **arcane white and cold flame** lighting the room. Inside the flame a **small metal sphere**. The fire freezes everything it touches.

G. A immense hall ice and stone with poems and prayers carved, **frozen undead warriors** with rich equipment protect this place. On the left a labyrinth of ice spikes. On the center a huge hole to M. On the right a corridor with stairs to M and a poll of **cursed water** (H). After passing the poll a big arch leads to J.

H. The water smells of snow, fresh air and relief. It calls all living things, whispering of **purification and eternal life**. Inside the water **lost ancient treasures**. Behind a partially frozen waterfall a small shrine holds the **second metal sphere**.

I. A circular hole in the floor goes down to M (30 meters), and opens on the stairs coming from G. **Inscriptions** on the smooth walls will tell the dreams of the sleeping ancient **Frozen Being**, leading living things to **momentary madness** and risking to fall to the ground.

J. A circular marble hall, adorned in shiny and silvery **precious metal flakes**. Magnificent pillars on the wall, one holding a flame and sphere like in F. A hole on the floor and on the ceiling gives a little white light to the room. Snow falling from above to the floor and underling room K through the hole. A subtle **white glow** coming from there. On the right a smaller cavern houses the guardian of this shrine, a **frozen basilisk, white eyes and pale skin**.

K. A cursed water poll. Inside it **pale serpents** protecting the **fourth metal sphere**. Walls are carved in prayers, under the water hundreds of small humanoid figures in different materials.

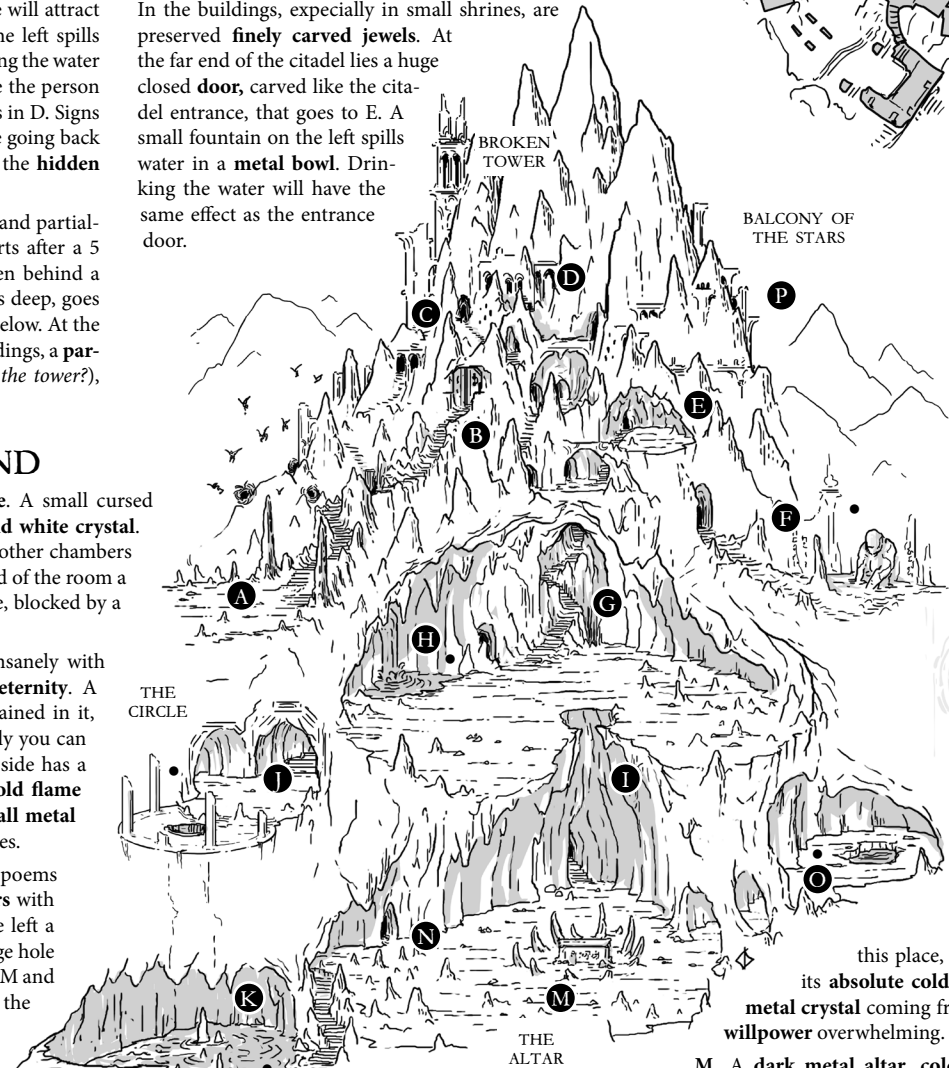
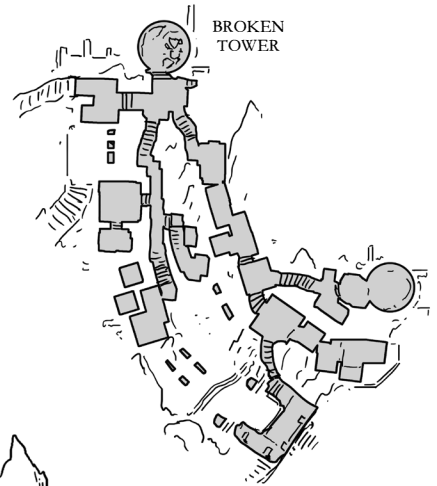
L. A small chamber, accessible from a corridor (N). No light can light

A SOLITARY MONASTERY FROZEN IN ICE LIES ON A REMOTE MOUNTAIN PERPETUALLY BEATEN BY STORMS. ONCE A BEAUTIFUL MONASTERY, NOW A PLACE OF ARCAN E POWER, DEATH AND COLD.

## THE CITADEL

D. A small **group of buildings**, all preserved magnificently below a **deep layer of ice**. Marble and stone **pillars, arches and beautiful mosaics** depicting the Gods of the monastery and the life of the inhabitants. There is an insane **silence**, even snow falling or storm sounds are muffled here. This place smells of **wood, fresh air and mold**. Several carcasses lie frozen on the streets. (*who are they?*)

A look around will reveal **figures standing**: several dead **inhabitants**, naked and frozen, blocked standing in rooms or down the streets. Their **skin darkened** by cold and made **hard as stone**. Going too close will awake them, forcing them to grievously attack the defilers. Even **wild animals, pets and some harpies** are stuck in this curse. In the buildings, especially in small shrines, are preserved **finely carved jewels**. At the far end of the citadel lies a huge closed **door**, carved like the citadel entrance, that goes to E. A small fountain on the left spills water in a **metal bowl**. Drinking the water will have the same effect as the entrance door.



this place, no fire can heat its **absolute cold**. Inside a **giant metal crystal** coming from the stars, its **willpower** overwhelming.

M. A **dark metal altar, cold and magnificent**, in the center of a circle of **ice pillars**. Requests of sacrifice and prayers carved on the pillars. A **cursed riddle** is carved on the altar. Over it lies the body of an old man naked (*who is he?*), his skin dark and shiny, his body adorned in **many jewels** of dark metal and gemstones. Under his body, on the altar, small **spherical cavities**. **Try not to awake him from his sleep.**

N. A corridor leading to L. Each step into it every light will fade, heat will disappear and **darkness and cold** will take their place. An **unnatural voice** will start to whisper **secret words of command**.

O. A small poll of ice, smell of fish and rotting. The house of a **strange being made of cold and sadness**, protecting his sleeping master. In his stomach the **fifth metal sphere**.

P. A solitary balcony. The smell of **fresh air** almost hurts, the sounds around are whispering of decay and death. Living beings staying here feel the urge to jump in the sky below. Fluctuating a couple centimeters above a small shrine, a **dark metal rod**, smooth and matte like skin.

## THE CURSE OF THE WHITE FLAME

*You start feeling warm and calm, more meditative and less prone to anger and fight. Then you feel warmer, almost hot and want to strip and abandon your clothes. Your skin starts to turn dark and cold. And then every source of heat hurts your eyes and soul, you start feeling the desire to destroy everything warm near you, you hate it. You want cold, stillness and relief. Now you are a frozen being, your heart stops, your blood turns dark, your eyes glowing of a white cold fire.*