

THE ROMAN DAILY SUN

Rome

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THE END OF THE WORLD

It will not be necessary for the last person to leave to turn out the lights. Lightning will fall tomorrow, and all machines will stop. This is the last issue of the Roman Daily Sun. There has been no sun for hundreds of years. There will be no sun tomorrow.

The edges of the abyss close further into the crossroads. Taracina and Narnia have all passed into the abyss. Ostia is underwater. Why? Since the great cataclysm, there have been no answers, but our world grows smaller with each passing week.

Rome has been inundated with refugees. Most have left into the crossroads. The citizens of Rome have followed the refugees. Some have followed Camamine in search of the greater crossroads that he says Dionysius told him can save our world. Others have gone simply to escape. Tomorrow we have no job, and we will follow them.

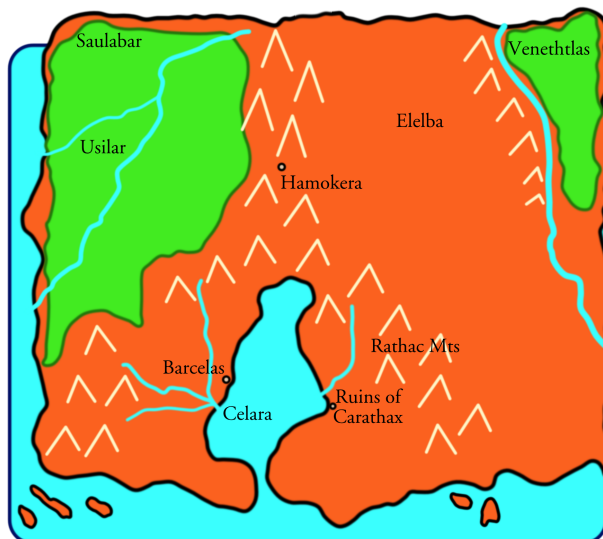
If you are reading this, watch to the violet and know that you have no future here. We have been the guardians of the crossroads since time immemorial. Now, the crossroads will take us hence. We cannot but wonder if they were not the beacon of our doom. We thought we could be the Eternal City. We were but echoes in the night, the stars have faded one by one, and we finally fade into the blackness. The Eternal City lies out there, somewhere, waiting. We are now a rootless people wandering in search of Eternity. Somewhere beyond the crossroads, and beyond crossroads again, we follow the invisible river.

Do not go into the dragon's lair. Choose Barcelas if you wish an unsettling familiarity. There may be

other worlds beyond Barcelas, beyond fair Venethtlas across the Elelban desert. Choose Iridia if a happy death is your preference, or Araman if you wish to watch another world die. In none of these worlds do they speak our tongue, though some say the dragon has heard of it.

But choose, and soon. When our world falls and the crossroads disappear there will be no further choice.

Jupiter, Zeus, or whoever has abandoned us, may you find us again when you look for us again, wherever we roam. Now, citizens of Rome, save yourselves. For Olympus, too, has fallen into shadow and answers us no longer.



BARCELAS

In Barcelas you enter into a grove, on a plateau, that overlooks the great inland sea of Celara. On the shores of Celara lie the ruins of cities once perhaps as great as our own. As our own was.

The cities of the coast are empty, and those which are not empty are filled with dangers: the Barcelasians have regressed; the barbarian Usilar and Saulabar fight constantly in the crumbling streets. Beware the Saulabar, for you most resemble their barbaric Usilar enemies.

Make your way, if civilization be your choice, to the high mountain city of Hamokera. There are rumors of doors in that city. Across the Elelban desert are also strange rumors. If you would follow Camamine across Elelba, do so with water and food, for the desert is wide and devoid of life. Be friendly with the desert dwellers, and also wary. *(follow article)*