

I just came here thinking this was the one from last time. We didn't get far.

There is a four-foot ledge around the cube. It's a 45-ft cube, the ledge around the bottom. It is as though the bridges are the legs of a cubetopus with right angle tentacles, all of a single piece. There is no door. We walk around the cube. Darnit feels the rock, usually able to get a sense for the depth, but cannot here. It feels like solid rock. Well, not rock... and not glass... but, something. Not synthetic, but seemingly occurring. There does not appear to be differentiation around. It's uniform, like a bone hallway but not made of bone, and in fewer dimensions, notes Ego (in Tabaxi form). Izar peers through the Dragon Eye, but it seems nothing here is illusory.

Hrothulf whips out Magura, holding the glassy kobold skull Klutch gave him in his hand. He sets it down and names it. The skull gains a glowing green body, coalescing into a 2 ½ ft tall kobold which salutes Hrothulf, looking up with its beady eye balls. Hrothulf asks him to climb atop the cube and tell what he sees. He's clawing at the wall and hopping up against it to no avail. He is not stopping, but it is futile.

Izar jet packs to the top. On top he finds there is a deviation to the pattern. After ten feet, it has a shallow circular concavity, like an indentation in a steel drum, at most four feet deep in the middle. He jet packs, hovering above the center. All is the same as the rest of the structure, save for its indentation.

Izar lets the rope off the end, digging his heels into the lip of the concavity, using jet pack as needed.

Hrothulf tells Magura to climb the rope, who stops, turns to Hrothulf, salutes, and climbs the rope.

Magura makes it up the rope, then helps Izar pull Ego up. There is a jerk of the rope as Izar and Magura struggle but catch the rope. Ego maintains hold of the rope, but notices evermore how far down the fall would be beneath the cube, sensing the open clutches of death. We succeed in getting Darnit and Hrothulf up without event.

Izar discerns the cube for arcana, but nothing overtly strikes as magical. It seems, for this level of precision, if it wasn't in fact carved from one piece, magic assistance sure would come in handy, but nothing strikes as particularly magical about this cube.

Oh kladoola sock polishing, the cube glistens a little, the polished section having a slightly lower coefficient of friction than the rest. At Ego's not serious suggestion, Hrothulf cuts himself and bleeds some on the cube, some on the polished, some non-polished, each going over the lip from the level part into the concave. The blood goes down into the bowl.

Ego says, "Well, let's go I guess," and slides into the concavity on her tabaxi back. She slides, ending in the middle. Everyone joins Ego. We all lay down so as to be fully within the concavity.

The stratus clouds in the sky are definitely moving, despite the fact that there is no wind blowing.

Darnit blows on the surface, and disappears, falling through. Ego also blows the dice for good luck, and vaporizes into the cube as well. Izar blows the cube and smokes through into it. Hrothulf does the same, holding Magura, which becomes skull again.

Falling in, we dematerialize. We lose all sense perception, like in a sensory deprivation chamber, save for vision. All goes pitch black, but for a small distance point of light.

A female dwarven voice speaks: "In the beginning, there was space. And the gods sang into existence all that is. (A melody kicks in with an angelic choir in an unknown tongue. The light grows, the symbols of the nine gods surrounding the light.) Chief among the pantheon was Gliten. For she held all in balance. But Gliton and Glitonea and Gliten soon would be in conflict. For chaos and law would attempt to exert their influence and subvert the other and there was constant bickering. Gliten grew weary of their bickering so she cast them to the farthest distances, and they found balance as opposite lights (we see our galaxy's two suns). And the space between became the realms of peace and balance between these two conflicting voices. Welcome to Gliten's Chapel."

And we rematerialize inside the cube. No furniture, same material as on the outside, but carved into the walls is various iconography scenes and tributes to the life of Gliten and how she sets the opposing gods, whether life/death, chaos/law, fire/water, she always keeps them apart, brings them together, maintains harmony.

We appear to be the only breathing souls in the building. On each wall has two icons of Gliten bringing balance between two opposing forces. Looking up is a dome that also contains one giant image of Gliten holding a scale in one hand, swirling wind in the other, surrounded by nine griffins in a circle, each one facing her, each one's wings coming forward.

Inside the room is a 42' cube.

This is a dwarven take so all of the gods look dwarvish. There are no obvious associations of the gods with various planets here.

Darnit calls out, "Gliten! We come in service to Teresias searching the Griffin hatchery. Call you please lead the way?"

There's a slight echo.

There is an altar at each station -- eight in total.

We go to the one of life death, having known death. The iconography shows that Gliten has given long years to the dwarven people as a kind of compromise between life and death. Izar gets out the clew and hourglass, shells and Magura's skull and puts them on the table. One beam of light like those that linked to our chest shoots out, and Magura is standing beside Hrothulf, mimicking his stance with the beam of light attached to Magura's chest. When it hits Magura in the chest, he turns and looks at Hrothulf and salutes. They walk around the room and the light follows, going around Hrothulf, and into Magura like our experience before.

Izar has the idea to blow on the icons

Darnit stands in the middle of the room and blows up. A gust of wind blows out of the top of the dome and lifts him outside the cube, in the middle of the concave indentation. He kneels down and tries to talk to Gliten then, with no response, blows again and receives the same speech and show on the way in.

Hrothulf tries to move around various things carefully to see what he notices. All of the little tables and the icons themselves have been hewn out of one piece. The icons are beveled and recessed, in shades of the white and blue that the cube is already made out of.

Darnit goes back to the altar of life and death asking if they are able to hear him. But no response.

Ego blows on the icon bringing balance between Gliton and Thiton (fire and water). The icon becomes holographic on the table, with the story unfolding that Gliton, in a kind of mischievous and sneaky manner attempts to just erupt volcanoes here and there throughout the waters of Thiton, creating land masses in the midst of these oceans and Thiton submerging them. Gliten is seen hovering over this battle and allowing the annoying and seemingly mischievous acts of Gliton to become land masses, with a barrier as to where the water can go, and a barrier keeping Gliton from igniting, letting it settle into land, and through this the planets form.

Hrothulf goes to the icon to the right of Ego's and breathes. It's the first one he notices that doesn't involve gods at war. It is wealth and poverty. The story paints in vignettes, the moving pictures coming down with power struggles between economic strife and those who want more and more and more and the compelling need for greed and those who keep getting further and further separated as it's taken. Gliten invokes the cavalry, and a familiar face appears: Dhund Halka, who is set at balancing the distribution of wealth. Part of that is the command of space that the griffin cavalry has and how Dhund Halka can transport through space because Gliten has allowed it, given them passage. So the poor from one sun and rich from the other, she can transport instantly and even things out. Dhund Halka becomes overly zealous for her task and is punished. For the balance that she attempted was not in keeping with balance, but it was equality without care, so it was equality for its own sake. A zeal more about the code than about the flow of balance. So she was exiled to be isolated to one planet. And Dhund Halka in her attempt at balance drew this one planet into an even split of light and dark. And thus Janus was born. So Dhund Halka is landlocked there, until such a time as she understands true balance.