

THE PIT

a grave for a story i will never finish



THE SUN WANTS YOU DEAD.
THE CORPSES OF THE OLD GODS BLOAT
IN THE SKY, COVERING THE STARS.
HUMANITY LIVES IN A PIT
THE WORLD AND THE NEW GODS HAVE
MOVED ON WITHOUT YOU

despite everything. i still quite love this setting.
i wish i could do more with it but the
inspiration and emotions that led to this
setting existing are gone now.

this setting was written in the hopes that one
day i would be able to run it with my friends
as a tabletop game. though i finally have the
time i am left with little more than a skeleton.
and while i've been through enough drama
class to know how to improv i doubt i could
capture the exact feeling i want to in any
system i know of

i have a terrible time letting things go
however. so. much like the setting itself here
it is. in a state of decomposition. a grave for
something i doubt i will ever be able to finish.
as told through half written encyclopedia
pages and short scenes i wrote to flesh out
the old general. one of the more plot
important npcs

BEASTS OF THE NEW ERA



Among the creatures that have been placed upon this world by the new gods, few perplex me as much as the tripod cerberus, not in form, but in its continued existence as anything more than a writhing mass. the cerberus, at its 'birth' crawls from the ground on all threes, lacking its distinct head shape, instead having only two eyes and no mouth. a singleminded beast, it requires no food for this time, having a large lump on its back full of fat and nutrients. this is usually enough for it to survive on until it splits its first jaw. the first of many steps in a convoluted metamorphosis that rarely ever reaches its end point.

as with most of the new gods' toys, the cerberus faces death strangely. the Cerberus, unlike the manicores, decays as is normal up until the bones are reached. and, in most cases, even after. but in rare cases, more common in older specimens, the bones will eventually crack open to reveal a colony of worms, which, if left to their own devices, burrow into the ground at first chance. i believe these to be a sort of fetal form of the cerberus, with the sands behaving as a sort of egg for the growing entity. if left unchecked, the tripod cerberus can completely overtake a region, decimating the food supply. and, considering few ever reach the state of sentience, it is ideal to destroy a colony before it can form. the bones will not sprout if burnt to ash.

on the top of a glass spire sits what is just barely not a rotting corpse. skin dried from sun exposure and cracked and stretched back over old wounds through haphazard stitches with all of the careful dedication of a frenzied mind. she stares into the sky and there are new gods staring back at her, laughing without mouths. she chips away at the glass with a bone spear. she is not alone.

inside the still warm glass is a serpent whose few remaining scales reflect the sun in a horrid show of lights. freshly cauterized wounds mixing with the freshly solid glass in ways that made it writhe in pain as much as was possible in the cocoon it had made for itself. on all accounts such a beast should have long ago had death take it to the place beyond. safe from the new death so long as it burned itself to death in its glass coffin.

SCRAWLED MESSAGES IN THE MARGINS OF A HANDMADE NOTEBOOK

NOT EVERYTHING IS
ENOUGH TO FILL A
PAGE ON ITS OWN.
BUT WHAT LITTLE
STORY THERE IS
MUST BE TOLD.

"the sun has failed to kill you. but at a great cost. you can see the corpses of the old gods in the sky, thier bodies bloated and discolored. the sun stares back at you, grinning, it knows what it did, and now so do you."

"the world is hostile to you. that much is obvious. the sun wants you hollowed out and turned into little more than a puppet. the sand melts to glass and the rivers are commanded by something that does not care for you as anything other than an oddity of the old gods. the pit is safe. that much you can be sure of. but the pit cannot hold you forever."

"It grins back at me. it knows what it did. i know what it did. it knows I cant do a thing about it"

THERES NOT MUCH ELSE TO SAY

DESPITE EVERYTHING THIS STORY WAS
IMPORTANT TO ME. VENTURING OUT INTO
THE DESERT TO FIND THE ONLY PERSON
WHO WOULD HAVE KNOWN THE DESERT
WELL ENOUGH TO FINALLY FIND A PLACE
FOR HUMANITY OUTSIDE OF THE PIT.

ONLY TO FIND THEM TO HAVE CHANGED.
PLAGUED WITH VISIONS OF DEATH ITSELF
DYING, CHOOSING TO TAKE ON THE ROLE
OF DEATH RATHER THAN LET THE WORLD
LOOSE ANOTHER GOD

WHAT IS ONE TO DO THERE. IS
PROGRESS WORTH RETURNING DEATH TO
HUMANITY.

