

The surprise - Cryptok Egress

I thumbed my finger against the mural as I
grappled ~~struggled~~ to comprehend the inscription. Lifting
Perplexed, I ~~thou~~ contemplated to oneself about
striking my last firestarter. After deep decision I began
a clink, a crack, a burning roar. The mural,
which was illuminated by my strikefire, read:

To locate the ethereal empress eyes
you must shed your earthly lies
lest you want to repeat again
the perplexion that puzzled 1000 men.
make haste be quick or you may confess.
your desire to give up and find Egress
floors are riddled with traps to be tripped
stay too long your humanity'll be ripped
and stay forevermore in sorrow within the Crypt.

Took me an extortionate amount of time to process
the poem. what Baldpate! It'll be like
plucking a turkey ~~th~~ in molting season

My footsteps echoed against the cold stone floor desolate
emptiness. All stood still. All was quiet. All was peacefully
silent. Until it came for me....

At first I recall it as a shift in pillars and a contraction mechanism that pulled the rooms together. I began to craft around my still before for a rhyme or a reason to soften the terror rising in my cortex. I found peculiarly more poetry. Thesitant, I gradually began to read the story scripture.

To reach the treasure that you seek
you must become with grief
stricken by pain all must be bleak
Attempts will be futile to turn a new leaf.

At first it appeared complete and utter gobbledegook, then it hit me the virtuous mangled mallet. If my mission does not succeed all will be dashed and my life shall shed its wealth and sanctity to be a frail desolate, diseased husk.

Am I being truthful? The slight thought grazed my melancholy or is my suffering superficial. I must ~~strive~~ to steel ones resolve, ones complexion must not be of material joys. There the more gratification is received for my goodwill shall only mollycoddle me into a crutch relying on it to step out of my comfort zones: life is a joke. My superiors have blinded me with comfort and still sending me off as a sorrowful mule to do all of their dirty work for them. This is not anger about joy or short term cheer this is for better or for worse a war on my dwindling mental state and finding enlightenment.

First it was a groll as I removed my pantaloons
boots and stained tunic - the rucksack and all
were tossed aside a misunderstood comfort must
be buried within the sacrificing embers of morals
against the truth a burning deeper thought and
ideals.

Then it was a leap as a stamped upon the ashes of
my pride and gasteau. Its eyes glimmered in the
shadow's imitations springing to the physche. The moon was
a hulking, a bestial mass whose recent meal of a rotting
horse - bear carcass stunk from its throat. It stood
triumphant on a throne of plucked clean skeletons
striking fear into the recipient that decided to evade
taxes for gambling. Flustered, I fumbled on the dim
floor for a weapon of sorts