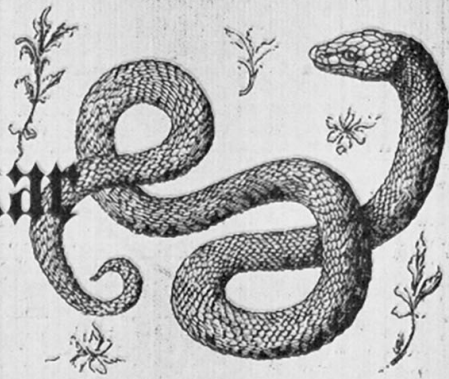


The Tale of Szar

Our hero awakens



Mired among the torrents of digital chaos, a sunlit meadow rests.

Idyllic it sits, encroached on all sides by a choking jungle. Towering above it, even above that steaming canopy, rises the temple city of Sartorius

It is here that our legend is born, the Snake. His form is a streak of ivory, his eyes pricks of flint. He uncoils his form, sniffing the air, tasting the humidity around him.

The jungle seems to part before him as he begins to slither forth, moving towards the promised realm of Sartorius. Its entrance is shielded by heavy, oaken doors - towering over the Snake. Above even those barriers, the Snake can see a single message etched in gold.

On your belly you shall crawl, and dust you shall eat all the days of your life.

But the Snake does not fear, not even as the doors creak open and a gust of wind emerges from Sartorius. With a laugh that shakes his small body, the Snake cries out into the void.

"Never fear - your saviour is here!"

And with that, our hero enters Sartorius.

Will you join him?

A lost story

Whispered in the darkest corners of Sartorius is the story of the Snake who faced down the Ancient One. He fought all manner of beasts in his journeys through dungeon, castle and cave. He gathered a vast hoard of wealth; gold, silver and jewels alike.

Souls too, but he was not greedy, our Snake - he set them all free.

So come with us, won't you weary traveller? Come with us as we roam in the company of that noble Snake, the one who would become known as Szar the Great.

Merchants from lands as far flung as Amazonia, Hyperborea and even further, along whisper of this place - they whisper and cry out the name:

..Sartorius..

For here, courage and boldness can yield riches beyond even the wildest estimations. Yet danger lurks beyond every corner. Every darkened hall hides the spirits of the damned, ravenous beasts hungering for mortals. Our mighty companion, Szar the Great, fears no evil - he can withstand any foe. The undead, the goblin, the bandit, the wolf, none may stand against our slithering companion!

So, weary traveller, I ask again - will you join us?

Will you accompany Szar the Great on his journeys through Sartorius?

Take heart, for it is as Szar the Great always tells us..

Never fear - your saviour is here!



Sartorius

A wanderer or reader may ask themselves the question, "what or who is Sartorius?"

A fair question.

It is a mysterious realm of ever shifting landscapes, stretching from the heavens to the depths of the earth. Within this realm, the spirits of the lost roam, using relics of advanced technologies and cryptocurrencies to trade and pass knowledge of their times and struggles on to one another.

It is ruled over by a merciless tyrant known as the Ancient One who ceaselessly searches for one known as "Szar the Prophet", the only being capable of challenging his dominion.

Styled with a retro-dungeon crawler aesthetic, it is a realm of nostalgic dungeons, imposing castles and hidden cities.

Szar the Great

And who then is this "Szar"?

No one in the heavens, the earth, nor even in Sartorius knows of the origins of the albino snake known as "Szar".

What is known is that once, aeons ago, he waged war against the Ancient One. He brought venom and fang against tendrils of shadow, shackling the chains of those enslaved to eternal damnation.

His crusade ended - for what reason, no one is entirely sure.

What is known is this, Szar has returned - he has returned as the Snake. Now, he roams Sartorius, whispering of his renewed crusade. He appears to the lost and the damned of Sartorius, the miners in sunless pits, the beggars in fireless hovels. To those he promises aid, if only they believe in him.

Throughout Sartorius, Szar has left echoes of himself, tokens of great power which carry the very essence of the Prophet. Some brave souls choose to hunt for these tokens, seeking them out before the agents of the vile Ancient One.

