

Michaela liked to think she could handle any situation. In fact, she prided herself on her adaptability. When a plan went south and she was thrown for a loop, she had always found a way to land on her feet and hit the ground running. It was part of the reason she liked Table Top RPG's so much: you can explore different worlds through the eyes of your character and puzzle around new and interesting scenarios that ask for a more abstract kind of thinking. Plans are formulated, inevitably go wrong, and you're left scrambling to recover. Normally, that was where Michaela shined, where she had the most fun. This time, however, she was not only left utterly unprepared, but also in a simultaneous state of dumbfounded haze and unbridled panic.

The night had started out like any other Friday night with the Party. They had all piled into Danny's dining room; the table cleared of any cutlery and instead filled with dice trays, character sheets, books, and character models. Tonight was hopefully going to be the last session spent crawling through a particularly stressful dungeon. Their adventuring party was investigating what they thought was the old, abandoned tower of a powerful but long dead mage. The problem was that the tower was, in fact, not abandoned at all, nor was the wizard dead; he had simply ascended past their material form into a particularly grumpy Lich that really didn't want these adventurers rooting around his domain and interrupting his search for Godhood.

The party had finally made it to the last floor, the Lich's personal study. The hunt was on for his phylactery, the object that now holds his soul and without destroying it would leave the undead mage utterly invincible. Michaela's Tiefling rogue, Valorie, had sneaked up behind the Lich to attempt a sneak attack, but-

"The Lich turns it head to you neck twisting at an odd angle, and before you can react, he juts out his hand through your chest. It doesn't pierce skin, instead moving through you. You feel a cold grasp on something inside of you, like he's gripping your very being." Danny asked Michaela to make a wisdom saving throw, and the last thing she remembered before everything went black was rolling the dice.

When she woke up, her whole body was sore, lighter and heavier at the same time, the sounds of battle raging around her. Flashes of light, splatters of blood, and cries of agony and rage all filled the air. Seconds seem to move by like hours as Michaela fully took in the scene before her. She was in a large room of stone bricks, the once vibrant rugs and tapestries were now faded with age, the floor itself was cracked in some places and coated in a very fine layer of dust. The stale air reeked of death, old books, and steel. In front of her was a violent collage of power filled with eerily familiar figures fighting for their lives. A Dwarven Cleric baring the same visage of Matt's character Diorgan was healing a wounded Liev'tell, their Half-Elven Sorcerer, who proceeded to rush forward with fire steaming from her hands. More immersed in the combat was Torakka, their Half-Ork Barbarian, swinging his cleaver wildly in the air, Thalia their Human Paladin offering back-up. Floating just out of reach of the warriors' swords, she hardly believed, was the gangly and wounded but confident form of the villain she had just seen in miniature form not a few seconds ago.

At first, she was petrified. Everything hurt to move. Did she get thrown? However, right below her she felt a wooden hatch, just barely poking out from under another rug. Desperate for

some control, Michaela took the knife that she hadn't known was even in her hands and stabbed at the lock, shattering it. Ripping the door open, she was greeted with exactly what she needed: a smooth tablet with glowing arcane runes pulsing with power. Frantically, she grabbed the phylactery- how long has her skin been red? -and whirled around, holding the tablet over her head and calling the undead mage's attention.

“Hey! Game over, freak!”

