



lith's grasp, I try to calm the horror frantically knocking around my skull. There is no sign of sanctuary to be granted to me, not just yet. I do not deserve such grace. A barrier flashes lustrous crosses with black wisps idly twirling around, a display of how many souls this cathedral claimed. I do not wish to join the army of souls trapped here. A freeze rushes through my veins, numbing my blood momentarily. The evil knows I am here for my final test—traveled here for my soul's salvation. Is this the end goal? The chance for deliverance? Perhaps for my spirit, and I shall be reincarnated in a life of purity. A glimmer through the crack of the massive doors drags my intrigue to the dark chasm inside. An altar showered in a soft spotlight highlights a velvet-covered figure lying upon it, bathing in the limited sheen. Every ounce of my calm and control scatters like light in a prism. I shall assume my fate in Carmilla's hold.