



The next room is a mess of all sorts of strange objects, ranging from art materials to laboratory equipment. The clutter makes it slightly harder to navigate, even more than usual, and the whole area looks unused, with dust and spiderwebs everywhere. Emilia the Postmaster waves to you from across the room.

“Hello! How lucky – I’m just now coming from the Sphinx to find you and deliver a message to you. You’ve already been to the library, I hope?” You nod, and Emilia smiles. “Good. The Sphinx’s advice is this: Turn to page 199.”

Surprised, you look down at the wizard’s journal, which you are still holding, and open it up. Indeed, there is a page 199, but when you open up to it you find that the words on it are faded and hard to read.

“How did you know we had this book?” The Skull asks, surprised.

“I didn’t,” Emilia replies, “but the Sphinx knows all sorts of things, on account of being able to see the future. In fact, the Sphinx knows so much, it’s kind of hard to understand what’s being said sometimes. Sometimes, the Sphinx answers questions before you ask them, or says things that don’t make sense until way later. Somehow, though, whatever it is that’s on page 199 is going to help you.” Not sure what to think, you look down and read what you can of the passage.

*Forever to be _____
Until one pays the _____
It is foretold
Ten coins of _____
In the water must be _____*

You don’t know what it could mean, and neither does Emilia. The skull hums thoughtfully. “That sounds familiar,” it tells you, “but I don’t know from where. It’ll come to me eventually, I’m sure. I think it’s a song, or maybe a poem of some kind. If I just think back and remember, maybe I can figure out what words are missing.”

