

Adventure Hooks II -It's better to die on your feet than live on your knees...

How had it come to this? Stuck in some fetid hole of a dungeon. Crammed into the tiniest of cells. Strong, red rust streaked iron bars keeps you and the other prisoners in an overcrowded space. The stench of unwashed bodies mixes with the overpowering smell of excrement and urine.

In the three weeks you've been here you've witnessed a fellow prisoner beaten to a pulp by another inmate. Did the guards break it up? Not on your life, they laughed and jeered. "Hit him again!" they yelled, goading on the assailant. Yesterday, another prisoner was taken out of a cell and stood in front of you all. The guards took turns making him jump over a swinging sword. They raised it each time he succeeded. Eventually, the sword hit. He died.

After a meagre meal of tasteless slop and water, under the watchful eyes of the guards you are all walked out to begin your jobs for the day. Most of you are sent to the mines to toil. Searching for the precious metals that fuel this city and its wars. Others to clear the gladiatorial pits after the daily combat bouts.

Since your arrival, you notice an inmate every other day is separated from the main group and given over to a couple of figures wearing the dark green robes of the priesthood. You notice that the priests smile and greet the prisoner. He is led away. You've never seen them come back.

In a surge of emotions you realize that sooner or later your going to die here. A new resolve kicks in. You're going to escape somehow. You've already noticed the guards are sloppy and undisciplined. Perhaps you can persuade some other inmates. There must be a way and with help, you can find it. It would be better to die fighting on your feet than living a desperate waiting game on your knees.