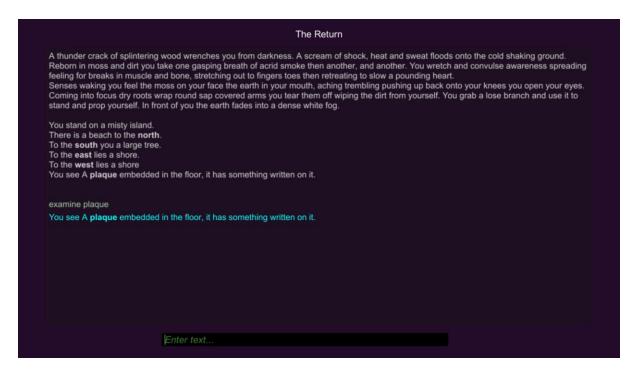
Start Screen

The Return	
A thunder crack of splintering wood wrenches you from darkness. A scream of shock, heat and sweat floods onto the cold shaking ground. Reborn in moss and dirt you take one gasping breath of acrid smoke then another, and another. You wretch and convulse awareness spreading feeling for breaks in muscle and bone, stretching out to fingers toes then retreating to slow a pounding heart. Senses waking you feel the moss on your face the earth in your mouth, aching trembling pushing up back onto your knees you open your eyes. Coming into focus dry roots wrap round sap covered arms you tear them off wiping the dirt from yourself. You grab a lose branch and use it to	
stand and prop yourself. In front of you the earth fades into a dense white fog. You stand on a misty island. There is a beach to the north. To the south you a large tree. To the east lies a shore. To the west lies a shore You see A plaque embedded in the floor, it has something written on it.	
Enter text	

Examine in action



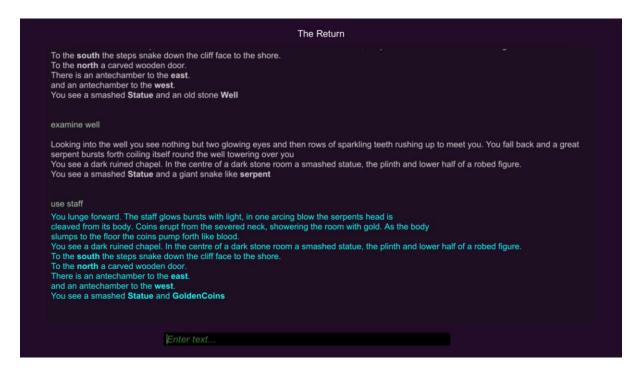
Read command in action



Go command in action



Use command in action



Give command in action

