Version 1

The moon never sets on the handler’s domain, and my work is never finished. Another wayward soul drifts through the mist. Far from the first, but perhaps this one can finally be of use.

Would you like them back? Your memories? Your body? Somewhere out there, that husk wanders. Perhaps this soul of yours wants to return, or perhaps you’re content to wander this land forever, eternally insubstantial?

First, you must do something for me. The mould has set deep in one of the books of Phantasma. Eradicate the mould and rot, conquer the moonlit castle to escape the tower, and we will talk again.

Version 2

The souls that drift in the cosmos invariably make their way here. This realm of chaos is home to the books of Phantasma. They hold the names and memories of all those whose souls would find a new home by entering the cycle of rebirth.

However, The Handler has been missing for many lives of men, and the mould has set in deep.

Restore the books of Phantasma and escape but beware, worse things than words lurk within those pages.

Version 3

You are trapped. Where? Why? By whom? For how long?

You don’t know.

What you do know is that everything you need is before you.

Escape the room, then seek answers.

Version 4

Ripped from your physical body, you drift in space and time.

Finally, you reach the realm of The Handler, who offers you a trade.

The Handler’s realm has withered and rotted; a soul must navigate the books of Phantasm so that the world might be mended.

Do this, and the Handler will return your body and memories.