Installing Wizard Needs Matches!:

Stuff

Gameplay:

Greetings my annoying, babbling, clumsy, dim-witted, elephantine, fool-hardy, worthless apprentice (whoever or whatever you are), know that I, the Most Exalted and Esteemed High Wizard Pomp Aus, the Advisor of Visors, the Writer of the Book of Wrongs, the Stander of Lying Lions (Thrice cursed be their slothful dishonesty), the Puncher of Fruit, the Latter Former of the Order of the Ladder, the Flier of Fire, the Burier of Straws, the Dragging Dragon Champion of the Year (for 42 years running), the Saver of Thyme (the Sacred Spice of which all Life flows), the Inventor of the Lightened Knight Armor (“No need to wait for the weight-saving benefits and night vision my armor provides, order yours today!), Winner of Most Humble Wizard of the Century (for the fourth century running) have run out of matches.

Know that I, XXX cannot be using mundane matches, oh no. I must have the cream of the crop, the Fabled Matches of Don Geon, their Infernal Highness!

Therefore, know that I, XXX, have sent you, YYY to the Looping Infinite Dungeon of Don Geon’s Infinite Dungeon of Looping for you, YYY to bring me matches!

As you, YYY, cannot hope to match the brilliance of myself, XXX, I have prepared this Tome of Tombs to