



Something up here



But also down here :)

Video?

Interactive maps?

We can also add 3d models!

... and we can write some text on the side, just by adding it in the pdf

:)

Like for instance this text Chatgpt wrote about the gargoyle on the left:

The gargoyle sat perched atop the ancient stone cathedral, its twisted features frozen in a grimace that seemed almost alive in the stillness of the winter night. The air was thick with the sharp bite of cold, the kind that pierced through layers of clothing and sunk deep into the bones. A thick blanket of snow clung to its broad shoulders, accumulating in the sharp angles of its wings, which had long since lost their power to take flight. Where once these wings might have spread wide, chasing the wind, they now lay frozen in time, their surfaces hardened and stiffened by the weight of the frost.

The moon hung low in the sky, a pale disc casting a ghostly glow on the gargoyle's stone form, illuminating its eerie details in stark contrast to the dark night. The snow, pristine and untouched by human hands, sparkled in the light, a sheet of white that coated the figure in layers. The creature's face, contorted into a permanent expression of some forgotten anguish, seemed to capture the very essence of the cold itself. A mask of stone, but one that could almost be mistaken for flesh, frozen in an eternal moment. Its eyes, once sharp and watchful, were now mere hollow sockets, overgrown with icicles and the creeping frost of time. Yet, in the quiet glow of the moon, there was something hauntingly alive in the way its features caught the light, like a moment frozen in a dream.

The wind howled around the cathedral, a relentless, biting force that swept across the cold, empty streets below. Snowflakes whipped past the gargoyle's stony visage, their delicate forms quickly lost to the furious gusts, yet none dared to settle on the figure's face. They instead clung to the rough-hewn stone of its broad shoulders and the twisted, barbed edges of its wings, where the snow accumulated in thick layers, leaving the gargoyle nearly indistinguishable from the frozen architecture around it. But the gargoyle remained unmoving, an unmanned sentinel in the face of nature's fury. It was as though it had long ago become one with the cold, its stone body resisting the ravages of time, standing firm against the ceaseless tides of winter.

The cathedral, too, seemed to breathe with the gargoyle, a monument to a past age, worn but



