The Catacombs

certifiableGrimalkin

The darkness of the catacombs was old and deep. It did not like being disturbed, so it came to it as an annoyance, when a torch spread its light, piercing into it, shaving away at its side. Holding the torch was a goblin, and following her were two other figures, a dwarf and a man.

"So this is the entrance to the mausoleum of the old geezer, Elize?", the human said, pointing towards the doorway, that had just been illuminated.

"My simple friend. We've not been in the cave anymore, for about 20 meters. We are already in the mausoleum," snarked Elize

The dwarf slid her palm across the wall, and smelled it. She leaned her chin against her hand in thought, and twirled her beard.

"This might not be the Jensen mausoleum. This hasn't been disturbed by the elements or people in a very long a time. Longer than the fifty years ago, that Jensen had his mausoleum built "

"What do you suppose it is, then, Gerti?" asked Elize.

"Only one way to find out," she replied, pushing against the heavy, wooden door.

"Now that I think of it, the way down here did resemble stairs, at one point."

"I told you, Evan. We're already inside," Elize shushed

The trio entered the door, closely following Elize, staying in the torchlight. They found themselves in a tall, vast room, with pews lining the sides.

"This looks like some kid of church. Important people might be buried below it. There's bound to be some treasure here,"

Elize pointed at a golden cup, and a candleholder, standing in plain view, on a table at the front of the church.

"You're right about this place not having been looted, Gerti," Elize smiled.

Both the valuables went right in Evan's backpack. They scrounged the room, looking for anything more, but all ended up at the slightly ajar door at the back.

It lead into downward stairs, just like everything else, covered in the deep darkness. There were candles lining one wall, but all of them had been burnt out for years. Having just one torch lit, for the three of them wasn't working out on descending the stairs, so Gertrude waved her outstretched hand and conjured a small ball of light, that was following the movements of her palm.

With Evan in the middle, they could more safely descend the stairs, reaching a small, cramped round room, with hallways boring themselves in the stone, in several directions.

Elize picked the rightmost one, the rest of them just followed, and soon enough, they started seeing rows upon rows of coffins, in recesses in the walls.

Evan started working on one of the coffins, when Elize waved him to stop.

"There's bound to be richer places than this in this complex. Don't bother, yet," she snided.

They followed the tunnel further, reaching a hall with raised floor holding an altar of some sort. Atop the altar was a dry corpse, grasping, as they took note, a gem-encrusted dagger, and several rings.

Evan took out his sword, and preemptively cut off the head of the corpse, then used it for leverage, to pry the dagger from its fingers. The corpse's head shrieked, briefly, and the team took to the handles of their weapons, but, relaxed, it being quiet after.

Along the back of the room, some wall has been carved out into shelves, and the books laying thereupon would quickly land in the backpack of Gertrude.

Scouring the room, they found nothing else of value, and decided to head back, to search through another tunnel.

Going forward to the second from the right, Elize noticed something.

"A lot of these coffins in here are open and empty, aren't they. We should be cautious. The shriek must have woken some of them up," she said.

She drew her shortsword and checked her pistols, while Evar unsheathed his sword. Gertrude stood there, and looked at them

They started hearing some sounds up ahead, as if of music, and a mass of footsteps. Just before the final bend, they noticed a standing corpse, with their back to them, not seeming to have noticed them. There was a feint blue light coming off of the corpse, forming an apparition of a human in formal wear.

Gertrude put her finger up to her lips, signaling to the

others she had a plan. She dispelled her light and started making arcane gestures with her hands.

"Fireball!" she suddenly screamed, and a giant flaming orb flew from her palm, expanding as it traveled, and reaching a very surprised apparition, to singe and coal the dry flesh, and then explode alongside with half of the corpse body.

The music stopped. So did the footsteps.

"What the fuck!?" came a voice from the room.

The exploded corpse's lower half was still standing. The blue light was coming back into focus, and soon, though the corpse was now partially missing, the apparition seemed unharmed.

"I'm ok," said the apparition, "No need to get angry. I'm sure there's a perfectly fine explanation for... this," it pointed towards its upper body, or rather, where it used to be.

A couple more corpses peeked around the corner, and looked at the group of startled, confused living.

"What is happening?" asked Elize.

"Our saviours!" shouted one of the corpses at the front.

"Our saviours!" joined in more and more corpses.

The corpses ran up to them, and started carrying them on their hands, towards the room they heard all the sounds from, before. The music restarted, and this time they saw the haunting band that was playing it.

They were sat down in the middle of a crowd of corpsed apparitions. The apparitions looked expectantly at them.

"Hello," said Gertrude.

This obviously not having been what they expected from the group, the apparitions colluded.

One of them came forward, and said: "You killed our enslaver. You have released us from the curse. You heard the shriek. We have one last night of play and fun, and then we are allowed to pass from this world."

"Can we steal your stuff?" said Evan, before anyone could stop him. Eliza gasped.

"Yes, we have no need for earthly possessions," answered the apparition.

"That was easier than I expected," said Gertrude.

They spend the night relaxing, sharing some of their meal with some of the corpses, who wanted a last taste before they went, listening to some stories from ages long past. In the meantime, the apparitions coordinated gathering up their valuables, and helped them pack up their packs.

With what they assumed must have been midnight, the apparitions disappeared, and the no longer animated corpses fell over where they stood, some falling to pieces, some landing in uncalled for positions.

With no more company to keep, the three set out to get back to the surface, and finally get out of the stuffy catacomb.