

The air carries the scent of raspberries and sewage. A sinister yet repetitive clicking noise is coming from somewhere nearby- behind you? No! Inside you.... Why are the others looking at you that way?

A low gurgle off to the left. The scent of cat urine and cheesecake follows you. A lizard the color of old blood perches on a rock near your foot and spits acid, just missing your boot with a caustic *hiss...*

A single cold finger traces down your spine, lingering on each knob of bone. A crackle of flame accompanies your every footstep and the scent of old newsprint lies thick in your nostrils. You're hungry, craving old cheese and bile.

A child is crying somewhere nearby and it's your fault. Your footsteps are filled with shed dog fur. The taste of wet wool coats your tongue. Why is that tree watching you? Wait... wasn't it further away a moment ago?

The magic-user keeps pointing at you and snickering. No one seems to notice. The goat-like smell of sweaty teenage boy is getting stronger. Your shoulder blades itch as your wings begin to unfurl- wait... WINGS???????

A tiny creature has been watching you from behind a bush. You just noticed it's glowing blue eyes as it ducked out of sight. A warm, almost tropical breeze wafts past you, carrying the scent of good chocolate and decay. Are your fingernails starting to glow?

Each step you take feels less firm than the one before, as though the ground has the consistency of jelly. Why do you smell like cabbage? You're beginning to be able to see through the rocks in the area, as well as your fellow party members. They don't seem to notice that they're becoming transparent....

A fluffy white kitten comes pouncing out of the underbrush to stalk a strap dangling from your backpack. The backpack lunges off your back and swallows the kitten whole. The scent of juniper comes from your pocket, which clashes with the general reek of dead fish and old newsprint.

