

# The roof above rumbles...

*By W. Selph*

The roof above rumbles with the muffled sounds of thousands of feet, must be below the main entrance right now. The dark underground tunnels were narrow and noisy with animals and people alike. A sword and shield was pushed into your hands, catching you off guard. "Have fun dying" the quartermaster says with a smirk. Cold sweat runs down your face, but the dead bodies being hauled off makes it the least of all problems. The door ahead lead to the colosseum's killing floor, the place of entertainment for the masses. With a thud the door opens and everyone is pushing to get out, the sun is blinding yet nice to feel after so many hours below. Another gladiator confronts you, wanting a fight. His face covered by a mask. Your impending death isn't what you are enraged by, its the fact that you won't see your killers face.