MONSTER MENAGERIE PART 02

After barely surviving the continuous nibbling and biting of the Jungle Chompers—who saw your ankles as dessert—you explored every nook and cranny of the illusory Jungle. Unfortunately, the missing caretaker was nowhere to be found. Not him, his ankles, or whatever was left of him.

You're back at the monster collector's palace and she now tells you that maybe, just maybe, the caretaker may be lost in the Grand Desert dwelling. She leads you to a new wooden door and wishes you and your party the best of luck.

You open the door and are greeted by a gust of heat and a radiating sun. Sweat immediately drips down your frowned forehead as you step inside, and without a moment's notice, are immediately pulled by the sand's deep current. If all that wasn't enough, you're starting to believe that perhaps a career in ankle-modeling would've been your calling, as you feel these sharp claws trying to drag you under by the ankles and drown you in the mass of sand.





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