The oracle closes her eyes again, all the phenomena accompanying the forthcoming prophecy are repeated. After opening her glowing eyes, she says in a changed voice, “Now close your eyes and look around” (everyone gathered feels that they are rising and flying towards the “Rift”).

You hung over the “Rift” or at least the place where it should be, but there was no trace of it. Under you there is a thick forest in every direction and the sounds of animals preparing for the coming of the night. Suddenly there is a loud bang and a crack and from the sky a levitating machine shines with an unnatural glow. It hangs high above your heads, then begins to radiate a terrifying ray of destruction, which burns the forest below you deeper and deeper ... until the landscape begins to resemble the one that you are more familiar with. With a yawning “Rift” separating two pieces of land. After his work of destruction or maybe creation? the machine descends below the jungle and dumps some cargo that reminds you of bombs, which, however, do not explode when stuck with the ground. After which the image in front of your eyes is covered with fog, and you feel how you fall to the ground.

The Oracle, already with her voice says “Open your eyes.” For a moment they look like it’s breathing hard. “Everyone leave now. I need to rest. Shaman, you stay.”