

Gameplay **By Richard Van Holst**

Ready, player? One chance is yours
to take. Gingerly heft the cup,
reft from dragon-hoard, dripping gold,
then pad away on hobbit feet.

Fantastic images and runes
ring chalice's circumference.

Fevered fantasies of untold
wealth awake like flames. You grip it,
gulp down the black brew, claw its edge,
and snarl, fierce denizen of caves
whose precious is now lost. This rim
won't rule them all.

Please play again.