The Ancient Temple

The mosaics on the floor have only very few tiles left. The columns are riuned, and one of them lies on the floor, shattered.

A cleric, who looks almost as old as the temple itsef, is praying in the back. Feeling your presence, he turns. You notice that age has made him both blind and deaf. Still, he smiles a wan, ancient smile: he'll help you if he can.