

Cacophony

—James Saunderson

Glad to finally have some lighting, you pull a box of matches out of your pocket and light a candle, grabbing another handful for later. The extra lighting doesn't help much — the passage is still mostly gray stone, cobwebs and dust. Your wanderings have got your circulation working however, and so you now devote some time to considering how to escape these cellars, and get back to tracking down the coin.

The silence of the passages is unexpectedly broken by a distant voice, the same one you heard during yesterday's mystery, uttering a strange line.

"I, Dylan, master mixer of magnificent melodies, shall play you a song."

A brief symphony of dissonance bursts into the space about you. It echoes back and forth, never seeming to dissipate, drumming itself into the deeper recesses of your mind. Your well-trained ear begins to make sense of it, and you pick out a clear, although not very smooth, scale running through the melody. As you listen longer, the rhythmically beating notes strain your ears, and you try to get away from it, when a thundering roar cleaves the air.

You whirl your candle around into what looks like the face of a lion. Startled by the flame, it jumps back a step, glaring at you while you stand frozen in fear. Deciding that it is too late to play dead, and that you probably wouldn't be playing for very long anyway, you turn around and sprint for your life.

You hear the footsteps of the beast right behind you, the resounding cacophony playing over and over as you run. The inertia of a large wall halts your motion. Pieces of it flake off in your hands, and as you grope around looking for a way past, you feel another object, warm and thus presumably your pursuer, crash into you. You fly through the wall, which you now realise is made of plaster, and find yourself on the stone floor of a large room.

The music has stopped, even if the ringing in your ears has not, and the monster, likely realising its own inability to fit through the human-sized hole it has just created, is nowhere to be seen. You quickly take the opportunity to grab a nearby rock and transcribe the music onto the plaster wall before you forget it.

The musical score consists of eight staves of music. The notation includes various notes, rests, and accidentals (sharps, flats, naturals). The score is a single melodic line. The first staff starts with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The second staff has a whole rest. The third staff has a key signature change to one sharp (F#). The fourth staff has a key signature change to one flat (Bb). The fifth staff has a key signature change to two flats (Bb and Eb). The sixth staff has a key signature change to one sharp (F#). The seventh staff has a key signature change to one flat (Bb). The eighth staff has a key signature change to two flats (Bb and Eb) and includes triplets marked with a '3' below the notes.