You hurriedly break down the doors only to step on a rune trap, plunging you into a white purgatory. Looking around, you spy a little floating black ball.

Its single eye opens, and a wide grin appears. “Oooooh we haven’t had company here in a while.”
“What is this place?”
“Who knows...?” Silence.
“Surely there’s a way out!”
“Perhaps there is...” More silence.

This isn’t going anywhere. You sprint off in a direction, quickly realising your efforts are futile.
The black ball re-materialises. “Silly human, you’re not going anywhere.”

Perhaps a bit of alchemy would help. No dice.

You feel a warm rumbling from your pockets. You pull out the crystals collected thus far, and they began to radiate with a searing black light.

“Well now, that's interesting.” The ball observes. “I've never seen that before.”

A door materialises. Inscribed on it is a strange system of grids, numbers and crosses. While it is impossible to perceive time in this purgatory, you remind yourself that you don’t have long before the Tsar performs his transmutation.