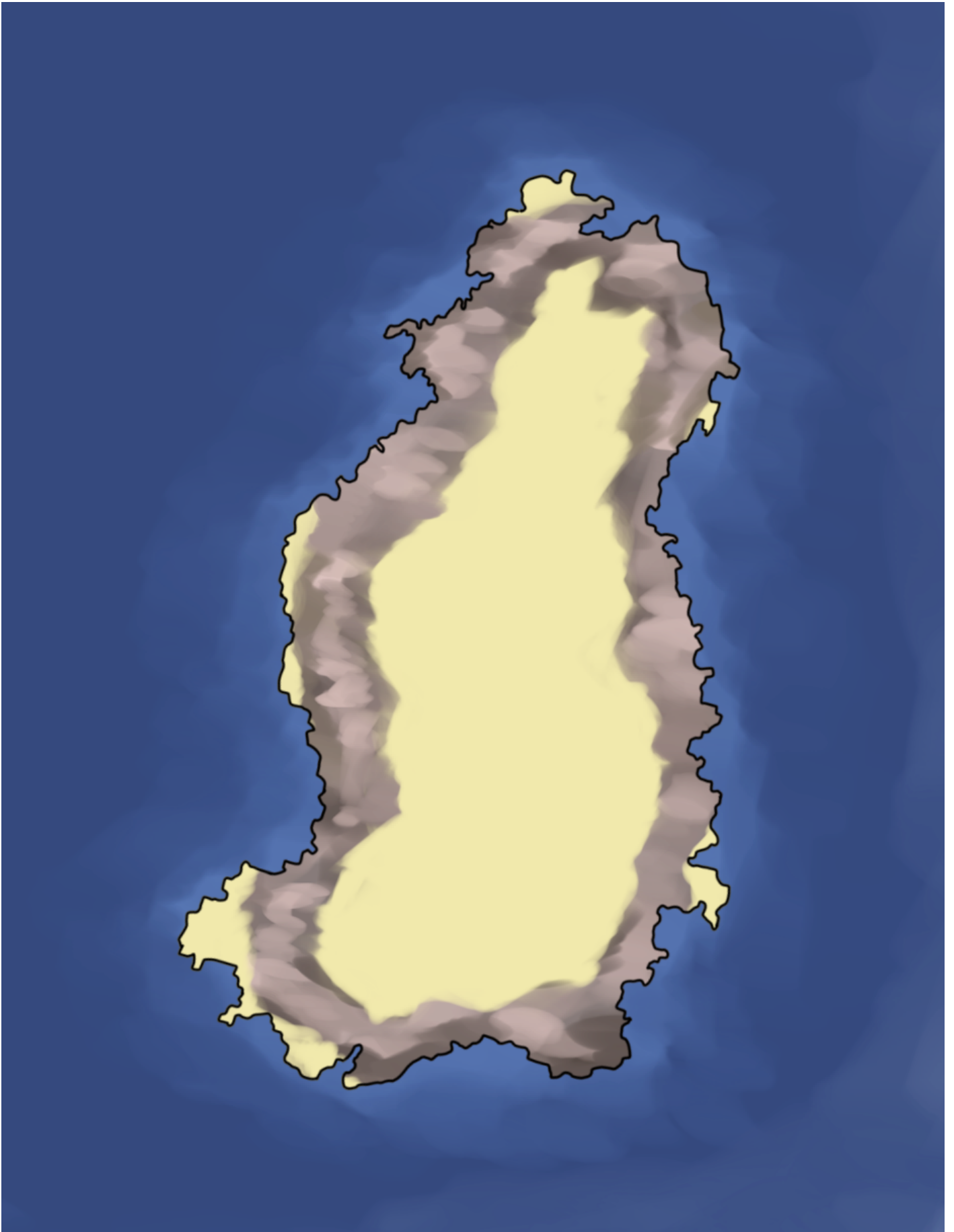


Werrai

A continent comprised almost entirely of sprawling, glittering desert ringed by an almost hostile looking mountain range in the southeast of Avistym. It is largely inhospitable, though some unknown number of towns exist there. Knowledge of such towns seems to be heavily guarded however, and most people who have never been to these towns will likely continue to be unaware of them.

- [Werrai Map](#)
- [Eighth Warren](#)
- [Ninth Warren](#)

Werrai Map



Eighth Warren

The Eighth Warren once stood proudly in the desert, but is now little more than an abandoned ruin. Unlike the Ninth Warren, which enjoys relief from the heat due to its underground nature, the Eighth Warren was built on the surface, consisting of many smaller buildings alongside a large main ziggurat. For unknown reasons, many of the deceased citizens of the Eighth Warren failed to move on after death, and persisted as spirits who endlessly pantomimed the motions of their past lives amid the crumbling remains of their home. Thanks to the efforts of the Guild Council, these restless spirits have now found peace and passed on.

With the central ziggurat lay an elevator that moved based on the presence or lack of direct light. It led to a secret chamber beneath the warren, filled with difficult terrain, the remains of warren residents, and several artifacts of note. This chamber was also the lair of an adult deep dragon, which has since been slain.

Valefor's Archive / Locations / Eighth Warren

Compared to the splendor and constant activity of the Ninth Warren, this fellow community feels somber in its silence. The streets lie in disrepair, the buildings are abandoned, and the only residents - ghosts who clung to their familiar routines even after death - have finally passed on. It's hard to believe that this place was likely a hub of craftsmanship and bustling lifestyles just like the Ninth, but each ghost we met here felt so familiar in their dedicated nature, evoking the hardworking rats we met at the other warren; this place likely functioned in a similar fashion.

The restless spirits we met here... something about them touched me deeply. The kind tailor who finally allowed himself a break, the bickering chefs who looked so at home while all of us struggled to cook them a meal, the warrior who was all too pleased to give Nin's gun a try... I even felt touched by the researcher who mourned the loss of their work, despite not meeting them at all and only hearing the story secondhand from those who helped them find peace. I expected this to be a more violent ghost hunting trip, especially considering... well, everything about Valter. But other than the earth elementals that initially guarded the gates and the dragon we found deep below, my time here could only be described as peaceful, and meaningful. I wish that the spirits of the Eighth Warren rest well.

Valefor's Archive / Locations / Eighth Warren (Addendum)

I'll... be honest. I have no memory of writing the majority of the last entry. I was only a few sentences in when my consciousness was thrown into a vision, not unlike the sensation I received from the sands of memory; by the time I returned to the present moment, the paper for my Eighth Warren entry was halfway through the usual door to send them your way. I have no idea how I wrote all of that AND experienced a vivid vision at the same time, but the handwriting is mine, the language is my own, and the thoughts perfectly express all I wanted to write down. Whatever

works, I suppose, although I want to pass on my vision itself; it's important.

I saw... the Eighth Warren. In its prime, long before the harsh desert claimed it. Those dirt paths we've seen all over town were waterways back when this town flourished, and just as I'd expected, it was a hotbed of activity much like the Ninth Warren. But the people in that vision intrigued me the most. There were the rats we've come to know, alongside a fair amount of avari, but also two new kinds of folks I've never seen or heard of before. Other ratlike people, but taller, with curious clothing that featured unfamiliar patterns... and most interestingly, people I can only describe as anthropomorphized ants. I wonder if these two species are still around today? I don't even know how long ago the vision took place, or why myself (and Chase; he was there as well) received it. This desert holds many more mysteries, it seems.

Ninth Warren

The Ninth Warren is an underground town primarily consisting of ratfolk. The citizens are all very industrious and dedicate themselves to a specific craft, learning to perfect it with all of their passion. Their beliefs follow those of an unnamed dead god, and they have a series of trials that are meant to test one's worth.

The town is hidden in a series of mountains that cradle a vast, glittering desert. The desert is dotted with strange, jagged glass trees, that look as if lightning itself was striking out of the sand. During the day, looking out into this desert has the chance to induce hazy hallucinations, though what is seen appears to be entirely unique to each individual, drawing from past experiences and memories.

Excerpt from Kayde's Notes:

I missed sleeping so damn much. I cannot state enough just how wonderful it has been to get sleep in this place. Last night's rest was... beyond divine. Wish we could stay here longer if just for that. I cannot wait to figure out how to rid myself of that once I am free from the pact.

On a more serious note, I am going to miss this place for more than just that reason. Yes, I have only really spent a week here at most, but so much happened in that short time. I made several of the most meaningful choices of my life within these caverns. I found solid leads on two separate goals of mine here. I helped someone important to my lover find some closure. I met two new friends. I lost one. I spoke with a god and gained a renewed drive to keep me from losing hope.

The Ninth Warren changed me for the better. It has my thanks for what it did for me.

Valefor's Archive / Locations / The Ninth Warren

I've seen a lot of fantastical locations ever since arriving in this world and becoming a traveler of sorts, but I think they all pale in comparison to the Ninth Warren. The ziggurats bustling with activity, the high quality craftsmanship and admirable passion everywhere you look, the glass branches emerging from the ceiling of the sacred grove and full to the brim with the memory glass of those yet to complete their trials... It's a place that almost makes you feel inadequate, with its scale and population of talented professionals, but I think you could spend a lifetime of learning just observing and talking to the residents here. We may not be staying for long, but seeing as I've obtained my own memory glass, I'd like to complete a trial of my own, and learn more about this mysterious god so many Warren folk have mentioned.

Valefor's Archive / Locations / The Ninth Warren (Addendum)

This skull mask feels heavy in my hands, and heavier on my head. The Ivory Mirror themselves told me they believed I deserved one. The Warren as a whole now welcomes me into their family, a master of my craft; I'm not going to question their judgment, but it may take me a while to fully accept such an honor. I'm not sure if the Ninth Warren is a place I can call home. But... given the memory sealed in the glass I used to hold, and the words the Ivory Mirror said to me before we departed their abode... I think it's a place I can be understood.

"I'm not really built for the whole long-term travel, nomad kind of thing. The mess I make when I work needs more space to be organized. My work needs a proper workshop. And a home. And Croft. And that's all here. This is where I belong, and I need some time to settle here. And I will be here-! Ya'll will know where I am. If you need something made, or the Morning Star needs a tune up, or if you need help, just come by and name it. After I have some time to make a home here with Croft, I'd love to go on another adventure with you sometime." -Koebi, on parting ways with Guild Council to stay at the Ninth Warren

"Aside from that really bad trip, I kinda liked it here. Not the desert, it was way too hot...at least the oasis water was relaxing," Xena, on the Ninth Warren.