

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.

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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.

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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 avali, 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.

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