

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.

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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.

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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.

Revision #1

Created 2025-12-28 03:39:47 UTC by Syrin

Updated 2025-12-28 03:41:18 UTC by Syrin