

Dream Atlas

Glacier

An immense and isolated northern frontier defined by cold and silence. The landscape is made of ice plains, sheer cliffs, and snow-covered peaks that stretch endlessly beneath a pale sky. Settlements cling to the edges of survival, their lights flickering like beacons in the frozen dark. Beneath the stillness, the region holds the sense of an ancient boundary, a place that marks the outermost edge of what can be known.

Glacier

An expansive frozen tundra located beyond Switzer Mountains. The terrain is primarily composed of ice plains, snow ridges, and intermittent rock formations. No vegetation or wildlife is observed. Weather conditions are stable but extremely cold. The area produces low ambient sound, mainly wind and shifting ice. It appears geographically isolated and may serve as a boundary for the dream's northernmost region.

The Alps

A mountainous region encompassing Switzer Mountain and a series of smaller surrounding peaks. The area forms the central portion of the alpine landscape and serves as the geographic link between Switzer Park and Glacier. Terrain throughout the region is steep and rocky, with visible snow cover at higher elevations. The Alps appear largely uninhabited, with no confirmed structures or pathways aside from the route of The Alpine Railroad.

Switzer Mountain

The largest and most prominent peak within the alpine region. It forms the central geographic feature of the surrounding landscape, visible from great distances. The mountain's slopes connect directly to Switzer Park and mark the beginning of the upper alpine terrain that extends toward Glacier. Its summit is rarely visible due to distance and elevation, and no known routes or structures are confirmed along its ascent.

Switzer Park

A mountain resort area resembling a Swiss ski park. It contains multiple ski lifts, slopes, and buildings designed for recreation. The site operates continuously, including nighttime activity, but no staff or visitors are directly visible. Artificial lighting gives the impression of constant operation. The area is orderly and structured, though its purpose within the larger environment remains unclear.

The Alpine Railroad

A railway line of uncertain origin and route that traverses the alpine region and extends to the outer edges of Glacier. Its full path, including where it begins or ends, remains undetermined. Trains are occasionally observed moving along the tracks most commonly cargo trains yet there are no confirmed stations, stops,

or maintenance structures. The trains appear to operate autonomously, often passing through nearby towns and villages without slowing or emitting audible signals. Their schedules, contents, and destinations are unknown. Continued observation has not clarified whether the line is still actively maintained or functions independently of any known network.

Glacier Hot Springs

A multi-level series of naturally formed pools containing warm, volcanic water. The springs are situated near the base of Glacier, where geothermal activity contrasts sharply with the surrounding frozen terrain. Each pool varies in depth and temperature, arranged in terraces that descend along a rocky slope. Despite the extreme cold of the region, the water remains consistently warm and emits light vapor into the air. The area appears naturally maintained, with no visible signs of construction or human presence.

Brutalist Alpine Home

A striking example of architectural engineering built directly into the mountainside of the second-tallest peak in The Alps. The structure's angular, concrete design mirrors the harsh terrain surrounding it, blending seamlessly with the cliff face it overlooks. From its vantage point, the home commands a sweeping view of the southern valleys below. Despite its austere exterior, the interior contrasts sharply featuring warm lighting, refined materials, and spacious living areas that convey quiet luxury. The home stands as both a feat of design and a meditation on balance between human comfort and the unforgiving landscape of the alpine region.

Vertical Hill

Vertical Hill is a town unlike any other, suspended within a gravitational anomaly that defies the logic of balance and motion. The settlement appears ordinary at first glance, its houses neatly aligned and its streets well maintained, yet the orientation of the landscape reveals a disturbing truth. Nearly every road climbs at impossible angles, turning upward until they become sheer vertical planes. Instead of ladders or stairways, the townspeople built roads that ascend straight into the sky, and somehow, gravity complies. Vehicles and pedestrians alike remain anchored to the surface, held in place as if by unseen hands. From a distance, the town resembles a cascade of lights running up the face of a mountain, each street a glowing artery climbing toward the clouds. No one can explain why the anomaly exists, only that it feels as though the world has bent inward here, folding the rules of physics around its quiet and stubborn inhabitants.

Dark Overpass

A vast concrete structure suspended high above the valleys, forming the shadowed underside of B.T. Overpass, which stretches from Glacier down toward Runner Woods. The area beneath the overpass is known simply as the Dark Overpass, a liminal and unusually tranquil space within the dream world. It is perpetually dim, illuminated only by sparse roadside lamps and the reflected glow from distant towns. Despite its isolation, it is considered a place of safety; a rare vantage point from which the valleys below can be seen without risk. The atmosphere here is still and contemplative, carrying a faint hum of the wind against the massive supports. Few venture here, yet it offers one of the most expansive views of the surrounding landscape.

Ice Roads

A network of frozen pathways that serve as the primary access route to Glacier and its surrounding locations. For a long period, the roads were completely sealed under thick ice, making traversal impossible. Over time, partial thawing has revealed segments of the underlying routes, allowing limited passage through the region. The exposed areas appear to have once been paved or constructed, suggesting that the roads predate the current frozen landscape. The thawing pattern is uneven, and travel remains dangerous due to unstable surfaces and recurring frost. The Ice Roads now function as both a navigational link and a historical remnant of an earlier, less hostile climate.

The Firs

The Firs begin a few blocks past the edge of town, where the last snow-covered houses fade into the white. The road narrows, the streetlights stop, and the forest rises ahead without warning. The trees here are tall and thin, packed close together, their branches heavy with snow. They look almost black against the gray sky. Inside the woods, sound feels distant. You can still see the glow of the neighborhood if you turn back, but it fades quickly once you move deeper in. The ground is uneven and soft, the air colder than it should be. Sometimes you can hear water trickling somewhere below the snow, or a faint creak from the trees shifting in the wind. The Firs mark the beginning of the wilderness, a boundary between the quiet safety of the town and the cold expanse that leads toward Glacier. Even so, it doesn't feel unfriendly. Just old, patient, and watchful.

Silverpine

Silverpine is a wide and open town, built across long stretches of snow-covered land. The streets are broad and mostly empty, lined with houses that sit far apart from each other. Each home stands alone behind tall pines or thin fences half-buried in frost. The air is clear and dry, and the wind moves through the town in slow, steady breaths. At its center are a few stores, a post office, and a small diner that stays open through every storm. Most of the town's residents work near the water, where the land dips into the edge of the newly discovered North Sea. The harbor is quiet and sparse, filled with small fishing boats that drift through ice-cold waves. Nets hang frozen along the docks, and seagulls circle slowly overhead, their cries echoing across the open white. Silverpine feels peaceful, but its stillness runs deep. The snow is constant, muffling every sound except the low groan of the sea. On clear days, you can see the faint glow of the alps to the north, and on the farthest edge of town, The Sleeper House rises through the mist like a familiar beacon. Beyond it lies The Stillblue Inn, and behind them both, the first dark line of The Firs stretches across the horizon. The people of Silverpine live quiet lives. They fish, they mend, and they keep their windows lit through the long nights. The town feels safe, though the silence sometimes feels too complete, as if the world beyond it has stopped moving.

The Sleeper House

The Sleeper House stands at the far end of town, where the streets grow quiet and the snow piles higher than the fences. It's a massive Victorian home, five stories tall, its roof and balconies draped in ice. At night, the windows glow with a soft yellow light that reflects across the snow. You can see it from blocks

away, standing like a beacon against the gray. Inside, the air is warm and heavy with the scent of wood and fabric. The furniture looks worn but cared for, the walls lined with paintings and books. Some rooms are built unevenly, with floors that rise or sink without reason. There are ladders tucked into corners, doors hidden behind curtains, and narrow stairways that seem to lead nowhere at all. The layout is strange but comforting, as though the house adjusts itself to whoever stays inside. The top floor is a wide circular room beneath a domed ceiling. Rows of bunk beds fill the space, each one made and waiting. The light here is soft and golden, the air still. It feels like a place meant for rest, as if the house itself keeps watch while the world outside sleeps. A few blocks away, the last street gives way to the tree line of The Firs. Beyond that, the snow grows deeper, the forest darker, and the wind colder. But here, at the edge of the quiet, The Sleeper House remains warm.

The Stillblue Inn

The Stillblue Inn rests at the far edge of Silverpine, where the last rows of houses give way to snow and quiet. It is a two-story motel painted a soft, faded blue that stands out against the white landscape. The color looks almost cheerful in daylight but turns pale and gray as soon as the sun begins to fall. A small sign, frosted over and half-buried in snow, sways faintly in the wind above the parking lot. The air here is thin and still. From the upper balcony, you can see the alps rising faintly in the distance, their peaks like shadows beneath the clouds. The inn faces them directly, as if waiting for something to return from the horizon. During the day, it feels calm and welcoming, the kind of place travelers stop without thinking much about it. Inside, the rooms are simple but cared for. The furniture is old, the walls thin, and the hum of the heaters never fully goes away. There is a faint smell of cedar and cold linen. The front desk is always empty, but the bell still rings when the door opens, as though someone hears it. After dark, the quiet deepens. The streetlights outside stay lit, and the windows glow faintly yellow, but the snow no longer reflects their light. The darkness between the buildings feels thicker here than anywhere else in town. Some say it is because of how close the inn sits to The Firs, where the trees seem to drink the light from the air. Others think it is something older, something tied to the land itself.

Pinelands

A region of endless forest and hidden structures, where time moves differently beneath the trees. The Pines rise like pillars toward a dim sky, and places feel suspended between myth and memory. It is a world of quiet study, long corridors, and whispered magic, where even the wind carries the sound of thought.

The Pines

A large forest consisting of pine trees with long, thin trunks that reach heights comparable to redwoods. The canopy is open enough for light to reach the forest floor, creating a constant amber illumination. The ground is covered with fallen needles and dry leaves, suggesting a perpetual autumn season. The

temperature is cool, and the air carries the scent of pine sap. Despite its scale, the forest is quiet, with minimal wind or wildlife activity observed.

Stepwell Graves

A rectangular stone structure modeled after the ancient stepwells of India, adapted into a mausoleum complex. The walls descend in symmetrical tiers lined with recessed mausoleum faces resembling a columbarium. Only the three lowest levels extend below ground, leading to an interior mausoleum chamber. The upper tiers rise above ground level, forming a rectangular perimeter that encloses the lower sections. A single arched entryway provides access to the interior. The structure appears ceremonial and architectural in design, combining the spatial geometry of a stepwell with the function of a collective grave

Forest Academy

A secluded institution hidden deep within a dense forest, intentionally positioned to remain unseen from the surrounding world. The academy serves as a haven for individuals gifted in the arcane arts, including both students and professors who possess advanced knowledge of magical disciplines. The architecture is stately and refined, resembling a private university or estate, with towering halls and dimly lit corridors that echo with quiet precision. The atmosphere conveys exclusivity and discipline; admission is said to be highly selective, limited to the most exceptional candidates. Very little is known about the academy's inner workings, as staff and students maintain strict secrecy regarding their practices. The site is both a sanctuary of knowledge and a fortress of isolation.

Forest Hills

A secluded town situated among rolling wooded hills, known for its calm and insular atmosphere. The settlement maintains a sense of quiet normalcy, characterized by narrow streets, warm cafés, and bookstores that remain open despite the frequent rain. The climate is perpetually overcast and cool, giving the town a sense of timelessness. Residents appear content and detached from the larger world, showing no awareness or concern for surrounding events or external disturbances. Their lives revolve around small luxuries; coffee, conversation, and comfort, suggesting either deliberate ignorance or protection from the instability beyond their borders.

Mansion Woods

Mansion Woods is a large home that stands apart from the quiet calm of Forest Hills. The house is old, weathered, and full of character, its walls layered with the traces of a life once actively lived. The porch and carport are scattered with tools and half-finished projects, evidence of an inhabitant who worked with their hands and left little untouched. Several sheds sit behind the house, each filled with the same kind of purposeful clutter, as if every corner once served some forgotten craft. Though the property has been abandoned for years, the atmosphere remains strangely active. Explorers who pass through report the faint sound of hammering from within, steady and deliberate, echoing through the empty halls as if someone is still mending what time has already undone.

Grand Hotel

A luxurious and recently established hotel situated between Glacier and the elevated forests of Green Hills. The structure is expansive, with a massive glass atrium filled with lush vegetation, flowing water features, and soft, diffused light. The interior design emphasizes openness and serenity, creating an atmosphere of refinement and comfort. The hotel overlooks a steep cliff, where a lift system connects guests from the deep valleys of Green Hills to the alpine ski slopes of The Alps. Despite its grandeur and constant illumination, the Grand Hotel maintains a quiet calm, serving as one of the few recognized safe spaces within the region.

Cemetery by the Sea

A coastal cemetery situated on a steep hill gradually eroding into the ocean below. The terrain shows significant decay from wave impact and shifting soil. Several graves near the edge have collapsed or partially fallen into the sea, while others remain intact due to large trees whose intertwined roots stabilize portions of the slope. The cemetery is overcrowded and poorly maintained, with cracked headstones and uneven ground. A rusted chain-link fence, originally installed as a safety barrier, now lies partially collapsed along the perimeter. The site exhibits ongoing erosion and structural instability, suggesting a slow but inevitable loss of ground to the ocean.

House Inbetween

A two-story Victorian-style residence painted white, located at the edge of a city or settlement. A small graveyard functions as its front yard, with leaning headstones and narrow paths leading directly to the house's entrance. The structure includes a central tower, front porch, and surrounding trees. Interior activity is evident despite no visible occupants; spirits or non-physical entities are present within. Light occasionally moves between rooms without a clear source. The building appears to function as a threshold between inhabited and abandoned zones.

Missing Children

A small Nordic-style village situated in a cold, forested region. The town appears well maintained, with cobblestone streets, wooden homes, and constant warm lighting. Despite its name, it functions as a safe settlement for lost or abandoned children. The population consists entirely of children and young adolescents who seem to operate the town independently. The atmosphere is calm and communal. No threats or forms of authority have been observed.

Shell Beach

A small coastal area defined primarily by two residential structures. The first is an old tugboat converted into a two-story bungalow, with partially constructed rooms added to its deck and hull. The boat is rusted but remains structurally sound, its modifications blending maritime and domestic architecture. The second structure is a modern stilt house with expansive glass windows facing the ocean. Its interior design features irregular layouts, including stairways and elevated platforms arranged in impractical or disorienting ways. Beneath the stilt house, a cluttered storage area holds assorted debris and objects collected from the surrounding shoreline. The beach itself is notable for its absence of seashells, despite

its name, and for the peculiar items that wash ashore suggesting the area serves as a natural collector of lost or displaced objects.

The Deep

An access point leading into the northern ocean. The area serves primarily as a boundary or transitional zone between land and open sea. Its exact depth, structure, and features remain unclear, as further details have yet to be observed or recorded.

Mansion Woods-

Green Hills

A fertile, luminous region overflowing with life. The soil is rich beyond reason, and vegetation grows with relentless beauty, overtaking tombs, cities, and gardens alike. It is a place where nature thrives too well, blurring the line between growth and decay. Beneath its charm lies the sense that the land itself is alive, expanding long after its caretakers have gone.

Green Hills

A vast and fertile region characterized by rolling terrain and dense vegetation. The soil here appears unnaturally rich, allowing nearly all forms of plant life to thrive. Growth is vigorous and often excessive, with vines, flowers, and grasses spreading rapidly across the landscape. The area is marked by perpetual greenery, where cultivation seems effortless and nature maintains dominance over architecture and infrastructure. While Green Hills is viewed as an ideal environment for life, the abundance of growth gives the region an almost invasive quality as if nature itself expands unchecked, blurring the boundary between creation and overgrowth.

Deer Cave

A large subterranean chamber accessible through a small, circular opening heavily obscured by ivy and dense shrubbery. The cave's interior is considerably larger than its entrance suggests, extending deep into the surrounding rock. The site is named for the immense skeleton of a deer-like creature embedded within one of the inner walls. The skeleton's scale is enormous; the skull alone is roughly the size of a modest house. No known species corresponds to its proportions, and no similar remains exist elsewhere. The bones are partially mineralized, with crystals forming within the skull cavity and stalagmites growing around the lower ribs. The age, origin, and cause of the creature's presence remain undetermined.

Deer Cave Gardens

A large, carefully landscaped garden area characterized by winding gravel paths that trace along shallow, manmade ponds. The space is densely planted with shrubs, flowering plants, and climbing ivy, creating a sense of overgrowth despite clear human design. The area appears to have once been maintained as a public or ceremonial garden but now shows mild neglect. Its primary landmark is Deer Cave, which

serves as the central feature around which the paths and ponds are arranged. The garden functions as both an access point and a natural frame for the cave entrance.

Count's Courtyard

The Count is said to have been a hopeless romantic, a man who has lived for ages and dedicated his eternal life to the pursuit of love. His courtyard, once the setting for countless elite banquets, was designed as both a garden and a stage for his unending search for a soulmate. The grounds are composed of manicured lawns, sculpted hedges forming archways and fences, and flowerbeds overflowing with roses of every color imaginable. At the heart of the courtyard lies a small, gated garden that holds the only known black roses within the dream world. These rare flowers are said to bloom only in the presence of the Count himself. Despite centuries of failed attempts, the Count remains resolute, vowing to continue his banquets until his true love appears. The upcoming celebration marks his three-thousandth anniversary, an event that many whisper may finally bring an end to his longing...or seal his fate in eternal waiting.

Fallen Tomb Hill

An elevated burial district originally designed as a reimagining of mourning traditions. The hillside is lined with small manor-like tombs built directly into the mounds of earth, each intended to house the deceased members of wealthy families and serve as a place for their descendants to visit. Over time, the prosperity that sustained these families faded, leaving the estate-tombs neglected. Many have since decayed, their facades crumbling and interiors repurposed by the living. The area is now home to displaced individuals who inhabit the abandoned crypt-houses, turning the once-elegant necropolis into a makeshift settlement. Gardens that once bloomed with ornamentation are now overgrown and scattered with debris: a quiet reflection of beauty eroded by time and abandonment.

Kitten Path

A lush and beautiful walkway lined with ever-blooming cherry blossoms. The air here is fragrant and soft, carrying petals that drift endlessly across the path like falling snow. Kitten Path is one of the most beloved destinations within the Green Hills, frequented by lovers and those hoping to become so. It is said that the blossoms possess an enchantment that inspires affection, causing those who walk beneath them to fall deeply in love. Yet the magic is fleeting. Once travelers leave the path, the feeling fades, and many couples find their newfound love dissolving with the last sight of pink petals. Over time, Kitten Path has earned a bittersweet reputation, a place of beauty and beginning, but never of lasting love. The pathway takes its name from a local deity, a woman known as Kitty, who was said to be a master of the arcane art of seduction. Legends claim she blessed the cherry trees herself, ensuring that love would always bloom here, even if it could never last.

Gravity City

A vast utopian metropolis composed of tall glass structures, flowering boulevards, and meticulously maintained public spaces. The city is filled with water features, manicured gardens, and clusters of flowering bushes arranged with mathematical precision. Its air is clean, and the streets are silent, illuminated by soft, perpetual daylight that never fully fades. Despite its beauty, the city is devoid of

inhabitants; there are no visible signs of life, individuality, or imperfection. Gravity City represents an idealized urban vision, a flawless model of order and serenity that, in its emptiness, reveals the cost of perfection.

The Fog

A large city modeled after modern-day London, characterized by overlapping architectural eras and vertical stratification. The lower levels consist of narrow alleys, underground tunnels, and abandoned transit systems covered in graffiti, posters, and industrial remnants. These sections maintain a strong punk aesthetic, illuminated by dim artificial lighting and signage. The upper levels contrast sharply, featuring clean streets, glass buildings, and well-maintained facades associated with wealth and modernity. The name “The Fog” references the lore and atmosphere of historic London rather than an actual weather condition.

The Old Lands

The remnants of civilization's first attempts at permanence. Neighborhoods stand in various stages of ruin, watched over by the Runners who haunt the woods nearby. The world here is defined by collapse, yet it clings to the familiarity of home. Even in decay, the streets still remember what it meant to live.

Neighborhood #1

The first established area within this facet of the dream world, serving as the primary point of origin for many observed events. The town is divided by the wreckage of a large passenger plane that crashed directly through its center. One half of the neighborhood remains engulfed in persistent fire, fueled by the remnants of jet fuel and debris. The other half appears long abandoned, its evacuation seemingly predating the crash itself. Houses stand empty, streets are littered with ash, and vegetation has begun reclaiming portions of the area. The presence of runners has been confirmed throughout the region, rendering it unsafe for extended traversal. Despite the destruction, Neighborhood #1 retains a strange sense of familiarity, as if it were once an ordinary residential district now frozen in disaster.

Neighborhood #2

Neighborhood #2 is considered one of the safest places in the dream world. It was established after the destruction of Neighborhood #1, serving as a refuge for those who survived the catastrophe. Determined not to repeat the mistakes of the past, the residents here built their homes with stronger materials, trading the charm of the old neighborhoods for resilience and practicality. Paranoia runs deep among the community, a quiet undercurrent that influences every aspect of life. Many houses are rumored to have backyard bunkers hidden beneath them, stocked and ready for whatever disaster might come next. Despite its calm appearance, Neighborhood #2 carries an unspoken tension, as though its people are forever waiting for the next great storm.

Neighborhood #3

Neighborhood #3 predates even the establishment of the first neighborhood, existing quietly on the outskirts long before the others were formed. Its residents were always known for their isolation and secrecy, rarely mingling with the rest of the world. When the first two neighborhoods were officially recognized, the government simply designated this existing settlement as the third. Neighborhood #3 is the domain of the wealthy and powerful. It is a gated community lined with large, ornate homes that sit behind high walls and wrought-iron fences. The air here feels heavier, quieter, as if muffled by the weight of its own exclusivity. The residents are mysterious, their comings and goings seldom seen and their affairs the subject of endless speculation. Though its streets are pristine and its gardens immaculate, there is an unmistakable sense that something unseen moves behind the curtains, watching, waiting, and keeping its secrets.

Runner Woods

Runner Woods is not so much a specific place as it is a phenomenon, a vast forest where the peculiar Runner Trees grow in unnatural density. Across the central lands of the dream world, these trees have clustered so tightly that their overlapping canopies block out nearly all light, casting the ground below into perpetual shadow. Within this darkness dwell the beings known simply as the Runners. The Runners are ancient entities, their origins lost to time. They exist only in the shadows, moving silently between them, never seen in full light. No one knows how many there are, how they came to be, or what drives them, but their presence is unmistakable. The deeper one travels into Runner Woods, the more the forest seems to breathe and shift, as though the darkness itself is alive. Some say the Runners are protectors of the forest; others believe they are remnants of something much older and more malevolent. Whatever the truth, Runner Woods remains one of the most dangerous and forbidden regions in the dream world, where even the bravest travelers dare not linger after dusk.

Backyard Bunker

The Backyard Bunker is the only publicly known shelter in Neighborhood #2, though it has been abandoned for many years. Its entrance sits hidden behind an overgrown yard, leading down through a narrow vertical pipe just wide enough for a small adult to fit through. A long, rusted ladder descends deep underground into the bunker's main chamber, where the air is damp and thick with the smell of mold. Parts of the bunker are now flooded, the stagnant water reflecting the dim light that seeps through cracks in the ceiling. Despite its intended purpose as a survival shelter, it was never stocked with supplies or rations. Instead, the only items found within are old children's toys scattered across the floor; dolls, blocks, and small plastic cars now warped by moisture. No one knows who built the bunker or why it was filled this way, but most residents prefer not to ask. In a neighborhood defined by fear and preparation, The Backyard Bunker stands as an eerie reminder that not every safeguard was made for survival.

Maple's House

A two-story A-frame home located within Neighborhood #1. The structure's interior is finished with wood paneling, showing signs of age but little structural decay. The house appears abandoned; no personal belongings or recent activity are visible. Its primary architectural feature is a large sliding glass

door at the rear, opening directly onto the surrounding woods. The interior atmosphere is quiet and still, producing a subtle sense of unease despite no apparent cause.

Dave's Pool

Dave's Pool is part of a modest home within Neighborhood #3. At first glance, it is unremarkable, its cracked tiles and unkempt surroundings blending into the quiet suburban decay of the area. Yet, the pool's dark, stagnant waters emit a faint humming sound, constant and low, that seems to vibrate through the air. No visible source for the noise has ever been found, and those who linger near it too long often report a subtle sense of unease, as if the hum resonates somewhere deep within their chest. Aside from this strange phenomenon, Dave's Pool remains an ordinary relic of an ordinary home, quietly unsettling in its persistence.

Mallhaus

Mallhaus is one of the great three homes belonging to Neighborhood #3's so-called "Elite Three." It is believed to serve as the residence of the Golden Mall's owner when they are too tired to return to their main estate. From the outside, Mallhaus appears surprisingly modest, a stately yet unassuming structure nestled among the upper residences. However, many believe its interiors mirror the grandeur of the Golden Mall itself, filled with gold-trimmed halls, hidden chambers, and the quiet hum of prosperity magic at rest.

Mirrorhaus

Mirrorhaus, one of the Elite Three homes of Neighborhood #3, is the only residence among them that sits abandoned. Its interior is composed entirely of floor-to-ceiling mirrors, creating endless reflections that disorient even the briefest visitor. The lingering rumor of its former occupant tells of an arcane practitioner devoted to the art of illusion, an adept student from the Forest Academy who mastered the ability to travel through mirrors. Some say that the magician's greatest success was also their undoing, for they may have become lost within their own reflection, trapped forever in the mirrored labyrinth they once called home.

Longhaus

Longhaus is the third residence of the Elite Three in Neighborhood #3. True to its name, the home is extraordinarily long, with endless hallways that stretch and twist through its interior. The decor is soft and coquette, filled with pale fabrics, aged furniture, and the faint scent of mothballs that lingers in every room. Time seems to have forgotten this place; its clocks have long stopped, and the light filtering through lace curtains never seems to change. The home's owner is an elderly woman who rarely leaves her estate. Neighbors often gossip about her, placing bets on whether she has passed away each time she goes unseen for too long. Yet, without fail, the next day a light will flicker on in one of the distant rooms, and the house continues to breathe in silence.

Concrete Hills

Concrete Hills lies unfinished, and that is all that is truly known about this strange place. Many speculate about its purpose, who built it, and why it was abandoned. The region takes its name from the smooth, undulating structures of solid concrete that rise and fall across the landscape like man-made hills. These monolithic forms are hollow within, their vast interiors echoing endlessly, empty but for the footsteps of those who dare to enter. Some believe the Concrete Hills were once part of a massive flood control system designed to manage the waters of Punkin Lake, given their proximity to the shore. Others argue that such a design would have only worsened flooding in nearby settlements, casting doubt on that theory. Whatever its true origin, the place remains silent and incomplete, a monument to ambition left unresolved, where purpose has eroded as completely as the surface of its concrete skin.

Zombie Mall

Zombie Mall earned its name from its uncanny cycle of death and rebirth. Time and again, it has faced foreclosure, abandonment, and decay, only to rise once more through revitalization and reinvention. Each resurgence brings new shops, new owners, and new hope until the inevitable decline begins again. Now, the mall sits in what locals call its dormant phase: hollow, decrepit, and silent. Dust-covered escalators, empty storefronts, and flickering fluorescent lights mark the latest chapter in its long history of resurrection and ruin. Some residents of the surrounding city believe it is only a matter of time before Zombie Mall awakens again, brought back to life by commerce and nostalgia. Others insist that this is its final incarnation, that the mall's cycle has ended, and all that remains is the echo of footsteps in an empire long expired. Yet, one strange aspect remains: beneath the mall lies a series of massive underground structures, stretching far beyond the visible foundations. These tunnels and chambers connect directly to the vast emptiness of the Concrete Hills. Some speculate this subterranean network was once intended as an expansion, an ambitious plan to link the two sites into a single, sprawling complex. If so, the project was never completed, leaving only darkness and echoing corridors beneath the surface, a ghostly reminder of unfulfilled ambition.

Golden Mall

Golden Mall is where the richest people of the world would go to shop. Its gold-lined marble walkways and glistening crystal atriums served as a backdrop to exuberant wealth. Many would visit only to say they had been there, knowing they could not afford a single thing within its walls. The establishment is operated by an alumnus of the prestigious Forest University, an arcane user proficient in the art of prosperity magic. Whether they use their power for good remains a question whispered among those who still remember the mall's brilliance.

Cemetery City

A massive walled metropolis built entirely in the likeness of a necropolis. Its perimeter is defined by towering stone walls, weathered by time and engraved with reliefs depicting generations of rulers and citizens. Inside, every structure resembles a tomb or mausoleum, from the smallest dwellings to the largest civic halls. The streets are paved with slate and lined with flickering lanterns, their light reflecting off polished stone façades that give the impression of walking through a city made for the dead. At the city's center stands a monumental cathedral, said to be the oldest surviving structure in the region. It

serves as both palace and temple for the ruling family, whose lineage is believed to be divinely chosen. The current sovereign, whether King or Queen, is always referred to as The Mentor. Selection of a new Mentor occurs through a sacred and secretive ceremony held deep within the cathedral's inner chamber, attended only by the ruling family and the city's priests. When a Mentor's reign ends, their body is placed upon an altar in the cathedral's great hall. In a ritual of unity and devotion, every citizen of Cemetery City is invited to partake of the Mentor's flesh, consuming it until nothing remains. Through this act, the ruler is believed to return to their people, merging with the city both spiritually and physically. This practice has caused horror among outsiders, once permitted to visit but now permanently barred from entry. For the citizens, however, the ritual is not seen as grotesque but sacred, a fulfillment of the bond between life, death, and devotion that defines the city's existence.

Grave Path

Grave Path is peculiar for its proximity to another graveyard, though it is not considered part of it. The path lies at the very edge of where the swamp lands begin, a narrow and winding trail that cuts through reeds and soft, sinking soil. The air here is heavy and wet, filled with the quiet hum of insects and the smell of stagnant water. At the end of the path stands a tall hedge fence, so overgrown that it seems almost alive, its vines twisting together to form a natural wall. A wrought iron gate rests in the center, rusted and half-buried in moss. Beyond it lies the second graveyard, one that has long since been consumed by the swamp. The headstones tilt at strange angles, half-swallowed by water and roots, and the names carved into them have nearly faded away. Grave Path serves as the last dry step before entering that sunken ground, where the dead rest uneasily beneath the weight of the marsh.

Sunken Grave Swamp

The Sunken Grave Swamp was not always as small and quiet as it is now. Once, it bore another name and stretched far wider, before land engineering and river rerouting upstream reshaped the region. What remains today is a humble wetland, a quiet remnant of what was once a thriving expanse. At its center lies an ancient graveyard that may have once belonged to a church, though the church itself has long since disappeared. The graves are partially submerged, their markers leaning and sinking deeper into the soft mud and dark waters with each passing year. The soil here is so unstable that bones from the graves are often unearthed and found scattered in the surrounding dirt, bleached white by the sun and water. The air hangs heavy with mist, and the occasional ripple across the stagnant surface suggests that the swamp is still shifting beneath. Few visit this place anymore, and those who do often leave quickly, unwilling to linger where the dead no longer rest beneath the ground.

Beggars Church

Beggars Church is a remnant of a long-forgotten religion that existed in the dream world long before the Great Event that created The End. This faith once prophesied the destruction of all human creation as divine punishment for mankind's dominion over nature. Although small and unassuming, Beggars Church is one of only two known structures ever used for worship by this religion, the other being the now-destroyed ruins on Cathedral Isles. The church is built entirely of aged wood, its frame warped and creaking with every gust of wind. Despite its fragility, the structure has endured remarkably well given its age, though few dare to enter its quiet halls. The interior smells of dust and rot, the pews long abandoned,

and the pulpit half-collapsed. Beside it lies a small, overgrown graveyard where crooked wooden crosses lean into the earth, serving as a somber reminder of a faith that foresaw the world's end and faded before it arrived.

Sad Sad School

A massive institution resembling a one-room schoolhouse expanded to industrial scale. The structure is monolithic, its narrow windows barred and its hallways impossibly long, each corridor lined with numbered rooms that seem to continue without end. Along the center of every hallway runs an open sewer channel that carries away waste and debris through a constant flow of dark water. The air is humid, metallic, and faintly chemical. Automated machines patrol the corridors, maintaining strict order and ensuring no child strays from their assigned duties. The school's current headmaster is believed to be a former professor of Forest Academy, once serving as the head of the now-defunct Department of Dark Arts. After her exile, she founded Sad Sad School under the guise of a charitable institution for underprivileged youth. Through the use of forbidden arcane practices, she manipulates parents into willingly relinquishing custody of their children, erasing all memory of their existence once the contracts are signed. Within the school, the children are subjected to forced labor in vast underground forges and mines that power the institution's mechanical systems. Obedience is absolute, enforced through both enchantment and fear. Rumors persist that this is not the first iteration of Sad Sad School; its predecessor was destroyed after a single child managed to escape, causing an unexplained catastrophe that leveled the original building. The new structure has since been reinforced and expanded, designed to ensure such an event can never happen again. It is not known what her motives are for this.

Sad Sad School Ruins

The remnants of the first institution founded by the current headmaster of Sad Sad School. This earlier academy was dedicated to the study of natural poisons and the arcane forces drawn from the darker aspects of the natural world. The school's methods were experimental and primitive compared to its successor, emphasizing alchemy, toxin refinement, and magical conditioning. Situated deep within a forested area, the structure has since collapsed into overgrowth stone walls consumed by ivy and halls half-buried beneath moss and debris. The fall of the original school was the result of an unforeseen anomaly: a young child who possessed an innate, advanced mastery of arcane power. Pushed to their breaking point through the institution's experiments, the child unleashed a surge of destructive energy that obliterated much of the facility and killed many within. It is said that the child escaped through the sewer tunnels beneath the ruins, vanishing into the underground passages that still connect to the modern Sad Sad School. Legend holds that this child later established a secret rescue network beneath the earth, an "Underground Railroad" for children trapped within the new institution. Whether this figure still exists or has become a myth is unknown, but the ruins continue to emanate a residual energy, as if the catastrophe that destroyed them has never fully dissipated.

The Sewers

An immense subterranean network that stretches beneath a wide portion of the dream world, connecting regions as distant as The Fog, the Sad Sad School Ruins, and the Dali Apartments. The tunnels vary in scale, some large enough to walk through comfortably while others narrow into cramped passageways of

dripping concrete and rusted grates. The air is damp and heavy, carrying the echo of water running through unseen channels. The Sewers serve as the most efficient means of traveling undetected across large distances, used both by those seeking to escape and by those who hunt within the dark. Few surface dwellers acknowledge its presence, yet nearly every major settlement sits unknowingly above its winding arteries.

Rope Bridge

One of the earliest liminal sites encountered upon entering the dream world. The area appears to have once supported a full stone bridge spanning a deep cliff, but nearly all structural traces have vanished. The only remaining element is a single length of rope; likely a former handrail, now suspended across the chasm. Despite its simplicity, the rope is unnaturally strong, showing no signs of wear or decay. Inexplicably, the area has been fortified with extreme security measures: barbed wire fencing, warning signs, and a 24-hour security guard stationed nearby to ensure no one attempts to approach or use it. The restrictions seem disproportionate, especially given that the cliff can easily be crossed by other means a short distance away. The Rope Bridge stands as a paradoxical symbol of limitation, an object both harmless and obsessively guarded.

The Open

A cleared expanse inside Runner Woods. The ground is mostly flat and barren, composed of packed earth and sparse grass. It provides high visibility in all directions, reducing the risk of ambush by the local creatures known as runners. The area is quiet, windless, and devoid of wildlife. It appears to function as a natural buffer zone within the forest.

The Hollows

A sunken land where water and earth have merged. The ground sinks into valleys of fog and flooded streets, and the remnants of old neighborhoods drift across Punkin Lake. Life moves slowly here, measured by the rhythm of tides and the weight of memory. The Hollows feel less like a region and more like a dream of loss, where every echo belongs to something long gone.

Punkin Lake

The largest inland sea of the dream world, Punkin Lake is known for its uncanny depth and the dark orange-brown hue of its waters. The lake hides innumerable secrets beneath its shifting surface, a world unseen and unexplored. Strange weather phenomena frequently occur here, from sudden fogs to violent whirlwinds that seem to form without cause, leading many ships to vanish into its depths. The name “Punkin Lake” originated from a traveler who, upon seeing its orange waters, intended to name it “Pumpkin Lake” but misspelled it. The error endured, and the name has remained ever since. a small imperfection in a place defined by mystery and unease.

Sunken Ship Bridge

Manifested from the remains of an ancient wooden vessel that moored itself among tall, jagged rocks rising from the lake's depths, the Sunken Ship Bridge serves as both refuge and relic. Over time, the wreck fused with the stone, forming a natural bridge that now connects isolated travelers across sections of Punkin Lake. It functions as a safe haven for those stranded by the lake's volatile weather. A temporary harbor amidst chaos, the ship's hull has been converted into a makeshift lighthouse, its lanterns glowing faintly through the mist to guide lost sailors. Within its creaking interiors, small markets and trading stalls have been established by opportunistic merchants, offering supplies and stories to those waiting for storms to pass. Though improvised and fragile, the Sunken Ship Bridge endures as a beacon of life amid the unpredictable expanse of Punkin Lake.

The Levee

The Levees are remnants of a vast system of flood protections that once surrounded the Neighborhoods. Constructed to defend against rising waters from nearby rivers and Punkin Lake, they stood as symbols of human ingenuity and control over nature. That illusion was shattered after the Great Storm in which a cataclysmic event that originated from the volatile expanse of Punkin Lake swept across the region, breaching every barrier in its path. What remains now are cracked embankments and half-submerged ruins, overgrown with moss and reed. The Levees stand as solemn reminders of mankind's hubris and the futility of trying to master forces far beyond comprehension. They divide land from water still, but more in memory than function, their purpose long eroded by time and tide.

The Old Neighborhood

Once lying safely within the protective reach of the levees that surrounded Punkin Lake, The Old Neighborhood now rests partially submerged along the lake's shore. When the Great Storm broke through the defenses, the floodwaters swallowed streets and homes, leaving only fragments of the original settlement intact. Some survivors chose to remain, adapting to their new aquatic surroundings by constructing floating homes atop debris and moored platforms that rise and fall with the shifting tides. Life here moves at the rhythm of the water, slow, uncertain, and haunted by memory. Few residents remain today, most elderly, their numbers dwindling as the years pass. The abandoned houses of the dead drift quietly, succumbing to rot and reclamation as the lake steadily takes back what was once land. The Old Neighborhood endures as a melancholy remnant of resilience and loss, where the line between home and grave grows ever thinner.

Old Folks Town

A small settlement composed of unfenced, ultra-modern cubic homes scattered across gentle hills. The town lies deep within Runner Woods, yet its immediate surroundings differ sharply from the rest of the forest. The towering pine trees here are tall and slender, resembling those found in The Pines, rising to extraordinary heights that dwarf the structures below. The constant darkness of night blankets the area, softened by the warm glow of spherical street lamps and illuminated windows that give the town a quiet, perpetual evening ambiance. Despite its location within the domain of the runners, Old Folks Town remains inexplicably safe. It is believed that the massive trees surrounding the area form a kind of natural or supernatural boundary, deterring the runners from crossing into its limits. Curiously, Old Folks Town is

considered one of the oldest known settlements within the dream world, despite its distinctly modern architecture. The reason for this paradox remains unclear, suggesting either repeated reconstruction over time or anachronistic origins tied to the landscape itself.

The Boat House

The Boat House is a liminal space, a small wooden shed whose exterior conceals the surprising vastness of its interior. Hidden among dense vegetation and tall trees, it stands as the only accessible path to the levee offering the best view of Punkin Lake, where one can almost make out the hazy lights of the distant city beyond. The structure is decrepit, its roof pocked with holes that let in sheets of rainwater, pooling onto a ground that has long since cracked and sunk into the earth. The floor is now fragmented into small islands of concrete surrounded by stagnant, murky water. The air is damp and heavy, carrying the scent of rot and stillness. Few visit The Boat House anymore, but those who do describe it as a place where the boundary between land, water, and dream seems to dissolve.

Gated Graves

Gated Graves is a small, forgotten cemetery left behind from a time when a neighborhood once stood nearby. The surrounding homes and streets were destroyed to make way for the construction of the great overpasses, but legal complications prevented the removal of the burial grounds. None of the graves bear names or markers of their occupants, leaving no next of kin for officials to contact. As a result, the cemetery was simply fenced off with a worn chain-link barrier, and the highways were built directly above it. The site now rests far below one of the highest points of the Overpass network, dwarfed by the massive concrete structures that loom overhead. With nothing else left around it, the cemetery sits alone in a perpetual fog, a relic swallowed by progress and quietly forgotten.

B.T. Overpass

B.T. Overpass is a vast liminal space, recognized as the first major highway constructed within the dream world. Now merging seamlessly with the Dark Overpass, it extends almost the entire length of Punkin Lake, serving as a monumental bridge between regions. The Overpass connects Light City, Gravity City, and Glacier, linking the world's most prominent hubs of commerce, innovation, and isolation. Its sheer scale gives the impression of infinite motion, a road that both unites and divides.

Dark Overpass

It is said that the Dark Overpass was built to bridge two cities that no longer exist. Now it serves only as a monument to failed connection, a structure caught between movement and memory. The longer you look at it, the less certain you are that it ever led anywhere at all.

Cult Cemetery

A secluded burial ground located atop a hill that rises from the edge of Runner Woods, near Old Folks Town. The site serves as the exclusive resting place for the residents of Old Folks Town. It is enclosed by tall iron gates and reinforced stone walls, giving it a fortified, almost ceremonial appearance. The graves are arranged in concentric patterns that lead toward the cemetery's center, where a raised platform holds three massive Celtic cross monuments. Each cross stands upon a smaller dais used for offerings, many of which appear recent despite the absence of visitors. The cemetery is watched over by three robed female figures wearing feline masks and carrying scythes. Their presence is constant and immovable. Entry to the cemetery is permitted only to those they deem worthy, though the criteria for worthiness remain unknown.

Christmas Hill

A small elevated region upon which three houses have been constructed. The most notable of these is a red two-story American-style home with white trim and a light dusting of snow permanently resting on its roof. The house's design and warmth evoke a sense of normalcy rarely found elsewhere in the dream world. Its resident is a woman with a distinct and unwavering obsession with the holiday of Christmas. She dresses exclusively in red garments trimmed with white fur, resembling traditional depictions of Saint Nicholas. Despite her hospitality and seemingly pleasant demeanor, the woman harbors a supernatural aspect: she is capable of transforming into a gargoyle-like creature with massive stone wings and a monstrous appearance. This transformation occurs without clear provocation, yet she otherwise remains benign, maintaining her festive home atop the hill.

The Stables

A distant cluster of wooden structures visible from Christmas Hill, resembling an ordinary countryside stable. Horses and donkeys can often be seen feeding quietly on hay bales scattered around the area. Despite the signs of life, no caretakers or visitors have ever been observed tending to the animals. The stables emit a soft golden light at dusk, visible through gaps in the wood panels, yet all attempts to approach them result in failure. The distance never seems to close, and no clear path leads directly to the site. The Stables exist in a perpetual state of near-reach, a place both present and unreachable, suspended just beyond physical access.

Carnival

The Carnival does not exist, at least not in any way that can be proven. It is a dream within the dream world, an illusion that manifests only at night and disappears entirely by morning. No trace of its tents, lights, or music remains once dawn breaks, as though it never was. Many have tried to find its location while awake, traveling to the spots where it is said to appear, only to discover nothing but empty fields or quiet roads. Those who have truly been to the Carnival claim it can only be reached through sleep. Within dreams, the air is heavy with the scent of sugar and smoke, and distant laughter echoes endlessly across the night sky. Some insist that the Carnival can also be accessed through the Boat House during certain full moons, but most dismiss this as a superstition born from wishful thinking. After all, even in a world made of dreams, some places were never meant to be found.

Light City

A massive megalopolis defined by its overwhelming brightness and density. Towering buildings stretch endlessly toward the sky, their façades covered in countless neon signs, advertisements, and illuminated screens that saturate the air with light. The city's brilliance is both dazzling and oppressive, casting even the night in perpetual day. Positioned at the heart of the dream world and built along the vast expanse of Punkin Lake, Light City serves as the primary hub for trade and transport. Its harbors and aerial ports hum with constant activity, drawing travelers and merchants from every region. Beneath its shining surface, however, lies a hidden world of shadow: a dense undercity where cybernetic augmentation, illicit trade, and survivalist subcultures thrive. Here, the phrase "high tech, low life" defines existence. Light City stands as both the pinnacle of progress and a monument to excess, its brilliance concealing the rot beneath.

The Riverlands

beginning in the frozen north, where melting ice turns to streams that cut through soft valleys before spreading into wide, winding rivers. The land is low and restless, shaped by floods that come without warning and leave behind fields of silt and mud. Settlements sit deep in the waterlogged earth, their streets half-submerged, their walls stained by the current. The air hangs heavy and warm, filled with the sound of slow-moving water and the hum of unseen life. The Riverlands are not a place of permanence. The rivers decide what remains and what drifts away.

Nouvelle

Nouvelle is an old city, not the oldest in the dream world, but one of the most enduring. When it was founded, it was never meant to grow as vast as it has become. The city's center, where its oldest structures stand, rests upon firm and stable ground, but as it expanded outward, it was forced to build upon the soft mud of the surrounding swamps. Flooding has always been a part of life in Nouvelle, yet after the Great Storm, the city chose not to resist nature but to adapt to it. Instead of streets, a network of narrow canals now winds through the lower districts, while elevated walkways connect buildings high above the water. The result is a city of two worlds: the old, half-sunken charm of its lower levels, and the modern, thriving life that rises just above them.

College Hill

A quiet, elevated region located along the far western edge of the dream world, bordering Corpse River. The terrain undulates in gentle, wave-like formations that give the landscape an unnatural fluidity. The hill is dotted with cylindrical crystal structures resembling small homes or dormitories, each built with glass ceilings that catch and refract light in subtle hues. All of the buildings appear vacant, their interiors bare and undisturbed. The area takes its name from an underground access portal hidden beneath one of the crystal dwellings that is a concealed passage that connects directly to Forest Academy. This link suggests that College Hill once served as an auxiliary site or remote outpost for the academy, though no current signs of life or activity remain. The ground occasionally emits faint vibrations, as though the hill itself still remembers the movement of those who once studied below.

Corpse River

A slow-moving river that runs along the western border of College Hill, named for the collapsed cemetery that once stood upon its banks. The erosion of the old graveyard's walls caused numerous coffins and remains to tumble into the water, many of which were carried downstream before vanishing into the misted bends of the river. The surface often appears calm, yet faint shapes can sometimes be seen drifting beneath it. Beneath the riverbank lies a subterranean passage connected to the cemetery's ruins. This tunnel descends into the earth, eventually linking to the same portal network that leads back to Forest Academy. The area is shrouded in quiet reverence neither wholly peaceful nor hostile and serves as a grim convergence point between life, death, and the hidden arteries of the dream world.

Thai River

A winding river bordered by dense vegetation resembling the jungles of Thailand. The area is lined with decaying apartment structures and homes that have been overtaken by vines, trees, and moss. Statues of Buddha can be seen throughout the forest and along the riverbanks, many half-buried or obscured by foliage. Inside the abandoned dwellings, remnants of a once-inhabited community remain; furniture, belongings, and faded posters written entirely in the Thai language. The origins of this settlement are unclear, though the evidence suggests it was once home to a Thai population that has since vanished. The region now stands in silent reclamation by nature, where the river and jungle have become indistinguishable from one another.

Princess Tower

A towering glass skyscraper rising alone from the open landscape, painted in a vivid shade of pink that glows softly beneath the horizon's light. The grounds surrounding it are immaculately designed, echoing the manicured symmetry of the gardens of Versailles, with trimmed hedges, ornate fountains, and floral arrangements in constant bloom. From a distance, Princess Tower appears as an otherworldly beacon, a flawless jewel of glass and color set against an otherwise barren expanse. The interior is lavish to an almost dreamlike degree. Diamond-studded velvet settees, silken ribbons, and carved marble columns define its grand halls. Waterfalls descend from the glass apex of the tower all the way to the lower floors, cascading into clear pools bordered by sculpted shrubs. The ceiling appears infinitely high, giving the illusion of a view stretching from the ground floor to the heavens themselves. It is said that someone lives at the very top, though no one has ever seen her. The tower remains illuminated at night, suggesting quiet life within, though it is unclear whether the light comes from the resident or from the structure itself.

River Market

A sprawling market district built along the banks of Corpse River, consisting of both floating stalls and semi-permanent riverside structures. The lower levels of the market are composed of rafts, boats, and wooden platforms lashed together, forming narrow waterways and walkable paths that rise and fall with the river's current. Over time, sections of the market have evolved into permanent settlements, where concrete and stone buildings have been constructed atop the remains of older, collapsed foundations. Each new layer reinforces the one beneath it, giving the area a dense, stratified appearance. The market is operated almost entirely by small families or individual traders. Stalls offer everything from locally grown produce and handmade crafts to rare, elaborate goods said to be imported from distant regions of the

dream world. The air is thick with the scent of river mud, spices, and burning oil lamps that reflect across the water. Despite its precarious construction, The River Market thrives as a hub of quiet trade and layered history.

The Sands

A vast desert of shifting light and buried history, the air shimmers with heat, and the wind moves across the dunes like breath through an ancient tomb. Scattered among the wasteland are the remnants of forgotten cities, their walls swallowed by sand. Towers of glass and concrete rise like mirages, distant and unapproachable. The Sands are beautiful but unkind, a place where time moves slowly and nothing is ever truly lost, only hidden.

Gothmall

Gothmall is a massive industrial complex and shopping center built to cater to those drawn to the darker side of life. Its presence among the vast desert sands is strange and unexplained, standing not far from Diamond Sands Tower like a misplaced monument. Despite its remote location, it attracts a devoted crowd, its allure growing each year as word of its existence spreads through whispers and rumor. The structure itself is a towering work of brutalist design, all smooth concrete and cold metal angles that cut sharply against the dunes. Inside, the air hums with low music, the scent of incense, and the soft echo of footsteps on polished floors. The aesthetic is as much a statement as it is a refuge for those who find comfort in shadow. Many believe Gothmall was the intended successor to the project that became Concrete Hills. Architectural similarities between the two suggest a shared origin, perhaps an abandoned plan revived in another place under another name. Whatever its true beginnings, Gothmall stands as both a cultural landmark and an enigma, a monument to darkness built in the heart of the lightless desert.

Diamond Sands Tower

One of the newest and most ambitious developments within the desert region, Diamond Sands Tower stands as a self-contained city rising from the dunes. The structure is immense and gleaming, its surface reflecting sunlight in crystalline patterns that give the illusion of motion. Within its many floors lies a world unto itself, complete with residential districts, commercial sectors, and leisure spaces designed to accommodate thousands of guests and inhabitants. At its pinnacle, a massive glass dome extends outward from the tower's uppermost levels. Inside this dome exists a self-sustaining microcosm, a miniature sea complete with small beaches, gentle waves, and pockets of lush forest. The environment maintains its own artificial climate, allowing visitors to experience the illusion of coastal serenity from the middle of the desert. Diamond Sands Tower houses the largest hotel and resort in the dream world, featuring countless boutiques, restaurants, spas, and recreational attractions. The building has achieved a level of autonomy rarely seen elsewhere, maintaining its own systems of energy, trade, and even governance. Its government structure allows freedoms not present in other regions, promoting an air of utopian independence. Still, an underlying mystery persists. The tower functions flawlessly, yet no one seems to know where its vast working class originated or how its population continues to grow. The staff are efficient and polite, but their expressions are uniform, their eyes faintly glassy, as if they too are part of the tower's engineered perfection.

Red Mt. Mining Co.

An established mining operation located in the desert highlands, specializing in the extraction and sale of crystalline minerals. The site is centered around a large mountain of red stone from which it takes its name. Though once a fully active mining enterprise, its focus has shifted almost entirely to tourism after the discovery of an extraordinary geological anomaly: an immense cavern composed entirely of amethyst. The cave's interior forms a natural cathedral of violet light, its walls, floors, and ceilings encrusted with thousands of interlocking crystals. Within it lie multiple chambers and tunnels, each differing in hue and texture, some so densely lined with crystal that no bare rock remains visible. The effect is dazzling yet unsettling, as the reflections create the illusion of motion even in stillness. Today, the mining operation performs little true excavation. Most of the workforce now serves as caretakers and guides, maintaining the pathways and lighting systems within the geode cavern. The site operates both as a preserved wonder and a profitable tourist attraction, its commercial gift shops filled with polished crystal shards said to be harvested from the mountain itself. Though the mine remains stable, locals believe the mountain is alive, that beneath the amethyst, something vast and luminous continues to grow.

Desert Crossroads

A desolate expanse marking the first true liminal space within the desert region. The landscape is vast and empty, shaped by wind and the faint traces of those who once crossed it. Scattered remnants of old traveling caravans lie half buried in the sand, including broken wheels, worn fabrics, and the rusted skeletons of forgotten machinery. The silence is near absolute, interrupted only by the soft whistle of wind passing through cracked metal and dry reeds. Its only defining landmark is a solitary signpost made of weathered, splintered wood. The names carved into it have faded beyond recognition, and the arrows point in every direction, though none seem accurate or trustworthy. Travelers report that the sign occasionally changes orientation, as if responding to unseen movement or shifts within the landscape. The Desert Crossroads does not appear hostile, yet few remain there for long. It carries the lingering weight of countless journeys begun and abandoned, a place caught between destinations where direction itself seems uncertain.

Klarhkat

The first established city within the vast desert, Klarhkat stands as a thriving modern settlement despite its unlikely location. The city functions much like any other, with paved streets, residential districts, and commercial areas that bustle with life. Its architecture is clean and contemporary, composed of glass, stone, and pale concrete that reflect the desert sunlight in shifting tones of gold and silver. The city's most defining feature is the large lake at its center, an expanse of deep blue water that seems impossible given the surrounding arid landscape. The lake is said to be fed by underground springs that reach far beneath the desert floor, though no one has ever traced their source. Its waters are always cool, clear, and still, as if untouched by time or weather. Why Klarhkat was founded in such an inhospitable region remains unknown. Stranger still is how effortlessly it has flourished, its population growing steadily and its economy thriving in isolation. The people of Klarhkat seem content, yet an underlying silence pervades the city, as though the lake itself is listening.

The Red Palace

The Red Palace is an immense citadel of dark red stone, half-buried beneath the shifting sands of the desert. Its structure is ancient yet enduring, its fractured walls and fallen towers hinting at a civilization that once ruled with both grace and power. Within the ruin, tall open halls stretch toward the sky, their arched doorways framing the desolate horizon. A central courtyard remains, lined with sun-bleached columns that rise like the ribs of a great skeleton. The architecture is unfamiliar to the surrounding landscape, appearing as though it were taken from an ancient Chinese monastery or palace and placed here by mistake. Despite its decay, the palace carries an aura of reverence, as if it remembers the rituals once performed within its chambers. Scholars and travelers continue to study the site, yet much about its origin and purpose remains unknown. There is still research to be had here, and the desert keeps its secrets well.

The Egyptian Temple

The Desert Home stands alone at the edge of the dunes, a solitary structure of glass and pale concrete surrounded by silence. Its modern design contrasts sharply with the endless expanse around it, as though a fragment of another world has been left behind. The exterior, however, tells a different story. Despite its contemporary materials, the building's form bears a strange resemblance to an ancient Egyptian temple, its lines clean yet monumental, with subtle carvings that hint at forgotten worship. It stands directly across from the Red Palace, as if the two great ruins were positioned in deliberate opposition, symbols of rival civilizations long lost to time. The house appears perfectly preserved, its rooms furnished and orderly, yet there are no signs of life within. The wind drifts through open corridors carrying fine sand that gathers in corners and across the tiled floors. At dusk, lights still flicker to life despite the absence of power, casting a warm glow through the glass walls before fading again into darkness. No one knows who built the home or why it remains untouched. It feels less like a residence and more like a memory that refuses to fade, a quiet monument to isolation at the edge of an unending desert.

Dali Apartments

Often referred to simply as Dali Apt, this settlement was one of the first constructed within the vast desert region of the dream world. True to its name, the complex embodies surrealism in its purest architectural form. The structures resemble halfmelted sand sculptures, their walls undulating in soft, distorted waves that appear to shift with the light. Each apartment is unique in shape and size, differing wildly in layout and amenities. Some are carved into the ground while others rise in precarious stacks that lean at impossible angles. Windows are irregular and unpredictable; some rooms lack them entirely, while others feature vast, distorted panes of glass or small, misplaced openings that warp perspective. The original intent of the complex was more art installation than habitation, an experiment in living sculpture that somehow evolved into a functioning community. The residents rarely speak and almost never leave their apartments. From the outside, faint signs of life, dim lights, quiet music, or movement behind curtains suggest occupancy, yet few have ever interacted with those who live within. The community is largely composed of reclusive individuals who avoid contact with the outside world. The atmosphere is one of silent isolation, suspended between art and decay.

Sunset Motel

An unexplainable establishment located within the desert region, not far from far superior accommodations such as Diamond Sands Tower. Its existence defies practical sense offering rooms at rates comparable to luxury hotels despite providing no discernible advantage. The structure is small and unremarkable, a roadside-style motel of aging stucco and dim neon signage. Yet within its plain exterior lies a deep unease that cannot be traced to any specific cause. Each room is clean, orderly, and devoid of visible faults. The sheets are perfectly pressed, the mirrors spotless, and the air carries a faint trace of lemon polish. Still, guests report a persistent heaviness, a sensation that something unseen watches from the corners, or that the rooms are aware of those within them. The silence is total, broken only by the distant hum of unseen machinery. The motel is operated by an elderly man, estimated to be in his late eighties. He moves with extreme difficulty and speaks little. Despite his frailty, the motel remains immaculate, as though maintained by unseen hands. No staff have ever been observed entering or leaving the premises. How the establishment continues to function is unknown.

Tree Beach

Once a thriving coastal resort and one of the most popular vacation destinations in the dream world, Tree Beach was known for its clear waters, soft white sand, and rows of luxury hotels and holiday homes. The area was filled with shops, boardwalk attractions, and music that carried over the sound of the waves. It represented leisure and escape for travelers seeking comfort within the desert's harshness. That era has ended. Without clear cause, the climate of Tree Beach began to shift violently. The weather became erratic and severe, marked by unpredictable storms, sudden temperature drops, and dark tides. The once pristine shoreline eroded, replaced by coarse gravel and sharp stones. From the fractured sand, mangrove-like trees began to emerge, spreading roots and branches that twisted together to form dense, interlocking barriers. These trees grew outward and upward, eventually enclosing much of the coastline. The sea can still be glimpsed through the gaps in their roots, but direct access is nearly impossible. The resorts now stand half-buried in debris, their windows dark and salt-stained. Many believe the transformation of Tree Beach was no accident but a deliberate act of nature itself, as if the land turned against those who sought to exploit it.

Sandy Park

Sandy Park is a quiet seaside village tucked along the coast, long known for its charm and solitude. In recent years, however, it has become home to a towering, modern resort that dominates the shoreline. The locals are divided in their feelings about the change. Some welcome the prosperity it has brought, while others mourn the loss of peace that once defined their town. The resort boasts every amenity imaginable; shops, restaurants, entertainment, and luxurious rooms that make it possible for guests to stay without ever setting foot beyond its walls. The only reason most visitors leave the resort grounds is to see the nearby beach, where the town's name once carried meaning. Meanwhile, the community itself struggles under the weight of the resort's excess. Trash, noise, and pollution spill into the streets and surf, washing up as unwelcome reminders that progress rarely comes without a cost.

Alley Home

Alley Home was built by a man who adored the idea of townhouse living but despised the noise of neighbors. Longing for solitude, he ventured into the wilderness near a seaside cliff a few miles from what was then the peaceful town of Sandy Park. There, he constructed his own version of a townhouse, two identical units connected by a shared wall, yet only one of them ever occupied. The second unit was left intentionally empty, a silent neighbor to ensure everlasting peace. The design became a curiosity to those who stumbled upon it, a perfectly symmetrical home standing alone at the edge of the world, half-lived in and half-abandoned. Over time, the salt air has worn down the wooden exterior, and vines have begun to creep across its walls, but the quiet remains. To this day, Alley Home stands as a monument to one man's peculiar solution to loneliness, a place where company exists only in theory.

Antique Overlook

A solitary antique shop built on the very edge of a vast desert cliff. The structure appears fragile, its foundation partially overhanging the precipice as if it has been sliding slowly toward collapse for centuries. Inside, the air is thick with dust and the scent of varnished wood. Every available surface is covered with objects, antique clocks, faded photographs, rusted tools, jewelry, and countless trinkets from unknown eras. The shelves rise to the ceiling, and new layers of items have been stacked upon old ones until the boundaries of the room itself are obscured. The store contains no visible proprietor, though faint sounds, soft footsteps, distant shuffling, or the clink of glass can occasionally be heard deeper within the shop. Many of the objects seem displaced from time and place, belonging to different regions of the dream world or perhaps other worlds entirely. Each item carries a sense of preserved memory, though their origins remain unrecoverable. Despite its precarious position, the shop has never been seen to crumble or fall. It remains anchored impossibly to the cliffside, overlooking an endless expanse of golden sand and heat shimmer, as if defying both gravity and decay.

The World Pass

An ancient monument situated deep within the desert, The World Pass stands as a glimmering oasis of glass, stone, and hanging vines. The structure consists of a circular network of archways surrounding a central dome that houses a series of portals. Each portal corresponds to one of the archways encircling the site, the layout resembling a grand celestial clock or map of the known dream world. The portals vary in function. Some operate as intended, allowing seamless passage between distant locations within the dream realm. Others have decayed into dysfunction, their surfaces now reflecting only the archway immediately before them a mirrored loop that returns travelers to their starting point. It is believed this was an intentional design feature, a failsafe built by the structure's creators to prevent misdirected travel should a portal's destination collapse or cease to exist. The inner sanctum of the portal chamber is crowned by a glass dome that emits a constant, soft blue luminescence. From outside, faint movement can be seen within, suggesting an interior chamber beneath the light, though no visible entrance has been discovered. The vines that drape from the dome and arches remain perpetually green despite the desert environment, as if nourished by the energy that flows through the structure. The World Pass is often regarded as both a navigational hub and a relic of forgotten purpose, an intersection of every path within the dream world, holding together the fragile architecture of travel and memory.

The Glass Sea

stretching beyond the edge of the mainland, a vast and still expanse that catches the light like polished stone. Its surface is calm and cold, clear enough to see the ruins of cities resting beneath the water. The islands that remain rise unevenly, their foundations built from what was once the ocean floor. The Glass Sea feels endless, still as if holding its breath, a reminder of a world that has already gone under.

The Glass Sea

The Glass Sea is the largest body of water in the dream world, a vast and boundless expanse to which all other waters eventually flow. Its surface is calm and radiant, and its depths are unlike any other. The water possesses an almost glasslike transparency, allowing one to see thousands of meters below with unsettling clarity. When Darkside Industries established operations on its distant horizon, many protested the decision, recalling the catastrophe that befell the Black Sea. Critics warned that the company's disregard for pollution control would once again bring ruin to a fragile ecosystem. Now, as the shadow of industry creeps ever closer, many fear that the clear waters of the Glass Sea will soon be claimed by the same corruption that consumed the seas before it.

Seapier

Seapier is a small coastal village built entirely upon a massive wooden pier that stretches far over the crystal-clear waters of the Glass Sea. The planks creak softly beneath every step, and the salty air carries the scent of the ocean through its narrow, winding walkways. The village is a layered maze of life and commerce. Small boutiques, cafés, and shops line the lower levels, serving both locals and tourists who come to experience the charm of a town that never touches solid ground. Above these storefronts sit the homes of the shopkeepers, and above those, more homes have been built over time as demand for space has grown. The result is a vertical sprawl of wooden structures. An entire community stacked on itself, rising like a fragile tower above the sea. Despite its precarious nature, Seapier thrives. Its lights shimmer across the water at night, reflecting like constellations on the surface below. For those who live there, the rhythmic creak of wood and the whisper of waves have long replaced the silence of earth.

Seapier Castle

Seapier Castle is an ancient, crumbling fortress that rests at the edge of Seapier, overlooking the ocean below. Once a proud stronghold during the region's feudal past, it now stands as a historic monument, its weathered stone walls bearing the marks of centuries. Though much of the structure has fallen into ruin, its silhouette still defines the skyline, a reminder of the age when lords ruled the coast and the sea served as both protector and threat. The castle's towers lean slightly with time, and ivy has overtaken its battlements, but its presence remains commanding. At sunset, the fading light turns its walls to gold, and the people of Seapier often say that, in those moments, the castle remembers what it once was.

Cathedral Isles

Cathedral Isles is home to an ancient relic; a grand cathedral that once stood as a monument to the old religion of the realm. During the cataclysm of the Great Storm, the land itself was torn apart, breaking

into a chain of small islands scattered across the sea. On the largest of these islands stand the remains of the cathedral, its towering peak still rising just beyond the shore. The great stained-glass window, remarkably preserved, continues to cast soft, colored light across the shadowed interior. From afar, it appears as though the land has swallowed the cathedral whole, its foundations buried deep beneath centuries of sediment and sea. The ruins serve as both sanctuary and tomb, a place where faith and nature have become inseparably entwined.

Night Market

The Night Market established itself among the smaller islands deeper within the Glass Sea. Though technically part of Cathedral Isles, it lies far enough from the main islands that it could be mistaken for its own archipelago. Each stall of the market is built upon small wooden platforms anchored to the shallow foundations just below the waves, creating the illusion that the shops rise directly from the sea floor. The market thrives as a trading hub, its remote location placing it beyond the reach of any governing law. Here, anything can be bought or sold, no matter how forbidden. Morality has no place among the stalls of the Night Market, where only desire and opportunity decide the worth of a deal.

Glass Tower

The Glass Tower is a fabled legend come to life, once thought to be nothing more than a mirage shimmering on the horizon. It gleams with a dreamlike glow, always just far enough to see but never near enough to touch. Rising from the heart of the vast Glass Sea, the tower is said to be constructed entirely of translucent glass that catches the light like water itself. No one knows what lies within, for any ship that dares to approach finds the tower fading into the waves, vanishing as though it were never there. Some say it was conjured by the souls of those lost to the sea, a sanctuary for the drowned, a place they longed to reach before their final breath. Perhaps only they can still find their way to it

Deep Sea Shipwreck

The Deep Sea Shipwreck is the legend of a great floating city that sank beneath the waves of the Glass Sea. It is said that the city was vast and radiant, a marvel of light and architecture that once drifted freely across the surface before vanishing without a trace. Now it rests in the ocean's deepest depths, preserved in eerie stillness. The waters of the Glass Sea are so clear that, on calm nights, sailors claim to see the faint glow of city lights flickering far below, as if life still moves among its drowned streets. Whether these lights are echoes of the past or something that endures beneath the surface remains unknown.

Deep Sands

Deep Sands was once a thriving seaside community of quiet homes and calm streets, its residents living in harmony beside the tranquil waters of the Glass Sea. For generations, life there moved gently, untroubled by the world beyond the shore. That peace ended when an unusual storm swept through the region simply known as "The Great Storm", its force causing the sea to rise and reclaim what had once belonged to it. When the waters finally receded, little remained. Only a few scattered houses now cling to narrow sandbars stretching into the waves, their foundations slowly eroding as the sea continues its patient work. One day, they too will disappear beneath the surface, joining their neighbors below the waves.

Hurricane Tower

Hurricane Tower stands as a stark reminder of what could have been. In the days before the great storm, when the town that once occupied Deep Sands was still growing, investors began to take notice of its potential as a seaside destination. Among them was a visionary entrepreneur who sought to build a grand resort overlooking the water. Construction began with promise, but fate intervened. In the final hours during the great storm that would consume both town and shore, the unfinished tower was struck by devastation. Though much of the surrounding area was lost to the sea, the structure itself endured. Its skeletal frame still rises above the coastline, its floors incomplete and its windows never installed. When the wind sweeps through its hollow halls, it fills the air with a haunting whistle that echoes across the ruins of Deep Sands.

Hurricane Lane

Hurricane Lane is one of the last remaining strips of land where the homes of Deep Sands still stand. The few who remain have long accepted the fate of their fragile ground, knowing that the sea will one day reclaim it. When that time comes, they have vowed to stay, choosing to return to the water alongside the homes that have sheltered them for generations.

Orange Cove

Orange Cove is a hidden gem, tucked away from the reach of land developers and modern expansion. It lies quietly at the edge of the Glass Sea, partially enclosed by large, weathered stones that mark the boundary where cove and ocean meet. The cove gets its name from the large, ancient orange trees that grow along the cliffs nearby. Their roots twist deep into the rock, and in spring their blossoms scent the entire shoreline. When the fruit ripens, it sometimes falls into the waves below, drifting out to sea and washing ashore with the tide. Secluded and serene, Orange Cove has escaped the grasp of tourism and industry, known only to a few who guard its secret closely. The sound of gentle waves echoes between the stone walls, and the air carries the fragrance of salt and citrus. To find Orange Cove is to step into a place untouched by time, where the world feels smaller, softer, and endlessly still.

The Wastes

A vast and broken land where the marks of industry have sunk deep into the earth. The factories stand like tombs, their frames corroded and half-buried beneath the shifting dust. Rivers run thick with oil and metal, winding through valleys stripped of color and sound. The air is heavy, carrying the taste of smoke and rust, and the ground trembles faintly as if remembering the weight of the machines that once ruled it. What remains of life grows twisted and pale, feeding on the ruin left behind. The Wastes are a place where the earth has turned inward, reclaiming what was taken and leaving behind only spite.

Darkside Corporate Town

Darkside Corporate Town is the housing complex for employees of the enigmatic company known as Darkside Industries. Built under the guise of efficiency and security, the town exists as a closed, heavily guarded community where every aspect of life is controlled by the company. The fear of trade secrets

leaking to outsiders led Darkside to provide housing, food, and transportation for its workers, ensuring they would never need to leave its boundaries. From a distance, the town appears as a sprawling grid of identical warehouse-like buildings, their windowless walls stretching endlessly across the landscape. No signs of life can be seen, and even at night, few lights ever appear. It is said that each building serves as a dormitory, though no one outside the company has ever confirmed this. Every morning, fleets of company buses collect the workers and carry them to the Darkside Industries facility, returning them each night in silence. No one knows what life is truly like inside, but travelers who pass nearby often remark on the eerie stillness of the place, as if it were a ghost town still pretending to live.

Darkside Industries

Darkside Industries is widely regarded as one of the most malevolent forces in the dream world. Since its establishment, the company's unchecked industrial expansion has brought devastating consequences to the environment and the people who inhabit it. Its factories belch out thick, toxic smoke that stains the sky, and its waste has poisoned rivers, lakes, and even the air itself. Entire communities have vanished under the shadow of its pollution, their deaths quietly dismissed as the price of progress. The company's inner circle remains an absolute mystery. Few have ever seen or spoken to those who lead it, and those who claim to have done so rarely tell the same story twice. The lack of government oversight surrounding Darkside Industries has led many to suspect that the two are entangled, perhaps even partners in secrecy. Whether through power, fear, or influence, Darkside Industries continues to operate without restraint, its reach growing wider each year as the world around it fades beneath its darkened skies.

The End

A location whose reputation precedes it. Once a great city, the largest in all of the dream world, it was home to its most intelligent minds and most renowned artists. The city that once stood here was a shining example of humanity's peak, a triumph of creativity, architecture, and progress. These days, however, it exists only as a memory of that brilliance. Its towering ruins and collapsed structures now house only shadows, always within sight, yet never close enough to discern. Legend has it that The End descended into the abyss, and when the Black Sea rose to meet it, the flood erased whatever life remained. The land today is marred by ruin; nothing grows here. The skeletal remains of buildings are overtaken by black, rootlike growths that bear neither buds nor thorns, only the silent persistence of decay. The End seems to mute the world around it, subduing every trace of color until only shades of grey remain. Even the sky appears faded, its horizon without warmth or movement. The only true color to pierce the monochrome landscape are the faint yellow eyes that flicker within the shadows, distant and unblinking. They watch without advancing, yet their presence feels inescapable. The End is known for its harrowing stillness. Even the ancient creaks of its structures seem subdued, audible only when one stands within the ruins themselves. Travelers often report the feeling of being watched, presumably by the shadowed entities that haunt the city's remains. Some claim these figures are the ghosts of those who perished during the great event that birthed The End, though this has never been confirmed.

The Black Sea

The Black Sea was once a beautiful expanse of the Glass Sea, its waters clear and bright beneath the endless sky. That changed when the Great Storm struck, tearing through the coast and unleashing

catastrophe across the region. During the chaos, a massive containment failure occurred at the nearby Darkside Industries facility, releasing immeasurable quantities of its newest creation into the sea. The substance, designed as a replacement for oil, was thick, viscous, and alive with strange properties. It spread quickly, turning the waters opaque and heavy, transforming what was once radiant into a vast black mirror of ruin. To contain the damage, Darkside Industries funded a desperate project to sever the infected waters from the rest of the Glass Sea. The effort succeeded, but at great cost. The isolation of the Black Sea destabilized the surrounding landscape, flooding the foundations of nearby cities and causing their collapse. From that collapse rose the Abyss and The End, regions now defined by decay and shadow. It is believed that the Black Sea still flows beneath Abyss City, feeding the void below and giving the city its name. Those who commit the gravest crimes are said to be cast into the Black Sea, condemned to sail upon its endless surface. Within the dark water's strange chemical depths, the mind is not spared. Hallucinations rise from the substance itself, shaping visions that lure the guilty deeper into madness. To be taken by the Black Sea is to vanish from the world entirely, body and memory swallowed by a tide that no light can reach.

Abyss City

Believed to be the first city ever established within the dream world, Abyss City is a vast cyberpunk metropolis suspended above an infinite void. The city is composed of countless floating landmasses, each crowded with towering buildings that lean and interlock in chaotic unity. Thick cables, steel beams, and industrial piping stretch between the islands, binding them together and forming an intricate web of support. Over centuries, new bridges and platforms have been improvised, creating layers of construction between the drifting sections of land. No one knows whether Abyss City was ever part of a single, solid foundation. If it was, that history has long since been lost. The void below swallows anything that falls into it, emitting no light, sound, or reflection. Despite this, the city remains level with the mainland, hovering in impossible stability over nothing at all. Life within Abyss City is dangerous and fiercely adaptive. The inhabitants are resourceful, relying on scavenging, trade, and invention to survive in the ever-shifting environment. The buildings are patched together from metal scraps, wood, and machinery, their surfaces alive with flickering neon and the hum of generators. The only truly safe ground in Abyss City is the kind you have built yourself from fragments of the old world, held together by ingenuity and willpower.

Abyss City Mansion

A dark, imposing home constructed primarily of aged wood, its exterior weathered and uneven from years suspended over the void. The structure is marked by numerous small windows, each clouded and narrow, allowing almost no light to enter. Inside, the halls remain shrouded in deep shadow, their air still and heavy with the scent of old timber. The mansion's rooms are sparsely furnished, as if abandoned mid-construction or deliberately stripped of comfort. Few have dared approach, but it is known that the being which inhabits this home is not fond of the sun. For this reason, the mansion remains perpetually cloaked in darkness, its presence looming like a forgotten secret upon the edge of Abyss City.

Abyss Overlook Hotel

The Abyss Overlook Hotel was founded in response to the growing demand for dark tourism throughout the mysterious lands known as The End. Built to capitalize on the curiosity and fear surrounding the region, the hotel offers guests an experience that is both thrilling and unsettling. Perched atop a jagged cliff only a few miles from Abyss City, the structure provides an unbroken view of the desolate expanse below. From its balconies and grand observation decks, visitors can gaze into the endless darkness of The End, a landscape so vast and silent that it seems to swallow all sound. The hotel was designed to give its guests the sensation of hanging just above the void itself, as though one small step forward could send them tumbling into nothingness. For many, this is precisely the appeal. The Abyss Overlook offers the comfort and safety of luxury accommodations while allowing its guests to brush against the edge of oblivion. A curated glimpse into the darkness without the danger of falling to it.

The Midnight Sun

It is not a time of day.

It is a thing that comes.

No one knows when it will arrive. There are no calendars for it, no predictions. Life continues with a permanent readiness threaded through it, like a muscle that never unclenches. Cities are engineered with escape built into their bones. Foundations are not promises. They are hinges.

The first sign is the hum.

Low, constant, almost gentle. Glass trembles. The air thickens. People stop mid sentence because some ancient part of them recognizes the sound as ownership. The sky begins to change, color sliding toward a fevered magenta, and somewhere far above, light gathers its intention.

Then the buildings pull themselves free.

Steel columns drive downward and lift entire structures hundreds of feet into the air. Streets empty upward. Balconies rise. Even the gas stations, buried in asphalt, rupture the ground and ascend in a shudder of fluorescence. Anything left below becomes inheritance.

From the height of the waiting city, three suns are visible. The one in the center is always the brightest. It does not warm. It witnesses.

Below, the land populates.

They arrive like mistakes being corrected. Bodies assembled without mercy. Geometry that resists understanding. Under the regard of the Midnight Sun they are granted brief, catastrophic awareness, and in those moments they realize they exist.

They scream.

Not at the people above, but at the sentence of themselves.

Doors seal in the lifted buildings. Lights dim. Elevators refuse to answer. Whoever made it inside must remain there until the presence withdraws, until morning dares to be ordinary again.

Sometimes the towers begin to rotate in the air. Slow at first, then faster. The creatures below cannot hold their gaze on movement. Their sense of time is broken open. What passes as hours for those suspended above becomes an endless famine of consciousness for those left to writhe in it.

In one tower there is a couple.

One moves forward through age.

The other retreats.

There is a narrow corridor in the middle of their lives where they are briefly the same distance from ending. In that small alignment they are husband and wife. They memorize each other quickly, urgently, because the moment always collapses. Soon one will become nurse, or parent, or mourner.

When the hum begins, they find each other by instinct.

When the sky bruises, they hold on.

When the Midnight Sun opens its eye, everyone does.