

You're not thinking of anything, merely just idly staring off into space. Nobody's around except for you and a flock of birds flying around the island. And so, now feeling an overwhelming sense of boredom, you stalk off to the Vault.

It's been awhile since you've been here, only visiting to do tasks kindly asked of you by your ancestor in exchange for candles, or to play with friends in the secret area you had all found recently. There's an older descendant standing near the door where the library continues below. You decided to help, there was nothing else for you to do anyway.

The door opens. You exchange a chirp and bow to the older descendant; a common gesture of gratitude. They run off after that, so you assume they opened it for later visitors. You head down to the depths below without another thought.

At first, all is indifferent. The spirit is still there, so you decided to relive its memory. As you went through the first entrance to the underground library, you noticed it. The opening's craftsmanship has been violently broken apart; several bricks are messily scattered on the floor. At this point, you become curious; and so you continue your trek.

The next opening is as shattered as the last, and the stairs aren't even there anymore. Looking below, you see those small dark creatures that tend to run into you if you step too close, though they can be flipped over easily with a threatening chirp.

You aren't aware of it until you feel the cold wetness that laps at your feet... *water*? It's not the kind that hurts you though, so you're kind of relieved. You continue on.

There's still water, albeit in smaller puddles now, with sand piled up all around it. You don't notice you've made it to the end until you see the familiar looking spirit from the beginning, you wave. After farewells were exchanged, you decided to leave, until you turn around. The wall was cracked open. whatever force it was hit with was big, strong enough to break through multiple layers of wall to get to the next room; which you've found out, where the entrance was. You have no idea how you didn't noticed it when you first came, but now that you do, it feels as if it's too late. You feel like you're being watched, and an overwhelming sense of dread washes over you.