

The ocean calls, but the salt gatherers never come to the shore. The little pond is no more. Its water no longer lap on its shore. The village is quiet, except for rocks, timber, and thatch, that falls to the ground. No one there to make a repair.

An adventurers' camp. Some tents and gear, horse tack, but no one is there. No bones are there. The food is gone, likely eaten by wild animals. The water skins are empty, no water no more.

Wild horses are a short distance away. Could they have been brought here by the adventurers all full of hope ? Do the horse remember those who rode them ? Or are the voices of the adventurers, just echoes in the horses' minds ?

The paths from the village into the Dead Forest were for gathering firewood.