I wake up still in the same dark sewers as before, I turn around the corner I'm sitting next to and I see all my friends lying dead under the hands of the monsters of darkness. Little did I know they left me just before our goal of finding the largest and final scrap of the scroll. I turn back to the tunnel and feel pure and untamed fear flow into my soul. Then I know I must continue to stop the evil stored in the scroll. Stepping forward I see a 45-degree tunnel of darkness in which water flows forward and down. I step into the water and frigid pain cuts through my feet. I continue down the tunnel and soon lose all vision of anything but the water below me slowly rising. The ceiling drips water splashing and in some parts flowing down to join the surge. I manage to keep my footing the whole way down but now I feel entirely drained all magic sucked from my soul and for the first time in years my body and mind space are synced at the same time through my body. Nearing the bottom I start to see a faint blue glow from under the water and perfect silence comes over this purely evil pool of perfectly calm water. Up to my shoulders in water, I reach a handout and grab the final segment of the scroll. Lifting immediately my soul lightens and loosens. I turn and begin my ascent back to the top of the tunnel only this time working against the water and keeping the paper above the water. When I reach the top I notice I no longer feel any fear from the tunnel but the more I think about it I feel no fear. Second, the scrap of the scroll is dry even though it's been held in my hand and was soaked. Lastly and I only notice this stepping out of the water I have black stains going up to my knees on both feet. Taking a closer look they have an awesome bubbling cauldron effect. Taking a closer look from my soul sitting about a foot away I peer closely at the stains and see they are never going to wash off or magically be removed because I recognize faint patterns of Morgonty magic. Taking a closer look I see a second entrance to the tunnel, a latter that steps back up to the city.

**A little bit of backstory** (In character)
My family has always died early living at most their 50s. This is due to an odd condition where our soul becomes less and less attached to our body, this allows for cool ghost abilities but also means that we grow more and more distant from our bodies till we cut the tie and the body falls limp and dies from no cause at all. This was likely a powerful curse placed on my line centuries before.
**Out of game**
I can look at myself from about a foot away where my soul lies and I blink to where my soul is whenever time pauses for a second or has a hiccup.

By Dither the Lost(Ryan Menger)