

Quillville — Beyond the Fog

Quillville claims four shapes: Elmwood Park, Lost Lakes, Wrathful Resorts, Dreadful Desert. These are the corners it dares to name.

**But fog is not nothing. Fog is a door.
Beyond the last fencepost, the world unravels into mist. It clings like skin, seeps like breath, presses tight as burial cloth. It does not thin. It swallows.**

**Those who stray claim glimpses of other lands:
crooked towers blinking with windows like eyes;
forests where bones dangle like fruit; rivers that
flow upward into mouths of stone. The lands shift,
ashamed of being seen. They have no names, or
perhaps too many.**

**Only the Archivist carries the lantern that parts the
fog. With it, paths appear—a valley that sighs
beneath its soil, a meadow where grass whispers
when cut, a city of windows that blink open and
shut like eyelids.**

**The fog grants passage only by sanction. To step
without leave is to vanish without echo. The ledger
will not remember you.**

***Fog is a veil. Beyond it, the world claws outward.
And only the Archivist decides who is allowed to
see it.***