Through the trees, through the vines and roots and ferns, there is a temple. Unknowably old, it has endured many years of weathering. Cracks fall down its sides, colliding with the ground and ending abruptly. Vines crawl feebly back up, as webs droop from their sides. The calls of various jungle animals echo off of its engraved walls, and reverberate back into the trees. The aforementioned engravings are ancient writing that bears a resemblance to hieroglyphs. In front of the towering temple, there rests statues; or, what used to be statues. All that remain of them are the bases of the previous beauty, like stumps of once grand trees. An overgrown rock path leads up to two enormous doors, looming over the scene with immaculate decay. Though the great doors are covered in vines and moss, not a single hole or chip in the rock is visible. One wonders who built the temple, and for what purpose.

Though covered in signs of decay and death, the temple holds a peaceful bearing over the presiding area. Some would call them parasites or pests, but the fact is that the vines and roots covering the temple are *alive*. They grow, they thrive, and they release energy unlike anything industrial. One cannot live off of this energy, but it is essential to a greater well-being. How people that spend their entire lives trapped within a maze of concrete and steel I do not know. I myself would go mad within weeks. Some say they have not even seen the stars in the sky!

However, humans tend to spread poison wherever they go, and thus I will not reveal the location of this place. I will only say that it exists, and is immaculate.