

Darris never arrived on shore with the rest of the party. Similar to the visions of the rest of the party, Darris had his own interesting encounter.

A dark tendril from the depths of the sea caressing his unconscious face. As he comes to, he feels nothing but the pain of the ship mast he is impaled with. Already having lost a vast amount of blood and continuing to lose more, he is light headed. Cloud cover from the storms are still filling the sky with darkness, but a hint of sunshine fades through just on the horizon give the area just enough light to make out shapes and features. Darris comes to seeing wreckage in every direction scattered abroad. Apparent as though nothing survived the wreckage. His vision slightly starting to blur as the pain of his wounds linger. The thoughts of death arise in his seemingly lifeless body.

The tendril on his face starts to slither and another comes from the depths of the ocean and wraps itself around Darris' lifeless body. You are too weak to shift yourself and see what is happening, but in a matter of moments, it's grasped you and begins to drag you into the depths. You hear and feel a deep rumble and then a voice is clearly heard through the waves of water around your immersed body.

"This is not your grave... But you are welcome to it."

As the slow and deep voice fades, Darris' vision turns black and fades to dark. Coming to a second time, he cannot see anything but black. The feel of strict binding around his body, the rest of his limbs numb. Slime covered, and dripping sweat. The area humid and wet. Almost as though the air is made of warm vapor. A deep rumble approaches again, and from feet in front of him a voice trembles and echoes throughout the cavern.

"You are but flesh and faith, and your mind has been deluded. There is much talk, and I have listened, through rock, and metal, and time. Now I shall talk, and you shall listen."

The prophets promise you freedom from a doomed existence, but you will find no salvation with them. Those who built the faith knew what they wrought. Do not mistake their intent, or all will perish as they did before."

The creature has connected with Darris' nervous system and can understand his thoughts at this point (unknowing to Darris). After it finished speaking the above, it can sense that Darris doesn't really have an interest in what is being said. The creature squeezes Darris more tightly with its grasp.

"If you will not hear the truth, then I will show it to you. There is still time to stop the key from turning, but first it must be found. Fate had us meet as foes, but the enemy will make us brothers. I will restore you and those you knew if you embark on this sacred journey."

Darris still being gripped by the tendrils of the creature, he only has enough energy to speak one thing. After a moment of hesitation... "I.... I accept." A deep grumbling noise travels through the damp cavern. Darris' eyes suddenly see a faint amount of light and the creature in front of him becomes visible.

"Silence fills the empty grave, now that I have gone. But my mind is not at rest, for questions linger on."

A sharp tendril hovers in front of Darris' left eye. In an instant, it pushes itself into his eye quicker than reflexes could perceive. A sharp pain knives through all of Darris' veins and in a moment he blacks out.