

Competition: Transcription Pending

Competition

(Multi-Clan Event) Gods, We Dine In Brimstone

Rage Against the Schemes

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[The audio recording starts with heavy breathing and the sound of distant chaos. The voice is shaky and panicked.]

Voice 1: [Gasping] Is this thing... [Coughs] Is this thing on? Okay... okay... I don't have much time. I don't even know if anyone will ever hear this. But... [sighs]... if someone does, you need to know what's happening. My name... my name is Adria. I'm a guard... or... I was... I don't even know anymore. The city... it's... it's gone mad.

[There's a sudden commotion in the background, screams and sounds of destruction.]

Voice 1: [Voice trembling] I don't know what or who they are. They came out of nowhere. Chicysiot... that's what they call themselves. I don't know what they are... cultists... demons... I don't care anymore. They're... they're everywhere. They spread... some kind of... rage... plague. People... they're not themselves anymore. They're... they're monsters.

[The sound of something crashing interrupts the speech momentarily.]

Voice 1: [Whispers] They're breaking through... I have to keep moving. I have to warn... someone... anyone... [Voice becomes desperate] Listen, if you're out there, if you find this... don't trust anyone. Not anymore. They could be infected. They could be... [Voice trembles] one of them.

[There's a pause, heavy breathing, as if the speaker is composing themselves.]

Voice 1: [Voice more determined] I'll keep... I'll keep recording as long as I can. Maybe... maybe someone will find this. Maybe... there's hope. But... [Voice breaks] but I don't know how much longer I can last. The city... it's burning. And... and it's not just the buildings. It's... it's our souls.

[The recording ends abruptly, followed by silence.]