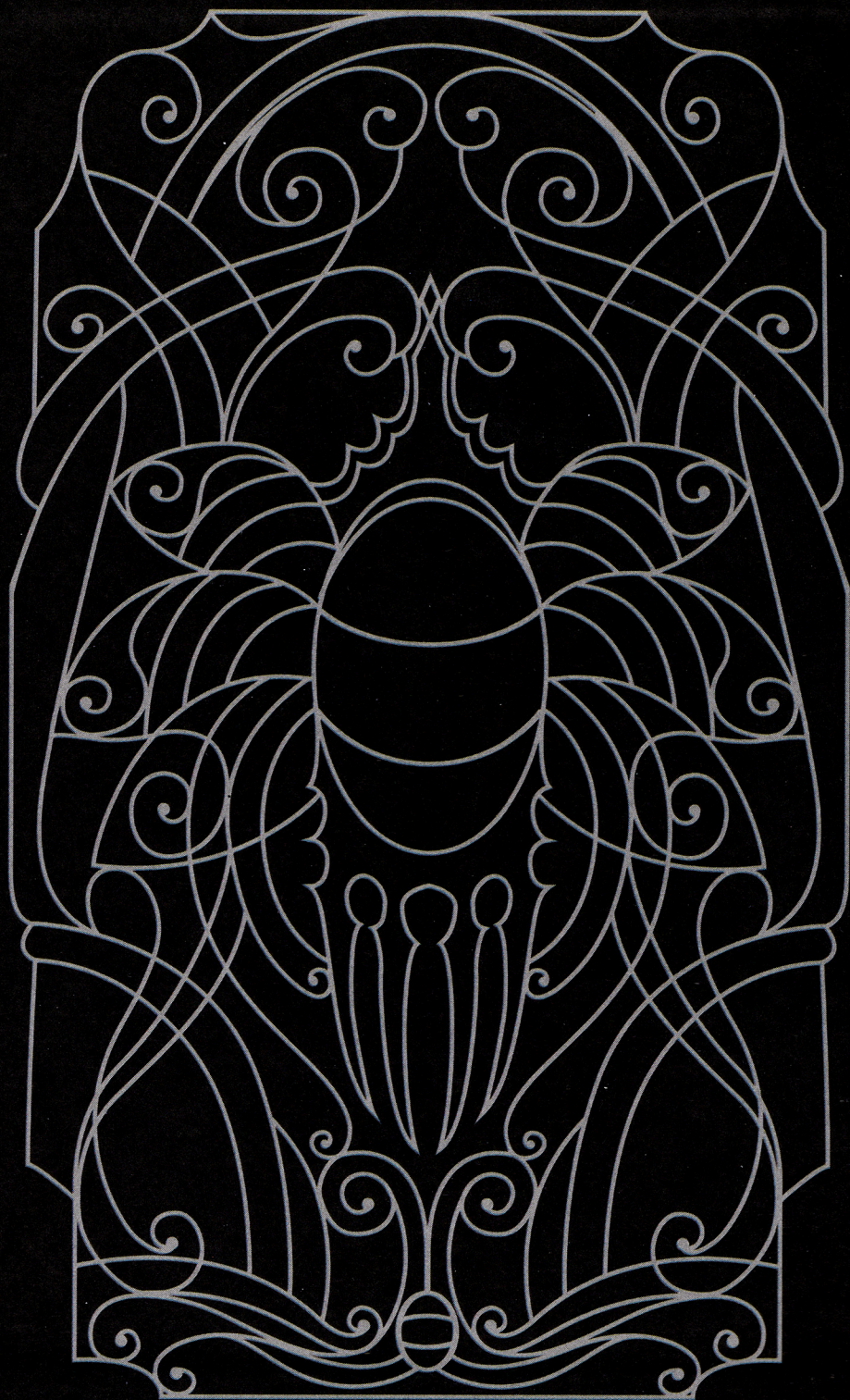


HOLLOW KNIGHT

HOLLOW KNIGHT WANDERER'S JOURNAL

WANDERER'S JOURNAL
A JOURNEY THROUGH THE HEART OF HALLOWNEST





INTRODUCTION

GREETINGS, FELLOW WANDERER, AND WELCOME TO HALLOWNEST!

It would seem you've happened upon my journal. This volume contains a record of my observations and musings, transcribed as I travelled into the kingdom's depths and—through a miracle of either luck or sheer willpower—returned safely to the surface.

My travels brought me to Hallownest purely out of curiosity; though I expected to find naught but a desolate ruin down below, what awaited me was quite possibly the adventure of a lifetime.

To that end, I've chosen to leave my completed journal behind, in hopes that another brave explorer might use it to piece together the myriad mysteries of this forsaken kingdom.



ELLINA
THE CHRONICLER



DIRTMOUTH

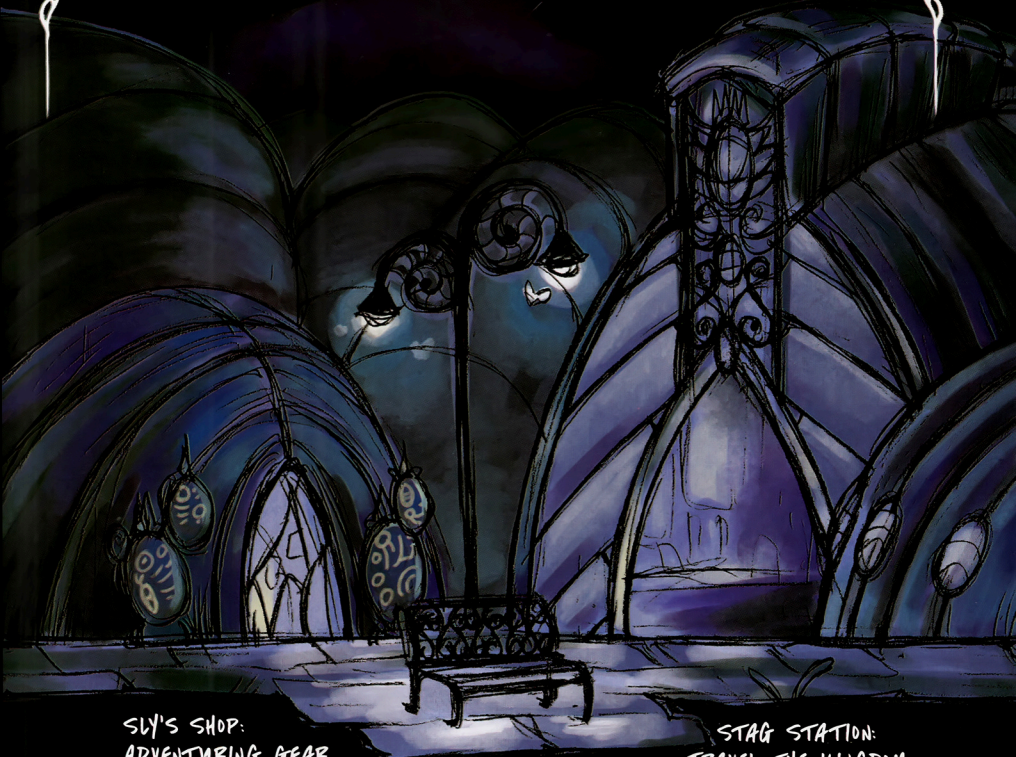
THE FADING TOWN



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THE TOWN OF DIRTMOUTH



SLY'S SHOP:
ADVENTURING GEAR

BENCH:
TAKE A LOAD OFF!

STAG STATION:
TRAVEL THE KINGDOM
WITH SPEED

Nestled in the valley between the Howling Cliffs and Crystal Peak, the once-bustling village of Dirtmouth offers a respite for weary travellers on their way to or from Hallownest.

In the golden age of the kingdom, visitors came from far and wide to set eyes upon the king and his shining palace. But a devastating infection claimed the lives of much of Hallownest's society, and all paths to and from the kingdom were sealed in order to prevent it from spreading.

Now this little village is all that remains of that glorious kingdom.



MAP SHOP:
MAPS & NAV GEAR

BRETTA'S
HOME

THE WELL

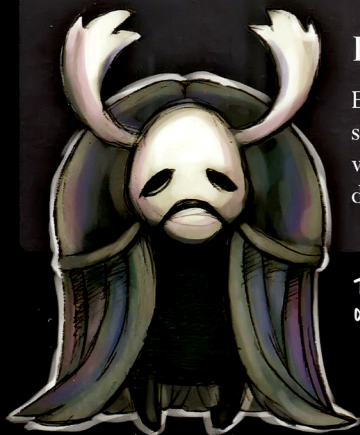
GRAVEYARD:
DIRTMOUTH'S
DEPARTED



With all other paths closed off for generations following the calamity that destroyed the kingdom, a dried-up old well now serves as the only way into or out of Hallownest.

RESIDENTS OF DIRTMOUTH

Driven into hiding or enticed by the promise of riches in the depths, many of the village's residents have disappeared, leaving an eerie stillness in the air.



ELDERBUG

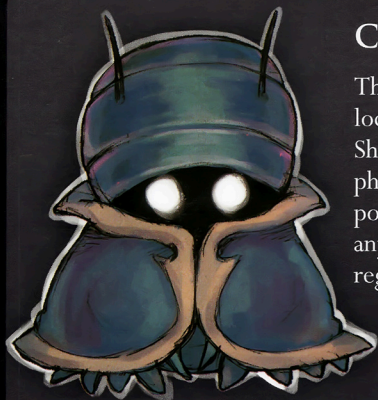
Even in the village's current run-down state, the Elderbug is always there to welcome visitors and to warn them of the dangers of Hallownest below.

THE FIRST FRIENDLY FACE I ENCOUNTERED ON MY JOURNEY.

ISELDA

The proprietress of the map shop in Dirtmouth, Iselda has said she was a warrior of some sort before she settled here with her husband, Cornifer. The various accessories she provides are most helpful for navigating Hallownest's terrain.



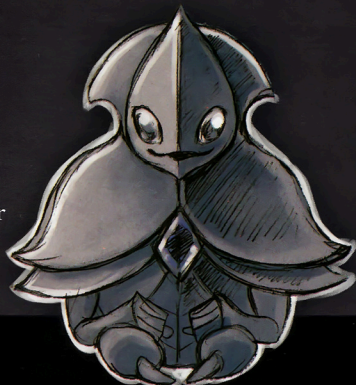


CONFESSOR JIJI

This mysterious conjurer kept herself locked away in a deep slumber for ages. She speaks of regrets as though they have physical form, and seems to have the power to summon them. She can grant anyone the chance to confront their regrets in exchange for her favourite food.

STEEL SOUL JINN

An odd... creature? It speaks with such an unusual rhythm. One can only wonder what lies beneath that shiny steel shell.



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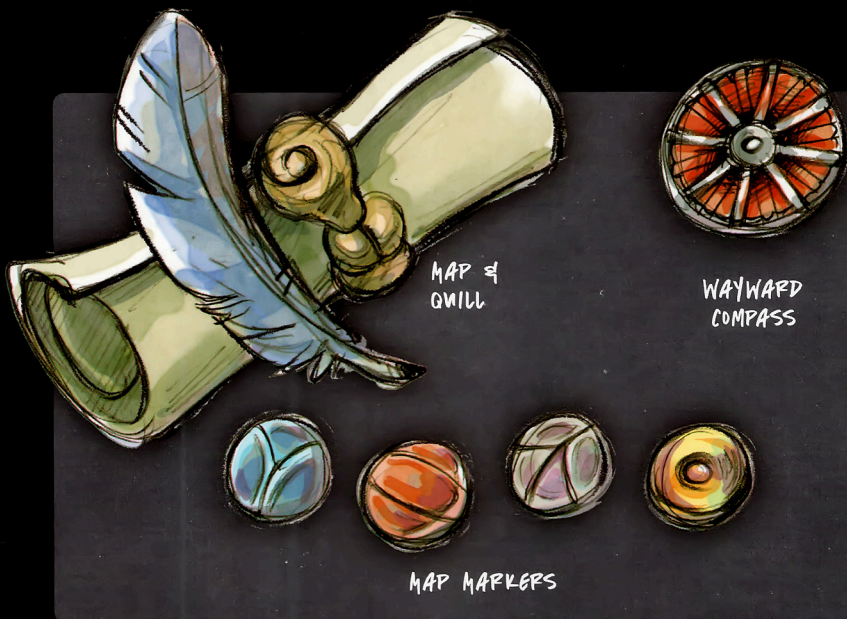
This peculiar little merchant deals in all sorts of wares, many of which he has simply found lying around while exploring.

HE CARRIES QUITE A FEW HANDY ITEMS,
THOUGH HIS PRICES ARE A BIT STEEP.



NAVIGATION GEAR

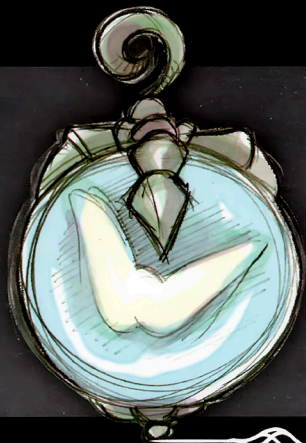
What an embarrassment it would be for an explorer to be caught without a map! Naturally, a quill is also quite useful when venturing into uncharted territory; one can simply keep all the new sights and places in mind, and then jot them down during a moment of rest.



The mapmaker's wife, Iselda, offers compass charms for sale, along with marker pins in a number of colours. They come in handy when the need arises to mark some interesting spot or obstacle, but there's no time to pull out a quill and ink.

LUMAFLY LANTERN

This portable lamp, created by encasing a Lumafly in a crystalline cage, may not look like much. However, it's an indispensable tool for the dauntless adventurer, since some of the deepest parts of the kingdom's subterranean lie beyond the reach of even the faintest light.



GEO

These fossilised bug shells are the de facto form of currency around these parts. Even the toll machines accept it!



1 GEO



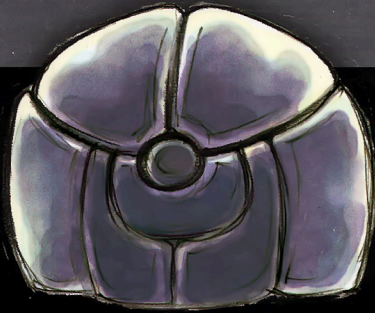
5 GEO



10 GEO

Many of the husks and other creatures found throughout the kingdom are likely to still be carrying Geo within their shells, as the bugs of Hallownest seem to have been stricken quickly by the infection.

NOT THAT I CONDONE VIOLENCE, EVEN AGAINST THESE LIFELESS HUSKS, BUT THE GEO THEY CARRY IS WASTED ON THEM.

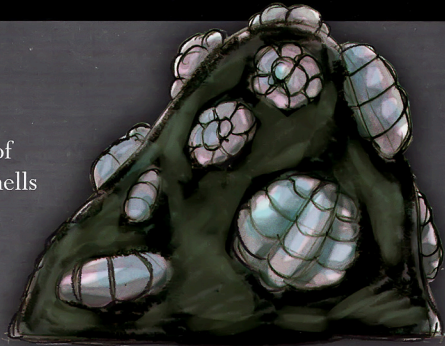


CHESTS

Some of the wealthier bugs kept their caches in ornate chests... given the state of things, they probably have little use for it now.

GEO DEPOSITS

Geo is a naturally-occurring fossil throughout the caverns of Hallownest; clumps of little shells can often be found protruding from rocky surfaces right out in the open!



CHARMS

These mysterious little adornments are said to contain supernatural powers; simply wearing a charm can enhance one's physical or spiritual abilities. Applying and removing charms is a bit of a tricky process, one that is best done while at rest.



The allure of these charms' gifts is undeniable, but it's important to avoid wearing too many at once; even a single ill-fitting charm is said to place the wearer's safety in danger.

CHARMS FOR SALE



WAYWARD COMPASS

Communicates its location to the wearer, allowing them to find their current position on any map easily.

PURCHASE FROM ISELDA



GATHERING SWARM

Spawns a swarm of tiny bugs that follow the wearer, collecting loose Geo for them.

PURCHASE FROM SW



STALWART SHELL

Fortifies its wearer's shell, protecting them from additional damage a little longer after injury.

PURCHASE FROM SW



SPRINTMASTER

Imbues its wearer with the spirit of the Sprintmaster, allowing them to run faster than ever before.

PURCHASE FROM SW



LIFEBLOOD HEART

Covers its wearer in a thin layer of lifeblood when at rest, which will safely absorb some damage.

PURCHASE FROM SALUBRA

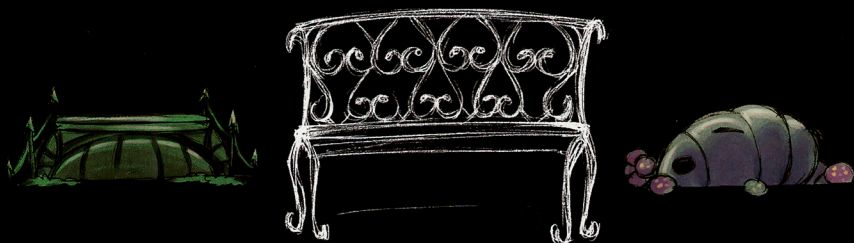


LONGNAIL

Expands its wearer's aura, allowing them to reach a bit farther when wielding a nail.

PURCHASE FROM SALUBRA

BENCHES



Scattered throughout the caverns and byways of Hallowneast, benches serve as relics of a more peaceful time. The residents of the kingdom's regions constructed these benches in a number of different designs to reflect the aesthetics of their territories; a few makeshift seats can be found here and there as well, formed from hollowed-out shells and the like.

Though their simple stone and iron frames might not provide the most comfort, they do offer time to rest, reflect, and prepare for the next leg of one's journey.

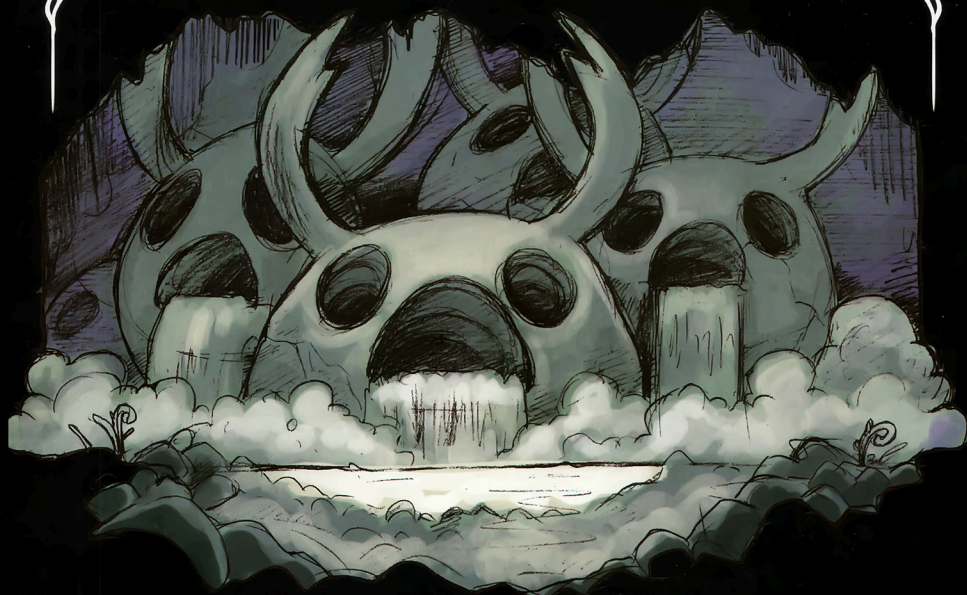
MUCH OF THIS JOURNAL WAS WRITTEN WHILE SITTING ON THESE BENCHES, IN FACT.



ROOM FOR TWO!

THIS DANGEROUS-LOOKING FELLOW SEEMS UNWILLING TO SHARE HIS SEAT. HOW RUDE!

HOT SPRINGS



Deep beneath Hallownest, heat seeps up to the surface through underground vents, and the kingdom has clearly taken advantage of the phenomenon by building each into a relaxing hot spring. These springs, found all over the kingdom, are the perfect place to unwind after a harrowing journey through hostile bug-infested lands.

THE STEAMY WATERS HELP RESTORE BODY AND SOUL!

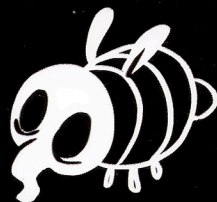
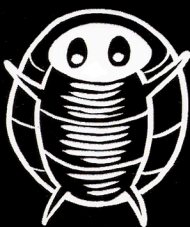


HOT SPRINGS CAN BE A GOOD SPOT TO MEET OTHER WEARY TRAVELLERS.



FORGOTTEN
CROSSROADS





FORGOTTEN CROSSROADS



Located directly beneath the village of Dirtmouth, the Forgotten Crossroads were once a thriving trade and travel route for all the creatures of Halloween. Now, though, they serve mostly as a breeding ground for wild beasts.



CARTS

Larger shells could be hollowed out and mounted on wheels to transport cargo across the kingdom.

FOSSILS

The fossilised remains of bugs of all sizes line the cavern surfaces; the terrain seems almost entirely composed of these fossils in some places.

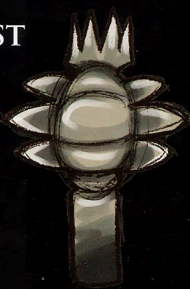


PALE FERN

With nothing to keep them at bay, the plants have begun to reassert themselves, creeping in through the cracks in the kingdom's facade.

HALLOWNEST CREST

This symbol adorns posts and other structures throughout Hallownest. It seems to depict a winged shell topped with long spines.



HUSKS

These strange husk statues line the crossroads, possibly serving as guides for travellers. It's also conceivable that they could actually be fossilised husks, but what could have happened for them to be so perfectly preserved?



TEMPLE OF THE BLACK EGG



A short distance from the bottom of Dirtmouth's well there stands a temple, fashioned from the colossal shell of some ancient bug. Its ornately-framed windows cast a pale light onto the road outside that hints at some historical importance, but all anyone can remember is that it's called the Temple of the Black Egg. Upon entering the temple, the origin of its name becomes clear.

THE TEMPLE HAS SUCH A STRIKING PRESENCE.

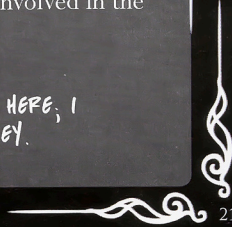
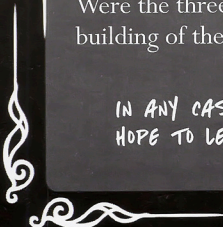


True to the name, a gargantuan black egg sits silently in the centre of the temple. No one seems to remember its purpose, nor the identities of the three masks that adorn the sealed door on its face. But the whole temple exudes an ominous air; perhaps some things are better left unknown.

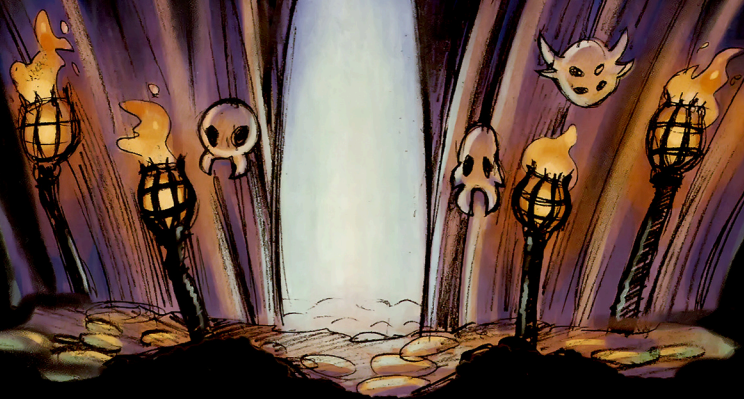


Were the three beings depicted by these masks somehow involved in the building of the temple, or even the egg itself?

IN ANY CASE, THEY CLEARLY BEAR SOME SIGNIFICANCE HERE, I HOPE TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM DURING MY JOURNEY.



ANCESTRAL MOUND



Monsters have taken over this ancient temple, constructed from the bones and shells of innumerable dead creatures. The only sound-minded resident now is the Snail Shaman, an odd one in its own right.

THE FLOORS ARE LINED WITH SHELLS... I CAN'T
TAKE A STEP WITHOUT TREADING ON ONE!



ANCIENT TOTEM

These dark, imposing statues seem to almost glow with some sort of powerful force. They're said to be remnants of a civilisation that existed long before Hallownest was established.

LIFEBLOOD

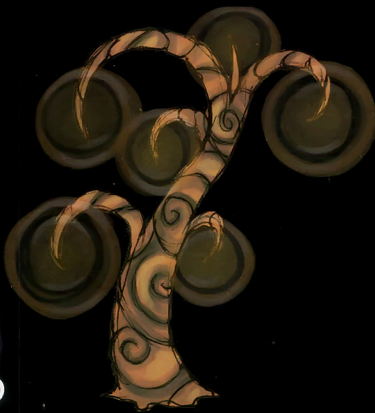
A mysterious blue substance harvested from Lifeseeds, which are often found huddled together in cocoons; it invigorates the body when ingested, making any who devour it a bit more resistant to injury.



I TRIED A FEW LIFESEEDS MYSELF. THEY'RE TASTY, AND THEY REALLY PUT A SPRING IN MY STEP!

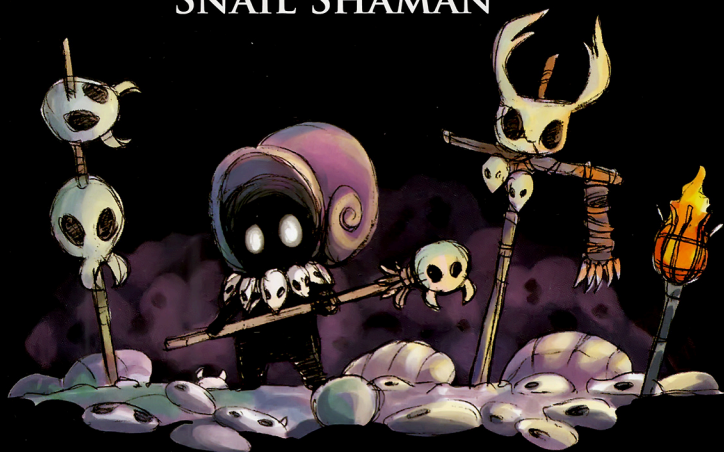
WHISPERING ROOT

These small, withered trees can be found in many different environments throughout Hallownest. It's said that sleeping under one of these trees can cause one to experience bewildering, vivid dreams.



I'M NOT SURE I'M BRAVE ENOUGH TO FIND OUT!

SNAIL SHAMAN



There's something powerful about this creature's aura, but it doesn't seem malicious. In fact, it seems to be more than happy to help those who seek it out. Still, given the abundance of dangerous creatures scattered about its ancestral home, it might be best to stay away.

SALUBRA



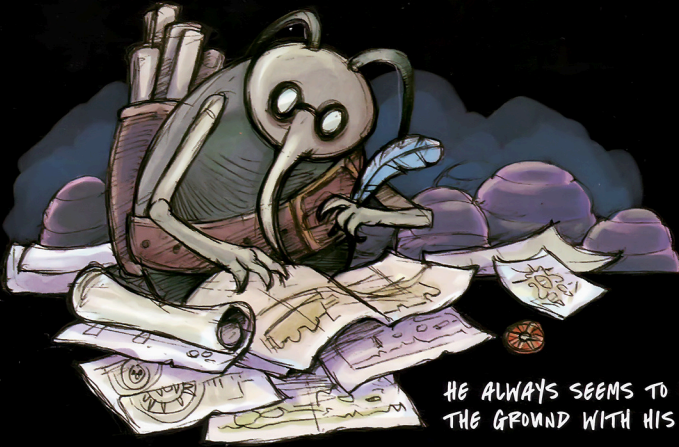
This cheerful, portly slug runs the charm shop on the outskirts of an abandoned village in one of the lower corners of the Forgotten Crossroads. Those who share her love of charms may find her wares and services a blessing.

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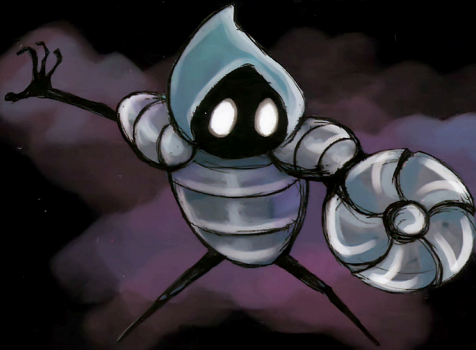
CORNIFER



HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO LITTER
THE GROUND WITH HIS PAGES

A travelling cartographer of sorts, this interesting character knows the lie of the land better than any other bug alive; his mapmaking obsession constantly drives him deeper and deeper into the kingdom. On those rare occasions when he isn't out exploring and charting Hallownest's depths, he can usually be found in his shop in Dirtmouth with his wife, Iselda.

TISO



HE FIGHTS
WITHOUT A NAIL?
INTERESTING...

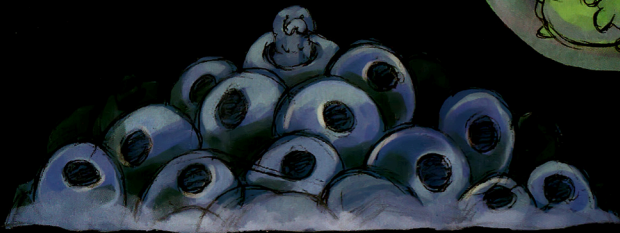
A proud and somewhat arrogant warrior who has come to Hallownest from afar seeking powerful opponents. He wishes to prove his strength and prowess in Hallownest's ultimate arena, if he can manage to find it.

GRUBS



A number of these plump little green grubs can be found all over the kingdom, often hidden away in dark crevices, only detectable by their sad sighs. They seem harmless enough, so it's difficult to imagine why they've all been ensnared in glass jars. Grubs are highly-skilled tunnellers with excellent senses of direction, so if they were to be freed, they could easily find their way back home.

PERHAPS...
PERHAPS SOMEONE IS COLLECTING THEM?
WHAT AN UNSETTLING THOUGHT.



THE COLONY'S BURROWS SEEM TO HAVE DOZENS OF HOLES.
ARE THERE THAT MANY MISSING?

THE GRUBFATHER



The ageing patriarch of the grub colony, the Grubfather is the only one left after the tragic and mysterious disappearance of all of his children. Grubs are known to collect shiny things and hide them in their burrows, so perhaps the Grubfather would be willing to part with some of his colony's collection as thanks for the safe return of his missing grubs.



Though there's likely a literal mountain of Geo hidden away inside the grubs' home, there are sure to be many other shiny objects in there as well.

FIENDS OF FORGOTTEN CROSSROADS



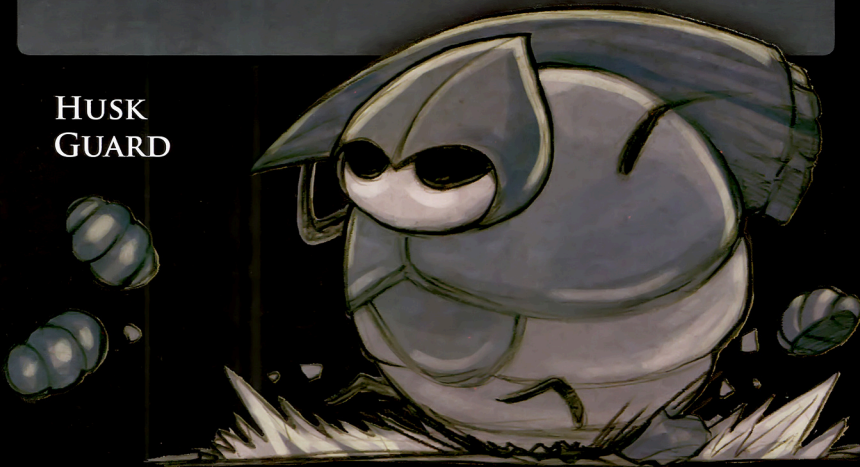
HUSKS

The bugs of Hallownest once had a diverse and highly successful civilisation.

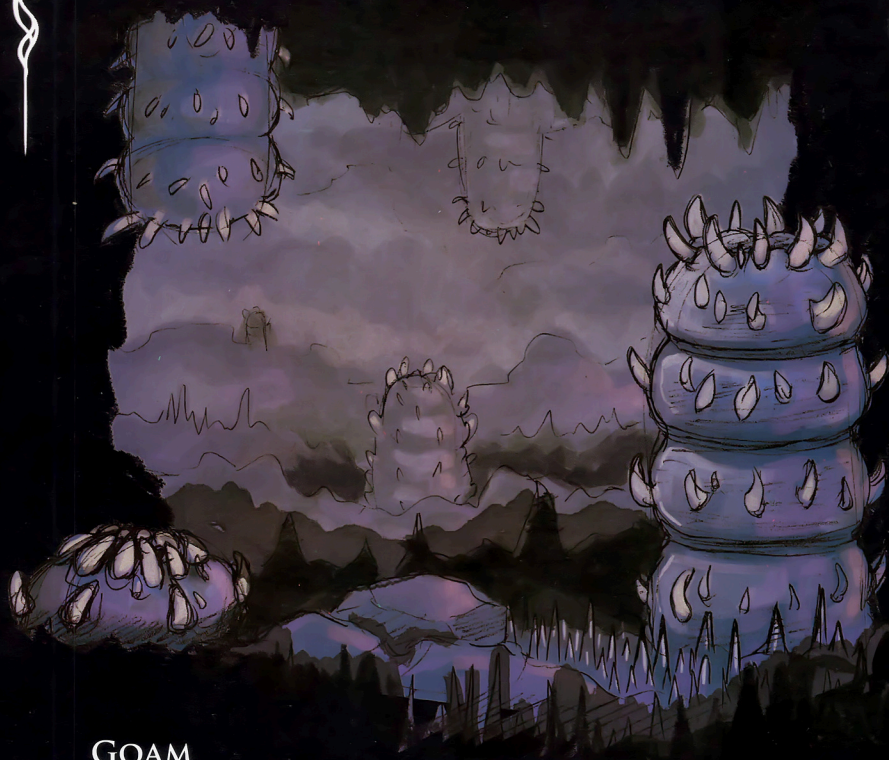
Now, they seem driven only by survival instincts, savagely attacking anyone or anything they perceive as a threat.



HUSK GUARD



THE LARGER ONES CREATE SHOCKWAVES BY SLAMMING THEIR BACKSIDES INTO THE GROUND. WHAT AN EXCELLENT (AND DANGEROUS) USE OF THEIR GIRTH!



GOAM

These great wormlike beings have burrowed tunnels throughout the caverns' walls; with all that digging, it's a wonder that some of these passages haven't collapsed.



CRAWLID

TIKTIK

Even the simplest creatures scurrying around aimlessly on the ground can be a threat to a careless explorer, especially when some of them are able to crawl on the floors and ceiling as well.

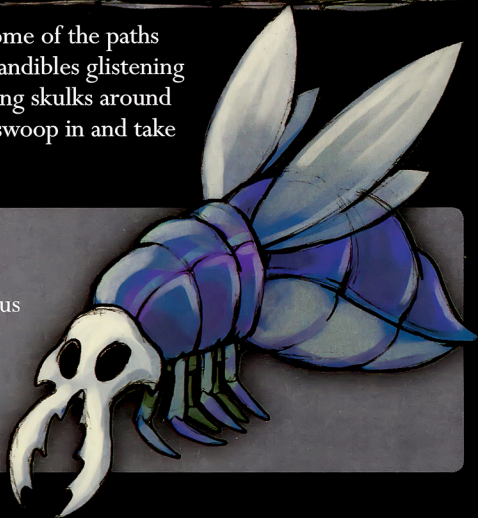


VENGEFLIES

Dreadful flying things inhabit some of the paths through the crossroads, their mandibles glistening with drool. High above, their king skulks around among the stalactites, ready to swoop in and take down whatever prey they find.

VENGEFLY KING

Larger, faster, and more ferocious than its offspring, this fearsome predator calls its young to its side to aid it in subduing prey. Native to Greenpath.



MENDERBUG

Rumours abound of a guild of lively little bugs, always hard at work fixing up broken signs and such, whistling all the while.



IT'S ALWAYS NICE TO SEE SOMEONE TRULY ENJOYING WHAT THEY DO FOR A LIVING.



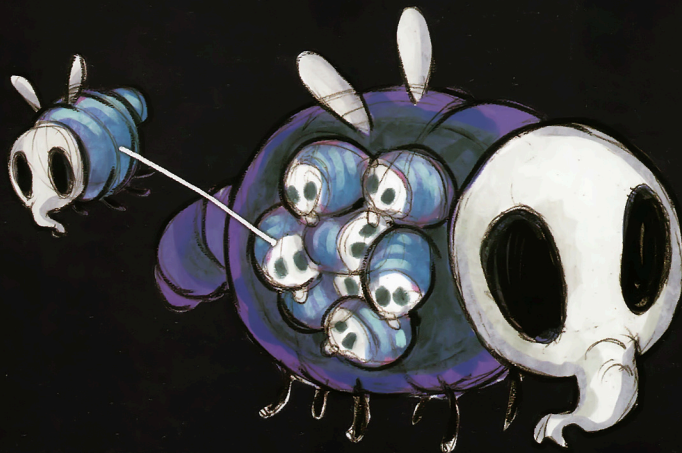
ASPIDS

A family of airborne bugs with abdomens full of caustic venom. The males and females are equally aggressive, though the latter can also eject newly-hatched young to attack threats.



GRUZZER

A rotund bug with small fluttering wings and a shrivelled proboscis. These creatures seem to pay no attention to their surroundings, blindly flying into walls and other obstacles.



REPRODUCTION

Some wild bugs continue to nurture their young within their bodies beyond birth. This certainly helps the litter's odds of survival, though some have been known to send their offspring out to meet threats head-on.

BALDUR



A small crawling creature that has developed a curious method of defending itself: it can curl itself into a tight ball and roll toward invaders with surprising speed.

In adulthood, the armour plating on these creatures grows thick enough that they no longer have need for quick movement. Instead, they can simply hide in their shells, spitting gobs of venom to keep threats at bay.



WATCH OUT FOR THE
VENOM (AND YOUNG
BALDURS) THEY SPIT!

GRUZ MOTHER

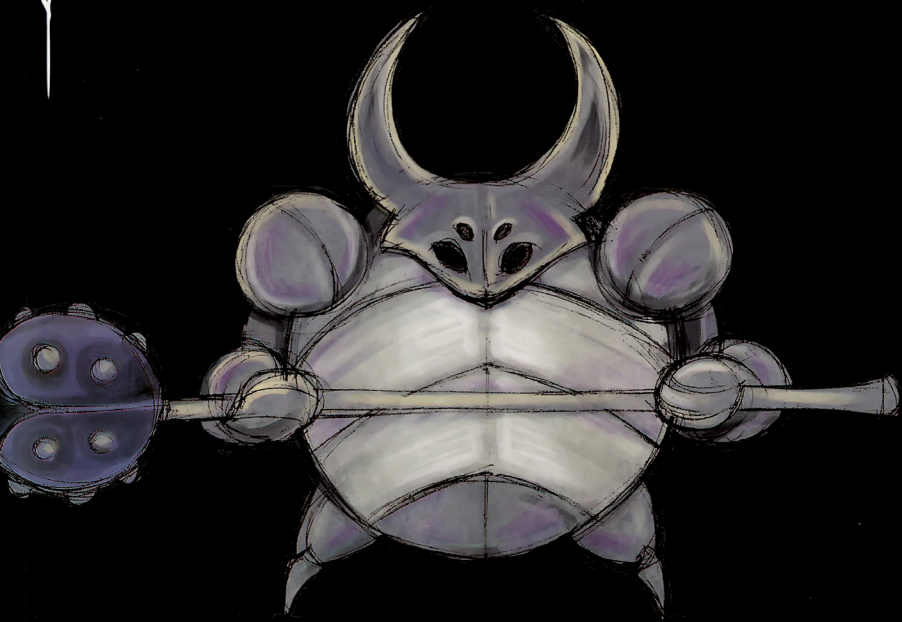


A massive Gruzzer that shelters and raises its young within its body. The care of its young seems to be physically taxing on the creature, and as such, it spends much of its time sleeping. If disturbed, however, it will fiercely throw its weight at any threat to protect the young inside its belly.

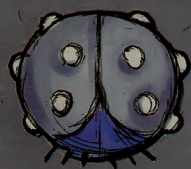


STAND BACK WHEN IT BEGINS
SLAMMING ITS BODY AGAINST
THE FLOOR AND CEILING!

FALSE KNIGHT



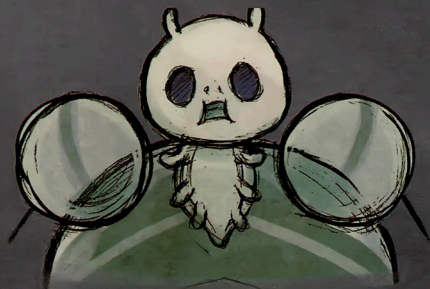
A formidable-looking knight in a dull armoured shell, equipped with a two-handed mace. This warrior wields his weapon with a distinct lack of skill and grace, though given his size, brute strength might be enough.



THE HEAD OF ITS MACE IS A LIVING BUG!



Surprisingly, the bug within is a harmless Maggot; it stole the shell to protect its family. How it manages to operate the giant shell with such stubby appendages is a mystery.



WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THE SHELL'S RIGHTFUL OWNER?

BROODING MAWLEK



A hulking beast with long claws and razor-sharp teeth, covered in infectious blisters and crying out to some distant companion.

COULD IT BE A DISTANT RELATIVE OF THE GOAM?
PERHAPS THEY SHARE AN ANCIENT ANCESTOR...



WATCH OUT FOR ITS MIGHTY LEAPS, AND TAKE COVER FROM THE RAINS OF ACIDIC VENOM IT SPEWS. IT'S MUCH FASTER THAN IT LOOKS!



GREENPATH





GREENPATH



A lush, green paradise where plant life has flourished in the wake of the infection. Its dense, mossy cover, diverse vegetation, and expansive lakes of acid now sit undisturbed alongside the tragic ruins of neighbouring lands.

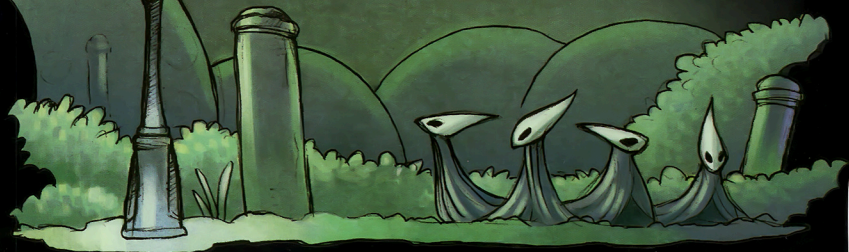
THE SOFT, MOSS-COVERED TURF CONCEALS MANY DANGERS. ALWAYS BE MINDFUL OF THE GROUND BELOW!



Pillars and egg-shaped stones with swirl carvings can be found throughout Greenpath; they appear in a variety of sizes, some as small as the average bug, and others absolutely immense. Their purpose, if any, is unclear, as is the identity of the carvers; it's also possible that the swirling patterns are a naturally-occurring phenomenon.

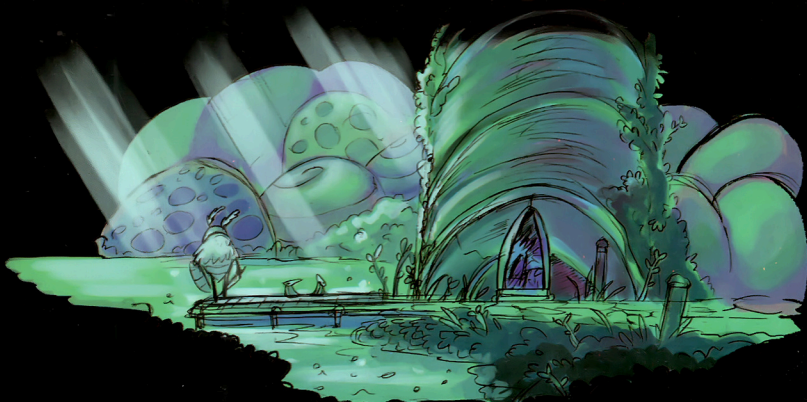


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These docile little masked fliers are rarely seen for long, as they quickly take to the skies to flee from anything they perceive as a threat.

LAKE OF UNN



Said to have once been the home of a great guardian spirit worshipped by the mosskin, this perfectly calm lake's acidic waters stretch out as far as the eye can see.

I'D LOVE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE,
BUT I CAN'T THINK OF A WAY TO SAFELY CROSS.

STONE SANCTUARY



In a lightless moss-covered passage, beyond treacherous expanses of barbed terrain, there lies a mysterious crypt littered with lifeless husks. Deep within its pitch-black darkness stands a stone monument to a powerful warrior.

THE ATMOSPHERE IS HAUNTING... OR HAUNTED?

THE HUNTER



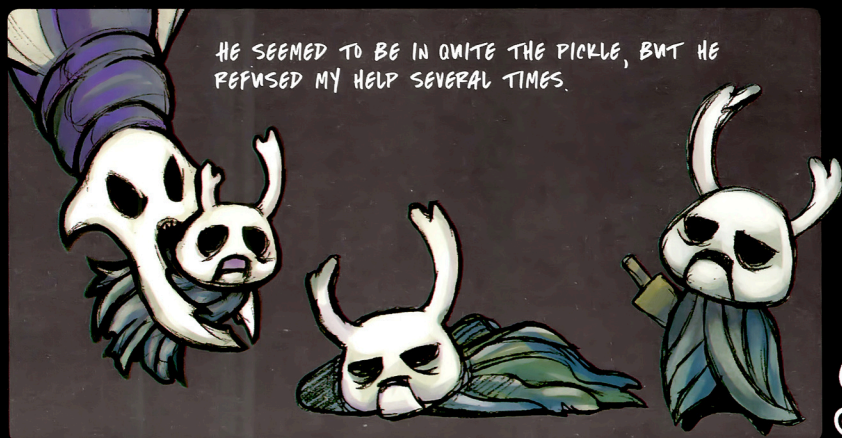
At the end of a darkened corridor, a large, menacing creature known only as the Hunter sits concealed in the moss and leaves, an intimidating glow serving as the only sign of its presence. Perhaps it lies in wait to ambush some unfortunate bug that might happen to wander in, or perhaps it's waiting for someone to pass its knowledge and experience down to.

LUCKY FOR ME, I DON'T THINK IT NOTICED AS I PASSED BY THE ENTRANCE TO ITS LAIR.

ZOTE THE MIGHTY

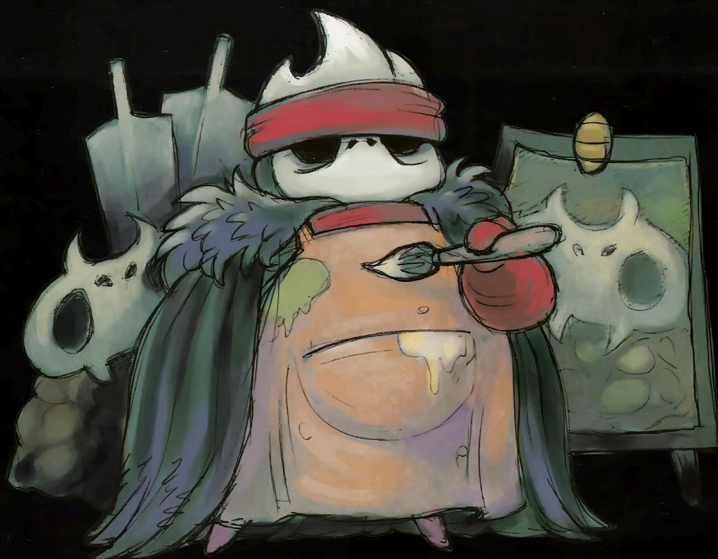


A diminutive bug with a big mouth and a penchant for getting into trouble. He boasts of his many victories against ferocious beasts, though the simple fact that his nail is made of shellwood—and therefore ineffective as a weapon—calls the legitimacy of his claims into question.



HE SEEMED TO BE IN QUITE THE PICKLE, BUT HE REFUSED MY HELP SEVERAL TIMES.

NAILMASTER SHEO



One of the three famed Nailmasters, and the keeper of the ancient technique known as the Great Slash. He may have traded in his nail for a brush and canvas, but his skills have surely not dulled; he'll pass down his knowledge to those who dedicate themselves to the art of the nail.



Strewn about his moss-covered hut are canvases and sketches of various objects as well as portraits of a number of different bugs. Perhaps some of these are bugs who've braved the thorny path to visit his home and learn his technique.

WHO COULD THIS POWERFUL-LOOKING LITTLE WARRIOR BE?

FIENDS OF GREENPATH



MOSSKIN



MOSSCREEP



VOLATILE MOSSKIN

The ancient denizens of Greenpath have developed natural mossy camouflage, allowing them to blend perfectly with their surroundings. Some use this camouflage to hide from dangers, while others take advantage of their abilities to ambush invaders.

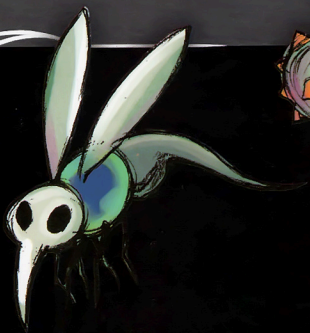


GULKA

A strange plant-like being that emerges briefly from the canopy to spit venom-filled balls of thorns at intruders.



ITS SPIT BALLS CAN BE KNOCKED BACK AT IT!



SQUIT

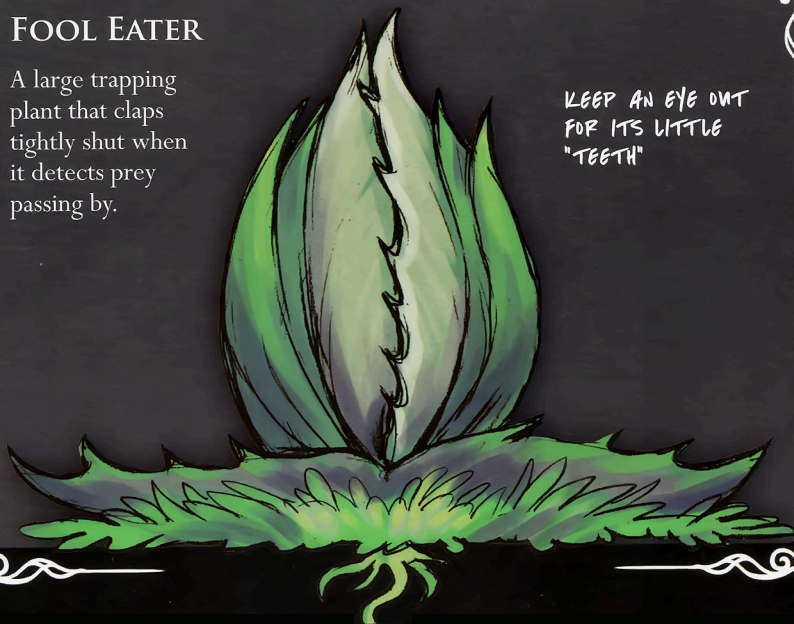


OBBLE

The flying creatures have their own ways of dealing with dangers and prey, including razor-sharp stingers and acidic venom.

FOOL EATER

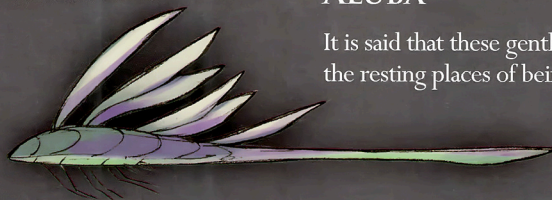
A large trapping plant that claps tightly shut when it detects prey passing by.



KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR ITS LITTLE "TEETH"

ALUBA

It is said that these gentle fliers are attracted to the resting places of beings of great power.



CHARGED LUMAFIES

Small swarms of Lumafies have been known to build up static charges, which can suddenly unleash themselves on unsuspecting passers-by. Care must be taken to avoid wandering into these hazardous discharges.



DURANDA



DURANDOO



The vast acid pools of Greenpath are frequented by large, armour-shelled bugs. They seem to largely ignore outsiders, so the more creative and athletic explorers can likely enlist their help to cross.

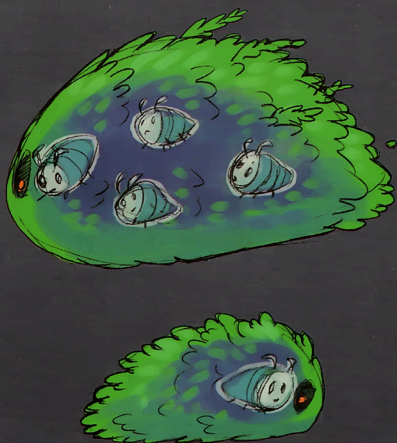


MASSIVE MOSS CHARGER

MOSS CHARGER

A family of small, feeble creatures that attempt to scare off predators by making themselves appear larger than they actually are. By gathering moss from their surroundings, they're able to bulk up their apparent form to take on a monstrous appearance.

While many of these critters must rely on this unique form of deception due to their solitary lifestyle, others have chosen to take advantage of safety in numbers, moving together as a single entity known as a Massive Moss Charger to run down threats.



Their mossy disguises make them look much more menacing than the little bugs they are, giving them the confidence to charge at would-be predators; the effect is even more pronounced when they group together.

IT'S QUITE AN EFFECTIVE TRICK,
AS THESE BEASTS ARE VERY
FRIGHTENING AT FIRST GLANCE!

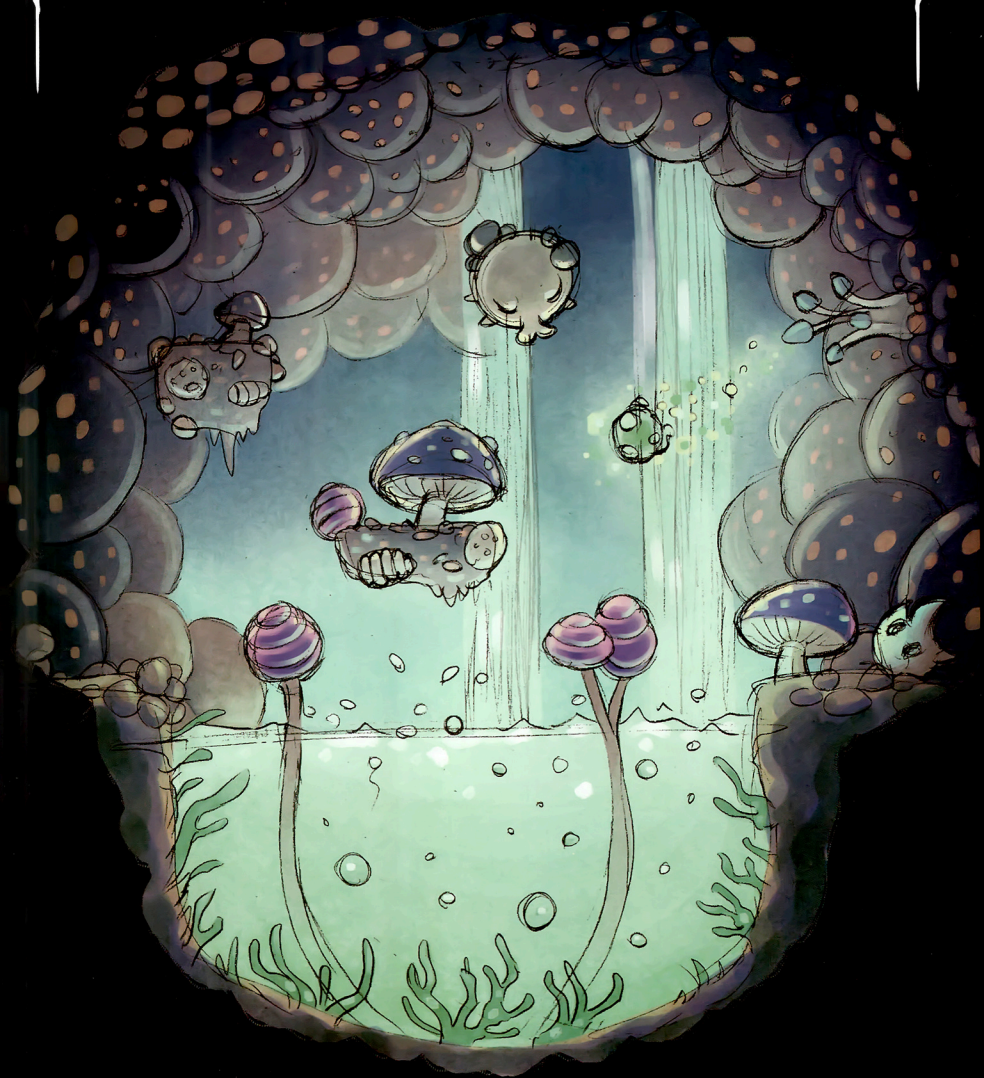


FUNGAL
WASTES



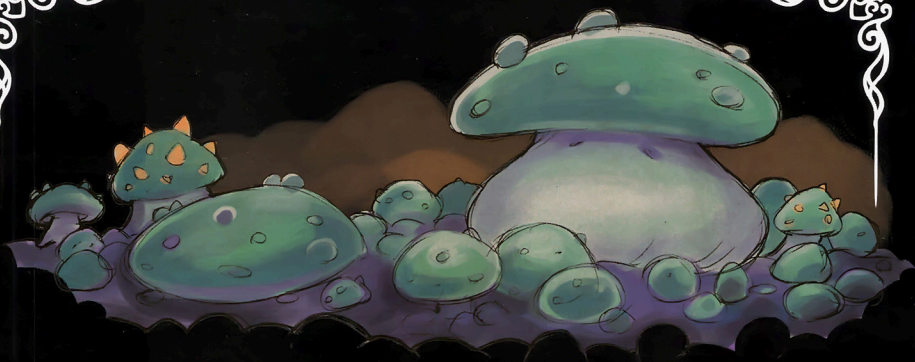


FUNGAL WASTES

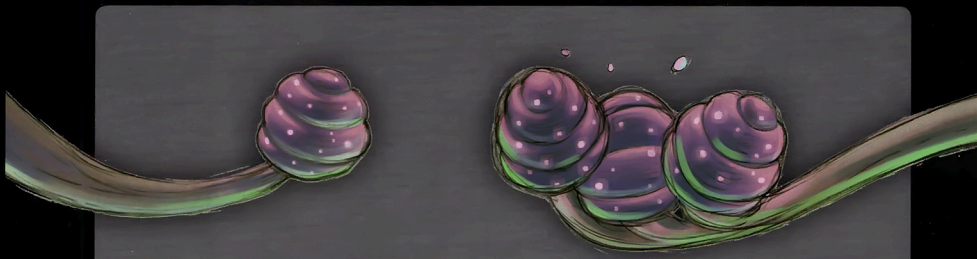


This humid, spongy grotto is home to a clan of mushroom-folk who chose to align themselves with the kingdom of Halloween. Like the rest of the kingdom, they've begun to succumb to the infection.

*THE SCENT OF DECAY LINGERS IN THE AIR, I
SUPPOSE THAT'S HOW THE MUSHROOMS LIKE IT.*

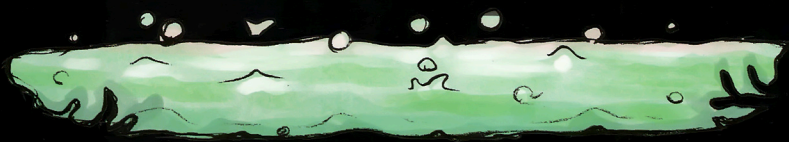


When at rest, the people of the mushroom clan blend in nearly perfectly with the fungal landscape.



Some mushrooms in the wastes are extremely resilient; their caps' tough skin resists piercing and slicing by nails, and the rubbery flesh repels impacts with incredible efficiency. They can be useful when scaling the deeper vertical portions of caverns.

THEY'RE QUITE A LOT OF FUN TO BOUNCE ON AS WELL!



Some of these vertical expanses overlook caustic pools of acid water; obviously, great caution is advised when attempting to scale such heights if a safe landing is unlikely.



CLOTH

A timid warrior who wanders the deepest, darkest corners of Halloweenest in search of powerful opponents in her quest to become braver and stronger. She wields her club, carved from the tooth of an ancient husk, with cautious strength... when she isn't hiding from danger, that is.



MISTER MUSHROOM

One of the few mushrooms to have so far escaped the infection's grasp, this peculiar traveller has been spotted in many different locations, mumbling to himself in some forgotten language.

I'D LOVE TO HEAR STORIES OF HIS TRAVELS, BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HIM.



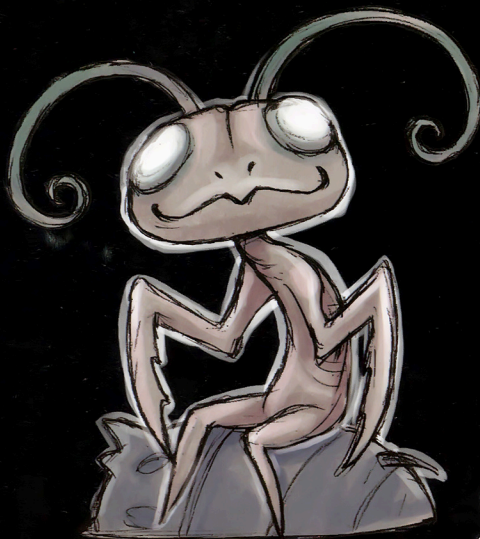
BRETTA

A damsel in distress in one of the lower chambers of the wastes. She somehow wandered into danger and found herself trapped amongst the twisted, thorny passages above; now she awaits a saviour to come to her rescue.

LATER IN MY JOURNEY, I FOUND HER BACK IN DIRTMOUTH,
SITTING NERVOUSLY ON A BENCH.
WAS SHE WAITING FOR SOMEONE YET AGAIN?

LEG EATER

This skittish bug has made himself at home among the husks of the dead in the upper reaches of the Fungal Wastes. He may be unable to see, but his powerful sense of smell more than makes up for it. For a price, he offers a number of very useful charms—though they're quite delicate and easily broken, and he conveniently also provides a repair service.



FIENDS OF THE FUNGAL WASTES

FUNGLING & FUNGOON

A gas-filled balloon creature that floats gently in the air, ignoring the world around it. Upon reaching adulthood, these floating fiends take to spitting streams of noxious gas at passers-by below.



FUNGIFIED HUSK

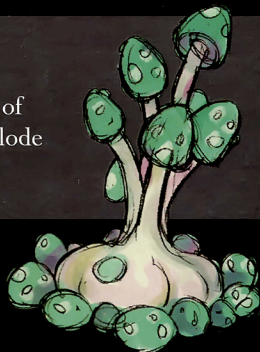
A husk of a fallen bug, filled with and reanimated by infected spores which it releases into the air to attack threats.



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SPORG

A modified fungal growth that spits spores full of pressurised gas; these spores are known to explode on contact.



AMBLOOM

A mindless walking mushroom; it doesn't attack directly, but its brambly cap can be trouble.

In recent times, the natives of the Fungal Wastes have become increasingly aggressive toward outsiders. Whether their ferocity is fuelled by the desire to protect their young, or by some other force, isn't completely clear.

SHRUMELING

The defenceless young mushrooms rely on simple instinct, blindly running from dangers.



SHRUMAL WARRIOR

These fierce fungal fighters use their spongy, flexible caps to roll and bounce around, leaving toxic spore clouds in their wake.

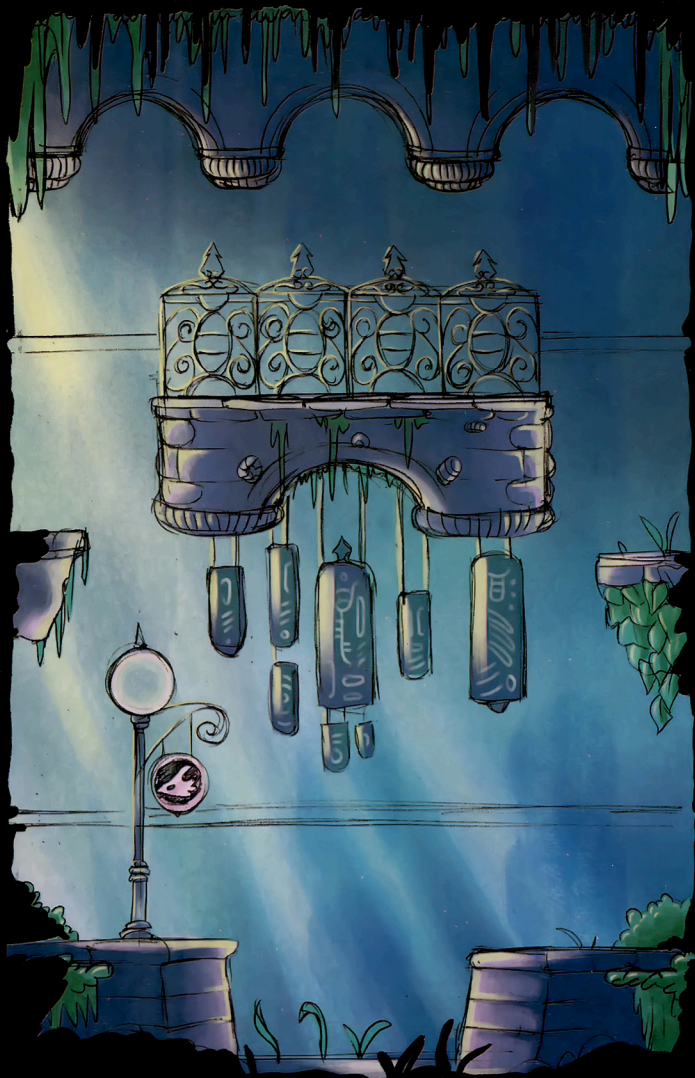
SHRUMAL OGRE

A massive, beastly mushroom soldier with a heavily armoured cap; it throws its weight behind powerful headbutt attacks, and can also spit globs of venom at foes from a distance.



THEY DO THEIR BEST TO BLEND IN AS WELL, BUT THEIR SIZE MAKES THIS A CHALLENGE.

QUEEN'S STATION



A testament to Hallownest's dedication to uniting the people of neighbouring lands, Queen's Station connects Fog Canyon and the Fungal Wastes with the rest of the kingdom via the Stagways, allowing quick, convenient travel by stag to either region from nearly anywhere.

*IF YOU LISTEN CLOSELY, YOU CAN STILL FAINTLY HEAR THEIR VOICES...
AND BELLS?*



In livelier times, it is said to have been one of the busiest stations in the kingdom, with hundreds of bugs—if not thousands—riding in and out of the region.

The Pale King apparently took great interest in civil engineering, as evidenced by the complex building projects found throughout the far reaches of the kingdom.

Queen's Station is especially impressive, given the inhospitable environments it links. To have constructed such a spacious Stagway station so deep into Hallownest with minimal impact on the surrounding landscape is truly a monumental achievement.



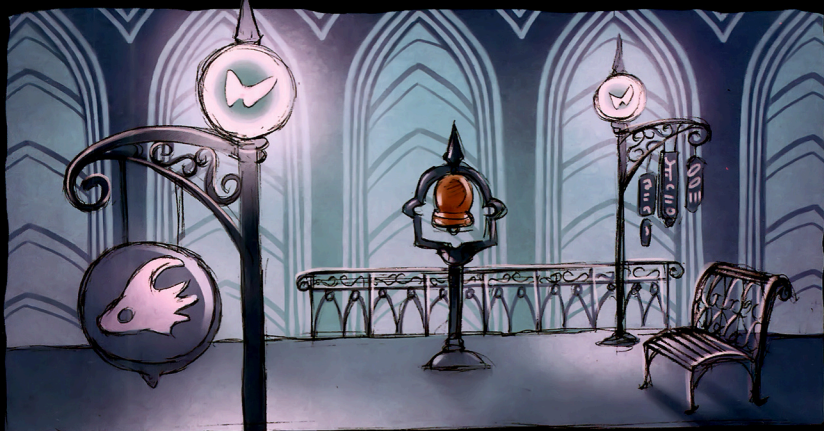
WILLOH

This friendly, long-necked bug can be found feeding on the fungus growing from the ceilings of the station... among other things.

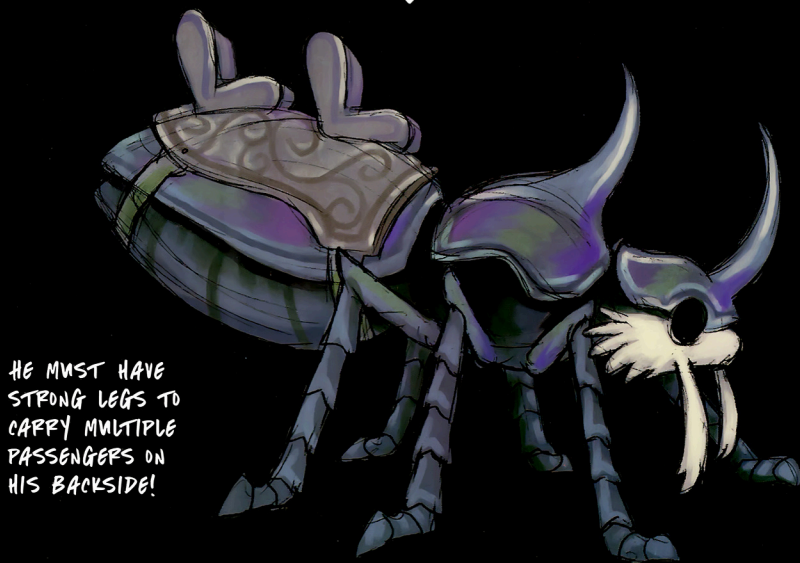
I'M NOT SURE I LIKE THAT HUNGRY LOOK SHE'S GIVING ME...



THE STAGWAYS



In Halloween's prime, this vast network of tunnels transported bugs to and from the distant corners of the kingdom. In the wake of the kingdom's fall, though, the tunnels have been all but abandoned.



HE MUST HAVE
STRONG LEGS TO
CARRY MULTIPLE
PASSENGERS ON
HIS BACKSIDE!

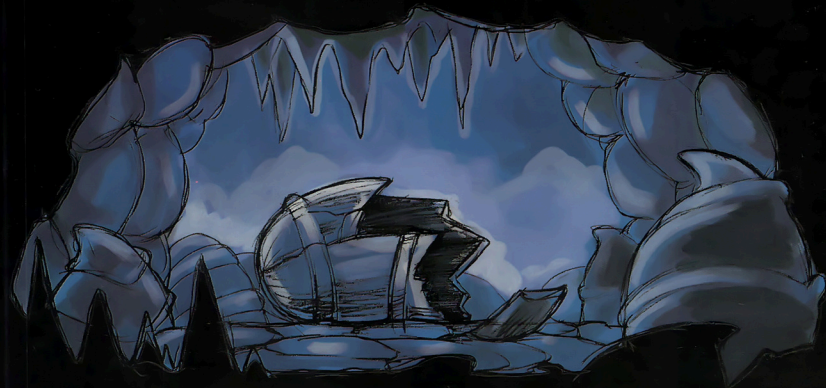
Now, it seems, only one lone stag remains. He continues to service the entire Stagway system diligently, rushing to answer the bell's call no matter the time or place.

THE STAG NEST



The Stag Nest, birthplace of all stags, sits nestled in the cliffs above Dirtmouth. Long ago, the nest was a bright and festive place, full of stags constantly scurrying around in all directions. Now, it sits empty, with not a single other living stag to be found. It's only a matter of time before the stags are no more.

...OR IS IT?



THERE COULD STILL BE HOPE!

MANTIS VILLAGE



Though some might call the people of the Mantis tribe simple savages, their culture has a rich history steeped in traditions that date back to ancient times, long before the birth of Hallownest.

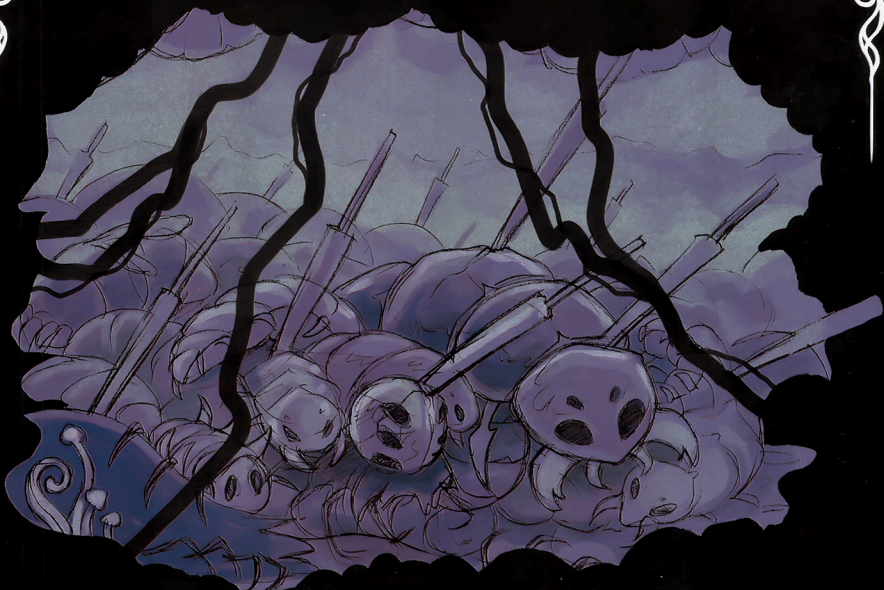
The tribe is fiercely protective of its territory, going so far as to mount the masks of felled beasts on poles at its borders to deter would-be invaders from setting foot on its soil.



THESE SWITCHES ARE
SURPRISINGLY ADVANCED!

The Mantises shunned the technological advances brought about by the Pale King's influence, choosing instead to construct their buildings from bone and sinew.

That's not to say they lack technology, though.

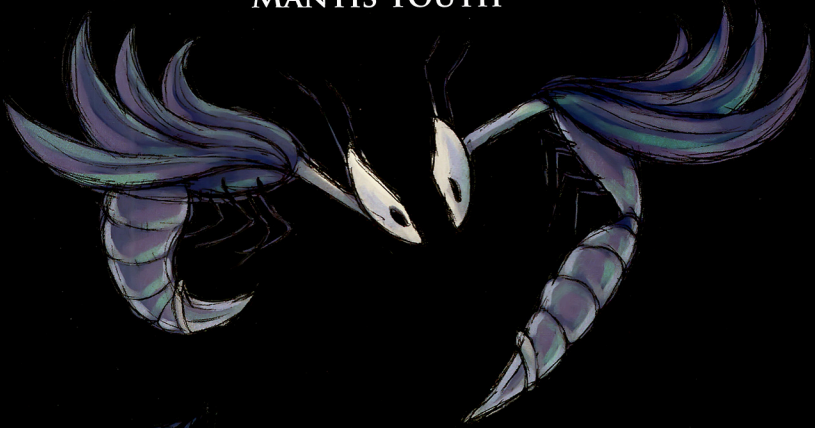


The people of the Mantis tribe always had a relationship with Hallownest that was tenuous at best. Long ago, they agreed to a truce to protect their village from the kingdom's expansion. They retained sovereignty in their domain, and in exchange, they agreed to stem the flow of hostile beasts rising up from the depths of Deepnest. They continue to honour that agreement even after the fall of the kingdom.



In the Mantis tribe, bravery and honour are respected above all; the claws of fallen warriors are proudly displayed on the walls of their families' homes as signs of reverence.

MANTIS YOUTH



The Mantis tribe trains its soldiers from birth, and even the youngest children among them are fierce fighters. Their long, razor-sharp stingers can take down anyone who dares trespass on Mantis ground.

PERHAPS THEY SHED THEIR WINGS AS A RITE OF PASSAGE INTO ADULTHOOD ...



MANTIS WARRIOR

Adults of the Mantis tribe trade in their wings and stingers for finely honed claws; their training allows them to wield these claws with deadly accuracy.

MANTIS LORDS



The Mantis triumvirate, these powerful warriors have ruled their tribe with wisdom and grace for countless generations. It is said that those who prove themselves worthy in battle against the lords earn the respect and admiration of the tribe, as well as safe passage through their territory.



There was once a fourth lord, but his lust for power put him at odds with his fellow rulers, and he was cast out of the Mantis tribe along with his followers.



CITY OF TEARS



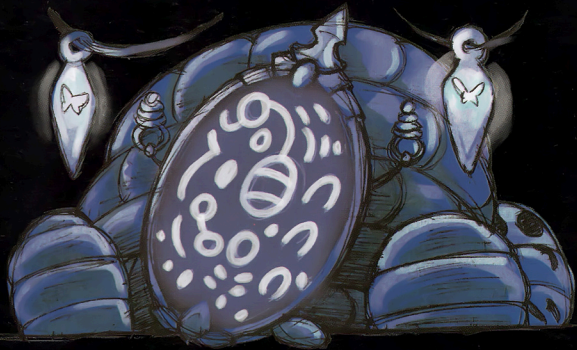


CITY OF TEARS



A sprawling city built in a hollowed-out cavern beneath a lake... a truly awe-inspiring undertaking. The lake's waters slowly filter down, creating a constant rainfall that is both dreary and beautiful.

Hallownest's affluent elite lived in ornate towers, comfortably separated from the 'riff-raff' below. Ultimately, it looks like the time they spent hoarding all that wealth was wasted.



A CITY, SEALED

It would appear that efforts were initially made to prevent the infection from reaching the city; all of the gates were sealed in an attempt to prevent bugs from entering and exiting, and tram, lift and stag services were presumably stopped. Unfortunately, these efforts were clearly made in vain.



THE CITY'S PROTECTOR

Just outside the main gates connecting the city to the Fungal Wastes, a great stone statue towers over travellers coming and going from the city. The statue is said to represent a knight who served as a protector to the kingdom of Hallownest in ancient times.

IT LOOKS LIKE A CREST OF SOME SORT
WAS PLACED HERE RECENTLY...

MEMORIAL TO THE HOLLOW KNIGHT

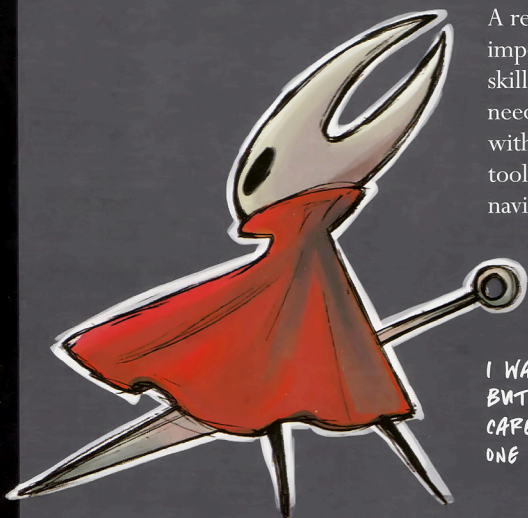


In the city square, the rainwater overflows a fountain with a sculpture depicting a large, intimidating knight surrounded by three smaller figures.

Perhaps this has something to do with that ominous temple near the surface, but few seem to remember this mysterious knight, and none can recall what sort of 'sacrifice' it might have made.

HORNET

A red-cloaked bug with an imposing aura, and speed and skill to match. She wields her needle and thread in battle with grace and finesse; these tools also allow her to expertly navigate Hallownest's terrain.



I WAS SURE SHE NOTICED ME,
BUT SHE SEEMED NOT TO
CARE. I SUPPOSE I'M NOT THE
ONE SHE'S AFTER RIGHT NOW.

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QUIRREL

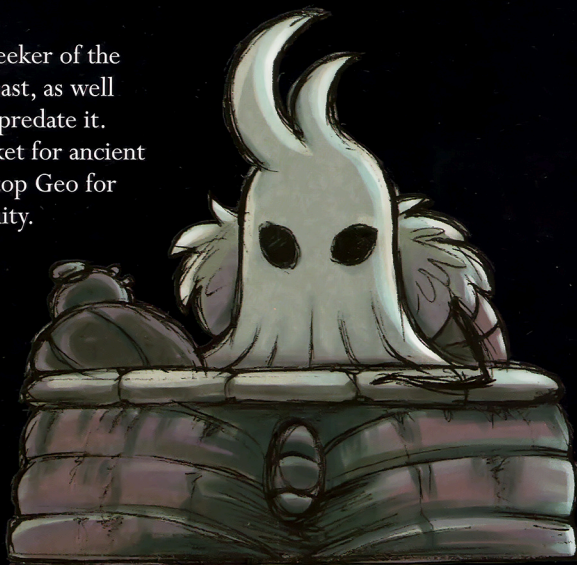
Little is known about this self-proclaimed wandering observer; he's certainly a jovial fellow, and seems to find the sights and sounds of Hallownest fascinating.

But the way he handles a nail suggests there is more to this mysterious character than meets the eye.



RELIC SEEKER LEMM

An avid historian and seeker of the relics of Hallownest's past, as well as the civilisations that predate it. He's always in the market for ancient artefacts, and will pay top Geo for these symbols of antiquity.



HE OFFERED TO BUY THIS JOURNAL FOR 200 GEO!

WANDERER'S JOURNAL



A stone tablet used as a journal by some wanderer long ago. The words carved into its surface are difficult to understand.

HALLOWNEST SEAL



According to Lemm, this symbol represents Hallownest and the Pale King. It can still be found on architecture all over the kingdom.

KING'S IDOL



A small, hand-carved statue representing the Pale King. Each is unique and reflects its carver's vision of the king.

ARCANE EGG



A most mysterious object, jet black in colour and apparently full of secrets inaccessible to even expert historians.

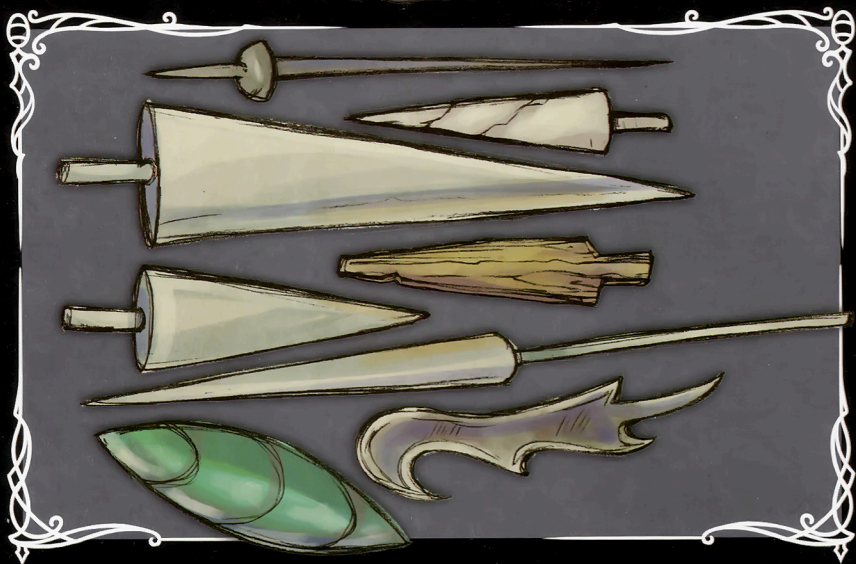
APPARENTLY QUITE VALUABLE!

THE NAILSMITH



In his workshop at the edge of the city, this dedicated craftsman toils away, repairing damaged nails and forging new ones. He won't allow himself a final rest until he's achieved nothing short of perfection.

*BUT WHAT WILL HE DO
ONCE HE ACHIEVES HIS
LIFE'S GOAL?*



PALE ORE



A rare and highly sought-after metal used in the crafting of nails and other weapons. Given enough of the stuff, it is said that a nail of unmatched purity could be forged.

IT'S STRANGELY COLD TO THE TOUCH...

FIENDS OF THE CITY OF TEARS

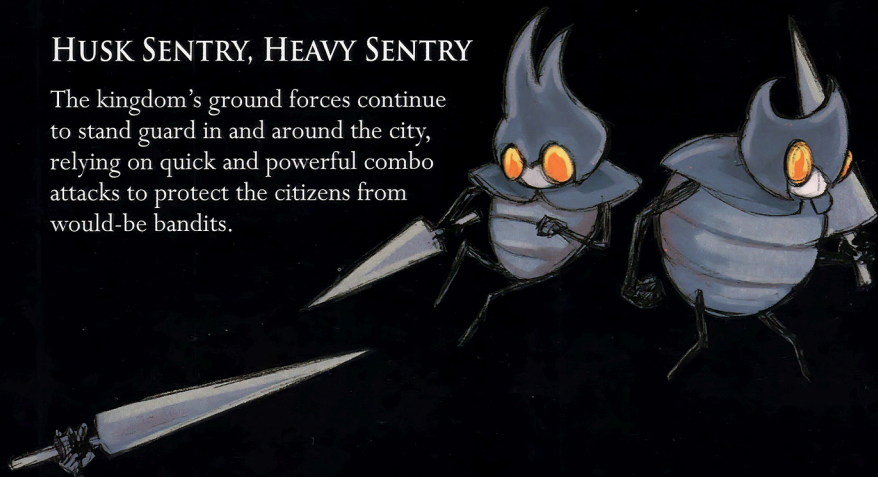
LANCE SENTRY, WINGED SENTRY



These highly-trained guards pursue trespassers within the city and the surrounding areas, both along the ground and in the air.

HUSK SENTRY, HEAVY SENTRY

The kingdom's ground forces continue to stand guard in and around the city, relying on quick and powerful combo attacks to protect the citizens from would-be bandits.



GREAT HUSK SENTRY

These bulky, immovable city protectors patrol sensitive areas, clobbering intruders with their massive nails. Their thick shields can repel any weapon.



BELFLY

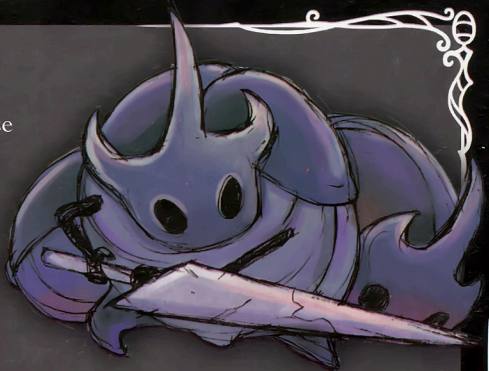
Highly volatile and dangerously quick, these small flying creatures dive at their prey; their explosive nature and ability to curve their flight paths make them especially threatening.



Most of Hallownest's upper-class citizens remain holed up in their towers; while some retain their cowardly tendencies, most have degraded to raw instinct due to the infection, simply assaulting anyone who gets too close.

WATCHER KNIGHTS

Ever vigilant even in death, these ironclad husks stand guard over the entrance to the Watcher's Spire, striking down any who attempt to enter. The tiny, infected flies that now control their bodies seem to give them incredible strength and speed.

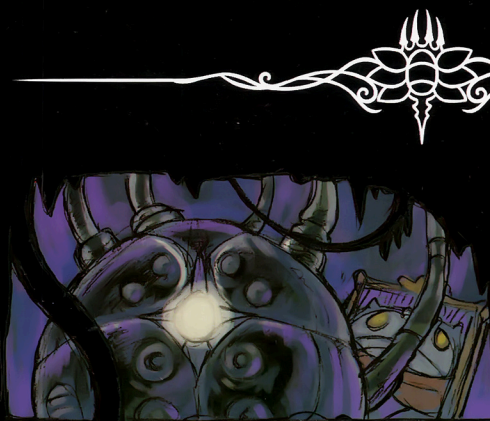


ONE KNIGHT IS EASY ENOUGH TO AVOID, BUT THEY SEEM TO JUST KEEP COMING; MAYBE THEIR NUMBERS COULD BE THINNED A LITTLE AHEAD OF TIME...

SOUL SANCTUM



As the infection first began to spread, a misguided sect of scholars committed a terrible sin in their workshop in the heart of the city. They sought to combat the infection by harnessing the power of soul; countless lives were sacrificed in their twisted, cruel experiments. Ultimately, it was all for naught, as the infection claimed their minds in the end as well.



ARE THESE BIZARRE
MACHINES USED TO HARVEST
SOUL FROM SOME BUGS AND
INJECT IT INTO OTHERS?
HOW CRUEL...

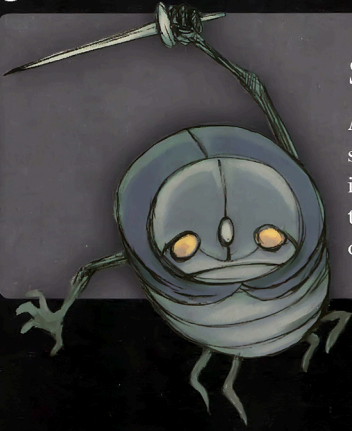


MISTAKE

The unfortunate products of many of the sanctum's failed experiments, these bugs' bodies have been warped and deformed beyond recognition.



FOLLY



SOUL WARRIOR

A particularly dangerous foe that combines soul wizardry with impressive combat skills; it specialises in dashing attacks, sometimes teleporting above its opponent for surprise downward thrusts.

SOUL TWISTER

These experts in the ways of the arcane have learnt to harness the power of soul, using it to float through the air and even teleport from place to place.



WATCH OUT FOR THE ORBS OF TAINTED SOUL ENERGY THEY CONJURE!

SOUL MASTER



Perhaps the most successful and most powerful soul wielder produced by the sanctum's experiments. Driven mad by the infusion of an overabundance of soul, he was easily overcome by the infection; now he uses his extraordinary magical powers to attack any who set foot in the upper levels of the sanctum's laboratory.



CRYSTAL
PEAK



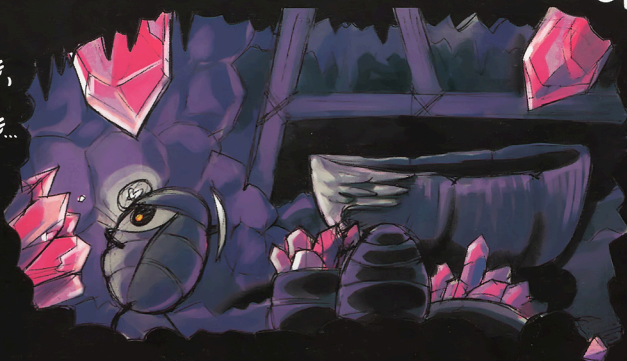


CRYSTAL PEAK

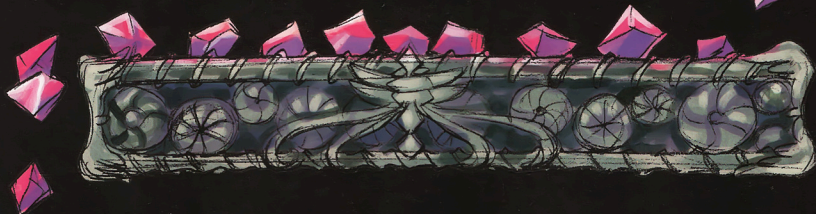


A glittering mountain that towers over the kingdom. The bugs of Halloweenest carved an extensive series of tunnels throughout the mountain in their efforts to mine its crystals; even in the midst of the plague that has claimed their minds, they continue their toil.

AT FIRST GLANCE,
THINGS ALMOST
SEEM NORMAL HERE...



In the height of Halloweenst's growth, the mines of Crystal Peak provided a constant supply of crystals to the kingdom's cities. Though some of the bugs likely wandered off after the infection took hold, a majority of the workforce is still active, mindlessly picking away at the deposits of crystal shards found all over.



Many of the conveyor belts used to transport these shards are still in operation, though with no one on the other side to carry away the cartloads of crystals, the pits below have begun to fill with piles of these jagged gemstones.



MYLA

Unaware of the current state of operations in the mines, a lone bug keeps right on digging, singing to herself as she does. But her memory seems to be fading, and it surely won't be long before she shares the fate of the other miners.

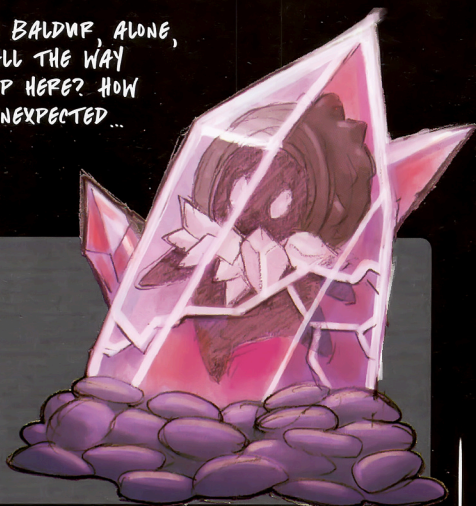
CRYSTALLISED MOUND



Another ancient temple can be found deep within a region of the mine that seems to have been long abandoned, most likely due to the hazardous conditions in the area. The temple itself seems much older than the surrounding mine shafts.



A BALDUR, ALONE,
ALL THE WAY
UP HERE? HOW
UNEXPECTED...



SNAIL SHAMAN

Though these crystals grow very slowly, they appear to have completely encased a Snail Shaman who spent far too long meditating within.

THE LIGHT REFRACTED BY THESE CRYSTALS IS... MESMERISING...
BUT NO, I MUST PRESS ON.

HALLOWNEST'S CROWN



Atop the peak of the mountain, a number of mysterious glyphs can be found; each gives off a radiant light when approached, as though it senses a presence and calls out to be read.

Unfortunately, the glyphs don't match any language on record, and were likely left here by the people of a culture that predates Hallownest itself. A few seem to depict winged creatures of some sort; perhaps these winged ones placed these glyphs to ensure that future civilisations would remember them.

A WINGED STATUE

At the precipice, a curious statue looms over the town; its shape is unlike any known bug or creature, and stands apart from the rest of Hallownest's style.

ITS EXPRESSION FILLS ME WITH AN EMOTION
I CAN'T QUITE IDENTIFY...

A LONGING, PERHAPS?



FIENDS OF CRYSTAL PEAK



SHARDMITE



GLIMBACK

The beasts of burden used in Crystal Peak's mining operations have begun to wander aimlessly with no one left to command them; the crystal protrusions growing from their bodies now make navigating around them a perilous endeavour.

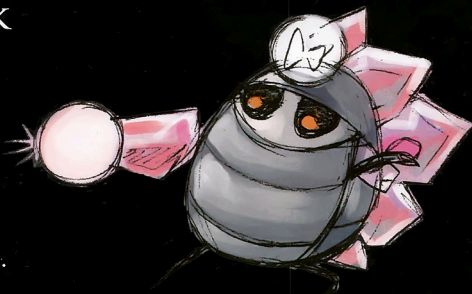


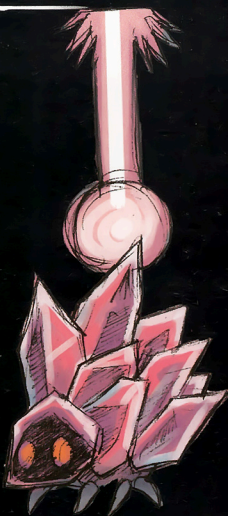
HUSK MINER

When the infection claimed their minds, many of the miners simply continued digging away as if by instinct. Now finding themselves armed with pick-claws, they can prove quite the hazard for travellers, especially if encountered in groups.

CRYSTALLISED HUSK

Some of the miners in the upper levels of the mines have begun to grow crystals within their husks; their ability to create carefully-aimed light beams through these crystals makes them a significant threat.





CRYSTAL CRAWLER



CRYSTAL HUNTER



Many of the creatures in the mines have adapted the mountain's crystals into weapons; some are able to launch crystalline growths at intruders, while others use crystal lenses to focus beams of searing light at their targets.

CRYSTAL GUARDIAN

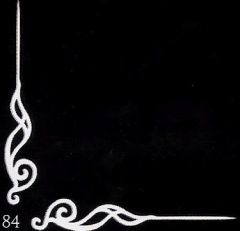
A miner overtaken by the infection, its face completely encased in the mountain's crystals. Driven mad by the light of these crystals, it savagely attacks any who disturb it by unleashing concentrated beams of energy from its body, as well as from other crystal formations in its territory.

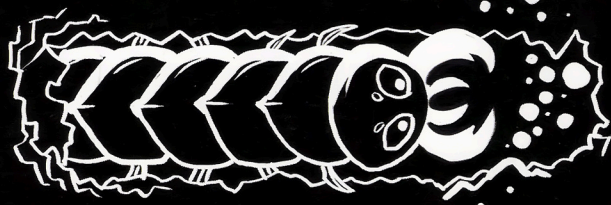
BE MINDFUL OF THE BEAMS THAT SHINE DOWN FROM ABOVE AS THE GUARDIAN JUMPS ABOUT, BUT BE SURE NOT TO STAY IN ONE SPOT FOR TOO LONG!



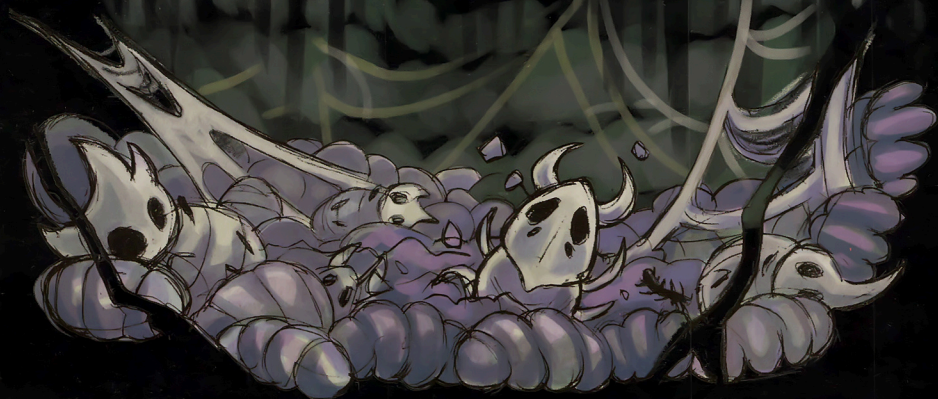


DEEPNEST





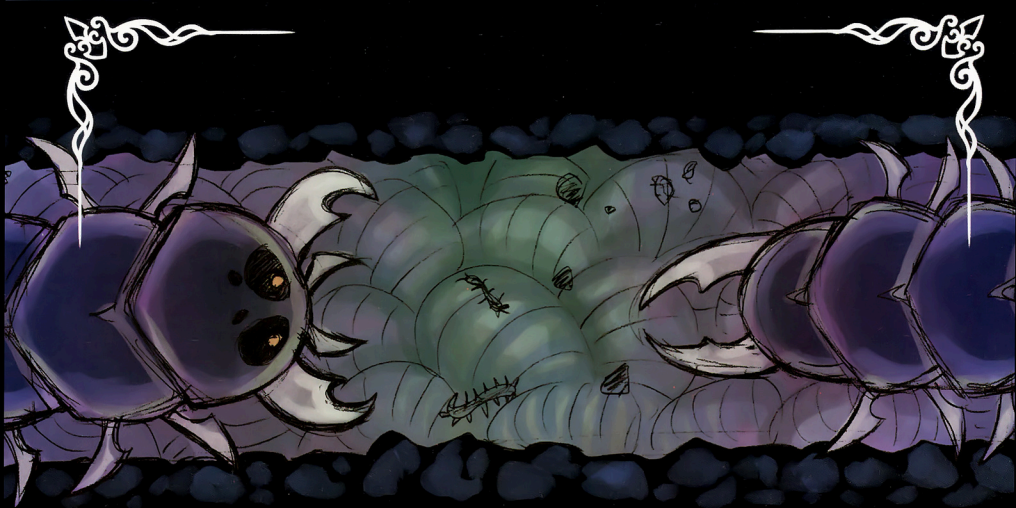
DEEPNEST



A dark and foreboding place deep below the kingdom, full of twisting tunnels and nasty crawling things; the only light in most of its passages is the faint glow of a bioluminescent fungus that grows sparsely.



The creatures of Deepnest completely refused the Pale King's rule, choosing instead to live as they always had, cloaked in darkness. Even so, the infection seems to have just begun to take hold here as well.



Huge, terrible monstrosities called Garpedes burrow their way through extensive networks of tunnels in the rocky terrain, trampling any bug who would carelessly wander into their path. The incessant rumbling is enough to drive any decent bug insane.



KEEP MOVING, AND WATCH OUT FOR DISTURBANCES IN THE SOIL... THOSE HORRIBLE DIRTCARVERS ARE EVERYWHERE!



Rows of decaying husks line carved-out holes in the cavern floors, their fangs and pincers creating insurmountable spike pits. The web-walking critters seem to have little trouble traversing them, though.

FAILED TRAMWAY



The kingdom made efforts to expand into this dark territory, but those efforts were met with ferocious resistance. The ruins of a tram station stand as a symbol of the conflicts that ended this expansion. It would appear there are some places even Hallowest's influence cannot tame.

TRAM PASS



Tram passes were highly sought-after items that demanded a considerable price, and the sale of each pass required the consent of the Pale King. This exclusivity meant that only the most elite of Hallowest's citizens were able to ride in the lap of luxury.

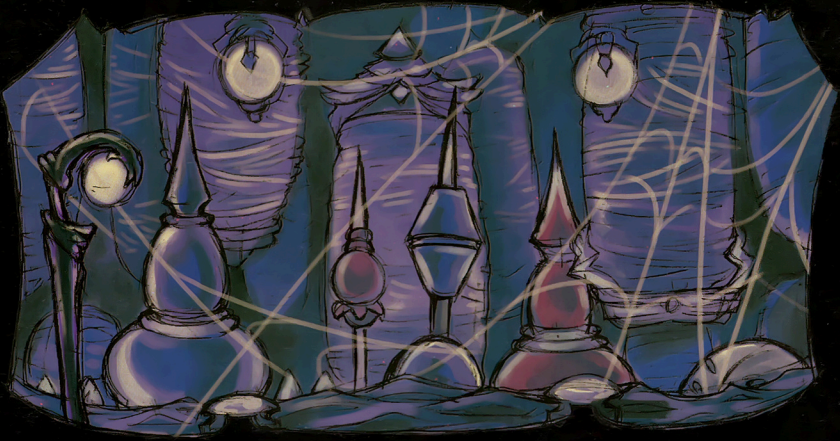
TRAMS



The ultimate in luxurious locomotion, the trams were once the most fashionable means of travelling among the lower regions of the kingdom.

*PLUSH SEATS AND MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT
MADE FOR QUITE THE RELAXING RIDE*

WEAVERS' DEN



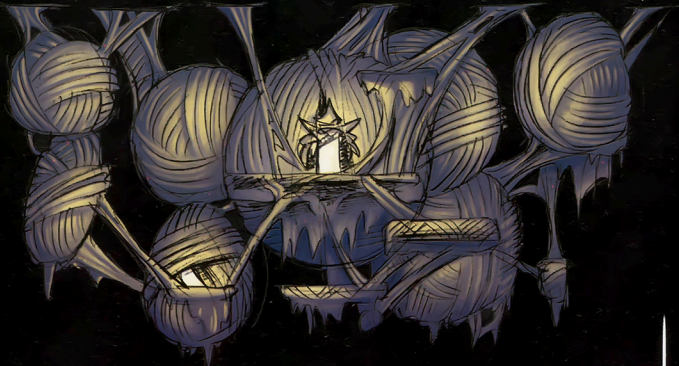
A mysterious tribe that thrives in the shadows, the Weavers chose to build their den in the dim corners of Deepnest. Here, amongst the murky darkness, they established a history and culture all their own, their stories woven in spider silk. As signs of the infection have begun to appear in Deepnest, the Weavers seem to have evacuated their den in quite a hurry.

DISTANT VILLAGE

THE PEOPLE HERE
SEEM A BIT OFF...

AND THEY KEEP
INSISTING THAT
I SIT AND REST.

WHAT ARE THEY
AFTER?



In a remote corner of this already remote region, an all-but-abandoned village hangs above an underground lake, its houses all suspended from the ceiling by webs.

FIENDS OF DEEPNEST



DIRTCARVER

Spawned from flying hatchers, these hideous crawling predators ambush their prey by digging small tunnels and emerging from them quickly, leaving no time to react. They're also surprisingly capable jumpers, and can climb up vertical walls.



**CARVER
HATCHER**



GRUB MIMIC

A most horrendous trickster, this foul creature mimics the form of a harmless grub to lure unsuspecting travellers near, and then shows its true colours.

CORPSE CREEPER

A parasite that lurks within husks, biding its time; when the husk is slain, it quickly takes over, transforming into a skittering, wall-climbing abomination.





DEEPLING



DEEPHUNTER



LITTLE WEAVER

These many-legged monsters can often be found creeping around in the shadows; while most stick to walls and ceilings, the larger ones flitter about on their silken threads, suddenly emerging from dark corners to chase their prey.



STALKING DEVOUT

Using their thick, armoured claws as makeshift masks, these cloaked hulks wait for their victims to get close before lashing out violently.

NOSK

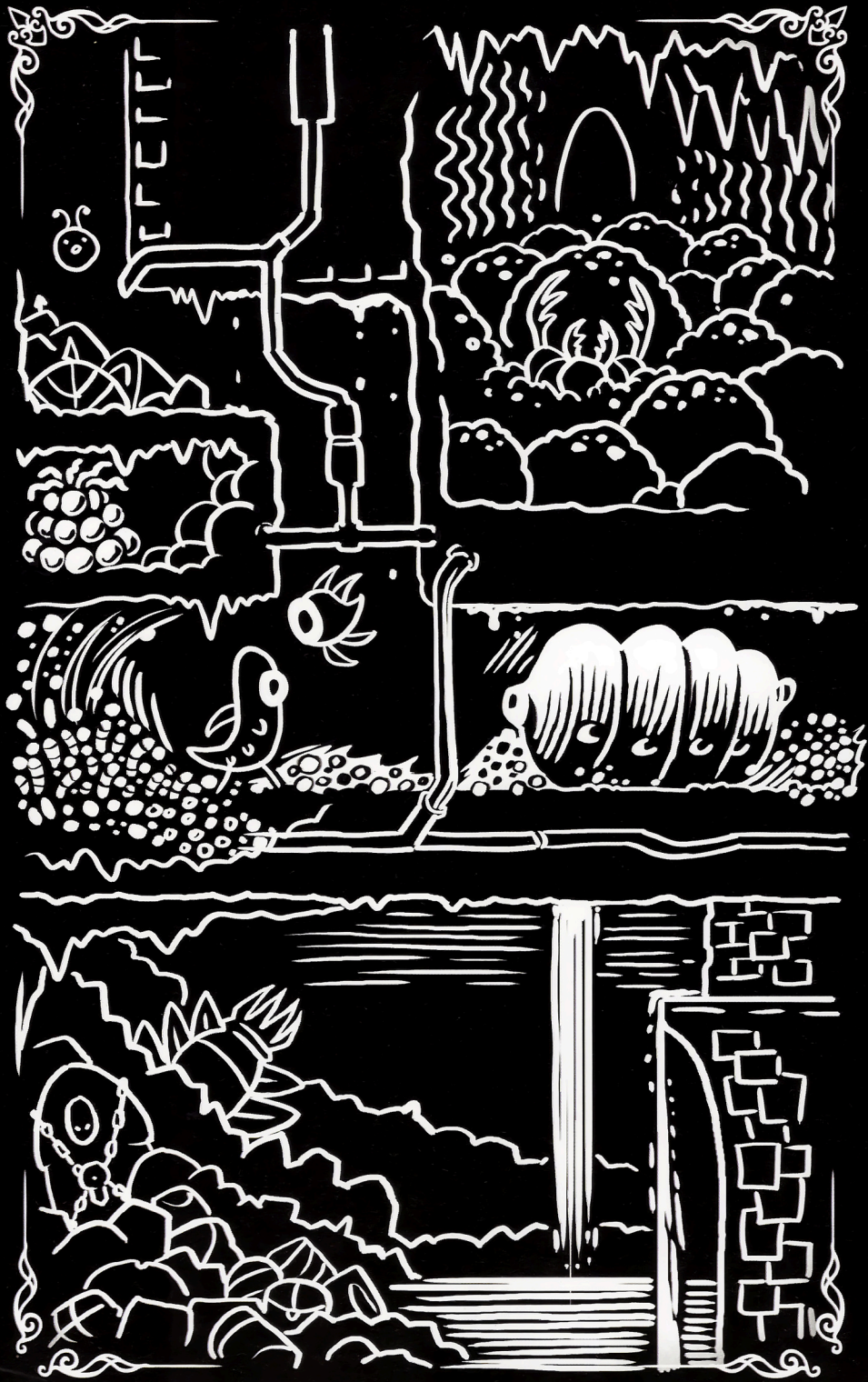
A devious beast that takes the form of others, exploiting their curiosity in order to draw them into its clutches. The lifeless husks of its many victims can be found strung up all around its lair.



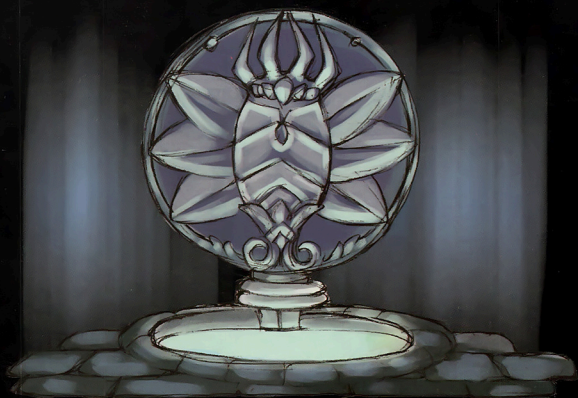


ROYAL
WATERWAYS

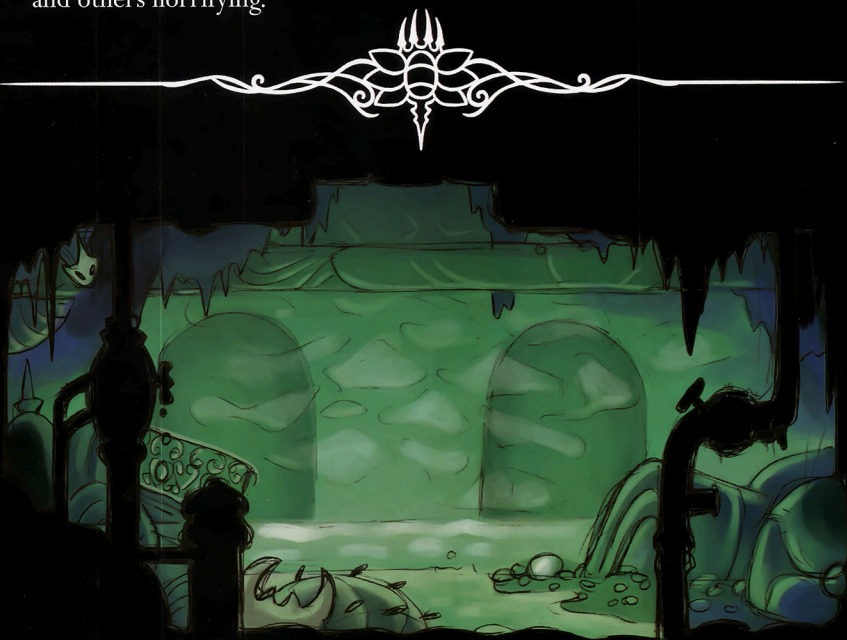




ROYAL WATERWAYS



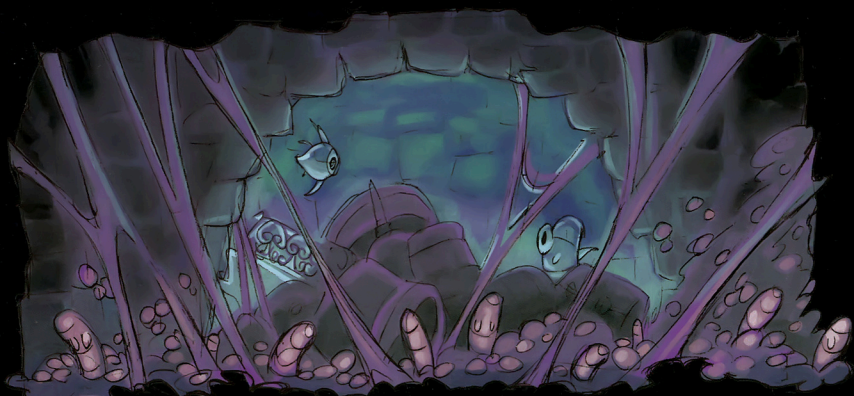
Beneath their great underground city, the bugs of Hallownest built a vast network of pipes to carry their wastewater away. In their absence, other creatures have begun to thrive in those pipes, some fascinating and others horrifying.



The wastewater drains downward through these tunnels, carrying piles of discarded trash and other less savoury things with it. In the kingdom's heyday, the flow of refuse might have filled them, but they've since been washed clear by the constant rainfall flowing down from the City of Tears.



The floors, walls, and ceilings of one of the upper sections are lined with densely-packed dung, giving it a unique terrain (not to mention odour). Clearly, the dung has been transported here from all throughout the waterways by something... or someone.

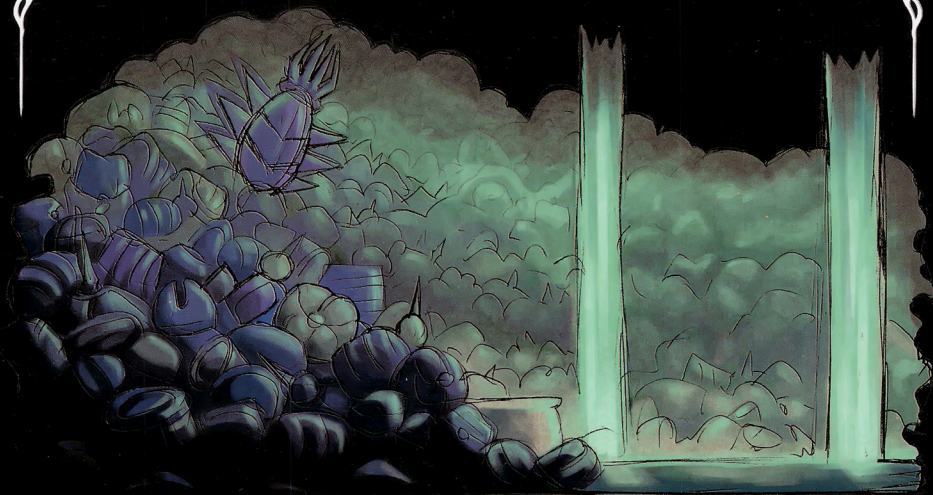


In the depths of the waterways, where much of the kingdom's garbage has accumulated, an unsettling lot known as the Flukes have established a colony. These squirming, slurping horrors stalk the tunnels and pits in search of anything they can sink their multitudes of teeth into.



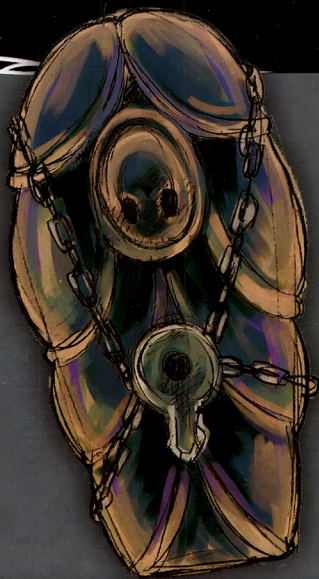
I ACCIDENTALLY STEPPED ON
ONE OF THESE FLUKE LARVAE...
OH, THE SOUND IT MADE...

JUNK PIT



Everything the kingdom flushes down the drain eventually finds its way here: garbage, broken lamp posts, chests full of Geo... even the husks of the dead.

THERE'S PROBABLY A SMALL FORTUNE IN GEO DOWN HERE, THOUGH GIVEN THE DANGER, IT'S PROBABLY NOT WORTH IT.

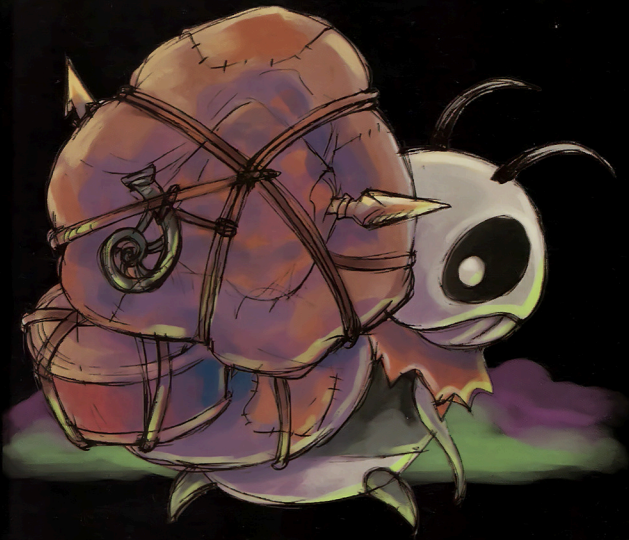


GOLDEN COCOON

A curious sight in a pit full of junk, this elaborate but worn golden cocoon might contain treasures hereto undreamt of.

THE LOCK ON THESE CHAINS LOOKS SIMPLE ENOUGH. IF ONLY I HAD THE KEY!

TUK



A mysterious collector of odds and ends and a connoisseur of unpalatable foods, this colourful character has rancid eggs to spare for anyone who has the Geo.

I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW ANYONE COULD BRING THEMSELVES TO EAT ONE OF THESE THINGS, LET ALONE ENJOY IT!



FLUKE HERMIT

In her alcove overlooking the Junk Pit, this eccentric figure may be the only member of the Fluke family with any semblance of sentience.

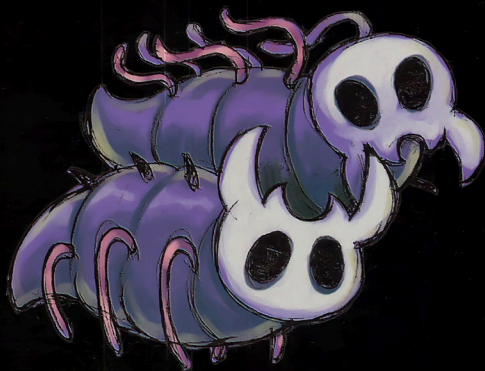
SHE SEEMS TO THINK THE JUNK DOWN THERE IS HER TREASURE. I'M INCLINED NOT TO ARGUE!

FIENDS OF THE ROYAL WATERWAYS

BLUGGSAC

A harmless cluster of foul-smelling fluid sacs; they seem to occasionally produce an equally foul-smelling egg. None have had the stomach to try to hatch one of these eggs.

TRK MUST HARVEST THE EGGS FROM THESE.



PILFLIP

An interesting bug with antenna-like appendages lining its back; if flipped over, it uses these appendages to chase down the responsible party with quick leaps.

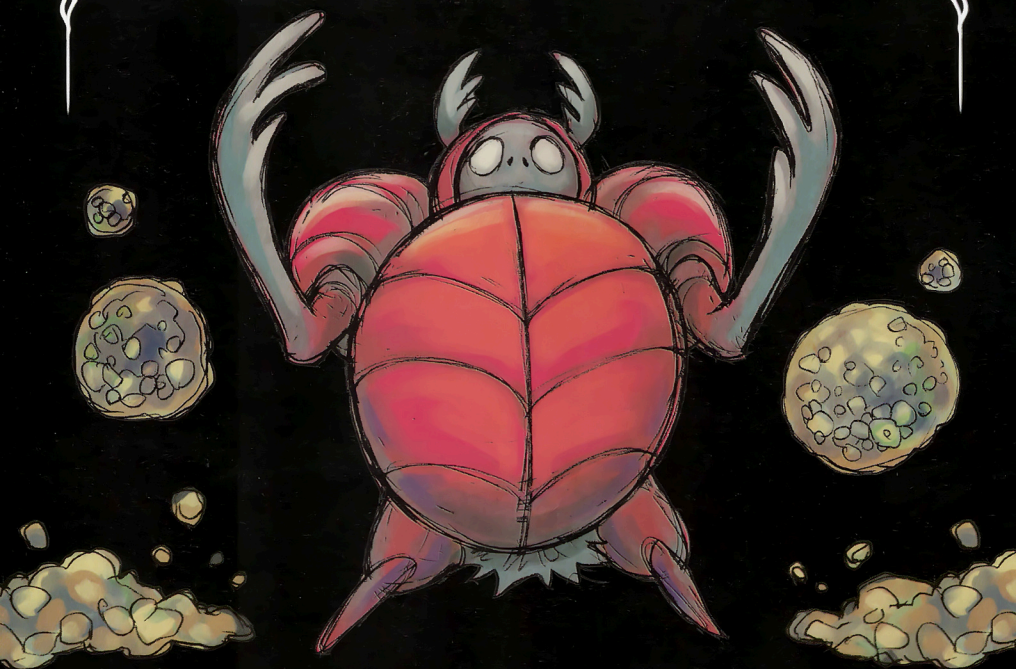
HWURMP

These tiny floating creatures have powerful and highly expandable lungs, allowing them to inflate their size by several magnitudes to frighten would-be predators.

I COULDN'T HELP
BUT CHUCKLE WHEN
I SAW THREE OF
THESE THINGS BUMP
INTO ONE ANOTHER!



THE DUNG DEFENDER



A peculiar warrior who has adapted a corner of the waterways to better suit his preferred fighting style as well as lifestyle; he fights to protect something precious, a place he holds dear. Though his methods—not to mention his scent—may be a bit unorthodox, his spirit is undeniable.

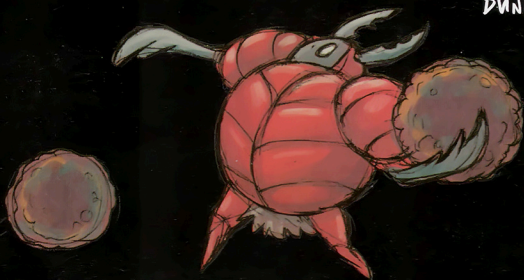
HE SEEMS TO REVEL IN THE THRILL OF BATTLE,
HIS EXUBERANCE IS CONTAGIOUS!

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I FOUND HIM ROLLING UP BALLS OF
DUNG AND TOSSING THEM ABOUT.



IF THIS WAS A FORM OF
TRAINING, HE WAS CERTAINLY
HAVING A GOOD TIME OF IT.

FLUKEFEY

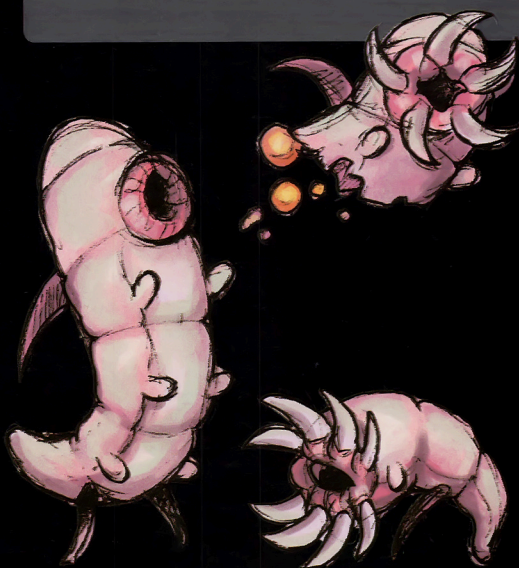
The waterways are full of these gruesome little flying things with sharp, thorny teeth and voracious appetites.



FLUKEMON

These larger, earthbound Fluke creatures are quite vicious; even after being soundly defeated, they still have plenty of fight left in them.

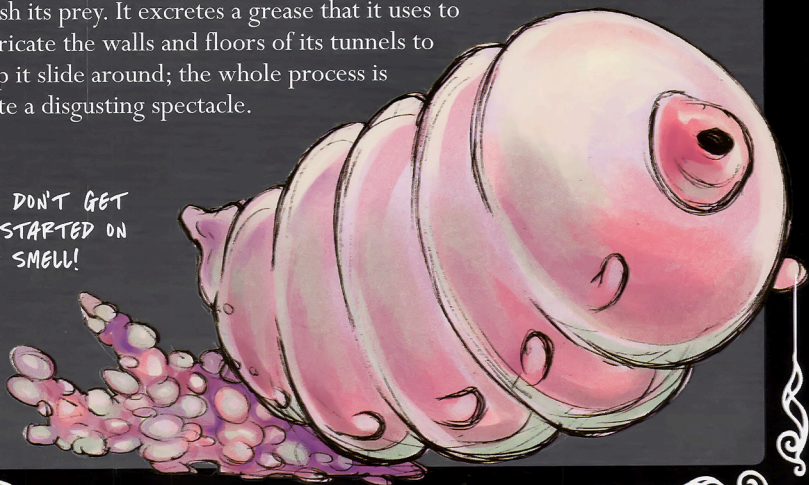
**EACH END HAS ITS OWN
UNIQUE VOCALISATIONS.
FASCINATING!**



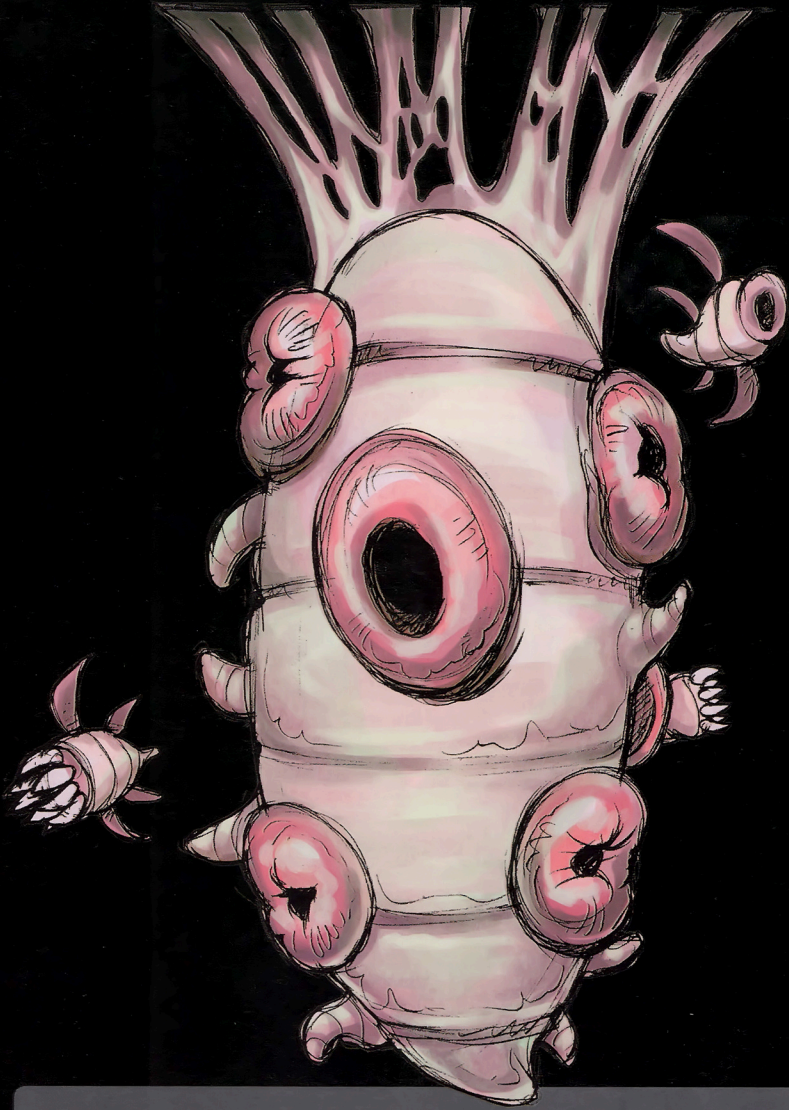
FLUKEMUNGA

A bloated, lumbering mass that uses its weight to crush its prey. It excretes a grease that it uses to lubricate the walls and floors of its tunnels to help it slide around; the whole process is quite a disgusting spectacle.

**AND DON'T GET
ME STARTED ON
THE SMELL!**



FLUKEMARM



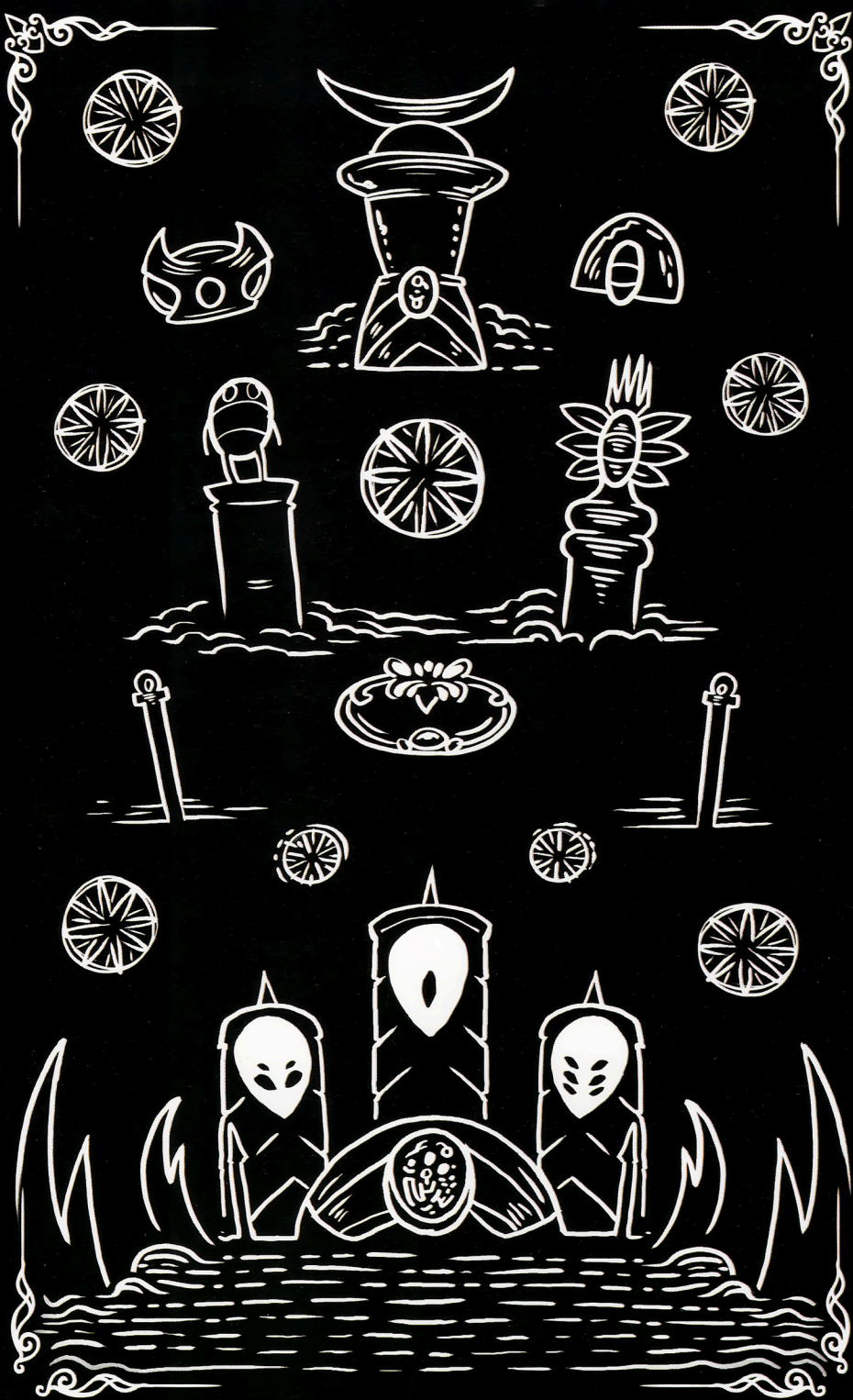
This creature—if it can even be called that—seems to be a sort of living Flukefey hive, or possibly even their queen. The nearly constant stream of Flukefey that gush out of it should be enough to give most travellers pause.

THOUGH THE FLUKEMARM IS BOUND TO THE CEILING OF ITS CHAMBER, THE FLUKEFEY IT SPEWS ARE TENACIOUS PURSUERS. BE CAREFUL!



RESTING
GROUNDS





RESTING GROUNDS

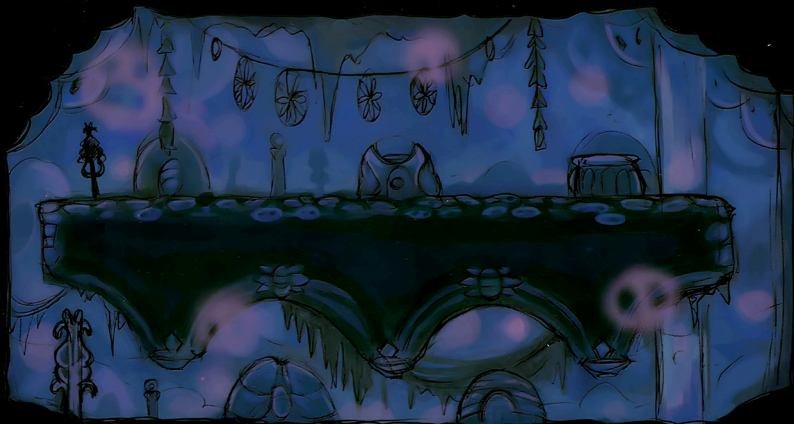


Before the infection robbed the bugs of Halloweenest of their minds, this place served as a burial ground for their dead; fields of gravestones and tombs stretch into the distance in all directions.



In the centre of the grounds stands an elaborate monument, a counterpart to the memorial in the city below. Its three monoliths commemorate three beings who made great sacrifices to protect the kingdom from a devastating threat.

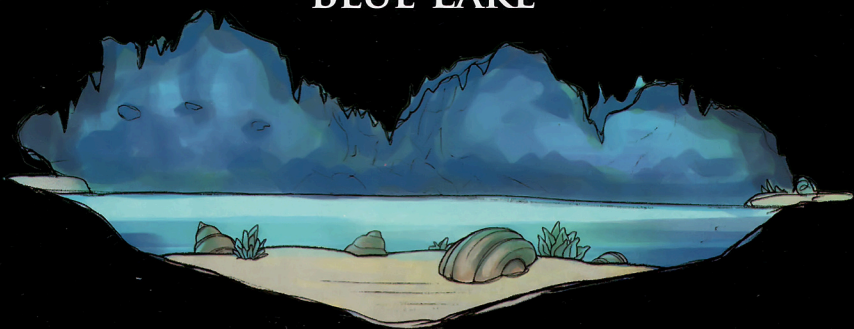
SPIRITS' GLADE



The final resting place for a great many fallen warriors, as well as other beings from lands near and far.

AMIDST THE SERENE QUIET OF THIS PLACE,
I CANNOT HELP BUT FEEL... A PRESENCE?

BLUE LAKE



A calm, placid lake that reflects the blue-hued minerals around it, giving the entire cave a gentle blue glow. The waters from this lake filter through the layers of bedrock, eventually reaching the expansive cavern below and dripping down to form the constant rain that falls on the City of Tears.

GREY MOURNER



A mysterious being from a time before the fall of the kingdom; her tale is a tragic one of a forbidden love lost. Her only wish now is to convey her feelings to her beloved one last time, though she can no longer do this on her own.

This quest would require one to travel across the breadth of Hallownest and place a delicate flower upon the grave of her lover—a trek which is fraught with peril—to afford both of them a well-deserved final rest.

ENTOMBED HUSK

A dried-out, decaying husk wrapped in dirty, tattered rags. It hides in the darkness, dragging itself along slowly while gasping eerily as it waits for its victim to draw close, and then lashes out with one powerful claw.



SEER



The last of her kind, this survivor of the ancient moth tribe seeks atonement for her people's past sins. She patiently awaits the arrival of someone with the courage and strength to strike back against the forces that brought the kingdom to ruin.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER, AN ESSENCE PERHAPS, THAT REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING I RECENTLY SAW IN A DREAM...

SNAIL SHAMAN'S TOMB



In the deepest, darkest corner of the caverns beneath the Resting Grounds, sealed within a magnificent, regal cocoon, the husk of a wise old Snail Shaman watches over an ancient and powerful charm.

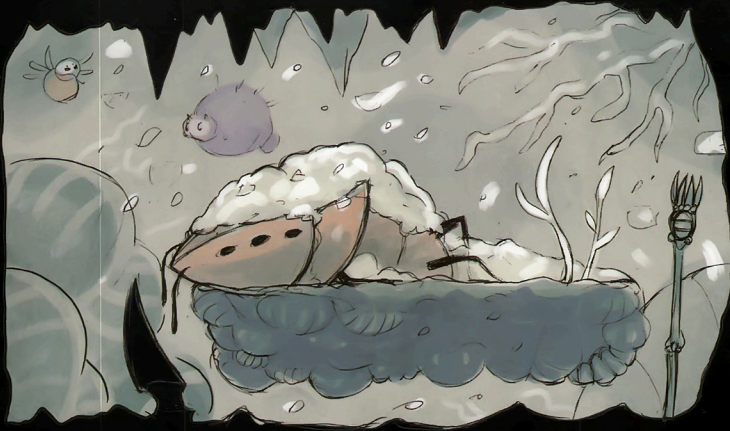


KINGDOM'S
EDGE



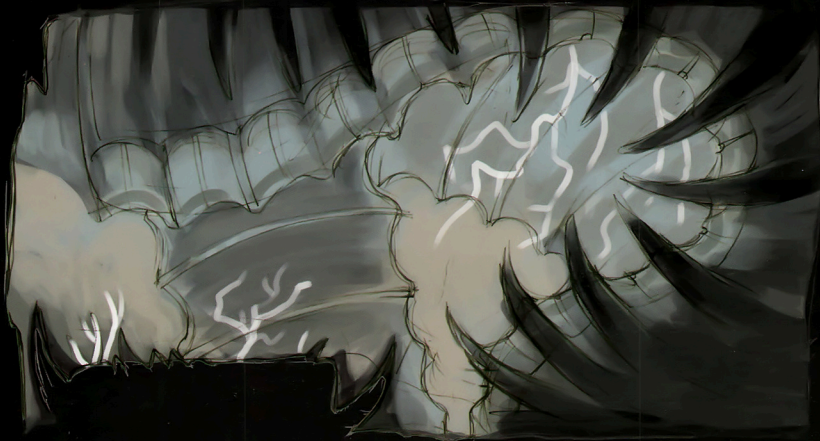
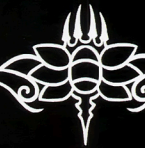


KINGDOM'S EDGE



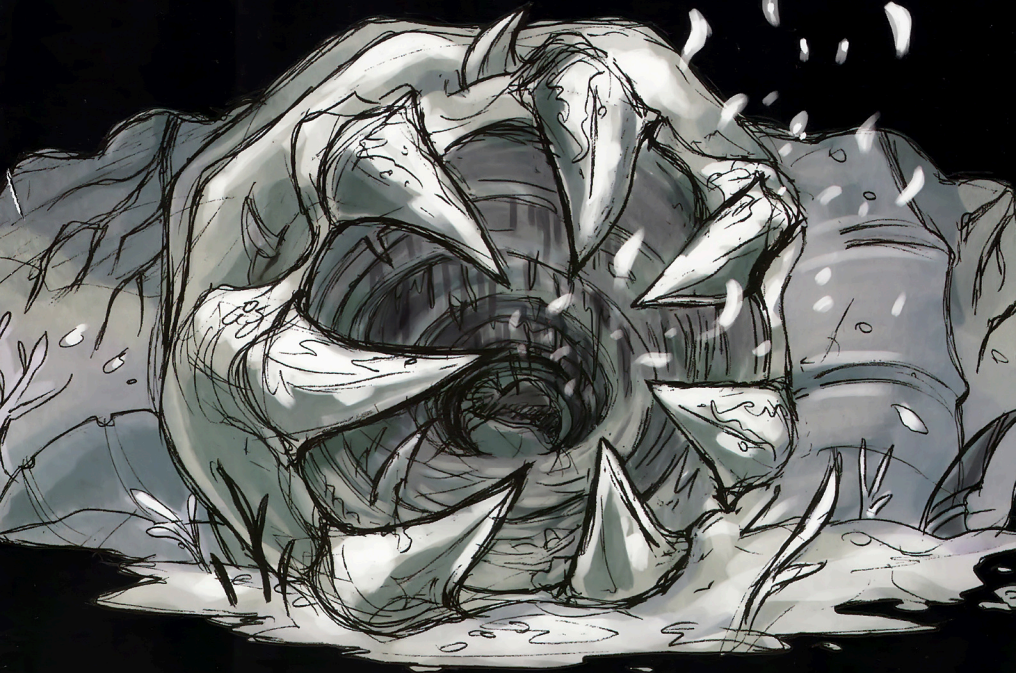
A desolate range of cliffs, mercilessly pummelled by harsh winds and a constant deluge of a strange white ash.

The ash slowly piles up on the cliffsides, as well as on the husks of fallen warriors who have been cast into the chasm.



The source of both the winds and the ash that cover these lands, these decaying remains belong to an ancient behemoth known as a Wyrm.

CAST-OFF SHELL



In a bygone age, long before the kingdom existed, it is said that this unfathomably large Wyrms burrowed through the mountains and across the wastelands.

But when it reached the soil that would become Halloweenest, something caused it to stop. What happened to the Wyrms from there is a mystery; it doesn't appear to have died there, so perhaps it shed its gargantuan form and became something different entirely.

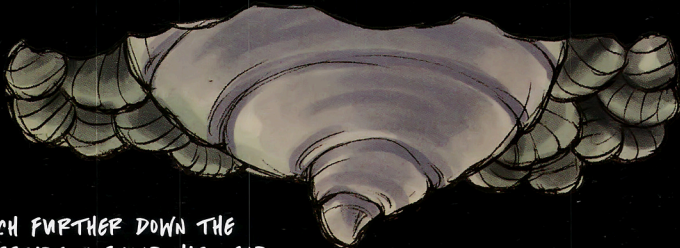
Deep within the maw of the carcass, a pale, broken egg of some sort hints at such a rebirth.

WHAT COULD HAVE HATCHED FROM THAT EGG?

BARDOON



An old and wise caterpillar who has made his home above the cliffs of Kingdom's Edge. His knowledge of the time before Hallownest can prove an invaluable resource, though he has gone to lengths to isolate himself from those affected by the plague below, so reaching him might prove a challenge.



MUCH FURTHER DOWN THE
CLIFFSIDE, I FOUND HIS... END.

NAILMASTER ORO



One of the three famed Nailmasters, and keeper of the ancient technique known as the Dash Slash. After a falling-out among the Nailmasters, he secluded himself at the edge of the kingdom, though he'll still pass down his knowledge to those with enough courage (and Geo).



In an alcove behind Oro's hut, the husk of a Great Hopper in tattered Nailmaster's garb can be found mounted on a pole. It would appear Oro uses this husk as a training dummy.

I CONSIDERED GIVING IT A FEW WHACKS MYSELF, BUT THEN
THOUGHT BETTER OF IT WHEN I HEARD RUSTLING ABOVE ME.

FIENDS OF KINGDOM'S EDGE

BOOFLY

Though these giant hovering bugs simply float about innocuously, their sheer size makes them tricky to handle safely.

IT'S ALSO POSSIBLE TO BOUNCE OFF OF THEM USING A NAIL TO REACH GREATER HEIGHTS!



PRIMAL ASPID

Tenacious and capable of spraying venom at its prey with lethal accuracy, these flying hunters are quite dangerous, especially in packs.

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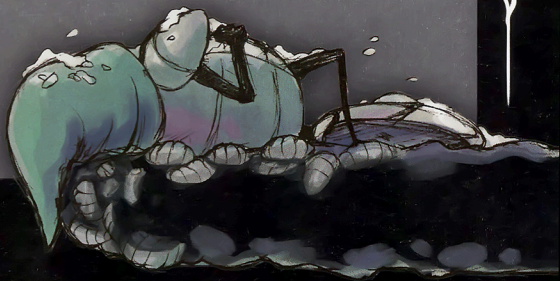
HOPPER & GREAT HOPPER

In their youth, these quick, agile creatures seem to bounce around without a care in the world.

As they grow to adulthood, they eventually become quite large; unlike their young, these behemoths chase their prey, attempting to stomp it into submission.



A familiar face amongst the lifeless shells of vanquished fools, this fellow serves as a reminder that not all of the strongest and most capable fighters are victorious.



AN UNFORTUNATE END FOR
SUCH A CONFIDENT WARRIOR.



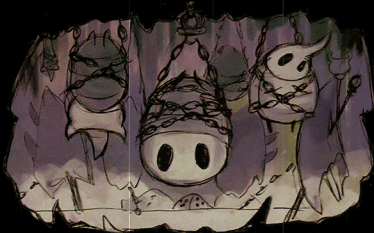
Tucked away in the lower reaches of the caverns, the carcass of a giant nailsmith still sits hunched over his anvil, his enormous remains filling the room.

HE SEEMS TOO LARGE TO FIT THROUGH THE CAVERN'S MOUTH,
WAS HE TRAPPED IN THIS CHAMBER, FORCED TO TOIL AT HIS
FORGE UNTIL THE END?

COLOSSEUM OF FOOLS



Seated atop the ashen cliffs of Kingdom's Edge and carved out of the shell of a massive, ancient bug, the Colosseum of Fools draws warriors from across Hallownest and beyond with the promise of riches and glory.



I HAVE NO INTEREST IN
FIGHTING (OR DYING) HERE!

Those who fail face the cruellest of fates as they're ridiculed by the crowd, only to have their lifeless shells unceremoniously cast into the chasm below. But for the would-be champions who frequent this place, the colosseum offers a chance to become something more than just another foolish bug, if only for a short time.

Much like their wild relatives in Greenpath, these bulbous creatures float around hurling their acidic spit in all directions. But their combat training—not to mention their armour—makes them a much greater threat.



**BATTLE
OBBLE**



OBLOBBLE

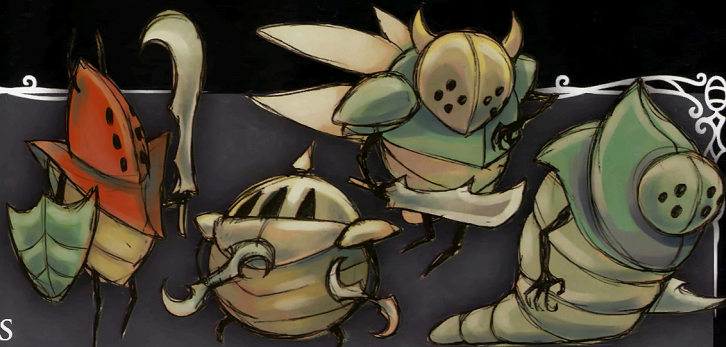
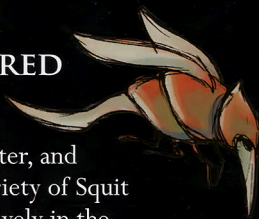


**SHARP
BALDUR**

Like their cousins, these critters can curl themselves into tight balls and roll at their foes, but their plated shells can withstand quite a bit more damage.

**ARMOURED
SQUIT**

A larger, faster, and stronger variety of Squit bred exclusively in the colosseum.

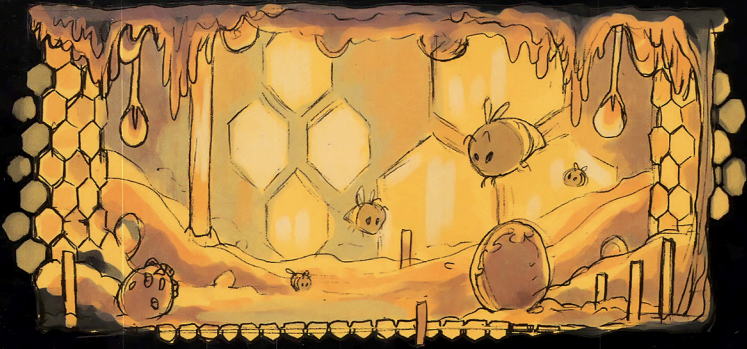


FOOLS

Powerful combatants gather for even the earliest of the Colosseum's trials; some fight with traditional nails and shields, while others toss bladed weapons from a distance. All of them are strong, and all of them are determined, so overcoming them all to take the title of champion is no small feat.

Only the most skilled contenders survive to discover what awaits them in further trials.

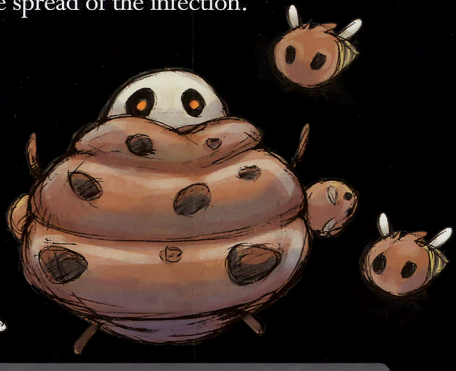
THE HIVE



In the kingdom's infancy, as the king spread his influence across the land, there were those who chose to reject his rule and separate themselves from Hallowest's society. The Hive is one such bastion. Even now, the bees maintain their isolation, unmarred by the spread of the infection.

HIVE HUSK & HIVELINGS

A few husks wound up here, and have somehow merged with small hives. The little bee warriors they carry will fiercely protect them, as well as the rest of the greater Hive.

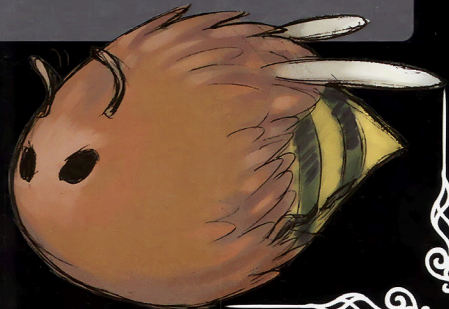


HIVE SOLDIER

Ferocious warriors who attack by spinning their compound stingers into a thrashing drill.

HIVE GUARDIAN

These huge, lumbering bees put all of their weight into fending off intruders, and have been known to crash right through walls and other structures in the process.



HIVE KNIGHT



The queen's most valiant and skilled knight, and the Hive's last line of defence against invasion.

During Halloween's reign, the bees sealed up all of the Hive's entrances and exits, erasing every trace of the Hive's existence from the outside world save for the occasional Hiveling patrol. In the intervening time, the queen passed away in solitude, leaving her bees to fend for themselves.

Her knight continues to stand by her side, ready to cut down any who would intrude upon her throne despite her unfortunate fate.



HIS SPEED AND TECHNIQUE ARE IMPRESSIVE, AS IS HIS ABILITY TO CALL UPON A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS PAIN OF HIVELINGS!

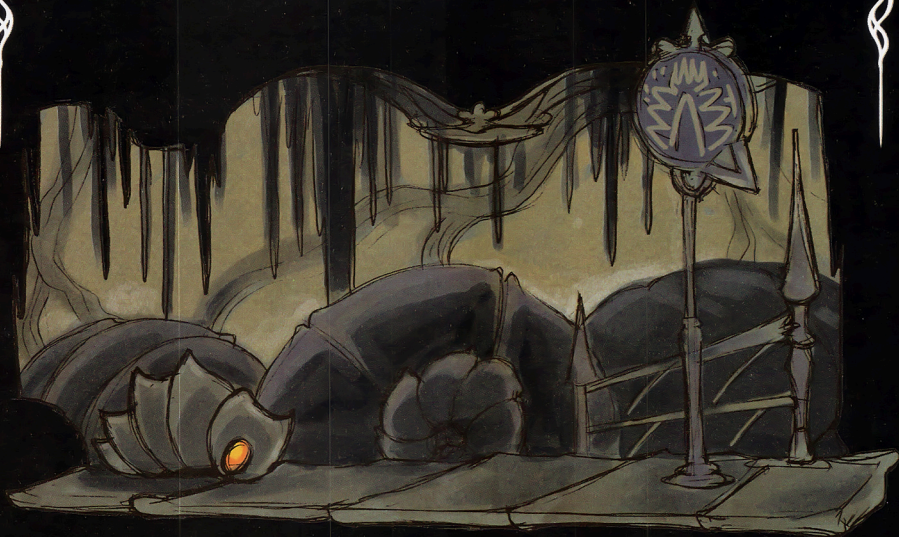


ANCIENT
BASIN





ANCIENT BASIN



Now nearly devoid of both life and colour, this region is said to have once been the cradle of Hallownest's civilisation. Few remnants of that civilisation still remain.

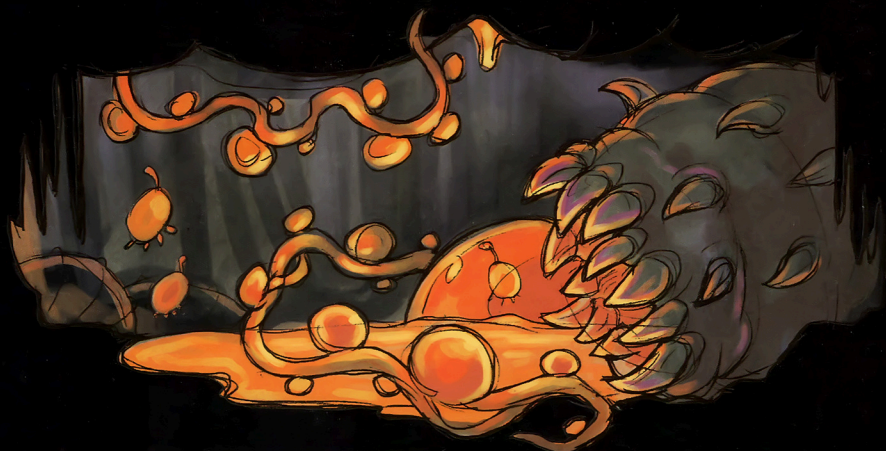
**NOTHING BUT A FEW SIGNPOSTS AND A MASSIVE FOUNTAIN...
WHERE DID EVERYONE GO?**



The only light in these darkened halls now is the pale orange glow of the infection; bloated little critters dart along the floor as ghostly clouds of gaseous goo chase down travellers to spread the affliction.



Orange pustules and veins pulsate with infectious fluid, overfilled and ready to burst at any moment. The entire region seems to have been overtaken by the plague.



Even the largest and mightiest beasts have succumbed; it would seem no one in these barren corridors can withstand this pestilence. Indeed, the few things still moving in this place appear to be under the control of the infection.

I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T STAY HERE TOO LONG MYSELF...

THE WHITE PALACE



According to the legends of Hallownest, the Pale King ruled over his kingdom from a White Palace deep beneath the lands of his dominion. But when the infection that spread across the kingdom proved uncontrollable, the king and his court went into hiding.

Deep within the basin, the ruins of a vast palatial estate can be found, complete with a dried-up moat and ornate palace gates. Strangely, no actual palace structure stands there, though there do appear to be signs that one once did. If this is indeed the site of the Pale King's palace, it would seem he somehow took it with him when he fled.

BUT HOW COULD AN ENTIRE PALACE HAVE VANISHED?

THE PALE KING'S FOUNTAIN



In an alcove just beneath the tramway station, a massive statue of Hallownest's king stands atop a fountain, encircled by husks cloaked in white. It invites visitors to donate all of their hard-earned Geo to the king; it may be too late for the kingdom to make use of such charity, but they do say that donating is good for the soul.

THE KING'S BRAND

Passage to the depths below is barred by a sealed stone door emblazoned with a faintly glowing symbol. This same symbol appears in different forms throughout Hallownest, where it seems to represent royalty; it looks a bit like the spires atop the head of the statue above as well.

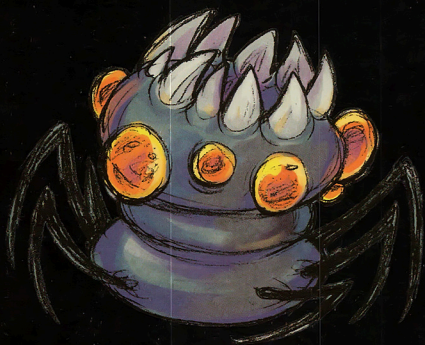
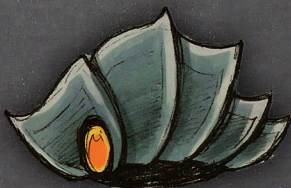


IF ONLY I COULD DECIPHER THE MESSAGE ON THE TABLET NEXT TO THE DOOR, PERHAPS I COULD FIGURE OUT HOW TO OPEN IT.

FIENDS OF THE ANCIENT BASIN

SHADOW CREEPER

Possibly a more primal relative of the Crawlid with a stronger shell, these shuffling things can be found pacing about on walls and ceilings as well as floors.

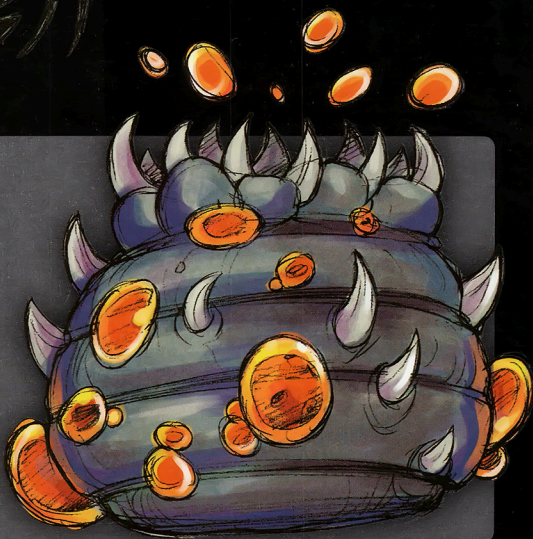


LESSER MAWLEK

A fast-moving beast with sharp claws and an overabundance of teeth; it can also hurl tainted acid spit at distant targets.

MAWLURK

An overgrown Mawlek that has lost the ability to move; it now waits for prey to wander near, and attempts to use its highly acidic spit to dissolve that prey. How it then digests its quarry is unclear.



THE MAWLEKS SEEM TO BE NATIVE TO THIS REGION, YET THE BROODING MAWLEK I ENCOUNTERED IN THE CROSSROADS WAS SURROUNDED BY THE REMAINS OF OTHERS OF ITS KIND... DO THESE CREATURES MIGRATE CLOSER TO THE SURFACE IN ORDER TO BREED?

LIGHTSEED

A tiny, scurrying creature that has swollen greatly in size due to infection; it typically hides in small groups out of sight, but will try to run to safety if it senses danger.



INFECTED BALLOON

A globule of pus and light gases, capable of floating through the air by its own power. It gently wafts about until other creatures draw near, then gives chase in an attempt to further spread its infection.

BROKEN VESSEL



The hollowed-out shell of a fallen warrior, reanimated and driven mad by the spreading plague. In life, this creature was likely a very talented nail wielder, and many of its skills persist even in its current unfortunate state. And the infection has only made it stronger, giving it enhanced agility and strength.

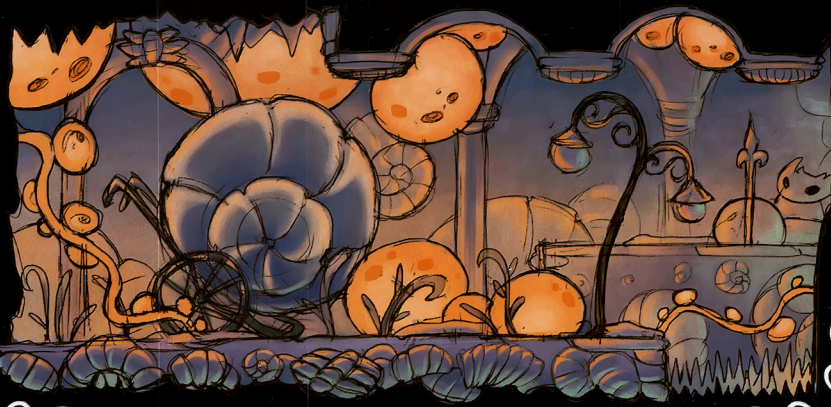
IT SEEMS TO USE INFECTIONS GLOBBS AS WEAPONS AS WELL. STAY SHARP!

INFECTED CROSSROADS



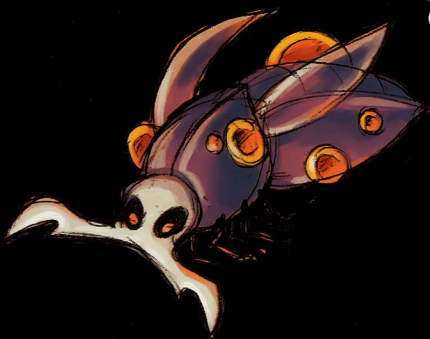
As the infection continues to spread and intensify, a terrifying transformation has begun to occur.

Many of the creatures that inhabit the Forgotten Crossroads are now hideously mutated, bloated to many times their original size, dripping with that foul orange goo. The infection has begun to change the very landscape as well; paths have become choked shut with the stuff, and a rank miasma hangs in the air.



FURIOUS VENGEFLY

An enormous Vengefly that aggressively hunts anything that wanders too close. Surprisingly, the ghastly blisters around its wings seem to have improved its flying prowess.



VOLATILE GRUZZER

This enlarged Gruzzler still floats around carelessly, its body now literally dripping with disgusting ooze.

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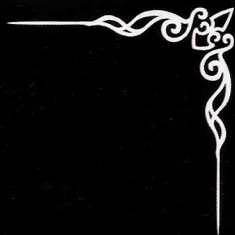
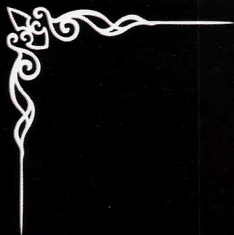
SLOBBERING HUSK

A husk so overfilled with that noxious orange goo that it has taken to spitting gobs of it at passers-by, and yet never seems to run out.

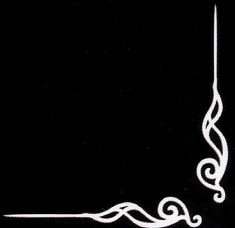
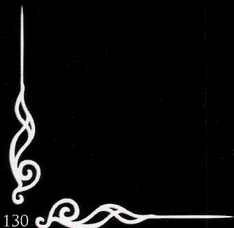


VIOLENT HUSK

In this advanced stage of infection, many of the husks in the crossroads have gone mad, throwing themselves at intruders; the volatility of the infectious fluid within their bodies results in terrible explosions.

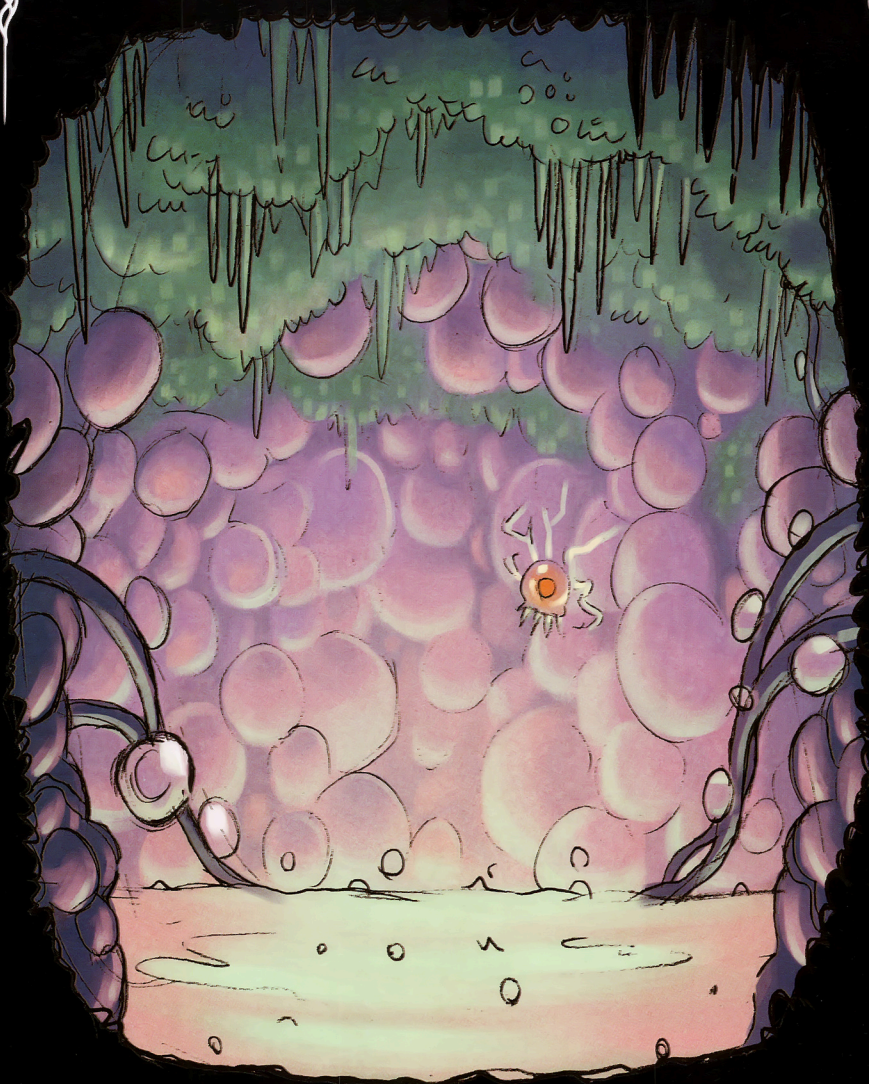


FOG CANYON





FOG CANYON



An exotic region that strikes a delicate balance between wonder and danger. Electricity arcs through the air on the wings of Lumaflyies, while bubbles filled with explosive gas and lakes of acid make for treacherous travel. The scenery is both beautiful and terrifying.

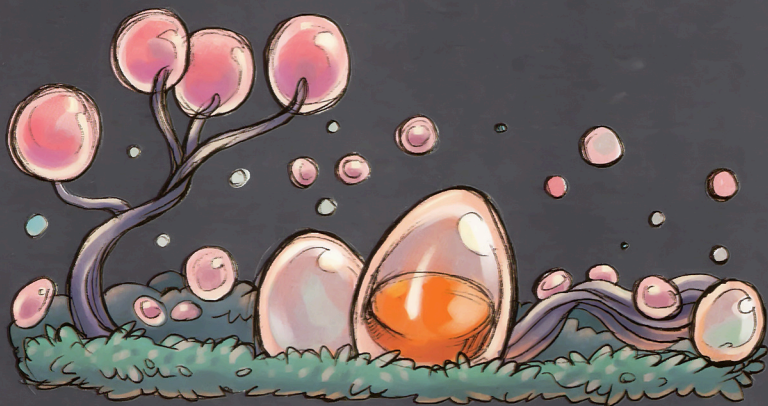
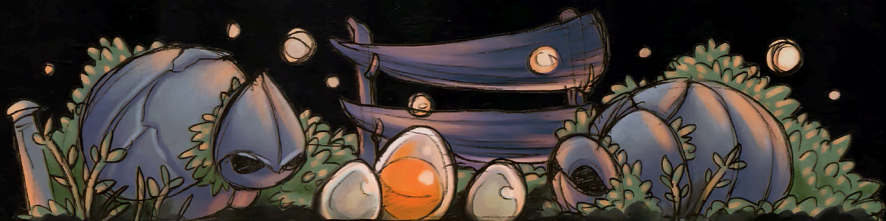
AND I THINK THE HUMIDITY IS BEGINNING TO MAKE MY ANTENNAE CURVE!

FAMILIAR TERRAIN

Some of the natural geological features of the area strongly resemble those in Greenpath, suggesting the two regions might have been one at some point.



A guard outpost lies abandoned, populated now by only the lifeless husks of a few guards; the inhospitable environment seems to have claimed the few bugs left here in the wake of the infection.



Pockets of swirling gases easily become trapped in bubbles, leading to interesting acoustic effects throughout the area.

**BE WARY OF BUBBLES WITH AN ORANGE GLOW WITHIN THEM.
I LEARNT THIS THE HARD WAY!**

FIENDS OF FOG CANYON

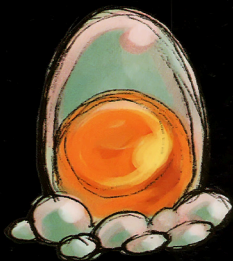


UOMA

The native inhabitants of Fog Canyon, these small gelatinous creatures can usually be found floating peacefully in the air. However, their static-charged outer shells can give quite a shock on contact.

OOMA

The pulsing orange cores of the larger ones have the ability to propel themselves quickly through the air if their outer shell is compromised, and will retaliate when disturbed.



THESE ORANGE-FILLED BUBBLES LOOK QUITE SIMILAR TO THE GLOWING CORES OF THE OOMA.

COULD THEY BE EGGS? THEY'RE CERTAINLY JUST AS EXPLOSIVE.



IF AN OOMA'S SHELL BREAKS, TAKE COVER!

THEIR CORES MOVE QUICKLY, AND THEY PACK QUITE A PUNCH.



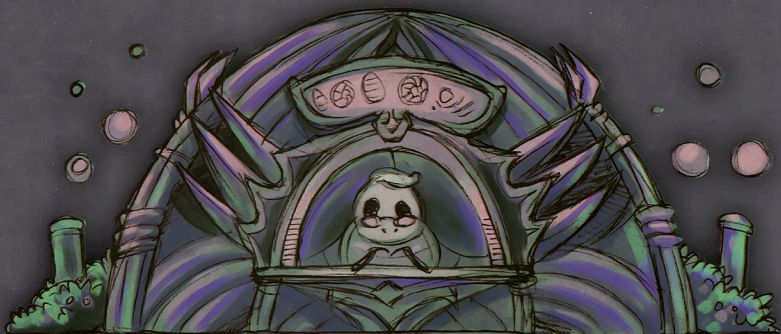
MOSSFLY

Seemingly a cousin to the Mosscreep, this mossy creature floats slowly toward intruders.



THEY MAY BE SLOW, BUT THEY'RE PERSISTENT. DON'T LET THEM GET TOO CLOSE!

MILLIBELLE THE BANKER



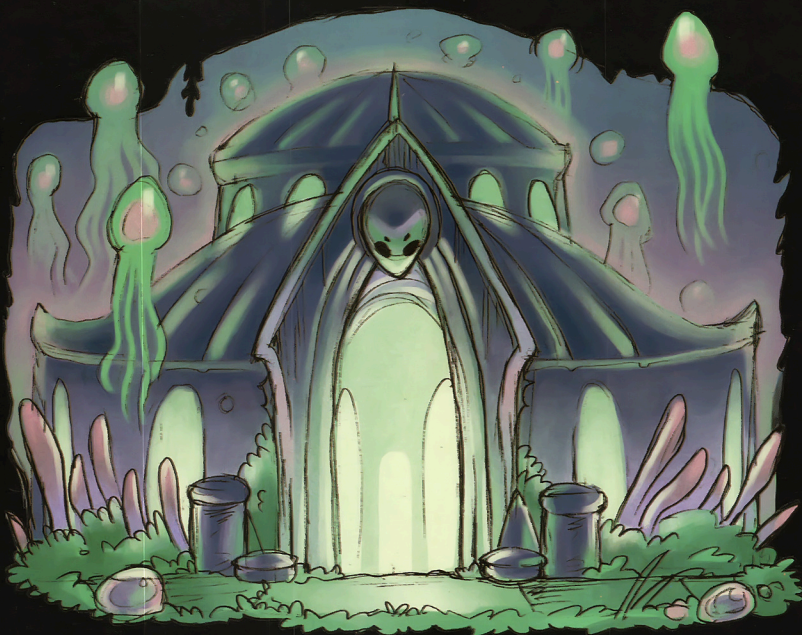
Just outside Queen's Station, in the outskirts of the canyon, this bespectacled banker bug offers deposit accounts for a modest fee. For those who find themselves overburdened with Geo, storing excess in a secure vault may be the way to go.

I CAN'T SAY I'VE ACTUALLY SEEN THIS VAULT SHE SPEAKS OF.

APPARENTLY, I WASN'T CARRYING ENOUGH GEO TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT.



TEACHER'S ARCHIVES



Housed in a vast, domed building in the middle of an acid lake, the archives of Monomon the Teacher contain all of her research, preserved for ages to come. The light of the archive's record tablets and preservation chambers fills the building with an eerie green glow which is clearly visible from outside.

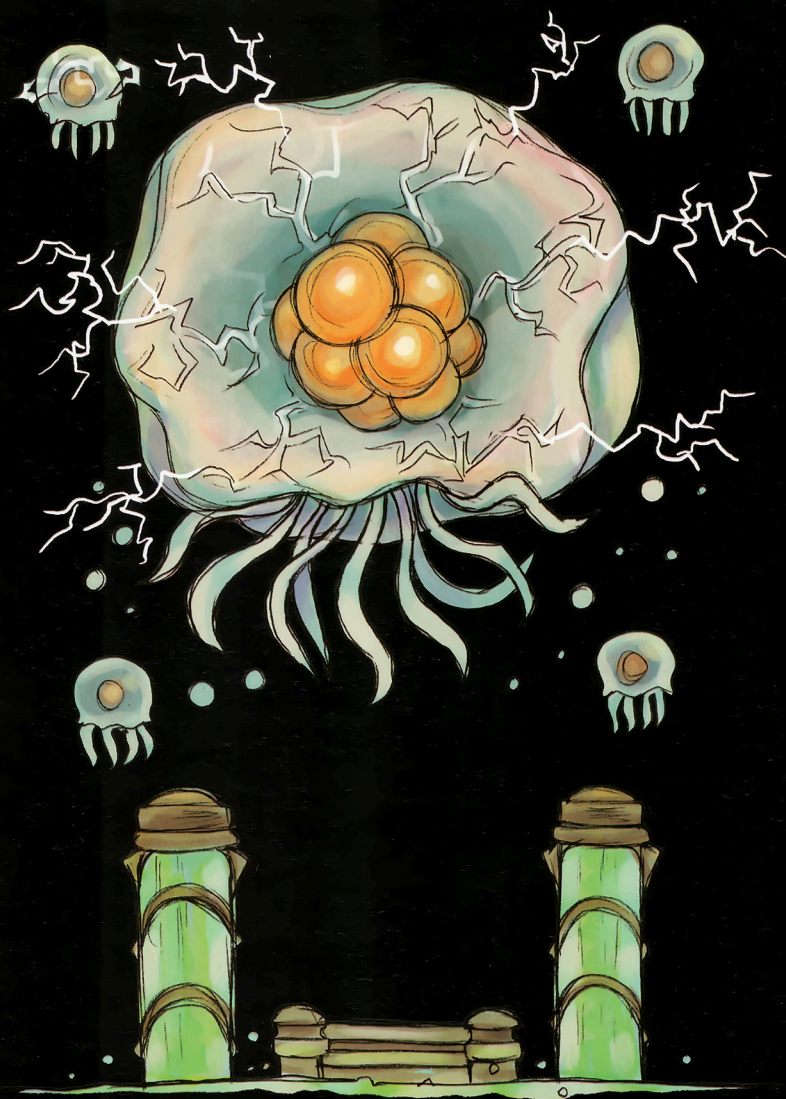


A mask hangs above the entrance to the archive, presumably that of Monomon the Teacher herself; the same mask can be seen in the design of a wrought iron bench overlooking the archive's lobby. This mask bears a striking resemblance to one of the masks carved into the surface of the sealed door in the temple above.



THIS CAN'T
POSSIBLY BE
A COINCIDENCE.

UUMUU



An enormous gelatinous mass with an electrified nucleus that lurks in the core of the archive, ambushing intruders and preventing access to the alcove above its chamber. The creature is capable of creating localised electrical discharges to incapacitate its prey.



QUEEN'S
GARDENS





QUEEN'S GARDENS



The gardens were once a breathtakingly beautiful place, with ornate fences, greenhouses and decorations fit for a queen.

THESE COLLAPSIBLE PLATFORMS COME IN
HANDY FOR GRADUAL DESCENTS.

JUST WATCH OUT FOR THORNS BELOW!





In more recent times, the area has become a maze overrun with thick, thorny vines, making travel treacherous. A band of traitors from the Mantis tribe has taken up residence in the gardens as well, greeting visitors with deadly force.



OVERGROWN MOUND

In a hidden alcove along the border between Fog Canyon and Queen's Gardens sits a long forgotten temple, now infested with Squits. In its depths lies the mossy shell of a long-deceased Snail Shaman.

THE WHITE LADY



Deep within the garden, a pale being glows faintly in her remote chamber, her roots dispersed throughout the soil. Though the power of her aura is almost palpable, she is tightly bound within her chamber and seems to be unable to leave, or even move.

HOW DID SHE BECOME BOUND HERE? SHE DIDN'T ASK TO BE RELEASED,
SO PERHAPS SHE ISN'T TRAPPED HERE AGAINST HER WILL.



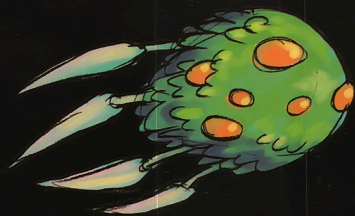
Outside the White Lady's chamber, her personal guard sits breathless and still. The piles of Mantis husks before her serve as proof that this fierce knight fought to her end to repel the treacherous invaders and protect her ward.

MOSS PROPHECY

A mossy evangelist that spends its time preaching to anyone who will listen, proselytising about a "radiant being" and a light that will unify all the creatures of Hallownest; however, given the extent to which the infection has already consumed its body, it might be unwise to put too much value in its words.



FIENDS OF QUEEN'S GARDENS



LOODLE

This mighty leaper roams the corridors of the gardens in packs, bounding around unpredictably.

SPINY HUSK

A husk whose body has somehow merged with the garden's thorny plant life; it can propel sharp spines outward in all directions in self-defence.

AND EVEN AFTER BEING STRUCK DOWN, IT'S GOT ONE LAST TRICK UP ITS... SHELL!



MANTIS PETRA



MANTIS TRAITOR

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Followers of the Traitor Lord, these Mantis soldiers betrayed their tribe and were exiled from the village. They fight with the skill and ferocity of their uninfected brethren, but that familiar orange glow says it all.

THEIR SIZE AND STRENGTH ARE AMPLIFIED...
THIS IS THE TERRIFYING POWER OF THE INFECTION!

THE TRAITOR LORD



In a bygone age, one of the rulers of the Mantis village betrayed the tribe and his people. He and his loyalists were cast out of Mantis society, forced to roam the paths of Hallownest until they finally came upon a new place they would call home.

It's unclear whether the infection fuelled this betrayal, or if the outcasts accepted the plague and its power during their exodus from the village.

GRAVE OF THE TRAITOR'S CHILD

The daughter of the Traitor Lord lies buried in a lonely corridor near the centre of the gardens, surrounded by thick, thorny vines and mosses.



IT'S A SAD BUT BEAUTIFUL MONUMENT AMONG THIS WILD OVERRGROWTH.



HOWLING
CLIFFS





HOWLING CLIFFS



Beyond the cliffs above Dirtmouth, a barren wasteland extends past the horizon, devoid of life. The powerful winds blowing in across those seemingly endless sands slam against the rocky cliffs, making travel nearly impossible.

Few creatures of note venture this far above the kingdom; outside of a few husks near the base of the cliffs, only small crawling and flying bugs can be found milling about up here.





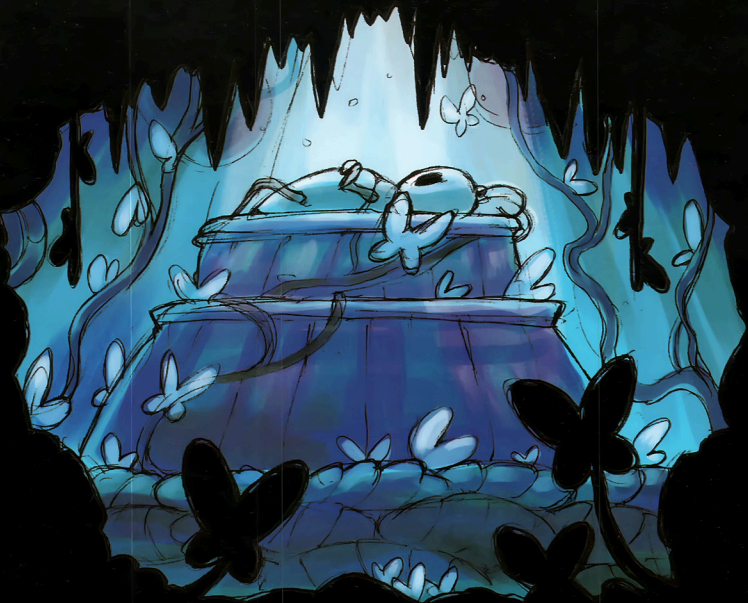
The wastelands extend far beyond the realm of Hallownest's influence, and it is said that any who would attempt to cross them are robbed of their memory and thoughts as they abandon the domain of the Pale King's providence.



High above the cliff overlooking the wastelands, an ornate tombstone marks the final resting place of a mysterious creature known as Gorb.

JUDGING BY THE SIZE OF ITS HEAD,
IT MUST HAVE BEEN A GENIUS!

JONI'S REPOSE



Deep within the caverns worn into the cliffside, a strange chamber can be found; in stark contrast to the cold, rough cliffs, this room glows with a warm, blue light. At the bottom, the perfectly preserved remains of a young bug lie on an ornate dais, clutching a charm of some sort. What circumstances might have brought such a peaceful, beautiful tomb to this forsaken place?



NAILMASTER MATO



One of the three famed Nailmasters, and keeper of the ancient technique known as the Cyclone Slash. He is eager to pass his knowledge and skills on to a new generation, like the mysterious Great Nailsage who taught him.



Even if he isn't the most skilled of the Nailmasters (according to his brother Sheo), he is certainly the most outgoing and energetic, and is perhaps the best suited among them to teach.

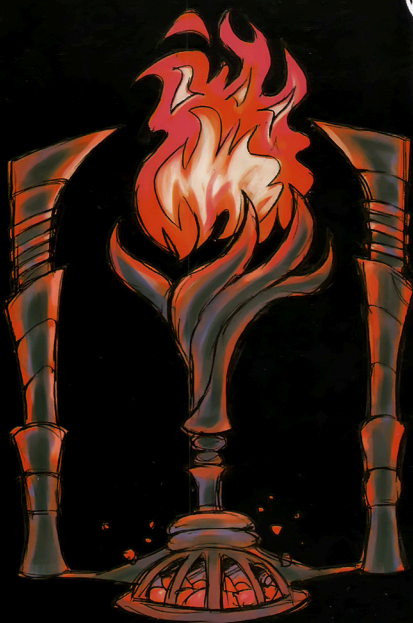
HE OFFERED TO TRAIN ME IN THE USE OF HIS TECHNIQUE, BUT I DECIDED TO DECLINE, I BECAME DIZZY JUST WATCHING HIM!

THE GRIMM TROUPE

THE NIGHTMARE'S LANTERN

A mysterious lantern seems to have recently been erected in a chamber hidden away within the Howling Cliffs, its scarlet embers glowing faintly in the cold, still darkness. As it was lit, a bizarre group of travelling performers appeared in the village of Dirtmouth as though out of thin air to answer the lantern's call.

THEY SEEM TO BE A LIVELY BUNCH,
AND THEY'VE BROUGHT A BIT OF
LIGHT TO THE VILLAGE, NOT TO
MENTION MUSIC!



BRUMM

A mysterious minstrel of seemingly few words who travels with the troupe, serenading spectators with haunting melodies played on his strange instrument.

DIVINE

An eccentric half-masked diva of a bug; from her tent all the way up in Dirtmouth, she claims to be able to detect the scent of something intriguing far below in the ruins of Hallowmest.

WHAT A MIGHTY
SENSE OF SMELL!



TROUPE MASTER GRIMM



Always the consummate performer, this charismatic leader of the troupe seeks a capable partner to perform a dance of shadow and flame representing an endless cycle of death and rebirth.



The troupe's tents stand tall on the outskirts of the village, their scarlet light spilling onto the streets outside. Two faithful bugs, perhaps the ones who pull the troupe's caravan, sit silently before the troupe master's tent, waiting for the performance to begin.



THE
ABYSS





THE ABYSS



A dark and ancient chasm far below the kingdom of Hallownest, littered with countless discarded shells. Descent into the depths of the chasm is treacherous, with spike-lined walls and outcroppings infested with creeping beasts.

WHERE DID ALL THESE SHELLS COME FROM?
WERE THEIR OWNERS BORN HERE?
WERE THEY TRYING TO ESCAPE?



A number of these mysterious, colourless spheres are scattered about the bottom of the chasm; most of them appear to have been broken open from the inside with tremendous force.

IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER,
I'D SAY THESE THINGS
WERE EGGS... BUT WHAT
SORT OF CREATURE LAYS
EGGS LIKE THESE?

LIFEBLOOD CHAMBER



On a cliff overlooking the Abyss, there sits a chamber long sealed off by thick, impenetrable vines. The vines seem to pulse with the faint blue glow of Lifeblood, the only colour and light in this barren den of shadow.


AS I APPROACHED, THREE OF THE FRUITS ON THE VINE BEGAN TO GLOW!
I HAD RECENTLY EATEN THREE LIFESEEDS. PERHAPS LIFEBLOOD IS THE KEY
TO ENTRY... WHAT COULD BE BEHIND SUCH A DOOR?



THE LIGHTHOUSE

In the depths of the abyss, built atop a natural spire, an old lighthouse towers over the black lake below. Its light shines across the murky water, illuminating a path to the distant shore.

I'M AFRAID I'M NOT COURAGEOUS ENOUGH TO
ATTEMPT TO CROSS, THOUGH.



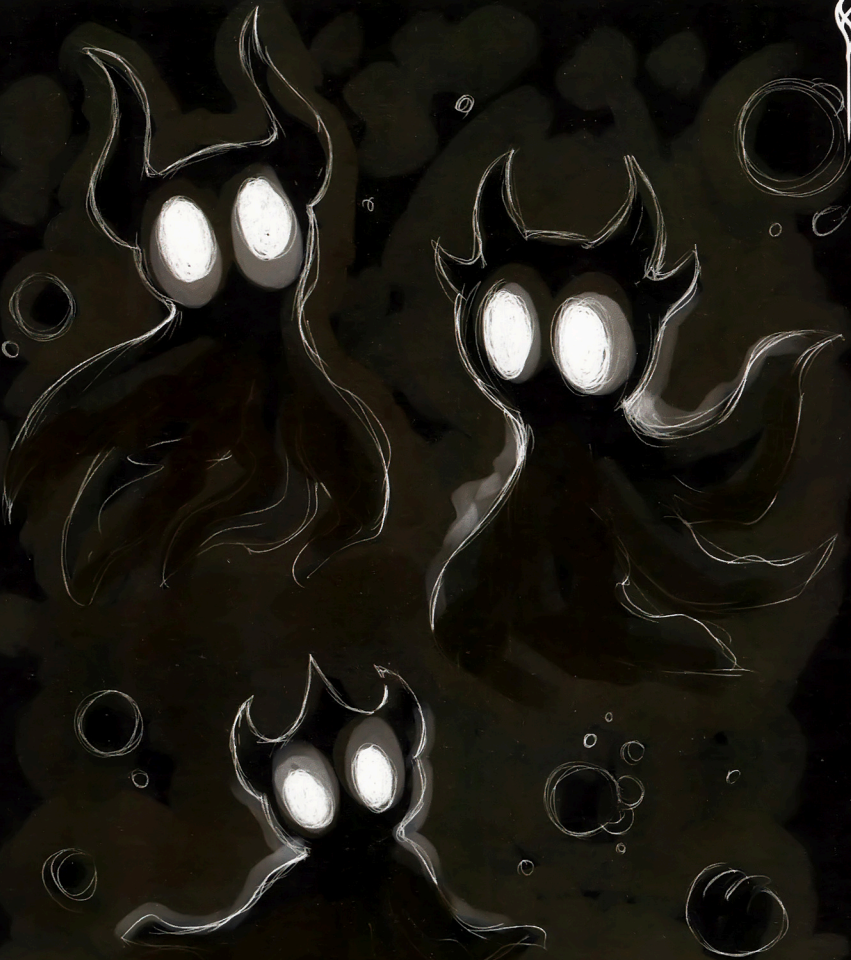
Pools of pitch black liquid line shallow pits at the bottom of the chasm; the liquid seems to have a mind of its own, and lashes out at intruders, either to push them away or to pull them under.

EITHER WAY, IT'S BEST TO KEEP A SAFE DISTANCE.



At the end of a corridor in the nethermost reaches of the abyss stands a stone altar surrounded by strange egg-like structures with what look to be faces carved into them. Perhaps this was the site of some ancient ritual.

THEIR FACES ALL SEEM LIKE THEY'RE HOWLING OR SHRIEKING IN UNISON...



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Mysterious beings made of shadow float silently in the air above the nightmarish pit of husks and shells, waiting for victims to draw near before giving chase.

THEIR FORMS ARE SIMILAR TO THE HUSKS LYING AROUND HERE...
ARE THESE THINGS GHOSTS?

I BELIEVE I'VE SET FOOT IN A PLACE MORTALS WERE NOT MEANT TO ENTER.
I MUST GET OUT OF HERE QUICKLY!

THE JOURNEY'S END



As I make final preparations for my departure from Hallownest, I find myself looking back on my experiences with a mixture of fear, relief, and awe. The dangers I've braved and the sights I've seen are like nothing I could have anticipated even in my wildest dreams.

Things may look bleak in this fallen kingdom, but life goes on despite the harsh conditions endured by those few remaining bugs not yet affected by the plague. They continue to eke out a living among Hallownest's ruins, facing each challenge with strength and courage. That simple realisation fills me with hope.

So now I set off on my next adventure, confident that the bugs I've met along the way will stand strong, no matter what the future may bring.

ON MY WAY BACK TO THE SURFACE, I
SPOTTED THIS LITTLE WANDERER HEADED
DOWN INTO THE RUINS. I GET THE FEELING
I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE SOMEWHERE...



HOLLOW KNIGHT



WANDERER'S JOURNAL

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE
HEART OF HALLOWNEST

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CREDITS



fangamer

Kari Fry - illustration, layout
Ryan Novak - writing, research
Laura Verdin - lead colourist
Noah Lane - project director

Matthew Griffin - consultant

SPECIAL THANKS:

Myla, Christopher Larkin, Critical Role, David Kazi, Tony Kuchar, Reid Young, Charlie Verdin, Jaime Miles Verdin, Linda Fry, Chris Warriner, Eric Barone, Shane Waletzko.

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team cherry

Ari Gibson
William Pellen
Jack Vine