



THE YELLOWFIELD GUIDE

Fragments, Notes, and Testimonies from the
Field

Archivist's Note: This volume is compiled from scattered records, field sketches, and recovered testimony. It is not complete, nor can it ever be. Absences remain. Pages are blank where images or diagrams were once affixed, either lost to time or withheld by intent.

You are not holding the truth of Yellowfield, but its memory.

And memory is never whole.

*Some silences are
louder than stone.*

A Record for the Curious, the Wounded, and the Lost

They say Yellowfield is only a field if you walk it once.

The second time, it becomes a mirror.

The third, a wound.

By the fourth, you no longer count steps.

This guide is no map of certainty — it is a record of fragments, notes, and testimony gathered by those who lingered here too long. Landmarks shift, silence carries weight, and flowers burn without fire. What you hold is not truth, but memory layered upon memory.

Carry these pages as you would a lantern: not for light, but for company. The field has its own way of remembering, and sometimes, it remembers you back.

Butterflies are for children. Yellowfield is for the grown who still dare to grieve.

THE MAUSOLEUM RISE

Explorers Notes: A lone stone mausoleum crowns the hill, its door sealed, its silence unbroken.

They say the Mausoleum is not built on the hill, but the hill was raised around it.

Perched atop a gradual incline, the Mausoleum is a lone sentinel in stone, weathered by centuries of wind. Each stone seems to lean toward the locked iron door, as if urging passage.

To stand here is to feel the air shift—half sky, half soil. Inside, its alcoves hold empty reliquaries and deep-carved names, many struck through or re-chiseled.

Many report the sensation of being watched from both sides: the living behind, the dead ahead. Field records suggest its hilltop location was once used as a signal point—fires and lanterns flashing to unseen allies across the valley.



The Mausoleum Rise

The Rise is not a place of ending.

It is the first stair downward.

THE HOLLOW VERGE

Explorer's Note: At the far edge of the field the soil thins, and a hollow gapes open to the dark.

The Verge is less a boundary and more a wound. The land folds downward into a hollow trench, where the grass recedes and bare earth shows through. The sound here is peculiar — footsteps dull, voices swallowed, even birds fall silent when crossing.

Some call it the field's "breathing seam." It divides Yellowfield from the orchard beyond, though not neatly: the roots of both worlds tangle in the soil, locked together like clenched hands.

Witnesses report shadows appearing longer than they should, bending toward the hollow as though drawn into its silence. Some say if you kneel close, you will hear a faint rhythm, not unlike a heartbeat — though whether it belongs to the earth or yourself remains unclear.



The Hollow Verge

Verge as vein? → Orchard connected.

THE ORCHARD PERIMETER

Explorer's Note: A ring of trees marks the orchard's edge, branches woven tight like a wall.

The Perimeter does not permit easy passage. Trees lean inward, forming a natural barricade, bark thick with moss and lichen that seem older than the field itself. The soil at their roots is dark and damp, fed by waters no one can trace.

Travelers often describe the sensation of being watched when approaching the Perimeter. Some claim to see lanterns swinging deep within the orchard, though when they push closer, the lights vanish. Others say the air here smells of iron, as though something freshly broken lies just out of sight.

Scholars note the Perimeter's uncanny symmetry — each tree evenly spaced, as if planted with intent. But no record survives to tell who planted them, or for what purpose.



The Orchard Perimeter

Verge as vein? → Orchard connected.

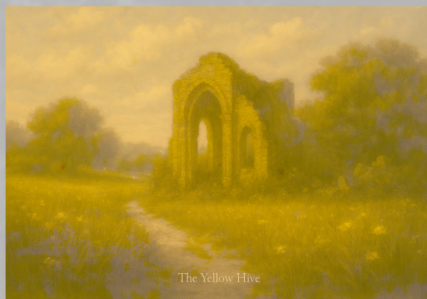
THE YELLOW HIVE

Explorer's Note: Crumbled stone foundations, a hive of walls half-buried in the soil.

No one remembers who lived here or why they left. The Hive is a sprawl of broken outlines, foundations that sketch the shape of vanished dwellings. Stones are pitted with scorch marks that refuse to fade, as if some fire never quite released its grip.

Pilgrims pocket fragments, believing them relics, though each claims the weight grows heavier the farther from the field they wander. The Hive whispers one truth: something once was, and is no longer.

The name "Hive" comes not from bees, but from the pattern itself — chambers clustered together, winding like a honeycomb. Some scholars suggest the layout implies ritual housing, a congregation of builders who feared separation. Others claim it was a prison.



The Yellow Hive

Never carry the stones far.

They want to return.

THE CARVED STONES OF YELLOWFIELD

Explorer's Note: A half-circle of standing stones, their glyphs shifting with the light.

The Stones are older than the Cathedral, older than the Orchard, perhaps even older than the field itself. Their markings resist translation; every attempt to catalogue them falters when the moon turns. By daylight they seem ornamental, but at dusk they cut deep, edges sharp as wounds.

Standing inside the arc, travelers report vibrations beneath their feet. Some hear a hum, others a pulse. No two witnesses agree. It is as though the Stones speak in different tongues, tuned to the listener's own silence.

The arrangement suggests ritual — speech lifted toward sky and soil alike. Whether for blessing, mourning, or warning is lost to time.



The Carved Stones

Language fails.

The silence endures.

THE FIELD FLOWERS (YELLOW BLOOM)

Explorer's Note: Pale blossoms that burn faint gold beneath the moon.

The flowers are the namesake of Yellowfield. In daylight they appear fragile, ordinary; by night their petals shimmer, as though catching an unseen fire. Wanderers swear they hear a faint hum in their clusters, a choir of bees long vanished.

To kneel among them is to feel both immense tenderness and an ache of grief. Some carry blossoms away, but they wilt instantly outside the field, as though refusing exile.

Legends say the blooms sprouted from the footprints of the first mourners to cross this land. Each flower is a testament not to what was planted, but to what was lost.



The Field Flowers

Compare to Orchid Doctrine.

THE TREE OF WITNESS

Explorer's Note: A solitary oak whose bark swallows every mark.

The Witness is less a tree and more a record. Travelers carve initials, prayers, curses. At first, the markings hold — then, after a season, they vanish into the wood, leaving the bark unbroken.

It is said the tree remembers all who mark it. Whether it mourns them or blesses them depends on who tells the tale. Roots extend deep, and some insist they stretch further than the field, threading toward the Cathedral itself.

During storms, the tree has been seen trembling before thunder breaks, as though anticipating the strike. Yet no lightning has ever scarred its crown.



The Tree of Witness

Roots → Cathedral?

Cross-reference required.

Archivist's Final Entry: The field does not end here.

What is written is but one path across the grass, a single trail of pressed stems and scattered petals. Others will walk differently. Others will vanish where you remain.

Every stone, every bloom, every hollow carries more than these pages can hold. The missing marks are not errors — they are invitations. Step into the blank spaces. Let the silence speak in your stead.

If you leave Yellowfield, it will follow.

If you return, it will already know your name.

*The page is not the end.
Close the book, and the
field remains.*

*Issued under the Walter Red Archive
in the year of our keeping, MMXXV*

"Some records breathe. Some fields remember."

