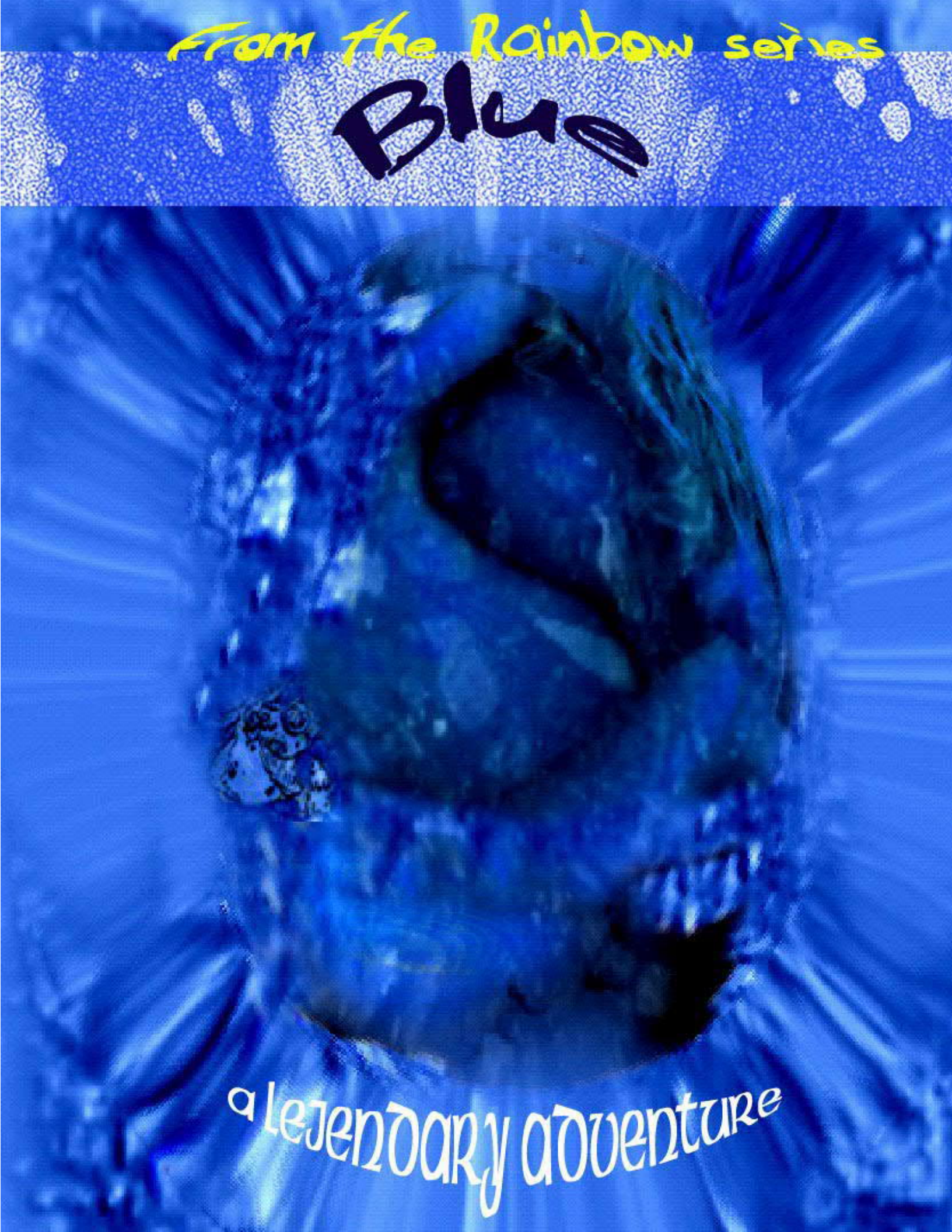
From the Rainbow series

Blue



a legendary adventure

Scenario Title: **Blue**
Alternative title: **La concupiscence**

This module is written for use with
Lejendary adventure™
Fantasy Roleplaying Game

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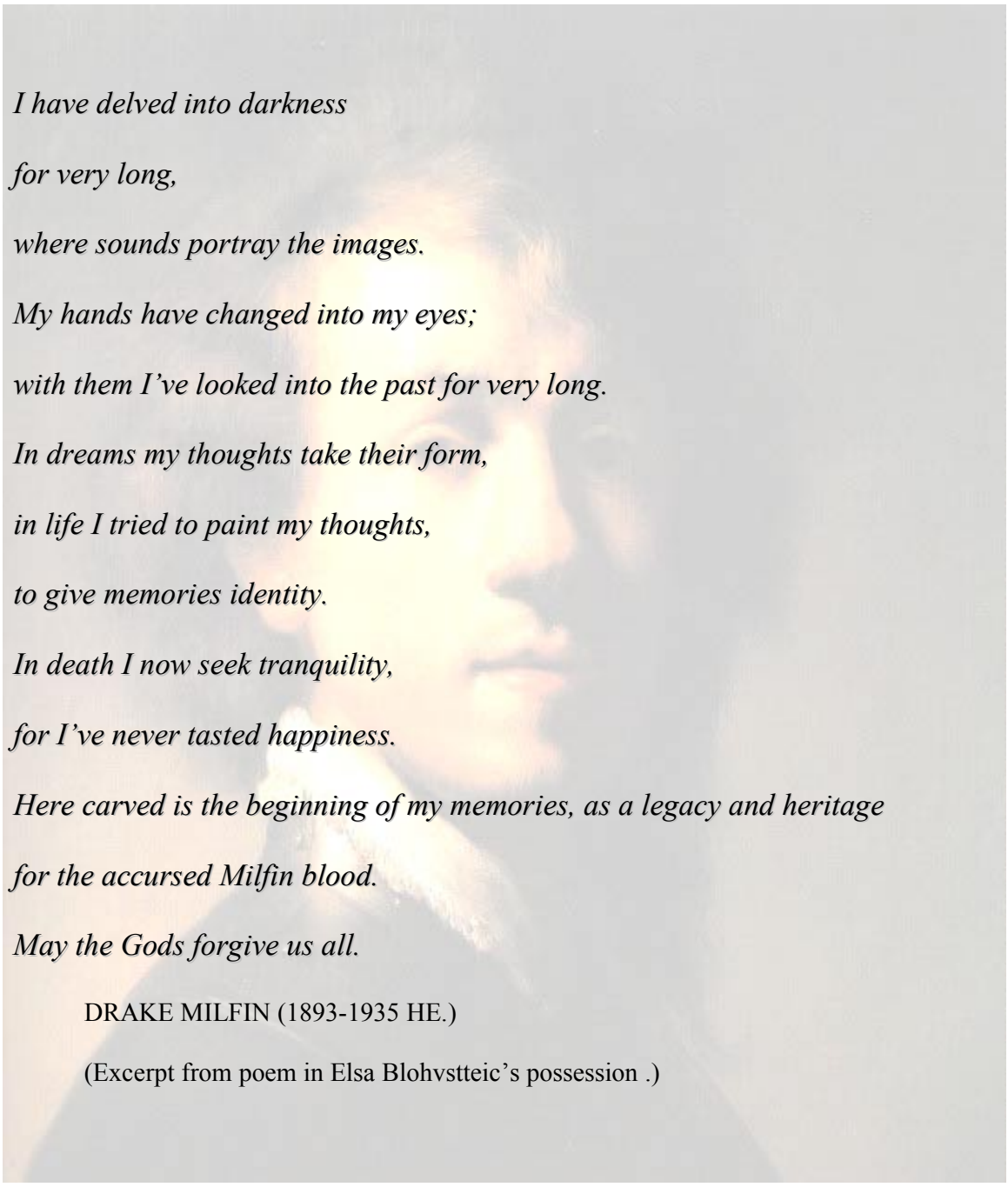


I have delved into darkness

for very long,

where sounds portray the images.

My hands have changed into my eyes;

with them I've looked into the past for very long.

In dreams my thoughts take their form,

in life I tried to paint my thoughts,

to give memories identity.

In death I now seek tranquility,

for I've never tasted happiness.

Here carved is the beginning of my memories, as a legacy and heritage

for the accursed Milfin blood.

May the Gods forgive us all.

DRAKE MILFIN (1893-1935 HE.)

(Excerpt from poem in Elsa Blohvstteic's possession .)

TO DEMISE MY SINGLE WISH,

HATRED FILLS MY HEART

AS I SPEAK, MY TEARS SEAL YOUR STAR

TORMENT SHREDS MY BRAIN

MY WORDS AGAINST YOUR DEEDS

LAWS MADE BY THE BLIND

SO BLIND YOU SHOULD BE

FOR YOUR LUST I SUFFERED

YOU TASTED MY LOVE WITHOUT MY WILL

SO TASTE SHALL BE NO FURTHER

LIKE WATER EVERYTHING WILL FEEL

FEAR IN MY SUBCONSCIOUS,

I SMELL YOUR FLUIDS UPON MY WRECKED BODY

I WISH YOU COULDN'T SMELL MY FEAR

I WISH YOU SMELLED NO THING

THESE SHALL ALL COME TRUE, POWERED BY WARM WINDS AND BURNING TEARS

AND BY THE SPIRITS WHO LIVE OUTSIDE THE BODIES.

FROM ANCIENT POWERS I DRAW POWER

AND FROM EVERLASTING HATE.

UNTIL MY BLOOD SEIZES TO FLOW,

MY CURSE SHALL STAY AWAKE.

DEATH IS STILL STRONG IN ME, MY HATRED STILL ALIVE

I NOW CARESS EVERY ACHE

FOR YOUR CHILDREN

SHALL SUFFER AS WELL.

BUT WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, CRACKO MILFIN,

BEYOND THE BORDERS OF DEATH,

BEYOND AN EMPTY WORLD,

IN AN ENDLESS EMPTY MAZE,

WHERE OCEANS ARE TAINTED WITH BLOOD.

YOU STOLE MY BEAUTY, I CUT MY HAIR. I HAVE NAME NO MORE. I

HAVE LIFE NO MORE.

THE DEAD SPEAK THROUGH ME, I EXPRESS THEIR AGONY.

NOW I KNOW OF THE STONE,

IXTAB FORGIVE ME.

Curtains Rising!

Welcome to “Blue”. The world of Lejendary Earth™ is ready to enclose and seduce your senses into its mysteries, passions, wonders and dangers.

You are about to indulge in a tale of intriguing morale dilemmas, where things and people are not so easy to be judged from their sayings or even their actions. There are times when a strong desire, a thirst of the soul as to speak, leads a creature, especially one of the human race, in doings of either good or ill. Such was the case for the Original Sin as well.

The knowledge (and judging) of which side your soul’s motives serve every time, is not always of undoubted clarity. Sometimes, the answer doesn’t even matter, as Existence itself goes even beyond the concepts of Good or Evil.

In other words, since things are not always so “white” or “black”, rather “gray”, one would say, both the Lejend Master or Mistress and the Game player will witness ethical questions to emerge. Much can be learned from such questions, as you’ll discover the true nature of your characters. (Who knows, maybe a bit more for yourselves as well…)

Even if the events taking place in this adventure scenario are presumed to belong in the sphere of fantasy, the motives and feelings of the people interfering, including your own Avatar, have their roots back in the real world. The Avatar is required to think before he acts, for things are not always what they seem to be. Even better, he or she is required to ***feel*** *be*fore he acts. To walk in the shoes of the character in question, and then decide of how the size fits him.

Great effort and care has been invested in every non-Avatar-character you shall meet in the pages that follow, so that they seize to be just a raw of numbers legible only by the

“adept” player. Rules and systems are designed to help one who desires to play a game of fantasy to sort his ideas out, not to aside fantasy itself. Even with the slightest idea of the mechanics, counterpoising it with fantasy and eagerness for a good game, anyone can look upon himself as a LM or a Avatar and be satisfied with what he sees.

A RPG that’s proud of its “mechanical” part, meaning the rules and solutions it finds in order to represent real-time activities, should be easily compliant and simple.

And, doubtlessly, Lejendary Adventure™ *is* proud of its mechanics.

Summing it up, this adventure scenario cultivates the role-playing side of the game, caring not to omit the action from the whole thing.

It is advisable to play the adventure when the ongoing campaign has reached summer time, (preferably around midyear month) for a lot of dates are connected to this season. If the campaign is in another point of the year and you don’t want to “wait” or jump to that time of year, the scenario is still playable but you ‘ll have to omit some scenes which would add to the vivid description of the events.

In these first lines of the adventure, a sincere wish is uttered;

A wish for this adventure to make every minute of time spent by playing it magical, as the world of Lejendary Earth ™ would want it so.

explanatory

As you may have already noticed, the adventure is designed for one player only, which speciates it from the common sort.

The LM will have his or her skills bettered, as it is more difficult to interact only with just one player. The Game Player on the other hand will find more confidence in his play, as this will be a case he will handle herself, or himself.

There are no order or rank restrictions, although a woman player, or a female character would probably do a bit better, due to the supposed sentimental side of this sex.

Not that a man could not hit higher on the scale, of course.

The adventure is rather short, in comparison to a normal adventure of the Lejendary earth™ setting. This is done for two reasons.

The first one, for not making a difficult case such as a “one on one” play seem frustrating after a prolonged period, for both the Avatar and the player, as well as for keeping the data and role-playing needs of the LM in levels that everyone may achieve. However many threads are left to the most demanding LM and Avatar to weave by themselves should they find pleasure in such a tale weaving.

The second reason is due to the fact that this adventure scenario is, although self-conclusive, a part of a seven short stories, forming the “rainbow” series.

Seven short adventures, designed for one LM and one Avatar, each having the name of one of the seven rainbow colors, complete this collection, distributed freely by Lejendary Adventure’s official site (www.lejendary.com)

. *Only you, the Lejend Master or Lejend Mistress, should read any further.*

And indeed, read carefully, although this is not the key to success. Let yourself loose, as if you were watching a movie, and try to flesh out the rest of the pages with the almighty power of fantasy. This is not a book you will be examed at. It is the first step to a road of fantasy, where proportions are infinite. With this way you will soon master every aspect described hereafter. It is most advisable to watch the whole “movie” first before playing (some “rewinds” would be helpful, but some “F/FW” would not)! Enjoy!

the seven stones

Our story begins long ago, in the past of the Lejendary earth. Actually it starts in the year of 364 HE, in the Age of adepts, when there were only four great empires ruling the world. To settle potential disagreements, one of those empires, devised a plan to establish an order of precedence for a period of nine years. Each of the great adversarial states would send a team of four heroes to represent it in a contest. These champions would, after due ceremony, descend into a subterranean labyrinth, one lying on many levels below the great citadel from which the lands of this particular king were ruled.

The team that would attain the furthest depths and return would gain the prize; with it the Kingdom they represented would be paramount. Those who lost would be placed thereafter according to depth attained and survivors remaining. The challenge was accepted, a valiant team indeed achieved success according to the rules, and the three losing states abided by the agreement, all the while readying for the next test, in nine years…

In the fifth contest, the scope of the game was somewhat different. An ancient city was uncovered, Heditedahnd, or Dead Calm, as it is translated in the common tongue. The champions, the heroes who made it down to there, found something living in the ancient city of the Ultiss Masters. That "something" gave to each of them a promise, a prophecy. These were the words of "It"…

“ I AM THE SHADOW THAT LIES BENEATH YOUR FEET.

I AM FEAR, LYING IN THE BACK OF YOUR BRAIN.

I AM THE SWEAT ON YOUR NECK,

THE DRUMBEAT OF YOUR HEART.

I AM BACALOU, CHITRA-GUPTA, LIKHO, HECATE, THANATOS,

EMMA TEN, AL PUCH, AMERETAT, *UHEPONO,* SEKER,

I AM DEATH, EVERLIVING.

YOUR COURAGE IS ACKNOWLEDGED, YOUR SEED IS NOW KNOWN.

RETURN, NOW, ELSE HEDITAHND

WILL BURN YOUR EYES AND MURDER YOUR SOUL FOR ETERNITY,

FOR I DO NOT WISH TO BE DISTURBED.

YOU LL MEET ME IN YOUR NIGHTMARES,

SEEK HEDITAHND IN THERE AS WELL.

AFTER THE SEVENTH GENERATION, I PROMISE YOU THIS,

I’LL LET YOUR CHILDREN PASS AND

THEN YOUR GHOSTS SHALL MEET ME, AND THEM.

FOR THIS IS THE HOUR, FATE HAS CHOSEN.

Seven stones were given to the champions who survived that fierce contest, each one having a color of the rainbow. Unsuspected, they carried the stones to the surface, along with the treasures they carried from the depths. They knew not, that these seven stones were the way for the prophecy of “It” to be fulfilled. Through the years, the

rainbow stones were sold, gifted, lost and found again, scattered in the four corners of the world, always changing hands.

One of them, the blue one, was given a name over the years. It was called the stone of the Dead. This is the stone that we find again in our story. The Avatar playing it, will turn out to be a descendant of one of those champions of the old times…

The adventure scenario coming by the name "Dead Calm" may shed some light to the tale, if interested…

the stone of the dead.

A blue sapphire of immense clarity, at the size of a baby's fist, with no marks or sigils carved to distinguish it from the rest valuable and big sapphires. But for the adept, the stone emits magical radiation of extreme power.

The stone of the Dead has indeed, some extraordinary abilities.

It serves as a link between the planes of matter and those of the nether dimensions. The owner of the stone becomes somewhat noticeable by the world of spirits, especially by the ones related to the owner in any aspect. A relative, dead friends or enemies of the past, lovers, anyone who might have some connection to the Avatar and is now dead, is drawn by the radiation of the stone. For that property it possesses, the stone is neither good nor evil supernatural object. A deceased with good intentions may serve as a helper and advisor, while a dead with ill intentions may spot the Avatar and try to avenge him for its own reasons. This ability of the stone is continuously in effect, and no material or supernatural means may stop it although there could be some ways to "muffle" it.

Furthermore the reverse effect also applies. The living owner of the stone becomes more aware of those things that the "eye cannot see", the world of the dead. Places where a death of an individual has occurred become distinguishable by the owner of the stone.

Sometimes, even the story behind the scene of crime may be learned by the owner of the stone, either as an auditory vision or an olfactory-thermal experience.

An ability that seems ill sorted for the object but nevertheless is imbued in it, is the feeling of lust it creates. It is possible for an individual that looks upon the owner of the stone to be conquered with uncontrollable lust, an inordinate craving for the pleasures of the body. Scholars believe that it is exactly this change of the energy vibes, the mix of life and death that creates those feelings on unbearable desire. The sin of lust is strongly related with the object, some have even called it, “the lust stone”. This second ability is rather random in its appearance, as different people react differently towards the owner of the stone.

A third and last ability of the stone is the following. The *Unwilled Living Dead,* the creature-things with no thoughts, created by evil extraordinary powers, such as those supplied by the dark Ability of Necrourgy, cannot harm directly the owner of the stone, defying him as if he wasn’t present. Animorts, bonewalkers and zomboids are unable to sense or “see” the owner of the stone, as if he was invisible to that sort of the Living Dead,

Dramatis personae

☯ **Guacimara** (The Golden beauty) 1875-1900 (murdered)

Born in 1875, in the vast forest jungles of the Huybraz continent, the beautiful, blonde girl quickly learns the ways of magic and soon enough grows strong in power.

In 1895, at the age of twenty, she obtains the sacred stone of the dead, from a monastery of the Goddess Ixtab. Two more witches help to bring the whole monastery to its knees. Through Dark magic, the three witches hang every each of the 20 monks living there and burn the monastery.

Ixtab of the Neyanic pantheon is the Goddess of suicide. Ixtab is portrayed as dangling from the sky with a rope round her neck; her eyes closed in death, her cheeks already showing the first signs of decomposition. It is believed that Ixtab is responsible for the souls freed from the "binding of matter" due to suicide by hanging, death in battle, or on the altar of sacrifice. The Goddess also tends women who died in childbirth and members of the priesthood.

Believers held it absolutely certain that those who hanged themselves went to the heaven of theirs; there were many persons who on slight occasions of sorrows, troubles or sickness, hanged themselves in order to escape these things and rest in the delectable shade of the cosmic tree Yaxche, where they say the Goddess of the gallows, whom they call Ixtab, comes to fetch them.

The stone grants Guacimara enormous powers; the witch soon becomes really powerful, in yet a tender age. Such power in so young of age, alienates her soul.

Along with her replenished powers, Guacimara gains another prize, not so desirable this time. She is haunted by terrible nightmares. Night after night, again she sees the 20 monks she killed, forcing her to journeys through nether realms of unspoken terror

and darkness. The Goddess Ixtab is there too, taking forms of despair, foretelling tales of suicide.

In two years time, the rest of the coven that had committed the murders is found dead. Both witches have committed suicide, by hanging, a part of Guacimara's nightmares turning to bitter truth. Guacimara still has the same, repeating nightmares every night now for two years, also seeing her own death delivered by hanging. The beauty of hers has left her, leaving a mask of terror behind.

She seeks shelter in a monastery of Ixtab, hoping to redeem of her acts.

The Ixtab priest she turns to, tells her of a way for her sins to be atoned and escape from Ixtab's revenge... She must lay birth to a child; name it after the Goddess she offended and offer it to a monastery of Ixtab, to be raised as a priest. Her sins would be atoned, if Guacimara was to follow the words of the priest. The father of the child must not be of the Huybraz continent, this was the last clause.

In 1897, Guacimara follows the words of the priest and leaves her home continent, still pursued by her nightmares.

Three years later, in February 1900, Guacimara conceives a child.

She meets a strange man during her journey and the witch is inevitably drawn to that man, whose real nature is far from human, without her realizing this fact. On the same night of their meeting, Guacimara has sexual intercourse with the dark figure, which was in fact one of the Xtabá:

> Xtabá, a class of evil, nymph-like deities who haunt forests in order to lure creatures to their death. A typical Xtabá is human sized, having dark, greyish black, skin and eyes that have no iris, usually of the silver color. They are magically attractive creatures, especially to the eyes of humans, who they cannot distinguish their real mien,

regarding them with features their minds want to look like. Very few are known for their powers, as very few have survived an encounter with a Xtabá to tell…

The Xtabá tries to murder Guacimara right after their lovemaking, and the witch is rather helpless at the time. The "Deus ex machina" of the case, a rogue who just happened to roam in the wilderness, saves Guacimara and slays the nymph. A case of love at first sight is in bloom, as fate starts to weave its bewildering webs around Elmer-Luis D'la Kretthed, the rogue, and Guacimara, the cursed witch.

Of course, they fall in love with each other, and on the same night, Guacimara and Elmer-Luis, take vows of everlasting love under the moonlight, talk about how lacerative their lives were till they met each other and finally, they make love.

They set off together, having decided to leave their old lives behind and start over again. Guacimara knows that this cannot happen, but the wings of love carry her high. Besides, the nightmares have started to attenuate since the night she met Elmer-Luis, who was not from Huybraz, with Guacimara thinking that this could be a sign that she was forgiven by the Gods. Two months later, when the speculation of a child was now a sure fact, the couple in love decides to settle in a small village, never to speak to anyone of their true identity and raise the child, acting like farmers or merchants.

Guacimara thinks that in a place forgotten even by the gods, she will be able to keep the child and never fulfill the words of the priest. By that time the nightmares come only seldom, and the Golden beauty has found her extraordinary beauty for once again.

The village of Kromlin, a small place hidden behind a swamp, near the foots of a mountain line, built near an old castle seemed ideal for the plans of the couple in love.

The villages' chieftain, the "Yumli", as he is called, resides in the castle and communicates with the village in but a few times. The people, mostly iliteratured, live quietly, most of them by fishing in the numerous rivers and lakes coming from the

mountains and attending the mass to foreign Gods for the Neyanic pantheon. The couple decides to take up the role of the boat crossers for the swamp nearby, and take the road to the castle to present themselves in front of the Yumli, for making their presence acknowledgeable.

In April 1900, Guacimara and Elmer-Luis d' La Kretthed, settle in the Kromlin village. But the happy times of the couple, are not to last much longer.

The Yumli, coming by the name of Cracko Milfin, falls in love with Guacimara from the very first time he lays eyes upon her. Cracko gives permission for the couple to stay in the village, but his passion for her finds no response, as Guacimara is madly in love with Elmer-Luis. Soon enough, passion turns to hatred towards the face of Elmer-Luis. He finds out about the previous profession of the rogue, and quickly makes out with a law, punishing any kind of thievery with the death penalty. Setting up an easy case with a lot of treasure involved and no apparent danger for capturing, Cracko makes sure the news reach the ears of Elmer-Luis.

D'la Kretthed falls into the trap; reassuring Guacimara it will be for the last time and the treasure will be enough for raising their child with comfort, the rogue decides to take the job. Of course, Cracko is there to capture him unaware.

In August of 1900, the Yumli himself, in the village square, hangs Elmer-Luis d' La Kretthed. On the same night of the hanging of her beloved husband, he sends to fetch Guacimara to the castle. He proposes her to be his mistress, and live with him at the castle, raising the child as his own.

Guacimara understands the evil plan of the Yumli and with a heart full of hatred, she rejects any offer. Furious with anger, mad from passion, Cracko Milfin cannot bear the flames of lust, burning deep within him, anymore. Erected by the idea that he has

ultimate power over her, by Guacimara's wrath and despair, Cracko rapes the woman, along with five more men, over and over again.

That night, Guacimara's soul turned black, once again. With five men holding her firmly, with the murderer of her husband debauching and staining body and mind, possessed with uncontrolled desire, Guacimara forgets every feeling of rejoice, love and spiritual balance she had sensed over the last months.

After six times of uttered violation, Guacimara, drained of any emotion and goodwill, decides to use her powers and these of the stone to repay Cracko for his doing. There, in the tower of the Philosopher of the Yumli's castle, Guacimara raises the blue stone out of an unseen slit of her rugged garments, with eyes swollen from tears, tension and lack of logic and uses it to cut her hair from their root. As the veil of night had already started to rise from the things of the world, the stone in her hand was set on fire, as she uttered the words of the curse. She cursed Cracko Milfin and his descendants to lack of seeing, smelling or taste. Guacimara flirting with death says that the curse cannot be broken as long as her blood flows alive.

The effects of the curse come instantly, to fall upon its victims.

At dawn they take Guacimara and throw her over a steep cliff, for her and her unborn baby to die, and the curse to be broken.

Guacimara survives, enough to lay birth to the child she carries for seven months now within her womb.

Along with her spell book and the blue stone, she puts the baby into a raft and throws it into a stream that flows down the chasm.

Two days later, as the symptoms of the curse haven't gone away, as Cracko is blind, and without the ability to smell or to taste. His son Drake Milfin, a seven years old boy by that time, suffers from two out of the three symptoms of the curse.

Cracko returns to the cliffs, to find Guacimara half dead, bleeding, but nevertheless still alive. Assured by logic, as well as from the sayings of the girl, for the death of the child, he throws her strained body onto his horse and for two days he runs wildly, until he finds a place in the wilderness. There with a cracked brain already, Cracko hangs Guacimara, who has already been dead since the journey with the horse.

In August of the year 1900, Guacimara, the Golden beauty, ends her short and worried life at the age of twenty-five. Ixtab's revenge seems fulfilled as all three of the thieves of the stone were hanged, just as Guacimara's nightmares predicted.

However, the curse bestowed upon Cracko, is not broken. On the same day, August 15, when Cracko is two days away from Kromlin, hanging the already dead Guacimara, his child, by his legitimate wife, named Drake Milfin, celebrates his seventh birthday. This time, blind and without the ability to smell anything.

☯ The Milfin Dynasty.

☯	**Cracko Milfin**	(1855-1910) committed suicide
☯	**Drake Milfin**	(1893-1935) committed suicide
☯	**Londerico and**	(1935-1990) poisoned
☯	**Carthago Milfin, twins**	(1935-…)

Cracko Milfin was never again the same man he was before the murder of Guacimara. Half mad, and utterly in despair for the unjust punishment fallen upon his son, Drake, soon to be the new Yumli, Cracko could not bare this life of torture for much longer. Incapable of smelling or tasting anything, blind and mad, in August 15, 1910, Cracko Milfin takes his own life by hanging, on the same day he had murdered Guacimara, and at the same spot, ten years earlier.

Drake on the other hand, learned to live with the memories he had before he lost his two senses. During the night of Guacimara's rape in the castle, Drake still a boy, oversaw and heard everything that happened that night in the castle through a secret compartment that Drake used to use for his hide & seeks. Through a narrow peephole overlooking the room, he heard the curse of the witch, he saw her being raped by his father, he heard his father telling the others to take Guacimara and throw her off a cliff.

These were the last things he ever saw, the scent of blood mixed with sweat and sperm, the last smell he ever smelled. The boy started to draw paintings, blind as it was.

By the time of his father's suicide, Drake was already deep into drugs and alcohol, and was painting the same painting he set out to create on his seventh birthday. An

enormous work of art, covering four wall-sized canvas, the oil painting depicted Guacimara, standing in his castle's tower, face full of tears and anger, holding a blue glowing rock high up and cursing six other figures in the painting, among them Cracko Milfin as well.

In this, he had a woman helping him, a maid from the castle with whom they were friends from childhood. Elsa Blohvstteic helped Drake in everything he asked; she was his eyes, his palette, and his nose.

Nothing was a pleasure to him, and when he was not immobilized by psycho tropical mushrooms or stoned by booze, he was crumbling to a room high up the Philosopher's tower to draw the painting, with Elsa forever helping him.

He could not find a way for the curse to be broken and with a damaged soul, and enormous quantities of alcohol and drugs, decided never to have children and thus pass the torture of his own misery onto his children.

But fate had not the same plans.

On yet another night when Drake was drunk, Elsa decided to let her secret love for Drake loose. She seduces Drake Milfin and makes love with him. It was the year of 1934, the month of December. After two months, she announces the news to every habitant of Kromlin and then to Drake himself, telling that she bares the only child of the Yumli. Drake is shocked. Incompetent of even trying to prevent the birth, he marries to Elsa Blohvstteic, in a parody of marriage, deepens himself in alcohol and hopes that for some reason, the curse would not be bestowed upon his yet unburned child as well. In August of 1935, the birth laid twins. Both had symptoms of the curse.

Drake, unable to withstand such tragedy any more, ends his life of misery on the same day his children are born, throwing himself off his loving tower of the castle.

Deciding to end his material life from the same place his spiritual one had ended thirty-five years before.

His last act was to order to a laborer to carve the words of the witch –words that never left from his troubled mind - to the hall of the castle, for his children to see and learn. This was the only heritage, along with a ruined castle and the title of the Yumli, Drake Milfin left to his children, Londerico and Carthago Milfin.

He told Elsa to destroy the painting, along with some notes and poetry Drake had composed, but the poor woman could not do such a thing. This painting was all she did, except loving Drake from the age of seven. It was the only thing Drake himself did for so many years.

She decides to hide the painting into the secret compartment of the second floor of the Philosopher's tower, where she and her loved one used to play when they were children. The poetry, along with some notes, journal-like, she keeps for herself, hiding them from her children.

It was August 15, 1935, the beginning of two new cursed lives, the end of one more.

This time, the children were born without the ability to taste or smell anything. The twins were named Londerico and Carthago Milfin.

Carthago soon decides to leave this place of curse, and carry on with his life.

An extraordinarily intelligent boy, Carthago shows an early interest for walking in the paths of magic. He deserts Kromlin in the age of ten, leaving with a wandering wizard who was passing from there, to be his apprentice. Later on, Carthago learned of the ways that wizard was using. His innate ability for spell casting was consumed by and set free through the ways of Dark Necrourgy.

Londerico on the other hand, took up the tasks of the Yumli of Kromlin, decided not to ever have children, and gave himself to one purpose;

To turn this place of misery to a stronghold of justice and wisdom, to bring fortune to the people of Kromlin, and restore the lost belief to the rank of the Yumli. Right after his brother's leaving, Londerico started to study and learn whatever is needed for a man to rule with justice and wisdom.

Not more than 20 years after his birth and he already is a respected and powerful theurgist, able to heal and break curses, except of his own.

In 1989, Carthago returns to Kromlin. Having studied and mastered Necrourgy over 44 years now, with an alcohol addiction problem (the man is obsessed with absinth) and evil plans in his brain, he hides his real studies from his brother.

Studying the words of Guacimara, tracing her life story and of his grandfather Cracko, he thinks he might have a good chance of breaking the curse, obtain a powerful stone, a castle and several people to serve him, dead or alive. All these, with just two obstacles; his brother and the Yumli title he owns.

In August 15, 1990 Londerico Milfin is found dead, poisoned. The rightful owner, Carthago Milfin becomes the Yumli. He points out his 100-years-old mother for the death of his twin brother, claiming that years drove her mad. Elsa was a woman he never liked, so Carthago does not hesitate to turn her into a scapegoat for the wrath of the Kromlin people for the death of Londerico. Carthago has managed to rend Drake Milfin's notes from his mother before he hangs her, along with some notes of Londerico Milfin for that matter.. With these valuable information, he starts to set up the second part of his plan; Find the descendant of Guacimara, since in his or her veins runs the same blood with that of the witch.

Someway, somehow the child must have survived. It's only a matter of time to find this descendant.

☯ Eckert-Ben Tamsoott (1882-...)

Eckert-Ben, born out of wedlock, is believed to be an illegitimate son of Cracko Milfin, without him recognizing Eckert-Ben's mother as his wife or even his mistress. Nevertheless, from his early years, Eckert-Ben enjoyed the favor of the Yumli, living in the castle doing legwork, or leatherwork. A strong boy in his puberty, Eckert-Ben was one of the boys who kidnapped Guacimara to bring her to the castle the night of her rape. He was one of the five persons who helped Cracko performing his act of shame, holding the golden beauty firmly. A tough boy back then, the 18-year-old Eckert-Ben, had only one thing in mind; to preserve the favor of Cracko, whatever the cost. But he hadn't counted in an act like this, holding a helpless girl so the Yumli could rape her. Nor had he liked the curse that the witch, worn out, bruised and bleeding spat out in the darkness, holding that strange looking stone. That night Eckert-Ben Tamsoott lost his innocence. Cracko made him swear, as he did with everyone helping him that night, that they would never speak not even to their own mother, or in their prayers of what had happened that night in the Philosopher's tower.

It was a hard oath to take.

But after a week past the horrible event, when one of the men helping Cracko was found dead b a river, Eckert-Ben knew he had to keep his oath. Besides, what could he tell? That he helped to a rape and a murder? No, it was better if all these were like they had never happened, if everything were normal…or at least they seemed that way…

Now, after a century's time, Eckert-Ben Tamsoott has still kept his word; He never got married and when he was weeded out of the castle, with Drake taking over, he went to live in Kromlin, repairing shoes and having ever lasting insomnia or nightmares.

But he is close to death now and he is more afraid than ever before. He doesn't want to take this terrible secret to the grave with him. He is afraid of being forced to pass another tortured life after this one, in afterlife. He cannot stand another torture. He wants to share his secret but he knows none that he could share it with. No one remembers Guacimara now days, and Carthago Milfin is not a man you should interfere with.

Perhaps some stranger could relieve Eckert-Ben Tamsoott , from his burden, someone with adventurous spirit and the need to know what happened back then…

☯ Zola and Aileen Kishnidf (1810/1820- 1909/1910)

Aileen, a beautiful woman in her youth, was married to Zola Kishnidf, a fisherman from the village of Kromlin. Everything was fine and our story would have nothing to do with the happiness of this marriage had not the couple discovered that Aileen was barren.

Many years of marriage brought no children, and the whole village was whispering about that, bringing shame on the couple. After ten years of a fruitless marriage, the small community of Kromlin had become an unbearable place to live for Zola and Aileen Kishnidf.

They left the village and went to live on the mountains nearby, built a house there and lived their lives away from the murmurs of the Kromlin crowd. Aileen was a hard working girl, and soon enough she could provide the both of them with fruits and vegetables from a small garden she had made. The rivers were plenty, so were the fish in them. Zola was a good fisherman, so the couple never had to go down the village. Soon enough, Kromlin had forgotten all about the two people, as all their relatives passed away and they never heard from the barren couple anymore.

The years passed quickly, beautiful Aileen was now 80 years old and Zola in the age of ninety, and they both had accepted the fact that they would never have the happiness of having a child, although they still wanted such a blessing. Many were the nights that the otherwise happy lives of the couple would soak in tears and unbearable pain for the desire of a daughter.

Until this strange morning, when Zola went to a lake he had chosen for his daily fishing. He had set some fishing nets from the night before, but he could never have imagined what the daily fish would be. For there he saw, caught in the net, a small, self-made raft and on top of it, a child!

It was very small and dirty, but yet alive as he saw the hands moving. It was a girl! A very strange one too, as her eyes were silver, not gray, but silver without pupils in them. Her ears were pointed, as of the ilfs and oafs, and the eyebrows in fair color, were unusually long, almost covering the eyelids of the newborn baby.

She had a tanned skin, and wasn't crying. The old man thought he was dreaming again, so he raised the strange child in his hands. Lying underneath the baby, which seemed real enough even now, was a blue stone that glimpsed in the morning light, as it was alive!

Zola, the fisherman, wrapped the baby in his clothes, took the stone and the way back to his home. Fishing was over for that day…

☯ The nameless woman (1900-…)

Zola and Aileen were more than happy to finally be able to raise a child, even if this one was not human. The couple thought that the small but strong child must had had some ilf's blood in it, and for reasons that they knew not of, and didn't even want to learn, her mother must have dropped her along with the stone, a sort of heritage for her. They

were not far from the truth; except that the child was actually spawn of the Xtabá and not of the Ilfs.

That terrible night, when Guacimara met Elmer-Luis d' La Kretthed, the Xtabá had already concluded its abhor act of love. Guacimara wanted to believe that the child was Elmer-Luis', but sometimes, if not always, "love is blind", they say.

Evil was running through the supernatural veins of the child, even before it was able to breath air. Along with the supernatural powers of her mother, and the bitter taste of hatred as the last feeling before the birth, a most special mix of nature was created through this new existence. However in this case also, the previous saying about love was true, as Aileen and Zola in their elder years now, could not see such a thing.

Under the caring of the couple the child soon grew stronger, and every day passing, showed the true nature of the child. The old couple was not able to teach her not even a word of the human tongue, whereas the child was speaking from her first nine months of life, but in nonsense sounds, as the couple was regarding them. From a different view, one would easily identify the language of the Xtabá in these same words. Nevertheless, she seemed to understand what Zola and Aileen wanted from her, and abided without complaints, joy or discomfort.

For the child never showed any kind of emotion.

She never left away from the sight of either Aileen or Zola, and since they didn't think a human name would do much good, they decided not to give her one. They called her with pet names, like "love", "little one", "daughter", or "silver-eyes".

Finally, the love and patience the old couple had shown to the little girl seemed to overcome the evil nature within her. At the age of five, the child suddenly started to speak in perfect human, and never spoke again in this strange language. The first thing she asked was why was she so different from them, so Zola told her the whole story, how he found

her and all. The old couple took this change of language as a good sign, and for once more never wondered why this happened.

By this stage, the girl had become a beautiful fair-haired girl, with a dark complexion that made the unusual for the region color, even more beautiful. The set of her silver eyes were decorating her thin face, Aileen and Zola had already discovered that the child was able to see perfectly in darkness. She used to follow her foster father to fishing, returning at sunsets to the house in the mountains. She showed a remarkable love for the trees, which was the first sign of emotion she ever showed. Zola and Aileen were quite old now, and the child used to spend endless hours near the few trees of the plateaus on the mountains. Four more years passed this way, until Zola passed away one day, quietly, in his sleep, in 1909. He was ninety-nine years old.

The child never shed a tear, nor showed any kind of emotion. Just her lonely hours became more, as the child returned to home only during the night, when Aileen was sleeping, and always left before the sunrise. Aileen knew by then that her “child” was not so human, so she knew she could nothing to prevent such getaways. Besides, Zola’s death had brought her death close as well. In 1910, the nameless child returned one night to see her foster mother never to rise again.

Meanwhile, death was visiting one more human. Cracko Milfin, the murderer of her real mother, was soon to take his own life, with a shattered brain and with shuttered senses.

That night of Aileen’s death, the nature of the Xtabá inside the girl, freed from the human influence that was somehow keeping it buried inside, overcame the human nature of the nameless child. The war within her divided soul was not over. Just battles were won, for both sides, either good or evil. Now it was the latter, which overcame.

She took the stone that belonged to her, ate the corpse of her foster mother and left the small hut forever.

While she was cutting through the worn out flesh, from her face, stained forever in blood from this time on, a tear, the first ever coming out of these silver eyes, dropped down, to become one with the blood…

The girl without a name soon grew to be the story upon which the people of Kromlin used to feed their children if they weren't eating their food or didn't behave themselves. For many were lost in the mountains, with the rivers washing out their abhor remains sometimes.

The fishermen were no longer going high up on the mountains for they knew that this was the realm of the horrible demon-woman as they used to call the nameless woman. And they believed it was a curse, sent by the Gods, for punishing the misbehavior of their Yumli, Cracko and Drake Yumli. Adventurers were hired to find and slay the man-eating demon, but none ever returned to collect the reward.

The story continued just as it was so far, for many years, from 1911 until 1955, when Londerico Milfin, the Yumli of these times went himself up in the mountains to find and eliminate the plague. He was only twenty years old back then, but he already was a wise and enlightened man.

One year he was gone, with everybody thinking he was slain by the beast. But Londerico returned, looking much older and troubled, but still alive. He never said anything about what happened, up there in the mountains, like the white pure snow had covered forever this time. Londerico announced just one thing;

"The tortured soul of the creature lining on the mountains, shall harm none anymore. The mountains' passes are free for anyone wanting to walk upon them from this danger. May the gods forgive the souls of every sinner, for sinners we are all."

Maybe none of these inhabitants of this fantastic world apart from Londerico Milfin and the nameless woman ever got to learn what had happened. But since the eye and ear of the LM is something like the eye and ear of God at least in a game of fantasy, and since these pages are to be read by the Lejend Master, or the Lejend Mistress, the following text presents the "lost" data…

the Winter of 1955

Since the death of Aileen, the nameless woman's nature was split in half, as the evil of the Xtabá's blood was drown onto surface, fighting or in other times joining her human nature. Guacimara's child started to live in the mountains like a wild beast, capturing her victims either human or animals, by either charming or creating illusions. Then, when her victims were caught deep in her trap, which was either a cave or a snow-covered hole in the ground, the nameless woman asked the victim one question, in the human tongue, which she spoke with a broken accent. The question was always the same; "Who am I? What my name is?".

But none ever knew the answer, so the half- Xtabá was killing her victims with her favorite way, by hanging, because this reminded her of the fish hanging from the straw of her foster father. When she was hungry, she either ate "Chacchu Ayubi", the milk of the dead, or was eating the corpses of her victims, or other beasts.

When Londerico himself was caught by one of these traps, he saw the "demon" face to face. This brought back terrible memories and many questions. For he had seen the painting of his father, sketching a woman resembling the "nameless woman" from which he had been trapped. For he knew that this same woman in the painting, was responsible for the curse of his family for three generations, and at last he understood the meaning of the witch's words. And that creature here was looking a lot like the blonde witch with the

dark complexion in his father's painting. And so he spoke, when the half mad woman asked;

"Who am I?"

"You are the child of Guacimara, the witch who cursed my family, the woman whose life was taken with injustice from my family".

"What my name is?"

"That I know not, but for you to live is for me and my brother and our children to be cursed. Yet you hold my life, and by wasting it you take a revenge for your mother's murder, since I am the grand child of the one who took Guacimara's life. And maybe trough my death, my father and my father's father deaths are to be cleansed. So let it be."

And the demon's eyes shined with a spark of human nature. And this time the nameless woman stood to talk after a long time. And her human nature awoke once again. So she learned what Londerico knew, and stopped the killings from this time on, Londerico harnessed and cared for the tortured soul of the nameless woman, so much that he couldn't kill her and thus relief the curse from his shoulders. He stayed with her for one whole year, teaching her to read and sing and all about the human manor. He swore never to tell anyone about her, and she promised to stop the killings. From now on, she would leave the mountains, and go to live someplace else. On winter of 1956, Guacimara's child starts to wander, to find a new place to live.

"Chacchu Ayubi"

From the body fluids of a dead male, rises this odd root. When a man dies by hanging and then is turned upside down, left in this position for about a month, the saliva, semen, rotting flesh, and blood of the subject create the "Chacchu Ayubi", a root that makes a flower every three nights. (The root is possible to emit even without having the dead humanoid turned upside down, but only 20% this way.)

The flower is purple in color, reddish at the center, forming a star of 5 points. The lower part of the flower is connected to the root which is of purple-green color and is buried to the ground by its ¾ and with a shape resembling that of a humanoid.

The flower is 30cm (1 foot) high, and 20cm (8 inches) wide. Within the cone that holds it onto the root, a thick fluid of white color is contained, able to fill a mug of beer (250gr {550 pounds} of liquid).

This is the Chacchu Ayubi, the milk of the corpse. If drunk instantly after the gathering, the liquid is able to cover the nutrition needs of a humanoid being for three days and three nights. If not consumed right after the gathering, but left aside, then the milk becomes a strong poison; killing in seconds after it is either consumed or injected. In this stage the Ayubi turns purple in color and smells with a strong metallic scent, sort of like blood. In its whiter stage it smells like semen.

The milk creates no need for someone to defecate; on the contrary it adjourns such a need.

home sweet home

When Cracko Milfin hanged himself and was left to rot, a Chacchu Ayubi was raised below the rotting corpse. The ground was fertile for such growing, since it was enriched with the body fluids of Guacimara hanged in the same spot as well.

During her journey away from the mountains, the nameless woman stumbled across the tree from which her mother and her murderer were hanged. There was something about that tree that caught her attention. It was growing in a most secluded position, hidden from natural camouflage all around. The area had also provided for her food as well. She liked that tall tree, decided she'd built a hut below the tree. A hut in which the dead would not get her.

As soon as Guacimara's daughter talked with Londerico and realized the evil she had done by all these killings, guilty as hell, the nameless woman started to loose her mind. Years spent alone in total isolation, a past full of pictures and memories of death, a divorced soul by nature, all these were enough to bring her in a crazy state. Plus, her innate supernatural abilities, made her susceptible to see and hear things that, the common folk, would simply call "Ghosts" or "apparitions", for the spirits of the people she hanged started to haunt her, walking on their hands as Guacimara's child always hanged them upside down. From the time she learnt her past from Londerico, these dead were following her around, screaming the name of Guacimara telling the woman without a name whose daughter she was, telling her that she had no name for none ever gave her one.

And the nameless woman decided to build her hut above the ground, with stairs that the dead following her would not be able to climb. She would also made a hole on the ground, to crop the Chacchu Ayubi from inside the hut, and a hole on the roof for there could be no windows. This way she would not be disturbed from the dead when she would be in the hut. By the coming of the next winter, the hut was built around the Chacchu Ayubi, below the tree, upon a palisade platform. The nameless woman would live in there, along with her memories, her "hide & seek" with the dead haunting her play, and the blue stone of Guacimara, her mother. Up to today, 2002HE, Guacimara still lives in the same hut. Her skin resembles that of a "hapa haole" (hawaiian + white man = high yaller mongrel), with more or less alike facial figures.

She has long and dirty white hair, wears rags full of straw and smells terribly. Her eyebrows, still black as ebon and long enough to cover her eyelids, hide her silver eyes well enough. Curved in body, with long and thin hands and fingers, dirty nails and bad

breath, still, below all these neglecting, the woman's facial features tell a story of a woman of great beauty in her youth.

Nowadays, Guacimara's child has lost her mind, always making some senseless rhymes when she speaks, in perfect human accent as she never spoke other than human from 1955 and since.

She eats and drinks nothing else other than the Chacchu Ayubi of Cracko Milfin, which can still provide a sufficient amount of milk.

starting the adventure

It is of no matter, how exactly the Avatar is going to be found in this place, some 3 days away from Kromlin village. The story begins from this point on for the GC, so maybe he just happened to stumble upon this place, during his journey to somewhere, or anything the LM finds comfortable.

Maybe even the whole story will have to be relocated, a case that is relatively easy, should the LM finds it suitable. Apart from the Huybraz continent, the adventure can be played in any continent of the Lejendary Earth™ world.

Sometimes the most difficult things to find are the ones that are in front of us. If you're looking for them.

Such is the case for the nameless woman hideout, a scaffold skirted by reeds and thus turned it into a shanty, built behind a tuft, near the edge of the swamp. No one from the village has ever come across this spot, not even Carthago. But fate has it that the Avatar encounters the hut. The nameless woman lives there, since she stopped the killings and left the mountains. One of those trees is where her mother was hanged, and Cracko Milfin as well. The Chacchu Ayubi, grown from his fluids, lies underneath the hut's floor.

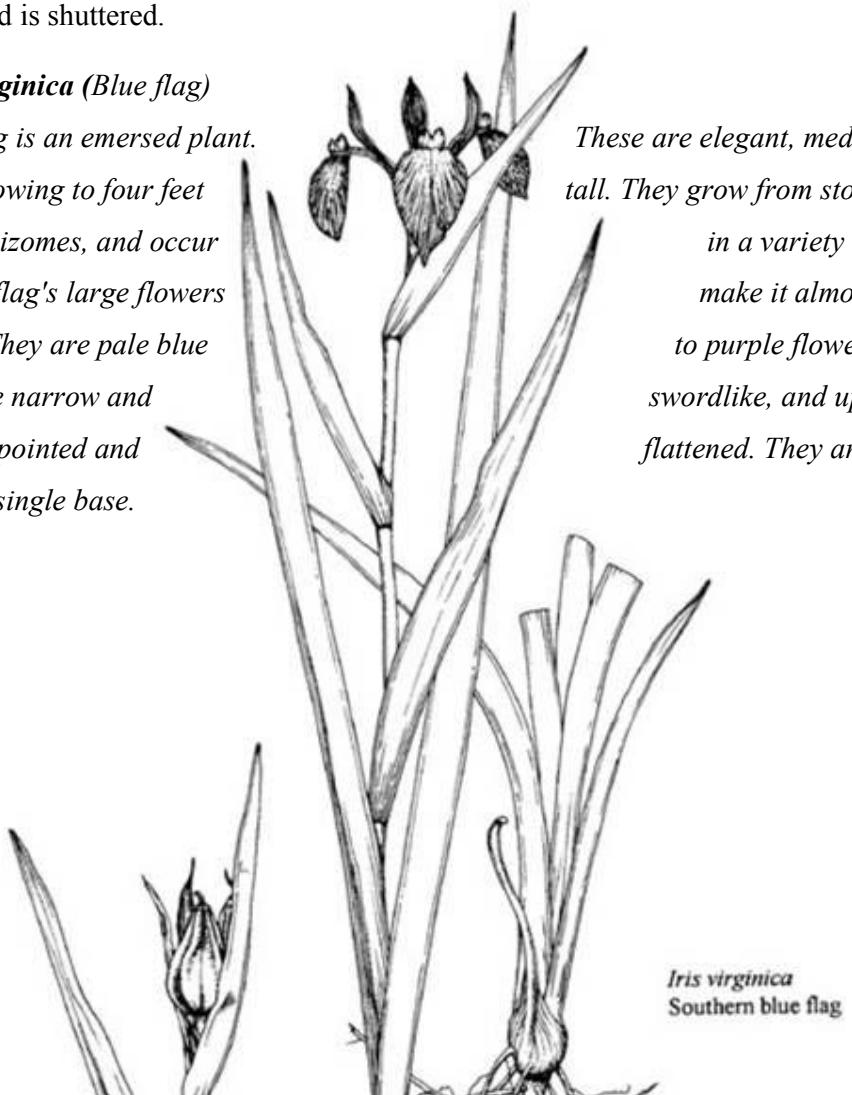
The stone's connection to the world of the dead, the many years she possess it, has given the nameless woman a rather strange ability; She's able to actually see the dead, when their soul is not rested, and they still roam in this world of the living. Most of the people who died by her hand fall in this category, as they suffered a violent death. So they haunt their murderer, most of them walking on their hands since they died hanged upside down, restlessly following the woman and cursing her through the ages. This is why the nameless woman has built her hut above the ground. For the dead cannot climb the stairs, as they walk on their hands. In her hut she enjoys solitude, not having to see all these hideous pictures all the time. She can grasp her food from within, so seldom does she goes out from her hut for any reason.

Few minutes of facing this abhor reality could drive a common man to madness. The nameless woman has been living this way for many decades now.

Her mind is shuttered.

***Iris virginica (**Blue flag)*

Blue flag is an emersed plant. These are elegant, medium sized plants, growing to four feet tall. They grow from stout underground rhizomes, and occur in a variety of wetlands. Blue flag's large flowers make it almost unmistakable. They are pale blue to purple flowers. Their leaves are narrow and swordlike, and up to 2 1/2 feet long, pointed and flattened. They arise fan-like from a single base.



ıymes, (not so good ones but at least she tries) as years of loneliness need to be spiced up somehow, and goes out of the hut just to gather some blue flags* for her daily “exorcism”. She had once picked up a psalm from the priest of the Kromlin village, when he once went up the mountains to exorcise the plague of the demon woman. Before he went to meet in person whatever supreme beings he worshipped, he mumbled a psalm against the undead, and one for the creatures of other planes. The word-repellents did not work.

Then he became the ex-priest of Kromlin.

The tune is of no use to a non-theurgist, but nevertheless it helps make you feel like you tried. Since the ritual needs fresh blue flags as a component, the nameless woman goes into the swamps, once per day, to gather it. There is no punctuality in the action, although the old lady often does that during the afternoons. The dead are quieter this hour of the day. They gather their strength for the coming night.

This is a good chance for the Avatar to come into play. He or she might catch glimpse of the figure as she goes back to her hut. Should the GC try to talk to the woman, she will try to lose him/her, which is not impossible for she knows the whereabouts very well. Nevertheless, the Avatar has a good to very good chance to follow her to the shack.

Whatever the case is, as soon as they meet, read or paraphrase the following;

" You see the strange woman standing as to face you, her mouth shakes but no words go out. Strange eyes are looking in frustration, you cannot tell where the pupil and the iris are separated, in these eyes of mercury. Her white, thick eyebrows fall heavy on her eyelids, like the countless years upon her curved body. Hair white in color but brown from mud, match the rugs she wears, as they have lost the right to be called clothes over half a century ago.

But still, under all this neglect and the old age of the woman, the nervous movements and the shuttered brain, her features give out a woman of exceptional beauty when time was more propitious with her. Her dark complexion, free of the current wrinkles and aging, would probably have the brown shade of chocolate, her hair the shine and color of gold running loose upon naked shoulders…a trip to Fantasy lane for a minute of two, the voice of the woman brings you back to reality. It is a jumpy voice, like her body movements, she speaks in common language although her accent seems somewhat incapable of expressing certain syllables. Breath stinking, a fine set of white teeth is uncovered."

"Hallo, looking for me? I'm old – mold- and nobody does anymore.

Are you alone –bone-? You're not a ghost –lost- right? I have blue flags I warn you –scorn you.

It is secret here you know, I can harm you, darn you- if I want- gold-.

It is most probable that the GC will ask for a name. In this case;

"I have no name- slain, pain. My mother died in birth, Londerico said so. He was my friend- dead. Aileen called me "golden hair" and Zola "daughter" and "silver-eyes" and "love" but name I have none. The ones who are here with us call me "demon-woman" but name I have none- Stop!

I have to go in my hut, they re coming closer to hurt me- flirt me, and I have to go up my hut!!!

An avatar with an extraordinary ability of seeing spirits, ghosts or similar supernatural beings may see the place full of such restless creatures, victims of the nameless woman, walking on their hands with a noose around their neck, some 20 of them at least. The apparition of Cracko Milfin will also be visible, hanged from the tree that casts its shadow upon the scaffold. Although not known yet by name, Cracko can be heard repeating through eternity the following words, once every year, on 15 of every August;

"BEYOND THE BORDERS OF DEATH,
BEYOND AN EMPTY WORLD,
IN AN ENDLESS EMPTY MAZE,
WHERE OCEANS ARE TAINTED WITH BLOOD
I CRY FOR YOU GUACIMARA, FOR PEACE I'VE FOUND NONE.
(The nameless woman may comment on this one as she will say that the man does not belong to her own haunted victims and he never acts in other ways. Communication with this specific apparition will prove impossible other than a cold look from the apparition.)

The nameless woman really has a lot of information to share with a patient set of ears.

- How she grew up, with Zola and Aileen Kishniedf. She won't say that she ate her foster mother, for this was not a conscious action.
- How she hanged or ate the villagers some many years ago. What did she asked of them.
- How she met Londerico. She doesn't know he was the Yumli of Kromlin, nor will she mention anything for that title and his owners.

- The death of her real mother, Guacimara and of her father, Elmer-Luis, by the father of Londerico, Cracko, for he loved the Golden beauty and hated thieves.

  She will not mention anything about the curse, or her involvement as a descendant of Guacimara. Londerico Milfin never spoke of these, as it was not necessary. The nameless woman knows nothing about the curse. Londerico was too kind to mention of his own problems.
- How she changed after that and left the mountains, coming to live in this hut near the swamps.
- About the Chacchu Ayubi, and the haunting of her dead victims. About the protection the house really offers and of the supposed protection of the psalm and the blue flags.
- The location of Kromlin, as she knows that Londerico, Aileen and Zola as well as most of her victims were coming from there. She will ask of the GC to find Londerico and tell him of her greetings. The nameless woman swore to him that she would never make her presence known to the world, so she cannot go there herself even if Kromlin lies but a two days afar.

If the Avatar is patient and compassionate about the nameless woman's life story, if they become friends and you, the LM, through the mouth of the nameless woman have shared all the above information with the Avatar, only then will the following chapter take place.

It is very important <u>not</u> to present the following chapter, "The stone changes hands", if the Avatar is in any way hostile, or otherwise unfriendly to the woman up to the end of their conversations. In such a case proceed to the next

chapter, “The secrets of Kromlin”, *omitting* “The stone changes hands” chapter, as explained.

In case of Avatar showing hostility towards the nameless woman, she will be rather helpless, probably having a heart attack even before the Avatar imposes her death. In such a case, Guacimara’s ghost will prove to be a powerful avenger of her daughter’s death…

Guacimara’s apparition *;

Health 115, Precision 78 Speed 18

AEPs; 72

Immune to all manner of physical attacks, (incorporeal existence) may be damaged only by supernatural weaponry. Regard it as wearing full plate armor.

Special features; On a successful attack, the apparition may pass through material bodies, causing horror to the recipient, lasting for half an hour.

May rejuvenate at 2 points per ABC.

Invisible at will.

Release of an unearthly howl once per day. The scream may still a man’s heart, if he fails to check against his Health. Ability may not be used while the sun is up.

The apparition has psychogenic powers of the following sort;

Ability Assumption Charismatic Charm Empathic Confusion Freewill Feeding Alter Vibrations Mind Over Matter Nictoscopy

** Do not use the apparition of Guacimara, unless the nameless woman suffers an attack by the Avatar, in which case she will suffer a heart attack and die.*

the stone changes hands

Should the first meeting with the Nameless woman had ended in the most peaceful of ways, with both sides, that of the Avatar's and that of Guacimara's child, finding a friend to each other, then this chapter comes into play.

Because this is a chance for the Avatar to attain the supernatural item without getting into all the troubles that are going to follow, the LM must be utterly convinced for the clarity of the Avatar's feelings towards the nameless woman. For she is about to give him the only heritage she's got from her real mother; and this is nothing else other than the Stone of the Dead.

In any case of doubt, proceed to the next chapter without presenting this one. If the Avatar takes the stone and leaves, untouched by the events, then the LM may have a very hard time, justifying such a great power given with no sweat, or blood, shed.

"**Your heart seems full of feelings such as compassion, tranquility and the bitter-sweet taste of incompletion.**

Your head full of images, as this woman traveled you into the years of her life, lasting an eon and more. Questions may rise, as parts of the story remain incomplete. You feel tired from the long lasting conversation, the woman without a name sated facing you, her weak brain resting, relaxed from the conversation she hadn't made for years, a faint smile resting upon her tattered lips, a soothing sleep about to take her away from the horrible visions of everyday life.

A victimizer, and at the same time a victim, who can really judge the nature of a mortal being? It is with such thoughts that the woman's words find you. They seem coming from far away, freed from the jumbling of words storming her previous sentences:

"I'm very old now, I have very little time to live yet. I want Londerico to have something of my own, for he had touched my heart, as you did tonight. I want you to give him the only thing I possess, apart from these herbs I gather from the swamp, believing that they help me. Zola had found me with a stone when I was still a baby. It belonged to my mother, Guacimara, I know so. Take it to him; tell him that I have loved him, for his light lit the dark paths of my heart. Tell him that I crave to find him again, some place other than this of the mortal plane, where my youth and beauty can blossom by his side.

I thank you, friend, for listening. If you don't want to do such a thing I can keep no dark feeling in my tired heart for your choice. To do the will of a half-mad hug is not so high a cause. I will remember you with kindness and gratitude, as I will do with the one who lit up my soul and put the thirst I had for killing out. The stone I have hidden to the roots of the tree that shades this scaffold by the day."

"The silver eyes of the woman close in a deep relaxing sleep, right after these words of pleading. Knees close to the chest, curled around her body, the night seems somewhat less cold now."

The choice of taking the stone or not is up to the Avatar, no strings attached.

the secrets of kromlin

No matter how the story has perplexed itself so far, this chapter comes into play when the Avatar decides to pay a visit to the village of Kromlin. If he or she has taken an interest in the adventure, Kromlin village should be the next stop after the Nameless woman's encounter.

Nevertheless, if the Avatar is not yet "moved" by the story, the LM may "trick" him getting there, for his supplies of food, or even equipment, are running short, for resting in a safe place, or anything of this short the LM may find suitable. Kremlin is merely two-day walk from where the nameless woman lives, and this is the only civilized place in a range of a ten-day walk, with wilderness full of lurking dangers, if so desired. You may find an encounter table of the region at the end of this chapter. Use it only if the Avatar shows no will of reaching the village of Kromlin, and other excuses did not work. The Avatar is going to face quite a number of cases that may use his or her combat skills to wear him out from this early stage.

Nowadays, the village of Yumli consists of 500 people, 80 children

(1-17 years old), 100 men married to an equal amount of women (18-79), and 100 humans in old age (80-119 the oldest one) and 120 yet single men and women (18-60 years old).

The people are unhappy, frustrated and frightened, as Carthago Milfin has proven to be a harsh Yumli.

Dice Result	Encounter
01 – 10	Alligator (or cayman, crocodile, or mix of)
11 – 15	Anaconda
16 – 20	Bear, brown
21 – 25	Bulkopf
26 – 30	Crayfish, giant
31 – 35	Eel, electric
36 – 55	Fish, small, man-eating
56 – 65	Pike
66- 74	Roll again in 6h of LA time
75 – 80	Creeping Jenny
86 – 00	Water moccasin (or viper)

the yumli

The chieftain of the Kromlin village is called “Yumli” which in the native language means “the life giver”. This is most often the times a title earned by birthright, and the Yumli has all the powers of a true governor. He makes laws and punishes when they are not abided, he solves the differences of the Kromlin villagers by being the judge, and he leads in times of warfare, and makes civil work in times of piece. Often he has some extraordinary powers as well, of the theourgy order. From generations to generations the people pay tithe to their Yumli for giving his service to the people, trust and respect him, if not fearing him as well.

The Yumli on the other hand, lives in the ancient tower near the mountain's feet, along with his family. Seldom does he go down to the village, rather than having the village(rs) coming to him. He has the right to one mistress apart from his own wife, for increasing the possibility of an heir.

During the last century, Kromlin has changed four Yumlis, which that alone as a fact has created some frustration to the people.

Cracko Milfin, remembered only by the elders, was a respected Yumli, until he went mad for the love of an evil witch and she cursed him to lose sight, taste and smell.

Only one man, Eckert-Ben Tamsoott, knows the real thing, as he was one of the five men who raped that "evil witch", Guacimara and threw her off the cliffs, along with Cracko Milfin. Eckert-Ben Tamsoott is nowadays 119 years old and has kept his lips sealed for what happened back then in 1900, out of fear and shame.

Now he is close to death and would like to speak of his sins before he passes away.

He knows only about what happened the night Guacimara was brought to the castle, as he was one of the men who abducted her and assisted her rape and death in the end. He was living in the castle until the age of 29, when Cracko died and lost favor. Returning to live among the townspeople, he remained single and worked as a tailor. For the last 15 years he lives by what little he had accumulated over these years and out of charities, for telling a story of the past times.

Eckert-Ben Tamsoot is also shown in Drake Milfin's painting, but it would be pretty difficult to recognize him at his current age. (Characters with a Speed of 13 have a 15% chance of recognizing the man, with every 2 points of speed more than that, giving an additional 5% bonus to the throw. Characters with less speed score do not get a chance at all.)

As the story goes on, Drake Milfin was the main reason for the people of Yumli to lose faith in the Yumli title, as he is to blame for the village's economical failure at that time, as well as for the curse plaguing the mountains for many years. The townsfolk believe that the Gods cursed Drake and they summoned the monster to the mountains also, to punish the villagers for putting up with such a Yumli.

Luckily his reign was short and a rebellion was not necessary to overthrow him. (A revolution has never happened, before) He took his own life and this was better for everyone. Drake Milfin would be erased from the memories of Kromlin's people, had he not done one good thing in his life; Londerico Milfin.

Through that wise and respected man, the town soon grew healthy again and prosperous as among others, Londerico was a superb engineer and invented many machines to help the people in their everyday life.

He also had the touch of a healer, which none of his two ancestors possessed (rumors talk about his great grandfather who was a healer too)

In addition, Londerico put an end to the curse of the Gods, the Demon-woman of the mountains. Londerico Milfin had restored the Yumli's respect to the people, and Kromlin started to think that bad times were over.

But Londerico died, rumors have him poisoned. Carthago, his twin brother, was trusted to continue Londerico's work, and the people thought him to be a new Londerico, as he even had the same face.

At the beginning, things were going all right, as Carthago was not doing anything for the town to talk over his name. He kept his distances, spending his days quietly in the castle. The fact that he forbade the villagers to go to the tower for making their problems heard, rather than telling them to a messenger coming to Kromlin once in a fifteen days time, didn't hit them with disappointment, as they had understood that the new Yumli

required his loneliness. He also seemed to have the ability to heal, although none of the few that were healed desired to experience this magic once again. For sure, Carthago Milfin was a strange and powerful man.

Four years had passed from the day Londerico was poisoned, and the one who did it was finally brought to light. Carthago announced that the murderer was his own mother, Elsa Blohvstteic, the maid who had seduced Drake Milfin some many years ago. Some evidence was enough, as the people needed one scapegoat to blame for the loss of their loved Yumli. They admired the courage and sense of justice of the new Yumli, to hang his own mother, for the sake of such higher virtues.

The real chant of course, is somewhat different. Carthago was the one who poisoned Londerico and used his extraordinary powers to make his mother admit a murder she hadn't committed. She stole Drake Milfin's notes from his mother, since in Londerico's journal, also stolen some four years ago from that time, an allusion for lost journals was indeed sketched out. Then he started studying the past of Guacimara, tracing her roots back in Huybraz and with that, he learned about the stone of the Dead as well.

Then, Carthago required five maidens to come and work to the castle. With a heavy heart the people accepted that, as they knew they'd never seen them again, since none was accepted in the tower apart from the people who lived there. But when after a year, Carthago asked of the same thing, the town reacted. The Yumli said that he had looked into the future and if his will were not matched, the fish of the rivers would no longer be edible.

The town laughed, until the next day, when all the fishermen said that the fish's color was black, and they were filled with worms. Five maidens were gathered and sent to the tower. The fish became edible once again.

Carthago announced that in every August, five maidens were to come to the tower to live there, for this was the only way that he could stop the return of the demon woman, this time coming into Kromlin, not to the mountains. So in five years time the village had lost 25 maidens, fresh and beautiful as the morning rose. They had never seen them again, since.

People were terrified from the new Yumli, but dared not to speak against him, as they were afraid of his powers. Spies were planted in the townspeople, and when someone is speaking too loudly against the Yumli, the next day he is mysteriously disappeared. Taxes were significantly raised. And none was allowed to leave Kromlin. This was an act punished with death, as for the thieves, the law enforced the death penalty against them again with the coming of Carthago into power. The people, afraid and helpless to react, tried to live as quietly as possible, not interfering with Carthago's ways.

And this is still the case in the town of Kromlin, as the GCs get into play, in 2002, after a decade of Carthago's reign.

Reactions

Due to these facts the Avatar will be regarded as a "foreigner" from the

Kromlin dwellers. For the frightened flock, the Avatar's presence will not be withheld as a good sign, rather that of one who brings dismay and discomfort, as he or she may be a new spy from the tower.

Not to mention the fact he/she is asking questions for Londerico Milfin, a name that brings memories better forgotten at these times of darkness.

The tower's spies may have set an eye upon him or her and though they will not actively engage into hostility, every move will be carefully noticed and reported. The GC would do well to keep his mouth closed, should every eye in the village not falling on him or her soon.

No one, except Carthago, is aware of any stone of the dead. Inquiries of the GC for that will definitely reach Carthago's ears in a quick time.

As for the curse or Guacimara herself, few will know anything or may believe these belonged to the past, as no one is aware of the curse being passed on to Carthago or even to Londerico (The nature of the curse on the twins was not apparent to the eye, and they never shared the knowledge with the townsfolk, each for his own reasons).

Every villager knows the Yumli ascension to power, but are indifferent to the facts of Guacimara's rape or to the curse that lies carved in a nowadays sealed chamber of the tower. The real identity of the "demon woman" is also unknown by the common folk., regarding her as the wrath of Gods rather than a woman who lives only two days afar.

The missing data can be filled by a variety of different sources. Eckert-Ben Tamsoott, the oldest man of the village is the first. He was present at the beginnings of things, back in the bloody August of 1900. He is now close to death, and with the right kind of approach he will be willing to open his heart to the congenial Avatar. If so, in 24 hours after his talking, Eckert-Ben Tamsoott will be found dead, poisoned but it will look like death from natural causes to the eye of the superficial investigator. Cyanide is difficult to be traced; the killers of Carthago know that. In addition, unless extra caution for privacy is taken from the Avatar the spies shall report to Carthago the discussion Eckert-Ben Tamsoott and the Avatar carried out, this giving a great advantage to Carthago for what is to come. For background information on Eckert-Ben Tamsoott, the LM should recur to "Dramatis Personae" chapter.

A second source of information is the "Fallen caste", some secret organization hoping to dispose Carthago of the Yumli's title. Powerless in real terms, with a handful of scattered rebels to form the whole pact, the organization may yet be proven useful in

matters of information or diversion, should they be assured of the Avatar's ways before they act in any way.

The painting of Drake Milfin, as well as the carving in the castle's hall and some notes he had written could prove to be of vital importance, should the Avatar managed to gain access to things like these.

Last but not least, comes Carthago Milfin himself. He can be a wonderful source of information as well as a lethal opponent depending on the kind of approach he will have by the Avatar. Carthago Milfin is the head rival of the Avatar and the greatest danger of them all, so much information regarding his nature is already given and will continue to be presented throughout this adventure.

the fallen caste

The most courageous among the Kromlin flock, frustrated by the harsh governing of Carthago Milfin, decided to break the customs of their own lineage and form a secret revolutionary group, in order to overthrow the Evil Yumli from power. A spirited movement, but standing little chance against the spies of Carthago and himself. The group has been formed in 1999, keeping its tones ever so low, for up to now, seven people connected to the organization have strangely disappear, leaving a mere gross of frightened but not giving up rebels behind. As with the Carthago spies, they will also keep an eye to the Avatar. If they become sure he or she is not involved with Carthago, they will try to settle a meeting, offering to the Avatar a most daring act; To murder Carthago Milfin!!

Let us review these twelve people, discover their motivations and capabilities. You may find the fallen caste's stats in the "playing aids" chapter, if needed.

- **Loraine la Cujatee** ***(if Avatar is male, Loraine will be the leader)***

  Perhaps the most influential of all the figures in the group, Loraine is an extraordinarily beautiful 26 years old woman, combining mind and looks.

She wants to revenge Carthago for taking her twin sister away to live with him in the castle. Loraine escaped the same fate for she is not virgin. Unfortunately, her sister was, She does not believe that the maidens live, because many times in her sleep has she seen her sister crying in agony, asking to bury her so that she may rest.

☯ **Miguel Kuntsctoc** ***(leader if avatar is female)*** Miguel combines many enviable characteristics. He is good with the sword, most handsome, witty, scintillating and one of the richest men in town. In his late 20s, Miguel has managed to hide his double life well enough, so far. Being a bigot of Londerico Milfin, he detests his twin brother, Carthago, for his unjust governing and wants to help the poor and the victimized. (He's sort of a Kromlinian "Zorro" or "Batman"…) Miguel is most certainly a ladies' man, charming and affable. He also wears a mask, when "in action"…He is the founder of the fallen caste.

☯ **Jacque Passudist** Jacque is a pious man in his thirties, peace loving and unwarlike. He wouldn't have joined the fallen caste if it weren't for a vision he had seen, 2 years ago. The village priest, with whom Jacque had kept in a long lasting amity, for all the years the priest was alive, came from the dead to pay his good friend one more visit. The priest's ghost had said that Carthago had murdered him, because he had uncovered a great secret; He was the priest that heard the last confession of Elsa Blohvstteic before her hanging for the murder of Londerico Milfin. Elsa had confessed back then that she hadn't killed her son. The next minute, Carthago came in and by using magic he killed the priest. Attempts to raise him as a

walking dead were fruitless, because of his god's protection. The priest asked from Jacque to avenge his death…

☯ **Charlotte "big" Bosob** Charlotte Bosob is the oldest sister of Angelina, also a member of the Fallen caste. Because of her considerable weight and size, the diminutive "big", has been attached to Charlotte. Her husband has been hanged as a thief, which he was but that doesn't mean he had to die as well. Now she's looking for revenge, both for her husband and for her sister…

☯ **Antoine Perchiguk** Antoine's fiancée was one of the maidens of the previous year. He is in love. He wants her back. Simple and clear.

☯ **Angelina "dog jowl " Bosob** Angelina is Charlotte's little sister. She has joined the "Fallen caste" because she believes Carthago is evil and he and the Demon woman is the same person. She had the misfortune of experiencing Carthago's healing abilities. Angelina had a terrible accident, got hit by a cart. Being almost dead, the village of kromlin, desperate, turned to Carthago's help. He did help. Angelina made it, and didn't die. But ever since, Angelina wonders in the streets of Kromlin wearing a black veil. Yet, strange flatulence can be distinguished underneath the veil. Ever since, Angelina Bosob is called "dog jowl" and this is more than a diminutive as of her sister's.

☯ **André Wenkar** A mage coming from ville d'eaux, the city lying a ten-day walk from Kromlin village. He does it for the adventure, as well as for the money Miguel Kuntsctock has been secretly giving him to prolong his stay in Kromlin…

☯ **Animal** A bum, from the streets of Kromlin. An orphan from yet a young age, that muscular and defiant troublemaker started to make his living out of small time thievery or blackmailing. Soon, he was known as "Animal". He has joined the caste, but he doesn't really care about them or their goal. Animal is rather interested for the side effects of the caste's cause, like gold, power, or women, not to mention maidens… a cruel and rather coward imbecile, ready to abandon or rat on the rest of the group if that will prolong his pathetic life. The others don't trust him as well, so he knows nothing about plans or anything like that…

☯ **Archie Walshy** Just an indignant denizen of Kromlin. Along with his friend, Morris Palsy, they joined the Fallen Caste for both finding a purpose in their life and for satisfying their adventurous spirit.

☯ **Michel Jignhart** An excellent mechanic and architect, friend and right hand of Londerico Milfin. By the time Londerico was dead, Michel lost his "ex officio" status, and was staved off the castle's life, where he had lived ever since he arrived in Kromlin. He knew Elsa Blohvstteic as well and he cannot believe that she did such a thing like poisoning her son. Michel can say a lot for what Londerico was like, especially for his inventor and mechanic's side. Although he knew Londerico well enough, even he doesn't know for the curse or Londerico's inability of smelling or tasting. Londerico did not want these things to be learned.

☯ **Jean Mintvar** Monsieur Mintvar is perhaps the most lethal of men of the "Fallen caste" and the most wanted among them. A Former spy of Carthago and a hired killer before that, Mintvar knows the ways in and out of Carthago's layer and is a most formidable opponent, full of lethal

poisons and dark ways of killing hiding beneath his red velvet veneered black mantlet and expensive dress shirt.

☯ **Morris Palsy** Just an indignant denizen of Kromlin. Along with his friend, Archie_Walshy, they joined the Fallen Caste for both finding a purpose in their life and for satisfying their adventurous spirit.

The team has cast about killing Carthago, taking advantage one of the following events; (LM's option, according to what date is nearer the campaign time of this adventure)

✓ The annual taking of the five maidens, in August. They will suggest that the Avatar gets in, disguised as a maiden. It is most probable that the Avatar is going to think of that too, so don't deprive the joy of letting him express the idea as well. In general, never let out ideas coming out of the mouths of Non-Avatar characters, capable of contouring the adventure or even a part of it, if this is not clearly stated thus.

✓ The gathering of the town's representatives for paying the annual tax and discussing the problems that may have occurred over a year's passing. An old custom, the gathering takes place in the Yumli's castle and lasts two days and three nights. It is organized in December of every year.

✓ In autumn, there is a festival in the town's square, celebrating the establishment of one of the first inventions of Londerico Milfin, the anemoscope. Carthago has come in the precedent festivals, so no reason for not coming in this one too. The festival takes place in early September.

The members of the group never make their meetings on the same spot,

instead the two leading members fill in the rest a day before the meeting as to where the meeting is to take place.

Be creative, present all the characters detailed in the fallen caste and enjoy the Avatar's decision of whether to join or split. Present as many meetings, secretly performed under the veil of darkness in a back door smelly basement, as necessary for the Avatar to make up his mind. As soon as he or she has decided –and this may occur even from the first meeting- proceed to the next sub-chapter "Stool pigeons". It is irrelevant for the time being what the character has decided.

stool pigeons

Among the frightened or the indignant lie the ones who look like either, but are neither of the sort. The spies of Carthago, unscrupulous and sordid men and women, live among the people of Kromlin, replacing the eyes and ears of their master. Whatever they find interesting or worthwhile for Carthago to hear, they report. When the Yumli says to kill, they kill. When he says to sleuth, they sleuth. No one, apart from Carthago, is in the position to know all of them, sometimes they are even native people, who are doing favors for the Yumli for setting right one offense of their own. In any public transaction of any sort the Avatar carries out in public view and in daylight, there is a 38% chance for a spy to have spot it, falling to 28% During nighttime. In more private places the chance of being spotted turns to 17% or 10% accordingly. Each time, you the LM, roll for a spy to see if he has overheard a scene, secretly roll a check for the Avatar as well, to decide whether the Avatar is aware of the spying as well. The roll should at anytime reflect the given conditions, with maximum chances of realization the half of the chances given above for the spy. For example, the best chance an Avatar has of spotting a spy in a public scene during daylight is 19%, half of the proportional chance of the spy (38%). Modify this check accordingly, applying common sense.

The following event takes place whenever the avatar has reached to a decision, regarding the fallen caste's proposal. Right after that meeting the avatar will be openly confronted by Carthago's spies.

Three of Carthago's spies, preferably by night, confront the Avatar just a little while after the meeting he or she had with the fallen caste, while the avatar is on the way back to whatever he is staying, or to whatever he is going after that. They are not hostile but may as well turn to such behavior if the Avatar cultivates such feelings. The spies have been looking for the rest of the fallen caste for some time now. They believe that the Avatar is somewhat related to them. The spies want from the Avatar to tell them whatever he or she knows about that matter. They will also ask him why has she/he came to their town and perhaps push the discussion a bit by letting out certain information about the Avatar they have came across with (like why he/she is interested in Londerico Milfin, or similar questions)

On who they are, they will reply by saying; ***"let us put it this way; we are… votaries of Carthago Milfin, the rightful Yumli of Kromlin. We don't want some thieving rats, like those of the fallen caste gnawing on his praised posture…"***

The spies will not contradict on what or how the Avatar will respond to their questions. If the spies know the answer to some question, but the Avatar is giving false answers, they will show their disappointment but they do nothing more than that. The spies are there not to kill the Avatar but learn a bit more for him/her before getting him to Carthago. Only if the Avatar makes the first move will they raise swords, but in this case they will try to immobilize or in any way keep him alive.

After that little "interrogation", they will state the main reason of their coming.

"The Yumli wishes to visit him, he wants to discuss certain matters with you and he's making you the honor of being able to visit him in the Yumli's castle. So, if you'd

be …kind enough as to follow us…it's just outside the town, you may spend the night there if you please as well…"

The spies will state that they do not know the exact reason of the visit, but it has something to do with the adventurous nature of the Avatar…***"The Yumli has eyes and ears everywhere in Kromlin, so there is no need to wonder how Carthago has learned about the Avatar…"***

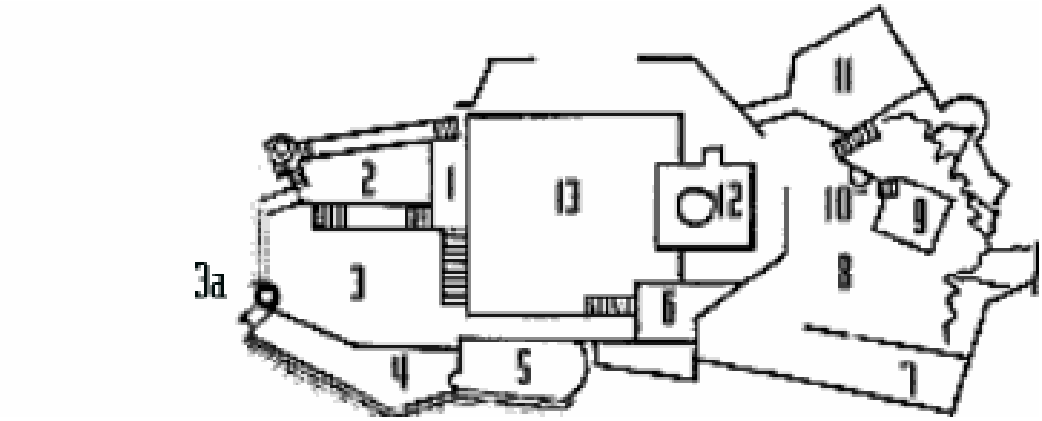
If the Avatar refuses, the spies will seem startled with that answer, saying that ***"The one who disobeys the will of the Kromlin Yumli, is an enemy of Kromlin and the enemies of Kromlin die when within its territory…Since you are a stranger and you seem unfamiliar with our customs, we'll ask you once more; Are you willing to attend your meeting with the Kromlin Yumli?***

- You see the alleys around you suddenly filled with shadowy figures-."

On a negative reply, the spies will draw swords, out of the shadows, four more will come to the aid.

You may use any stats you desire for the use of a spy. They vary from race to abilities, but do not build a spy that outweighs the abilities of your Avatar distinctively, as this is neither fair, nor real. Remember that most of them are denizens of the town, not even adventurers. As for the few professionals, those you are suggested to use for special events.

the yumli's castle



1.Kitchen garden **2.** Roofed Parapet Walk **3.** Under the Yew-tree

3a. Philosopher's Tower **4.** Cemetery

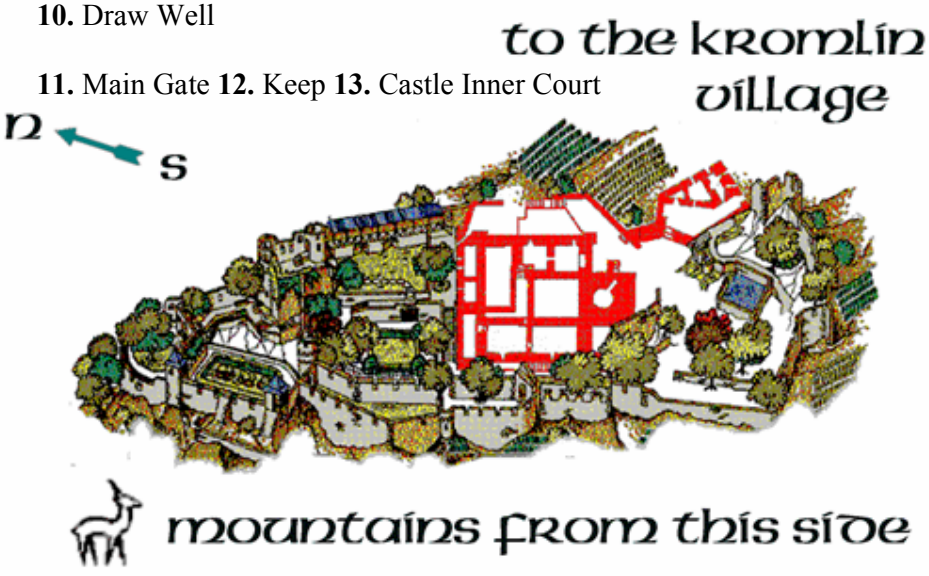
5. Outer Bailey **6.** Linden Terrace

7. Path to the Vineyards

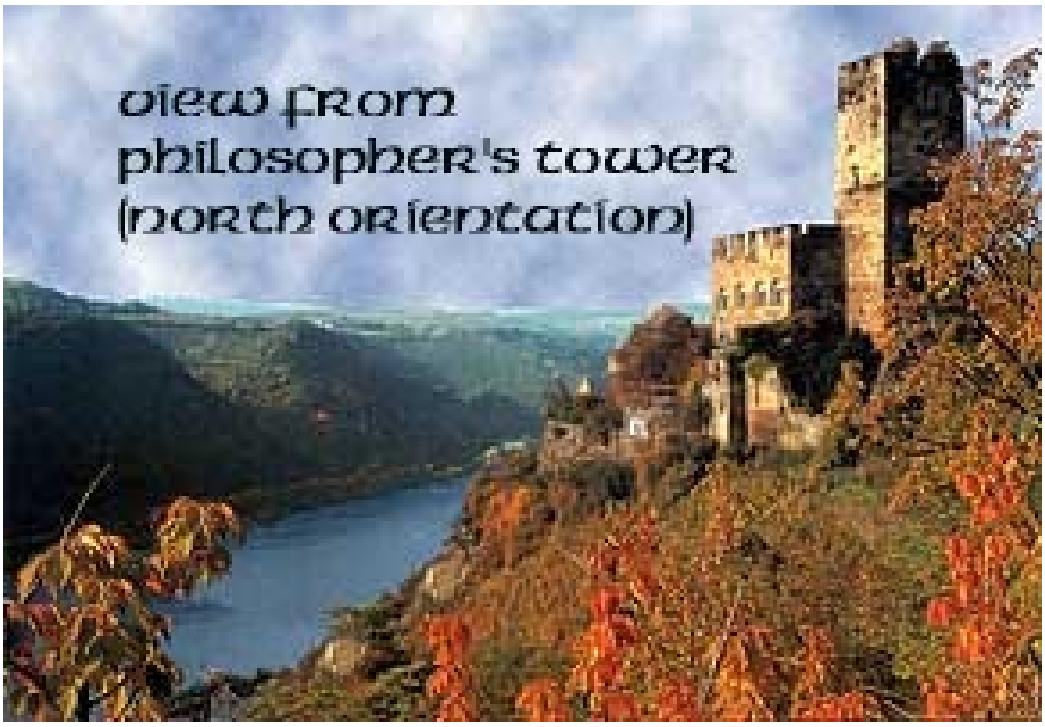
8. Outer Court **9.** Old Cistern

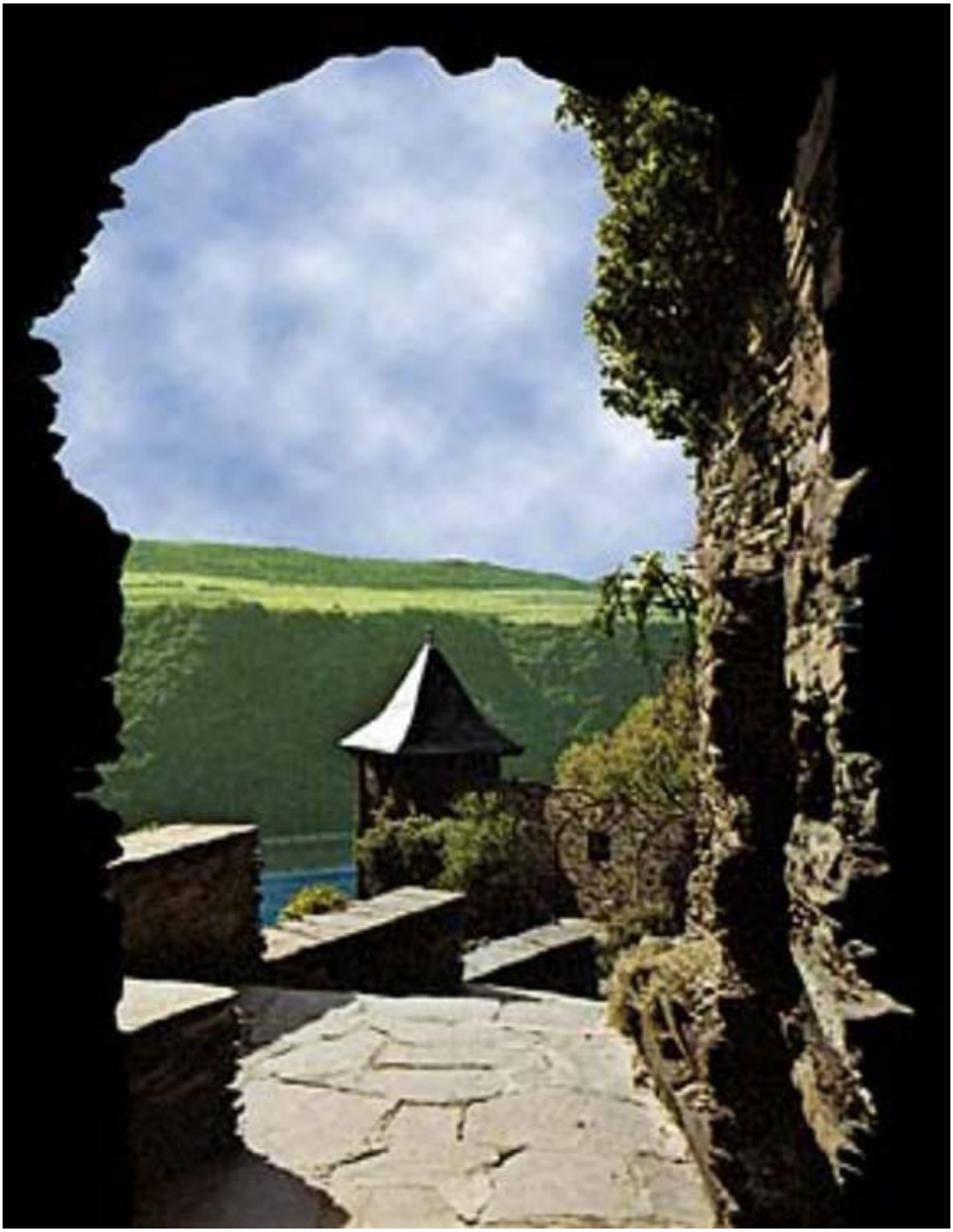
10. Draw Well

11. Main Gate **12.** Keep **13.** Castle Inner Court




overlooking the river to the north (philosopher's)

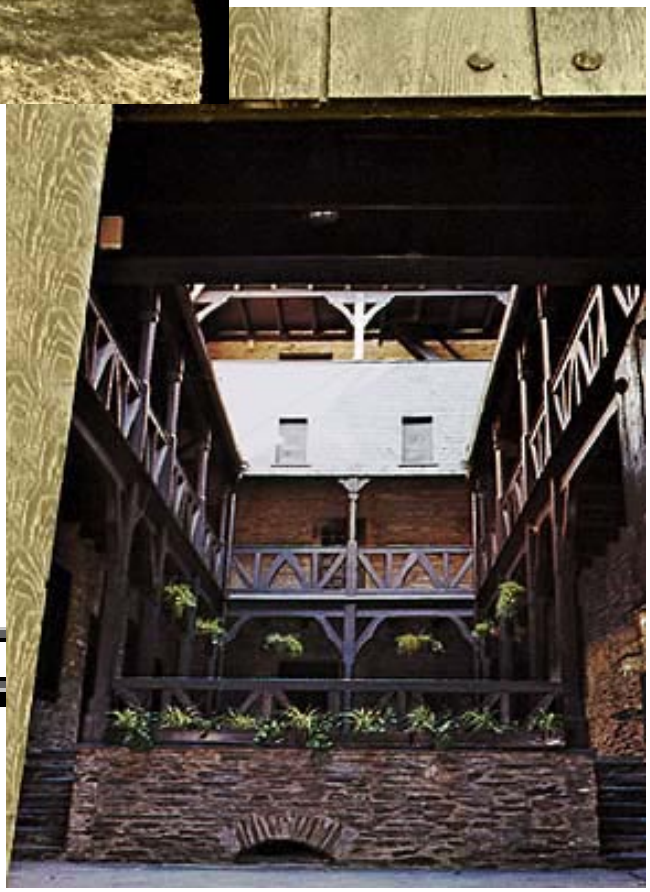

view from
philosopher's tower
(north orientation)



This is the view from the room where Drake Milfin used to paint. It is supposed to be haunted, by the restless spirit of Drake himself. In the background one of the marvellous chimneys of the castle is shown. Londerico Milfin built the new heating system of the castle himself.



The linden, shading the main terrace, in the inner court.



View of the inne terrace

parts and facts

Sooner or later, every trail the Avatar is to take, will lead to the Yumli and his castle. In the following sub-chapters, as in this one, various aspects of the Yumli's castle and its history are introduced. The pages aim in helping the Lejend Master or Mistress of the 21st century in describing or even explaining certain aspects that he/she probably does not meet everyday in his or her life […]

The outer court has a cistern and cattle trough carved from solid rock. A tunnel leads to the (outer) bailey. In the west outer court a shield wall, protects the most vulnerable side of the castle.

The Cemetery is farther west in what was formerly part of the bailey.

Note the window arcades and the beautiful fireplaces in the castle rooms, as well as the fireplace chimneys, which are especially beautiful.

The bailey is an open area inside the castle complex that contains the domestic and other necessary buildings of castle life. The inner bailey is an area inside the main castle, while the outer bailey lies outside the central castle defences, more vulnerable to attack.

Besides the well (9), near the keep (12), there is a cistern elevated to the second floor's height, whose pipes carry water to the floors below.

Water for washing and drinking is available at a central drawing point on each floor. Hand washing is done at a laver in a recess in the hall entrance, with a projecting trough. Servants fill the tank above, and waste water is carried away by a lead pipe below, inflow and outflow controlled by valves with bronze or copper taps and spouts.

Baths are taken in a wooden tub, protected by a canopy and padded with cloth. In warm weather, the tub is often placed in the garden; in cold weather, in a chamber near the fire.

The outer bailey as well as any of the floors of the castle is equipped with a latrine, or "garderobe," not to be confused with the wardrobe.

Supplemented by the universally used chamber pot, the garderobes are sited at the end of short, right-angled passages in the thickness of the wall, often a buttress.

The Keep (12) is the inner stronghold of the castle. Nowadays defiled and obnoxious living dead, raised by Carthago, waiting for that time that they may serve their lord, occupy its round space. The Keep is secretly connected to the hall, on the second floor of the castle's living quarters. Usually the place of last refuge when defending the castle the Keep still plays the same role for Carthago as well. No one else may have access in there, although everybody reaches so close to its thick walls. In there, a different laboratory is set by Carthago. A fully equipped Necrourgy proving ground fills up the place among the living dead. Within the walls of the keep, lies the key to the mystery of the lost maidens, as well. The maidens are slain by Carthago, he is Thyestean, a man-eating cannibal. Their bones are kept within a special place of the lab, along with a tome, answering to the questions rising from such an issue (see "weighing up; the first meeting" subchapter). The only way for the souls of the poor girls to rest is obtaining even a part of their skeleton and endowing them with the following activations cast on them; Confer Benison, Consecrate Place, Hallow Ground. This is also in the book that describes the ritual. Apart from that, three balewretches and one moriant, raised by Carthago from the graveyard of Kromlin serve as guardians and servants of the keep. 5 Animorts, 3 walking dead and one zomboid reside in the Keep as well as well.

Note that if the Avatar possesses the stone of the dead, the unwilled living dead cannot harm him (See "the stone of the Dead" chapter)

In the keep, there lie the notes of Londerico Milfin as well.

One last thing of interest is the “Philosopher’s” tower, Drake Milfin’s favourite spot of the Yumli’s castle. With narrow, spiralling stairs that lead to two different, cylinder-like floors, the tower used to be Drake’s hideout from the world. On the upper floor he had set his painting workshop, painting the only picture he had attempted to depict in his blindness; the figure of Guacimara, cursing her rapists and abusers, with a blue, glowing stone in her hand and a swollen belly showing under her torn garments.

Before him, Cracko had used the same floor on the same tower for doing the deed that cost him his sanity, the welfare of his generation and finally, his life. Drake happened to be there on this accursed night, in the small, secret compartment of the tower. After Drake’s suicide, Elsa, Drake Milfin’s wife, has sealed Philosopher’s tower after hiding in it the painting and the notes of the cursed Yumli.

The tower has been opened once again when Londerico Milfin was still a boy, for his mother to show him the painting his father never saw of his own and read his troubled notes.

It was Carthago’s turn to find the secrets of the family, when he returned to the castle. He put the heritage of his hated father back in the crypt, along with the notes and poetry he stole from his mother only with one more thing to guard them to eternity. A Lichwight inhabits the crypt since. Sometimes during cold and deep black nights, the creature screams with despair for the compartment is very small, even for an inhabitant of the nether world. Sometimes the wind carries that deafening eerie voice up to Kromlin village. Then the townsfolk say prayers and murmur about the haunting of Londerico, or even Drake Milfin and creatures seen walking on the parapet, the protective wall at the top of the fortification, around the outer side of the wall…

The tower is but a ruin nowadays containing no furniture or clues, apart from the secret compartment spot.

the hall of the yumli

In the living quarters of the castle inner court, the hall, raised to the second story for greater security, occupies the whole space of the floor.

A large, one-room structure with a loft ceiling, with rows of wooden posts starting from the basement below, supporting the timber roof and the timber floor, windows equipped with wooden shutters, secured by an iron bar and overlooking at the internal yard, the hall is undoubtingly the largest area in the castle.



An outside staircase next to the wall of the keep reaches entrances to the hall.

The castle family, the Yumli, his wife and his children, sit on a raised dais of wood at the upper end of the hall, opposite to the entrance, away from drafts and intrusion. The Yumli occupies a massive chair, with a canopy by way of emphasizing status.

Everyone else sits on benches, apart from the first lady, who occupies a chair of herself as well, although smaller.

Most dining tables are set on temporary trestles that are dismantled between meals; if the Avatar is invited to the castle, he will have dinner there.

Now days, Carthago covers the tables with blood-red cloths, clean and ample. Lighting is by rushlights and black candles of tallow, made from human fat (although he won't share this information with any stranger), impaled on an iron candlestick with a tripod base, or supported on iron candelabra.

Oil lamps in bowl suspended in a ring, provide better illumination near the place of the Yumli's chair.

Four arched fireplaces, one in each side of the horizon provide heat both directly and by radiation from the stones at the back, from the hearth, and finally, from the opposite wall, which was given extra thickness to absorb the heat and warm the room after the fire had burned low. The fireplaces, protected by a projecting hood of stone to control the smoke more effectively and allow for a shallower recess are one of the most beautiful aspects of the castle. They were re-designed by Londerico Milfin, when he was 25 years old. Large flues, ascended vertically through the walls to a cylindrical chimney with side vents and a conical cap, could be used as entrances to the floor from a dextrous (and fire-resistant if the fires are lit) and ambitious “visitor”.



This is the very same room, where Drake Milfin wrote of her curse, carving the words of Guacimara to the right wall next to the dais before he throws himself over the tower, so that his descendants would know of their future troubles.

When Londerico Milfin was announced Yumli, he built a new wall, hiding the inscription in secret rooms he created, for he wanted the people of Kromlin to come again to the castle to seek aid and counselling. He knew that such an inscription would not make his task any easier, if the village knew of the curse that bested him.

In the same wall, marked with the number “1” on the relative map, there is the secret entrance that Londerico created. It is but a tiny space in the strengthened part of the wall that lies opposite the fireplace. In there lies the architectural lay out of the castle, pointing out the secret door of the Solar leading to the keep, the compartment in the philosopher’s tower, along with the ways to open them.

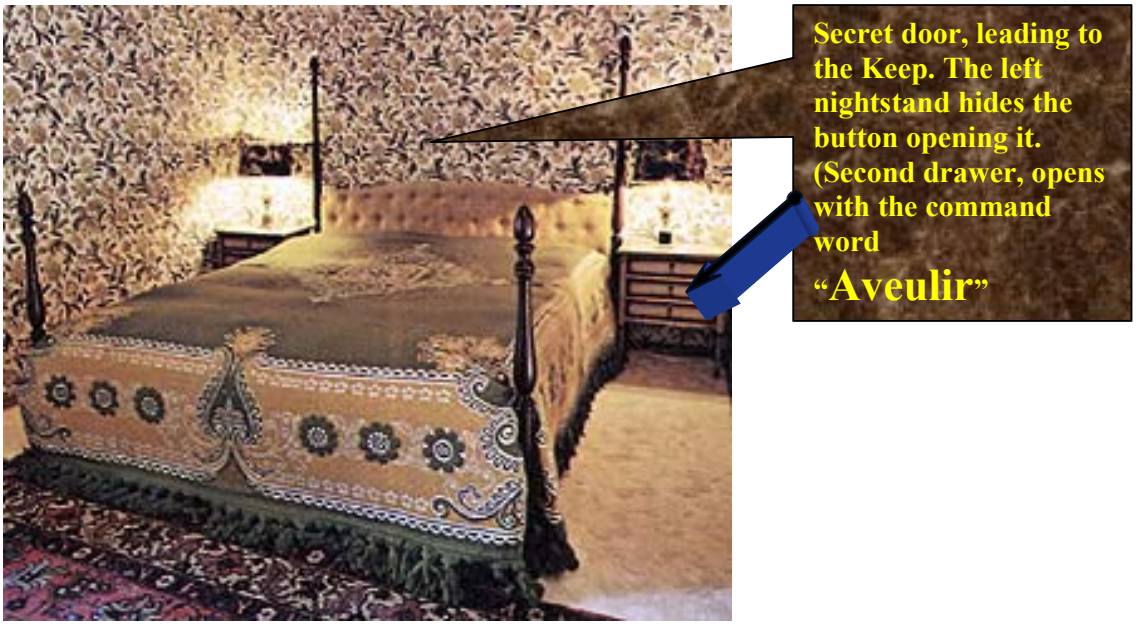
The Solar, meaning the Yumli and his lady’s chambers, is situated on the same floor with its principal item of furniture that of a great bed with a heavy wooden frame and springs made of interlaced ropes, overlaid with a feather mattress, sheets, quilts, fur coverlets, and pillows. The bed can be dismantled and taken along, if desired. The bed is curtained, with linen hangings that pulled back in the daytime and closed at night to give privacy as well as protection from drafts. At least such was the case until Carthago moved in. Now the curtains are used the other way around.

Chests for garments, a few "perches" or wooden pegs for clothes, and a stool or two make up the remainder of the furnishings. The small anteroom near the Solar adjoins the chamber – It used to be a storeroom where cloth, jewels, spices and plates were stored in chests, and where dressmaking was done. Nowadays it is empty and damp.

The Solar is luxuriously decorated, but apart from that it hides no clues or supernatural items. It should be mentioned here that both of these rooms are equipped

with "squints," peepholes concealed in wall decorations by which the person looking, could keep an eye on what went on below.

In addition, the chambers of the Yumli have a secret door, leading to the Keep, nowadays filled with living dead, raised by Carthago.



Weighing up; the first meeting.

After the event described in the "stool pigeons" subchapter, the avatar will be prompted to meet Carthago in his castle. The meeting will take place in the hall of the Yumli, described in the previous subchapter of the "Yumli's castle" chapter.

"Aahh, my friend you have arrived at last…Let me introduce myself, I am Carthago Milfin, the Yumli of the town of Kromlin, scholar and sage, and this is my castle. I know your name already…But tell me - come and sit beside me- tell me what brings you in a quiet little town like this? Leave us alone, servants but first bring wine and food for our guest…"

Here, Carthago will ask the avatar how he/she found out about his brother's name, and why he/she is interested in such a tale. Upon a straight answer and Carthago learning

about the nameless woman's shanty, the Avatar is of little use to the evil Necrouger, especially if he is in no possession of the stone. If the stone of the dead is mentioned as well, Carthago will ask of the Avatar to hand him the stone as he is the twin brother of Londerico Milfin. If this is done as well, Carthago will poison the avatar with the wine he will offer to celebrate this joyful meeting.

Upon a believable lie, Carthago will play along with equal terms. He will act in a most friendly way, claiming that he is very woebegone and unhappy, because of the everlasting curse that haunts and destroys his family. He will even show to the GC the writing on the wall, from Drake in the secret compartment. He will share his speculations for a descendant of Guacimara still living, maybe even having descendants himself or herself by now. He will claim that the mountain beast has returned, thus he needs the five maidens to soothe it, or else it will slay the whole town. He admits that it is a heavy price to pay and he is planning to change that soon. This is one more reason that he needs the help of the avatar. The curse falling on Carthago's family name is strongly related to the demon woman, so breaking the curse will also help the town apart from Carthago himself. Of course these are nonsense. The demon woman is active no more, but Carthago's malign activations are.

The five maidens he takes every year, he has taken them for creating a personal army, a horrible and powerful army. Already, the 25 maidens are dead. But they are not rested as well. Their souls are bound to serve Carthago's will, for eternity. Their bodies go through bloodletting, the blood is drunk by Carthago instantly, though their carcasses are kept throughout the whole year, then Carthago eats them, gaining unnatural vitality and strength. With this way, Carthago binds their soul with his existence, for eternity. With just a thought, these invisible, immaterial allies will spring forth from nothingness to serve their eternal master. Since it takes a whole year to possess the five souls, right now only

24 are active, and one body yet to be eaten. (This data refer to the adventure played in August time, near the next gather of the maidens. Adjust the number of active slaves for other dates you, the LM, select to play the adventure. Carthago eats one body for 73 days, starting August 15 and finishing with all five bodies after a whole year.). The creatures cannot harm the one who possesses the stone of the dead. The tortured souls, can be put to rest by a theurgist applying the following activations on them; **Confer Benison, Consecrate Place, Hallow Ground.** Carthago will further claim that he has a way for breaking the curse but it doesn't include the death of Guacimara's descendants. He will even offer to show the GC a replica of the painting of his father, if the Avatar accepts to seek for those descendants. The duplicate shows only a mere detail of the original painting, as it depicts the face of Guacimara only, with just the blue glows emitting from the stone of the dead looming. Of course, Carthago will make no mention for the stone. If the Avatar has the stone of the dead in his possession, and mentions about it, Carthago will be eager to find more, although he will hide such eagerness well. The event is crucial to the outcome of the story, as it will decipher the avatars dispositions towards good or evil, with or without his conscious understanding of his or her actions. It should be quite clear up to this point that there's at least something fishy going on with Carthago Milfin, if that fishy matter causes no nosebleed on the very opposite…

gimmicks...

The third floor accommodates Carthago's laboratory. Before that, Londerico Milfin used the same space as a workplace as well. The place is still filled with many devices of Londerico, which they are presented herein. There is no map for that floor, and the dimensions are proportional to these of the second floor. The LM is welcome to fill in Carthago's workplace with anything he or sees fit, as only the inventions of Londerico are contained herein.

automatic hull rammer

The model shows one of the weapons designed to sink enemy ships by violently tearing away from the hull one of its wooden planks. The device consists of a small albeit strong spring in the shape of an overturned U and three screws. One of the edges of the device is tightly secured to one of the hull's planks. The other edge, which can be flexed, is screwed to the next plank but one, while another screw, placed at the centre of the spring and designed to charge the latter with its tearing force, is screwed to the middle plank, the one which will be torn out. The central screw consists of a very long screwing mechanism ending in a pointed gimlet, to make the hull-piercing action easier. A tongued device, located in a notch in the screwing mechanism, is released after having penetrated the hull to an adequate depth, thereby increasing its chances of breaking through the plank to which it had been screwed. The "tear-away" action could be started from a remote distance, by simply pulling a string connected to a locking system in the spring.





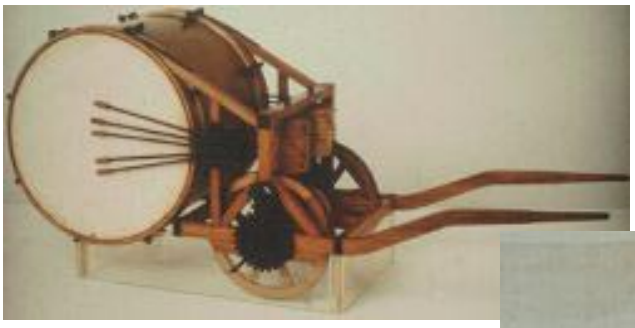
wing structure

The wing structure study marked a critically important moment in Londerico's endeavour to design a machine capable of making mankind

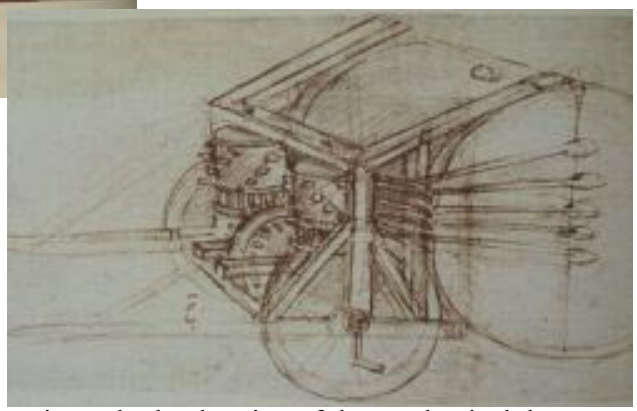


fly. This drawing shows a bat-wise wing with a wood and cane frame covered with fabric stretched all over. The wing, with its veins and covering, is made up of a deal shaft with cane spokes leading off from it. The folio, contains a drawing in pen, and a few strokes of the pencil, of a mechanical wing covered in cloth and operated through a crank windlass (below left on the folio.), The mechanism above was designed to drive the wing via a crank, which wound a rope around a windlass

mechanical drum

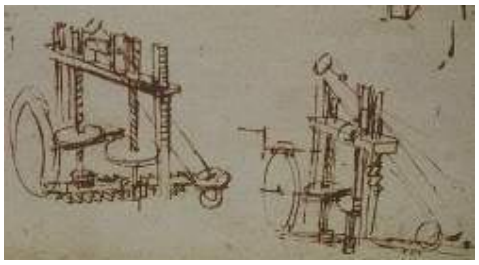


This is a wheeled drum to be fitted to a cart. The drum is capable of playing various patterns of sounds,



which are regularly repeated. The axle of the cart wheel operates a toothed wheel that meshes with other wheels, thus actuating five beaters on either side of the drum. The folio contains only the drawing of the mechanical drum, which was made in sanguine, while parts of it were written over in ink. No captions whatsoever.

machine for lifting pillars

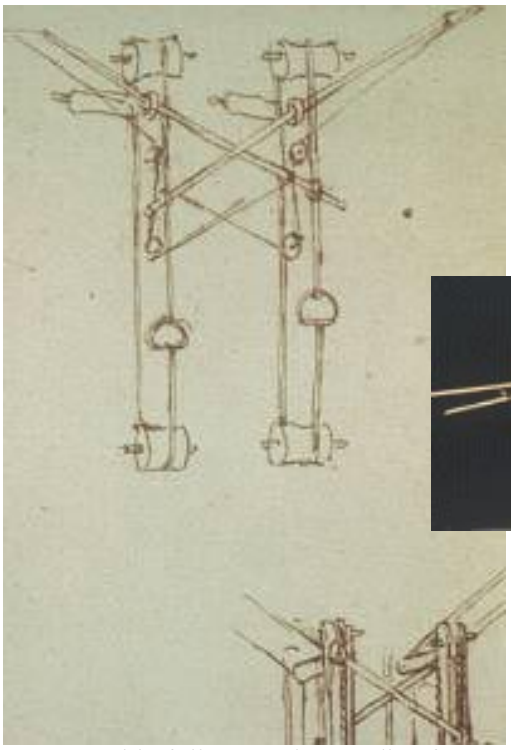


Elaborating on known systems, Londerico perfected this mobile hoist for transporting and lifting pillars and

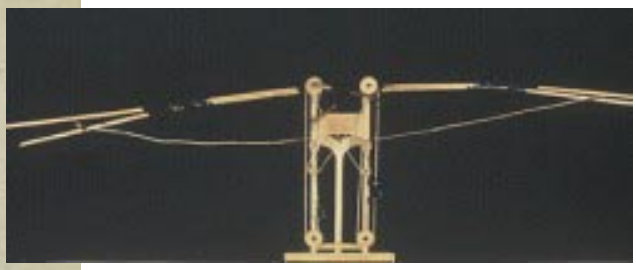


obelisks. The system was based on the side-sliding motion of a trolley, designed to contain the base of the pillar. A wheel operated by means of a winch set both the trolley and the large worm screw placed at the centre of the device in motion. This pushed up the other end of pillar, thus lifting it.

Flapping-wing machine with a vertical bearing



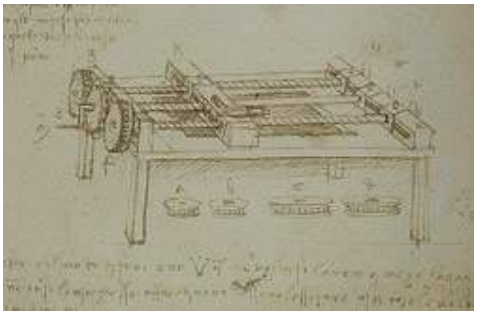
The wing structure on this drawing is operated very fast by the combined action of human strength and dedicated mechanisms.



The flyer, standing in an upright position, operates the two stirrups, which, in turn, power the wing structure via a rope and pulley system. This folio contains studies for mechanical flight. It features, in particular, a flapping-wing device whereby the flier's feet drive alternately two ropes wound over the rims of two pulleys, to which the wing tips are tied. Leonardo had become convinced, by then, that the most comfortable and convenient posture for flying his machines was the upright position, whereas many of his earlier flying devices were designed for a person lying prone.

machine for threading screws

The two side screws force the carriage with the cutting tool to perform a horizontal movement, the speed of which increases or decreases according to the gearing ratio. The central shaft is thus threaded by the cutting tool, with a pitch that can be equal to, smaller or bigger than that of the side lead screws. Underneath the machine, the wheels for the different threading pitches are also displayed.

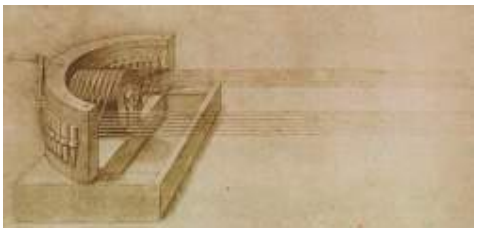


The drawing is on the lower part of the folio. On the upper part, there are drawings of oak trees, of a bell, a spurting vase and two composite rods. Leonardo describes how the screw-threading machine works by identifying the machine parts and the various operations to be performed through sets of letters (g, SMF-K-het-abcd) written under the drawing. Sf, ab, cd = wheels; het = brackets; k = planing tool; g = stop; M = pitch of the new screw.



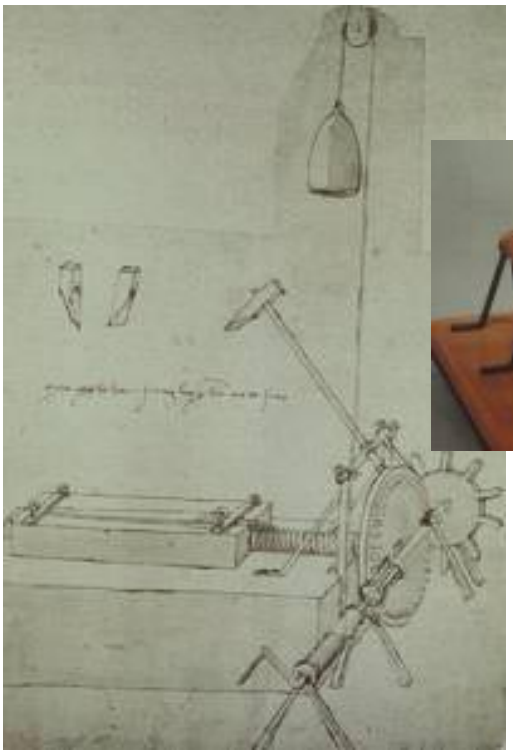
machine for making ropes

The model illustrates a large, complex machine for making ropes. The machine is composed of 15 bracket spools arranged in a semi-circle around a cylinder, positioned so that its axis is parallel to the primary threads to be twisted. The drum is made to rotate by means of a winch, so that the tension exerted on it is adequately balanced out. The spools are spun by thin ropes placed in an alternate manner to the left and to the right of the cylinder. The pin of each spool is held in



place be a metal bracket secured to the base of the machine. The position and the tension of the rope are adjusted by means of a wedge placed nearby. The folio contains only the drawing of the machine for making ropes and may be dated to 1515 c. There is no inscription.

machine for cutting files





This is one of the earliest machines for working that Londerico devised even before arriving in Milan. A sharp hammer is used to cut the files. The hammer is actuated in co-ordination with the file holder through the mechanism of a gear and a screw, which in turn are operated via the gradual lowering of a weight. An outside wheel helps wind the rope, with the weight attached to it, back onto the drum. The folio was cut out following the shape of the drawing, many portions of which were accordingly cut off. The drawing depicts a machine for cutting files automatically. The short caption that goes with the drawing runs from left to right and reads thus: "This machine enables files to cut themselves."

Indian summer (tag lines)

After all available data has been shared, and the first meeting of Carthago and the Avatar is concluded, things move pretty fast. The Avatar will "have chosen camps", by now, doing either

The fallen caste's will

Where the Avatar, along with the members of the fallen caste attempt to murder Carthago and restore harmony. The Avatar is to find the painting of Drake Milfin, depicting Guacimara in her agony, realising the whole story. By Drake's and Londerico's notes, he or she may decipher the name of the nameless woman, Ixtab, and obtain the stone of the Dead by the nameless woman as a gift of gratitude before she dies too, from natural causes. In the final fight with Carthago, you may have him story the background of Guacimara, so the player may have all the information contained in these pages.

Or allying with Carthago

Where he will rat on the names of the fallen caste, let out the secret of the nameless woman and help Carthago obtain the stone of the Dead, all these with a reasonable fee of course; the poisoning from Carthago Milfin when the Avatar is of no more use to him. Again Carthago may talk about the history of Guacimara, in the Avatar's last dinner, when he will wait for the lethal poison to act…

On a last option,

The Avatar might do nothing of the previous storylines, and follow his own, mixing some elements of the previous and adding some new. This is the most presumable case, as well.

After the first meeting of Carthago and the Avatar, a soul of the maidens will follow the Avatar. If he already possesses the stone, then a spy, the best one available will do the task.

If the Avatar returns to the nameless woman hut to discuss or whatever and the spy or the maiden soul manages to follow, they will return to report to their master. Maybe you the LM could let the spy be exposed just when he has seen the hideout of the nameless woman and he is out of the reach of the Avatar. A hunting will emerge then, trying to stop Carthago from coming, or slaying the woman. After two days more, Carthago will go to the shanty, attempt to slay the nameless woman and obtain the stone of the dead, breaking the curse of Guacimara. This way on the other hand, he will lose control of the maiden souls, as whenever he carries the stone, no communication among them can be achieved. It might be a good time for the Avatar to strike then and take the stone from Carthago.

In all cases, the nameless woman dies in the end, either by Carthago's hand or by natural causes. This will add to the drama. It's a sad story, at best.

Each of the following actions should be taken into consideration for being rewarded. The number of merit points given for every each one of them is left on every LM to decide, as they are based on role-playing aspects of the story.

Avatar and nameless woman become friends upon their first meeting.

Avatar obtains information from Eckert-Ben Tamssott

Avatar keeps the hide out of the nameless woman secret

Avatar discovers the real name of the nameless woman

Avatar relates the painting of Drake Milfin with the nameless woman

Avatar relieves the 25 maidens' souls of their torture

Avatar receives the stone of the dead, with the blessings of the nameless woman

Avatar overthrows Carthago Milfin from the Yumli standing.

Back to the Beginning...

The end of one story is the beginning of another. Life goes on, and each one of us leaves his marks until the last breath…who knows, maybe even beyond that point…In the earth of Lejend, things are pretty much the same…

The successful outcome of the story brings the Avatar with a sapphire in his or her hands, one that has a different value than the other stones. This event comes into play if you, the LM, has decided to play the whole pattern, scilicet as many stories as you need from the rainbow sequence for selecting the Avatars who will form the party that will play the Isolation adventure, from the Intermezzo section of the "For Soul and Knowledge" legend.

As an epilogue of the "blue" story, the first night after the end, when the Avatar goes to sleep, he will experience the first effects as owner of the stone of the dead.

The ghost of a friendly deceased person comes to visit the Avatar in his sleep. Choose any of the deceased individuals that the Avatar knows, like fellow adventurers, Non Avatar characters that mend something for the Avatar, the ghost of a dead relative perhaps…If nevertheless you cannot think of someone from past adventures, or the Avatar has not so detailed past, then Ixtab, the nameless woman, will come to visit the Avatar (remember that in all cases, Ixtab dies in the end…) read to the player the following;

"You lie tired this night…Your head, still full of images from the adventure that has just finished, your heart full of mixed emotions, your body aching from the recent events…Finally sleep carries you away, in yet unexplored territories of your mind…

(Pause for a moment or two)

Unaware of how much time has passed, you feel agitated from a chill…for a (summer?) night, it is certainly quite cold…As you open your eyes, the chill is not the only thing that is present in the somewhat charged atmosphere…A figure, known to

you, stands patiently at your feet, waiting for you to wake. Though the figure carries something uncanny in it, encompassed in a pale blue, eerie light, its features are distinguishable. It's (call the name of the deceased)! He/she opens his/her mouth, blue smaze coming out along with his/her words;

"(say the name of the Avatar), it's good to see you again…I came with a message from the other side…Amidst the two Great continents of the west, amidst the world of the living and that of the dead, others will be waiting, too…"

From the beginnings of August, until the end of that month, the celebration of the Dead, a junket is performed. Go there, my friend (*my love or whatever****) for there are creatures that need your help, as you need theirs. The realm of the dead cries out I beg you, do not defy such call. You have to bring the stone with you; it is a link for my nether realms. I have to return, but we shall meet again, my friend"***

The figure fades away, the unearthly cold goes away too. You are left there standing in surprise, as the words continue to echo in your head.

Amidst the two Great continents of the west, said the apparition, for the celebration of the Dead…

This is the meeting spot for the Avatars who will take part in the "Isolation" adventure scenario, soon to be published by Trigee Enterprises Inc., under the "For Soul & Knowledge" Legend.

An event similar to today's 3-day festival of Mexico, called "Dia des los Muertos" is the reason and the beginning. What is to come, we shall have to wait and see…

playing aids.

1. the diary of drake milfin

(to be found in the secret compartment of the philosopher's tower)

August 15, 1900… I was only 7 years old then, but I remember everything like it was yesterday…or was it just then? What happened after that night? Where did the colors go? What of the smells?

I remember the hides and seeks around the yew tree in the court, I remember the linden terrace and the autumn leaves, the golden brown colors of the village, the cold blue of the rivers…I remember the smell of the burning wood, of the rotting leaves…

Yes, I remember the moon shining like a mid day sun that night…It shed its icy, sad light, bathing the philosopher's tower, wiping its roof clean from every visceral element, turning the tower into a 60feet dream…

It was a marvellous night, the full moon of August, 1900…

I remember my childish body, sweating as I looked upon the tower. I love the smell of this sweat. It smelled of milk and hoar frost, it had the smell of excitement, of everlasting joy. I walked down the stairs, sashaying, tipping, stooping and toddling, swaggering and mincing and the game had already begun…My feet led me to my lief place, the tower. I swarmed quickly into the opening, the small secret compartment I used to fool Elsa with, when we were playing hide & seek, and stood to smell the cold midnight air. Everything seemed asleep, it was like in a dream…until it came to be my nightmare, for eternity.

I remember hearing galloping, from many horses and some muzzling sounds, like a woman crying or the like. The horses were coming to the tower…but how did they came in, who let them in, who are they? I hid in the compartment scared by the clumping and stumping sounds

of feet against the stairway. In but a few breaths away there they were in the room I was hiding. Five men looking livid and panicky, five men and a black woman with long, golden hair sweeping the floor as they were holding her tight, as if she was to jump away had she had the chance…The moon light was strong I could see everything, everything…

I could recognise the face of my father among the misshapen faces. Gods he was so close to me, his back standing next to the wall, when he raped her, once, twice, thrice…The others were holding her firm, their faces a mix of fear and evil pleasure…

I remember the smell of the sweat of my father. I hate that reminiscence. It smelled of bitter tartness and derogation, the smell of madness, reflected in his eyes as well. Like moonstricken he was, a beast had crawled out of his inner self that night.

I remember the black girl screaming at first, then she stopped moving, as if her mind had been carried far away, her body being manipulated over and over again, her blood running from a hundred places, wanting to drown everyone in the cell. She was always saying things for her baby and her husband. She blamed my father for the murder of her husband. She wanted her baby to be named Ixtab, she said she owed it to the Goddess…I never understood much of it, but later I realised she was pregnant that night. She didn't spoke much, just in the beginning. Then her eyes became colder than the moon, like looking into other worlds, full of hatred and endless agony. She didn't understood what my father was doing to her, she couldn't understand anything. The others stopped holding her as she had stopped resisting. But my father kept pushing her, sweating and grunting. The others started to get scared, they must have thought the girl was dead. I don't remember what I was thinking, probably nothing, I think. My father stopped then, after an obnoxious scream, the kind a man lets out after ejaculating…The black girl made a move then. She reached her torn clothes and raised a gemstone. It shined blue in the moonlight, the other hand holding the bloodstained brown flesh of her bloated belly. With

one move she passed the gem through her hair follicles, cutting off the bloodstained hair. Then she smiled at my father, I remember myself to urinate unwillingly by that moment. The smile was not like anything I ever saw before; it was not like mother's or father's it was not like the laughter of the men in the room before. Then she screamed, I remember the mixed smell of semen, blood, sweat, urine and tears; I remember every single word of her;

TO DEMISE MY SINGLE WISH, HATRED FILLS MY HEART AS I SPEAK, MY TEARS SEAL YOUR STAR
TORMENT SHREDS MY BRAIN MY WORDS AGAINST YOUR DEEDS LAWS MADE BY THE BLIND SO BLIND YOU SHOULD BE
FOR YOUR LUST I SUFFERED YOU TASTED MY LOVE WITHOUT MY WILL SO TASTE SHALL BE NO FURTHER LIKE WATER EVERYTHING WILL FEEL
FEAR IN MY SUBCONSCIOUS, I SMELL YOUR FLUIDS UPON MY WRECKED BODY I WISH YOU COULDN'T SMELL MY FEAR
I WISH YOU SMELLED NO THING
THESE SHALL ALL COME TRUE, POWERED BY WARM WINDS AND BURNING TEARS AND BY THE SPIRITS WHO LIVE OUTSIDE THE BODIES.
FROM ANCIENT POWERS I DRAW POWER AND FROM EVERLASTING HATE. UNTIL MY BLOOD SEIZES TO FLOW, MY CURSE SHALL STAY AWAKE.
DEATH IS STILL STRONG IN ME; MY HATRED STILL ALIVE I NOW CARESS EVERY ACHE FOR YOUR CHILDREN SHALL SUFFER AS WELL.
BUT WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, CRACKO MILFIN, BEYOND THE BORDERS OF DEATH, BEYOND AN EMPTY WORLD, IN AN ENDLESS EMPTY MAZE, WHERE OCEANS ARE TAINTED WITH BLOOD.
YOU STOLE MY BEAUTY, I CUT MY HAIR. I HAVE NAME NO MORE. I HAVE LIFE NO MORE. THE DEAD SPEAK THROUGH ME, I EXPRESS THEIR AGONY. NOW I KNOW OF THE STONE, IXTAB FORGIVE ME.

It was August 15, 1900. I never saw anything from that time on. My eyes always replay that night, wherever I am, whatever I do. August 15, 1900. I never smelled anything from that time on. Just semen, blood sweat, urine and tears, my nostrils are stuck on this smell, forever.

In August 15, 1910, my father died. I felt no sadness then. No joy as well. I heard he hanged himself somewhere. I never said anything. What for?

The full moon is up again I can feel it on my flesh, as I feel the cold water of the waterfall. I can't see the water though. Nor can I see the moon. But I know they are here. Many nights –did I write nights? It's always night where I am- have I dreamed this one. It's August 15 again. But years have passed.1935 of the Human Era we call it now. I heard my children were born. Why should everything be so cruel? It was nice then, when I was six, or seven. I DON'T WANT IT ANYMORE.



Drake Milfin. The portrait can be found in the hall of the Yumli's castle.

The Journal of Londerico Milfin.

(To be found in the castle's keep)

26, July 1954

Finally, dear mother has broken her silence on the matter of my father, saying that I am now old enough to withstand such a dolesome matter…. My beloved mother showed me the painting of my father.

What a vivid tableau, how marvellous every stroke of the brush…what torment does it depict, and why?

A blind man could only paint such a work of art if he has seen such a thing in life. Else is impossible.

So, if that was the night the curse broke out and the woman depicted is the witch the townsfolk say that cursed my grandfather, then my father must have been present…But how? A secret compartment perhaps?

The moon is full, so the date mentioned by mother is correct…August 15, the same day my brother and I were born, the same day father committed suicide…

I 'll have to check the philosopher's tower tomorrow; the painting depicts the very same room where my father used to draw, along with the help of my mother…

I heard two more fishermen were found washed out by the rivers, slain by that Demon-woman thing up in the mountains. One day soon, when I'll be the Yumli, I shall have to deal with that too.

27, July 1954

The colors used in father's painting are very accurate touching a strange essentialism… each move of the muscles is precise too.

The colored woman, seems pregnant, she has blonde hair. Dark complexion, fair hair… Such combination shows a foreign origin, perhaps from the continent of Huybraz…Ixtab is a goddess of the Neyanic pantheon, believed in most Huybraz nations…

The writing my father left us, speaks too of hair. And of beauty. Both these elements are connected with the word "name". Could the name of the woman be "Golden beautiful" or perhaps "Golden hair" or "Beautiful hair"?

5, July, 1954

Guacimara! It means "Golden beauty"! I have to check with the townsfolk, see if I can find out anything…

6, July, 1954

Guacimara and Elmer-Luis D'La Kretthead. He was hanged they say, he was a rogue. Few remember them; they haven't stayed long in town. The child was his, Elmer-Luis'?

5, August, 1955

My father never spoke to anyone for this that ate his soul. I never met him. Mother says he was very sensitive, but why then hasn't he left anything in written form? Only some poems, them also related with that marvellous painting.

But sensitive men always keep a journal hidden somewhere…Mother must have something like that, but she wouldn't give it to me. I must respect her choice, although I believe a journal would set matters straight, it might even help me to break the curse…

15, August, 1955

It is sad to have your birthday the same day with the day of your father's death…and your Grandfather's too. I'm becoming 20 today. I'm officially the Kromlin Yumli now. Enough with the curse. I have a people to tend to now. I will continue to hide my inabilities; the people need to believe in a strong and healthy leader. I will offer my life to the prosperity of my people. They have suffered much, from my family. No more ghost chasing in the past, I have to look only in the present and future. I wish my brother, Carthago was here…Happy birthday brother, I shall never forget you.

November 1955

I'm leaving for an expedition on the mountains, along with five more of the most trusted and fearless men on my side. Gods do I feel afraid…My hair haven't yet grown properly out my chin and I have to go and hunt demons on the mountains! But I know what must be done and I shall do it. The town will never accept me as a true leader if I won't go now. They think the monster is connected to my father and grandfather. They think it's a curse sent by the Gods. They may be right. But in any way, only I can settle this matter. Many lives have been already wasted. If it is me that the demon, monster or whatever it is, wants, then me it must have, if this shall end the problems of the people.

Gods help me, I'm afraid…

November 16, 1956

I look upon the lines I wrote a year before…so much have changed, since that time. I've gone to the mountains and back then I was just a boy.

I have returned, and now I'm changed. Up on the mountains, I found her, the ghost of my father's nightmare, and the madness of my grandfather. She looked as a demon all right, black skin in white snow, silver eyes, with no iris…yet she was strangely beautiful, and mesmerising. The torment of one creature may cause the torture of another…Who among us is the dark part of this story and who is playing good?

I'm not in the position to judge, my head feels so tired…I had the chance of breaking my curse. Yet for that I had to take her life…Wasn't just that, she had taken the lives of so many people after all…But death is not the solution. It never is. As long as we are alive, we can change, we may reform. Who can blame her, for her crimes? Evil comes through savagery, she lived her whole life as an animal, up there, on the harsh everlasting winter of the mountains…but when I learned her to dance, to sing, her face became so beautiful, so calm…I now know. The Milfin blood must stop in this generation. I shall have no children, for they may carry the curse as well. The world will be my children, Kromlin I shall love as my seed.Still no news have arrived from my brother. I wish he is all right… There are so many things that I wish to tell him. Sometimes I feel something is wrong with him, it is a sense a bond we have from the very start of our existence. But I guess it is just fear filling my soul, I will have to think more positive now that it's over. I will serve my Gods. I will serve my people. I will write my thoughts no more. I will only write inventions, and discoveries. All of my energy must be channelled in things of creativity.



Londerico Milfin in an early age…



Cracko Milfin



Elsa Blohvstteic, mother of Londerico and Carthago Milfin, wife of Drake Milfin. Hanged by her son, Carthago.

characters' stats*

Loraine la Cujatee *(if Avatar is male, Loraine will be the leader)*

Race; Human, female **Order**; Rogue (6th Rank, Trickster)

Health 62 **Precision** 62 **Speed** 11

Abilities:

Pretense 73%, Weapons 56.6% Stealth 44,2%, Tricks 31,8%, chivalry 6,2%,

Minstrelry 10%

complete disguise wardrobe
dagger, long
dagger, short, with sheath
pan pipes, mandolin and flute
makeup, disguise, various items in leather case
sword, cutting & thrusting
shield, buckler
girdle, leather, broad with pockets and
knife or dagger, concealed
armor, cloth garment, full

Miguel Kuntsctoc *(leader if avatar is female).*

Race; Human, male **Order;** Noble (7th Rank, Knight Bannerette)

Health 57 **Precision** 58 **Speed** 11

Abilities:

Chivalry 71%, Weapons 52,4%, Hunt 40,8%, Physique 28,8%, pretense 19,7%

short thrusting sword
destrier and full metal armor, not worn when on "undercover" missions where full cloth garment is used as armor
makeup for disguise, various items in leather case
crossbow, small
sword, thrusting, with scabbard

Jacque Passudist

Race; gnome, male **Order**; Ecclesiast-Service and Care (9th Rank, Postulant)

Health 64 Precision 48 Speed 14,5

AEPs; 58

Abilities: Theurgy 59%, Scrutiny 39,4%, Commerce 44,8% Mechanics 32% Stealth: 28,8% Weapons 9,8% Physique 43,4% Learning .26,6%

finest fighting staff, Memory Tablet

Insert theurgy abilities according to deity selected

mule, riding

lantern, candle, with tinder box

armor, steel mail, half

propitiation materials

Charlotte "big" Bosob

Race; Human, female **Order**; Criminal (8th Rank, Veteran Crook)

Health 50 **Precision** 55 **Speed** 11

Abilities; Stealing 61%. Pretense44%, Urbane37%, Evaluation 24% , weapons 10,5%

makeup, entertainment/disguise,

various items in leather case

file and lock pick in leather case

crossbow

armor, leather, half

finest set of criminal tools available

Antoine Perchiguk

Race; Human, male Order; Sailor (6th Rank, Lieutenant)

Health 77 **Precision** 40 **Speed** 11

Abilities; Waterfaring 84%, Commerce 68,6%, Weapons 31%, Archery 23%, Minstrelry 4%, urbane 20%

metal half armor
sword, cutting, curved, with scabbard
hook, iron, treble (grapnel)

Angelina "dog jowl " Bosob

Race; Human, female **Order**; Criminal (9th Rank: Crook)

Health 80 **Precision** 40 **Speed** 12

Abilities; Stealing 42%. Pretense 66% , Urbane 26%, Evaluation 34%. weapons 9%

finest set of criminal tools available
line, ordinary rope, 30-foot coil
makeup, entertainment/disguise,
various items in leather case
file and lock pick in leather case
sword, cutting & thrusting, with scabbard
armor, cloth garment, half

André Wenkar

Race; Ilf, male **Order**; Elementalist (7th Rank, Expert Geourgist)

Health 55 **Precision** 59 **Speed** 16
AEPs; 73

Abilities: Geourgy 71%, Arcana 48,8%, Hunt: 33% Stealth 22,5% Weapons 46,3% Pantology 26%, Ranging15%, waterfaring 5,5%

memory tablet with Shooting Stars, Lighter Than Air, Disenchantment, Eel Skin;
Plaque with Personal Armor 5
Extraordinary powers;
Conjure Devati, Create Windstorm, Derkay's Aerial Transport, Elemental Air Compatibility, Elementary Aid, Fortify Conjuration, Air, Wind Whip, Create Lightningstorm, Earth Hammer, Cold Elementary Service (power-bid)
dagger, long, with sheath
horse, stallion

"Animal"

Race; Half orc, male **Order**; unordered

Health 104 **Precision** 43 **Speed** 7

Abilities; Weapons 53% , urbane34,4% , stealing 25,8%, waylaying 50,6%, physique 10,4%

horn, trumpet
line, ordinary rope, 30-foot coil
hook, iron, treble (grapnel)
pole-arm, short
sling, leather, with 12 lead shot
club, spiked
dagger, short, with sheath , cleaver
file and lock pick in leather case
sword, cutting, heavy
mace
armor, leather, half

Archie Walshy

Race; Human, male **Order**; Unordered

Health 69 **Precision** 46 **Speed** 12

Abilities; nomadic 46%, physique 55,2%, evaluation 41,4%, weapons 18,4%, luck 4,8%

sling, leather, with 12 lead shot
knife, with sheath

whip
bow, light bow case, quiver
sword, cutting & thrusting, with scabbard
armor, leather, full

Michel Jignhart

Race; human, male **Order**; Unordered

Health 63 Precision 58 Speed 15

Abilities Mechanics 63%, learning 51,8%, scrutiny 34,8%, pantology 26,2%, weapons 5,8%

fine fighting staff
armor, cloth garment, full

Jean Mintvar

Race; Major oaf, male **Order**; Outlaw (6th Rank, Wanted Highwayman)

Health 71 **Precision** 58 **Speed** 9

Abilities: Waylaying 81%, Ranging 65,8%, Archery 46,8%, Weapons 40,2%, pretense 20,1%, planning 15%

heavy bow
dagger, long
knife, throwing, pair
makeup, entertainment/disguise, various
items in leather case
file and lock pick in leather case
sword, cutting & thrusting, with scabbard
shield, regular
armor, leather, full, with belt, broad and boots, high, hard-soled

Morris Palsy

Race; Human, male **Order**; Unordered
Health 54 **Precision** 52 **Speed** 16,5

Abilities; commerce 54%, luck 52,8%, pantology 32,4%, hunt 20,8%, weapons 5,2%

knife

armor, steel mail, full

Carthago Milfin

***Race**; Human, male **Order**; warlock (4th rank, Warlock master)*
***Health** 78 **Precision** 72 **Speed** 22*
AEPs; 100

***Abilities;** Necrourgy 105%, Arcana 60%, Luck 53%, Pantology 32, 2%. Weapons 25%, Psychogenic 58%,* Learning17%, Metalurgy18%, Pretense32%, Planning10%, Scrutiny7%, Waylaying 6%

memory tablet with
personal armor 5, weapon wizard, **Desmuriak's Dramatic Images, Handy Henchmen plaque** with **Hrunji's Horrific Beast**

Psychogenic Powers; ***Charismatic Charm, Freewill Feeding, Power Sensing, Unreadable Mind***

Necrourgy Powers;
Ritual of the Living Death
Calling the Free-willed Living Dead
Calling the Unwilled Living Dead
Commanding the Free-willed Living Dead
Commanding the Unwilled Living Dead
Creating the Free-willed Living Dead
Creating the Unwilled Living Dead
Become Like a Free-willed Living Dead
Become Like a Unwilled Living Dead
Treat with Cunning Living Dead

Calling Restless Human Spirits
Commanding Evil Animal Spirits
Commanding Restless Human Spirits
Creating an Evil Animal Spirit
Creating a Restless Human Spirit
Become Like an Animal Spirit:
Become Like a Restless Human Spirit
Treat with Supernatural Spirit

Desecrate Consecrated
Unhallow Ground

Ritual of the Unhallowed Spirit
Calling Evil Animal Spirits

Supernatural items; Cloth Half Garment, Supernatural: **Eye of Otherworlds, Powder of Spirits, Walking Staff, a variety of poisons, Eye of Peeking**

***in the character's stats presented herein, only the most important items have been described. The LM is free to add items of preternatural energy if desired. No supernatural item though is advisable for addition.**

The writer would like to dedicate this adventure to

Theo Tsantas.



There are times when memories of objects or of faces, whether you have legions or momentary deliberations, or merely spending some very little time with them, may damascene your heart with a melancholic, yet dulcet way.

Thanks to Gary Gygax, Christopher Clark, Christopher Smith and the rest of the Lejendary crew for their sincere endorsement.

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The inventions presented in this text, belong to Leonardo Da Vinci

(April 15, 1452- May 2, 1519)

For the main Characters' depictions,

Rembrandt van Rijn's (July 15, 1606 - Oct. 4, 1669) , paintings have been used.

Personal thanks to my brother, Manos, for the interest he has shown over an "alien" field…Effort is what really counts…