Araceli Backstory

Araceli was a commander of the civil guard on an island of wilden creatures. The island was cursed with an infection that laid dormant for many hundreds of years. The island was a remnant of the fey wild that had been extradited for the safety of the wilds. For many of her lives prior to her current life she had fought this infection as it ravaged those she had promised to protect. Death, to her wilden form is a time for rebirth and not a final point in one’s life, but this infection threated this bliss. In her previous lives she had learned much about commanding but with each new body her mind became more mixed with the infection growing within her mother tree.

In her later lives she took a more childish persona and became a less and less effective commander before leaving her island to explore the world, shrugging her oath and her responsibilities.

Prior to her exit of the island she had many friends and many enemies on the island. Her friends Josefa and Alejandro followed her for many of their lives. Exploring the island when young and leading her platoon and ultimately dying in battle against the scourge again and again only to be reborn and recontinue. Two lives prior to her current life Alajandro’s tree was ravaged by the infection and he was exiled from the colony on Araceli’s order. This sat poorly with Araceli for the rest of her life but as the infection damaged her mind more and more she forgot her friend. Josefa was ultimately defeated by the scourge and despite Araceli’s order Josefa became infected and was finally ended by Araceli. These action have taken a long toll on Araceli’s soul but non more than the infection that damages her mind, memories and existence.

When she left the island she was encouraged to explore by her superior with one fruit still on her tree, one more life before the end. Lucina reminded her greatly of Josefa and became good friends with her on their travels.

Gombrecht’s Backstory

Gombrecht was a young tortle when he was indoctrinated in to the temple of the long death. The temple existed in the Limbo dimension where matter energy and existence continually shift and change. Trained monks focused and created the monastery within the chaos where many students were taught their doctrine. His long lifespan was further extended by the practices of the monastery and maintained a youthful form for many years during teaching. His friend Reginald Thunderbloom, an aracochra in the monastery formed a strong bond at the monastery, both being physically different from their, majoritively human counterparts. They enjoyed their time in the monastery ad often times found themselves in the fringes of the monastery where the chaos of the Limbo dimension began.

Reggie was fascinated by the madness and frequently tried to, like the elder monks, manifest objects and structures in the madness. Gombrecht enjoyed their retreats from the main temples but had no interest in controlling the dimension.

The temple’s teaching was surrounding methods to extend one’s life beyond its natural demise. The daily practices we relentless until they became engrained in the young children. As they grew older each of the children took a vow to cause no harm to the defenceless, to never attack without provoked and never die. The monastery continued to teach Gombrecht and Reggie as they grew older but Reggies interest in the tumultuous void grew and grew. They were hiding away more frequently as Reggie began to understand methods of controlling the energy within the dimension but in doing so they discovered that the monastery was linked to death across the plains of existence. The elder monks that had taught them their craft had seeped life from every creature in existence. A moment off every life to maintain themselves. In outrage Reggie and Gombrecht left together to the material plain. Reggie became obsessed with ending this while Gombrecht was content distancing himself from the practices of the monastery. Ultimately the two friends separated with time and Gombracht, un-willing to practice the way of the long death, aged and withered.

Gombrecht found solace in helping others. He travelled from one town to another finding part time work or small tasks to help people. He happily served by cleaning or farming, at times her helped noblemen and others he helped the nobody’s, and all the time he aged. Eventually his body began to fail in this life and he felt himself becoming weaker with age.

One evening in a bar long since forgotten he got involved in a fight. He sat stationary as young men with more fire in their hearts attacked one another about him but then as one was mercilessly killed Gombrecht’s heart lifted. Another fell to a similar fate and Gombrecht, again felt revived. It took some time for him to notice but as people died in his presence Gombrecht lives slightly longer. The practices of his monastery live on in him, despite his wishes. He has lived a long life, a life he can no longer fully remember but in the right light, to the right people they can see the looming cloud of death preying over the tortle, waiting for the old man’s last day.