

## **The Grimoires of Nevermore :**

*“The Archives are never complete. Even if I were to collect all the books out there, The Archives would still not be complete. There would always be the books that have not been written yet, and the books that were destroyed. Knowledge’s worth outweighs any material treasure. To learn, and to teach : a relationship where one passes down a legacy, and one gains a goal in life. The scholars of Nevermore write diligently in their diaries, hoping that one day their very writings shall shake the world...”*

**The Scholar Tome :** Written by a forgotten academy principal, this is the basic introduction to the arcane arts of Nevermore. Over 5000 pages, the very first tome introduces younglings to the various creatures of these vast lands, and shows step by step instructions on how to manifest one’s magical forces. Although changes, optimizations, and corrections were introduced, this tome remains the very first stone all Magicians shall step on.

*“My writing shall be unmade. Surely, with time, these pages shall be nourishment for the larvae. But for you, pupils, maybe it will stay, somewhere deep inside your chests...My master’s do in mine.” § Progenitor Thomas, Founder of The Arcana School.*

**The Hunter Tome :** Written by an unnamed legendary hunter, this is the savior tome of all adventurers. A grimoire filled with nothing but knowledge of all the species of Nevermore, showing their weaknesses, and some usages of their body parts. Many future adventurers are born after reading only a few pages from this chronicle. The Hunter, a wild legend said to have hunted at least a single specimen from all species, and collected the skulls of all the monsters ; some strive to become like this legend, and they all start by following the basic steps of this dream-fuel book.

*“A hunt is a battle of preparation. Given enough time, a fly can beat a goliath. Set traps and exploit weaknesses. In the name of survival, all goes.” § Page 52, Extract for The Hunter’s dialogue with the reader.*

**The KnightHood Tome:** Written by an order of knights that perished a long time ago, this tome serves as the founding rules of honor duels. The KnightHood tome is filled with dogmatic speeches. Words that would kill you on the battlefield. “To fight on equal terms” , “To spare an opponent who yields”, “To save those in need, even when you need saving the most”. All a fool’s words. Yet this book filled with righteousness is one of the best treatment methods for rehabilitation. Around 45% of all Sanitarium patients report feeling guilt, and around 90% of those show considerable change, turning into kind, holy warriors who swear by the way of the arms to help those who are in dire situations. The KnightHood tome is considered the most foolish thing in this world, yet people still propagate its words. The way of righteousness is a

buffon's deathwish— the glory earned dies when the grave is strung up— and yet Knights are found plenty.

*“You will leave your back open. A prime target for a poisoned knife. But if you have followed these teachings with the same zeal demanded, then not even an assassin would have the heart to kill you, O’ Nobility.” § Endpage of The KinghtHood Tome*

## **The Hope Archives :**

**The Last Will :** Written by a forgotten king, it is a magical tome, venerated by some as one of the lasting lights shed upon these lands. The writings of this book inspire legionnaires, allowing them to gain confidence, and boost morals. At times of war, the masses read this book, and recite it's paragraphs. While it has no magical properties, it still induces a magical effect.

To fight, one requires a sword, a pen, and a will to lay down countless lives, among one's own, and it is this strength that the books provide.

*“Kingdoms are a useless creation in theory. We could all live in peace, had we truly wanted to. But sentience is stupid, truth be told.*

*Fight for your kingdom. You are doing what is morally incorrect. But so is the enemy. So all of you shall, until there is but one remaining, that shall ponder this solitude, and understand that had they cooperated, they would be slightly less lonely.*

*Commit this sin today, for your children shall wash with water.” § The King's Final Decree*

**When The Ember Flickers :** Written by a pyromancer, this tome speaks not of the ways of magic, but of a way to approach fire magic. “Humans are destined to fade” , “Fire is not light, Fire is literally Hell” , “Fire burns the foe, the enemy, and the user all alike.” ; this book makes a mockery of these sayings. It teaches one the power that lies within Flames, and the strength of Embers. When a person is near death, when the light of life is soon to fade, one can feel their whole body burning, and their souls echoing --- it is the will of flames, the will of “You” who wants to live, says the author. And this is exactly the fire taught. Your body burns with the will to live, and it is up to one to harness this wonderful power.

Spit at the face of death, and hiss at all obstacles. May the flame of your beings ignite further, and consume all your worries. Let it unleash, and let it steer the way, all through blazes. Become a wolf engulfed in the fires of your own hell, and hunt down your goals.

*“Told that the fire that warmed your milk will kill you in agony. A load of horseshit, had I ever tasted such! Look at who it is that tells you that : People close to dying. Elders with eroding minds, or those who have not wielded fire magic correctly. When Fire asks for fuel, You give it an*

*unburnable soul. Do that, and Fire shall guide you onto a scorched path of Glory. You shall be unkillable. Your soul will live on.” § A preload to the wall of text that is When The Ember Flickers, written passionately by the pyromancer.*

**May The Light Ever Shine :** written by a supposed undying hero, these chronicles speak words of hope and virtue. The tale follows a knight that endures all hardships thrown at them ; be it a battle where one is outclassed, an infeasible obstacle to overcome, or the death of all loved ones, this book showcases someone who goes beyond, and plunges straight into the thick of the action. Not only does the ardent style affect the very core of people, but it also teaches some magic spells, including a mass favorite : Will Of Mankind, a spell that takes no shape, but is supposedly manifested in all those who brave the dangers of life.

The Will to go on, to venture out beyond the limits, to push, and then to push even harder, to fight the hollowness, even if it seems meaningless, even if we are all destined to die, to never give up, to feed ourselves to death by sheer numbers until not even it can eat any more ; the tales of a human who crawls beneath the colossal weights, but crawls nonetheless towards their goal, even if by an inch, with sheer will power, one day after eons, they will reach it.

*“At your darkest hour, when your sun sets into the veil of the night, when the winter arrives with cold zephyrs and frostbite, when your dreams all fail and the blood runs drier, when you have lost all hope and proclaimed your finale— When you think you have lost, please remember that you still keep that voice in your head. That very thing which drives you to suicide. That voice is you. Exposed to the world. Do you not wish to hear it say “We won!” ?” § Page 3, Line 21, written in cursive by the undying hero.*

### **The Chronicles Of Despair :**

**The Feeble and The Weak :** a tale following the journey of two weaklings, dreaming of becoming righteous knights. It brings out the supposed true nature of humankind. People refer to this tale first and foremost when mentioning anything that is evil about humanity. For in reality, humans came from ashes, not from dust. Only in death do they become pure. Only in death do they cease their evility.

*“- We shall raise these banners high!*

*- We can do it, brother!*

*A vestige the younger brother has, when he sees his elder brother pillage a gold necklace from a young, war orphaned girl.” § Page 70, Line 2*

**My Dear Diary :** a diary written by a traveler. It is a bleak book to say the least, uninteresting, bland, and spiceless. The mere task of reading a single page is boring enough to dull the senses of the mind. In that regard, it is a paradox, for that makes it slightly interesting.

The Diary does its job, depicting the daily life of the traveler. From it, one understands that the traveler once dreamed of venturing out into the wilderness, to bare his fangs against adventure and risk. Soon, very soon, the traveler is met with the horrors of the world, equipped with a hoe and a pickaxe as weapons. This realization leads him to a mediocre journey of self training, where he starts with vigor, but the quality of the training degrades with every day, with the traveler beginning to complain and whine. His death is sudden. It is not written. They died without being able to state or leave their last words, only an embarrassing diary.

At the very least, the traveler found a discarded spell scroll, to which he taped to the diary. In his honor, it was kept alongside the diary. Most ignore the diary part.

*“I came along with some goods. I sold well today. I went to sleep afterwards. I had a good dream. I repeated that for about twenty days. I then went to another place. I think I repeated that another 10 times.” § The point where the book becomes the dullest, as the few readers suggest.*

### **The Promised Tomes :**

**The Warmth Tome :** A small book that perhaps was never meant to be read by any other than the writer, as they document a day by day adventure through the suffering that is crossing The Dust Valley. The author details a journey that begins with the beauty that is the upper limits of the vast valley, where light and dust waltz to a dazzling harmony. But it seems that as one goes down, the valley darkens, growing all the more cold and lonely.

The author speaks of its beauty many times, even if with every page more unsettling passages appear. The Dust Valley is a wonder to gaze at---arguably to live in. Rumors say that The Dust Valley eats away at the warmth of life, rending the blaze to flickers.

Though The Dust Valley is supposedly hazardous, masses still flock to its promised treasures. Some say the real treasure is the quiet Death it gives, for with each step to the below the dust sways the above.

*“Dust particles that refract light, as well as sound. The Valley will give you a theater and a musical at the same time. Yet I do wonder who died to give us such beautiful dust?...” § Extract from the adventurer*

**The Choir Book :** a puzzling book containing songs and lullabies with magical properties. Singing these songs can bestow temporary strength in certain aspects. Some songs seem to inspire faith, some inspire despair. The general consensus is that this book should be divided into two : The “Good” songs, and The “Bad” songs.

*“Some hymns are better forgotten. Who would want to sing of rains of blood and blades of death, after all ?” § A young, homeless bard, playing with shriveled fingers on their lute.*

### **The Literature Arcane :**

**Jaws Of Thyne :** A book written by “Ako Rashul’mun” , depicting the truest side of an anti-hero with the darkness within. Naturally, the jaws belong to the Anti-Hero who frets not a murder or two to achieve their goals. The beauty of this book lies in the fact that the protagonist is willing to go through hell to attain their desires, even if this includes killing former comrades. “So as long as they stand in my way ; I will not part with Hunger”

The book catalyzes the spell “Kyoko-Mund-Agito”, a summon to The Jaws Of Thyne, manifesting an enormous, formless spark of shroud night with the jaws of a thousand beasts.

*“Behind the heart of your enemy is the heart of your friend. The distinction between us is the depth of our blades.” § Ako Rashul’mun, discussing the ending of his book.*

**Kingdom Of Spades And Aces :** A book written by “Donv Shire” , depicting a promised place where Hearts and Memories converge. The Kingdom Shire speaks of entails an organization of 13 members, all representing a certain flower, thus a certain concept. The protagonist, Marluchya, tells his own story, up until the end where he discloses the mysterious fate he met.

The charm of this book lies in the end ; the community still hasn’t settled on a single interpretation, and they come a dime a dozen.

The book catalyzes the spell “Key To The Kingdom” , a sanctuary making spell.

*“Darkness is merely another type of light. One that brutally murders what pains you. Is this not the definition of innocence?” § Donv Shire, signing a book to their fan.*

**Eternal Servitude :** A book written by an unnamed Slave, depicting his biography. From one master to another, until the end of his days ; each master crueler, inciting carnage within the Slave. The Slave’s writing style starts off simple, yet eloquent. It transitions then into a more stoic tonality, with hints of anger and dwelling ire. At some point in the book, the madness patterns start to show, until the book becomes a mumble of insanity and utter nonsense. A breaking point is evident then, where discipline is suddenly introduced. The book then states only vague events.

“Another fails the trial.” , “This one hardly gazed.” , “Close to summer, far from fall.”

The mystery behind the disciplined sentences incite the reader to pursue reading.

The book catalyzes the spell “A Slave Till The End”, empowering the user with the donned armor of The Executioner. This armor equips the user with an executioner sword, and a mask of rusted metals. The sword is broken from the tip and the guard, and the mask hinders sight, but the weight of the sword is enough to split shields if swung correctly.

*“A sack of ores, everyday, carried up and down 2 mountains, The ingredients needed to make the laceration whip my brethren suffered.” § An extract from the book, written by The Slave.*

**When The Crows Ignite :** A book written by “Keneth Feen” , depicting ancient horrors with extraordinary details. The beings described shadow real world fears, thus rooting a sense of unease in the reader’s mind. Keneth Feen was a known as a blood lustful bastard, having committed multiple suicide attempts, all involving draining his blood in some bizzare manner. Pages of the initial manuscript were written in blood, and the final page is smeared in years old coagulated blood, shadowing the ending of the book.

The knowledge gained by reading this book compels the reader to continue reading.

The Book catalyzes the spell “The Trees Do Bow” , an illusion spell that carries its effects onto the real world. The spell is evil through and through, as it makes the victim believe something is coursing through their veins. Victims will bite skin off to get rid of their blood.

A sea of blood, and a tenebrous creature swims about, floating, sinking all.

*“Fuck this book, and fuck its writer. Man was mad and he liked it... Why is such vulgarity allowed in libraries, I do not understand...” § Words of a Librarian, worried about children inquiring about this book.*

**And When They Fall :** A book written by a knight from The Order Of The Fairy Moon, depicting their thoughts. The Book handles themes like doubt, anxiety, fear, and isolation. The Order was never truly liked. They never knew if they even liked the people in their ranks. It was just what they had to follow. The Order is known to be a terrifying legion. These warriors fight with the will to die. The author shows their desire to die alongside all that is evil, including their comrades. The Order wishes to erase its reason for existence, thus erasing itself. The woe of the autobiography lies in the aspect of Embracing death, and the wish to be erased.

The Book catalyzes the spell “Hue Of Blue”, allowing one to ignore pain completely, as well as surpassing the body’s limits.

*“The Fairy Moon is an ironic tragedy. It came from nowhere, laughed at us, then made us bear a curse that will last a lifetime.” § A survivor from a raid made by The Hexed.*

**Grinding Gears :** A book written by a nameless automaton, depicting his journey to find out where he belongs. The book is oddly childish, with thoughts being written as if in a diary. The story starts off simplistic and dumb, but evolves all throughout the book, with thoughts evolving, becoming more refined and complex. Soon enough, the book becomes almost professional, with eloquently worded thoughts.

The beauty of this book lies in the very end, as the pages were ripped out from the original manuscript, people try to theorize about the fate of the automaton.

The book catalyzes the spell “Rise Of Gears”, allowing one to become a half automaton. The spell is hard to reverse, so once the decision is made, the bearer must suffer or rejoice.

Being half automaton means that one will suffer not the weakness of the flesh, but they might lose a link to a certain power only beings of the flesh could manifest.

*“A flower is given when a person feels the need to express positive aligned emotions. A flower is also given to the deceased. Fruitless endeavors, consequence of pride and illogism.” § Extract from the book, written with oil on a page with a flower pattern drawn.*

**The Bounty Hunter :** A book written by a nameless adventurer, depicting travels of a bounty hunter, stalking their prey, setting up a plethora of conniving plans, and taking down each wanted with cruel machinations. The Bounty Hunter has a unique feel to it. The wanted are indeed criminals, but The Bounty Hunter himself seems uninterested, neither by the hunt or the deeds of the person. A true neutral party bringing down people deemed maleficent.

The book portrays bounty hunting as a vagabond lifestyle, with each head claimed signifying a new journey. Some people wish that. If only claiming a head meant a new start.

The book catalyzes the spell “Fated Hunt”, forcing the laws of probability to the favor of the hunter. To cast this spell, one must choose a renowned bounty to hunt. Soon enough, odds will stack in the favor of the hunter, to find and locate the bounty.

Hunting brings a thrill. Do not become addicted to it. Be like The Bounty Hunter : uncaring.

*“Hunters don’t celebrate. Never celebrate.” § The Lucky charm of hunters, a saying after every successful bounty hunt.*

### **The Ancient Diaries :**

**Demons Cry Alone :** A book written by “Tellur Holdam”, an author famous for a single book : This one. Their writing is eerily bleak, depicting a life of no value, of no color, of no passion or hate. Tellur Holdam was said to be a living husk with eyes sunk deep enough to make an Abyss seem like a puddle.

The book’s way of speaking mimics that dastardly voice in our heads. It echoes the wails of the mind to the outside, and shows them to the reader with ink on paper. The book was banned in certain kingdoms as it was thought to increase Despair Deaths as well as plain suicide.

An extract from the book gives insight into what could have been going inside Tellur’s head.

*“No one*

*No one will ever love you.*

*No one will ever care about you.*

*No one will ever trust you.*  
*No one will ever want your attention.*  
*No one will ever cry if you're gone.*  
*No one will ever ask where you are if they can't find you .*  
*No one will ever think about a romantic scenario with you in it.*  
*No one will ever want to hold your hand.*  
*No one will ever say "I like you".*  
*No one will ever wish you were theirs.*  
*No one will ever look at you and smile from the bottom of their hearts.*  
*No one will ever look happily at a ring you gave them.*  
*No one will ever want to lock eyes with you*  
*No one will ever rest their heads on your shoulder .*  
*No one will ever let you rest on their shoulders.*  
*No one will ever want you sexually.*  
*No one will ever desire you.*  
*No one will ever want to kiss you*  
*No one will ever think caringly about you*  
*No one will ever invite you out, alone and together.*  
*No one will ever call you a friend.*  
*No one will ever call you to check on your health.*  
*No one will ever share their deepest thoughts with you.*  
*No one will ever ask you for emotional support.*  
*No one will ever confide in you their secrets*  
*No one will ever be happy that you are here with them*  
*No one will ever support you*  
*No one will ever want to play with you.*  
*No one will ever listen to you*  
*No one will ever share their hobbies with you.*  
*No one will ever accompany you*  
*No one will ever be worried about you*  
*No one will ever show up to your funeral.*  
*No one will ever visit you when you are old and weak.*  
*No one will ever remember you.*  
*No one will ever tell you "hello" in an excited voice.*  
*No one will ever care if you die a horrible death.*  
*No one will ever care for you.*  
*No one will ever ask about your opinion.*  
*No one will ever surprise you with a thoughtful act.*  
*No one will ever consider you.*



*No one will ever reassure you of your worth to them.  
No one will ever compliment you.*

*You are forever alone.”*

“Demons Cry Alone” allows one to incur a cursed spell, aptly named “Burnout”, that will burn away the soul of the enemy. This spell is used as a form of torture for individuals who commit heinous crimes. Needless to say why, the criminals tend to commit suicide at the end of the day.

**Ballad To The Ancients :** A book written by a member of The Choir Of Dust Valley. Keeping true to the writer’s passion, the book has many pages that read more like a poem, or a song than an actual novel. The descriptions are playful, with colorful words being used aplenty.

The oddity of this book is in how it describes everything beautifully, even evils such as stealing or killing. Comparing gushing blood to a torrent of memories, and corpses laying about on a desecrated ground as carpets of luxurious quality.

An Angel with two hearts.

A Knight with two blades.

A Beast with two faces.

A Lock with two keys.

A Chain with two endpoints.

A Tale with two outcomes.

The book allows one to catalyze the spell “Brighter Days”, forging a blade from magic with an affinity to Sonora and Light Magic. As Sonora can echo out memories, everytime the blade is swung, a piece of the Ballad is sung, in the language of The Ice Angels. Hence, this spell is used in theater plays, for the songs are truly a bliss to hear

*“Kuwata*

*Sono ’mesh maya*

*Jurii Kabe*

*Sona mek laya” § part of the song, written in a language one wishes to never understand*