

## **Nevermore Characters #3 :**

### **The Judge :**

This tale speaks of The Judge, a mercenary trained by The OathKeeper, forged by countless encounters. The Judge, the shadow of the Oathkeeper, back when he thought himself to be Judgement on Nevermore.

The Judge, a husk by now, wandering, serving sentences being its sentence.

You become what you see. Our interpretations of events are solemnly what we are made of. The eyes of the beholder see but what is the beholder. The Judge was taught that, already knowing it instinctively of course.

In those times, adaptability was paramount. Knowing how to flow, when to flow, but never why to flow : to fight aimlessly is to fight with expecting no end. The Judge is a master of all weapons, able to adapt to crush any foe.

The Oathkeeper at the time was harsh, unforgiving, for he believed that once evil, always evil. And so The Judge grew by these hands that could never forgive ; grew knowing , seeing, feeling, becoming but a light that feeds on darkness, a demon of demons, a hunter hunting predators.

Yet in Nevermore, rarely do things stay the same. Contemplation, the bane of all sentence. The Judge could recall every execution, much like every lesson harshly taught.

It isn't normal. At many times, the prey he held looked to be not so rubbish, not tainted. But by the laws engraved, he had to off the head.

Bounty after bounty, and guilt after guilt. In the end, the judge saw the worst criminal : himself. And what else could a judge do but deliver a sentence.

And so the worst punishment befell him.

To continue exactly what he is doing. That is the cruellest thing he could imagine.

The tale of The Judge, a condemned soul, bound by its own shackles, it punishes, to punish itself.

## **The Libra :**

This tale speaks of The Libra, a place full of knowledge, of untold truths, a destination where enlightenment drives to madness.

The origins of this library are unknown, or rather, unrecorded. The building follows no particular style, therefore it is theorized that this sanctuary comes from another dimension. Some say it might be time travel-magic at hand, that perhaps the future saved one hope to the past.

No matter the theories, it is undeniable that The Libra is a place of knowledge, and terror, as executioners roam The Libra. They appear to be female knights, with serrated blades, craving blood and flesh.

The matter at hand follows : whilst the regular archives, the simple ones, that explain rather than reveal, the ones that one can find at any library are made of leather and papyrus, the interesting ones, those that only scholars of the highest levels can comprehend the true value of, these sacred books, are all but holy. Made from flesh, tied with hair, written with blood. It appears that the more a book holds, the higher the degree of gruesomeness.

And madness only begins from there. A running theory is that the executioners make the books from whomever falls victim to their blades.

Not only that, but the entirety of the buildings seems to brim with life, twisting its corridors, breaking its stairs, trapping its archives. The palace, it seeks demise of the beholder.

Many scholars are not allowed to enter, from fear that Humanity might lose it's driving scientific forces. Ironic, how a place that should give knowledge, steals it, consumes it.

## **The Forsaken :**

This tale speaks of The Forsaken, a solemn solitude, forever cast in the shadow of oblivion. A soul that has been left out, forgotten, ignored, abandoned. Loneliness made cracks, but didn't break it.

The exact origin of The Forsaken is unknown. One can find a plethora of theories floating about, trying to make sense of this existence. In some manuscripts, one can find a story that seems to justify the history : an ancient knight, bearing The Blue Fairy Moon mark, killed an entire village out of retaliation.

It appears that an order of knights was formed ; an order made to carry out the will of The Blue Fairy Moon. Yet this order, in the eyes of the civilians, seemed to incarnate the devil himself. Those who willingly followed The Blue Fairy Moon were indeed offended, believing that they are just. They were always met with screams of hate, accusations of being the lowest of scums --- their capes were stained with spit, as they dragged it through the mud, and the blood. The blood of their fellows that fell, and the enemy.

It was only this one sunny day where they went to eradicate an entire village, infested by the Beacon.

The village knew a massacre, a folly unlike any other. The knights who fought and died rose again, as the Beacon inhabited their husks. They had to execute their own ranks.

And when the fire went silent, when ashes faded into the wind, those who were still alive rose. And they fell yet again as villagers threw rocks.

A single knight, an executioner by now, went mad. He killed, he sacrificed, he burned and was burned, yet they give him rocks and blisters.

He cleaved a villager, and slashed one in half. And then he was punctured by the blade of another knight. They had to do the job : kill whoever is evil. Yet before his head touched the ground, he saw the salute they gave him. He chose to carry the weight, and to let it fall with him.

And so he was never buried. And thus he became a soul shrouded in shadows, meant to live forever there, hated and detested. Yet the armor shows but simple cracks.

## **The Swindler :**

This tale speaks of The Swindler, a traveling merchant that just seems to always have what ever the heart yearns for. A former lackey soldier that served as a pawn, now a merchant that follows The Lunads' calls.

The Venise empire was one destined to crumble, corrupted by power hungry generals, waging endless losing wars. One soldier known to steal and swipe rations was caught one day, handing them out to war victims.

The military law condemned the poor soul to prison.

Exactly as planned.

There he could gather many important documents, and achieve many bounties. Heads rolled there, toothless are drained from blood. These things sold well in the black market.

Soon enough, the prison became a private property, owned by a prisoner himself.

The Swindler , they called him. A man that steals right in front your very eyes. He would take from those who deserved, and give to those that deserved, equally, rightfully.

This also applies to soul contracts. Bound by the Oath Of Wings, The Swindler ventures with the help of a pure magical entity. The seemingly tamed raven transforms into a horrid beast at the call of its master.

Throughout time, The Swindler grew tired of his home. The exact same routes, the exact same deals.

Wings compelled him, wanderlust consuming him.

And so, a traveler that marches throughout the world, selling what seems like luxury for dirt cheap. Be it mystic items, or rare gems, or strong metals : what the heart desires, he has, hidden in the wings.

