

The Creatures of Nevermore :



" Be not mistaken, no creature is harmless ; except for goblins. We have lost the bulwark that were The Angels. We have forgotten the wilderness, the rules of survival in all their uncaring grand schemes. We thought the era of prosperity to be eternal, and we turned our backs to what our ancestors have built. Broken seals, and anathematized beings let loose— we now face the hardships of history, the very thing we ignored for too long. The Beacon is humming closer. The world is not safe anymore. The Legends are vanishing, one by one. Kings are being dethroned, and the people lay with no guidance....will you perish ? Will you meet the same fate as me ? "

§ Written in the Hunter's Tome, close to the last page.

Goblins : Goblins are the weakest creatures in Nevermore : they hardly reach 60 Cm, have a weight of 15 kg at max, and have hardly any intelligence. No enhancement works on them, so they can not rely on magic to become stronger. A mere child could take on multiple goblins at a time, and a wolf could easily wipe out a dozen goblins unscratched. Goblins suffer the fate of the eternal prey, never once winning a fight.

Threat Level : -1

" They are scum. Let them suffer, rightly so. "

§ Index of the Hunter's Tome.

Wolves : Wolves in Nevermore are Man's best friend. Wolves and Humans have grown together, forming a bond of many centuries. A wolf never harms a human, and a human never harms a wolf. We hunted together, we ate together, we died together.

A female wolf in Nevermore is thrice the size of a male wolf, and most females tend to stick with female humans.

Threat Level : 0

"She's my friend.... She's my partner."

§ A nameless Tamer



Dying Humans : In Nevermore, despair is a daily occurrence. When a human gives into despair completely, they become a husk, an empty shell, wandering aimlessly. It is sad indeed, as some become hostile, attacking on sight. Dying humans lose their lower half, hands, lower jaw, lips, and eyes, and no less than 70% of their entire body mass. While they do not pose much of a physical threat, they are pitiful enough to pose a mental one.

Seeing the one you cared about dying ; does it not bring your own demise?

Threat level : 0

“T-The town! The fog took ‘em— It took ‘em all! “

§ *Sweer Town Fog Survivor*



Vampires : While vampires are indeed bloodthirsty, they do have intelligence to know that A Hunt never brings more spoils than a Trade. As such, Vampires and humans have decided to co-exist. Vampires have no genitals, but have gender preferences and differences, as vampires only grow in numbers with bitten humans. Vampires are immortal, much like everything in Nevermore, but are more resistant To despair, so one could say they’re “more” immortal. Vampires can also consume Cryier instead of Blood ; In fact, Cryier makes Vampires evolve into Gilded Vampires, much stronger, much more beautiful.

Threat Level : 0

“I knew Her.... She did not leave without reason. I am sure of it.”

§ *The current Vampire Empress, Victoria.*

Half Humans : Some humans are born to eccentric couples : A human Mating with another species. Half humans are so varied that no one could actually group them into specific groups. And so the general Half Human title is given, even when the individual is about 80% non human. Non Humans are lacking in genitals when they are above 40% animal, and thus can not reproduce.

Threat level : 0

“The tail is off shelf, bugger.”

§ *Half Human Nea, a bartender.*

Crows / Raven / Owls : These animals are a favorite among scholars, and most High Sorcerers tend to adopt one of these three. They have been trained to become Letter Deliverers, as these species of birds can handle spells being fixated on them. Through years of selective breeding, the Birds of Nevermore are agile, smart, and loyal. A Bird will forever fly in the sky, so long as its master remains standing.

Threat Level : 0

The Embers Of Karim: Quite the controversy, these creatures are akin to mermaids swimming in the flames of Karim, the tormenting lands of Nevermore. Yet, they are not truly mermaids, as they are winged creatures that fly without using wings. The very existence of these creatures is a paradox, as they spawn from Karim, but are friendly beings to all creatures, and The Ice Angel Princess is said to have frequented The Queen Of The Embers oftenly.

Threat Level : 0

The Lullaby Statues : scattered across Nevermore, these statues are everlasting stonework that keeps on humming a childish song. With a simple “La la la”, repeating in various tones, this stonework seems to banish all Beacon Miasma. Some people tend to shut their ears and hum the song, as if joining the statue in its singing; a token of thanks.

Threat Level : 0

“Mama....you used to lull me to sleep...just like this....”

§ A note written with blood. Hardly eligible.

Fairy Foxes : Across the frozen tundra of Nevermore, one can find small families of this species. They are characterized by their majestic bioluminescent antlers, and their incredibly soft fur. It is not so uncommon that families adopt a pair of Fairy Foxes to entertain the children. These smart creatures can also serve as foragers in the snow, hunting small prey, while the wolves take care of the bigger predators.

Threat Level : 0

“ They come n’go, an’ they bring food wit’em.”

§ A young child’s note, tucked away in The Hunter’s Tome

Soltice : A Soltice is a great centipede, reaching 3 meters long, having two massive jaws on top of each other, and is winged, albeit not airborne since its wings are frail. Its intelligence is abysmal, so trapping it is extremely easy, as even the “ Stick and the Box ” Trick works every time. Although these creatures are dumb, their poison is still dangerous, well capable of killing many humans with a small dose. Luckily, the antidote is mass produced to the point where a villager can afford a bottle.

Threat level : 1

Grudges : A Grudge is a manifestation of past traumas, formed by the magic of the traumatized. A Grudge is basically a part of their magic, and thus holds the same element as the traumatized. However, since the vast majority are not magic users, most grudges are not strong.

One way to eliminate a Grudge is to solve the trauma, yet most would rather pent up their anger, and lash it out on the Grudge. It is said that if the traumatized slay their Grudge, they may take a step further into madness. The strength of a Grudge is 10% that of the traumatized.



Threat Level : 1

“ Insight is worth more than Cryer. “

§ The OathKeeper, guiding a lone Hunter

Altar : Altars are underground monsters, always on the scavenge for prey. They are known for their protruding singular eye with two irises. Altars have long arms, reaching 5 meters each, and thus giving it a 10 meter diameter area where it can attack from the ground. Altars are in fact short sighted, and need to touch the prey to know exactly where to hit, yet their weakness is their fear of light. Even the flash of a firefly is enough to scare an Altar away, so the folks always carry torches, and thus nullify any Altar Danger. One of The Irises is said to have a rare biological gemstone, yet good luck to any who tries to gouge the eye out.

Threat Level 1

Contractors : Contractors are hell spawn, sent to the surface world to get those who gambled their life, and lost to the devils. Contractors are weak compared to other demons, and can be fought off with pitchforks. Though their numbers at times can be overwhelming. A contractor won't harm innocent people, as he is bound by The Curses Of Karim.

Threat Level : 1

Wheel Spiders : Some insects have evolved up to great lengths, the Wheel Spider is one of the many. A Wheel Spider has long legs, each with a sharpened edge at the end. By standing vertically on two legs at a time, the wheel spider starts spinning, becoming a wheel of blades, able to redirect itself. While the attack may seem imposing, a simple dodge at the right time allows the defender to strike the soft underbelly.



Threat Level : 1

Snow Mist : Snow Mists are female creatures, able to reproduce through the culling of hair from any species. These creatures are able to bend natural mist to their will, making them proficient in camouflage and illusion. They are indeed mostly found in the snow, but some even visit the jungles. Since snow mists don't need flesh, they will always end their attack once the hair of the prey has been culled, but in the snow, some flayed beasts can be found, frozen to death.



Threat Level : 1

Blind Men : one of the more or less pitiful creatures of Nevermore. The Blind Men are a band of two meters tall, pale, shriveled, genderless and faceless androgynous creatures. They hardly weigh as much as a child, and are as thin as a tree branch. They pose little threat, and if armed with basically any weapon, they lose all threat potential.



The Pitiful creature's origins are unknown. They just appear, and start waving and swaying, constantly moaning, or crying. One rumor has it that these men escaped The Lands Of Karim. This is what they become : Pitiful.

Threat Level : 1

Beacon's Blood : The Beacon bleeds profusely. The blood thickens into globs of nightmarish sort. The Creature is made from the Beacon, and thus many scholars are willing to pay for a live specimen. This monster is a rare find, and if equipped correctly, can mean a hefty sum. The Beacon's Blood crawls towards a singular focal point : The Dust Valley. It seems that it wants to return to its home.

Threat Level : 1

“ Murky darkness, with a brush of vibrant crimson. It shimmers under The Fairy Moon. It never stops bleeding. The wound is an open hemorrhage.”

§ A deranged Painter, placing a bounty on Beacon's Blood

The Fool : The Fool is a singular entity that exists ubiquitously everywhere there is a fated event. It acts like a mime, dancing and singing. It starts with a very low and soft lullaby, and progressively transects into an audible children's lullaby. The Fool has a terrifying appearance ; Or so it is said. Everyone seems to perceive the face of The Fool differently, making all documentation miss a figurative representation.

The Fool is the very first Arcana : the number 0. Empty, but this means that it can become anything. This includes a tragedy.

Threat Level 1 (If attacked, it will just counter attack, and change locations).

“ You again ? How many times does this make it ? “

§ The Lightning Usurper

Tainted Automatons : Even the inanimate can be driven to a state where The Beacon can creep through. Tainted Automatons are differentiated from regular Automatons the glowing lanterns eyes : a regular automaton has a dim light, while the tainted shine brightly enough to light the way in the dark. Automatons vary, but around 75 % of tainted automatons are the meek individuals. Not even the Beacon can bestow power upon these beings

Threat Level : 1

The Finale : A mesmerizing creature of The Beacon's hide. This slim and tall, beautiful and mysteriously blackened abomination slowly approaches those who pass by it, dancing at a tiered pace, gracefully charming the prey. The finale of the dance includes sprouting limbs from an open rib cage that encapsulates the victim, and devours it alive. The Finale is well telegraphed, and no magic is used to “charm” the prey. Simple knowledge of this monster allows even a farmer to attack well before The Finale.

But what about those who pray for Death? Do they get to see a beautiful thing before their hearts are eaten out?

Threat Level : 1

The Sleep Deprived : Horrendous monsters of a nightmarish realm. These creatures are a source of constant debate between the scholars of Nevermore. Some argue that they should be no less than threat level 6, some argue they should be of level 1. Either way, both sides know better than to ignore the signs of a forthcoming of a murder (grouping of Sleep Deprived).

The Sleep Deprived are a being of metal, roots, and flesh. The chest is made of a metallic cage, the body of a disgusting combination of meat and bark. They are slow, but unrelenting. Signaling their appearance, a murder of crows caw before dying and bursting to blue flames.

They suddenly stand ; far away, but unnervingly close. They run after the victim as if moving by frames, stopping, then resuming their crawling. The only way to halt their movement is to sing a lullaby.



Yet what happens when your voice gives out?

A tale speaks of a man who met a tragic fate by their hands. Cornered. The man had to sing to survive. He tried to escape, to forage for a way out, but their chest is a cage for a reason. They became a dome, a stage for the man to sing till his demise. It is said that they found his body kneeling, praying. His vocal cords were taken out.

These creatures are a conclusion of horror and terror. They can be fought. They can be felled. But they rise unscratched. They hold grudges. They remember faces. They hunt and stalk, craving the despairful voices of their victims, singing to survive ; to appease The Sleep Deprived.

Threat Level : 1 / 6

BoneBorn Woods : A grave dug for a beloved incurs a curse sometimes. These species of trees consume the dead and the buried, transforming their flesh and bones into bark. The face is retained, and so one day a farmer can wake up to find the anguish filled face of his firstborn on the damned tree. The worst of these trees comes from the mental torture they so gladly present. Howls in the night, and screams of pain and regret from the life of the deceased. At times, the trees sprout fragile branches to drop on those who come to hide under their dreaded shade.

One tree is said to have sprouted in a battle field, feasting on who knows how many pitiful lads. Its leaves are said to be made of bone....and the marrow of its roots is said to bestow necromantic powers.

Threat Level : 1

Bandits : To categorize the entirety of bandits into a single threat level is impossible. Hence why the scholars of Nevermore decide to put the hooligans into the threat level 2 category, as that is the only way to tell a village that bandits are still a source of danger in a world where Mankind is as weak as they come.

Threat Level : 2

Fairy Moon Thralls : The Fairy Moon is a poet's inspiration. It breeds beauty, and terror all the same. The thralls born from the fairy moon appear out of the ground. Some fall from the sky in deserted places. They discriminate against none, for thralls can be from any race or species. The only constant is the sorrowful state of the walking corpse. With a blue light gleam, these thralls roam around, repeating their shrieks over and over and over. The mind is flayed upon hearing these desperate cries. The thralls have no force, so even a specimen of a high threat level is reduced to nothing.

The Fairy Moon is perhaps one of the cruelest jokes. It is said to achieve dreams if called upon, but never once has anyone heard of a good ending from doing so....and yet people despair enough to shake hands with the devil.

Threat Level : 1

Beacon Worshippers : The failings of humanity, these cultists have lost hope. Driven by the fear of fading, by the terror that is the void, by the disappearance of the Ice Angel Princess, they turned to the arbitrary happenings of The Beacon. They are unfathomable. They form cults within their mainstream ideals, and decide to have rituals of blood and flagellation. The true anger comes from the eccentrics that truly believe in their cause.



Threat Level : 2

“ It is greater than all of us ! We are born from it, we are undone by it. We must go back to our roots. It is the progenitor of life, and the harbinger of death. “

§ The Beacon's Vicar, Edgor The Second

Spark Of Madness : Lightning from black clouds is a boon. Lightning from The Beacon is a bane. Springing from electrified bones, the lightning seems to carry goals, and it's hell bent on achieving them. The Spark Of Madness is at times dangerous, as in when the goals include incinerating an entire village. But at times, this same spark can bestow powers onto certain individuals. Either way, all Sparks Of Madness must be extinguished and calmed before they wreak havoc, for with each person killed, they become stronger. They start as a level 2 threat, but can quickly climb the ladder if left unnoticed.

Threat Level : 2

“ Shouldn't people be kept in their brains ? This is weird. More for me I guess ? “

§ The Lightning Usurper



Desecrated Corpse : Coffins come accompanied by locks. This is told to be to prevent grave robbers from doing their deed, but a robber with a pickaxe would not go through the trouble of lock picking. The lock is so that the madmen who worship unholy creatures do not take the corpse of our beloved. A certain sickness in Nevermore affects carcasses only, rendering them into decaying puppets. they are disease ridden, pus filled grotesque inhumanities. They typically hide from the sun, gather in a secluded place, and merge with another infested. The cycle repeats until they become a colossal mountain of infestation. On itself, it bears no threat. Yet countless plagues came forth from the tragedy.

Threat Level : 0 / 1 / 2

Darkest Troupe : A puzzling, recurring phenomena where a Bandwagon Circus suddenly appears. “The Darkest Troupe” is a place of dark arts and bloodlust. Led by a showman of great charisma, and great power, the group encapsulates deformed men and women, children too. The acts they put on transition from outlandish, amazing performances, seemingly unheard of, to rituals of the darkest sorts made to be a show. The Actors are said to be deserving of Threat Level 7, but they’ve never done any harm outside of their cryptic Circus. Some say that they can bestow onto people darkness fueled powers. Some say that The Showman is a foreseer, and he just preaches the dreaded oracles in the form of the plays.

Threat Level : 2 / 7

“ Welcome live people - to the greatest show of the century ! Today, we will tell the tale of Time again ! We, The Darkest Troupe, shall unfold right under your very eyes the story of this beautiful World. Please, close your eyes, and let the darkness cover your senses... we all end like this, somewhere. Do we not ? “

§ The Showman

The Senescence : Foul creatures are many in Nevermore, and a fine addition to the tenebrous hells is The Senescence. This entity is a puzzling amalgam of vore and gore, devouring bones but not flesh. The Senescence relies on psychic abilities, unsettling the mind, bewildering it, tormenting it, breaking it down till it can break no more. This cruel existence will manipulate the memories of the victim, bringing back to life their dead loved ones, a piece by piece identical replica. From the flesh it does not consume it makes a living clone. They have the same voice, the same look in their eyes, and the same memories. They will call for help, and their fearful faces will wrench the heart. The worst yet to come, it tortures the replica in front of the victim, sending them into a blinding folly of rage and ire....and striking a blind man is as easy as it gets.

Threat Level : 3

Silver Hearts : The silver tongues of Nevermore are gifted individuals. Their magic incantations are empowered by their gift, and they make excellent, grand mages. Yet some of them stray from

the path of glory, and become breeders of trepidation. The Silver Hearts are creatures born from malevolent words, they are the summation of all spoken hatred and angst. Once a silver tongue speaks what the ego desires to shout, once they importune, a Silver Heart will be born. A malignancy, an evil of words.

Threat Level : 3

Flagellants : Flagellation is a controversy in Nevermore. To flagellate, to experience pain brought by the hands of the self, to the self ; the consequences of this act are as overwhelming as random. Flagellation can bring madness, can empower one in madness, can cure madness, can bestow forgiveness, can enroot a dependency, can awaken a scourge, can shatter a soul , can harden a body and mind, and so many more exaltations and damnations.



This act can at times create men and women, as well as children, who can no longer be characterized as Humans. Those who kiss the whip as it kisses them escape Death. No longer shackled by the fear, no longer needing a flame to keep them alive. Flagellants knock on death's door daily, and they drag others along.

Most are guided by the pain, and they will introduce the masses to it. They walk even with an axe dug right through their shoulders, they walk and smile even if an arrow pierces their throats, they walk and smile and raise the whip to unleash a mind breaking pain upon the flesh.

Some of the Flagellants retain a sense of decency, and will keep the pain to themselves. They even join expeditions and parties. They make excellent meat walls. They wish it so.

Threat Level : 3

BloodLetters : bloodletting used to be a treatment often relied upon. Obviously, those ancient ways were corrected, and bloodletting became a well studied topic, used only for specific maladies. The masses used The BloodLetters, creatures who swallow blood, and turn it into an ocre acid. The BloodLetters are enormous, misshapen bugs. You can find some with no eyes, and some bulging with eyes, sprouting like tumors on top of each other. They are malformed critters that melt their overgrowing body parts with their acid. This characteristic allows them to embrace certain attacks, as it is seen as an efficient way to remove the tumors they grow.

Threat Level : 3

Smoldering Flesh : Some creatures rely on pure mass to sustain their existence. The Smoldering Flesh is said to have been born from a single anomaly that reproduced endlessly, tirelessly, for ages and eons in continuity. It has been dormant, growing somewhere unbeknownst to all creatures. It grew so large that its part became independent life, and scuttled away. The Smoldering Flesh's origins are disturbing, for people make the worst of what is unknown. Some say it is the end result of a summoning ceremony gone terribly wrong. Some say it is a disease that melts and fuses the flesh of its victim together. Since it can consume all biomass, it has been put to use



as the dumpster of the world. All sorts of poisons and concoctions are tested with its samples, and all waste is thrown into its guts.

Threat Level : 3

The Base : a guild of uncanny fighters, willing to go to war on nations. The Base holds men and women of robustness and vigor. They are Highwaymen, willing to kill on instinct alone to ensure survival, but not theirs. The Base is a guild of heroes who do not comply with honor. They will kill, they will use the most underhanded methods, they will purge and kill millions, only if it saves billions. Their rule and judgment seems arbitrary, but they have never raided a kingdom without coming out with justification for their crusades. They prove the right wrong, and bring down the axe.

Threat Level : 3

Dust Flickers : radiant little winged creatures, The Dust Flickers are butterflies made by The Ice Angels, meant to entertain and protect children. The Dust Flickers lost their powers with the disappearance of The Ice Angels, and relied on humans for protection, but they were hunted down by humans, seen as one of the things that could be a reminder of The Angels. Aristocrats would pay in jewels to have them pinned on their walls, and women would demand combs adorned with their hardened wings. The protectors became a currency, and their numbers dwindled to a saddening amount. The Dust Flickers now avoid humans, hoping to perish peacefully, rightfully abandoning their reason to exist.



Threat Level : 3

Soulless Vessels : Necromantic magic can spawn beings with no soul, sustained only by the force of the caster. Yet necromancy drains the life of the caster, making the maintenance of these beings costly. No wonder they are abandoned soon after their reason has expired. But they still have some fight in them left. These Vessels want to live. They are conscious enough to understand that they do not wish to die again, even in this state. So they hunt for souls and life. Most of them do not wish to do so, but they must survive. When two lovers are reunited after death, they do not want to part ways again. They need to end others, to preserve what they have.

Threat Level : 3

Beacon Bones : The Beacon's bones will rarely yield life, giving birth to these creatures. Each and every single one of them is unique, with some being able to use a variety of magic types. The common traits include having an exoskeleton rather than an endoskeleton, greyish irises when eyes are present, and magic detection as a primary Self-Location method. Due to the last being a near constant, most hired with the task of eliminating these monsters tend to be horrible at magic, with very low aptitudes.

Yan Maek is typically found in abundance in these monsters. The sheer price of this gem is enough to make the fool-hardy gamble with their lives against the creatures of bones.

Threat Level : 4

Oglesh : They swim about even in the hardest of grounds, Ogleshes are creatures of illusions and distortion. Ogleshes are a chimera of a living rift in space, making any physical contact with them near impossible. One would need the speed of sound or the equivalent to be able to harm these creatures. They are ferocious in nature, and will crave flesh of any kind. They cannot open and reopen rifts, luckily, but they can move around with the rifting halo, making any kind of static shield or bastion useless. Their claws are sharp and sturdy ; they wish to reap the world from its seams.

Threat Level : 4

White Maidens : They are soothing beings, with no darkness harbored. They will appear in places, and fill it with soothing light. They have plucked wings, pierced with many nails, spears, daggers, and the like. They will simply appear and cast one of the most soothing spells in Nevermore : “Forgiving Light” . A spell only the purest of heart can cast. This spell will calm any in the area. If they are sleeping, they will have the sweetest of dreams. If they are hungry, they will feel full and satiated. If they are sad, they will forget their sadness, and smile. The spell is sought after ; the irony falls that greed can never breed this desired purity. The White Maidens cast this spell in an area, constantly, making all the beings there *too calm*. They will stagnate life, and will bring the most peaceful end to it.

Naturally, they die. Keeping this spell up at all times is excruciating.

Threat Level : 4

Sea Maws : The deep seas are dim lit, cold, and suffocating. It is natural that all life there is a force to be reckoned with. The Sea Maws is a large whale-shark chimera, equipped with a long nose, bearing many jaws, each having a tongue pored with ivory teeth. The gruesome swims around, extends its nose and opens its Maws to let its tongues loose. The spiked whips are enough to shred creatures twice their size.

Threat Level : 4

Fairy Moon Killers : Their origin is known to be a hex from The Fairy Moon, but the conditions to create these creatures are still unknown. Some scholars theorize it is the fruit of dying elite soldiers, others theorize they are directly from the Moon itself.



Fairy Moon Killers are extremely rare, and they are a bounty to hunt at all costs. These beings are typically equipped with armor of high quality, reaching **Forest** levels, and at times higher. This entices defeating these creatures without harming the armor. Many have died trying to preserve the armor, holding back their blows.

The Fairy Moon Killers are knights with large swords welded to their forearms, and a shield held in the other. The old, simple couple is extremely effective in their hands, for they tire not as they jump and cleave their prey.

Threat Level : 4

Yan Garuda : Made from Salt and Dust, these beings rise from the ground every many moons, to carry out their duties once again. The cause of their undeath is unknown, with no theory standing out to postulate their reason.

Yan Garudas are warriors who can use the basic form of Salt magic, rendering them fierce foes that wreak havoc on the battlefield. They are typically armed with longswords, spears, and heavy bows, with the generals and most distinguished carrying special weapons of their own. They have no sorcerers in their ranks, but they are all magic wielding knights, making any flanking strategies useless against them. Some say they hear bells and chimes rings around the time of their awakening, followed by incantations in an unknown language.

Threat Level : 4

Immolated : these burning undead are a furnace, hungry to swallow anything that could satiate the blazes it holds. The Immolated are said to be husks that were experimented on, trying to figure out what makes the soul so flammable. These failed experiments exploded, and scorched the entire facility of the time. The power of the Immolated comes from the very experiments inducted on them, for they can extract from any soul the material needed to burn. This allows them to use many magic types, in their most purified forms. Such magic is destructive by definition, and can overwhelm any intricate spell.



Rending them is no better, for swords typically melt before impact, and if the strike ever connects, an explosion is assured, killing the fool who dared to try close-quarter combat.

Threat Level : 4

Persona Reapers : The Beacon houses many creatures of darkness. In this oblivion many temptations are presented, whom few can resist. One of these temptations is the taste of animated thoughts. When a person is too numb, any feeling, be it pain or joy, is a positive stimulus. Persona Reapers are humans who lost themselves in this hedonistic cycle. They have been infused with The Beacon's skeleton, reforming their skeleton from the ground up.

These terrors can extend their bones as weapons of great sharpness ; an edge of Yan Maek able to slice through metals like butter. Their life link is not flesh, but the same bones used as an offensive, and the battle hardened know all too well that an unending offensive is a strikingly strong defense.

They were human, and have kept their intelligence, but consuming so many feelings has led most of them to become impulsive. They can be tempted, but one must be able to showcase strong emotions.

Threat Level : 4

Undead Miners : at some point in history, one kingdom had enough workers and slaves to treat them as an unending supply. They were sent into underground canals to mine for the rest of their lives, with little sustenance to preserve their life. It is apparent that such neglect to working conditions would lead to a catastrophe, for the mines collapsed one day, killing so many men, The mines were rich with valuable ores, and it was now even richer in sorrow and spite, hatred and ira, souls and magic.

The miners rose from their shameful grave, with ores stuck to their bones. They carried nothing but pickaxes and shovels, and they waged war with the kingdom's army. Although the miners were many, they were still the minority, as unbelievable as that sounds.

Most of their numbers were crushed easily, and the kingdom's army took a day to rest on this landsliding victory. This spelled their doom, for the reanimated bones were reconstructed by the fellows who remained. The miners were many, but they were family. Each and every single one of them carried the load. Each and every single one of them knew the other. Each and every single one of them had dreams and aspirations. Each and every single one of them dreamt of a world where their children did not have to suffer as they did. They were comrades, even in undeath. They rebuilt each other, stronger, more capable, and attacked once again.

Defeat after defeat, and reconstruction into more strength ; they fought one day, with vigor and vengeance, and they won. Defeating the army, they took the weapons and armour, becoming elite soldiers that walk the boundaries of life and death. They know magic, they know swordplay, they know strategic tactics. They are an army.

Threat Level : 5

The Sheer Cold : Some areas in Nevermore are unmapped due to a lack of interest, some due to lack of mappers, and some due to causing that lack of mappers. The Sheer Cold refers to a cloud of Fog or Mist that envelops entire cities, and brings an end to the spring of life there. Survivors tell tales of an arctic cold, insufferable, piercing any layer of cloth or armor. Fire mages are rendered useless, for they cannot ignite their own magic. This phenomena has yet to be resolved, for what can one do against an unnatural force of nature?

Threat Level : 6



Black Scarves : Bounty hunters of sorts, except these hunt legends. The White Scarf is the highest ranking in most Bounty Guilds, at times Red. One can imagine why these scrupulous individuals are tainted with Black. Most of these hunters are willing to target humans, and some target each other, given enough incentive of course.

A Black Scarf is a card Kings use in diplomacy, for they are known for always finishing the job, even if it takes generations.

Threat Level : 6

“We do it ‘cause we also wanna live.... Strong or Weak, everyone wants you dead.”

§ *A Black Scarf, cleaning his rusted gun*

“Threat Level 7 :

In the case of a Threat Level 7 case unfolding, all kingdoms should ring their respective Bell Of Unity. Any kingdom that fails to comply will be targeted after handling the immediate threat.

The calamities listed below are some of the possible world enders. If ever pushed into gear, any instance of the following will definitely bring about a new age....and most definitely wipe out untold billions... These are the insidious history writers. They are the unimaginable ends, the horrors we willingly choose to ignore, with foolish optimism, thinking that if left untouched, they will never awaken.....

I say this with confidence : Our demise will be brought upon us by these oppressive forces.”

§ *A gilded page of the original Hunter Tome. It is signed in a peculiar language.*

Ancient War Behemoth : History has seen some incredible things. The era of Nevermore is but a speck of dust compared to all that has happened before. The Ancient War Behemoth attests to the fact that there once existed a civilization that deemed these lands unrecoverable. The War Behemoth is an unimaginably colossal aerial ship, equipped with unknown arms and weapons. Any tried communication methods have failed to reach the machine, or perhaps the hosts inside are ignoring the signals.

All that is known is that if this machine ever fires its volleys, an entire continent would be decimated.

Threat Level : 7

“No magic smoke...No aura... what moves this machine?...May mercy be upon us.....an enemy magic may not be able to slay....”

§ A note found in a heretical magic library. The faint smell of iron implies tragedy.

Fairy Moon : A hex of unknown origins. The Fairy Moon is an oddity, as no regular premonition is capable of detecting it. Only a few records tell the tale of this event : The sky will turn to night in a matter of seconds, and the Fairy Moon will slowly rise, eerie and bewildering, shedding its blue hue unto Nevermore. Anything caught in the light will be hexed, no longer able to tell reality from illusion. The Hex of The Fairy Moon is a cruel one. Some say it opens the inner eye of the soul to new truths, some say it holds a maddening chant, some say it shows the heart of The Beacon to those basking in the light. No matter the origins, what is known is that chaos will ensue, with beings losing their sanity, chanting incomprehensible sayings. All will be reformed, shaped to an amalgamation of horrors and terrors. New life forms are birthed, and new elements are formed. The Fairy Moon brings about hostile souls that break all the laws of reason previously established, and typically results in a massive change in a multitude of biomes. This of course includes human cities, as Kingdoms fall under the relentless attacks from outside, and in the worst case, from within.

Threat Level : 7

“The Moon Velarium--- That’s our target right there... It’s always there, every single time... Looking down on what’s coming---On all the life it will ruin...”

§ Fisher Captain Woon, puffing his usual heavy chain Igor Cigar in one hand, and a cheap, tacky alcohol bottle in the other.

Apocalypse’s Ambiance : The feeling of dread is ever present in Nevermore, at least ever since The Angels faded away. This phenomena can only be explained as such : a feeling of tread, an unspoken omen that beacons demise. The Apocalypse’s Ambiance has happened once, and it nearly ended all life. The records left behind send shivers down the spine.

As scripted, a thick fog pumped with black particles and flickering embers will engulf a large territory, disabling all magic, contaminating waters, and salting the lands. Inhaling the fog has no immediate effect, instead it slowly ramps up, taking its toll on the afflicted.

The first phase is tainting blood with ash, causing the afflicted to turn pale due to coloration.

The second phase makes the afflicted suffer from crippling thirst, as no amount of water will satiate the dryness felt.

The third phase is the beginning of the hell that is to come. The afflicted will start noticing weird figures in their peripheral visions. Upon noticing them, said creatures will just vanish instantly.

The fourth phase fools the senses. At random intervals, the afflicted will start feeling physical sensations, be it a slight burn, or pressure.

The fifth phase is sleep paralysis. At any time of hibernating consciousness, the afflicted will suffer from sleep paralysis.

The sixth phase is temporary confusion, or so it was defined. The afflicted will change their language and their dialect for a short period of time. It appears that they do not notice this change, and think they're still speaking in the same ordinary language. Any attempts of recollection of said language has resulted in failure.

The seven phase is critical, as it induces hyper senses in the afflicted, coined with respective physical strength. This may be seen as a blessing, but in reality, it only sets up a Colosseum of blood sports. There's no food, no water, no production. One can tell what follows afterwards.

The eighth phase is biologically harmless, but its effects are nothing shy of terrible. The heart of the afflicted will flicker with light, becoming a beacon in the darkness of the fog. Predator and prey, Hunter and hunted ; this evolution blurs the line.

The ninth phase awakens magical powers that can only be utilized in the fog. The afflicted will be able to use some forms of magic in accordance with the visions they had. The magic is typically very limited, and it places a heavy burden on the user.

The tenth phase is the last one to be documented. In this supposed final phase, the creatures envisioned by the afflicted will become engraved on their bodies, metamorphing certain parts into that of the creature. The afflicted will gain a craving for ash, burning bodies and wood for the charred remains.

The notes were taken from different places, and written in different languages. No one is sure whether this event happened or not, but just to stay safe, it has been documented as a threat level 7.

Threat Level : 7

"A pandemic of sorts, only it begets strife. This is most certainly not normal. I firmly believe in the theory of Remnantz, but there's so much to criticize about it.

Our evidence is not conclusive, and these notes are older than most monuments.

Let's just hope we never have to bring this matter up again."

§ The echoing voice of Junif The Head Scientist, preserved in an echo tablet.

Malform : Creatures with vaminoid structure, these beings are silent, lacking any vocal cords. They are intelligent enough to craft weapons, and even form societies. Malforms have a colorful face, one which can be mistaken for that of a human or a vampire even, but their bodies are plagued with bone scales, and their muscles are exposed in patches where their murky, dark skin does not cover.

Malforms have infiltrated societies time and time again. Some have even been buried with regular beings. Some have even been hailed as heroes, and protectors of their villages. They have

shown a capacity to mimic emotions. They have even harbored life. Some bastards are born to these monstrosities. They are a mockery of our life.

Threat Level : 5

"S-She's like us! She's my wife—Please hear me out! Don't take her away..."

§ *A villager opposing a Vampire Inquisitor; revealing the truth.*

Sys'rotomera : Of all things that develop intelligence, Sys'rotomera is one to be particularly wary of. Sys'rotomera is an anomaly of foliage and fungus, rumored to be a spawn of The Beacon's neurons. This bizarre entity gains intelligence as it grows, so all sightings of it must be immediately reported, and furthermore exterminated on the spot.

Tales have it that a particularly overgrown tumor of Sys'rotomera was capable of raising an army of creatures, and waged tactical wars on neighboring countries.

Threat Level : Size Dependant 1 - 7

Veil Shadows : Some ancient society used to practice an art that is long lost now : Shadow Manipulation. This great civilization learned how to utilize the ever present sun above them to their advantage, as they could create darkness through the collective usage of their own shadows. While their pages of history have been erased, their arts have not. It is not known why, but the shadows of the people who used Shadow Manipulation seem to have gotten a form of sentience, or at least a set of orders and logic to act upon. Hostile to anything that enters the shadows, they attack with extendible ligaments and dark magic. They are, however, incapable of entering a lighted area, and are incredibly weak to Light magic, or any source of light that can overpower their own darkness.

Perhaps these shadows are just looking for a resting place ? In fact, why is it that the shadows are hostile in the first place ? Some historians suggest that the Shadow Manipulators had to face an enemy so great, even their shadows held the memory to fight and reiterate those fights. Some say the shadows just revolted against their masters, and that they are trying to free all shadows.

Be kind to your shadow, just in case...for it always mimics exactly what you do. A mirror with no light, just darkness.

Threat Level : 4

"On long journeys, I tend to talk to myself. I am thankful my shadow is always there to listen. A woman appreciates trusted company."

§ *Knight Bumen, on her pilgrimage through a desert*

Carrion Hive : Theories have it that there once existed a group of madened alchemists, trying to brew a chemical tonic capable of augmenting beasts and humanoids alike. In their crazed fever to fabricate the king of beasts, byproducts and failures were thrown out in the wilderness, with toxic contamination being ignored.

One of the plethora of creatures that were contaminated were moths. Drinking from the sweet smelling concoctions caused them to undergo a cruel metamorphosis. The first to drink from the well of corruption grew to a size way too grand to accommodate flying. The origins of the Carrion Hive, The Carrion Emperor.

The offspring of such a tragedy carried the same malformations, only their genetics were even further tainted. Some capable of flight, some capable of producing toxins, and some capable of spinning webs, the only similarity is their likelihood of puncturing countless holes through their victims, consuming them from the inside out, eventually turning them into a walking hive, controlled by the webs and the flying units.

The Carrion Emperor is said to have died with time. But the offspring still produce princesses that try to emulate the original horror.

Threat Level : 1 ~ 5 depending on the size of the hive fleet

Convalescence Verm : Mending rather than maiming does not seem like an efficient way to proliferate. The exception to this is the Convalescence Verm. A being of unknown origins, all that is known is that it “inhabits” a host that has been wounded recently, and it immediately heals all injuries suffered.

While this may seem purely beneficial at first, with every restoration, it grows in size, and it expands all throughout the body. A severed limb might regrow or be reattached, but it will carry the markings of the Verm : Countless interlocking fine limbs, tightening around the area of the injury.

This vermin might heal you once, twice, thrice, maybe even a fourth time. But after a certain threshold, any injury, no matter how slight, will cause it to override your neurological functions, taking control of your body. It is not known if the victim remains conscious, but hopes are pinned on the mercy of the person being dead already, for the Verm becomes a hunter of flesh and blood.

A slight prick, or a slight impact of the skin ; after the threshold, **any** injury is enough to make the transfiguration take place. That fear alone cause the victims to commit suicide...only for their bodies to rise again, servant of the Verm.

Threat Level : 3

Lunar Moth : A mesmerizing creature of the night, tantalized by any dark magic that it can detect with its 4 antenna dandling over its head. Averaging the size of a lamb, with an array of wide eyes spanning the sides of its head, this unintelligent creature blindly follows any source of dark magic, no matter how fatal it is to its own life. Equipped with scales that shed speckles and hairs, this dust causes intoxication within minutes of inhalation. The afflicted’s vision loses colors, and their depth view is hindered, causing their strikes to miss more oftenly. Experienced adventurers can fight unfazed even in this condition, but to the untrained beginner, this is essentially a deadly handicap.

Threat Level : 2

Fallen Dreams : The mindscape is an untapped realm, brimming with mystical forces. Some creatures, namely The Beacon, have learnt of this truth, and began harvesting this well. Fallen Dreams are the conclusion of a pitiful achievement. The emptiness felt after completing a task clearly too feeble, a lack of satisfaction, and a feeling of hatred for the self and its shackles, given shape from broken bones and revolting sludge, churned from the femur of The Beacon.

Threat Level : 1~3

Veil Killers : Uniquely thin in their physiology, akin to veils with their see through membrane acting as an umbrella to hover in the air, they drop down on unsuspecting prey with a gaping mouth layered with prickly needles. With the cover of night and the cold wind blowing in their favor, these hunters fly in small packs, assassinating all those who walk unguarded in dark streets, or those unfortunate enough with no shelter above their heads.

Threat level 2