

Nevermore Characters 2 :

Lunads :

This tale speaks of Lunads, creatures that make the sky just that extra special. Lunads, the cloud mermaids, the maidens of the sky, the sub angelic order—Lunads are known as the beauty of the earth's sky.

Wardens of dreams, Lunads are some of the few beings close to The Ice Angels, being their Hermes, messengers to the humans. Lunads are female exclusive creatures, meant to symbolize the beauty of the sky. These mesmerising beings swim through the clouds of Nevermore, much like a mermaid would in the seas, equipped by their hips with wings that coil around to make an upside down teardrop.

Lunads, being favored by The Angels have received immortality. The favoured are the closest thing one could get to Ice Angels, and are thus indisputably strong. Lunads are a unique race, as in each individual is completely unique. Being a female only species, their numbers have not grown, or dwindled, so no new Lunad has been born.

These majestic creatures, having lost their connection with the angels, have lost their very purpose. Henceforth why they swim in the clouds round circles, never straying too far from where they originate. They know very well that the angels are more likely not coming back, yet they remain there, not hoping for a fateful return, but just for the nostalgia, for the few moments where they remember the shine. Lunads, those whose beauty was ever reflective, much like how the moon does not glimmer without the sun.

Some orders do remain however, such as taking care of The Choir, though some orders are impossible, given that before they were rightfully equipped, the angels faded away.

Some of these species, sharing an even stronger link to the angels, can still hear some whispers, floating around, and they perceive them as commands. The voice is reminiscent of The Highest Angel, and henceforth why some Lunads up and do extremely controversial acts, such as destroying an entire village, or killing a mystical beast.

One Lunad in particular is said to hold the key to a certain place of power, guarding it, keeping it till a worthy wielder shows up on day. Other rumors state that there might be more of these Lunads, guarding great treasures and secrets.

The Barron's Intelligence Order :

This tale speaks of The Barron, a retired info merchant that now runs a network of intelligence. Few can match his management, and few even dare, for the business he conducts is known to be fair and legitimate : you get what you pay for, and you pay for what you get.

The Barron had a prime time, where he led a life of crime for justice. Infamous among thieves for being a pillar of support, many who crossed his path simply gestured, a top of the hat, to a man who kept it as simple as his words.

You get what you pay for.

Many kings hired the man, incognito, not only to spy on neighbouring countries and kingdoms, but also for extremely private affairs. The Barron knew every nook and cranny of every palace, whether he was authorized or not. A man who sneaked in the contracts a few clauses to suit his needs.

Though his work never entailed combat, the fox was never truly far from it. Wielding a hand scythe tied to a chain, the man was able to use this tool creatively ; be it to climb his way up a wall as a grapple hook, to tie up a person of interest for questioning, to combat gangsters who thought they stood a chance, or simply as a gardening tool. The Barron was always fond of harvesting crops, and dreamed of retiring one day to maintain his little farm. He also wanted to adopt a cute cat, predetermined to name it Leo.

As the jobs piled up, and as he grew tiered of completing what he thought was more so than not repetitive work, he decided to “retire” , upping the cost of his services, to ensure only the highest of adventures.

Having many riches he realized he never wanted--for he craved only the thrill of the hunt--- the man decided to found the place where all info merchant can just take a slight breather.

Soon enough, the place grew to be a liked palace, a shared home where blood didn't spill, and where losses could be remained. A simple bar, where home made drinks and meals were served,

a casino for the mindless card games, and the info mall, where even the tiniest of rumors would sell grand. And as he wanted, a small, cute, and adorable cat named Leo. Of course, no info sold here would escape his ear. As always, adding clauses to the contract that suit him.

And thus The Barron's Intelligence Order was made, an organization that can find the mystical in a matter of days, where thieves who dream grand can make it, where the sad can find a little bit of comfort, and where two enemies can share a drink made from the famous potatoes The Barron grows. A local speciality, even kings desire it : BarronDew.

Father Fredric :

This tale speaks of Father Fredric, a saint that taught what he could not believe in, a devil who preached to the masses what he thought were uncertainties. The fear of what is after death, could it drive them to create a paracosm.

Father Fredric was an orphan bred from plague. The sickness took the entire village, leaving but a child alive. The church took him, and taught the boy what religious ideals were, what true belief was. Doubting dogma was no less than sinning, and a heretic faces not only what is the supposed hell below, but hell on earth as well.

It is no surprise that Father Fredric grew up to be an example for the believers : a strong personality that conveys the words of the church to the masses, and convinces the scholars and the sceptics. A true example indeed, for a man who can make what is uncertain so certain must be commended.

Arrived the time when Brother Fredric became Father Fredric, the highest position in the church. He now had to don the mask not only in front of the villagers, but also in front of the entire kingdom. The more he wore the mask, the more he grew wary of it. Holes and ambiguities he found in the teachings that even the brightest of minds could not find, he so easily discovered, but kept them in the coffin of his mind.

Years come by and old he becomes, still slave to his duty. As a person of grand age, he was allowed to be left alone, perhaps because no one truly wants to take care of those who are shrivelled. Be it as it may, it allowed him to study matter discretely. And he found out how so many things he doubted could be explained elsewhere.

The Shine Church had to deal on that day with a crisis : It's first and most important representative went missing.

Amid the mist, a trail of charcoal and blood was found. A putrid smell of burnt flesh along the trails that grew thicker, uglier, and horrid by the step. The villagers who went looking for Father Fredric didn't come back. The clergy men too. The knights as well. And so the search was halted, for fear of a beast gaining the taste of man.

Not too wrong were they, for soon enough they saw a construct being built, with clouds of smoke emanating. A full legion was made and sent. No words. And so the whole army, with the presence of the king was sent. They too never came back.

The villagers, lost to themselves, fled else where. That old kingdom died, and was replaced by a new order. Father Fredric, Founder of The Candle Church, a majestic gathering of fire, charcoal, and wax. The Candle Church, rivalling a kingdom in itself. A place of holiness and unfaltering faith. Words glorifying the act of burning, of setting to blazes one's heart, of becoming the wax of the candle, to then become charcoal and conclude.

Father Fredric, The Chandelier Of The Candle Church, a monument to its holiness, a figure of wax and charcoal, a statue ever set ablaze, the first stone to the path of lighting the Candle.

The High Dream Weaver and The Awoken :

This tale speaks of a couple, The High Dream Weaver and The Awoken, a pair of lovers torn between dreams nightmares, an Aspect destined to forever fight the abyss within the unconscious world, and a worn out fighter, consumed by the very thing he fought, and stills fights.

The High Dream Weaver, also known as the Aspect of Dreams, is an entity that was born once the unconsciousness of The Ice Angel Princess formed. Indeed, this is why The Dream Weaver strikes resemblance to The Angel in shape. The Aspect is in fact featureless to those in the waking world, showing only a feint silhouette refined by shining lines, and dark, absorbing, hair.

Born to the world from an angel, no wonder it desired the good of all. And so it weaved from its hair The Collective Unconsciousness, a plane that rooted itself in all sentient beings, allowing all creatures the relief of sleep : a corner where they could live the fantasy.

Good intentions from a blessed, innocent heart, but the actions of the pure do not necessarily incur good. In the dreams, people of bad wills sometimes tried to dreams of unholy acts, of sinful demeanour, and of ugly wills. This was prohibited by The Weaver, but alas it paved the way to The Abyss. And where ever the abyss goes, whatever it touches, becomes tainted and branded. Dreams took another form : Nightmares.

Drawn by the hands of sorrow, drawn by the darkest bay, drawn at the whims of silence, The abyss now ate its prey. Many were now terrified of sleeping, a time where the abyss has access to their very mind. The Weaver was demolished. Her beautiful world, torn down to ruin.

Yet one soul never knew what dreams were. A man was deep within the abyss, fighting it, cursing it, inhaling it, becoming it, yet ever repulsing it. A nobody who fought for unknown reasons ; perhaps despair got to him, and lured him in to the abyss' clutches. Nonetheless, with a simple sword and shield, he fought on, surviving The Deep long enough to become accustomed to it. And those that gaze into the Abyss long enough get the abyss to gaze into them as well. The Brand of The Deep, a mark that is forever attached to the accursed. Live to show this mark, and no sane man would dare duel you.

Deprived of all what is of compassionate Nature, the man was kindred to the abyss, as never seeing kindness breeds a creature not knowing what empathy is. A ruthless husk of what should be alive, fighting where the fight never ends. Become the very thing he kills.

But once the abyss started shifting towards The Collective Unconsciousness, the man was dragged along. And there he wondered where he was. From all his memories, or at least from whatever he remembers, nothing seemed to look like the dream plane.

And there he saw the beauty that is The Weaver. She was The Silhouette of The Angel after all. In the abyss, beauty is a tempting poison, but This beauty was just too much. Instinctively, he drew closer, wanting to touch the shine.

But he remembered : a man destined by the abyss, gazed upon by the eyes of the deep, a creature that was no less than the deep. He was part of what he hated, for whatever he touched, death was the nigh calling.

In the dream scape, no bad emotions are kept, and The Weaver is alarmed to this. Unearthly sadness, the shackles of hellish agony, the whips of pain branding this single soul. She looked at him, a hollow existence indeed. Nothing to live for, nothing to die for. And as if another tale was

repeating it self, she drew closer, and closer, stepped for the first time into the abyss, forgetting what she was doing, for only this man was important for now.

Being an Aspect, she is not harmed by the abyss or it's curses. She could touch the man. Warmth---a gentle caress to his cheek. A feeling he had never felt. Every fibre of his being understood that whatever was in front of him was his sole and only purpose no matter what, even it ends him, even if it condemns him to the very heart of the abyss, and he fell to his knees willingly, instantly, and hoped to be blessed.

She was spiteful of sadness, and did not want him to be sad, especially not him, for a reason that baffled her mind. And she embraced him.

In the abyss, a light shone on the man. He never saw, for being in the dark robs one of sight, but allows one to notice the truth. He was in a half slumbering state, but he has awoken from his nightmares, and onto his dreams he passed.

But it was not over : his dreams, his beloved, were in peril, threatened by the deep. However, the deep is much like a hand, it needs to grab onto something to pillar it self stable. And he was an ancient pillar by all standards.

Channelling The abyss, consuming it whole, it shredded the host bit by bit, but he continued, he persevered in his suicidal lunacy , to preserve what little light he saw.

It did not kill him. The Weaver halted the process, leaving the killer sting, The Heart of the abyss inside the dreamscape, yet bound, not being able to harm physically no more.

He survived, yet at the cost of half a world. A weight she placed on him, for he was her new world. And he promised to guard the dreams.

The Automaton Of Life :

This tale speaks of The Automaton, the race of sentient dolls. One doll produced, one dolls produces another doll, and so the domino went. They made life, not knowing what it is. A true automaton indeed.

The very first automaton was made by a lonely soul, yearning for something, for someone to pour affection into. Having lost their Beloved, they sought to bring to life a sentience they could hold dear, a consciousness to share life with. And so the very first automaton was made : wood of Fairy trees were used, holding high magical prowess, alongside many rare gems and metals.

The doll was precious, in both material and emotional value to the constructor. All what was left was to breathe life into the doll.

A simple feat for the constructor, who knew the arts of cinder, and the re-ignition of cinders. And so the doll came to life, unable to show emotion with expression, but with changes of eye colors.

The doll brought happiness for the constructor. A daughter to raise and love, to care for and pour all what he had for. But what could a hollow, empty soul give to a child? What he had could not satisfy the doll for long, he knew, but for the little time where she would learn life, he could enjoy her presence. A blissful time, indeed it was. However, it is ephemeral. The doll grew in soul, transitioned from a child reliant on her parent, to an independent lady, with her own path to take. The doll had to cut the strings that were tying her to her constructor ---not that he ever made these strings, knowing that they would be no less than chains.

Now alone to face the world, the doll knew the potential there was, but she knew not where to begin. Freedom, for some, a pair of wings, for others, trapped only within a bigger cage. Nonetheless she ventured out, discovered the many stories her father told her about : all the wonders of the world, just laid bare beneath her eyes to gaze upon and awe. Kingdoms, many kingdoms built and forgotten, few persisting, and many soon to crumble.

Her wanderlust finally took her to her summit. The sentient doll figured out what she wanted to do, what she wanted to make : A Kingdom of true happiness. She was told of the beauty of The Angels, That she was constructed to resemble one. Did this not all amount to lead her to this inner discovery.

Her dream was to construct a place where no grief was, a holy land issued to the depressed to become happy, a sanctuary where no wrong occurs, a haven, an oasis of some sort. She was magical. She was strong enough to tear down a kingdom. Henceforth, she is strong enough to make this kingdom. But no kingdom rises without people living in it. And she needed the people she made. An automaton made an automaton, and the automaton made another. And the Ouroboros continued.

Soon enough, a wonderland of childhood dreams was made. A grand kingdom painted in vibrant colors and shining light. A replica of the night sky, filled with gleaming stars was made, to decorate the clouds that hovered over Nevermore. An artificial everything, but brought to life by artificials themselves.

This beautiful land, being so grand, got the attention of many, and was visited by many as well. It was a place of true happiness at the time. But all illusion must meet their conclusion. The place was a harbour of sadness. Those wishing death came to find happiness, and they always left a trail behind. The machines that were made to know happiness got introduced to unhappiness. Those that came, not always came out cheery and glad. And the high wall started getting chipped at. Why were they made. To make people happy. Does this bring them happiness. If it does, was it not because they were made so. Does this not mean that they are in fact but machines meant to be machines. Are they just tool to bring life.

The abyss takes many forms, some not needing the abyss to be present at all. Some of the citizens of the wonderland started questioning, and no answers could be found. And the little entertainment they could provide was repetitive. One can showcase so many tricks before the outcome is known every time.

The Wonderland was seeing it's curtain call soon enough.

The very first doll did not know how to address this problem, the problem of her people. Her father gave her freedom. She, in theory, did not. When she made them to fill her kingdom, was she not making slaves, in essence. And so freedom was issued. And freedom to some, is to some other.

Lost a few were, empty, others were, unsure, others are. If they are set free, they run to their demise. Keep them locked in, and they revolt.

Once a place of smiles. Now, a home to hollow automatons, having lost what made them truly alive. Some remain, living in the palace, with a doll that tries her best to keep the fun alive.

The Hex Of The Fairy Moon :

This tale speaks of The Hex Of The Fairy Moon, bestowed onto a soul that craved nothing but it's own demise. Some truly desire death, One's own curtain call, the finale, and the conclusion of a horrible, sad, melancholic life. To them, slumber is peace. However, to those bound by The Hex, death is their greatest fear. Rise again, obliged and not willingly. To live once more, to never die again ---just what they wanted.

A man was once a part of The Hunters, a gathering from a ruined kingdom, made to undertake fellow rebels. Indeed, if a rebel, traitor, or deserter was caught, they were forced to join The

Hunters, a group formed solely to punish and give out punishment : You are to take down your brother.

And so The Hunters were a depressed collective, forced to live by the blood of their brethren, for if they didn't consume the blood of at least one of their kind, they would die. Cowards who could not face death, must become predators to live. Not a single Hunter has ever committed suicide. After all, they are those who want to live, the shrivelled who lust for life, no matter how grim.

Yet in Nevermore, almost everything comes to a final ending. Almost.

The Hex Of The Fairy Moon, the curse that brings one back to life, and prevents one from dying. The Hex can only be undone by a select few ways, none which are accessible to regular souls. Hence how fate works, tormenting the hunters once again, for the group rose once again. The malediction they had remained, they had to hunt, or they died over and over again. They rose, and the minute they saw life, they felt death--- the worst kind--- one that is internal, the sheer essence of The Abyss.

Madness overtook Most of them. Some froze, the shock being too great, too hollowing. Some got up, cried, bawled long enough, and went to fulfil a long past duty.

In the end, not even madness lasts for ever. They all came back, just the way they were, too fearful of death, willing to deliver it to others, never willing to accept it themselves.

Hunters who once hunted with the fear of death, now hunt with the paradoxal will to die, yet to stay alive. They do not want to suffer repeating agony. They want the real blessing. The Hunters ---black sheep---now undead. Now hunting not for sustenance, but for the opposite.

You know what i really do fear?

I fear that there is no hell. That there's heaven, but no hell....

That people who die , and are bad....just die.

No heaven for these folks. Just death.

they 'll end, just like that.

So if i die, i'll just disappear. I'll be forgotten, and it will be like i was never here.

