



# Vampire

II

Mist & Mirrors



**Official  
Guide**



Game disk  
NOT included

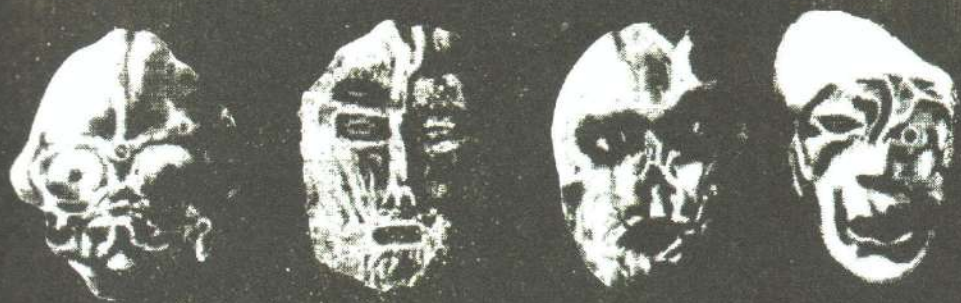
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PlasmaCo





# VERMIS



Mist & Mirrors





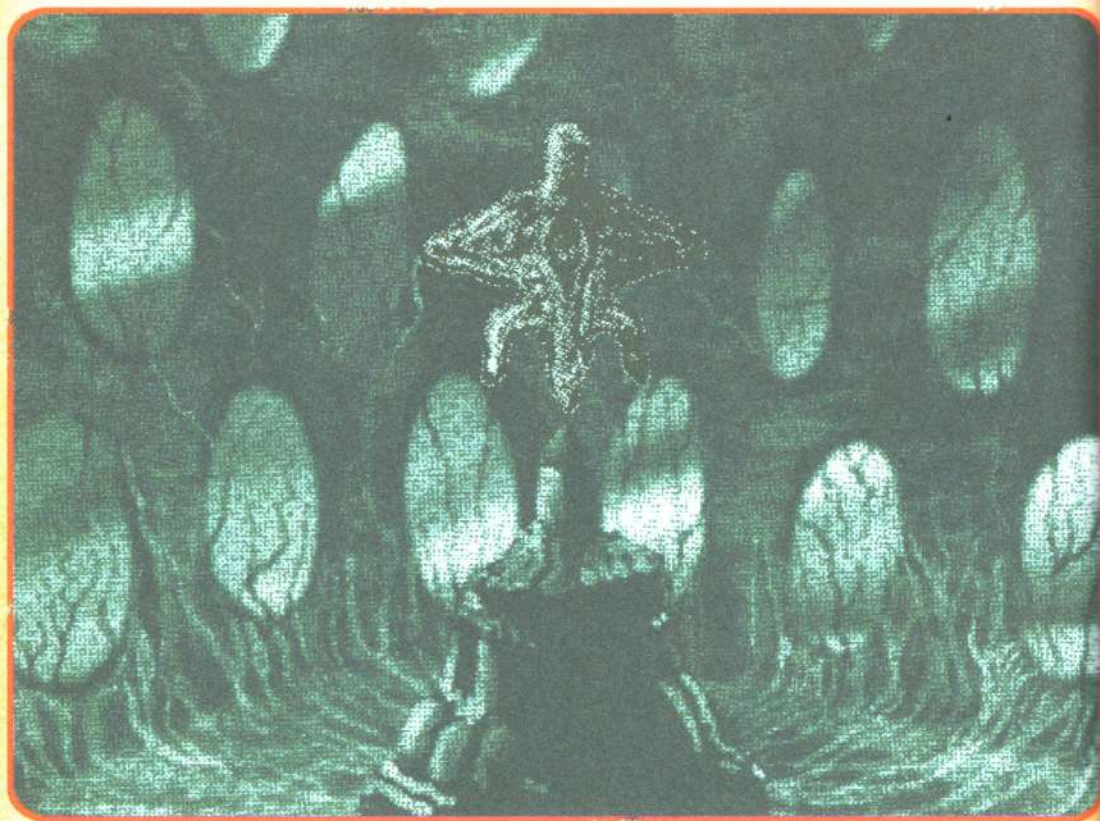
The knells of the Bell echo along the endless corridors.

The mist engulfs everything.



Those glassy eyes that chase you  
wherever you go are none but your own.





# The Glass Purgatory



The Glass Purgatory is a place divided between two worlds, floating in an eternal limbo between reality and illusion.

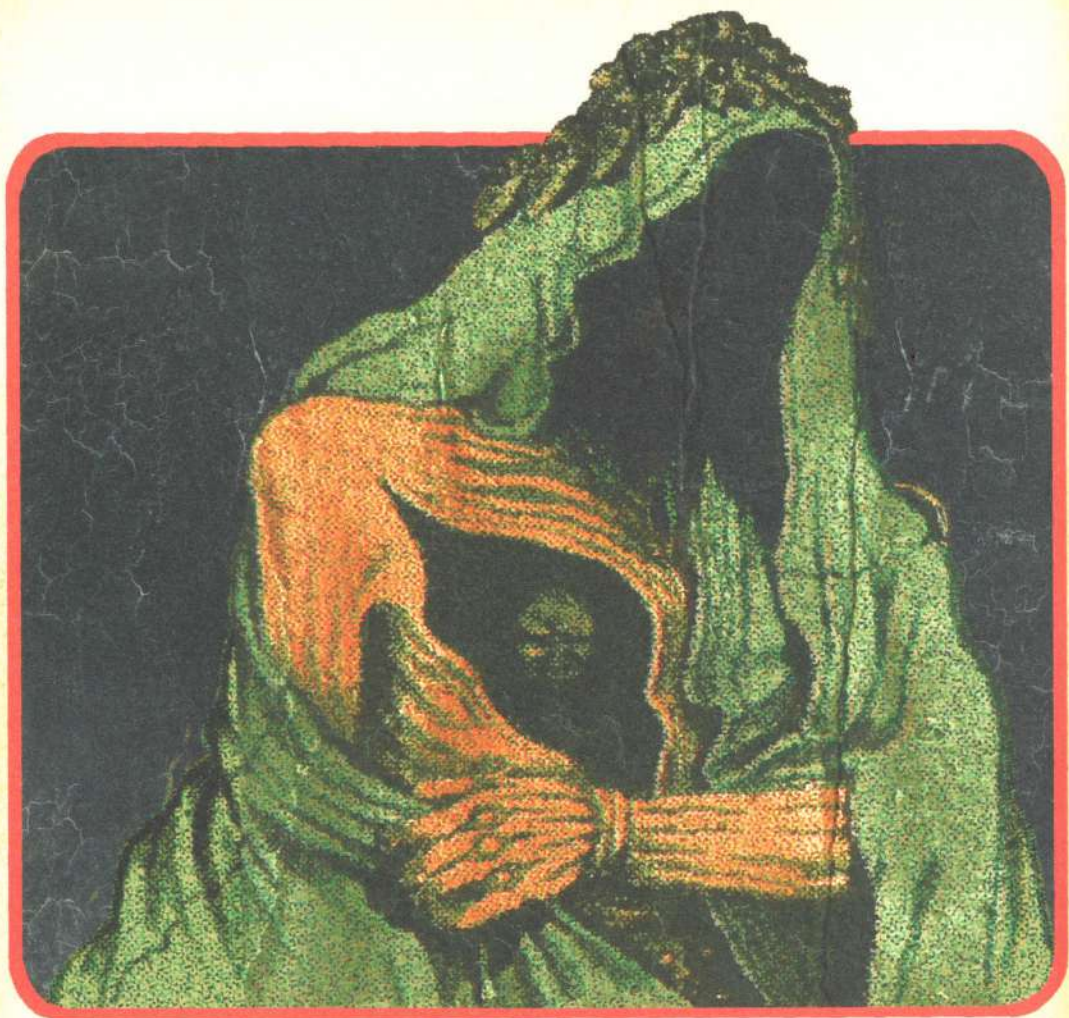
Woe to the souls who venture into its labyrinthine halls, for they will be stripped of all that makes them themselves.





In the deepest part of the Purgatory, a cloaked figure lies between the cold stone walls. It rests, contemplating the glass shards scattered on the floor.

"I have been listening to the whispers in the darkness. They preach about the true nature of our kin. They say, 'Dances without cease the puppet made of mud and wood. In a macabre and endless dance, it stares at its reflection, prisoner of the illusion.'"



"I have torn my flesh looking for warmth, for humanity...  
only to find this dark sludge."



"And yet, for that brief instant, my eyes were mine alone."



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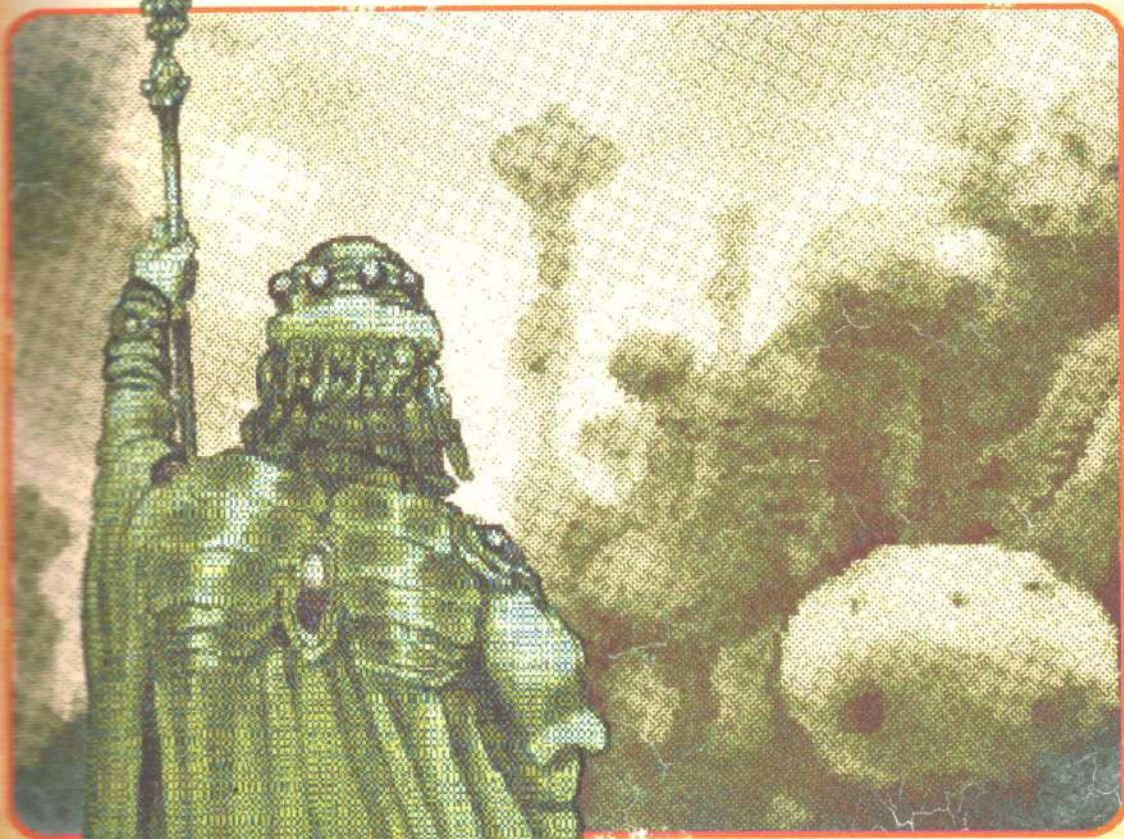


**VERMIS II**  
**LEBWIS II**  
and the  
**Witch of Willows**





# Old Agerutt The Undying Sun



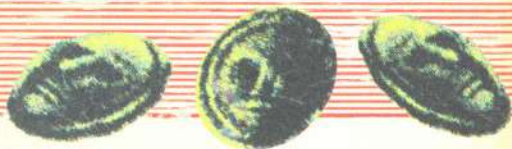
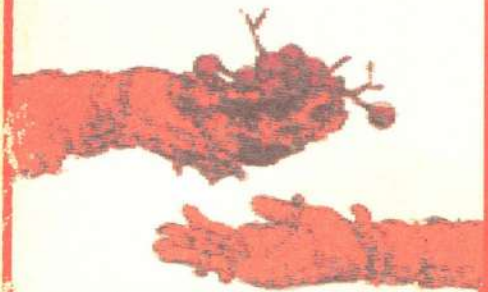




## Gold on the Sand

The shouting, the chatting, the clinking of coins: the songs of humanity. These are rare sounds to stumble across outside of Agerutt; the lands beyond the desert rot in silence due to their deep and incurable wounds.

In Agerutt, on the contrary, life continues as usual: the living stay above the sands while the rest lie under them. The sheer vastness of the desert is what has kept the city isolated from the neighboring domains; foreigners are a most uncommon sight in Agerutt.





## The Lost Relics

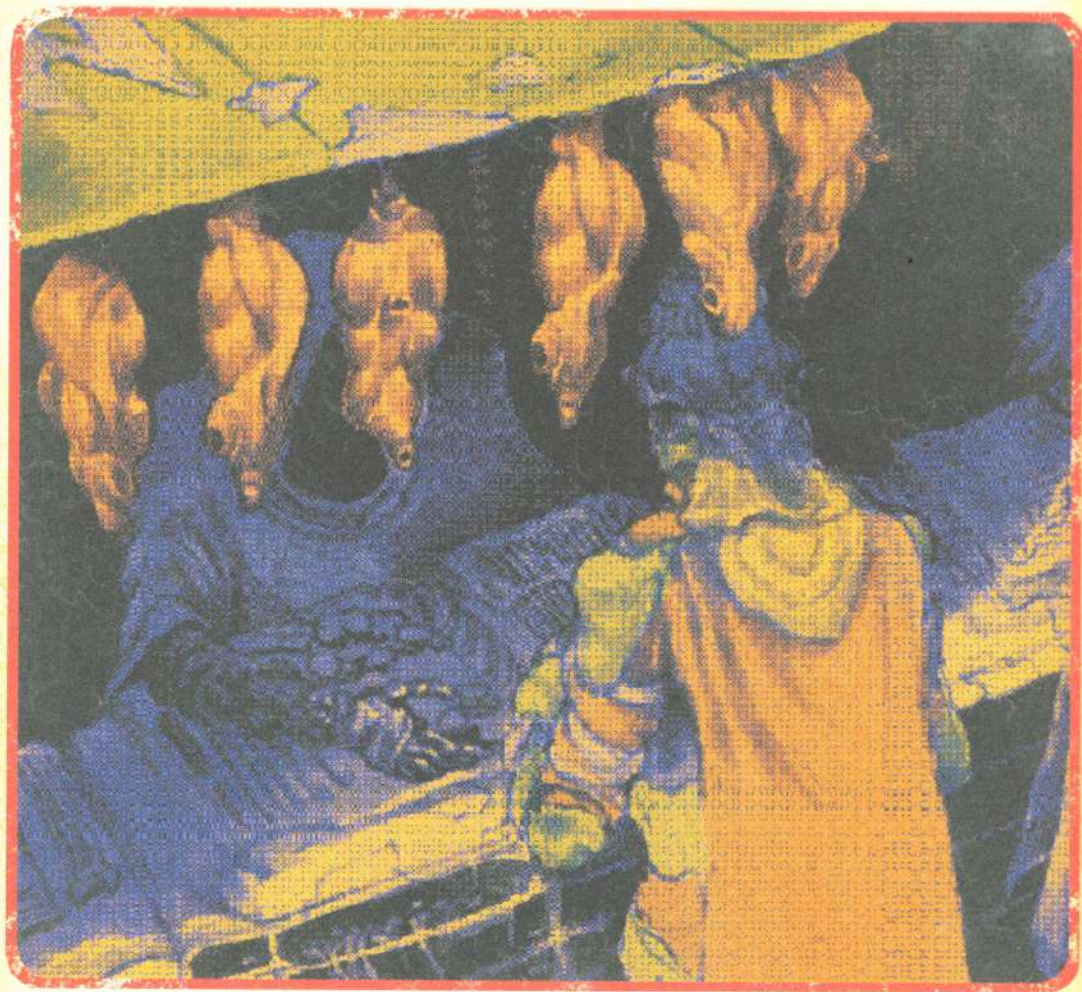


The great desert was, long ago, the heart of the Old World. No matter where one goes, they are sure to come across vestiges of the colossal structures that used to populate its sands, many of them still hidden under its dunes, forever guarding its treasures.

The relics of the scorched land are the livelihood of many of its dwellers. These scavengers plunge into the bones of the Old World, exploring them in search of something valuable. However, more often than not, the price they end up paying greatly exceeds that of the riches they find.

The tomb robbers that roam throughout Agerult are, for the most part, individuals with nothing to lose. Neither fearing curses nor old gods, they risk their lives looking for measly chips of gold and silver.





A merchant refuses to buy the relic offered by a tomb robber. The shopkeeper insists that it was an offering to the Dead Sun; when it was stolen from its rightful place, a curse fell upon it.

The Wayfarer shamefully covers the purple blemishes that sully his hand and goes away without a word, letting the relic fall to the ground.



## Echoes in the Sand



Ancient civilizations that once venerated now long-forgotten gods lay under the immensity of the desert. Periodically, the dunes shift to expose their carcasses to the Wndying Sun, allowing the daring to delve into their entrails.

Some of the sanctuaries that normally hide below the scorching sands are home to strange figures that exert a dark influence over those who dare to contemplate them.

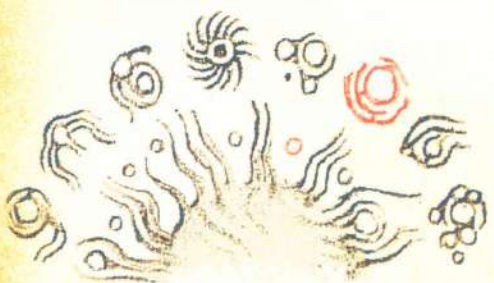
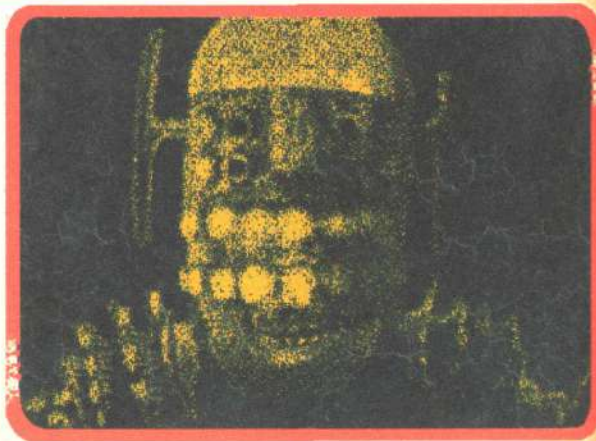






## Solar Crypt

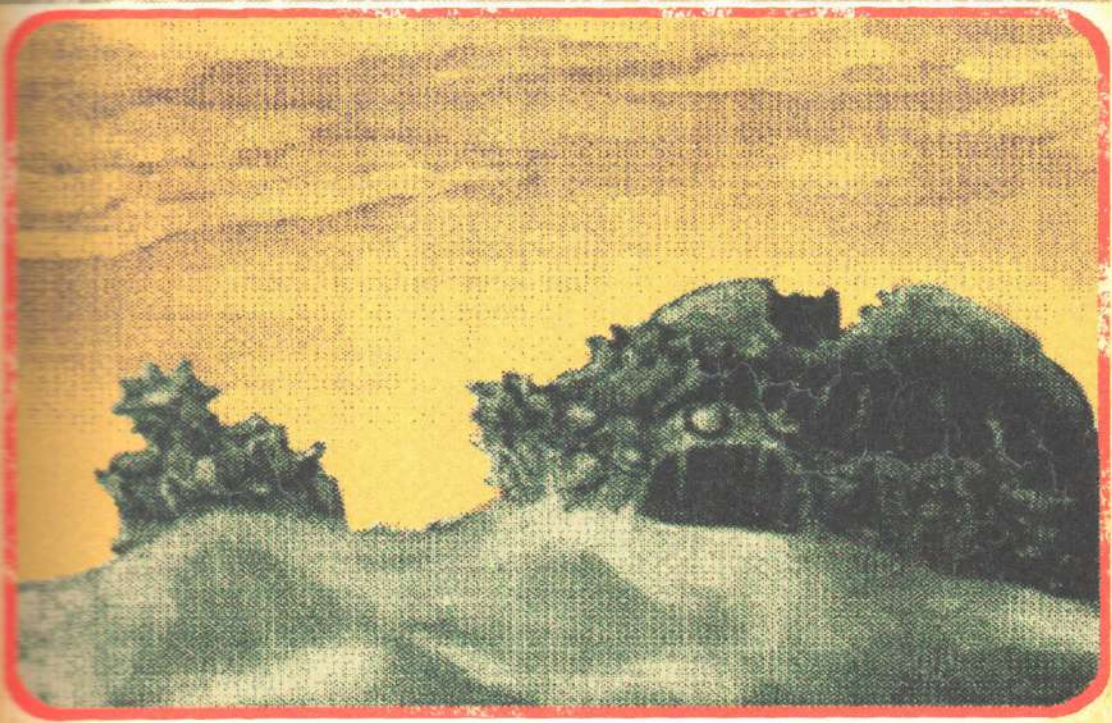
Path of Gurock the Great



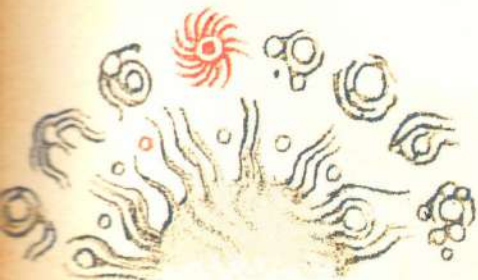
Sixth solstice

You cannot pick bones from this place





**Sanctuary of Silence**  
Dunes of Silber



**Fourth solstice**

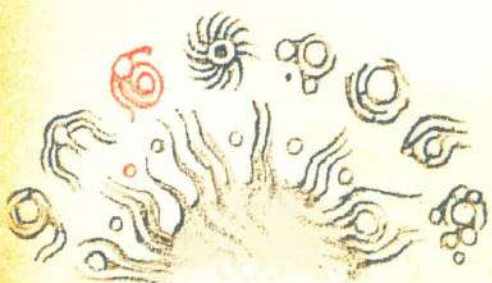
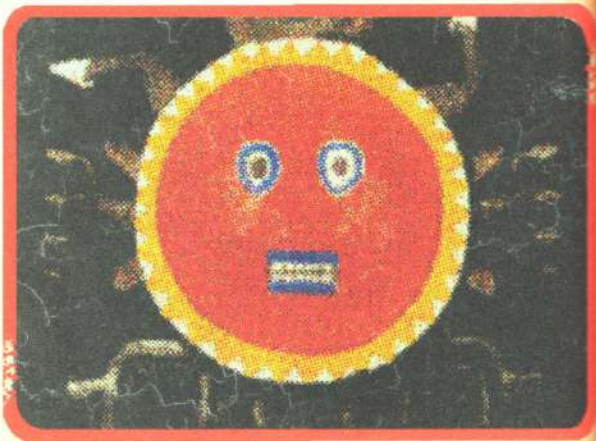


**You cannot pick bones from this place**





Dead Sun's Shrine  
Agerutt South

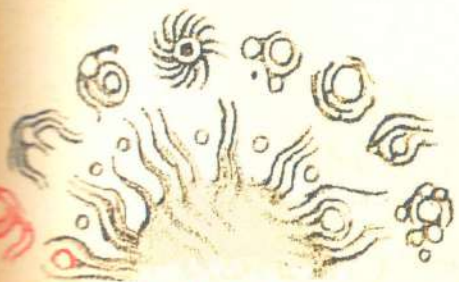


Third solstice





Plague House  
Valley of the Wind



First solstice



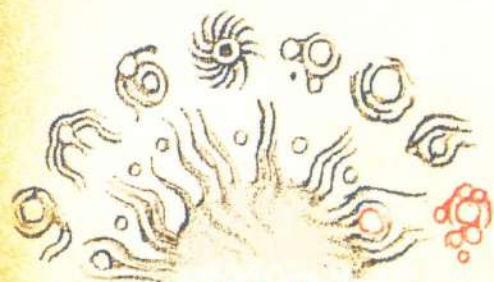




**Tower of Decay**  
Ketereth's Fingers

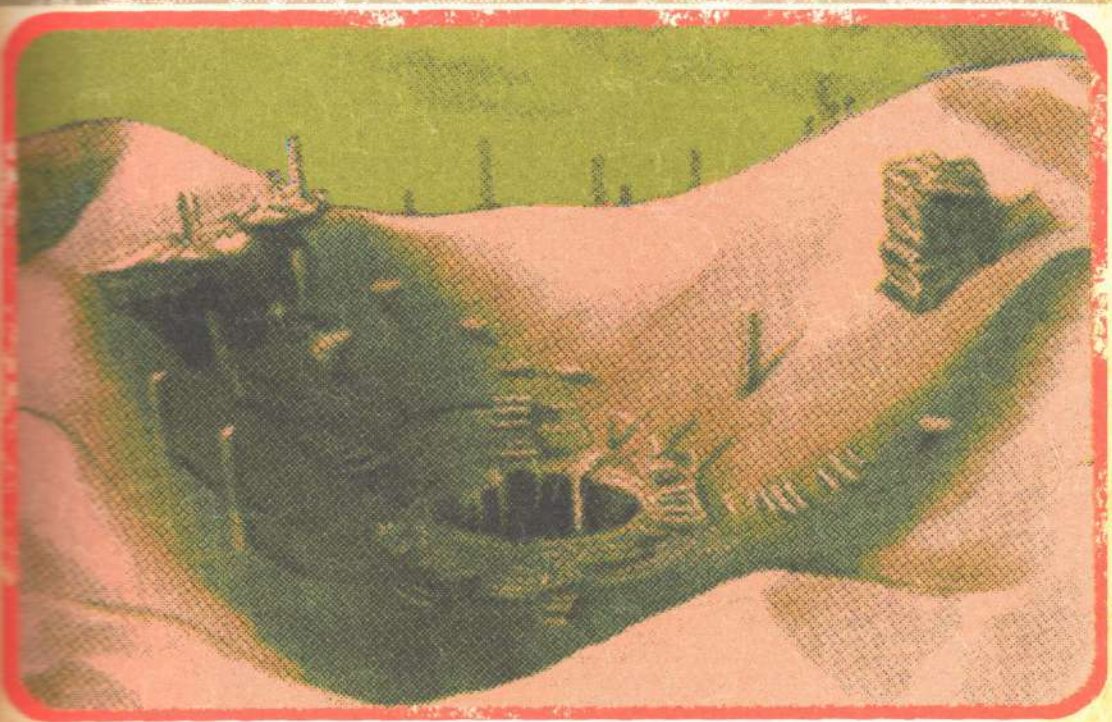


You cannot pick bones from this place



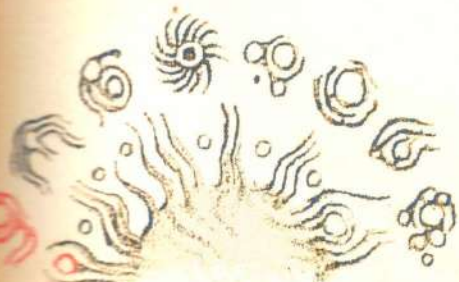
**Eight solstice**



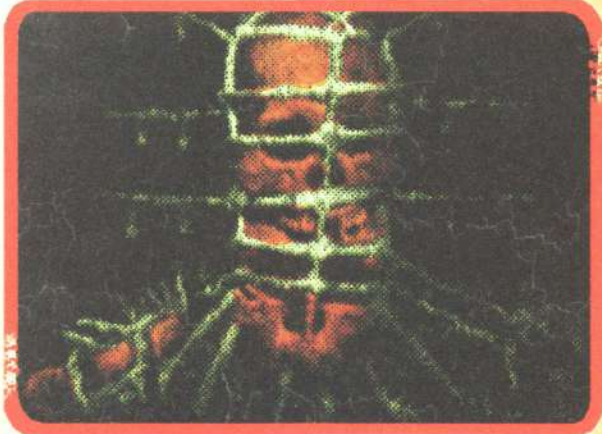


**Maze of Ashes**

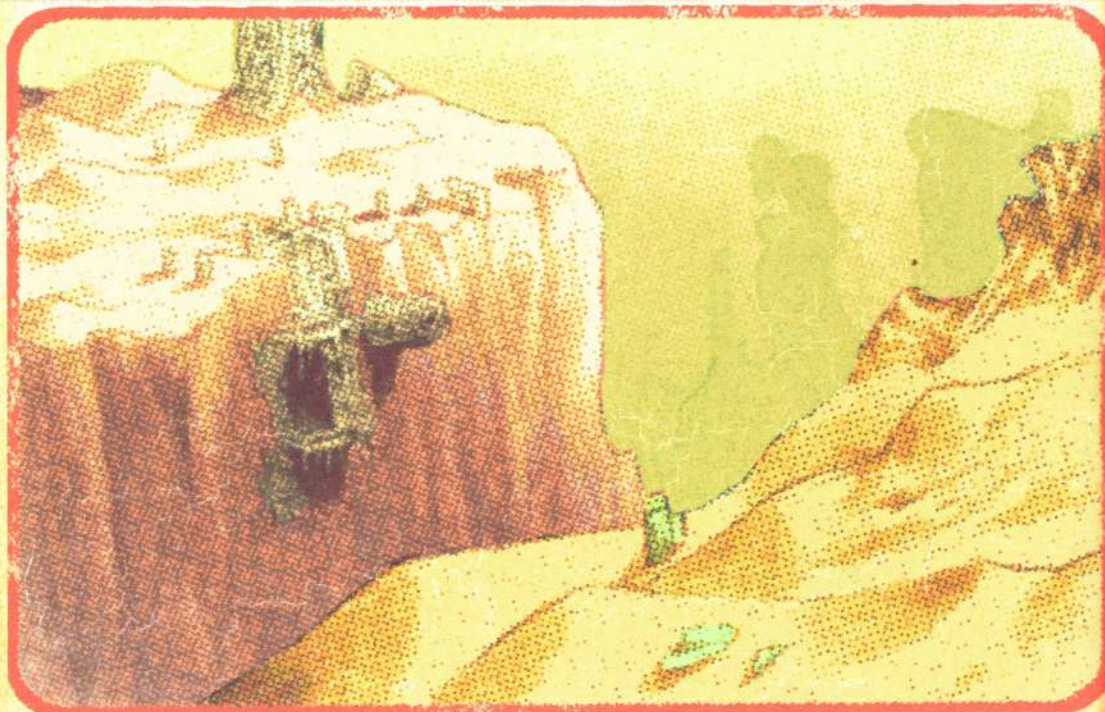
Sea of Bones



First solstice







**Hidden Temple**  
Summits of Agerutt



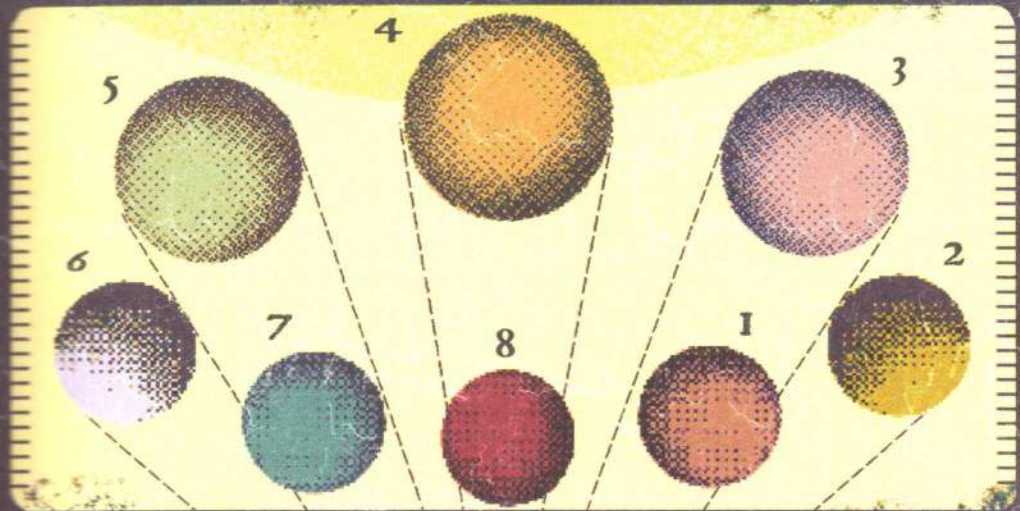
All solstices



You cannot pick bones from this place

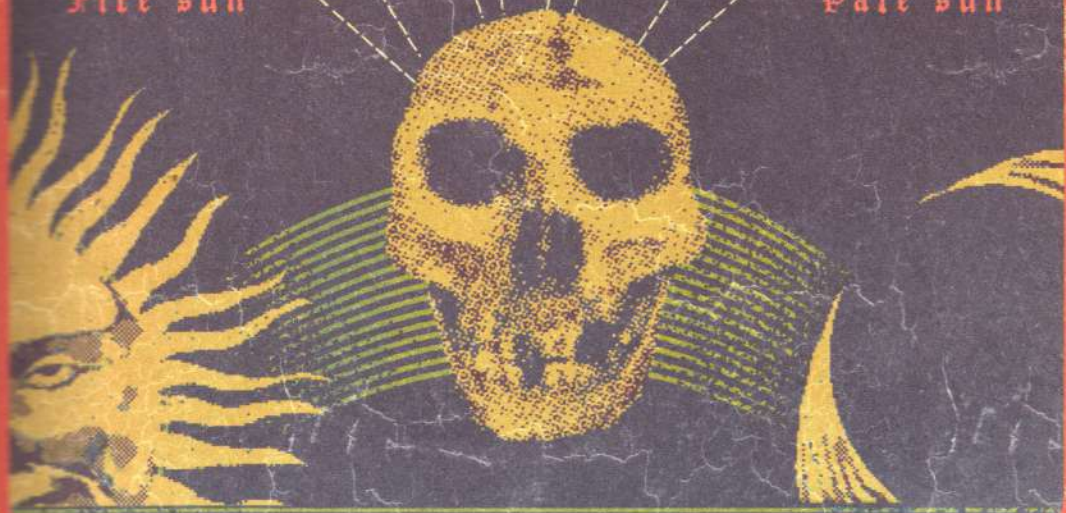


# Path of the Undying Sun

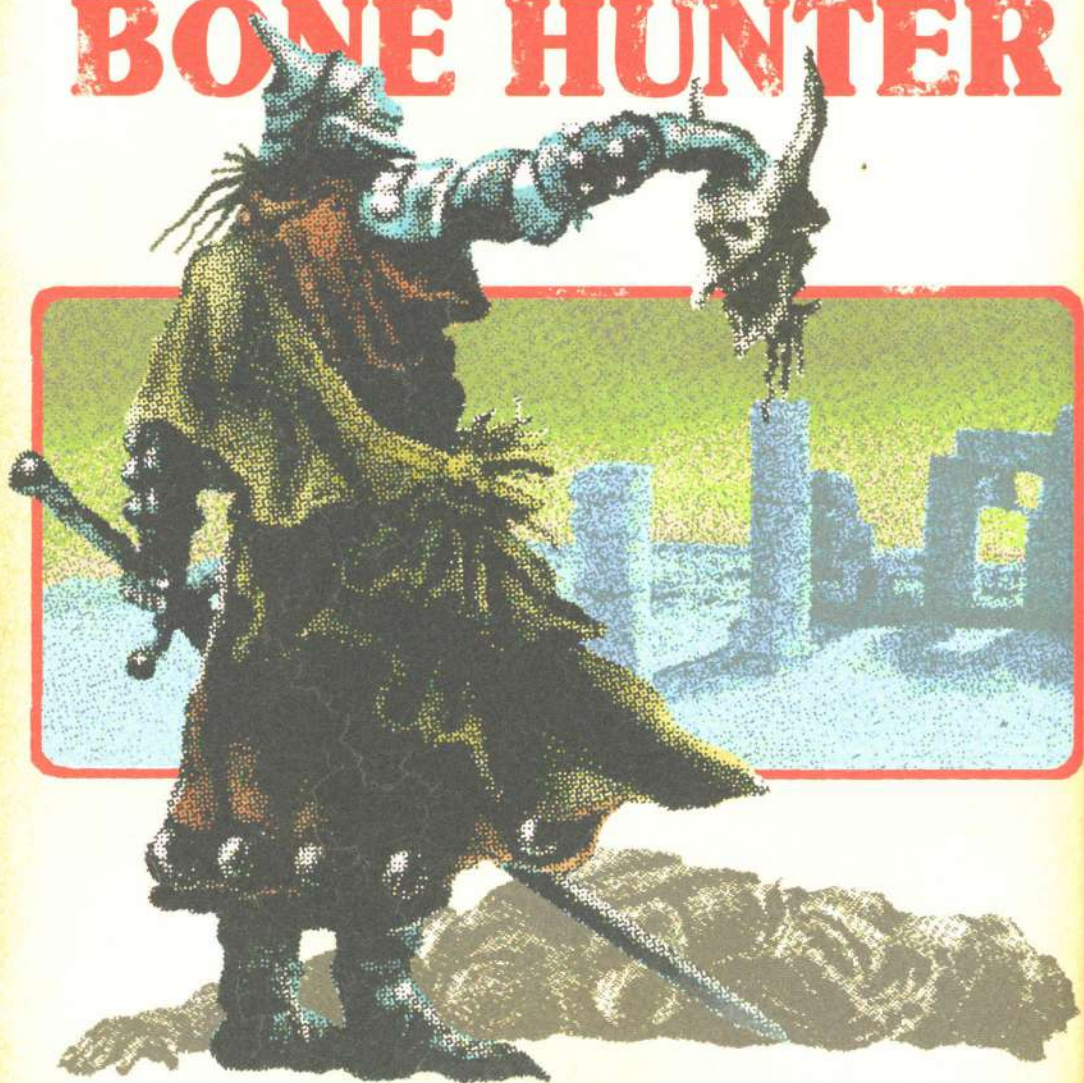


Fire sun

Pale sun



# The **BONE HUNTER**





## Devotees of Ghylak

The bones do not hide secrets. Despite not having tongues, they can tell tales, and even though they are hollow, they are full of power for those who know how to use them.

The Bone Hunters are infamous for beheading their victims and offering their skulls to Ghylak.

Decapitation is a common practice among the followers of the god, the most devout going as far as to offer their own heads to the cause.

The Bone Hunters tend to be solitary and ruthless people, feared by the travelers and merchants that trek throughout the endless deserts of Agerutt.



# Equipment of a Bone Hunter



Sword and Dagger



Black Iron Armor



## Ohplak Fetish

A small idol made of wood or, occasionally, ivory; a carving of a coiled snake with the head of a woman.



## Exploration Gear

Various materials, containers, and tools commonly used during the exploration of ruins and temples.



## Crooked Fang

A fang from an emissary snake. Its venom enhances its user's strength and reflexes for a short period of time before rendering them unconscious.





Even though all Bone Hunters share a common goal, they act in very different ways in order to please the dark desires of their god. Some of them could be seen as opportunistic bandits that, after robbing their victims, sacrifice their bodies to Ghylak, while others revel in the massacres they commit. Then there are those who rummage through sand-covered tombs for bones to pile on altars of the Coiled One.

The Hunters tend not to socialize among themselves since some of them do not hesitate to kill whoever they come across without caring which god they serve, with the only exception being if they stand on Ghylak's holy grounds.







The mere utterance of his name still instills fear in many and devotion in a few. Old god of death and darkness with many titles, the Two-Headed Snake and the Vengeful One are but the most common ones.

Ghylah was condemned by Marko with the Eternal Curse, thus sealing both of their fates since the devotees of the snake god wasted no time avenging their fallen god. Marko was beheaded and defiled, hence suffering the same fate as Ghylah.





When Ghylah was decapitated, such was the sorrow of his people that one of his devotees offered him her own head as a symbol of her eternal love. Her visage became that of her god for all eternity.

The corpse of Ghylah was venerated, and his will was heard louder than ever before. During those dark times, the wrath of the Cursed caused millions of heads to roll; vengeance turned into pure rampant depravity.

Even though the cult of Ghylah has dwindled over time, there are still followers of the Twisting Tyrant that seek to uncurse him. They roam the lands in search of an answer; death always follows their steps.



## The Cold Metal

In order to endure the scorching temperatures of Agerutt, the desert dwellers don armors, helmets, masks, and ornaments made of black iron, a strange mineral that is always cold to the touch.

Black iron was originally discovered in what is now known as the Pestilent Mines. Over the course of time, it has been used for weapon manufacturing, food preservation, and refrigeration.

It is unusual to stumble across this mineral outside of Agerutt since the mines are no longer active, and black iron was mainly exported to the desert.



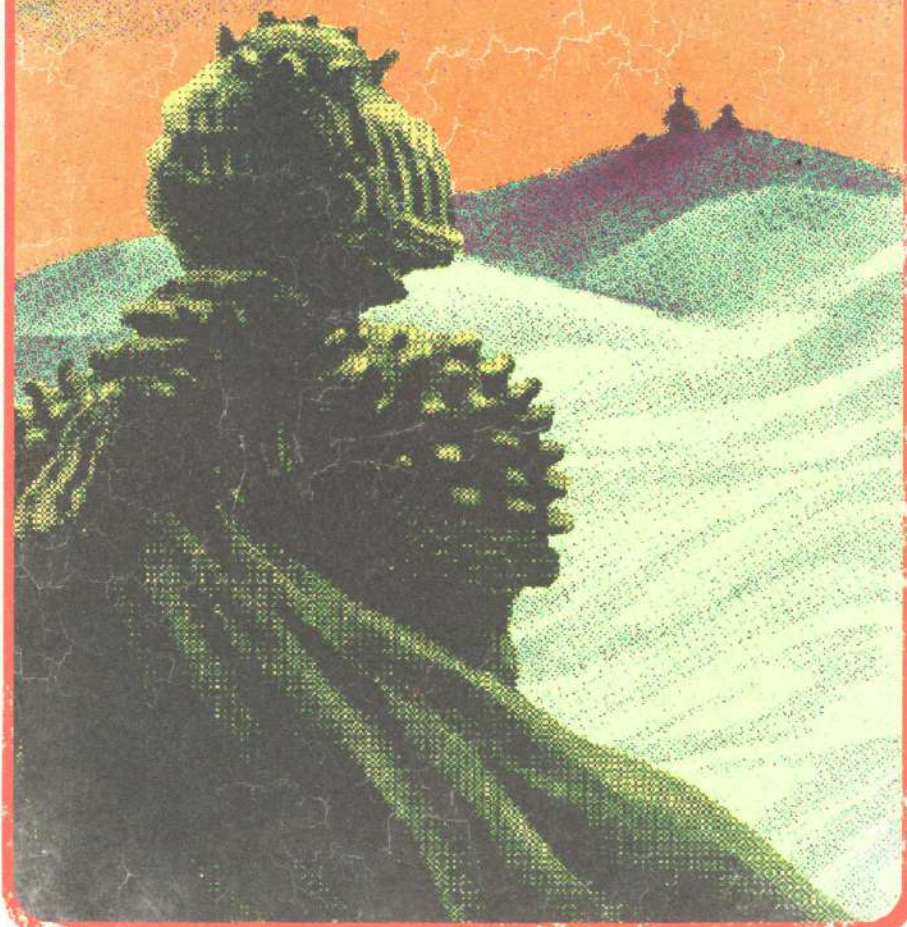
# VERMIS



VERMIS: ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL BROWN, MONTREAL

VERMIS: ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL BROWN, MONTREAL





# The Pursuing Shadows

The Despair of Fleeing From the Unseen



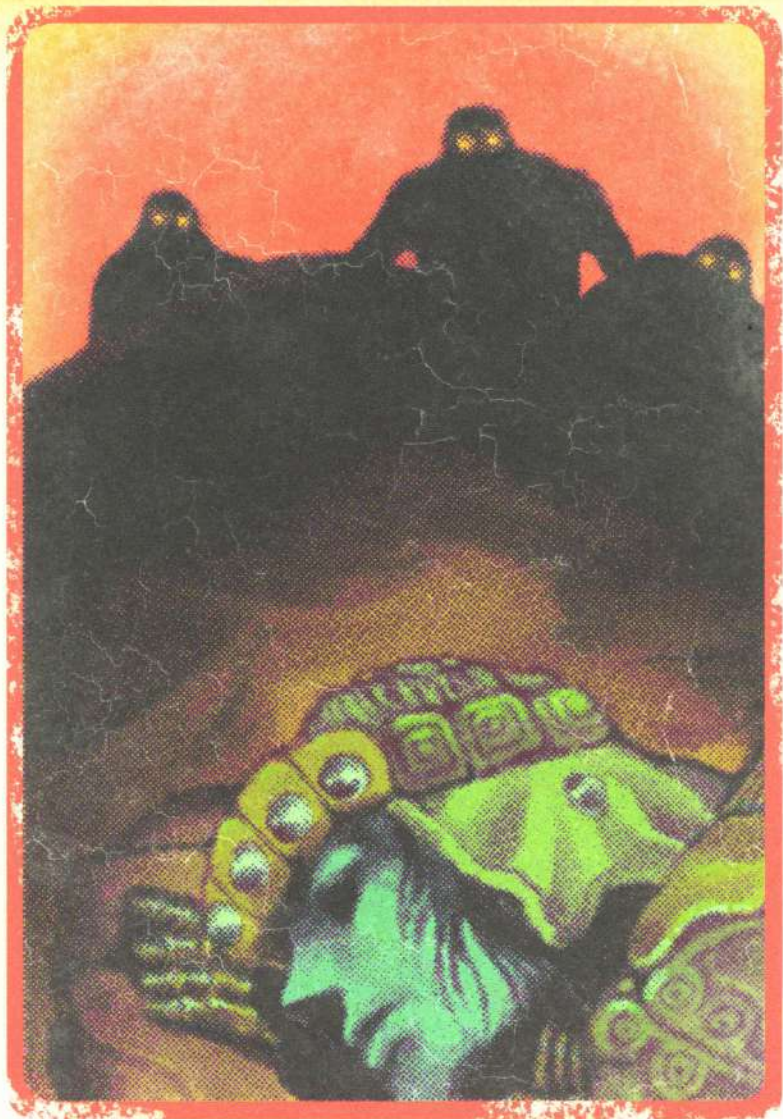
## A Path of Bones and Ashes



Alone, the Wayfarer rests next to a campfire, the faint warmth of the embers soothing his restless bones. He tries to close his eyes, but his tormented mind does not allow him to.

So long has he been wandering the sand that he remembers not his past life. He meanders from place to place, plundering tombs and snatching the life out of those who dare to importunate him, offering them to his insatiable god. He cannot recall when it all started, at what moment the hunter became the hunted.





Just for brief moments does his burden lighten, the times in which he forgets about the shadows. He never stops for too long, afraid of them catching up to him; he sleeps for short periods and walks all day.

His faith in Ghylak allows him to face his enemies without fear; however, he cannot help but shiver whenever he thinks of what stalks him from behind. They plague his nightmares, allowing him to catch brief glimpses of their faces. Sometimes they just look eerily familiar, other times downright monstrous.

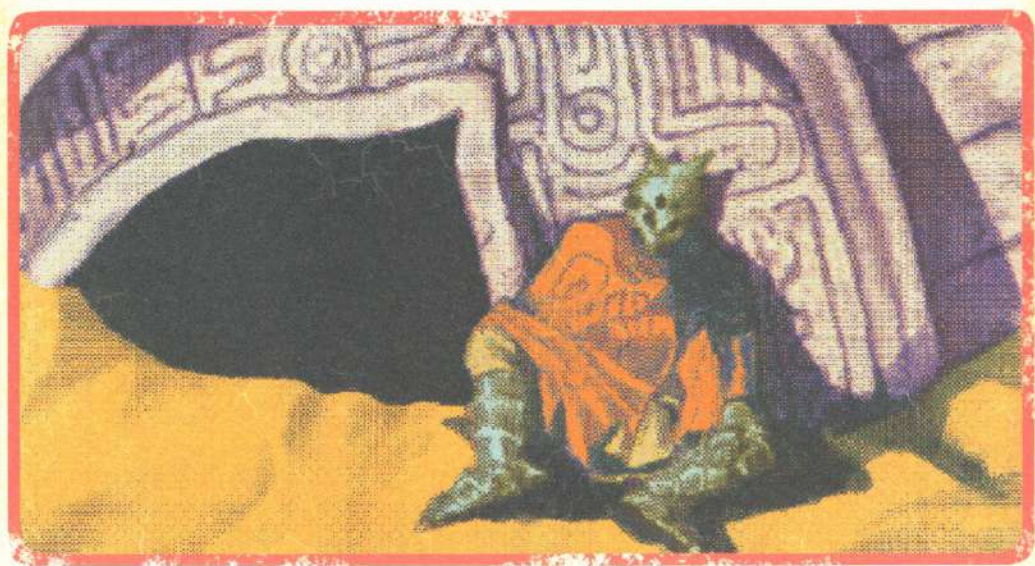




Those unsettling and twisted visages hidden in the shadows terrorize him, yet he has no memory of seeing any of them outside of his dreams. His imagination molds those abominations at its whim, turning what he already fears the most into something impossible to confront.

His mind envisions the revenants shredding the flesh from his bones, tearing his head from his torso with their foul claws.





The next day, after a long journey walking through the desert, the Wayfarer spots in the distance a large stone structure partially buried in the sand. At its entrance lies resting a figure shrouded in a tattered cloak. As the Wayfarer approaches, the man tries to pick himself up with difficulty; he can barely stand on his feet.





## The Carrier of the Eye

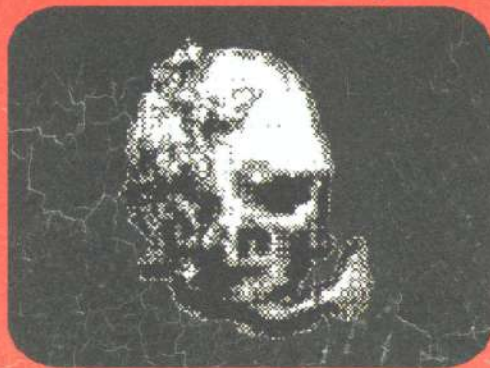
The stranger moves away from the wall and slowly approaches the Wayfarer, limping. He seems shaken. He unsuccessfully tries to hide his right arm within his cloak; it is completely petrified. Then, he pulls out a shiny eye-shaped trinket for the Wayfarer to see.

"I know what thou art. I know of thy kin.

"If thou art to behead me, I plead thee to hear me first. This relic opens a gate to unfathomable treasures: riches far beyond what thou could need in thy whole life.

"But, I, and I alone, know how to cross said gate. If thou forgive my life, I swear to share the wealth with thee once I discover its exact location."

### Chance of obtaining



### Half-Petrified Skull

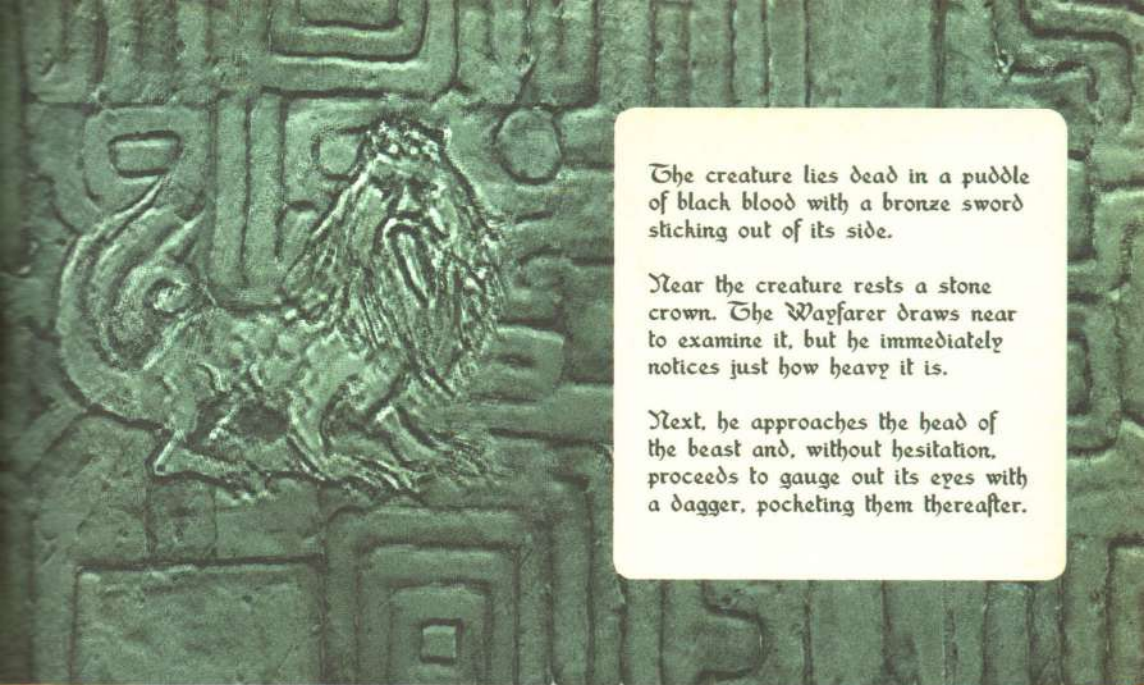


## The Sage-Faced Beast

A strange smell emanates from within, beyond the gateway, a mix of blood and brimstone. The Wayfarer proceeds cautiously into the structure. The light coming from outside illuminates the floor ahead faintly.

In no time, the Wayfarer stumbles across a huge beast lying on the floor.





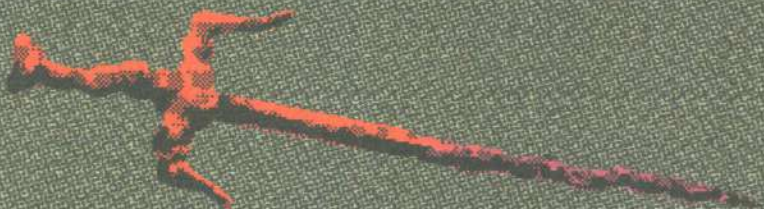
The creature lies dead in a puddle of black blood with a bronze sword sticking out of its side.

Near the creature rests a stone crown. The Wayfarer draws near to examine it, but he immediately notices just how heavy it is.

Next, he approaches the head of the beast and, without hesitation, proceeds to gauge out its eyes with a dagger, pocketing them thereafter.

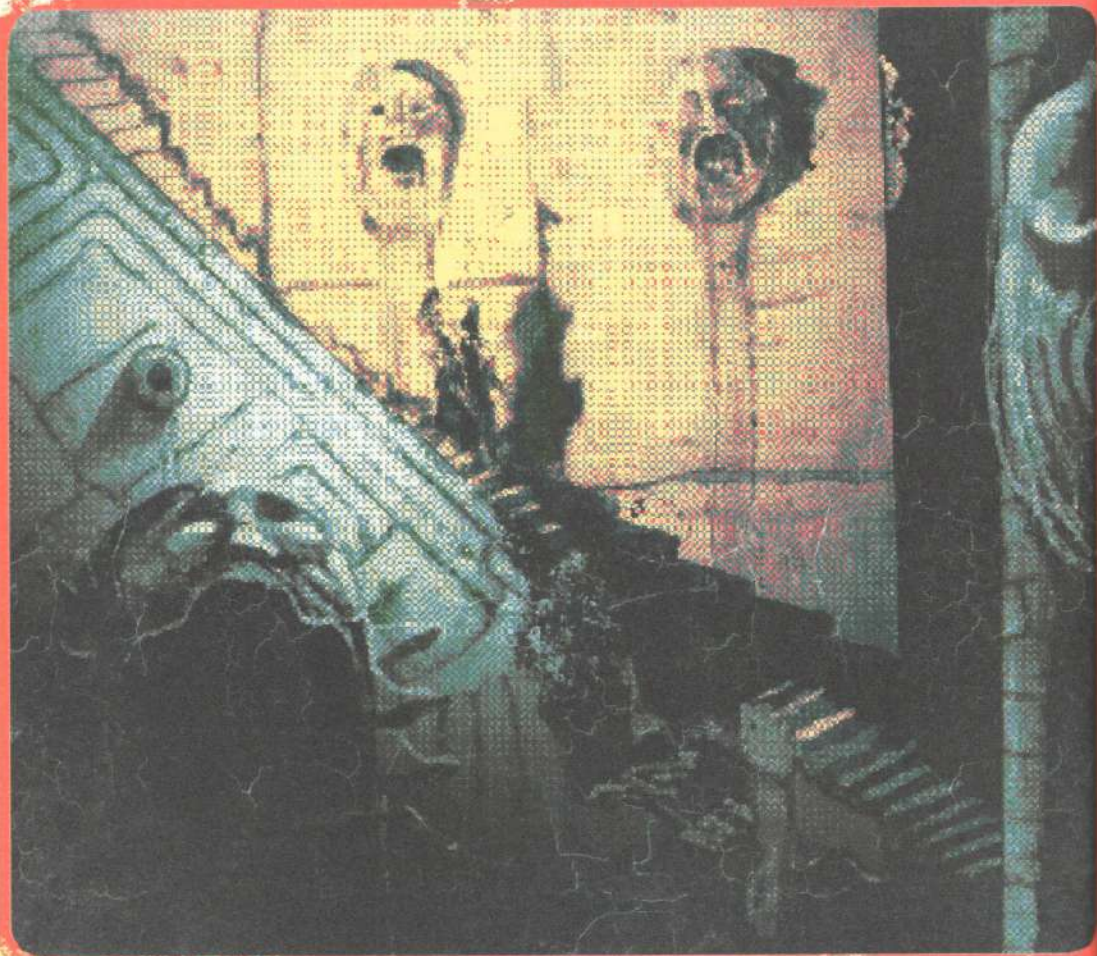
After inspecting the sword up close, the Wayfarer realizes that it has solidified inside the corpse of the creature. The blood of the beast has reacted with the bronze after coming in contact with it, forming a stony scab around the wound. After pulling on it a couple of times, the sword emerges intact save the part of it that resided within the beast, which has acquired a porous texture and a dark tinge.

## Bronze Sword





As the Wayfarer plunges deeper into the entrails of the temple, the solemn visages of stony faces seem to follow him no matter where he goes. He warily handles the eye-shaped relic as he makes his way forward, pondering the words of the stranger, wondering if he spoke the truth or if it was all a ruse to save his hide.





## Whispers in the Darkness

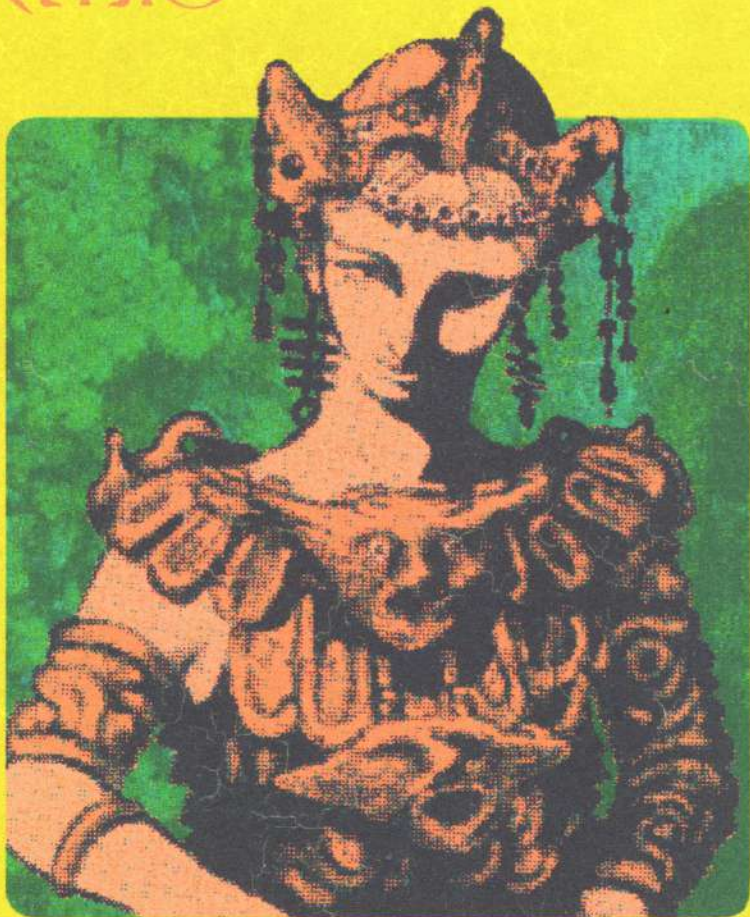
After many hours roaming through the desolated temple, the Wayfarer starts hearing murmurs in the distance.

With his paranoia only growing as he marches on deeper and deeper, he considers giving up and looking for a way out, afraid that the shadows could have followed him all the way here.

However, at that moment, an archway distinct from the rest catches his eye...



# VERMIS



## The Goblin Queen

The self-proclaimed queen of the goblins, in years past, consort to the last king of the Great Citadel. She orchestrated the murder of her husband and fled into the woods accompanied by her personal guard. There she established her own kingdom and erected a castle over the bones of scrawny creatures that fearfully followed her every command.

The Queen gave birth to daughters two: a beautiful girl of argent locks and jade skin, and a hideous abomination, a punishment for her sins. She chained her second child in the depths of a well like she was no more than a beast, keeping her fed with the flesh of her serfs.



# The Voice of the Silent, the Sword of the Innocent

Amid the spilled blood, the horror, and the depravity, a beautiful and gentle flower blossomed. The princess expressed genuine devotion toward the creatures she grew up with, awakening new feelings of kindness and love among those who surrounded her. The hope for a better future radiantly shined in front of the servants of the Queen.

Eventually, the Princess led a rebellion that ended her mother's life. The Queen was thrown into the maws of the beast of her own blood.

After the revolt, the Green Sun Kingdom rose from the ashes of the Queen, led by the Princess and her faithful knights. They swore that, under their rule, not a single drop of goblin blood would ever be spilled again.



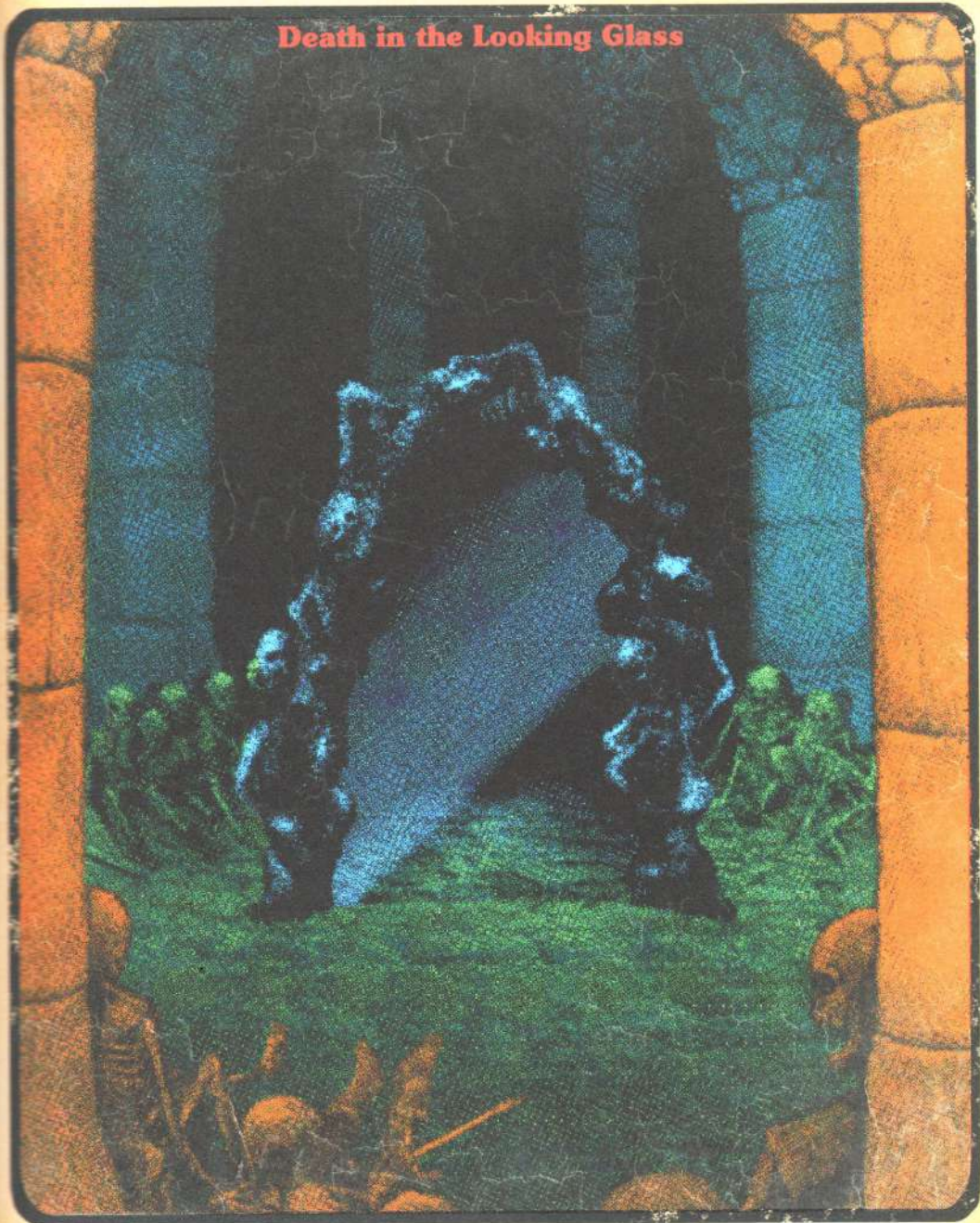
**The Goblin Princess**

Once on the other side of the threshold, the Wayfarer finds himself in a pillar-filled room. What before were incomprehensible mumbles turn into a weird melody that echoes among the columns.





**Death in the Looking Glass**







## The Glass of a Hundred Gazes

All the skeletons here present share a disturbing detail: even though their skin rotted away from their bones long ago, they all retain their eyes, for they have crystallized. In their sockets they glint, immaculate, giving their owners an unnervingly lifelike appearance.



A large mirror stands amid bony remains. The skeletons rest at the feet of pillars. The melody ends abruptly while the Wayfarer observes the eerie scene.

Startled, the Wayfarer swiftly unsheathes his sword before the mirror. He has seen many things during the course of his travels, but such a flawless reflection of his own self was not one of them. Quickly realizing the true nature of the figure that stands in front of him, the Wayfarer approaches the mirror to inspect it up close.





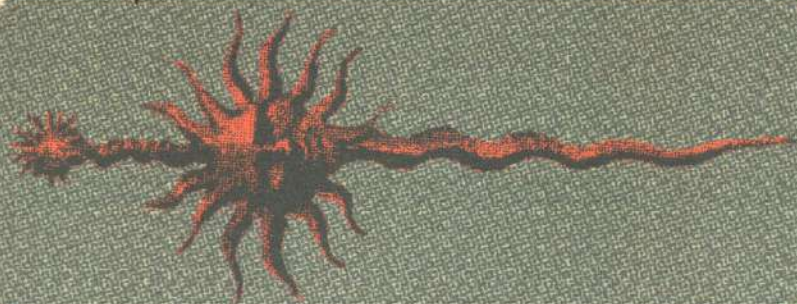
# The Pale Sun Knight



Some old bones clad in an ornate armor covered with icons of the Undying Sun. The needle-like rusty sunbeams make it impossible to remove any of the armor's pieces.

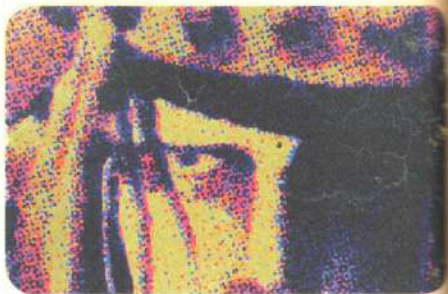
The warrior supports itself on an unusual-looking blade with no signs of wear: in the torchlight, the sword shimmers with an intense golden brown sheen.

## Blade of Solstice





# The Eyes of a Stranger



The Wayfarer contemplates the unfamiliar face: tired worried eyes stare back at him. Mixed feelings sprout inside him: he feels comforted yet lonely, for he cannot remember the last time he looked at the face of someone he could trust.

"Is this the visage of death... or of devotion?" he thinks as he vividly recalls all the times he has snuffed out the life of a fellow man.

His pondering is then interrupted when he notices something unusual...



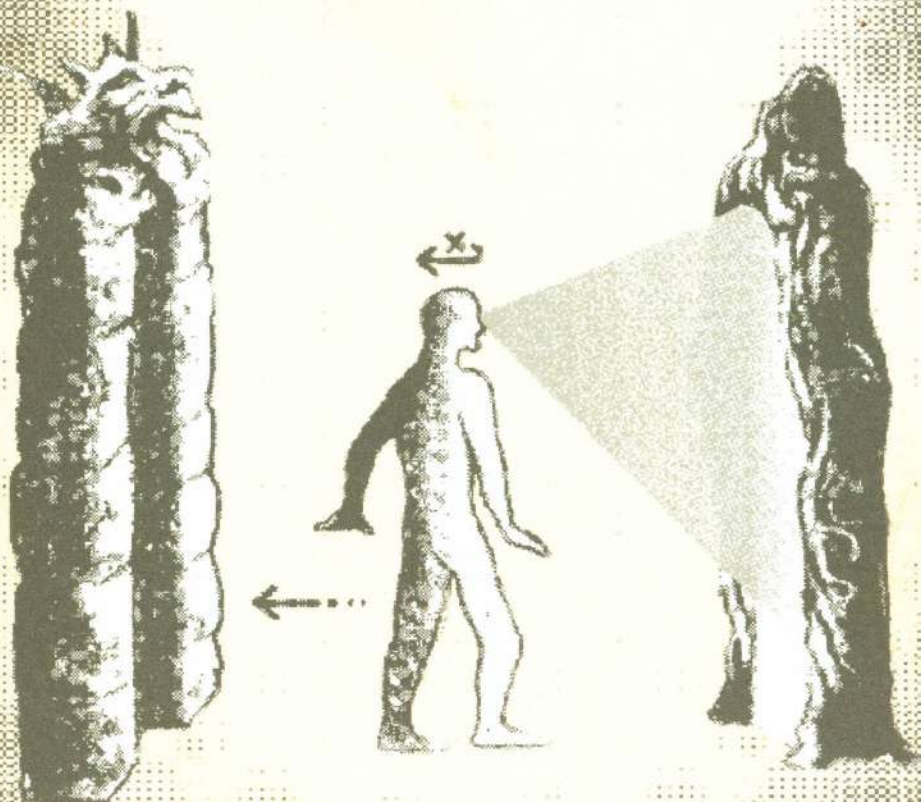


In the reflection, a huge doorway leading to a long corridor looms over him. It stands a few steps behind him. Stunned, the Wayfarer turns around, only to confirm that there is nothing there but the dark forest of pillars, stretching as far as the eye can see.

And yet, when he looks at the mirror's image once more, the gate is still there. Intrigued, he starts walking backward slowly while keeping his eyes on the glass. Soon enough, he is being engulfed by the walls of that mysterious hallway.

Only those who observe the world with eyes of  
glass will find their way into the Purgatory.

## ENTERING THE GLASS PURGATORY

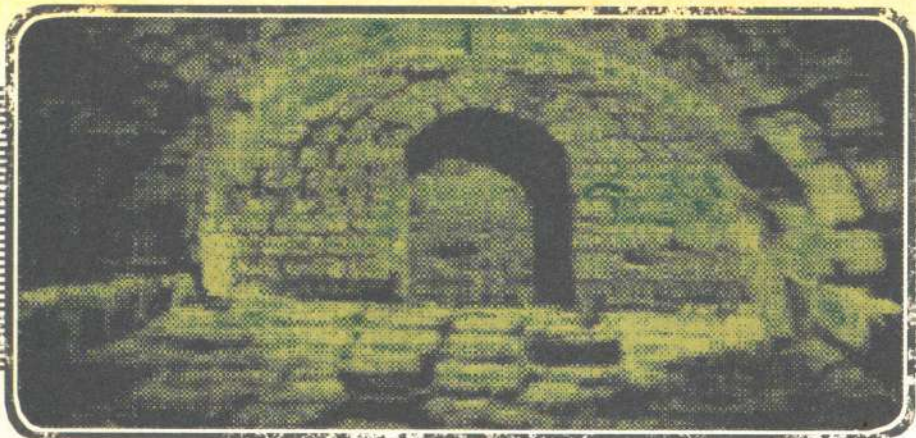






## The Glass Threshold





Deeper the Wayfarer sinks into the enigmatic reflection, not breaking visual contact with the glass for a moment. However, before long, he thinks he can hear a murmur behind him. He turns his head to find only the emptiness of the hallway, illuminated by the quivering light of his torch. The damp air glitters like diamond dust, creating an alluring otherworldly ambiance.

When he turns toward the mirror once again, he finds himself staring at a stone wall instead; the doorway is nowhere to be found.

The Wayfarer reaches for the wall with his hand and nervously feels it, making sure it is not an illusion. While he does so, he notices a brick unlike the rest, for it displays a strange symbol he has never seen before.

Producing a papyrus sheet, the Wayfarer creates a rubbing of the figure using a piece of charcoal.





# GURVEK THE GREAT



Long ago a giant roamed the world alongside man. He was venerated as a god since his nature did not stride far away from divinity. He protected humans as if they were of his own flesh, and many titans found death by his colossal longsword.

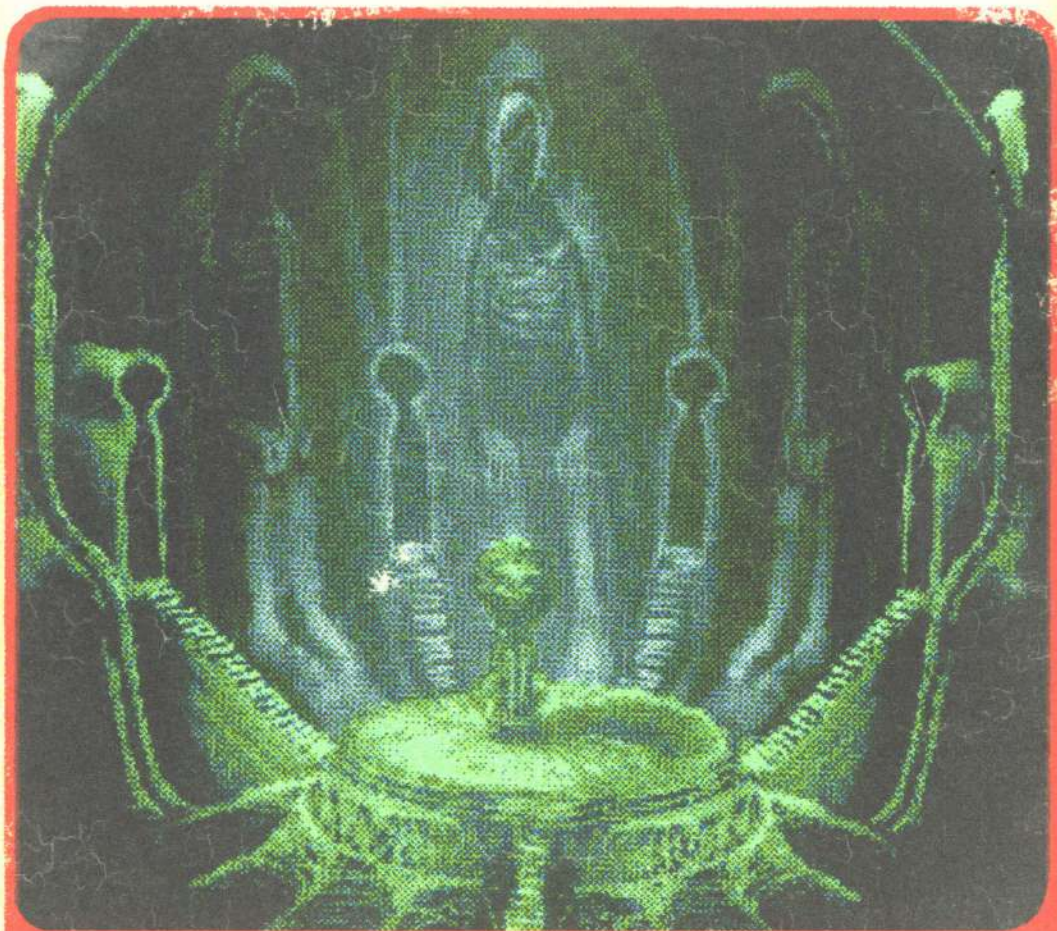
For years, he slept, atop mountains and deep valleys as beds, lulled by the birds, tucked in by the silvery mist.

His blade rests still to this day on summits high, waiting for someone worthy of wielding its greatness.





# The Colossal Thrones



The Wayfarer pushes forward until he arrives at a massive chamber, where five paths converge under the gaze of five gargantuan glass-faced stone effigies sitting on thrones. In the center of the room, which is reflected in all five of their faces, rests an eerie statue under a pillar of light. Intimidated by the eldritch scene, the Wayfarer slowly descends the stairs and carefully approaches the figure.





## The Sphinx



Light pours over the face of the Sphinx; a contorted grin unveils before the Wayfarer. A ghastly aura envelops the stone beast.

Stopping to examine the unnerving statue, the Wayfarer is fast to realize that its left eye greatly resembles the relic he possesses and that where its right eye should be, only a hollow is. He reaches down to his pocket...

The Wayfarer fits the relic in the statue's eye socket. After a few seconds, the relic starts sinking further into the cavity, a perfect fit.

At that moment, the Wayfarer's right eye begins trembling. He panics but can do nothing as his eye becomes loose and falls to the floor. He collapses amid screams of agony.



After a while, the piercing pain recedes and the wound stops bleeding. It is then that the Wayfarer notices that if he covers his left eye, he can see through the eyes of the Sphinx; he sees himself, with a hand over his eye.



# The Secret Stairway

A Road to the Unknown

The floor trembles, and before long the central platform starts rotating. Dust and small debris rain down from the vault above.

The stairs turn along with the floor, detaching from the doors. The movement stops when one of them reaches the feet of the middle throne, thus unveiling a new pathway.



# Dwellers of the Purgatory

Creatures That Crawl Among the Reflections of the Labyrinth

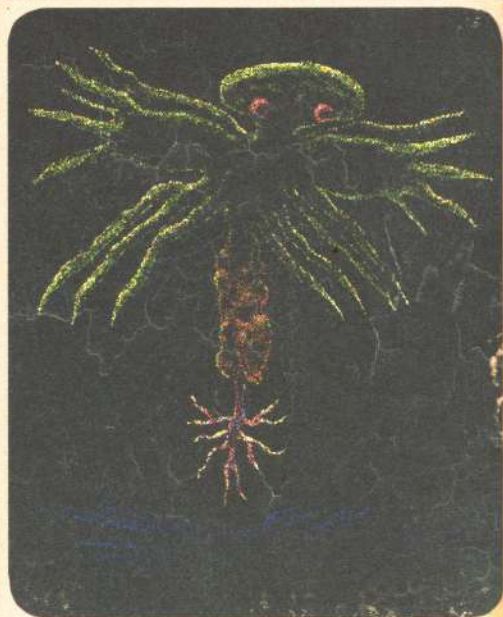


## The Red King

The Red King is an entity that hides behind a mirror's image.

In the deepest corner of the nauseating Red Nest, a foul place riddled with disease and putrefaction, lurks the most twisted of kings. He abandoned his human carcass long ago, adopting a new form with which to reign over his very own hell.

The sting of a bastard of the Red King carries white hives, a fate worse than death.



## Flying Effigy

The flying effigies patrol the Purgatory without rest.

Strange creatures carefully sculpted in stone decorate the walls of the Purgatory. If a mirror is shattered, these figures awake and tear themselves off their resting places to give chase to the heretic.

Their shining gem-like eyes are able to emit a petrifying light ray. Those who manage to evade their gaze can still be paralyzed by their venomous tail.







## Zurigh

Zurigh is the sovereign of the Glass Hand Castle, which hides within a mirror.

What started as a prison ended up becoming a comfortable home for the vain wizard since he is always greeted by his majestic figure no matter where he looks. Lost in his delirium, he rules over his hundreds of loyal reflections, who quiver under his might.



## Living Cage

The living cages are torture devices designed to punish those who intrude into the Purgatory.

Rusty iron behemoths covered with spikes and blades. They remain inert until a prisoner is locked up within them.

The mouths of the living cages are open at all times, offering a view of their interiors in order to intimidate those who oppose them with the pained expressions of their captives.



# The Glass Hand Castle



VERMIS





## Cellar Daughter

Monstrous creatures that inhabit the deepest parts of the Purgatory.

Concealed in a permanent penumbra, these abominations patiently wait in their nests for their next victims. The closer one is to a cellar daughter, the thicker the darkness grows.

They are capable of imitating the cry of an infant in order to lure or unsettle their prey.

Only the tolls of the Bell can drive these creatures away, and only a blessed blade can give them death.



## Lord of Worms

In the Chamber of the Silent Blades, the Lord of Worms resides.

The Lord of Worms is a being that obtained a humanoid body and mind of its own after centuries of wriggling and feeding on corpses. Within the Chamber there are only ghosts and rot; nevertheless, the Lord of Worms rose to reign over them.



# The Guardians of the Glass

Scepter and Sword of the Primordial Glass in the Heart of the Purgatory



## The Conjoined Witch

The Scepter of the Primordial Glass is a being created by the Purgatory to protect its heart.

The putrid amalgam holds a vast knowledge in many fields of magic, for it possesses the collective intellect of the bodies that form it.

It remains dormant in the Glass Nest, contemplating the Primordial Glass.



## The Conjoined Warrior

The Sword of the Primordial Glass is a being created by the Purgatory to protect its heart.

A creature that was molded out of the rotten carcasses of the most skilled and powerful warriors who lay dead within the Purgatory. The Conjoined Warrior is an opponent like no other: unstoppable and with devastating strength.

It was trusted with the mission of hunting down anyone who dared to enter the Heart of the Purgatory.







The Wayfarer sets foot in a strange place filled with mirrors. Here, the cavernous walls draw undulant roots that frame the pieces of glass. He places his hand against one of the walls to feel the cold stone as he advances, his fingers tracing the serpentine recesses in the damp rough wall.

The Wayfarer halts when his hand encounters the smooth surface of one of the mirrors. He turns his head and observes it carefully.



# The Whispering Fountain

The Wayfarer stares at his reflection, examining the details of his helm, trying to find his gaze through the black iron to no avail. Feeling that the mirror's image is distorted, he reaches toward it with his hand once more.

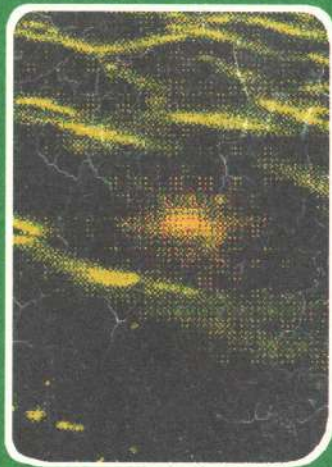
As soon as his hand touches the glass, the surface starts rippling. All of a sudden, he realizes that he is on his knees in front of the basin of a massive fountain.





A dim light of unknown origin showers over a cloaked statue as it pours an unending stream of water with a tempting and relaxing sound.

Allured by the promise of fresh water, the Wayfarer lets himself sink shoulder-deep in the dark nectar. Lost in thought while glancing at the wavy reflections, he feels revitalized, his whole body loosening up in a rare moment of peace. However, he soon discerns a small shiny object lying at the bottom of the basin. Approaching it, the Wayfarer ends up in a deeper part of the fountain; he dives in.



A smooth gray hand grabs the Wayfarer's wrist; a voice echoes in his head.



**“To whom belongs thy flesh?”**

The Wayfarer struggles against the woman's grasp for a few seconds to no avail. He panics, for he is quickly running out of air. He gurgles, “Ghplak!” a cloud of bubbles escaping his mouth. She eases her grip.

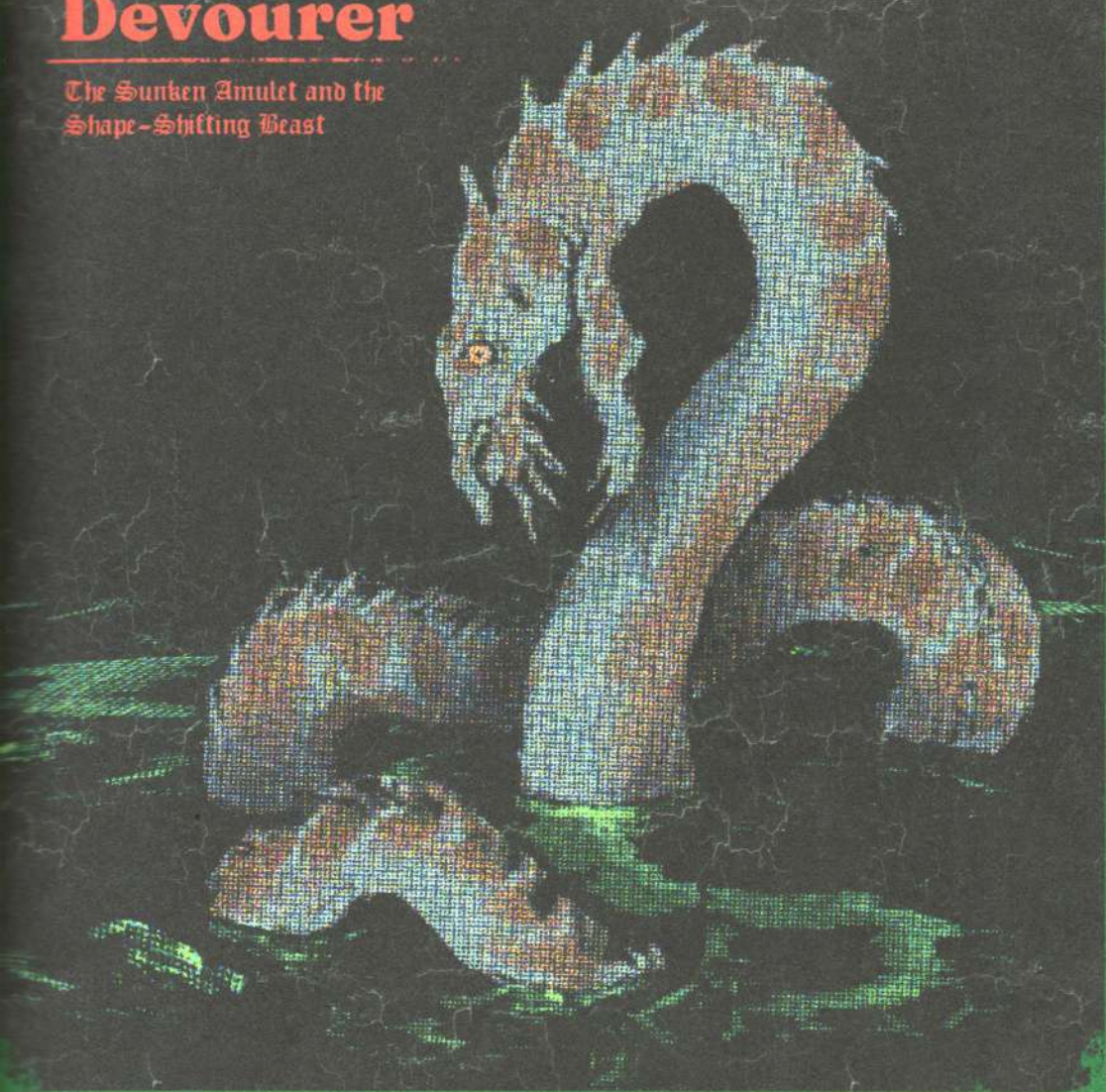
The water's surface breaks, and the Wayfarer gasps for air. He swims for the fountain's edge as he recovers from the shock.



# The Black Water Devourer



The Sunken Amulet and the  
Shape-Shifting Beast



The waters splash behind the Wayfarer. He turns around, paralyzed with terror when he sees the head of a huge snake lurking out of the murky depths. Its lifeless predatory eyes are fixed on the Wayfarer as its maws unhinge, releasing a terrible hiss and a nauseating stench.





Fighting against his fear, the Wayfarer stares back at the monster. He tries to reach for his sword, but the creature immediately notices and breaks the standoff, lunging over him like a coiling cascade of fangs and scales.

#### Chance of obtaining



**Monstrous Bones**

#### Chance of obtaining



**Shiny Amulet**





**VERMIS**  
NESSIS



The water turns red as the body of the beast sinks. A couple of seconds pass before the Wayfarer notices that, before its death, the monster took his left arm with it. Clutching the wound, the Wayfarer realizes just how hopeless his situation is; blood just keeps pouring out of the stump. "I will not leave this place alive. Ghylah, have mercy on this poor servant," he muses.



The Wayfarer submerges in the water to alleviate the throbbing pain. The sounds of the water help calm his restless mind, but they are soon eclipsed by a strange distant sound. A bell resounds in the dark.



## Knells in the Haze

The tolls grow louder, they are almost deafening. Suddenly, a mist engulfs everything, and the Wayfarer finds himself standing in front of a fogged-up mirror, the same one he touched before appearing at the fountain. A tingling sensation makes him realize that his left arm has returned, as if nothing had happened.



The Wayfarer is stunned: the feeling of the air against his torn flesh and the warmth of the blood on his clothes are still fresh in his mind.

He is quick to check if his right eye is back, but he only finds the hole left by the Sphinx's devilry. Then he looks at his right hand, hoping to find it freed from the curse, however, he notices that the mauve has only grown since the last time he saw it.





# The Eyes in the Murk

Endless corridors full of foggy mirrors as far as the eye can see. The Wayfarer marches among knells, breaking through the mist.

As he ventures into the unknown, he exchanges glances with the innumerable reflections clouded by the dew. The Wayfarer sees far more than his own image in them: he sees things that make him shiver and quicken his pace.

### The Bodach



A withered old man, nothing but skin and bones. He is missing his left arm and his jaw is dislocated.

### The Chevalier



A knight bearing a sword and a shield blazoned with the image of Ghylak.

### The Bones



A skeleton wearing an absurd hat, also missing his left arm.



### The Torso



The Wayfarer's body cleaved in half near the waist. It stands up straight, immobile.

### The Wound



The Wayfarer, missing his left arm and clutching the stump.

### The Cursed One



A worm-eaten being of rotten purple flesh. He wobbles slightly, barely standing up.

### The Grin



The Wayfarer bearing a wide blissful smile devoid of malice.

### The Marionette



A puppet made of bones and scraps of an armor that the Wayfarer recognizes as his own.

### The Petrified One



The Wayfarer, turned to stone. Pain marks his barely recognizable face.



### The Other Bones



A skeleton wearing an odd-looking hood, also missing his left arm.

### The Twisted Visage



The disfigured and disproportionate semblance of the Wayfarer. It moves in an inhuman way.

### The Door



A doorway leading to darkness. There is some rubble on the other side of it.

### The Ceremony



The Wayfarer, dressed in ceremonial clothing, face painted white. It all looks eerily familiar.

### The Landscape



A windmill surrounded by greenery under a cloudy sky.

### The Affliction



A white hives victim. His wax-like skin is riddled with holes; insects keep sprouting out of them.



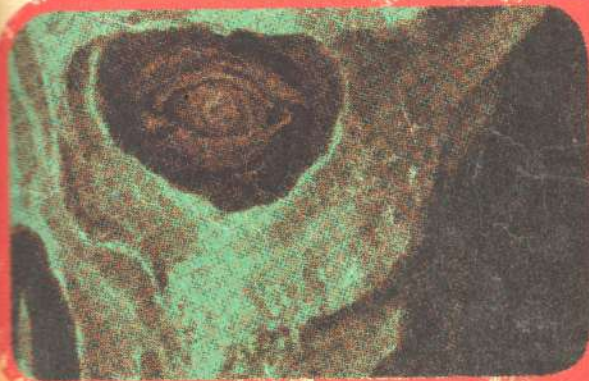
# The Creeping Shadow

0158 *Wizards of the Coast*





The Wayfarer hears the unsheathing of a sword behind him. When he turns around, he finds himself face to face with a shadow emerging out of a mirror, raising its sword against him. Blocking the strike with his own blade, the Wayfarer experiences the overwhelming strength of his rival. "The shadows... they have found me," he thinks as he tries to deflect the shade's sword.



Even though the shadows have always been his greatest fear, the Wayfarer forces himself to keep looking at the sinister wraith. For an instant, his gaze meets its, two dark pearls filled with pure terror.

The Wayfarer engages in a fierce duel with the shadow. It mimics all of his movements almost perfectly. Fatigue is taking its toll on the Wayfarer's attacks.





Gathering the last of his strength, the Wayfarer delivers a powerful slash. Silence dawns upon the hallway, broken only by a metallic sound as the fiend's helmet hits the stone floor and once more when its inert body drops its sword.

The Wayfarer stands motionless, panting and gasping for air. Ending the shadow's life has provided him with immense relief; he feels like he can finally face his fears. After a few seconds, the Wayfarer falls to his knees, exhausted.



# The Bleeding Shadow



## A Sinister Reflection

The shadow drops to its knees in front of the Wayfarer in the same manner.

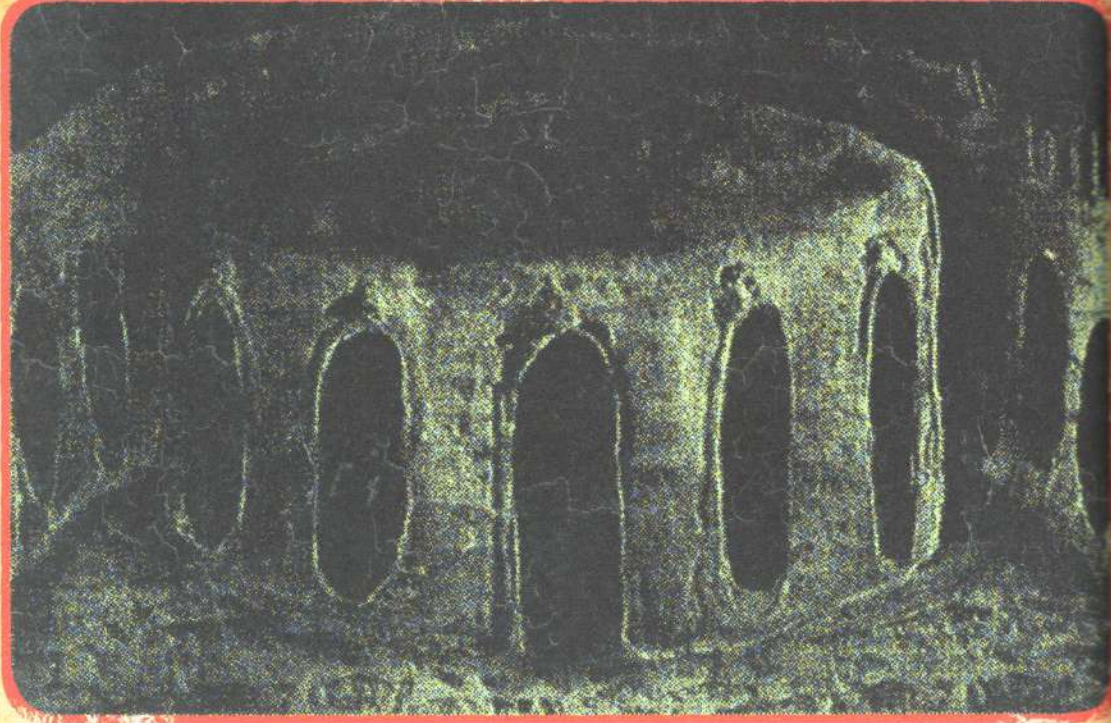
The Wayfarer occasionally wondered if those chasing figures that tormented him were nothing more than deliriums. Though, having executed one of them now, he has been able to disprove one of his preoccupations.

## Chance of obtaining



## Bones of a Stranger





# The Looping Hallway



Reaching the end of the corridor, the Wayfarer sets foot in a circular chamber with a smaller room in its center. He peeks inside the second room only to find it empty. At that very moment, a whistle can be heard behind him. He turns around only to find himself in an already familiar situation, the path behind him has vanished.

Frustrated, the Wayfarer circles around the room, checking the outer walls for a way out. After a while, a small flash of light startles him as he passes in front of the entrance to the inner room.



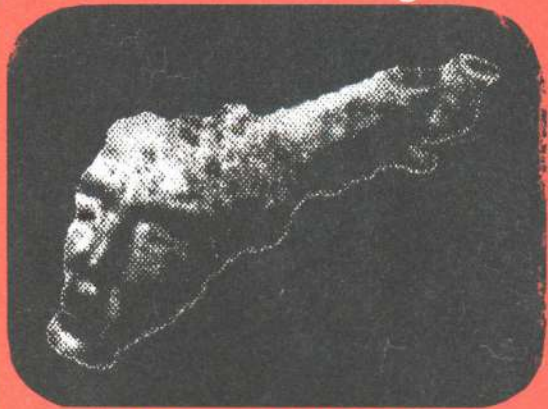
# A Room With a Whistle



The Wayfarer peeks inside the room once more, but, unlike before, he now finds that the room is square and has a small mirror hanging on its far side. It was his torch, reflected in said mirror, that had made him jump.

As he walks in, warily staring at the mirror, his sabaton kicks something small and metallic that rolls to the middle of the room. He takes a few steps forward and crouches to examine the object, it is a weird-looking whistle. After brushing the dust off of it, the Wayfarer finds an inscription, "Whistle and I shall come to thee." The whistle is in poor condition and unusually cold to the touch.

## Chance of obtaining



## Ominous Whistle

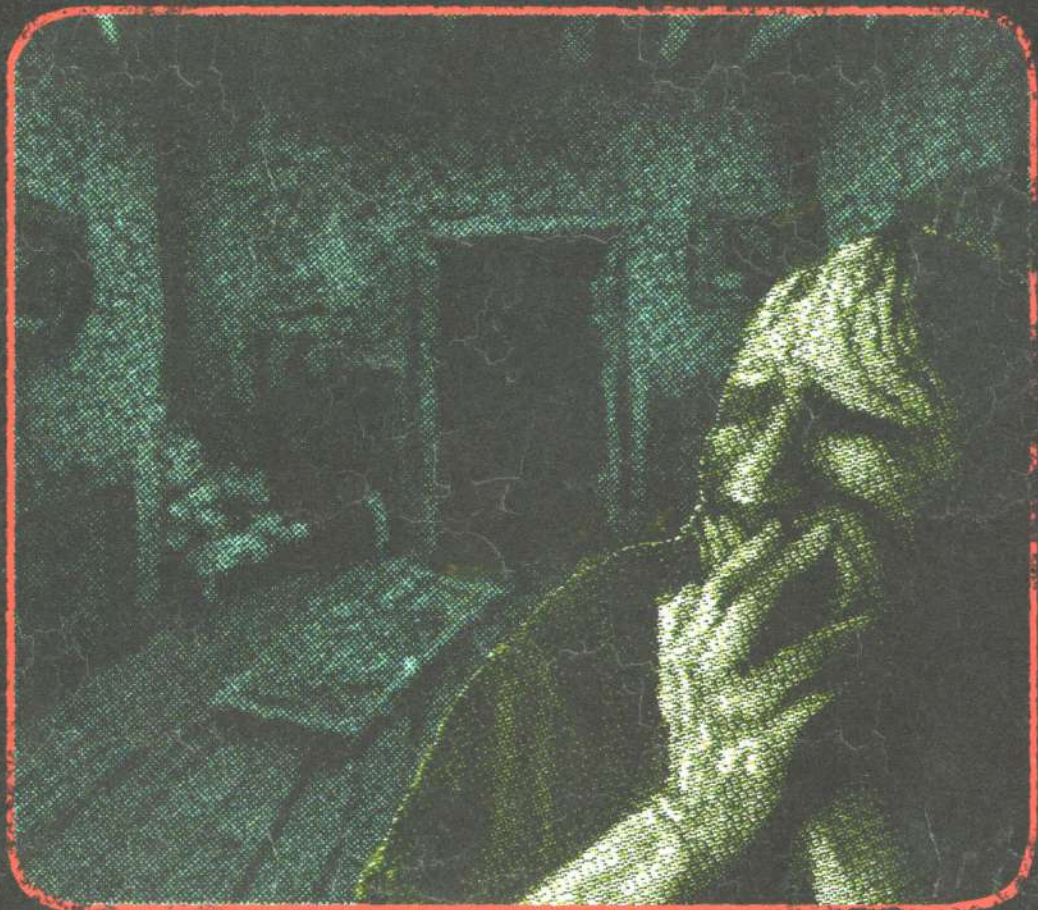


With the first blowing, the birds became quiet; with the second, the dogs barked; with the third, the whistling turned into a scream that made him shiver. The peasant did not believe in ghost stories, but such was the dread that that whistle made him feel that he buried it so it could not be used again.

The days went by, but that strange inscription would not abandon his thoughts. He had the feeling that something really was after him. Since the day he blew that whistle, he would wake up drenched in sweat every night; terrible nightmares deprived him of his rest.

During a stormy moonless night, the peasant was visited. Something knocked on his door, and the squall died down; it knocked again, and the dogs barked; it knocked a third time...

"Who is there?" he quavered. After a brief silence, a loud whistle froze his blood.





## Beyond the Sea of Sand

After going around the room one more time, light is suddenly pouring out of the doorway. The Wayfarer peeks through it and finds a stairway leading up. Tentatively, he takes a few steps up the stairs, and then he feels a gentle breeze against his cheeks. He gasps, and fresh air cleanses his lungs.

The Wayfarer is dumbfounded, he climbs the stairs as fast as he can. The breeze grows stronger and the light gets brighter. Bliss and relief wash over him when he starts hearing birdsongs not too far away. Finally reaching the top, the Wayfarer marvels before the vast and unfamiliar expanse.

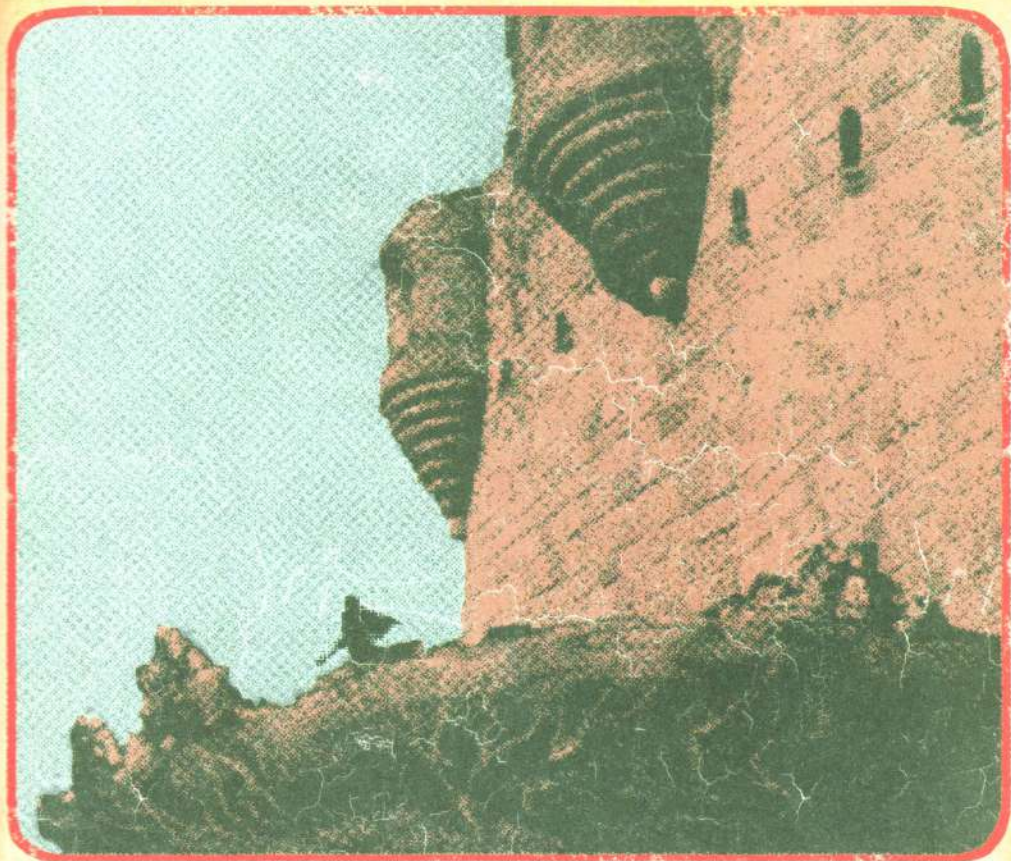




# YEMMIS







The Wayfarer stands sky-high, atop the balcony of a colossal dilapidated castle. Leaning out of the edge, he contemplates a lush sea of trees extending beyond the horizon.

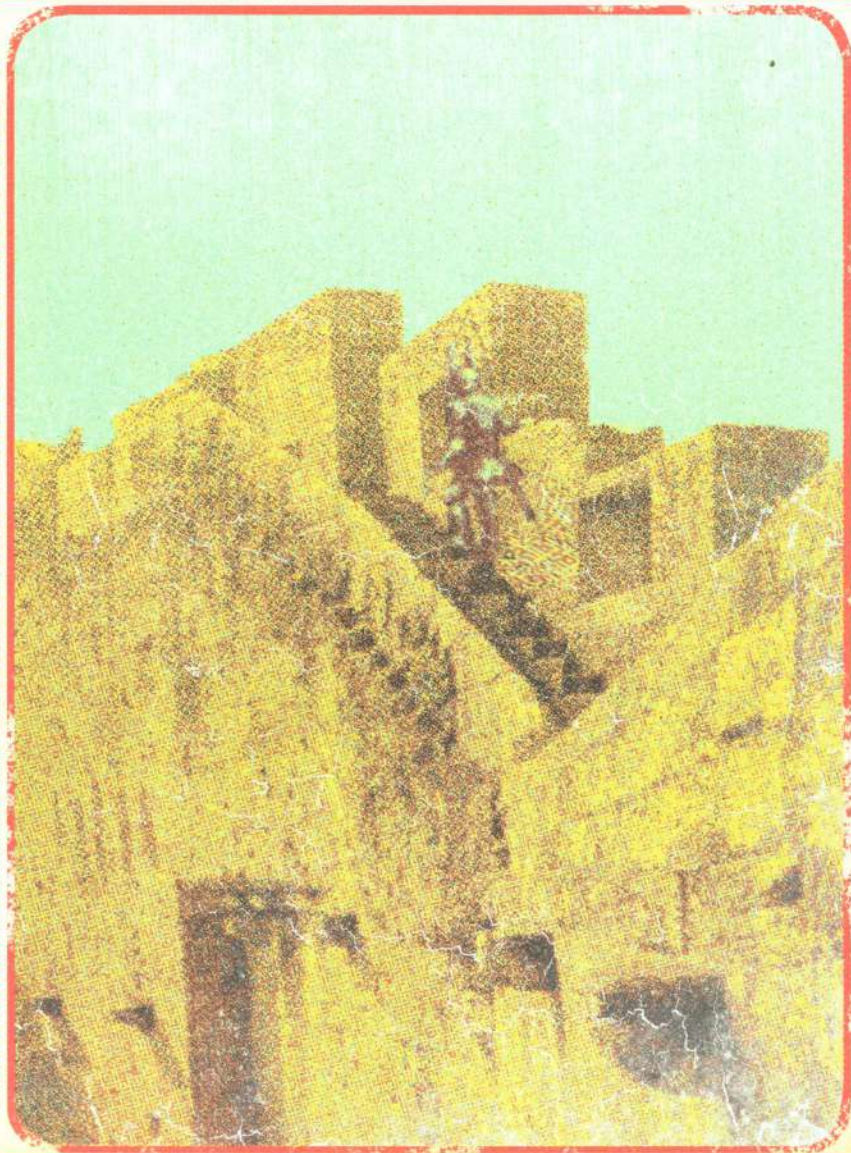
His relief quickly turns back into distress in view of the unfamiliar panorama; such greenery can only mean he is far from his homeland.





The Wayfarer roams through the forgotten walls in silence, only accompanied by the whistling of the wind between the stones. After a while, the calmness of that bygone place starts to comfort his tortured soul. Optimistic thoughts cross his mind: thoughts about a new beginning, about a different life, and about amending the weight of his violent actions.

However, as time goes by, the Wayfarer realizes that there is no way out of the balcony. The castle's wall has no doors and none of its windows are within reach. Climbing it seems impracticable and even more so would be descending the balcony's wall. Defeated, the Wayfarer aimlessly meanders his stony prison.







That night, sheltered under a stone arch on that balcony, the Wayfarer gazed at the starry night sky for the first and last time.



That night, the Wayfarer had no dreams at all.





# The First Dawn

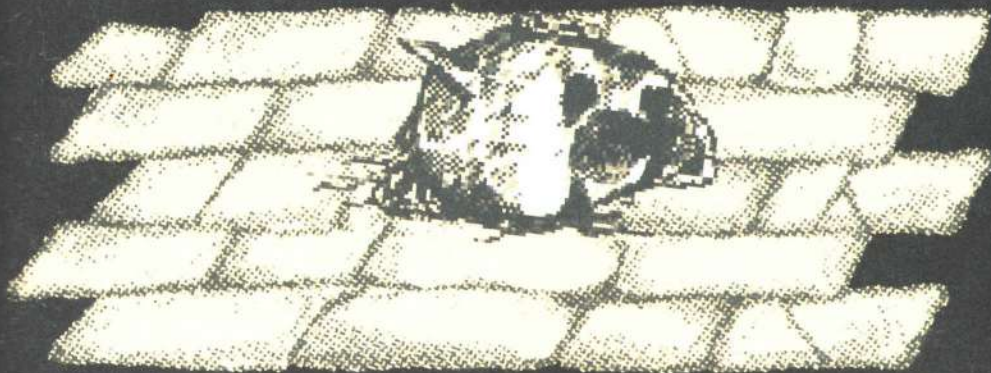
A very familiar and violent racket awakens the Wayfarer: the clashing of swords can be heard in the distance. He stands up and starts to look for the source of the noise. He follows it until he stands in front of the doorway that led him out of the Glass Purgatory.

Peeking inside, he immediately realizes that the stairway has changed shape, for it now coils down into the castle. The Wayfarer hastily descends the stairs; the sounds of battle grow nearer.

When he finally reaches the end of the stairway, a huge and grotesque severed head rolls to his feet; silence prevails.



The Wayfarer stares as the light in the eyes of the creature snuffs out.







## The Last Stroke

The imposing body of the creature stands headless, completely still, like a macabre statue.

The knight, exhausted, drops her longsword on the floor with a loud clang, and, after failing to stand up, she too collapses.



## The Ogre Slayer



The knight, although visibly wounded, tries to rise to her feet again, using her sword as support.

As soon as she hears the Wayfarer's steps, she speaks with a soft yet firm voice while she tries to hide her obvious exhaustion and grave wounds.

"Who goes there?! If what thou look for is death, then fear not and approach.

"I am far from defeated... Thou can go search for thy precious carrion somewhere else.

"...

"I have not reached this accursed place and given death to this wretched beast to end like this...

"Whatever thou art... I do not... I..."

### Chance of obtaining



**Ogre Skull**





The knight falls down once more, blood sliding out of her dented helmet and onto the cobblestones. The Wayfarer draws near to inspect the body. The longsword is far too heavy for him to use, and the armor could fall apart at any moment. She is not carrying anything else of value.

The Wayfarer keeps walking until he reaches the main gate. It is ajar. Slipping past it, he admires the majestic sequoia forest that he finds on the other side, a completely foreign environment to him. He quivers at the sound of dry leaves and branches under his feet. Wasting no time, the Wayfarer lets himself be swallowed by the forest's entrails, amazed at the new world that opens before him.

## The Sealed Lands





# The Eclipse Towers

The Eclipse Towers are ancient consecrated monuments raised for the search of enlightenment.

Since time immemorial, the Towers have remained sealed, but it is known that devotees still dwell within them. Mantras can still be heard through the walls of some of them.

All of them are shaped the same way: soaring chimneys that rise as high above ground as they sink beneath it.



You cannot pick bones from this place



# Cloisterers of the Towers



## Abyssal Devotee

Devotees that left their humanity behind. They got lost during their journey toward illumination, their fragile minds consumed by madness.

They have survived devouring the bodies of their fellow devotees and learned to move and even climb while in complete darkness.



## Seeker of Light

They are deep in a conscious lethargy. Despite their bodies having been mummified by time, their incessant mantras can still be heard.

They are not a threat.



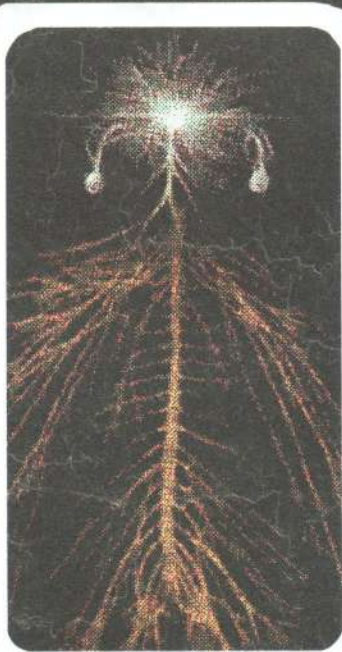
## Chrysalid Devotee

Devotees that have found the knowledge that they sought and have been granted a superior form by it. Their bodies are slowly consumed to give birth to an illuminated being.

Staying close to a chrysalid devotee drains sanity.







## Awakened Devotee

Devotees that have finally awoken. Their bodies lose all function, and their minds open up as a means to expose the others to the wisdom of the Light.

Looking directly into their light causes instant insanity.



## Enlightened

The illuminated minds of these few devotees have abandoned their old bodies, leaving behind a mass of dry flesh and bones.

They emit a constant high-pitched whistle that induces dizziness and nausea in those nearby and are able to project images in people's minds.



## Touched by the Light

The very few devotees that are touched by the Light lose their minds and beings and metamorphose into corpse-like spheres that float ominously and are only perceptible in the dark.

Despite their disconcerting appearance, they are not a threat. They cannot be destroyed.



## An Ethereal Freedom

The Wayfarer treads the forest as the sunset dyes the landscape amber, a worrying thought plaguing his mind. He cannot stop recalling the image of his eye at the feet of the Sphinx.

Wondering what would happen if he were to close his left eye again, he tries to do so, but his own body rejects the idea and refuses to go through with it. He cannot be sure if the Sphinx's influence would still be able to reach him, given that he is so far away from the accursed statue now, but the mere thought of going back to that somber place through the eyes of the idol and confirming that a part of him is still trapped there is terrifying enough for him to give up trying.

With the light growing dim, the Wayfarer starts looking for a place to hole up for the night.



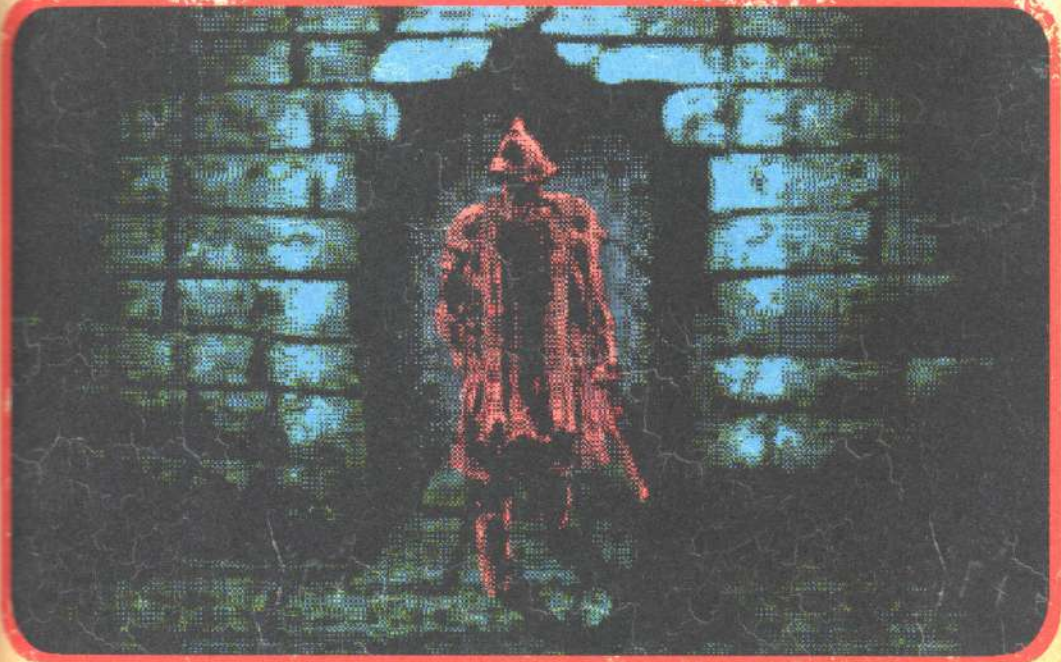


## The Hypogean Church

Striding through the forest thicket, the Wayfarer comes across a huge stone entrance that is born from the soil. Within, verdant stone steps that melt into the darkness.

He descends the stairs, hand against the green that grows on the walls, dew damping his callous palm. A pleasant aroma can be smelled here.

By the time the Wayfarer reaches the bottom of the stairway, he can clearly hear chants in the distance.





# Worshippers of Oggol





# Oggol's Sight

Following the chanting, the Wayfarer reaches a large chamber full of scrawny dark-robed people with their faces hidden under hoods.

They all cease their song and turn toward him in complete silence. A strange figure rises from the back of the group.

The abominable-looking effigy casts its unsettling gaze upon the Wayfarer. Then, it emits a deafening cry, and the hooded figures charge toward him.



## Oggol's Eye

A being born from Oggol's will to lead his followers.



### Cantor Acolyte

They lack physical strength. Their only function is to take part in the rites of Oggol.



### Sorcerer Acolyte

Their spells temporarily blind or deafen their victims.



### Assassin Acolyte

Armed with smoke daggers. Their attacks can pierce organs while leaving no external injuries.



### Martyr Acolyte

They stay close to the Eye of Oggol, shielding the creature with their own bodies.







## The Black Smoke

One of the figures gesticulates while murmuring some words and points at the Wayfarer. All of a sudden, the entire room falls silent.

A barrage of cold bony hands grab and scratch at his armor, denting it with unnatural strength. Overwhelmed, the Wayfarer struggles in vain to unsheathe his sword, deaf even to his own screams.

Grasping at a hidden dagger that he always keeps close at hand, the Wayfarer manages to stab one of the robed ones; the figure instantly dissolves into a dense cloud of black smoke and dissipates into the air.

One by one the acolytes fall before the Wayfarer. Individually they would not be a match for him, but the sheer amount of them leaves him wounded and exhausted by the time that the battle is over. After the fray, only the monstrous beast remains, surrounded by the last of its servants.

As he closes in, the last acolytes launch a desperate attack against the Wayfarer. The repulsive being observes as the cloaked ones vanish with each swing of the Wayfarer's sword. With the death of its last protector, the monster starts spinning frenetically in a way akin to a top.

The Wayfarer is taken aback, and the creature's body slams against him, violently striking him many times. He tries to block the attacks with his sword, but before he can think of a way to respond to the unusual onslaught, the brittle arms of his enemy snap, and the broken horror falls to the floor.

It lies immobile; its unnerving eye stares into the Wayfarer's very soul for a few seconds before he sinks his blade into its head. The creature melts away immediately, leaving only bones behind.

## Chance of obtaining



## Oggol's Vessel



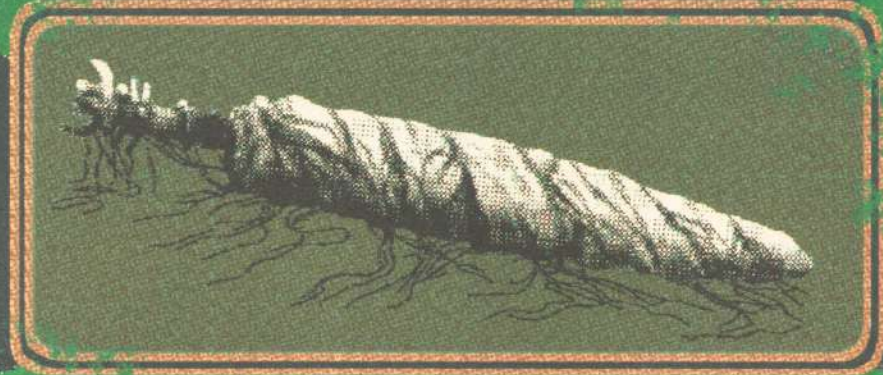


The Wayfarer notices a strange skull-inlaid altar at the back of the room covered in dark threads. Coming closer, a nauseating stench assaults him. It comes from a large cavity in the shrine. Being this close, the Wayfarer realizes that the strands are actually black hairs, they too spill out of the hollow.

In it, he finds a sword of unusual appearance. The blade is completely wrapped in moldy bandages, dark hair peeking out of them, and the pommel is decorated with actual claws and nails. The Wayfarer picks up the sword, it feels warm and oily in his hand.

## The Cursed Blade

# Oggol







## The Caged Prince

In days of yore lived a devil among devils, he who dwelled in the rawest of darknesses.

His soul was sealed within an orichalcum sword by a powerful wizard, who lost his life while trapping the fearsome beast.

As years went by, the demon's prison progressively twisted into an unhinged shape. The ill-fated ones that were destined to guard the weapon swore that they could hear whispers coming from it. Those foolish enough to look at its naked blade collapsed in fear, some of them even dying from sheer terror.

No one has ever dared to wield it in battle.





VENNIS



## The Spectral Recall



The tranquility of the night makes its way through the church's walls. Accompanied by the chirps of the crickets and the whispers of the breeze, the Wayfarer allows himself to relax for a few seconds.

Suddenly, a strident noise barges in: loud tolls echo through the empty chamber. The Wayfarer, scared and confused, tries to find their origin, yet his efforts prove futile. The knells do not stop, and, as if called by them, a mist begins to swallow the room.







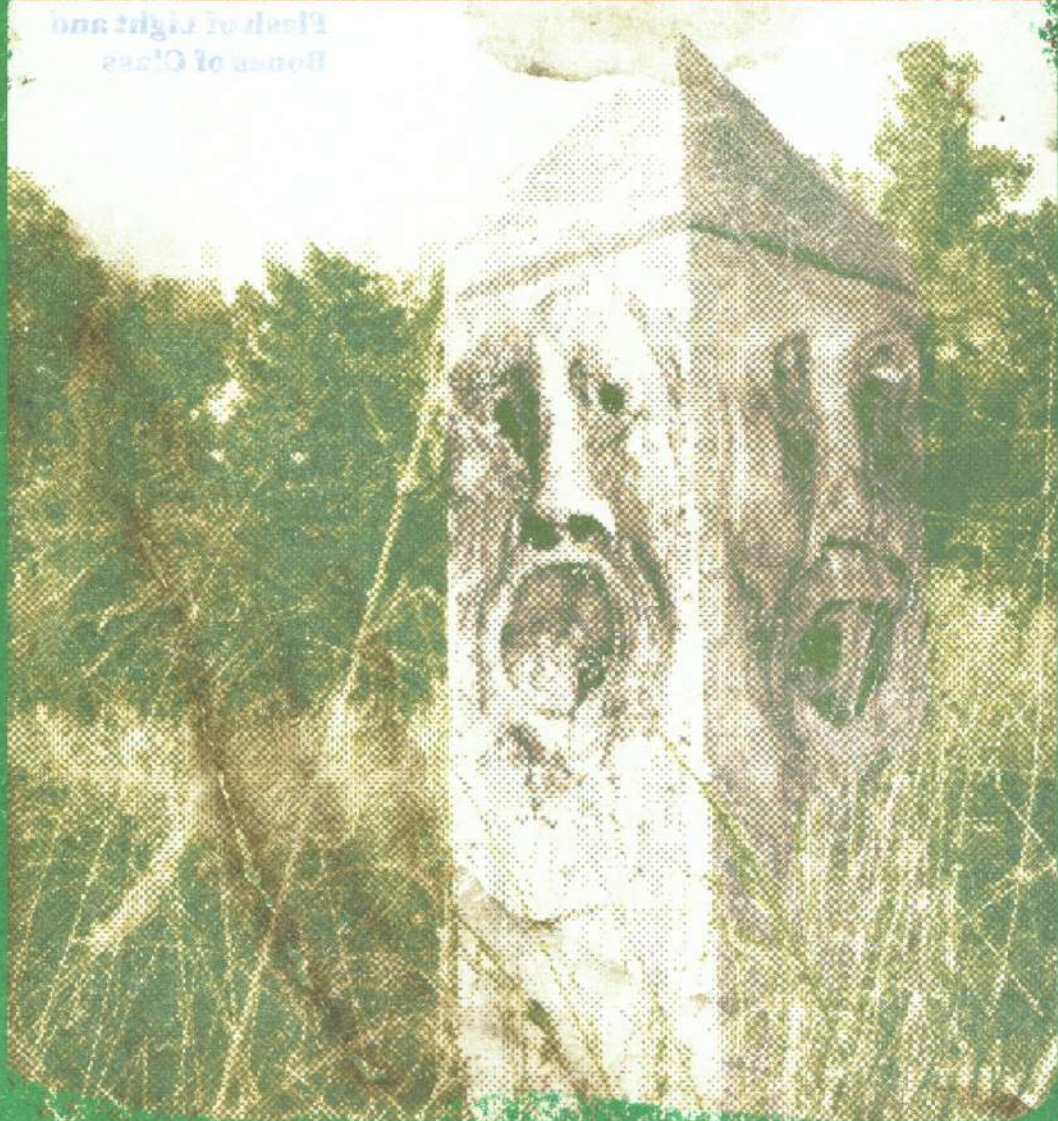
The Wayfarer, devastated, contemplates his foggy reflection. Within the darkness of the Glass Purgatory, he stands, staring at the water beads as they trickle their way down the mirror's surface, unable to keep going.



# VERMIS

STYLING: JESSICA WILSON

Flash of Light and  
Bones of Glass







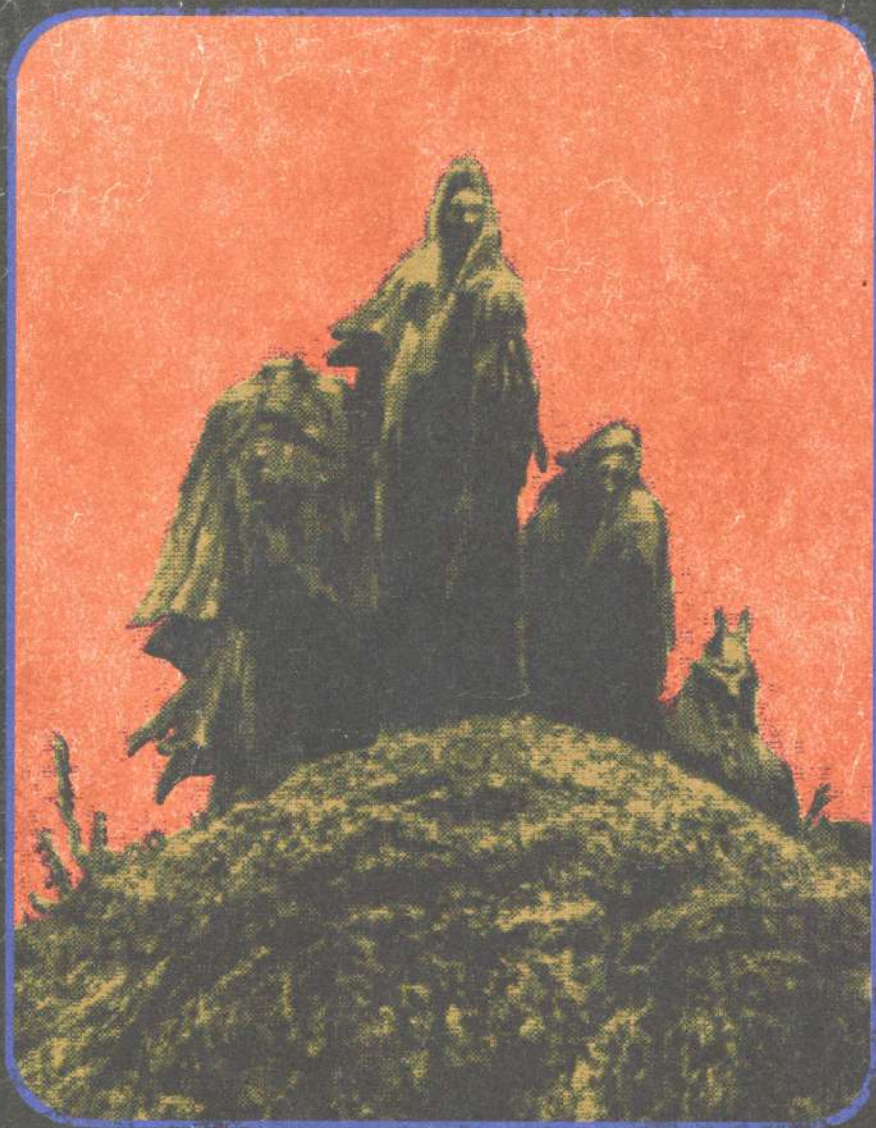
The mirror shatters into hundreds of pieces against the Wayfarer's fist, and then into many more as he stomps on them repeatedly. His hopes lie broken on the floor.

Sitting in a corner of the room, he ponders. He checks under his armor only to find that the mark of the curse has spread over his shoulder, a grim reminder that his time wears thin. Finding no reason to continue, the Wayfarer remains in the corner until he falls asleep.





# The Dream



The Wayfarer dreams about the unending sand plains of Agerutt; it is the eighth solstice, the clouds move at high speed up in the skies, and his mouth tastes like ash. In the distance, atop a hill, the shadows observe him, they all stand still. The Wayfarer turns away from them and starts walking...





After plowing his way through the sands for hours, the Wayfarer comes face to face with a large ruinous stone head sticking out of the sand. Covered in moss, it looks completely out of place in the scorching desert. Its mouth, big enough for someone to crawl in, is overrun with foliage; a pleasant breeze emanates from within.



The Wayfarer buries his head into the fragrant jasmine-scented greenery. The cold soft leaves caress his face as his body sinks head-first into the seemingly endless hole. Before him, he finds nothing but darkness, not a menacing darkness, but a cozy one... There is someone in it.







*"Thy flesh doth not belong to thee."*



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VERMIS



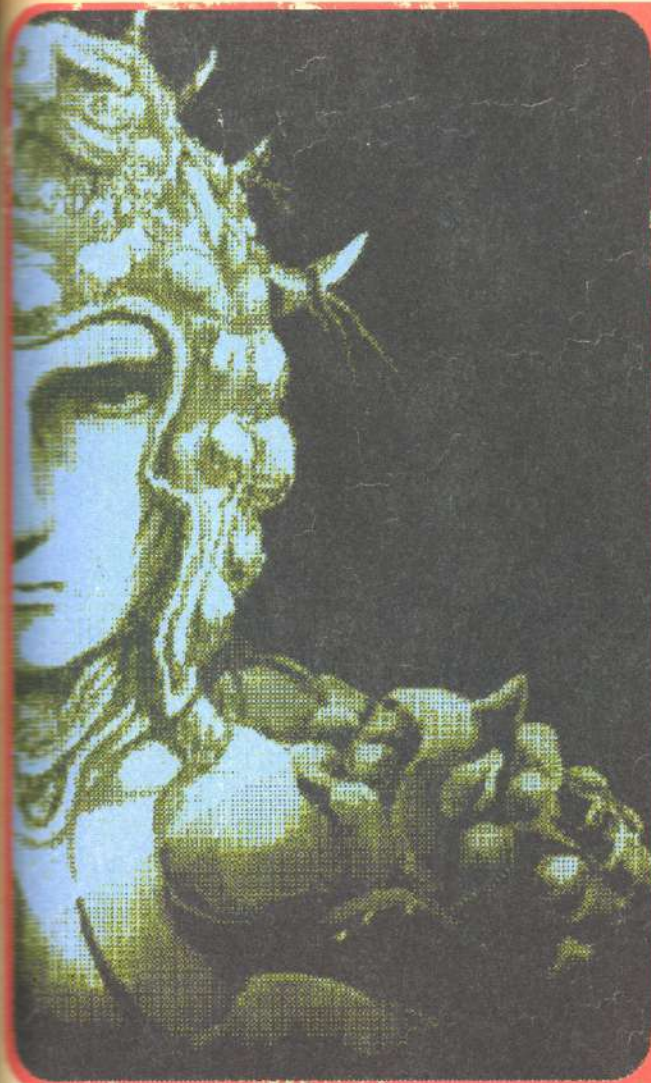
## A Bed of Brume and Stone

The Wayfarer is awoken from his dream by the sound of a bell. Surrounded by mist, he stands up, glass fragments crunching under his feet.

Under the Purgatory's roof, it is impossible to distinguish minutes from hours, day from night, or reality from illusion. The Wayfarer's spirit cracked along with that mirror that night; his body now moves on its own, like an empty shell.

Where before the circular chamber was, now the Wayfarer finds instead an amalgam of corridors that extend, ramify, and cross each other like tree roots.

As he erratically maulders through the hallways, he muses on his destiny, as to when it was sealed. He thinks about Ghyllah, the Dead Sun, and the stranger who carried the eye relic.



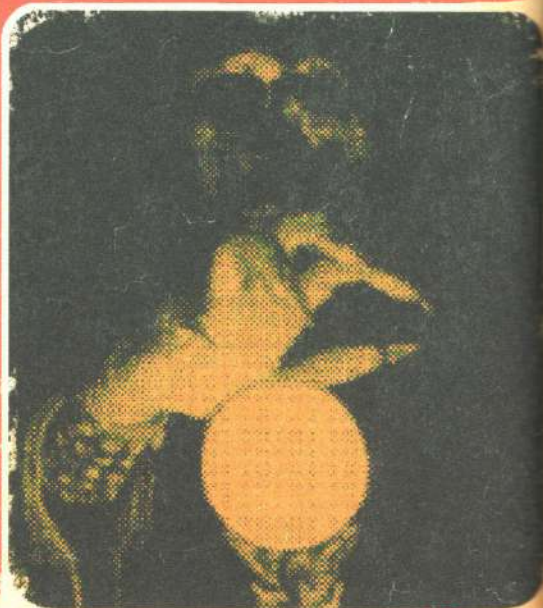


## The Living Amulet

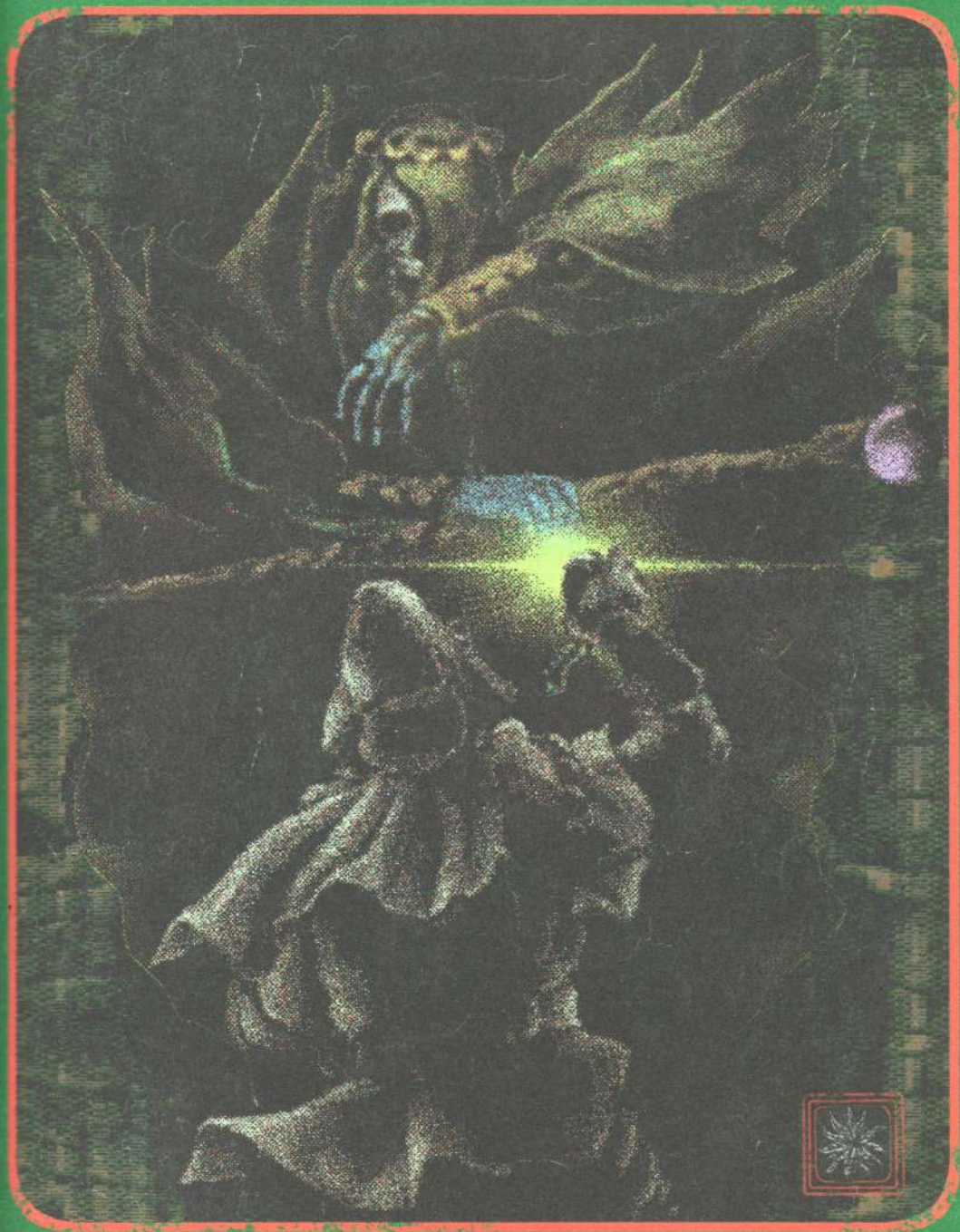
The Wayfarer traverses a long and serpentine hallway that narrows as he advances. Large convex glass ovals adorn the damp walls. He feels something moving in his pocket.

The amulet he took from the fountain's snake trembles violently, a dim light blinking within its gem. While inspecting it, the Wayfarer realizes that its light's intensity changes depending on the direction he points it toward.

With his hand raised, the Wayfarer moves the necklace around, trying to find the direction that makes it shine brighter. Then, another light draws his attention: a small radiant orb glows just a few steps away from him. All of a sudden, from the shadows, materializes a sinister hand that starts gesturing over the sphere, and some incomprehensible words can be heard. The Wayfarer points the amulet toward the light globe.









## The Crumbling Bones



The pendant emits a dazzling flash of light that illuminates even the deepest crevices of the hallway. A shrill scream can be heard within the light. Once he recovers his vision, the first thing the Wayfarer sees is a tall skeleton draped in dark clothes in the process of collapsing. Its bones turn into dust the moment they hit the stone tiles. The pendant's light dwindles and then dies.

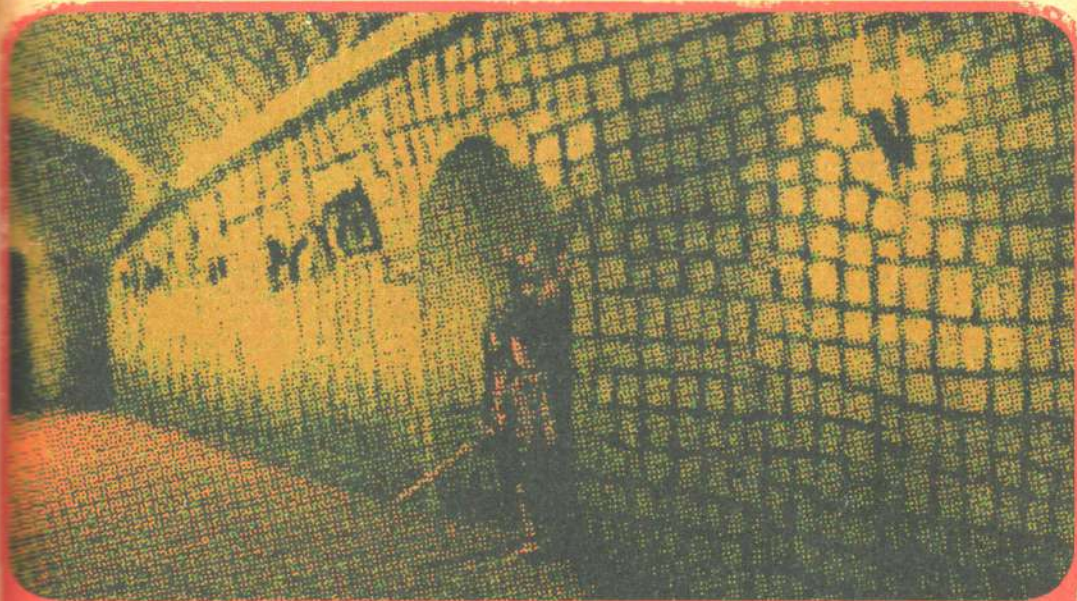
The Wayfarer, baffled by the sheer power of the amulet, decides to wear it on his neck to keep it within hand's reach at all times. He approaches the dusty remains with caution. The ragged garments hide nothing of value except for a staff that clasps an orb of amber. It is warm to the touch. Holding the globe up to the light of his torch, the Wayfarer finds an insect preserved in it.

### Chance of obtaining



### Amber Staff






The Wayfarer continues on his way until he comes across an intense light pouring out of a doorway in one of the corridor's sides. Entering the light, he finds a room lined with polished green tiles.

Not wanting to face his reflection again, the Wayfarer is about to turn around to leave when his gaze lands on a grand stone arch that is born among the tiles. It looks like it does not belong in this place.

*The path must be walked*



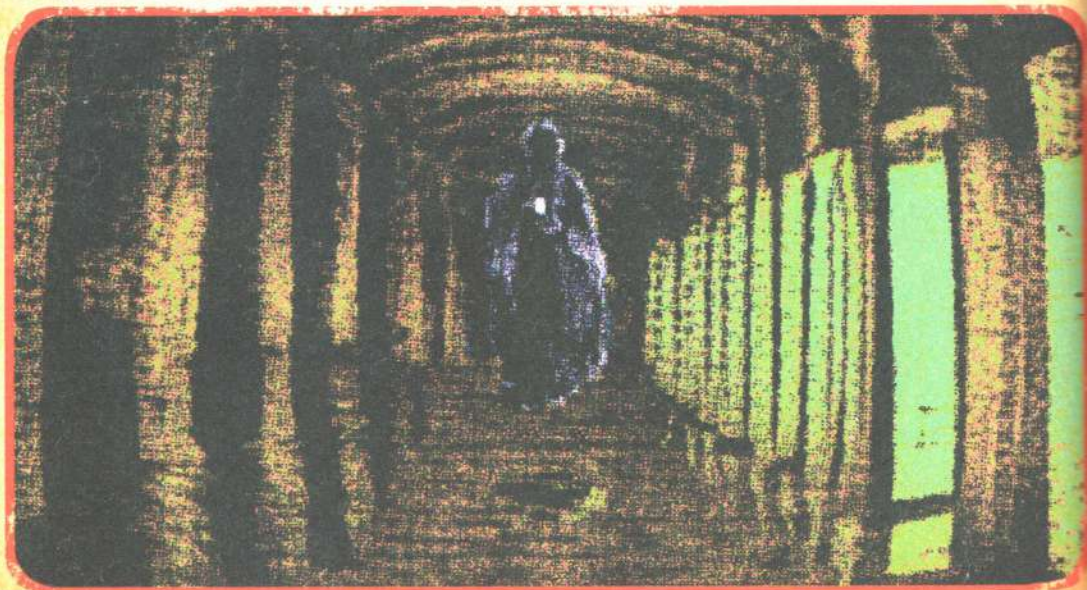
## The Mirrors' Dance



The Wayfarer invades a great chamber full of mirrors. Its floor is as reflective as the surface of a calm lake frozen in time. The room is bathed in a crepuscular light. The dust floats motionless, visible in the air.

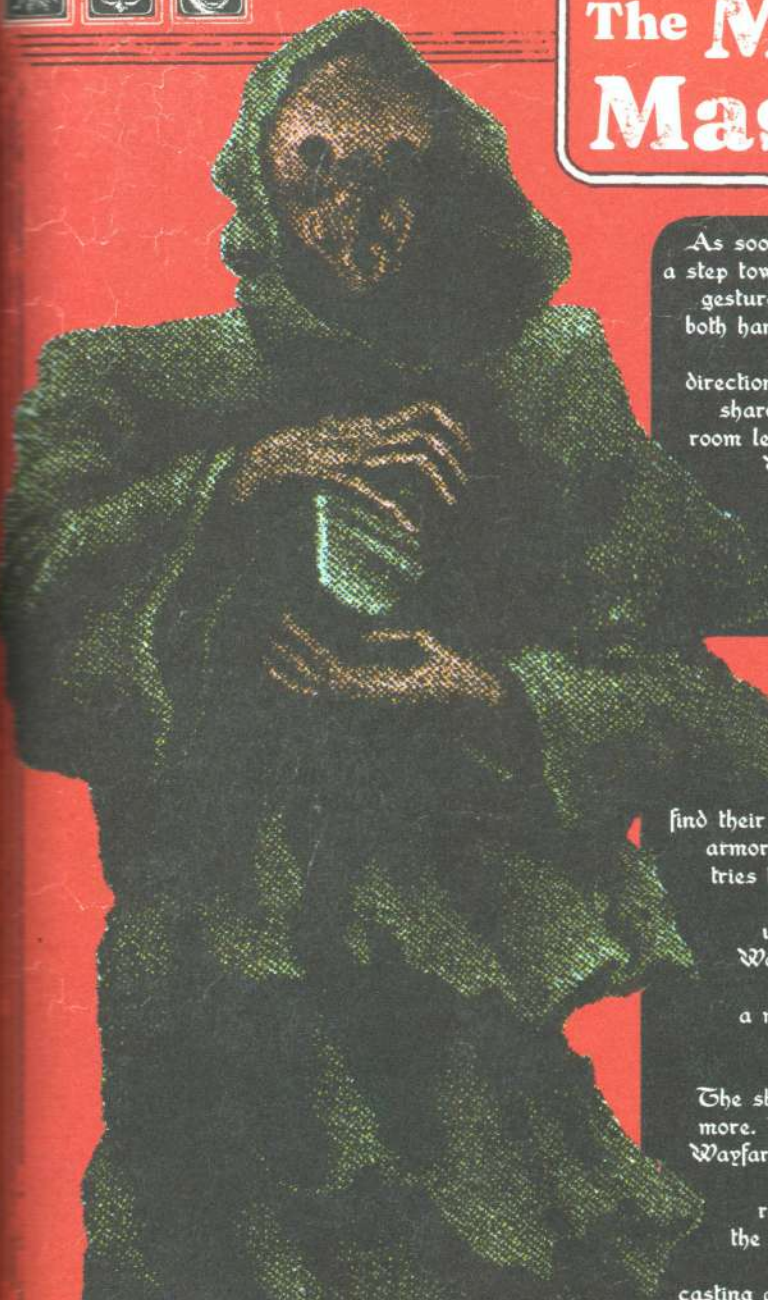
An ominous figure slowly emerges from the floor before the Wayfarer. Floating in the air, the apparition levitates a glass shard between its hands. The mirror piece tilts and turns until it focuses on the Wayfarer. At that moment, every mirror in the chamber turns toward him as well.

The Wayfarer draws his sword and stares into the hollow eyes of his foe with determination burning in his own. Not for an instant does he allow his gaze to drift to the mirrors.





# The Mirror Master



As soon as the Wayfarer takes a step toward the cloaked wight, it gestures around the shard with both hands, and the mirror piece starts rotating in several directions at once. Following the shard's movements, the entire room leans abruptly, making the Wayfarer lose his footing immediately. He falls to the ceiling and the walls, smashing several mirrors on his way.

The glass fragments find their way into the Wayfarer's armor and slice his skin as he tries to recover. The chamber suddenly stops, staying upside down, allowing the Wayfarer to stand up. The figure dissolves within a mirror and reappears out of a distant one.

The shard starts spinning once more. Flurt and exhausted, the Wayfarer braces himself, but, to his surprise, the room remains still. Instead, all the unshattered mirrors turn to face him once again, casting a blinding light upon him.





Once his sight returns, the Wayfarer finds himself completely surrounded by a myriad of identical wraiths ceaselessly spinning around him. His legs give out at that moment and he almost falls to the floor, out of breath. He knows he could faint at any moment.

The Wayfarer flings his sword toward the specters in a last-ditch effort to stop their maddening dance. The blade plunges into one of the many figures, shattering it. The rest of them scatter, disappearing almost instantly, as glass pieces fall to the floor. The Wayfarer is left surrounded by floating mirrors; one of them lies broken in front of him.

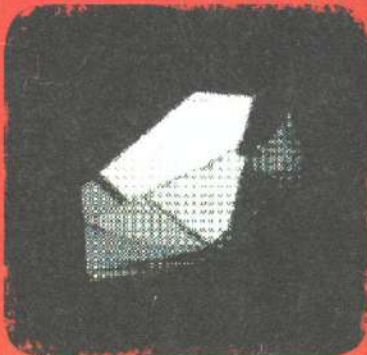
With little strength left, the Wayfarer clumsily runs toward his sword and almost falls on it. With his hand almost touching the hilt, the Wayfarer hears a sinister whisper behind him. "Look." He turns around, eyes closed, and, as he does so, he clutches the grip of his sword and delivers a wide swing with it toward the direction the voice came from. A faint sound of glass cracking. The Wayfarer hesitates, then opens his eyes. Before him, on the floor, lies the figure; next to it, its severed hand and the mirror piece it was holding, broken.

#### Chance of obtaining



**Master Bones**

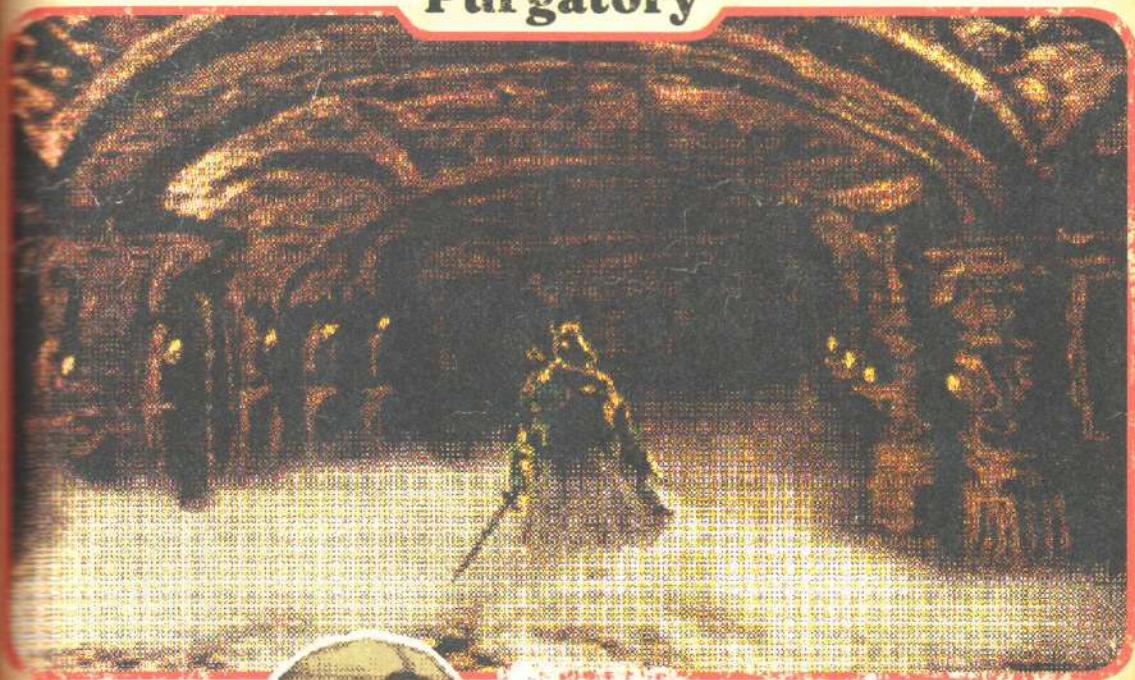
#### Chance of obtaining



**Shattered Master Mirror**



# The Inner Purgatory



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## The Silber Road

The air is dense and brume hides the floor. On the walls, hideous statuettes carrying small mirrors keep the darkness at bay with everlasting candles.

The Inner Purgatory is composed of a grand tunnel that spirals downward into the lowest level of the Purgatory and the many chambers that can be found along its span. Its curving nature is masked by its vast length.

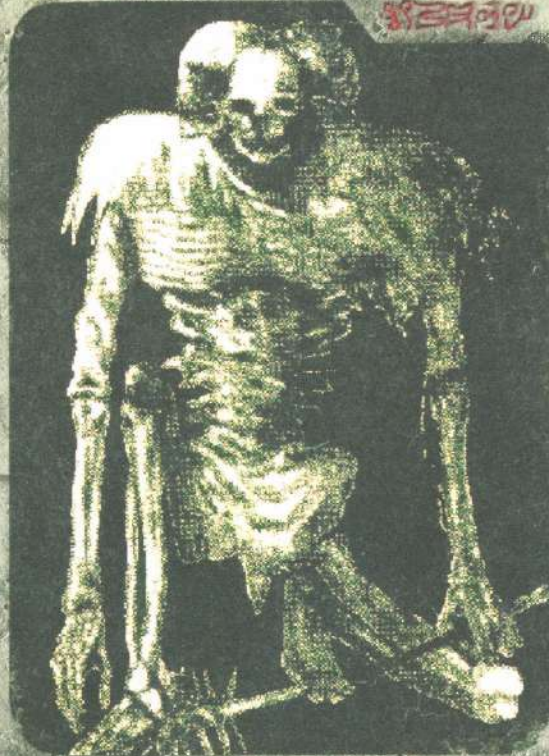
Whenever the Bell tolls, the walls of the Inner Purgatory tremble, and the fog rises until it covers everything, hindering the vision of those who are traversing the hallway.



Fear the Restless Souls That Haunt the  
Inner Purgatory



## Denizens of the Descent



### Demented Bones

A staggering three-headed beast that wields an immense morning star covered with rotten remains. Each one of its heads has a mind of its own. Whenever one of its heads notices the presence of a possible intruder, it takes control of the body to seek them and crush them down. This strategy does not always work in its favor.

It is currently trapped in one of the many rooms of the Inner Purgatory.





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## The Living Iron

Forged from the iron of hundreds of magical weapons, this strange knight guards the gates of the Chamber of the Silent Blades.

Even though it lacks a will of its own, it possesses devastating strength, and no weapon is capable of denting its ferrous body.



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0098765430

## The Mist Phantom

With the knell of the Bell, a blade rises amid the brume. The echo of the great warrior seeks out those who dare enter the Inner Purgatory in order to grant them the same fate he once suffered.

The specter only appears when the fog is at its zenith.





शिवशक्ति



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## Bellborn

Gargoyles that defend the Great Bell Tower. They camouflage among their inert kin while clinging to the Tower's walls, waiting for the best moment to strike. If they cannot execute an ambush, they gather in small groups in order to overwhelm their victims.

Their bites can cause petrification.



शिवशक्ति

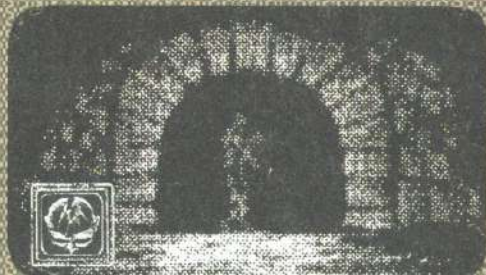


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## The Tormented One

The twisted and defiled body of a once venerated knight, filled with straw and sticks. It stands upright, immobile, inducing a deep malaise in those it lays eyes upon.

It changes locations when it is not being looked at.





THE GREAT MIGHTY SYLPH



VERMIS II

VERMIS II



The Wayfarer pushes forward through the tunnel without respite, crossing the haze as the view in front of him repeats in an endless cycle. Eventually, he comes across an opening unlike the others, for a bright light emerges from within it.

When he reaches the entrance, he is amazed to find a tiny verdant grotto bathed in a gentle light. In the center of the haven, surrounded by moss, rests a small pond.



The Wayfarer leans into the cave; minuscule droplets of water fall on his helmet. He looks up, puzzled, and discovers that the grotto extends upward as far as he can see. Under the light drizzle, he approaches the pool to slake his thirst.



# The Liquid Mirror

As his hand reaches for the pond, the Wayfarer notices that its liquid is not water at all; it is opaque and metallic. He stares at his wavy reflection for a moment, then takes a step back and sits next to it.

Close to the mercurial pool stands a statue of a woman. Her facial features are eroded beyond recognition, and her eyes are two small mirrors.

In that unusual corner, under the gaze of the statue, the Wayfarer feels strangely at ease. He makes himself comfortable on the soft moss.



His fingers sink into the dewy green mantle, but he cannot feel a thing against his right hand. Confused, the Wayfarer examines his hand and is horrified to discover that the curse has hardened his fingers and left them bony. He loses no time taking off his armor to check his condition.



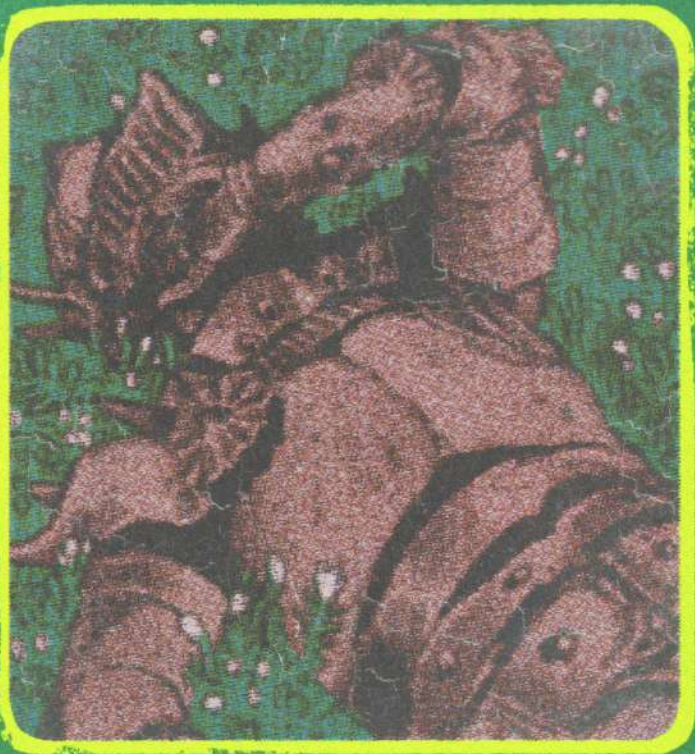


## The Flesh-Eating Relics

Observing his reflection in the pool, the Wayfarer contemplates the devastating consequences of the curse, the punishment for his greed. The amaranthine markings have begun engulfing his face. His arm, now entirely consumed by the curse, is completely decrepit. He runs his fingers over the right side of his face, yet he does not feel them against it.







The Wayfarer feels powerless in the face of adversity, so he decides to lie down on the moss and let the hours fly by. Eventually, the comforting atmosphere of the room manages to calm his torment. His preoccupations are washed away by the gentle rain, and his fears dissolve into the soft mantle. With his gaze lost in the argent ripples of the pond, his eyelids grow heavy.





THE FALL OF  
**VERMIN**

### The Fall of Öggol

"All demons were gods once.  
It is man who puts crowns  
on our heads and holds axes  
over our necks."





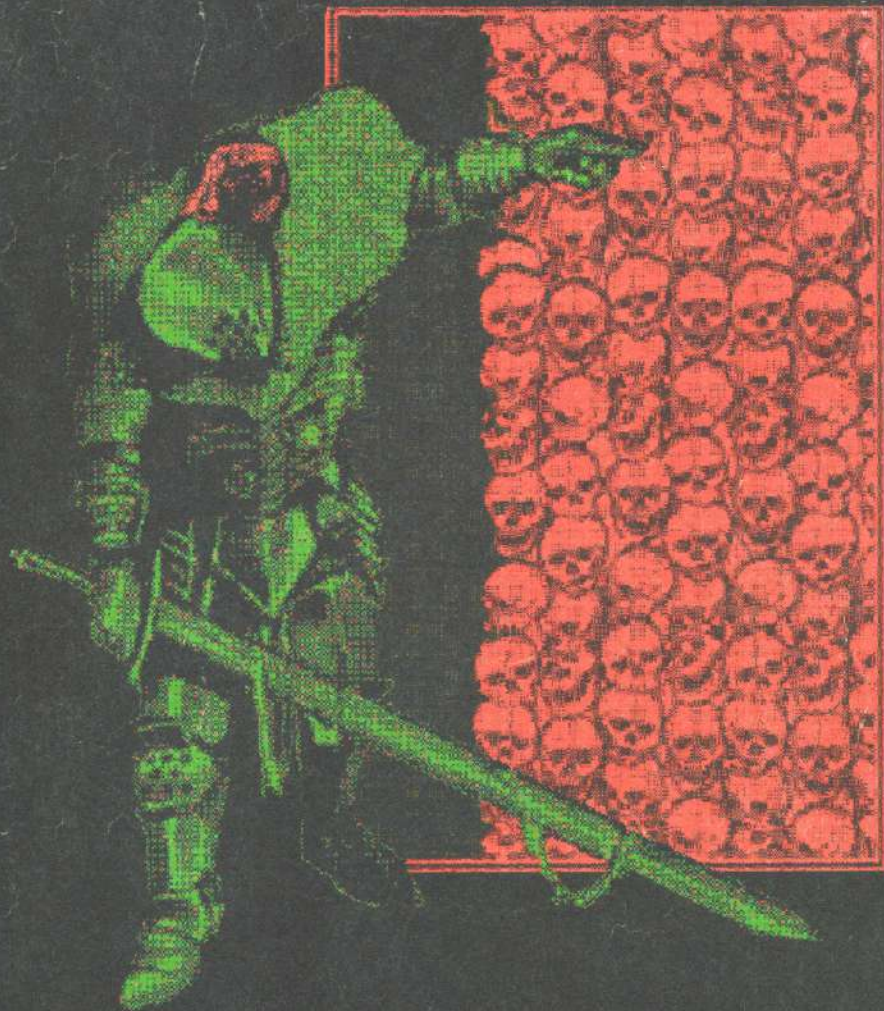
# The Nightmare

The Wayfarer dreams about a familiar place: he is at the Sanctuary of the Snake, just outside of the Chamber of Offerings. However, his surroundings are not exactly as he remembers them: the room is enveloped in gloom, a nauseating stench pervades the air, and the floor is flooded with blood.

A noise comes from the other side of the archway. Ahead, the distinctive sounds of flesh being torn and bones being broken. The Wayfarer starts walking forward, unable to control his body.







Someone is piling up skulls but stops as soon as the Wayfarer crosses the threshold. The man slowly turns around to reveal his cleaved neck, his head still hanging from a strip of flesh.

The creature raises its hand, pointing at the Wayfarer. He feels a sudden coldness slice through his neck; his vision blurs for an instant, then tilts. Vertigo washes over him as his head falls to the floor.



# Daughter of the Crystal Forest

A frozen  
corpse hides  
within the  
mountains.  
Her  
humanity  
was lost  
long ago,  
yet her duty  
remains.

Her promise  
of protecting  
her holy  
land has  
kept her cold  
bones  
wandering  
through the  
snow.



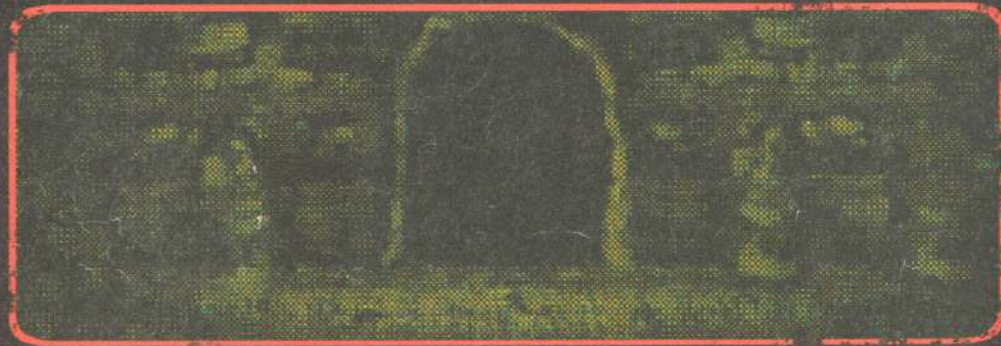
# VERMIS





The Wayfarer awakens from his slumber agitated and disoriented. The grotto is now dimly lit, and, past the arch, only darkness can be seen. The light rain has died, and everything is shrouded in an eerie silence.

He hears bare footsteps coming from beyond the entrance, fast approaching. Losing no time, the Wayfarer stands up and grips his sword, his eye fixated on the archway. The footsteps stop abruptly. He stares into the pitch-black unknown, terrified.





From the shadows, a cavernous voice calls the Wayfarer's name. It talks slowly, struggling with each word, as if it had never spoken before.

"I have a tongue black as coal. I have a crown made of bones.

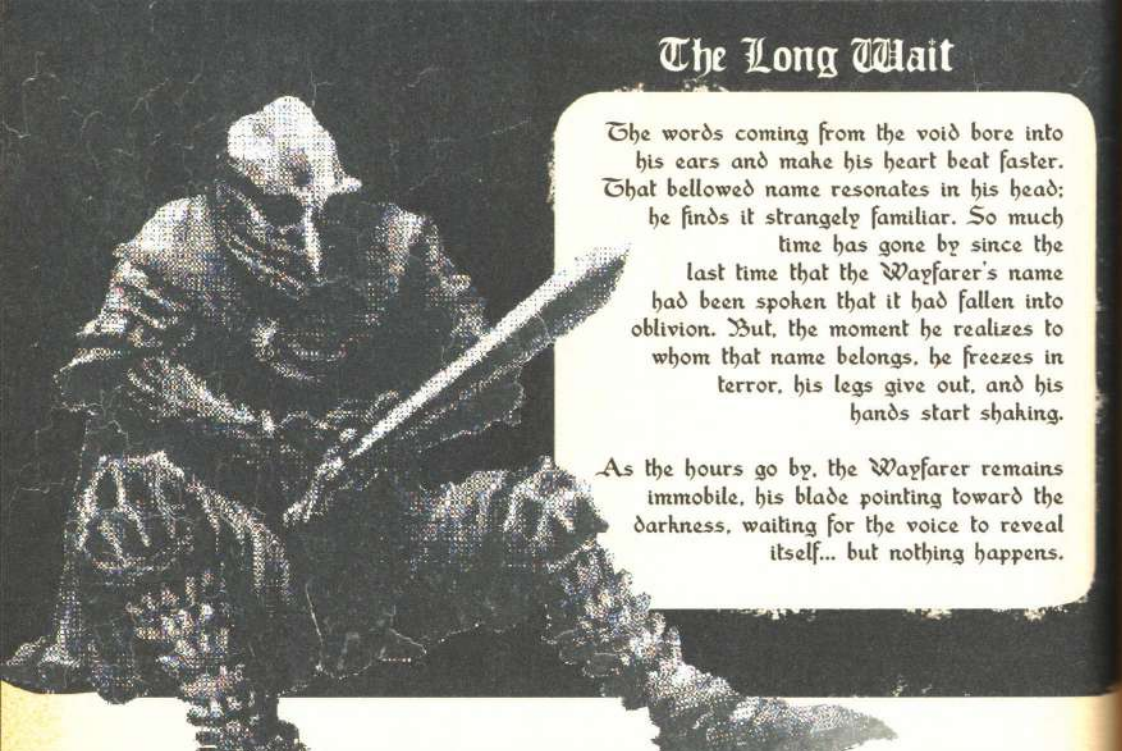
"I will tear off your skin. I will feast on your entrails. I will gnaw each bone.

"Nothing will be left... not even your soul."





## The Long Wait



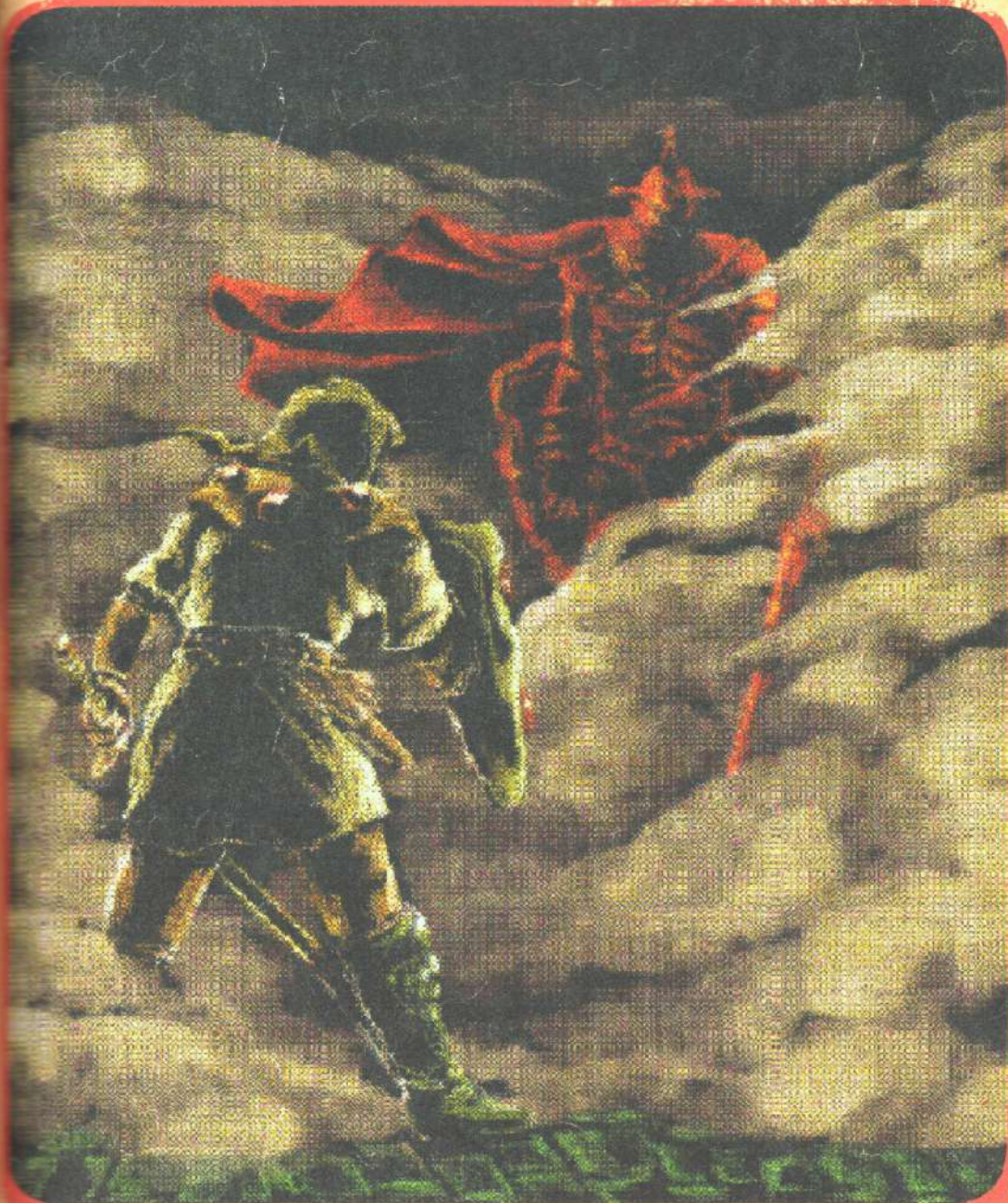
The words coming from the void bore into his ears and make his heart beat faster. That bellowed name resonates in his head; he finds it strangely familiar. So much time has gone by since the last time that the Wayfarer's name had been spoken that it had fallen into oblivion. But, the moment he realizes to whom that name belongs, he freezes in terror, his legs give out, and his hands start shaking.

As the hours go by, the Wayfarer remains immobile, his blade pointing toward the darkness, waiting for the voice to reveal itself... but nothing happens.

Finally, after what seems like an eternity, the candles outside the room revive; there is nothing waiting outside. Warily, the Wayfarer stands up, ready to continue.







The Wayfarer marches forward tirelessly, crossing a sea of fog and clashing his blade against fearsome opponents. Many are the times he falls, yet he always rises back up, for the path must be walked.



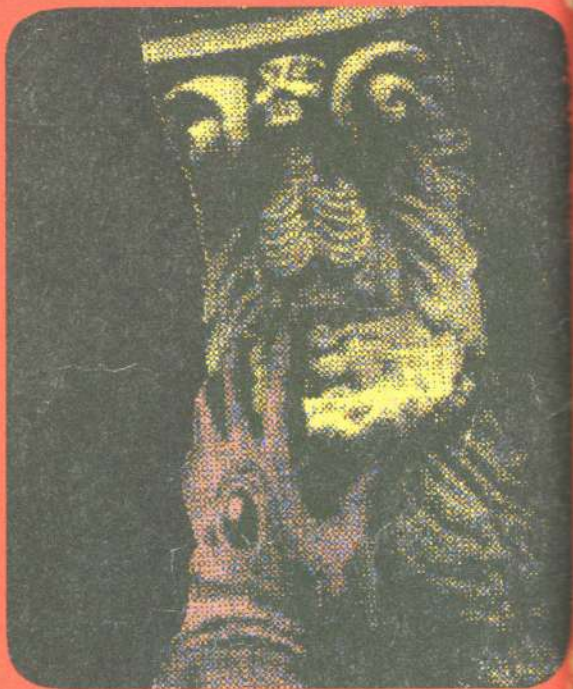
## The Blind Walk



Among knells, the Wayfarer walks, tightly gripping his sword. He never stops even though he cannot see past his helmet. He can feel it in his guts; he is getting close to something. He hears the tolls growing louder; vibrations ripple through his body with each one of them. His once downhearted footsteps have now turned into a hopeful march. Having been witness to the ever-changing nature of the Purgatory, he is now sure that, unlike before, he is about to reach a place of significance.

The knells stop, and the thick fog begins dissipating ever so slowly. The tunnel falls silent but for the Wayfarer's footsteps once again. Suddenly, he bumps into something and almost loses his balance.

After a seemingly eternity walking in the same direction, the Wayfarer thinks that he has finally reached the end of the corridor. He reaches forward with his hand, stone, a wall, maybe. He feels it in search of a door, trusting that venturing deeper into the Purgatory is the key to escaping from it. Then, the fog clears enough to reveal a hooded figure...







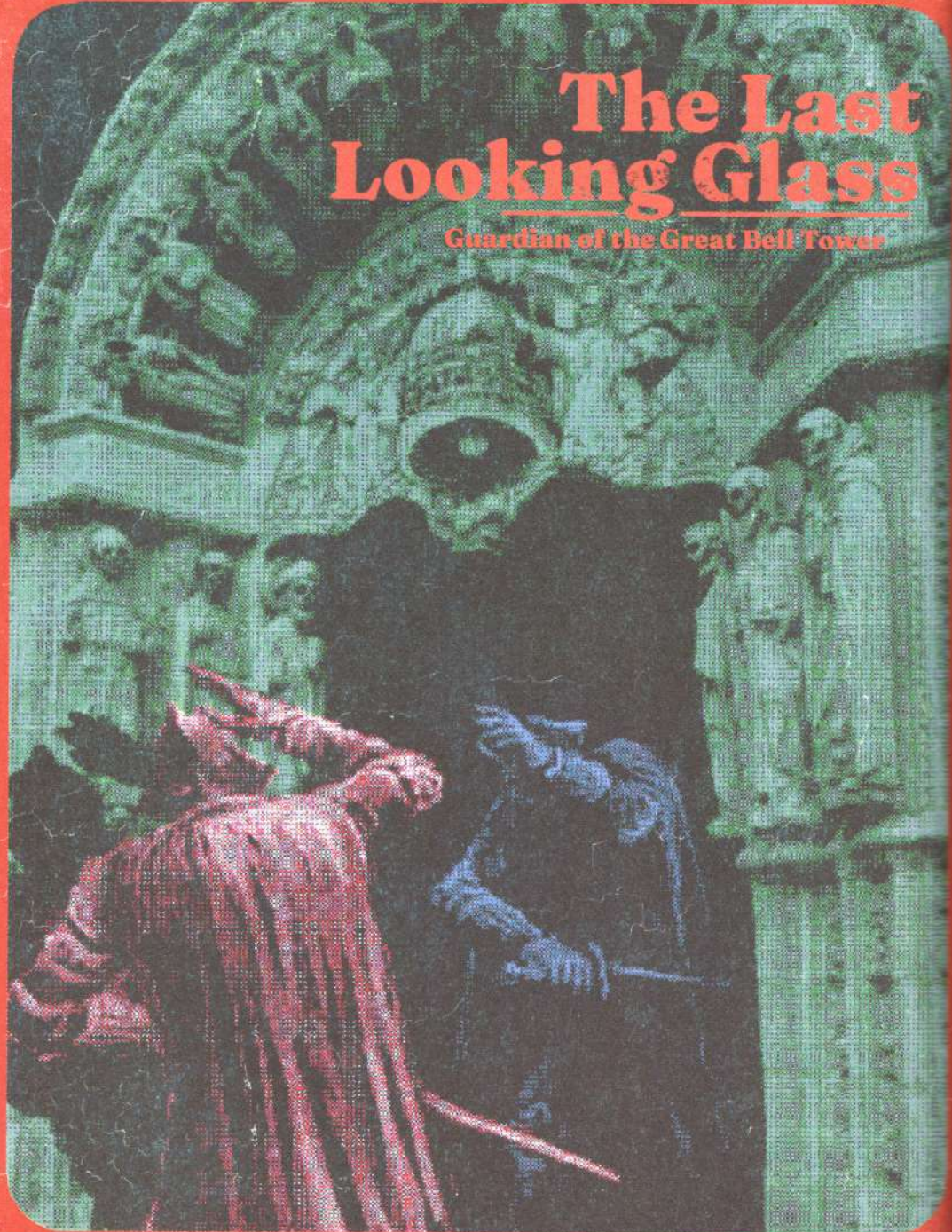
A large statue stands before him, holding a scepter and a glass shard. Its face is horribly disfigured. Once the brume is completely gone, the Wayfarer finds himself in an overly embellished circular chamber, surrounded by strange statues. Noticing an exit on the far side of the room, he rushes toward it.





# The Last Looking Glass

Guardian of the Great Bell Tower







## The Mirror of Truth

The Wayfarer averts his gaze from the dark mirror, eyes tightly shut not to get trapped in its glass.

Ever since he was expelled from the last mirror, he has been avoiding looking at them, for he is convinced that they reflect nothing but lies. They try to instill fear and bewilderment in those who set eyes upon their surfaces.

Back in that tiny room, his hopes shattered with the glass. He felt his freedom slipping away between his fingers, taken away from him. Yet, his despair turned into resolve to truly escape his ordeal; he defied the fate set upon him by this accursed place.

After making sure that there is no way out of the chamber, the Wayfarer musters up his courage and faces the mirror.

As soon as he stares at the looking glass, he realizes that it does not mirror his surroundings at all: in the reflection, he stands alone amid darkness.

He contemplates his glassy self, ready to confront whatever comes next, fearless. Yet, this time, he does not find anything disconcerting or eerie in his image.

He only sees himself.











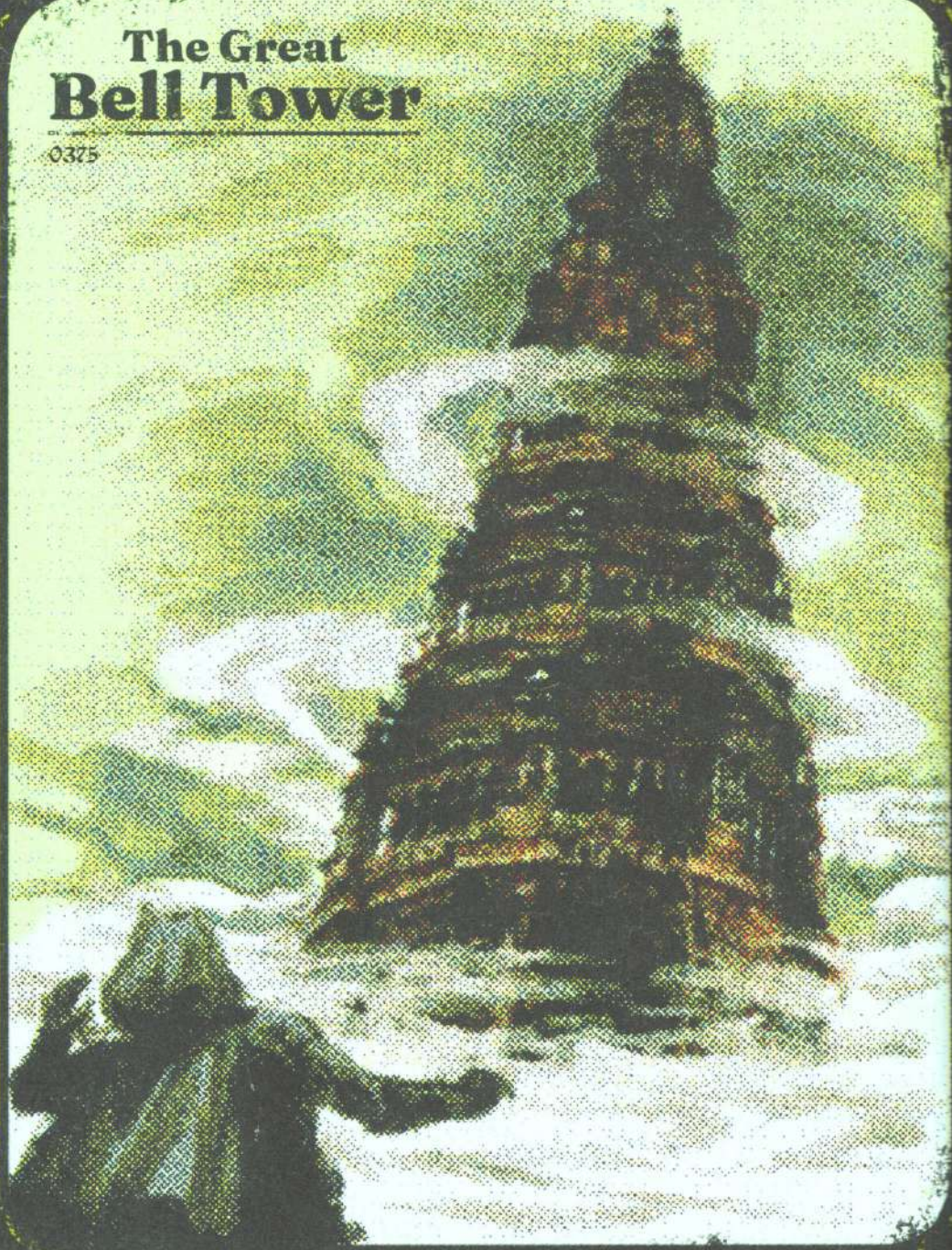
The Wayfarer touches the mirror. Against his fingers, the cold glass starts rippling. He slowly sinks his hand in, then his forearm, as if it were no more than water. He feels a breeze on the other side.

After pulling his arm out of the dark surface, the Wayfarer makes sure that there is nothing wrong with it. Then, he holds his breath and crosses the mirror.



# The Great Bell Tower

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Stupefied by the landscape that opens up before him, the Wayfarer feels that he has crossed a gate to another world. Amid an ever-present sea of fog, an imposing lugubrious tower looms over everything, its terrifying presence akin to that of a slumbering giant whose awakening seems utterly inevitable. A cold dampness hangs in the air, and an untraceable zephyr dances with the brume.

Walking the misty dunes toward the stone behemoth, The Wayfarer stumbles across a grim scene...



## Massacre Amid the Waves

The fog flows around dozens of small stone-like decapitated bodies, some of them dismembered. They look almost human.

Realizing that he is not alone, the Wayfarer glances around but sees nothing lurking in the fog.

Avoiding the bodies, he soon leaves them behind with one disturbing thought lingering in his mind, "Their heads... they were nowhere to be found..."

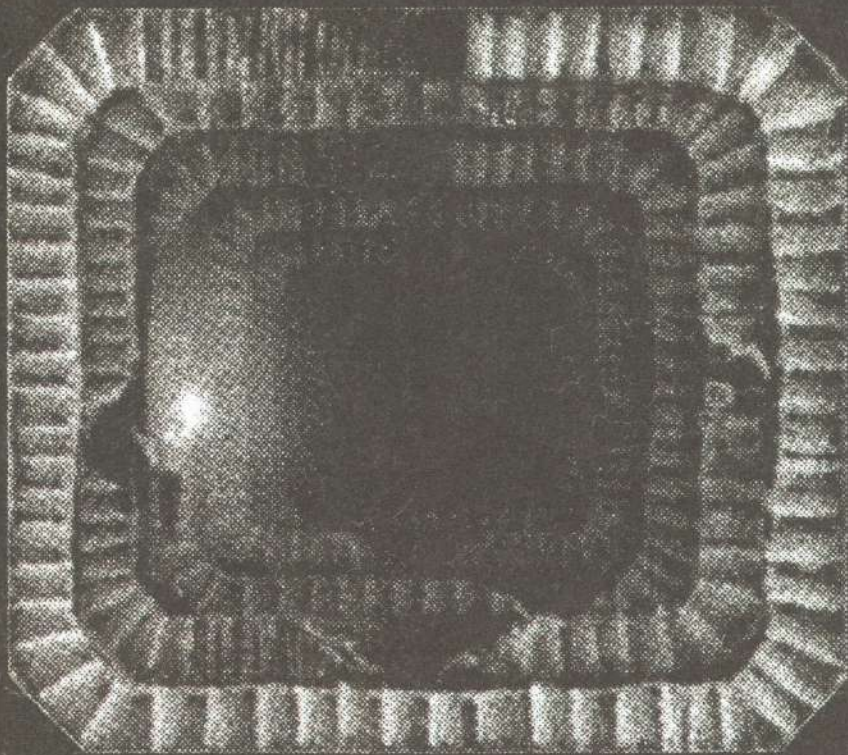




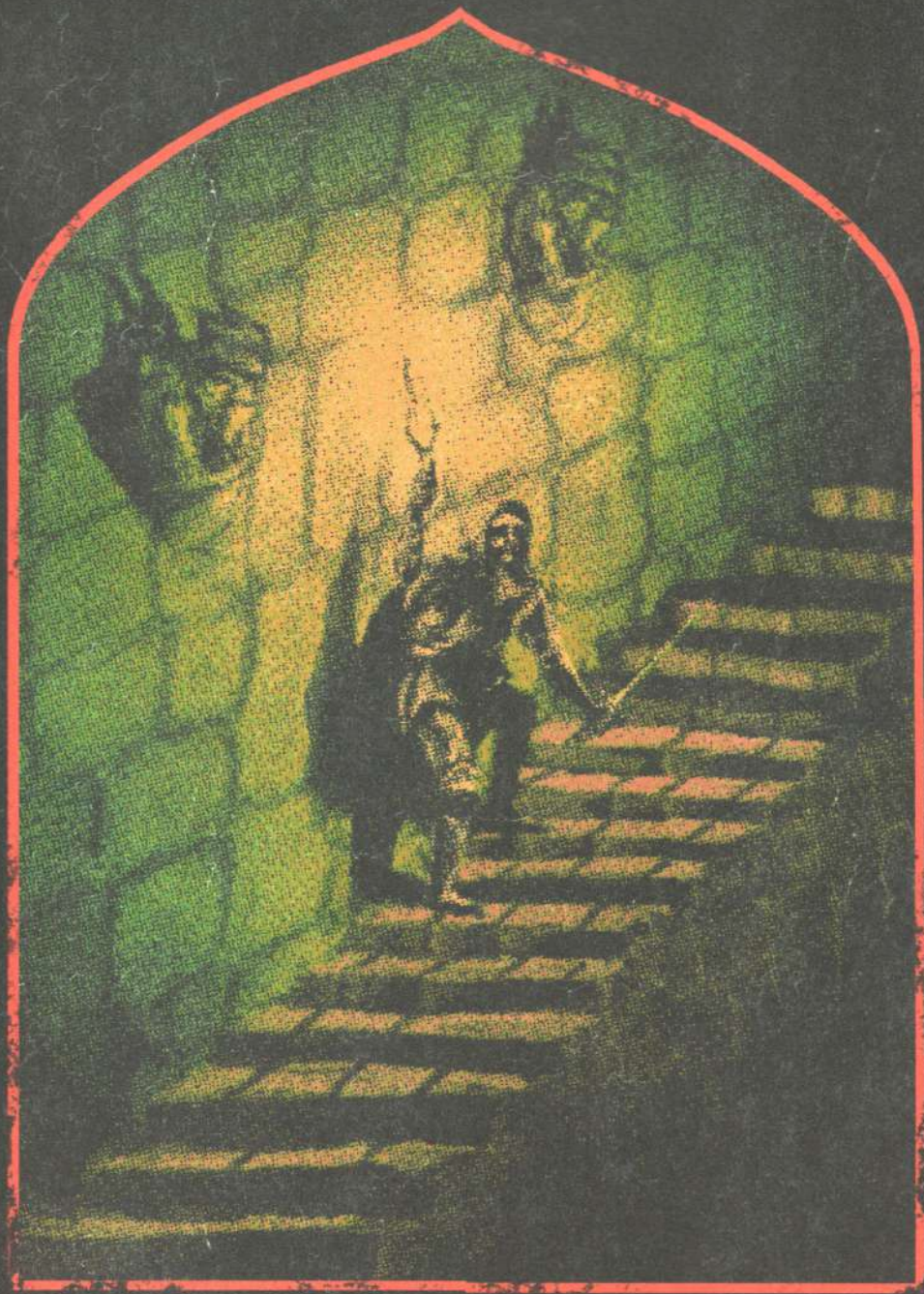
A shiver runs down the Wayfarer's spine when he reaches the maws of the Tower. Utter darkness awaits him beyond.

Specks of fire from his torch float down into the darkness as he ascends the ruinous staircase, with the ever-growing abyss always a couple of steps away.

His heart races every time he has to circumvent a gap for he knows that his next step could very well be his last.









The walls tremble around him, and stone debris falls from the stairs above as metallic wails echo in the distance. Then, the strident knell of the Bell arrives, rumbling like thunder.

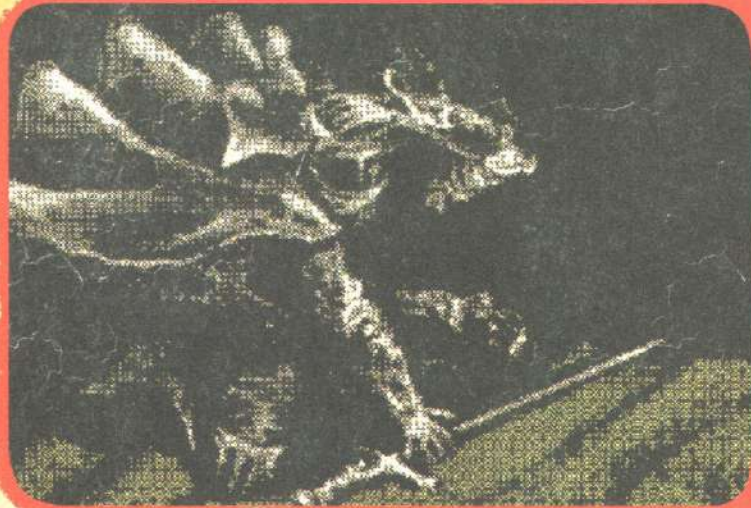
A piercing pain assaults the Wayfarer's ears, and a disturbing image is burned into his retina...











The Wayfarer quickly comes back to his senses when a strong gust of wind carrying debris hits him, making him lose his balance and snuffing out his torch.

He clings to the steps for dear life as the windblasts come one after another, threatening to throw him into the void. They stop after the last toll of the Bell.

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The Wayfarer takes out the amber staff to light his way...

The Bell knells now and again; its deafening sounds are always accompanied by the fierce winds. The higher he ascends, the harder it becomes to fight against their strikes. Every time he hears the Bell's prelude, he lies down and clutches onto the stairs with all his might.

His ears ring, and his legs keep giving out, yet nothing seems to break the Wayfarer's will. Despite not being able to see the end of his torturous journey, he keeps moving forward...





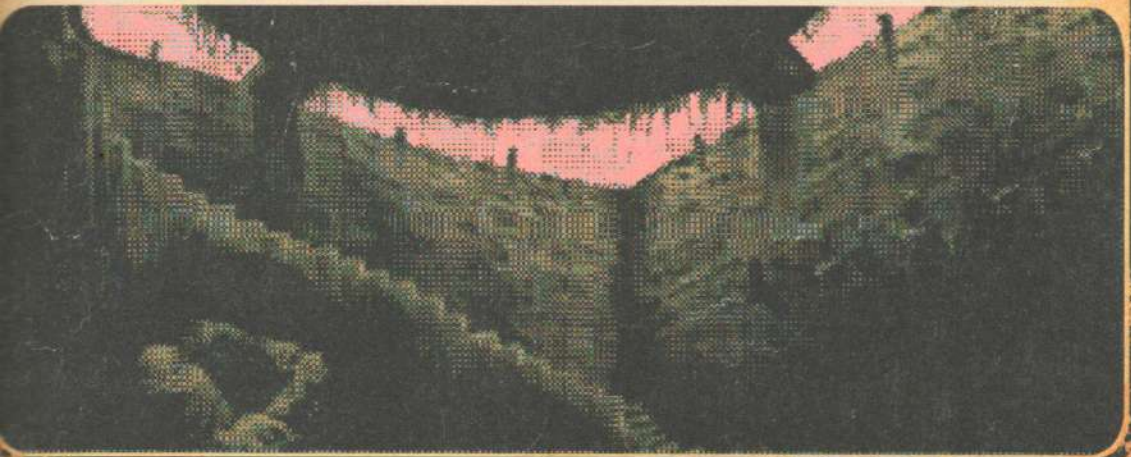
## The Bell's Presage

As he approaches the Tower's zenith, the Wayfarer notices that the Bell is about to strike once again. This time, however, the winds bring with them a light drizzle and a familiar smell: the smell of death. Once the wind stops, he looks down at his garments and confirms his suspicions... blood.

All of a sudden, a decapitated body falls from above, smashing against the steps in front of the Wayfarer and making him jump. Moving closer, he realizes that the corpse seems to be imbued with darkness; even with the staff casting its light on it, it remains dim.

The Bell's insistent clamors have stopped by the time the Wayfarer reaches the last steps of the stairway, but a strange noise can now be heard instead... the sounds of flesh tearing and bones cracking; they seem so familiar.

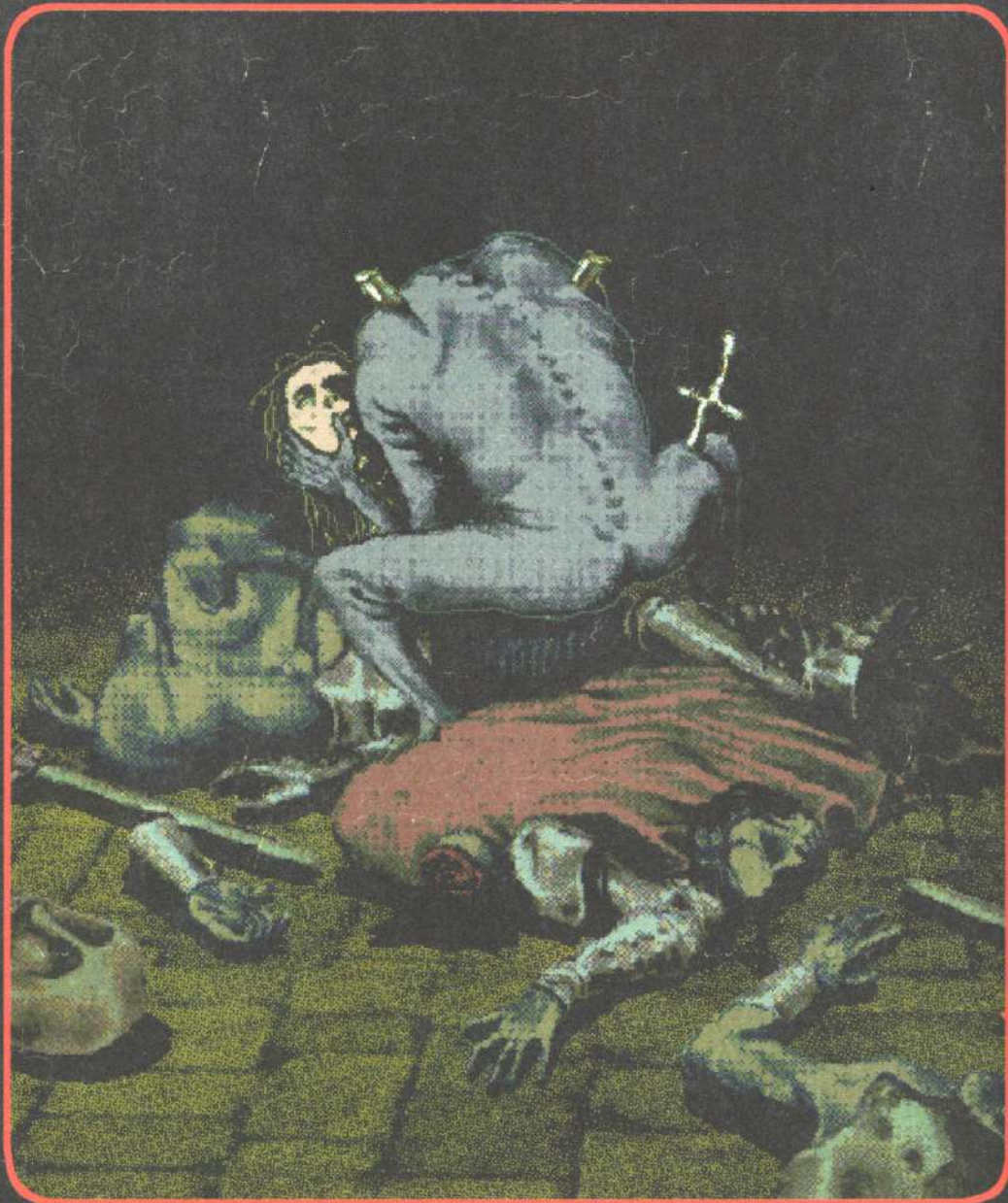
With his heart beating faster and faster, he arrives at the belfry.





# A Godless Serbant

Longing for What  
He Sacrificed





The Wayfarer's heart skips a beat when he stumbles across a macabre scene right out of his nightmares: a creature of purple skin crouches on a pile of massacred bodies, clutching one of their heads in its bony hands. The corpses' wounds are brutal, as if they had fought a beast. The air is thick with the smell of blood.

The Wayfarer's hand trembles ever so slightly as he reaches for his sword...



The creature rises, revealing the extent of its injuries: muscle tissue and bones poke out of its severed neck. And yet, it stands.

The Wayfarer is shocked to discover that the head that the creature holds is his own. His lifeless visage stares at him as the creature lifts it over its shoulders and places it on its neck. The head stays in place for a few seconds before falling to the floor and rolling toward the Wayfarer's feet.





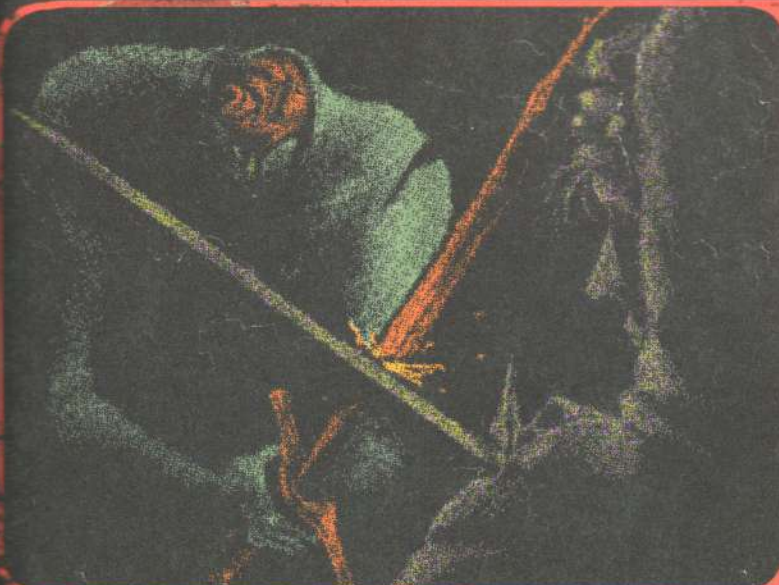
## The Familiar Iron

The Wayfarer stares at the helmeted heads scattered across the floor and feels a knot in his stomach. Their unsettling features are familiar to him; they are the metallic faces that plagued his nightmares and infused fear in his bones.

He is still stupefied at the eerie scene when the headless being turns toward him and picks up a long and rusty sword from the floor.







The Wayfarer reacts once he notices the creature rushing toward him.

The monster moves erratically, and its attacks are weak and predictable.

When it raises its sword to strike a blow, the Wayfarer takes the chance to stab its torso.

The creature does not even flinch; it even lets the sword sink deeper as it desperately tries to grab the Wayfarer's head. Its mauve leathery fingers lock around his throat, and the Wayfarer struggles trying to move away from the abomination. Even though it lacks the strength to strangle him, its touch disturbs him greatly.

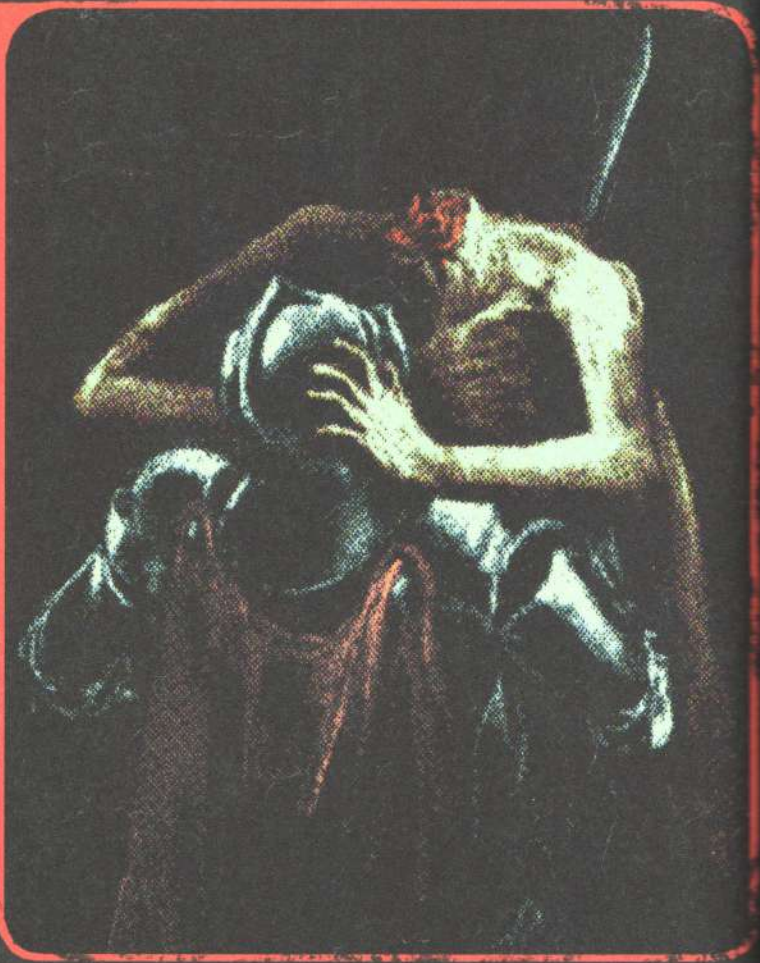




## The Purple Skin

The scrawny body drops its sword and gets a hold of the Wayfarer's head with both hands, twisting and pulling on it with all its might.

The Wayfarer is sickened by the repulsive sight of that drawn being. Its lumpy skin is covered with wounds and stuck to its bones. It does not bleed or seem to feel pain, yet, its veins pulse as if it is alive.



The Wayfarer lets go of his sword and pushes the monster to the floor. As it lies inert, he moves closer and grips his weapon to remove it from the body. But, suddenly, the restless creature grabs the blade. The Wayfarer pulls as hard as he can, slicing off one of those skinny hands.

After stepping back to a safe distance, the Wayfarer stares at the pathetic being. The longer he observes it, the more he sees the crude reality.



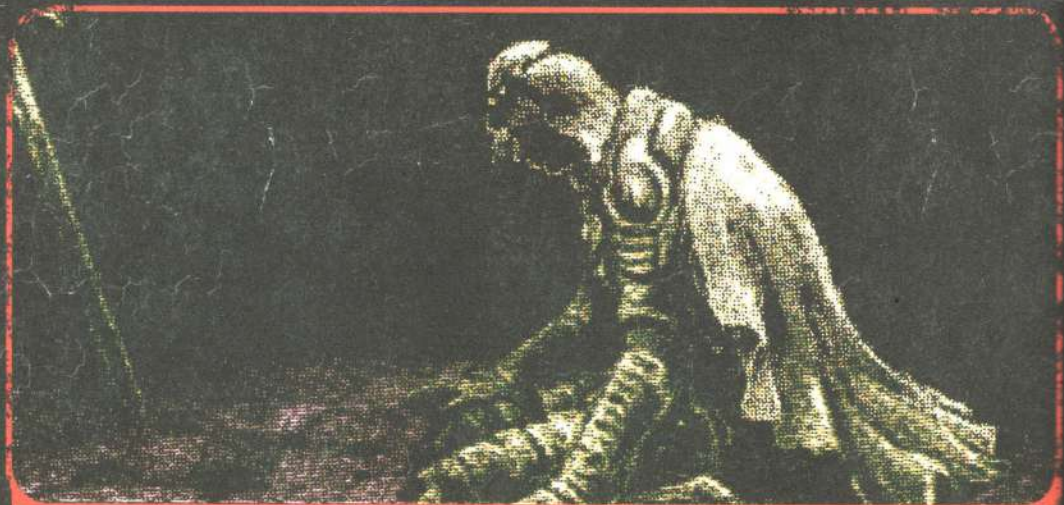




"This broken body..."







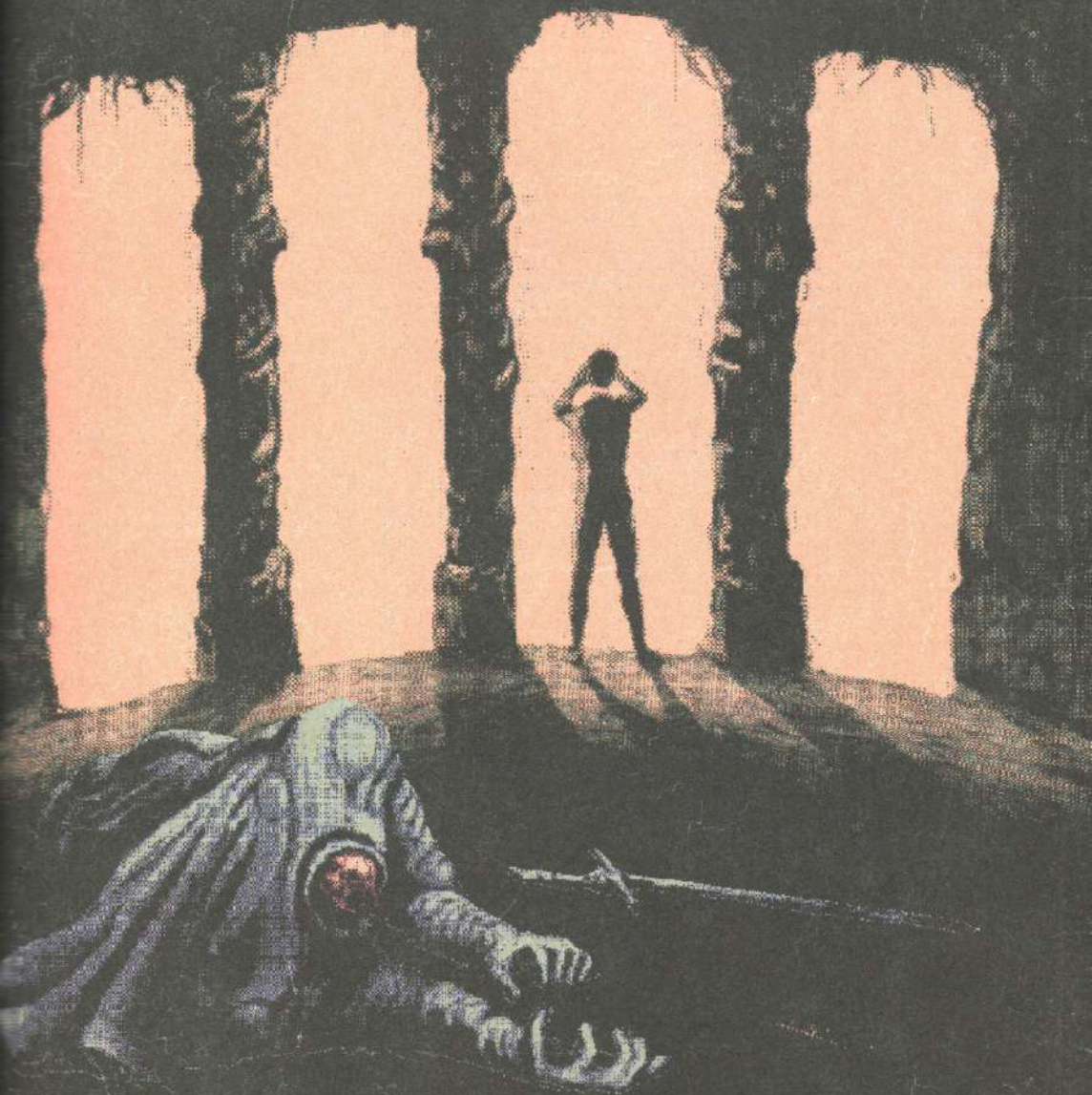
“... is none but my own.”



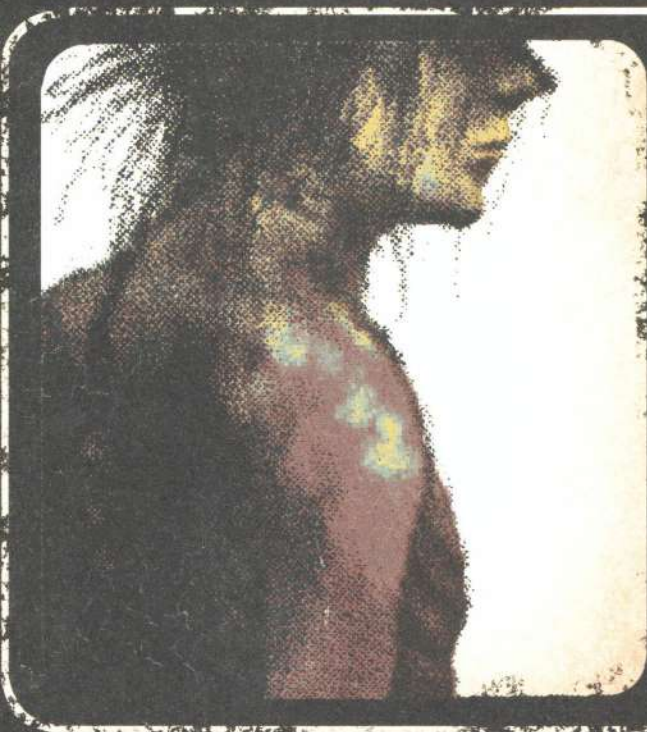


# Rebirth

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A gentle breeze blows. Pearly rivers of mist flow throughout the sky. A dark will slowly vanishes in silence.

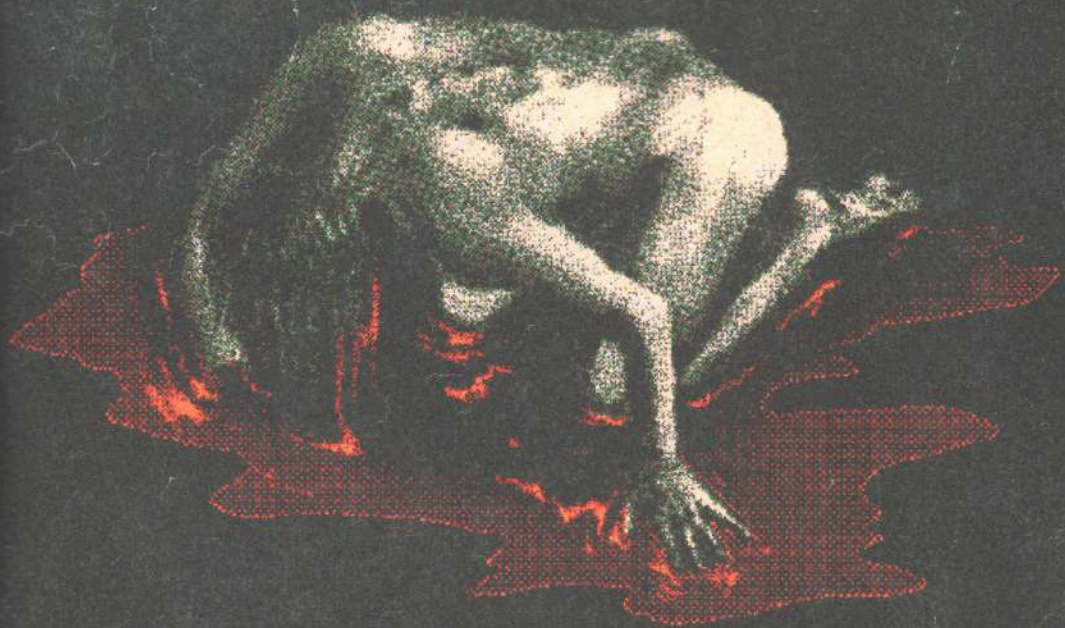
The mauve that taints his butchered body dissipates into nothingness. He feels the beating of his heart.

Relief, coldness, pain...

His many wounds start bleeding. From his wrist flows a stream of red.

The Wayfarer falls to the floor.





Kneeling in a puddle of blood, the Wayfarer stares at the body he has left behind. Without a head, it is but an armor.





## The Crimson Reflection

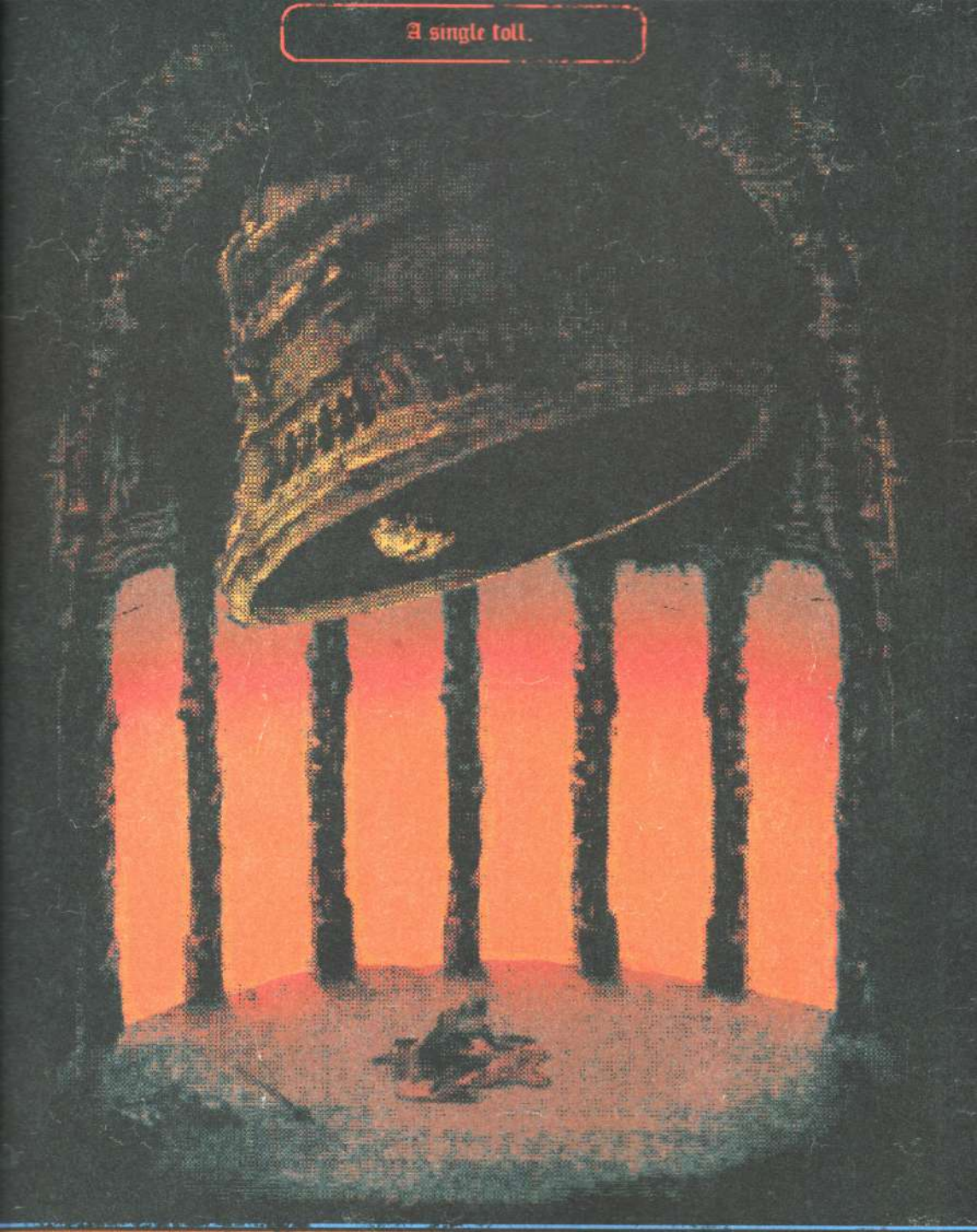


The Wayfarer looks down and peers at his scarlet self.  
A sincere face stares back at him.

"This... is just me."



A single toll.



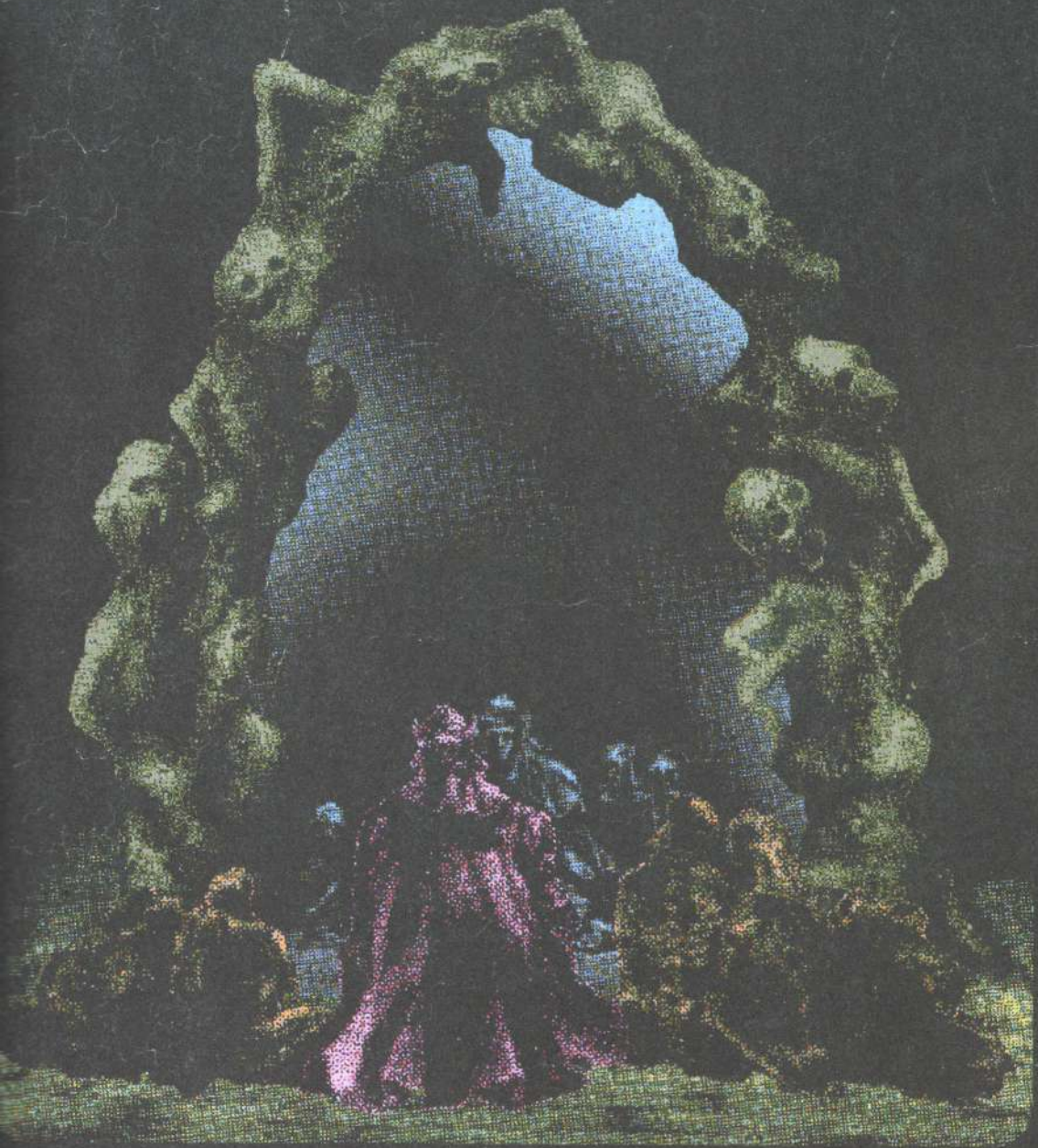




*An illusion shatters. A man awakens.*



*He contemplates his reflection, withered before the mirror that started it all.*

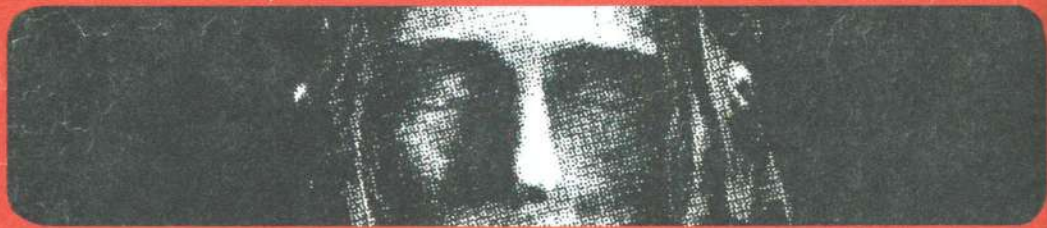






Disoriented, he stares with both eyes at his starved visage: his lips are cracked, his eyes sunken, and his skin grayish and dry. He barely has the strength to lift his numb arms off the floor; they feel as heavy as if they were made of stone.

Where before was the mark of the curse, now there is not even a vestige of its existence. His many mortal wounds are equally gone.



He bathes in the serenity of that remote place, feeling unburdened. The toll of the Bell still resonates in his head.

The man closes his eyes, sinking into his thoughts. There are no gods, no monsters, no shadows, no mirrors, only warm darkness.







**The Path Has Been Walked...**



**The Daughter of Ash**



**The Vessel**



**The Host of the  
Forbidden Blade**



**The Pale Sun Knight**



... Now Travel Theirs



The Lorekeeper of Num



The Parasitic Mage



The Vengeful Soul

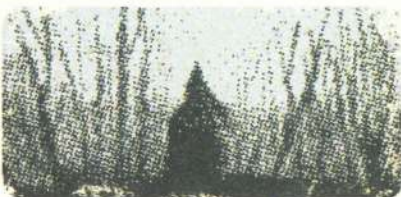


The Broken Heart



# The Daughter of Ash

The Daughters of the Voika Forest were raised to be one with the nature that surrounded them. Such was their harmony with the forest that most of them transcended their humanity.



The remorse of having failed to protect her home when it needed her the most still gnaws at her conscience. "I am but a coward..." she repeats to herself over and over again.



## Tear of the Voika



The last flower of the Voika Forest. The life force of its carrier prevents it from wilting. In return, it only offers her melancholic memories.

## Murgo's Seed



A seed from her god, capable of growing an entire forest within months.

Mind



Will



Faith



Strength





# The Vessel

Every time that the body of the Augur died, his followers transferred his soul into a newborn through a ritual, turning them into the new Vessel of the Augur. Sharing their vitality with another soul put a great strain on the Vessels' bodies, slowly withering them.



Although the young man was destined to preach the Augur's visions to his people, he decided to run away and make his own path.



## Visage of the Augur



The Visage of the Augur had to be worn by the Vessels as if it were their own skin.

## Soul of the Augur



After consuming a piece of Marko's flesh, the Augur received the gift of prophecy and started his own cult. Even though his body died long ago, he lives.

Mind



Will



Faith



Strength





# The Host of the Forbidden Blade

For generations, the Custodians of the Sword have devoted their lives to guard the infamous blade that imprisons the Evil One. However, in the end, they could not prevent the foul relic from being stolen by those who wished to liberate the beast.



After recovering the sword, the foolish Custodian submitted to its tempting whispers, which promised a life of glory and power.



## Oggol, the Cursed Blade



The blade is now an extension of himself. It bleeds and pulses like his own flesh, constantly trying to exert its will over the Custodian's.

## Broken Oath



A damaged emblem: a symbol of his conviction. If it were to be lost, his mind and body would surrender completely to the blade.

Mind



Will



Faith



Strength





# The Pale Sun Knight

Covered with prickly armors, the faithful servants of the Undying Sun strike fear among the blasphemous and blindly obey the will of the Solar Deacons.



Staring at the heretics whose newborn he was tasked to execute, the Knight found himself split between his duty and his morals. For the first time, he questioned his previous acts and the holiness of the Deacons.

## Blade of Solstice

A holy weapon used to punish those who act against the Undying Sun. Its virtuous blade must be cleaned after each execution.



Mind



Will



Faith



Strength





# The Lorekeeper of Num

The Library of Num holds the largest trove of information in the known world. Years of careful gathering and cataloging have been spent in order to build this hope for the future of mankind. Few are the tomes and scrolls in Num that the Lorekeepers have not memorized yet.



When he came across that codex of dark writings, he instantly knew that he was holding a weapon of immeasurable power. His three questing brothers wanted to take the book back to the Library, for every tome is sacred, but he knew that every trace of those vile inscriptions had to be erased from existence, even if that meant ending his brothers' lives since they had already memorized part of the book.



## Library Light



A staff carried by all Lorekeepers. It can be used to cast spells, but due to the non-violent nature of their wielders, they are mainly used for reading in the dark.

## Eye of Dorvus



A well-polished sheet of a translucent magic gemstone. If it is held against a piece of text, the reader will see said text in their mother tongue.

Mind



Will



Faith



Strength





# The Parasitic Mage

Parasitic mages slither among shadows, feeding on snails and slugs, longing for a life of ostentatious luxuries and comfort. As soon as they lay their slimy eyes on a life they desire, they do not hesitate to take it for themselves. They strike at the perfect moment and supplant the individual, no matter if they are an infant, a maiden, or a duke.



Some of them have lived the life of a person from cradle to grave without ever being discovered before moving on to their next life.



## Liar's Scepter



A fragile mother-of-pearl scepter used by parasitic mages to change their shape. If it is lost, a new one can be made within a few months.

## Dreamer's Dew



A shell containing a powerful slumbering poison used before taking over a victim's appearance.

Mind



Will



Faith



Strength





# The Vengeful Soul

A queen ill with white hives gave birth to her second son. While her firstborn was a healthy boy full of life, the younger of the two was weak, scrawny, and constantly afflicted by illnesses. He grew up with a blood-boiling hatred for his brother.



The day that his brother was crowned king, the prince sneaked into his bedchamber and tried to murder him. However, it was the older brother the one who accidentally ended the covetous prince's life. Such was the fury of the fallen prince, that he came back from the dead with an insatiable thirst for vengeance.



## Royal Sword



An opulent sword belonging to his brother, worthy of being wielded only by a king.

## Accursed Flesh



The child of a woman afflicted with white hives receives the blessing of Hetereth, god of wrath and putrefaction.

Mind



Will



Faith



Strength





# The Broken Heart

The light of his beloved dwindled with each day that passed. After hearing of a mysterious fountain whose waters were capable of curing all ills, he traveled to the remotest places in search of the cure, devoting his life to his quest, never losing hope.



Yet, by the time he came back victorious in his mission, it was too late. So devastating was the loss that it led him to madness.



## Last Hope



It heals its wearer of any affliction and can emit a bright light that obliterates evil. It has enough magic left for one last use.

## Opal Kiss



A ring from his beloved. It envelops him in a soft warmth.

Mind



Will



Faith



Strength







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