

# The Sancted Ones

Hope. Ignorance. Imagination. Fear. Plain, humane. For centuries, beliefs and worships have been established in the Southlands, sometimes influenced by the Musafirs of the East, the Merchants of the South, or the Fogs of the North. The land itself has embodied and developed these alterations throughout the years, as it has always set out to do, like a handiwork that knotted, mischievous hands are always changing. The concept of the otherworldly seems distant, appealing and impersonal, as if the natives prefer to invoke its grace rather than its name. Religions here are not established with temples and doctrines, but with personal rituals, with each person honoring their own interpretation of how miniscule they feel before the magnitude of the Heavens.

And yet, an unspoken agreement seems to linger among the inhabitants that no God will ever walk or plow this land. It is the mortal hand that shall tend to the child, mortal mouths that shall cry in anguish, mortal hearts that shall shatter for the heartbreak of man. The natives call them the Sancted Ones, or Saints, mortal souls possessed by Divine Grace, who hide in the plain, the routine, the humane, the ones who talk about the weather and the stars, or about harvest to come. The poor stranger, seeking warmth, The deceitful mother, seeking splendor. The Sancted Ones are established and worshipped by the people as a Pantheon - the everyday heroes who will tend and listen to us when we are too small and insignificant for the greatness of the Gods.

The Pantheon of the Sancted Ones is composed of 8 enigmatic figures, each

reflecting the archetypal quintessence of society itself as we know it:

## The Seamstress

### *Life Magic Discipline*

Needle and Thread. The kind Samaritan who sews up wounds. The mother, preparing her daughter's wedding dress. The craftsman who stays up day and night to see his work done.

The figure of the Seamstress is not one of heroism. Her name is not invoked when darkness falls, or when the wolves howl. The Seamstress is a reminder, a bittersweet memory, a stinging taste in the mouth, a monotonous melody.

It is a reminder that it takes effort, time and care to love. To build bridges. To heal wounds. To create. Loneliness. Pain. Devotion. Sacrifice so that others may find the strength to rise again. So that the loom may work again, and the work may be finished.

## Theris ( The Reaper)

### *Death Magic Discipline*

Sickle and Bow. The symbols of Passings have long been everyday tools. Familiar. Almost bringing fervor. Almost. The farmer who persistently waters his plants, and feeds his animals - only to deprive them of life. The Hunter who admires his prey after killing it. The woodcutter who ends a tree to build a house.

A misunderstood figure, Theris always hides behind bitter endings, harboring both hatred and bitterness by the locals as well as respect and awe. Distant, Tough, Absolute. A well needed End - so that a Beginning may arise again.

The Sun that kills the Moon. The fruit that rots so that its seeds may find the ground. The Grand Scheme that makes the journey well worth it. The lesson, that all things must come to an end - for new must succeed the old, the finite, the ordinary. The little Death regenerates, and it is through the Journey that Progress may come.

## The Champion

### *Fire Magic Discipline*

Shield and Feather. The symbols of the protector, the fighter, the poet. By word or by deed, by hand or by voice, a figure that does not give up, that does not compromise, that does not bend. The warrior who lets out his last breath. The bard who denounces his lord's crimes. The shepherd who scales the mountain to find his lost lamb.

The Champion is a figure of passion, full of rage and emotion, full of affection and empathy. He is the one who has the means that so many others lack, he is the one who lies awake while others sleep. He is the Awakening - sudden and brutal - reminding the world that he is still alive, against all odds.

The flame that dances in defiance to the darkness of night. The Boat that refuses to surrender to the crushing Waves. The Love that remains unanswered, the Blade that guts

the Fish. The Cry against Conformity, the Rise against Sloth.

## The Midwife

### *Earth Magic Discipline*

Swaddle and Lavender. The symbols of selflessness, warmth and support. A figure with a thousand faces, that of the Maiden, whose face, mysterious and beautiful, untouched by the darkness that roams through the day. The old Crone who lives alone in the woods, and keeps secrets unknown and occult - knowledge hidden, forgotten. The Mother's face, smiling and alert, both frightening and loving.

A Midwife is more than a profession, she is the tangible translation of compassion - the person who is there for you in your most difficult moment. The unexpected but life-saving knowledge. The ungiven caress you so desperately needed. The silence that gives you time to realize what you were missing.

The comrade-in-arms in battle. The cool breeze on a hot day. The gold that touches the beggar's cup. The inexplicable benevolence, the benevolent advice or even the brutal lesson. It is the seed that is planted - unknown if it will ever blossom.

## The Seafarer

### *Water Magic Discipline*

Salt and Hull. Longing and Journey. The hempen rope and the anchor. Presence and

Absence, Native and Stranger. The dual nature of the Seafarer has always been part of the inhabitants of this land, which is surrounded all around by the Sea. Fathers leaving their family - just to bring dough to the table, beardless boys facing the waves, boatmen tying ropes to the masts.

The Seafarer is an arduous figure - tested by salt and storm, steeped with the knowledge and traditions of other peoples, far from anything dear, but always held at thought. Traveller, Explorer and Insightful. But above all else, Free.

Diplomats with elaborate scrolls, sharing the desires of their fellow man. Mercenaries who give their lives for the causes of others. Travelers and seekers. Those who desire global and applied knowledge rather than specialization. Those who do not fear the ship that sails. Those who can withstand the pain from the flailing of the white handkerchief.

## The Tendershade

### *Air Magic Discipline*

Rosemary and Lazuli. Colours, Fragrances and Sparkles. The sun playfully dipping beneath the waves. The first day of spring. The smile that a girl in love gives to the one who holds the reins of her heart. The butterfly gently landing on a child's rosy cheeks.

Tendershade is a figure pure but deceptive. She speaks of Desire and Longing, the innermost need of the mind to be dazzled and infatuated. The simple, human need to wrap oneself in all that is good and beautiful and be forgotten forever. The whispered words shared by the bed as the sun sees the dawn, inviting you to snooze a little longer.

Quacks and Hawkers, bragging about their art. Dancers and singers praising the land that nurtured them. Storytellers and writers who recite words that travel the mind and plant ideas in the minds of children - tales of heroism that enthrall and enchant. The fatal reminder that the mind longs to stop tiring of the pains of life and wants to be enchanted and freed by everyday pleasures.

## Alimonos (lit. Woe)

### *Husher Discipline*

Darkness and Mist. The Fear that is born as night draws its veil. The howl of the wolf at dawn, the cry of the weak as war prevails. Alimonos is a mythological figure - the Progenitor of Beasts, the Creator of Darkness, the Slayer of Dreams and the Silencer of Innocence. Although his presence is associated with all that is wretched and inhuman, Alimonos hails the worship of natives because of the importance of fear in the existence of hope.

'Woe be upon us,' the villagers cry, once the harvest is destroyed by the brutal winter. And the chanting of these words is what unites them, bonds them, makes them as one. Alimonos is a necessary evil, the one who collectively adopts all Sin, the One Enemy that humanity will never defeat. Nevertheless, when he marches towards men, they will always hold each other's hands, and march together against him.

The warrior who marches towards certain Death. The fisherman facing the deadly storm to return to his family. The healer who recognizes that his patient will die - but stubbornly faces fate. Alimonos is simply an

obstacle - an obstacle bigger than man. The necessary evil that gives people Courage. The Night and the Storm. But also the promise that better days will come, and Fear will not win.

## The Scholar

### *Alchemy Discipline*

Charcoal and Parchment. The Scholar symbolizes humanity's innermost need for knowledge. The solving of mysteries. The understanding of the Otherworldly. Research and Records. The stubbornness to evolve, to improve, to flourish. The crystallization of the motto "*As I grow old, yet I Learn*"

The Scholar is not content with just reading. She questions, experiments, shares, sketches and prepares. She organizes and confronts. It is not stubbornness or courage that drives her pen, but knowledge, confidence. She is methodical, thorough and determined. She works smart, she aims and she succeeds.

The general who devises the battle plan. The mother who teaches her son the trick to his favorite concoction. The teacher who smiles at his student's haste and stubbornness. The wisdom that stems from experience and the wit of a sharpened mind. Knowledge and its Application. The Blacksmith's Hammer does not forge the Sword alone - it is the oil and the water, the fire and the anvil that yield the final result. Everything is connected - and only the sharp mind can connect them.