

The Tome of Adventures, Sagas of the Tales of Chronicles and Happenings of: TRES FATORUM

Chapter 1: Sudden Beginnings

Have you ever felt a pulsing in your chest, an intuitive thought that gave you the feeling of being chosen? Has the light of glory shone down from the heavens upon your soul? Could you say you have experienced a prophetic moment of divine omnipotence? Follow along with the three of fate, the three bringers of a prophecy, three chosen shining souls. Listen and learn from the tome of adventures, these sagas of the tales of a multitude of chronicles and unexplainable happenings of a group of three friends known as Tres Fatorum!

It was a glorious, sunny day in the world of Rovigory on the 1st of Aires in the year of 1420 of the 3rd Era. Birds flew from branch to branch with a swoosh and a chirp. Squirrels pattered up the side of trees, and plants breezed in the wind. A gust came upon a forest clearing, till the gust had kicked up into a dust devil, swirling with violent speed. With a sudden zap of lightning and a roaring quick burst of flame, two figures now stood in the middle of this gust. One in black robes with black hair dangling down just past his ears, and another in a hakama with a straw hat and light brown fur jutting out of his neck, snout, and face. Without much time to speak, or even think, they are ambushed by a burst of magical energy blasting into a tree by their side.

“Mercio!”

A deep, scratched voice comes out from under the straw hat.

“I know Yojimbo, we aren’t alone. What a warm welcoming party.”

Says the man in black robes with a smooth undertone. As his brown eyes dart to the side he lifts his hands and a red geometrical tattoo faintly glows on his face. Uttering a few words in elvish, his hands lift up and a thin sheet of magic deflects a small floating cloud of darkness hurling his way. Floating into view, a figure in tattered magical robes floats out of the darkness of the woods, plant life dying underneath him as he moves. With no words to speak, a dark menacing laughter follows the trail of his evil. Mercio mutters to Yojimbo.

“Let's be quick about this, shall we?”

In a frenzy of motion, Yojimbo dashes forward with three slices of his blade into the robes of the Lich as Mercio claps his two hands together and a blast of lightning shoots forward into the evil beings chest. The sound of a thousand screams bellows out of the evil creature as it reacts with a magical burst of energy, pushing back Mercio and Yojimbo. The eyes glowed a nasty yellow-green as its rotten jaw and decayed teeth came to light, chanting ancient elvish while two hands filled with a thick red gas. Just as the lich raised the smoking hands above its head, a staff came plummeting through the chest of the being from behind, instantaneously dissolving it to a green gas. Flying through its chest is a teenage boy with fine tan skin, gripping tight onto his wooden staff. With dark brown hair tied in a ponytail, he is only dressed in dried leaves, vines and the occasional smearing of mud.

“AAAAAGGGGGHHHHH!! WHAT DID I MISS?”

The boy hollered as he landed in the clearing.

“Pretty much everything, yeah you missed everything.”

Mercio responded, extending his hand towards the boy lying prone in the dirt. Pulling him to his feet, Mercio begins introductions.

“I am Mercio Von Phoenix, and this is my trusted and loyal protector Yojimbo. Don’t worry he doesn’t bite...”

Yojimbo tips his hat, then gives a wide, toothy grin.

“...unless you provoke him.”

Bora smiles with a ray of enthusiasm

“Well met! I’m Bora and I’m wandering these woods in search of... well I don’t know, really, maybe another adventure, or something better to eat than yesterday?”

Without much time to respond they hear a rustling in the bushes as something fast approaches, Yojimbo draws his sword, Mercio extends his hands with flickers of lightning and Bora leans nonchalantly on his staff.

“Help! I can’t go further...”

A young man in roughspun clothes drags himself through the bushes as he clutches his blood soaked ribs. Bora cradles him into the dirt, beginning to apply his dimly glowing hands on the punctured ribs. Little twig beings with purple glowing eyes dash through the woods coming from all directions chasing after this mysterious man, yet Yojimbo slices them to splinters and Mercio bolts them to chips as they get close. With a pile of firewood and a bloody traveler, they asked the man what had happened.

“Well my companions and I, Bron by the way, had been searching the woods for food. As we salvaged some berries we were attacked! I got away but my friends were taken away by those evil beings! The village in which we live isn’t too far from here, I can show yo...”

Yojimbo cut the man short.

“Well you survived, we can visit your village in the morning and send a search party for your friends tomorrow, but for the night we must set up camp.”

After finding some firewood and setting up camp, the four slowly drift into their dreams as the stars climb into the night sky.

~

In the first rays of the orange morning sunshine Bron leads the three to the small village of Walden, a tucked away forest village with no more than ten houses. Vines growing off of even the largest house belonging to the mayor, this village has seen little interaction in the passing months. Smoke towers out of the chimney of a small hut with a porch that covers a small forge. The hay roof and driftwood walls smell of pine

“Ahhhh home sweet home.”

Bron walks towards the hovel with open arms.

“I do appreciate all your help but I must get back to work. If you need any more information I would suggest talking to Gaara, she runs the general shop in the middle of the village.”

Bron waves a finger at a central, two story wooden building with a porch and lanterns on either side of the main door.

“Yes, lovely, yet I do believe we are owed some compensation. For all the trouble of making sure you got back here alive, I’m sure there is something you could spare us?”

Mercio steps forward with a glint in his eye and a sly smile. Bron pulls out a rough sketched map of the world of Rovigory and hands it over.

“Yes, I suppose this should help in your travels. You never told me where you came from either...”

Ignoring the question completely, Mercio snatches the map and walks towards the shop in the center of Walden. The front door smells of skunk as two lanterns light the porch and just inside tendrils of smoke drift towards the ceiling. A large, old, dark-elf woman with leathery navy blue skin is missing teeth as she smiles.

“Yes, yes come in! I have odds and ends, trinkets and bobbles. All for the wandering adventurer's eye.”

Her voice matches the tone of a creaky window sill as she speaks.

“We don't often many adventurers anymore, from where do you all originate?”

“We actually don't quite know, we had arrived from a portal just outside of town, but we were hoping you could let us know where we are now...”

As Yojimbo's deep voice cut through the smoke, Gaara's eyes lit up, widening to take in the three newcomers. Bora cut in to ease the tension

“Well I just came from the forest, but these two found me and well we need to find something fun to do.”

“Well if it is something fun you would like, take a deep long breath out of this pipe.”

The old woman pulls out a two foot long pipe decorated with fur and small teeth, and lights one end with just her thumb as she holds it towards Bora. With a long inhale and a fit of coughing, Bora leans back and begins to stare at the noon clouds high in the sky.

Mercio follows suit and, after some convincing, Yojimbo also gives the pipe one long breath. Bora swirls in the air like whipping smoke as he shapeshifts into a butterfly floating from flower to flower. Half in awe and half in concern, Mercio follows him down the trail. Yojimbo trailed the crew attempting to keep them on track while losing track of himself in the process.

~

Hours went by as the crew enjoyed their first high until they all eventually found themselves back at the shop in Walden, sitting on three stools now speaking with Gaara as they all took another puff from the pipe.

“You boys are in a land known as Rovigory. This land is split between three kingdoms, each having dominion over equal amounts of land. Right now, you are all in the Valin Woods of the United Kingdom, otherwise known as the UK. To the east, just past the Spartan Mountains, is Thurdheim. And to the west just past the Black Dragon Swamp is Maryfornia. Not much is known about these other lands, as it has been ages since anyone has safely traveled to either kingdom. If you wish to find out more, Bron is leaving tomorrow morning in search of his companions and he will be visiting the town Blossomton, just north of here. You can even stay the night free!”

Gaara happily proclaims as she hands the pipe off with a grin from cheek to cheek.

“We mind as well get some bearings on where we are and maybe it’ll give us something more to do.”

Yojimbo spoke through a few small coughs as smoke drifted past his large, glossy teeth.

“Yeah, but I don’t like it. Something doesn’t feel right...”

Mercio eased back in his chair while peeling back a banana.

“Don’t worry, we’ve got each other!”

Bora chimed in with a grin from ear to ear.

“Yeah, great. I’ll sleep soundly knowing I’m stuck in a room with a child raised in the woods and a samurai wolf man.”

Mercio sarcastically interjected. Eventually retiring for the night, the three find their stacks of hay in the basement and drift into a cozy slumber. Yet tonight as their eyelids close, they begin dreaming. All of them synchronize in the dream world as they envision the very inn they are sleeping in. They simultaneously walk outside side by side and a thick fog has settled up to their knees in the purple light of the full moon. From the woods a shadow creeps towards the village, a silhouette made of the drifting trails of fog takes the form of an elvish woman. As it approaches it begins to speak.

“Relax. I am the Lady of the Mist, Silvia. I’m sure you have many questions, as I have many answers. You are in the country of the United Kingdom. In this land, Emperor Exodus rules all and it has been this way since the final days of the first era. When the second era began, Emperor Exodus led a ruthless, powerful military and thus began enslaving Orcs, Infernals, Dwarves and Draconians alike. A hundred years of war have raged on and ravaged the land to this day, and now it is up to you to stop it. Druid monk, Bora...”

Her hands of mist extend towards the dirty teen.

“...You will learn of your true inner strength when you learn to harness your overwhelming confidence and overcome the darkness of your past. Wizard rogue, Mercio...”

Her gaze shifts to the hooded half elf.

“... You will understand the balance between unified peace and insatiable wrath, when you do, you will unlock your unlimited potential. And Fighter monk Yojimbo...”

Her figure drifts closer to the tall wolf-like figure.

“...Your past will become clear when you focus on your future. Then you will truly understand who you are, and your true power.”

Her eyes glow brighter as her sentence continues.

“Now the three of you must go forth together upon the path of success to rewrite the very history of this realm...”

As she speaks a cylinder of multicolored light surrounds the three as bubbles shoot upwards from the mist, pushing together like a lava lamp. The bubbles smash into each other creating smaller bubbles until only bubbles can be seen.

“...Continue forth and etch your names into legends as you become TRES FATORUM!”

The bubbles shoot upwards as the three are lifted into the sky, suddenly waking to the smell of breakfast.

“Wow. I just had a wild dream.”

Mercio began as Yojimbo finished his thought.

“In the middle of town in the fog...”

They spoke the last part in unison as Bora walked up, scratching his eyes.

“...with Lady Silvia, of the mist?!”

Bora chimed in.

“Oh yeah, what a wild night! We must’ve had a little too much of that kush bush, huh?”

“No, Bora. That wasn’t real, that was all just a dream. But we all had it... together? Now we’ve gotta figure out what, and how, that happened.”

Mercio said as he motioned towards the door. Upstairs they find Gaara boarding up the windows and door.

“Excuse me?”

Mercio scoffs as he watches Gaara barricade the shop.

“Help me board up the windows, the empire is coming, hurry!”

In the early morning confusion, the three help Gaara board up the shop. They hear the sound of metal boots in unison marching, stomping into the dirt as everyone hides in the shop. Horse hooves in the dirt, the clanging of swords and tens, no hundreds of imperial troops. The stomps get louder and louder till they stop suddenly. A few seconds of eerie silence rolls by... BOOM!! Where the door once was is a gaping hole filled with a few beams of light, and floating through the hole is an old withered man, pale as the full moon with nasty yellow eyes that shine from underneath his black hood. His voice echoes with a chilling aura of death as he speaks.

“Just come outside and no one has to die.”

At first the party hesitates to move, then Gaara proceeds outside. They slowly follow, and once getting outside they see four people bound and kneeling next to each other with wool sacks over their heads. The man dressed in black robes floats above the four captives as he looks at Gaara with those stained yellow eyes and says

“It has been a long hunt trying to find you Gaara. Finally I’ve found you but I will give you a choice. You may answer my question and free these captives in exchange for your captivity, or you can be free with four more dead bodies in your village courtyard.

Humor my curiosity and answer me this one thing. Why...”

Just then a streak of frost dashed through the sky, originating from a magic wand that Bron held as he stood on top of his roof. The hooded man waves one hand, brushing the frigid spell to the side, then he points and an orange line of magic dashes into Brons chest, turning him to ash in an instant.

“NOOOOO! BRON!”

Gaara yells out as tears begin to form in the corner of her eyes.

“Pitiful. Now back to our discussion, before being so rudely interrupted. Why do you choose to help these helpless people? Do you plan to continue helping them destroy everything we have built, everything I have built? Answer your Emperor! Answer Exodus!”

The chilling voice of Emperor Exodus filled the air, met with silence and the sound of muffled crying. Gaara was looking for the words to say but couldn't think of the proper way to manage her sentence, then without hesitation Emperor Exodus slowly lifted his hand. As it got higher, the four captives began screaming

“It hurts, make it stop, ohh my head, stop please make it stop!”

Then with a quick pull of his boney fingers, he balled up a fist and all four of the captives' heads exploded, splattering blood across the troops, and even Gaara. Just then the Emperor floated further away as his voice echoed

“Get them.”

Yojimbo dispersed gas out from his snout all around as Mercio grabbed Gaara, and Bora turned into a giant eagle. Mercio dove, squeezing Gaara, onto the giant eagle as Yojimbo sat on the front end. With a few flaps of the wide wings, Bora lifted off and the fog floated around the imperial troops as the troops began grabbing each other in confusion. As the party flew to their first campsite, Gaara wept for her fallen comrades and began to whisper a prayer.

“What was all that back there? Are we in danger?”

Mercio said as he looked down at Gaara's glassy black eyes as she finished her prayer.

“That was Emperor Exodus, and his evil power of will being demonstrated on my newest recruits.”

Her voice broke as she held back more tears and continued.

“You see I am a recruiter and trainer for the People's Militia. I help defend our freedom against the iron clutches of Emperor Exodus and his army of troops known as ‘The Division.’ The war has been going on for a while yet no big conflicts have really happened for years. It’s mostly been quiet on the battlefield, till now...”

Bora flaps his wings down as they arrive at the clearing of their campsite from two nights ago, firepit and shelters still standing. Mercio and Yojimbo begin salvaging food as Bora sits with Gaara to talk about her recent loss. As the orange sun reaches the middle of the sky, some orcish looking humanoids interrupt Gaara as they stumble through some bushes. Just as everyone brandishes weapons and shady glances exchange, Bron hops in between them.

"Wait! No one needs to get hurt!"

Gaara leaps forward, embracing Bron in her arms. With a sideways glance, Yojimbo speaks from under his hat with his sword at the ready

"Gaara wait! We can't be sure if that's really Bron. We just watched him turn to ash!"

Mercio chimes in

"Yes, Gaara. IF he is the real Bron, how could we tell?"

"He is the real Bron, I can feel it in his soul!"

She croaks out before giving him another hug. Bron speaks up

"Of course it's me! A fellow spell caster such as yourself hasn't heard of the clone spell?"

Bron shoots a sly smile to Mercio, as Mercio's brow dips in with his response.

"Just didn't think such a novice spell caster as yourself could cast such a thing."

After a chuckle from Bron, he orders the half-orcs to set up camp as the large orange orb of a sun begins to set.

"We should leave for Blossomton tomorrow morning, or scouts would have gotten enough time to locate us."

Mercio interjects.

"By tomorrow morning they would have already secured the town and, if they're as powerful as they sound, would've found us as well."

Gaara steps forward with some insight.

"Have some trust in Bron, we have a higher chance of being found by the scouts if we're moving."

"This is ridiculous! Are you implying we just sit and wait for them to find us? Just wait for our enemy to get the jump on us?"

Yojimbo snarled without hesitation.

"Much better us waiting for them, instead of them waiting for us."

Bron casually slid his retort in.

"I think they're right guys, we should wait till the morning before we blindly walk through the woods at night."

Bora stepped forward with a voice of concern. Mercio turns away from the group looking into the brush of the woods lightly spotted by flickers of moon light. Under his breath he spoke a few words and as the whispers disappeared, Yojimbo heard echoes of Mercio's voice in his head.

"I don't like this. It feels like something is up, we should leave for the town tonight. I'm not waiting around for an ambush."

"I agree, something definitely feels off."

Yojimbo locked eyes with Mercio as his message floated to Mercio's mind.

As everyone else was gathering around a campfire, Mercio and Yojimbo waltzed into the dark night in search of the next step, Blossomton.

Chapter 2: A Really Bad Day

Gaara's leathery skin wrinkled into a smile as she glanced down to Bora handing him the pipe, the smoke trailing into the sky, reaching for the stars.

"Tell me young traveler, what brings you through these parts with your companions?"

Gaara asked before taking a long drag from the pipe.

"Well, I lived in the woods most my life. Luna raised me and taught me how to survive when I was real young. Then a winter wolf took up the job of protecting me, and now I was sent to find my own path."

Bora spoke with short bursts of enthusiasm. Gaara with wonder in her eyes asks.

"What of your friends, you all seem close, how did you happen upon them?"

"Ah! Honestly I was in a dream of my past then I got sucked inside my stomach, I think? Then a massive water snake with a dark knight in his mouth ate me. I woke up from that nightmare as I saw them, and I woke up flying through some bad guy with this crazy staff strike like this! HWAAAA!"

Bora flips his staff out and spins with an arching strike to the ground. Gaara lets out a hearty laugh with a large puff of smoke.

"Oh what it is to be young! You sure have a lot of spunk, moon child."

"Wait... WHERE DID THEY GO? MERCIO!?! YOJIMBO!?!"

As Bora rushed around to look for them in the camp, Gaara calmed his wrestling soul.

“Don’t you worry child, they already left but I can tell they know how to fight the evil that comes out of the woods at night. We will surely see them in the morning. Take this time to rest.”

With a yawn and tired eyes Bora looks to Gaara.

“Alright, I guess you are right.”

Stretching his arms out he continues.

“I could use a little nap after today.”

Just as Bora lay upon his bed roll a rustling comes from the bushes and the entire camp stands at the ready...

~

Yojimbo cuts vines out of the way of the path as Mercio follows close behind ever vigilant, the full moon shining down upon them.

“If the evils of this forest are anything like what greeted us here, we should have no problem making our way to this run down town.”

Mercio said as he scanned the area.

“Honestly Mercio, that Gaara woman does seem kind of odd.”

“It’s that Bron fella I don’t like, Yojimbo. He gives me a serious ‘Eye of Newt , dung of bat’ persona.”

As they talk a rustle in the bushes grabs their immediate attention. Popping out from behind the bush is a small hat, then trousers and a roughspun tunic, then a man wearing it all with a large box as a backpack.

“Halt! Who are you and what is your business?”

Yojimbo grips his sword tight as he speaks through his teeth.

“Oh well hello! I am simply a traveling trader, would you like to browse my generic items? The good stuff is pretty packed away!”

“No. We are in a rush. Can you tell us which direction Blossomton is?”

Mercio interjected.

“Uh yeah, just keep following forward and there will be a trail that will lead you into town. It’s a real beauti...”

Mercio begins floating away as Yojimbo turns his cheek, giving the merchant just enough time to finish his sentence before following behind Mercio. As the merchant disappeared in the darkness and the two moved on, an unsettling fog hung in the air. The slightest breeze made the leaves whistle and the smell of dewy grass was thick. A needle dashes by Yojimbo barely missing his furry cheek.

“MERCIO! Get ready!”

Instinctively stepping back to back, Yojimbo dawns his sword as Mercio holds swirling clouds with lightning shocking off his fingertips.

“Hahaha, I was hoping it wouldn’t be that easy. I was really anticipating the ‘legendary’ Tres Fatorum being a powerful opponent.”

A voice echoes from the moonlit forest canopy. Bushes rustle as bursting forth a large metal bull with trails of green smog drift from its nostrils. Riding on top of its back is a lanky, black furred cat-like humanoid. A loud leopard-like screech and growl echo, followed by a scratchy woman's voice.

“RAAUU, I found em over here!”

More rustling of bushes as Mercio lets loose an arching bolt of lightning towards the metal bull, making contact with a crackle. As if unaffected by gravity, Yojimbo leaps

towards the black cat with the tip of his sword leading. The rider swipes the blade to the side with its claws and a sly smirk curls upon the cat's face.

“Ragskull! Get this, your sworn enemy the wolf boy thinks he ca.. UH”

Yojimbo rolls across the leaves and, looking through the reflection in his now bloody blade, returns a smirk to the chatty cat.

“But how? I'm sure you missed!?! You'll pay for that!!”

The metal bull turns and rears on two legs above Yojimbo and just as Mercio sends a barrage of shocks towards the bull, the bolts seem to swallow into a vacuum of time and space disappearing effortlessly. Just then floating over some tall bushes a shroud of darkness surrounds a pale skinned, black haired half-elf with his arms extended.

“Ah, here you are. Exquisite, another gothic wizard and his trusty pet protector, the dog boy. All you need now is a lost innocent girl and you make the perfect trio!”

The metal bull's hooves stomp on the ground and the horns lower to trap Yojimbo's neck against the dirt. From out of the bushes a tall stocky orc holding a maul stumbles in.

“Here's you are, Toranil! I heards ya say there wasa lost girl, but I sees boys!”

“EVERYBODY WAIT JUST ONE SECOND!”

A booming yell bellowed from Mercio echoing like thunder. Once all eyes sat upon him he returned a leer to the cat-like being on the bull.

“You will let my companion Yojimbo go with godspeed or I will invoke the wrath of Tempus upon you!”

The dark wizard Toranil floats in between.

“How rude, shouldn't we first properly introduce ourselves! I am Toranil, along with my furry friend Rushing Hippo Paw and my brainless orc bodyguard Ragskull, we create the Tria Timere! The origins from an ancient language, it means we are the three of fear,

striking terror into the hearts of those who oppose us! Sent here to destroy you as a present from Emperor Exodus himself! Through the perilous preparat..."

All the while as Toranil was talking, Mercio locked a wink with Yojimbo as he whispered to him a silent mental message.

"Yojimbo! That green gas will kill you on contact, you must get out of range of it's breath..."

"Is it flammable?"

"NO! Yojimbo listen, once this bumbling idiot finishes I will distract them. That's your cue."

"Away from the deadly gas, got it!"

As Toranil's voice bled back into their ears he finished speaking.

"...now, do you have any last words?"

Toranil brimmed with excitement and evil in his eyes until Mercio responded.

"Watch this you bumbling idiot! Don't blink or you'll miss it!"

As Mercio crosses his fingers in a dexterous pattern, his red tattoo around his eye glows.

Black sparks envelope him as two large slow streams of black lightning shock down into

two sigils on either side of Mercio. The sigils burst upward and swirl around until,

standing before Toranil are three identical Mercio's. As Toranil prepares to respond,

Ragskull moves to attack one of the Mercio's giving Yojimbo the perfect opening to

escape. Using his large wolf paw he pushes the metal bull away just in time as a burst of

green smog sprawls upon the ground. Holding his breath Yojimbo rolls away and

watches as just inches away, the green smog turns the leaves on the ground into stone.

Pulling out his sword with a quick stand, Yojimbo slashes twice through the back of

Ragskull.

“RRRAAAGGGH! Bad Dog!”

Ragskull turns to strike as Yojimbo ducks under the maul, Mercio shoots three streaking balls of lightning at Toranil, only two bursting into the dark shroud.

“HAHAHA! NOW YOU WISH YOU WOULD HAVE HAD THAT INNOCENT GIRL, HUH?”

The black cat Rushing Hippo Paw sits upon the metal bulls back holding up a large flask full of bubbling black liquid with multicolored dragon scales inside.

“NO, Hippo Paw it’s not worth it!”

Toranil yells. Just as she swings her elbow and her fingers release the bottle SCHLUMP.