



nomads.

لوانا

# The Six Heroes of



## Ulrich

***Ulrich is a grumpy and close-lipped ex-soldier with a big heart.***

**Specialty:** Protecting Red and first mate on the Intrepid.

**Favorite Weapon:** His sword with a dragon tooth in the hilt.

**Secret Passion:** The insufferable she-devil called Siana.

**Motto:** "Let's smash it first and discuss it later."



## Siana

***Siana is a free spirit with a fiery temper who is not afraid to speak her mind.***

**Specialty:** Hunting giant venomous lizards and the occasional burglary.

**Favorite Weapon:** Her net and grappling hook.

**Favorite Pastimes:** Pestering Ulrich and asking embarrassing questions.

**Motto:** "Nothing to lose, everything to gain!"



## Red

***Red is a brave young man with a big mouth who is ready for anything.***

**Specialty:** Bad deals and unlucky heir of a renowned pirate.

**Secret Weapons:** His fast talk and his poison dagger.

**Secret Passion:** The enchanting and mysterious girl called Moon.

**Motto:** "Luck is a dish best served cold."

# Legends of Luma



## Moon

***Moon comes from elsewhere, she is mystifying, moody, and magical.***

**Specialty:** Eolian languages and taming birds.

**Secret Weapon:** Her silver medallion.

**Favorite Animal:** All of them, except for Nostromo's pet frog.

**Motto:** "But I'm not asking for the moon!"



## Nostromo

***Nostromo is a bearded druid who enjoys a good laugh and the finest things in life.***

**Specialty:** Revitalizing potions and elixirs of life.

**Favorite Food:** Slippery eel and eternal jellyfish soup.

**Favorite Animal:** Slippy, his domesticated mirabilis frog.

**Secret Weapons:** Surprise frog eggs. His sense of humor.



## Lys

***Lys is a sullen and commanding scholar who hides her emotions well.***

**Specialty:** None, but knows about everything.

**Secret Weapon:** Her encyclopedic mind.

**Favorite Pastime:** Finding an explanation for everything.

**Motto:** "Better know nothing than half-know many things."

# Legends Of LWMA™

Answering a mysterious call for help, our six adventurers sailed for three moons before getting stranded on an unknown shore. Taking refuge inside the den of a fantastic sea monster, they shared treasures and equipment they recovered to carry on with their adventure. On their way to Kokota, they came across a convoy of strange nomads...



Following their shipwreck that very morning, the pace of events had been so frantic that the six adventurers were only starting to realize what an unbelievable journey they had rushed headlong into. Now led by the curious group of nomads they encountered after exploring the Nukha's cave, the group was perched in a carriage atop an unusual giant animal covered in white fur guided by a Nomad named Isha-Big-Foot who was leading them to Kokota. Behind them, the caravan trudged along slowly on the dusty trail winding through small barren hills. The air was dry and the sky was mauve. Silver trees with protruding roots that looked like spider legs seemed to be watching them go by, while releasing small flowery bubbles in the air. This new world was both fascinating and terrifying. Under the watchful eyes of his pet frog, Nostromo was scribbling in his travel journal. "Incredible! Amazing! What did they call the strange cross between a mammoth and a buffalo we're travelling on? Oh yeah... A lowmac! What a huge beast! It even carries small dwellings. Mobile homes! What a great idea!" he said joyfully. The ground shook under each step taken by the moving wooly mountain, and Siana—the intrepid dragon hunter—was holding tight to the railing.

"Either way, you would have to pay me a lot of money to live on top of one of those things," she grumbled.

Young Moon, sitting above the beast's neck, right in front of the carriage, turned to her laughing.

"I thought you used to ride giant lizards. Is this any different?"

"You can't compare an enraged dragon to a big hairy slug!"

Moon shook her head, forgiving Siana and her usual fiery temper. She turned back around to continue examining the land, eager to see more of it. This world delighted her, she felt at ease.



The nomadic guides followed right behind them. Their lowmacs were carrying enormous chests locked by chains on their backs. Jars containing swimming glowing jellyfish hung from ropes running along their sides. The rest of the tribe—some fifty blue-skinned individuals wearing dark robes—was trailing behind them on foot.

The town of Kokota sat there on the edge of the trail like a big oyster left behind among the seaweed after high tide, possibly guarding a few pearls within it. The rounded town walls were made of sediment concretions and the houses—all clustered together—had the shape of small white conchs. The vegetation springing from the rooftops was gleaming like algae above the coral reef.

Everyone was speechless but it was not the sight of this magnificent oasis that amazed them the most: it was the crystals. Springing from the earth, hundreds of mauve crystalline spikes of all sizes ran through Kokota from all sides, pressing against the houses and piercing through the roofs. The town seemed desolate, empty of its inhabitants. The Nomad guide stopped his lowmac and ordered it to lie down on its front legs. Ulrich helped Lys step down. With one hand raised to shield her eyes from the sun, she examined the surroundings and turned to Isha-Big-Foot.

“So this is the famous Kokota... What happened here?” she asked.

“Do not go near it, Wise White Mane! It is dangerous! There are bad spirits here... The dream-gems are awake! They were not here nine moons ago when Isha-Big-Foot last came.”

Nostromo took a second look at the town.

“Bad spirits. Interesting... Maybe a local superstition?” he mumbled to himself.

Moon, who stayed behind, was playing with her medallion nervously, wondering where the inhabitants had gone to.

As for Red, he remained dubious. How did these crystals end up here?

“You came here nine moons ago and there was no... none of these crystals?” he asked.

“It is true, Young Red Hair... Dream-gems appear out of nowhere...”

Turning his head toward the town, Red spotted Moon, in the distance, entering Kokota through a large gateway.

“Hey! Moon! Come back here!”

He immediately ran after her, leaving Isha-Big-Foot behind him slightly bewildered. Ulrich and Siana quickly followed suit as Lys and Nostromo looked at them running off. Both powerless, Nostromo turned to Lys sighing.

“This is much too intense! Well, my dear Lys, I will leave you in company of our guide and the bad spirits. My frog and I are instead going to investigate the culinary arts of our charming hosts...”



Moon entered the abandoned town. An odd electric pink fog was floating above the ground. She passed a few narrow streets before reaching a place full of sparkling crystals. In an instant, she was hit full force by an enormous wave of energy. A white flash blinded her and made her lose her balance. As she leaned against a wall with her eyes closed, she suddenly felt everything turn upside-down. Overcome by a flood of noise and visions, she had lost all control...

A cliff... A boy throwing a bottle in the sea... The path created by the jellyfish... Kokota... People shouting, screaming, running everywhere... Dark knights riding terrifying creatures and brandishing swords... Women, old men, children, chained to each other... A room with walls covered in blue scales and the boy from the cliff, wearing a strange bracelet... A click, one drop of blood falling to the ground... A hidden recess behind a scale with a specific mark drawn by the child...

Nearby, Red was walking down a flowery street, calling out Moon's name. His calls were echoing in the distance and his footsteps resonated against the seashell paving. Suddenly, a red-bearded man, all dressed in red, appeared in front of him, arms crossed and looking angry.

"Red!!! What happened to my ship? You imbecile!!!"

"Father? But... But what are you doing here?"

A few streets away, Ulrich came face to face with a ghost. With his horned helmet, bear fur and studded leather, his axe in hand, ready to fight—Ulrich instantly recognized his old nemesis.

"You? Here? But you are dead! What do you want from me?"

"Revenge..."

Meanwhile, Siana, with her iron club in hand, was facing a giant dragon who looked at her menacingly. She did not want to flee. She knew this dragon very well. It was the Graouli, the dragon that killed the great hunter, her grandfather.

"I should have never spared your life, filthy beast!"

In a flash, Siana cast her net on the reptile who was then furiously trying to extricate itself from the mesh.

Ulrich wanted to charge his opponent, but he felt shackled by invisible bonds. It was as if he was losing his mind. None of this could be true! A flash of insight suddenly crossed his mind, so he started to angrily destroy all the crystals surrounding him, as fast as possible.



As for Siana, she could see the dragon struggle furiously, hitting everything it could with its tail, and smashing the crystal spikes around them. The young woman jumped on top of the creature before it could get rid of her net... only to land on Ulrich's shoulders!

"Ulrich? What..."

"Illusions! Siana, the crystals are bewitching us! They're bringing the ghosts of our pasts back to life!"

She jumped down as Ulrich was trying to free himself for the net resentfully. So, Ulrich was the dragon after all? Siana burst out laughing.

"I can promise you that this is not how I typically catch men. Usually..."

"I sure hope so... Come on! We have to find Red and Moon! Quick!"

Moon opened her eyes. Her head was spinning. She looked around in confusion. She could see the building with the blue scales a little further and headed toward it. Meanwhile, Ulrich and Siana found Red lying flat under one of the crystals. The three of them were now looking through every building for Moon. Finally, they found her almost petrified inside one of the houses. She turned to them, in tears, and whispered a few words.

"Too late... We're too late!"

She then walked toward a scale on the wall and put her hand on a mark left by the child from her visions. A crescent moon with a horizontal line running through it.

"When the moon will rise, you will find your path through my words... The message!"

She pulled on the scale which immediately rotated on an axis to reveal a secret recess. Inside of it, she found a copper bracelet that she instinctually put around her wrist. A small mechanism immediately triggered and a small cap on top of the trinket instantly opened up, revealing tiny gears controlling a silver needle.

"It looks like a compass," said Red.



But Moon did not hear him. The boy with the bracelet had just flashed in front of her eyes.

“Help me!” the boy screamed.

Moon passed out from this final hallucination. Ulright caught her in her fall and carried her out of Kokota and away from the magical hold of the quartz.

Outside the town, Lys—worried sick—was waiting for them with Isha-Big-Foot. As soon as she saw them, she ran toward them.

“We gotta get out of here,” Red told her.

“Isha-Big-Foot warned you... Bad spirits here...”

Lys took Moon’s face in her hands.

“She’s alive! She is breathing... But what is this mechanical device?”

Seeing the bracelet, the Nomad seemed surprised. He lifted Moon’s wrist to take a closer look at it.

“A Wilango locator, Wise White Mane... It is used to track someone lost. Did Feather Head lose someone?”

As Lys tried to remove the bracelet from Moon’s arm, the girl suddenly woke up to stop her. Her eyes wide open, she yelled.

“I saw the messenger!”

“Calm down, dear... You need to rest... You can tell us everything later, at the camp... Nostromo is already waiting for us there...”



They rejoined the rest of the caravan at nightfall. The lowmacs were lying down in circles around the campfires, the jars of jellyfish hanging from their sides lighting up the bivouac with a magical glow. A delicious aroma of cooked food was floating in the air and a few musicians were playing a melody when Nostromo welcomed them, his mouth full and a pitcher in his hand.

“Here you are! I have something incredible to tell you!”

“Did you turn this water into wine?” declared Lys sarcastically. Nostromo was not one for such remarks so he decided to ignore Lys completely and turned toward the others.

“The whirlpool that swallowed us, right before the wreck! It was the Nukha’s fault!”

“The Nukha? That big whale?”

“Indeed! Actually, there are two of them and when they swim in circles it causes these huge storms. That’s how they... That’s how they make...”

“How they make what?” replied everyone else.

“Umm... Eggs! You see what I mean, right?”

Red blushed so hard that he looked like a small red pepper. Ulrich guffawed while exchanging knowing looks with Siana. Lys was shocked.

“Are you saying our ship sank because of a mating ritual?” she asked.

“That’s exactly it! Well, it’s one of their legends, you see... But that’s not all! The crystals that you can see all around here... Well, they say that they fall from the sky and that they dreamed this world into existence!!! Dreaming crystals, that’s crazy!”

Siana, Red, and Ulrich looked at each other. Nostromo leaned forward to whisper something to them.

“If I can tell you the truth... These nomads have the wildest imagination! You should come listen to all these stories. They’ll surprise you...”

The sounds of the musical instruments and the scent of the grilled food eased them into settling comfortably around the fire to listen the legends of the Nomads.



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