

Beowolkt Lore

The Hero Hermit

Sgeemund the Blaze

The First Saber

Long ago, the seven islands of Beowolkt were at war. Millions died over seven years. The eighth year proved to be different. A veteran knight, who had mastered the mystic arts, led the kingdom of Brel to victories. He trained his knights to be mages. To be able to call upon the arcane art of Tisops. With their elemental swords of plasma, he turned the seven years of stalemate battles into decisive victories. Brel celebrated as it continued to conquer the other islands. When it was done and over, two years later, the islands which peace. Treaties were created. Those who wielded Tisops, knights and mages, were outlawed. The art became a sport. The creator became the hunted. No longer celebrated for their victories, his knights, his mages, his sabers were all slaughtered to appease the Gods of the Rings that orbit Beowolkt. These brave warriors became one with the gods. Becoming the elemental spirits that roam the world today. Growing in power. Growing in secret. Waiting on the word of their one true leader. Alas, neither the living, nor the dead, knows of what happened to Sgeemund the Blaze. Legends are told of how Sabers sought him out for training. How he continued to do good for all of Beowolkt. Then some myths say he is the root of the spirits attacking. That he alone, put the dangers in Grimm Forest. Some say he is bidding his time to reclaim his army and bring the world back to the peace he created. Others say he retired and died in hiding. His body was never found, but his art lives on with those who can call upon Tisops. These Sabers work in secret, keeping the elemental spirits t bay. Even amongst the spirits, his fate is unknown.They

say it's impossible for Sgeemund to be alive as a man, but they say it's also impossible for him to be alive as a spirit. One fact remains true, Sgeemund is known to do the impossible. If anyone could do it, Sgeemund could, and if he did, the world would be on edge to know if he is friend or foe. Is he the heart of Grimm Forest? No one knows, for Grimm Forest is deep and dangerous, plants and animals protect it. No one has made it to the heart of the forest, where the spirits roam free, but at night, a column of light rises from the heart. One of fire, bright and gold, but no one has traced it..until now.

The Mask of Sgeemund

“All I’m saying is we defeated Apocalypse and his four horsemen. We are full fledged Sabers now. Why should we go back to school?” Keithner asked. “More importantly why should I go back? I don’t matter remember?” Keithner put up air quotes as he sheathed his blue dagger on his thigh. His blue chest plate hidden underneath the black jacket, the sleeves tucked into his blue gauntlets. The blue loincloth and hip guards covering his black pants, and a red bandana tied around his boots.

“Because we can’t become official knights if we don’t complete school. I worked to hard to get to where I’m at.” Larissann shot back at him. She was as tall and lean as Keithner. Her orange skin flared beneath her armor that was also covered by a blue skirt and top. Her golden short hair tied into a styled in a bun. She raised her fist to punch Keithner, but Wyattner stop her.

He was also dressed in armor, with the same blue armor, except he wore a black trench coat. His salmon skin contrasted with his black hair that covered his right eye. Beneath the coat was a black sweater vest.

“and attacking each other will get us kicked out too.” Wyattner expression was stoic, his eyes blank. “besides, you have to admit Keithner has a point.”

“Maybe he does, but I don’t have to like it.”

“you’re just mad because I led us to victory.”

“Are you two still fighting?” Matiasner emerged from a closed room. Blue skin glowing like the others. His orange vest over the lightweight armor. He smiled as he greeted his

companions. "Keithner, it's been three weeks since we've won, don't you think you should let it go?"

Keithner tilted his head. "No, this kingdom owes us, and I mean to collect. All these years of being the delinquent, holding me back from tournaments."

"Here he goes again with the school picking on him. Oh, woe is me, I was picked on by my teachers." Larissann snapped.

"Better than your daddy issues that you're still dealing with."

Larissa summoned her Yellow plasma sword in her hands, the large broadsword gathered wind around it.

"Didn't you tell us your daddy burns you?"

Keithner's longsword appeared in his hand, green plasmas surging as rocks and gravel swirled around it.

"I don't know what your problem is, Blondie, but I'm not afraid to strike a girl."

The two charged at each other, their blades sparked on impact. Keithner buckled to his knees, but the gravel flew into Larissann's eyes. She shuffled backwards as Keithner recovered and thrust his sword to her. She turned and parried his attack.

"How did you...?"

"I can feel your vibrations in the wind currents. She swung her sword above her head towards him, but a wave of water flooded the room.

"Gwenann!" Keithner shouted. "I was about to win."

"Yeah, a ticket to the infirmary." Wyattner whispered to Matiasner.

Gwenann surfed into the room on a wave. Her purple skin glistening. She wore the normal uniform and armor.

“Both of you needed to...cool down.” Everyone stared at her. “Get it? Cool down. Because I used water to cool both your hotheads.”

Everyone groined. “We understood what you meant, wetfart.” Keithner stood and tried to dry himself off. “I hope you have a good reason for stopping our fight.”

“I do. I was researching the Book of Life and at the end of it was a map. I drew a picture of it”

“Oh, wow, a map...Yeoh.” Keithner twirled a finger.

“Not just a map., it’s a treasure map.”

“Now, I’m all ears, go on.”

“The treasurer is called the Mask of Sgeemund. It’s says that it is the beacon of light in the Grimm Forest. Whoever shall find the mask, will find his treasure.”

“...I heard of that. They say it’s surrounded by spirits who are waiting for Sgeemund to return. It’s just a folktale, like a pot of gold in GolGoo Mountains if you find the goose.”

Matiasner added.

“No one survives going after the beacon. It’s been recorded in every journal and crystal mirrors.” Larissann squeezed the water from her hair. “You don’t’ believe in that, do you?”

“It’s in the Book of Life. The same book that helped us defeat Apocalypse.”

“Good point.”

“Look, all I’m saying is maybe we go investigate. Go as far as we can before the beacon disappears.”

"I'm not interested." Keithner turned to walk towards the gates.

"You were just a few seconds ago." Gwenann shouted.

"That was before you said it was only a mask and that no one has ever seen it." Keithner turned to face them. "Besides, we're not friends, why would I go with you anyway?"

"because if there is treasure, it should be enough for us to pay our way out of school?"

Gwenann smirked, "although, why would anyone—"

"What are you schmucks waiting for? Let's go."