

MANN  HOUSE

DARK SOULS

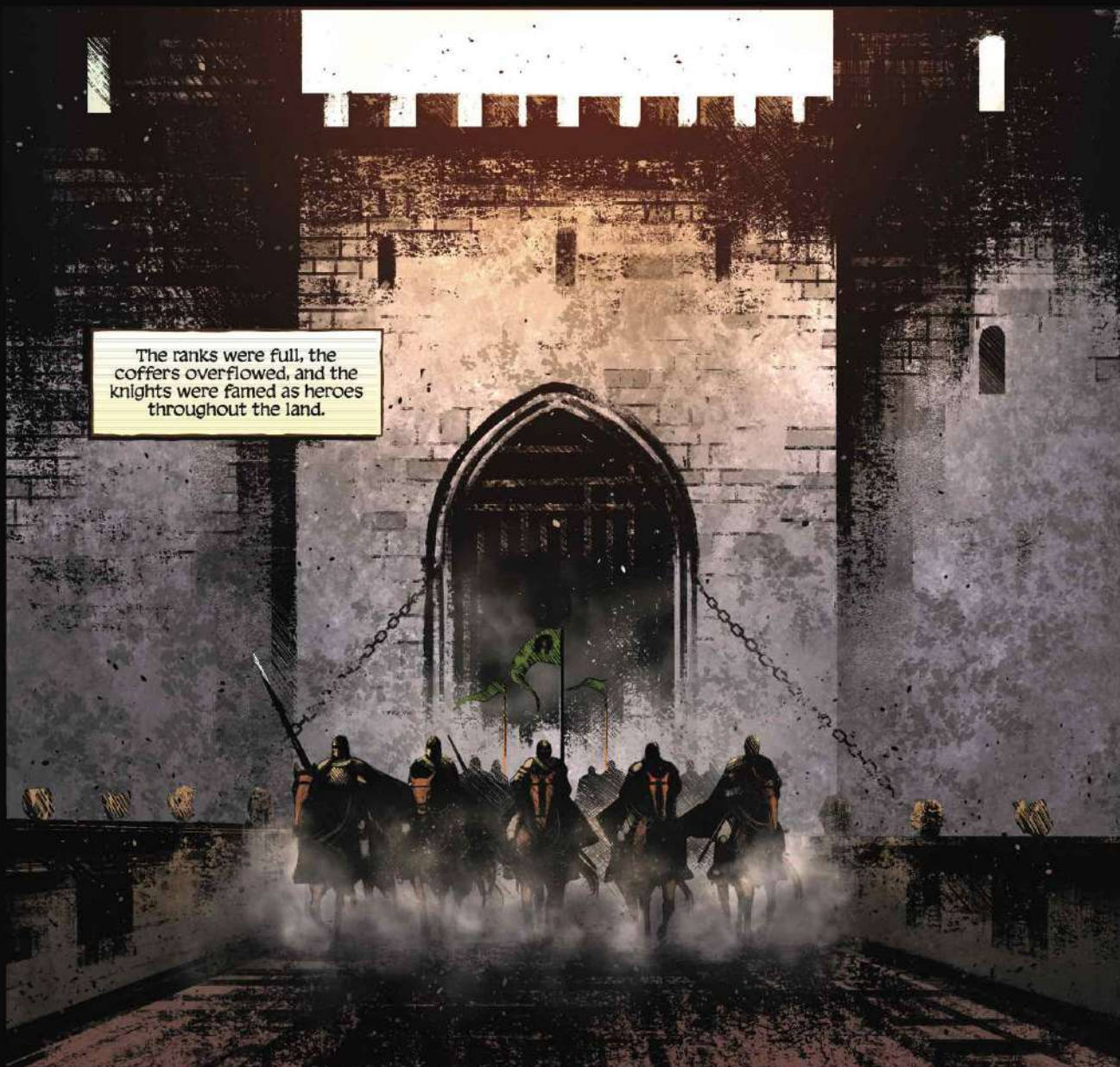
MOTHER OF MOURNING

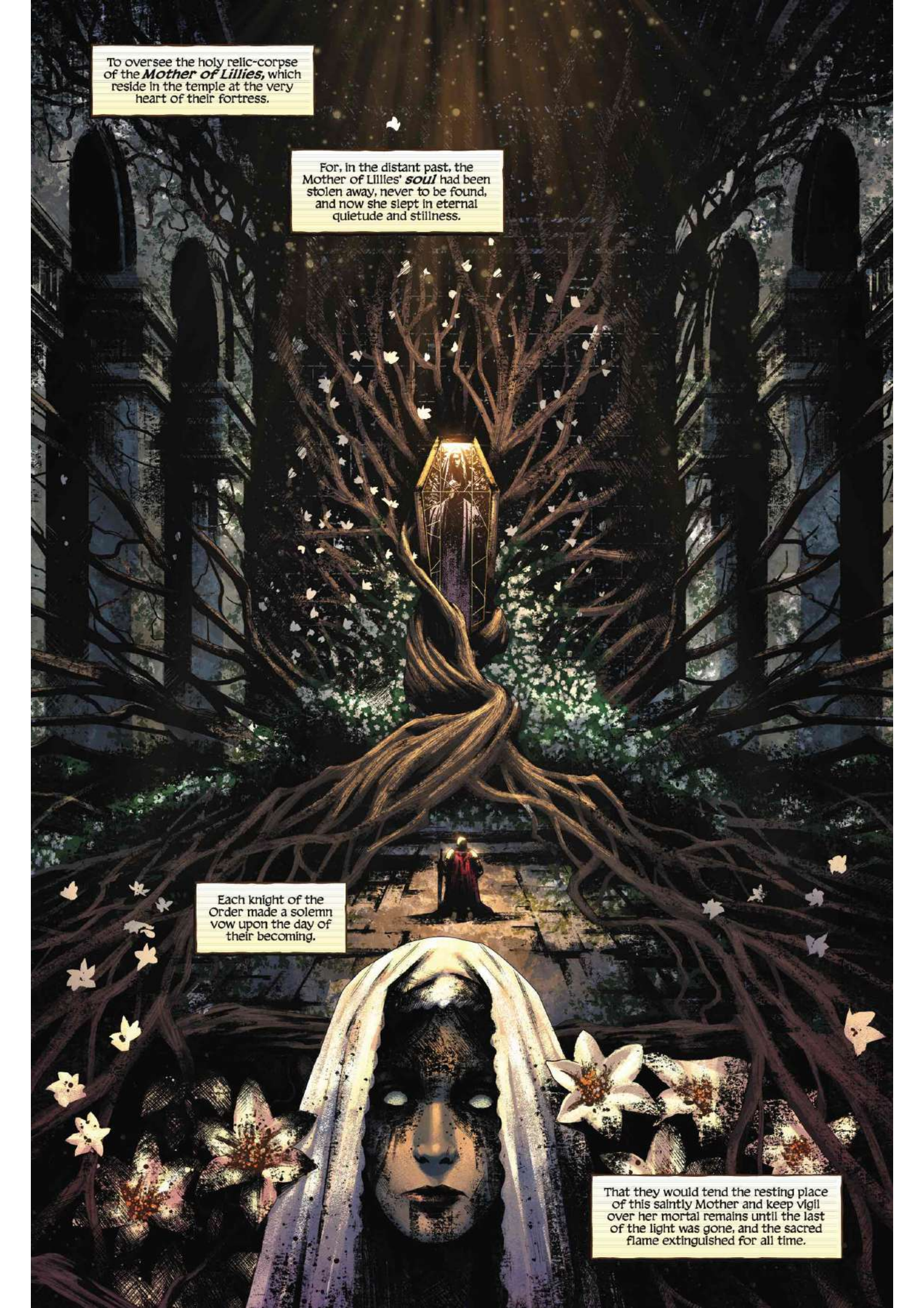


In those long-forgotten times,
young men and women flocked to
dedicate themselves to the ancient
Order, each aspiring to achieve both
physical and spiritual greatness.



The ranks were full, the
coffers overflowed, and the
knights were famed as heroes
throughout the land.





To oversee the holy relic-corpse of the *Mother of Lillies*, which reside in the temple at the very heart of their fortress.

For, in the distant past, the Mother of Lillies' *soul* had been stolen away, never to be found, and now she slept in eternal quietude and stillness.

Each knight of the Order made a solemn vow upon the day of their becoming.

That they would tend the resting place of this saintly Mother and keep vigil over her mortal remains until the last of the light was gone, and the sacred flame extinguished for all time.



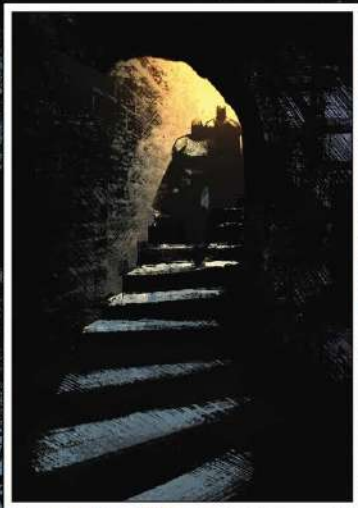
Now naught but a
dim shadow of its
former glory.

Yes, these are dark
times indeed.

And yet the
Order clings on
regardless, holding
fast to their task.

They do so with fervor.
With selfless dedication
to their cause, holding
onto these last threads
of hope in a bleak and
decaying world.

And yet, even this
early in the telling...



WHAT IS IT,
MEISTER? IS
SOMETHING
AMISS?

THE ELDER KNIGHTS
HAVE SPOKEN, LUCADEUS.
WE DO **NOT** BELIEVE THAT
TORVEL WILL RETURN, LIKE
SOMMNEL, DOTRIC AND THE
OTHERS WHO WENT
AFORE HIM.

And so it came to pass that Lucadeus and his brave companions followed the word of their enigmatic guide, to cross forest and mountains, river and ruin...

