# Three Old Friends Reminiscing Good Old Times – While they are being hunted by some unknown evil....



## Three Old Friends at Campfire:

- Larze, the traveler who is a coward and never fight's, instead he talks his way out with his charisma.
- Okar, the mysterious, yet "a bit" unpredictable Wizard, who loves to scary off Larze. Ironically he's himself the one is running like headless chicken while trying to figure out who "this time" is trying to kill the trio.
- Nbrezor, the Brains. Physically and mentally tough hunter whose dark past is still haunting him. He's a loyal friend and never fear to flee a fight. As Larze and Wizard are joking and scaring each other's during friends campfire trips, Nbrezor holds the group dynamic with his calm demeanor.

### **Mysterious Creature with Glowing Eyes hunting the Trio**

Quote from the Campfire when it's starting to get dark in the forest:

"Oh f\*ck, just got the flashback," he said and looked creepy out. The calm

behavior turned into a sense of dread which could be felt by all three friends at the camp as he was watching the deepness of the forest. All of them felt sudden chills run through their body.

After a moment of silence, Okar shared a horrible memory of his own. "It has been years since I last encountered that creature... But this was the place I met that fucker for the first time... Those Creepy, plate-like eyes staring at you with no blink..."



Huge Eyes Haunting People



#### Another Quote from the Campfire when Okar is explaining how dangerous the Eyes are:

"Ah, yes... Of course..." the Wizard murmured, scratching his beard thoughtfully. He was no longer as frightened as before. His voice grew deeper, somber, and serious.

"Greben, the village by the edge of the enchanted forest. It was there that the fiend unleashed its terror..." He continued, "Both I and many others from that time had reported seeing those Eyes. Folk tales throughout the centuries have told that those Eyes disappeared when someone brave enough approached within a near enough distance... But during that dark autumn, there was one time when they didn't vanish."

Nbrezor's attention shifted back immediately after Okar's speech, and the huge Hunter stopped looking for his axe.

"In that village lived a beautiful woman, and her husband, Meghar, served on the city council under Mayor Jupon, which is a horror tale in itself. Meghar was a skilled hunter, perhaps the smartest among the influential figures in the region."

"But back to his young, beautiful wife. One damp autumn day, she was gathering mushrooms in the nearby woods. Suddenly, a torrential downpour caught her off guard, forcing her to take shelter under a large tree. That's when she felt it—the sensation of



being watched. But by whom? And why? She glanced around nervously until, in the swampy thicket, she spotted them—two large, glowing eyes. She froze in terror, her fear so overwhelming that her legs gave way, leaving her paralyzed and unable to move..."

### Even being hunted by unknown evil, the friends are cabable of having humorous moment together

"Mindoros, that was the name of the land at the time. And now, it has been far longer than any of you have been alive... or lived up to this point,"

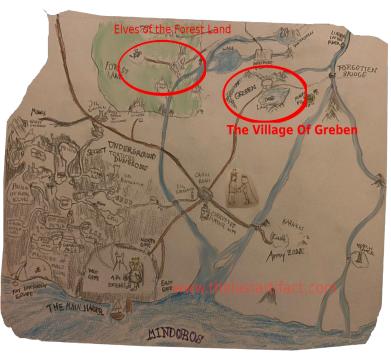
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Okar, the Wizard, said as he sprinkled a bit more of the powder around the campsite, tying the pouch and fastening it back to his belt.

"The same land where that fat king indulged in his vile fantasies. Back then, it was still a lush, grassy plain with vast forests and numerous cities. Now, the entire region to the south lies flattened, its forests chopped down. You might know it as the Wild West." "There's no need to start from the beginning. Just

tell us what you know about those lunatics," Nbrezor interjected impatiently, frustrated as the wizard prepared to dive into an extensive recounting of the land's history.

"There was one village, Greben... And next to it stood an old, small settlement surrounded by enormous trees. At that time, I used to go there to meditate with the chieftains of the era. We'd sit in a circle, passing around the peace pipe, until we all slipped into a trance."



The Location Of Infamous Greben

"Okay?" Nbrezor interrupted again, "How does retreating into some mystical elf forest relate to these Eyes hunting and trying to kill us?"

"Oh, right," the Wizard laughed, scratching his beard. "I nearly forgot and started reminiscing about the good old days." For the first time that day, he genuinely laughed, like an old man reliving fond memories over a drink. "Back then, Wycor still knew how to grow a proper crop. And Erlund... Hahaha—" the wizard burst into hard laugh, unable to finish his sentence as the memory took hold. The more he tried to regain control, the harder he laughed. "Oh, my stomach," he said, gasping like a man who had just run a marathon. "Erlund, our upstanding citizen, got a little too excited back then."

He continued, barely holding back his laughter. "Great smokes from this batch, Wycor,' Erlund said, demanding more. The whole ceremony was ruined because the rascal wouldn't give the pipe back to Wycor. He smoked several rounds all by himself. He kept saying he had never noticed how bright the forest was before. He claimed to see rainbows everywhere- circles, squares, spirals…"



Nbrezor, struggling to stay focused on the wizard's tale, was about to steer him back to the point, but Larze, now laughing along, said, "Erlund? What the hell? He never told me about any of this!"

"Oh, it gets better," the Wizard said, laughing even louder. "Yes, our dear Erlund. He told Wycor how he felt 'at one with the earth and the forests' and



how he finally understood why the chieftains and I cherished all living things. It was quite the evening. Erlund hugged every tree, giving each one a unique speech. Then, he began stroking the grass and even talked to the damned lawn."

The wizard broke into uncontrollable laughter again, and this time, Larze and even Nbrezor joined in.

Okar, The Wizard Meditating

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