

The Adventure Begins...

Since the dawn of Jeminata's Golden Age, dating back over two millennia, the elders of the village of Garbotron have gathered in the golden light of dusk to send two Young Ones to the Enchanted Woods. The Woods crawl with magic; shadows drift and dance about, even when no wind bids them move.

Written by twelve monks, Jeminata's guiding scripture, the *Everlog*, foretells of a Young One bearing the spirit of a dove who will enter into the Enchanted Woods and locate the Enchanted Spring. With one swig from its miraculous waters, the King and Queen of Jeminata shall finally rise from their two-millennia slumber. This year was no different. All of the villagers of Garbotron gathered at the edge of the Enchanted Woods—a hush fell over the crowd while they waited in anticipation.

Bartholemew and his sister, Sashina, had heard the elders' mystic tales of the Queen, the King, and the Spring, but they thought it to be folklorian nonsense. At night, Bartholemew went out to ponder the moon and stars, gazing longingly into the face of the cosmos. He knew he was destined for greater things. Things like a bardship, for he was quite the joker and teller of riddles. Or maybe even an actor in the royal theater, for he could sing a tune and turn a roll. Or perhaps even an alesman, swinging pints at the local pub and sending shots of hard liquor down the long, wooden bar, stuffing three pence a pint down his pantaloons.

Sashina had far grander plans than her brother, Bartholemew. She planned to join the Chorus of One Thousand Angels—the choral legion that defended Jeminata from the wicked, corrupting forces of the Bagarino clan, a group of Jeminata defectors. Sashina knew about the Enchanted Woods and the Enchanted Spring, but she also knew that history proved that the Chorus had never accepted a Wanderer and never would. The King and Queen lay in wait, for none who had entered the Enchanted Woods had ever returned—neither dead nor alive.

Neither Sashina nor Bartholemew possessed any desire to become a Wanderer. What they wanted was so much more. But as many stories alike remind us, the moon, the stars, the sun, the cosmos—they decide the fate. By their mighty force, Sashina and Bartholemew would be drawn to the Enchanted Woods and forced to fulfill their destinies.