

WYLDBORNE



MYTHOS

Naturalists and biologists will say that Nature is a living thing in perfect balance. But what they do not realise, is that such harmony has only been reached through the influence of the ancient force known as the Wyld. This power was worshipped in its own right in ages past and even today can be found in the roots of many more... sanitised religions. The Wyldborne still remember the old ways, however, and all the raw power that comes from those who walk in its shadow.

Dorothy Good was raised in the Old Lore along with her sister, Mercy. Her mother would have had it no other way. When Dorothy was of age she began to listen to the Wyld in the forest. As the woodland willed her to, Dorothy laced the family soup with the fungi she had foraged the previous night. All of them fell deathly ill and, as promised, her parents quickly succumbed to the toxins. But for Dorothy and her sister, they awoke changed. Now the forest speaks to her every night. The Shadow War has begun and the Wyld has such plans for the Wyldborne...

The serpents Blood and Nadrageel visited the Good home the night after her parents died. Nature wastes nothing. Once the reptiles had fed, the sacrifice Dorothy had made to the Wyld bound the snakes to her service. Blood has become virtually inseparable from Dorothy, while his sibling (mirroring Dorothy's relationship with her own sister) prefers to hunt independently and alone. Even so, at a glance, Blood and Nadrageel know when their mistress needs them to hunt down and hold someone fast... and when to feed.

A literal avatar of the Wyld, Sernos is a terrifying amalgam of beast and nightmare. Known in antiquity as 'the Goat', Sernos has stalked the shadowy forests since before mankind could form words to name him. Waxing strong as the



Wyld is nourished by the 20 million dead from the Great War, now that Dorothy has begun to gather the Wyldborne, Sernos answers the call.

The barrow-witch Mercy Good might be the older sister, but she lacks the temperament to lead the Wyldborne. Mercy is all aggression and primal fury. She revels in murder and bloodshed wherever it might find release. Only the call of the Wyld compels her to serve alongside her sister, though the same voices that drive Dorothy to plot and scheme do nothing but fuel Mercy's rage.

Loren is a Nuckalavee. These mythical creatures have a rapacious hunger which causes them to hunt deer and other prey in the deep forests. Stepping between shadows and preferring to hunt by moonlight, Loren is nonetheless a capable member of the Wyldborne. Strong and perceptive, Loren understands the power of the Wyld all too well. As long as her voracious appetites are sated, she can be relied upon to fearlessly attempt any task that Dorothy Good may require of her in the Shadow War.

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