



NOTACANTO

Nostalgia: HEARING

Everyone on the Island knows you and believes your grotesque existence to begin and end on a lonely cliff. Thank the Sea they're wrong. Yes, as long as the sun bares your hideous face and your crippled legs, there is little for you to do but fish with a pointy stick or your own wiry hands. But after the harsh day, merciful night always comes to comfort you.

At night you roam free, lord and master of the Island, your steps swift and sure as you approach the houses and their inhabitants. You could spend hours listening to the sound of words, eager to eavesdrop even the simplest of conversations. You feel no guilt about this, but sometimes melancholy forms a lump in your throat and you run away: To the cliffs, to listen to the wind and the waves, or to the woods, where birdsongs tangle in a canopy of whispers and murmurs.

Once, a shepherd beat you with his cane and mocked you for lacking the courage to end your miserable existence. But you love life, even your life, and you can't stand the thought of never hearing your heartbeat again, nor can you forget the thousand songs racing to escape your lips.

In spite of your hideous appearance, you possess a magnificent voice, and you are not alone in thinking so. Alosa was the one to tell you. One night she heard your song and looked out her window in the Landing, the Confessors' haven where she serves as an acolyte. You saw her right away, so smooth and perfect in the moon-

light, and lingered long enough for her to notice you as well. She didn't scream, she didn't even shut her blinds: She came out to meet you and you became friends. She knows how to read, she shouldn't but she does: She told you as a token of trust. Her sister is a Confessor, always out at Sea.

Alosa's faith has made you surer in your step, audacious even, pushing you to brave insults and stones thrown at you to seek the company of others. If it weren't for her, you would never have met Smeriglio. He's an outlander and you overheard many petty whispers during your nightly rounds, calling him a fool and a madman. All the slander only gave you the final push you needed: You waited outside his home in the dark of night and followed him to the beach the next day. He was about to launch a ship he'd been working on for months. When he noticed you, he smiled and asked you to join him in a toast to the Altavela. You can't remember ever celebrating the naming of a ship before.

After a few meetings, Smeriglio confessed that he could use some help, mostly to gather wood. You gladly accepted, as you certainly don't lack the strength to cut down a tree. Only later did you realise that this meant stepping foot in the Witchwood in the light of day. But in the end, your desire to help won over your fear of the Crone: Now you have good work to fill your days and good friends to give meaning to your life. You are happy.

NOTACANTO THE MONSTER

War: HOPE

Smeriglio was the first to tell you about the biplanes. You remember thinking they were a wonderful invention. You had to change your mind, when they came upon the Island and brought with them a rain of fire. When you felt the earth quake, your first thought went to Alosa: You ran to the Landing as fast as your crooked legs allowed, and your heart skipped a beat when you saw the rubble. But in the end, you found her.

You were dismayed to see her carry the disfigured corpse of a woman, yet you didn't hesitate before coming to her aid. And she fled. She called you a monster and ran away. Just like everyone else. This upset you more than the bombs ever could.

You were still wandering the beach, when you heard Smeriglio call your name. He was on a boat, not one of his making, together with another man... And the Crone. Although she didn't say a word when they came to pick you up, her gaze chilled your bones. You almost didn't notice Alosa, curled up in a corner. Unconscious.

You know nothing of the War and you have no wish to understand it. All you know is you are safe. Your friends are safe. Alosa will get better, explain her actions and mend every last wound in your soul. You will be happy.

NOTACANTO THE MONSTER

Costume: CANE AND LIMPING WALK

Taboo words: MONSTER

POWER

CURSE

VOICE

RIVALRY

