



TALISMAN: BA -

Amulet, Front: I must utter each word slowly, as if I felt the very weight of each syllable.

I have gathered the hidden fruit from the depths of the earth, words of power that resonate in its stony bones. I have raised my voice against the Children of Man, standing alone against many, though their numbers never dwindled. But I shall not be silenced and the echo of my song still rings, shaping the matter of the world according to the ancient will of my people.

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In the heart of the Labyrinth sleeps the forgotten song of the Children of Man. If only I could reach it and rouse it with the echo of my words, then everything would change. Yet its sound was not made for my ears, and I have no way of understanding its deepest meaning. It will change the hearts of Men, finally making them vulnerable... Or perhaps it will bolster their dark power instead. It is a toss of knuckle-bones, and the reading is unclear: unexpected victory, or inevitable defeat. Uncertainty weighs on my shoulders as I walk towards my goal. Better to perish in a great roar than live to hear the last echoes of my voice fade away.

Amulet, Back: Until my voice is free from all weight and the echoes of my power have faded, I must never speak of my doubts.

TALISMAN: PHI -

Amulet, Front: I must cut my words down to the bone, as if they were knives waiting to be thrown.

The Children of Man fear me. They know not my face. Yet it terrifies them. They know my breath is poison. Each whisper a thorn in their flesh. Constricting their limbs. Strangling them. Like ivy. I find ways to slip through the cracks. Into their houses of stone. Where they feel safest, I sting. Where they flee, I take root. Further, deeper. Into the halls of this Labyrinth.

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This is a dead place. Stone breathes not my poison. But life hides within. I feel it. Feeble, distant. Vulnerable. The Children of Man have built strong bark around their mother. None would dig this deep. Or so they hoped. None would bare their roots. But I am here. I am not alone. Even a house of stone can crumble. Even a lush tree can be strangled. She is the heart of this place. The seed that sprouted it. I will crush her until she breaks. Her Children will wither with her. This grave of stone will bury them all. Bury us with them. But this is the only way.

Amulet, Back: Until I lose my deadly poison, I must not reveal to the others the terrible cost of our mission.

TALISMAN: KO -

Amulet, Front: I must always charge my words with feeling, as if I can barely hold them back.

Like the raging river, nothing can contain me. The fire in me burns inside and out, bathing the world in my light. With lightning as my blade and thunder as my shield I have stricken the Children of Man and scattered their armies. But still they advance. I was thunder, and I will become their storm. I will crash against these stones and grind them to dust with my wind.

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The heart of this place conceals the flame that fuels the Children of Man. It's weak and remote, but I can feel its warmth. My companions may think that quenching the fire will end the blight, but I know it won't be enough: The Children of Man are as tireless as ants, so it will only be a matter of time before they light a new fire. I intend to seize this power for myself, to turn it against its creators. I will scorch them with their own flame, and only then will I allow it to die. If my companions refuse to follow my light, I'm more than ready to leave them in the shadow of their doubts.

Amulet, Back: Until my burning heart is extinguished, I must not speak of my intentions, nor of the full extent of my determination.

