Whispers of the Hill

Fantasy Encyclopedia

With 18 Tales of the Scheersberg

The Tale of the Shærsbjerg Tomb

ong time ago, two men set out to sea together to harvest seaweed. One day, a fierce storm rose from the horizon, and one of the men was claimed by the raging waves. His companion pulled him back into the boat, but alas — far too late.

Grief weighed heavily on the heart of the surviving man. So he climbed a lonely mountain and carved a grave meant for two, laying his beloved to rest while leaving the second place empty — for he wished to lie beside him when his own time came. From that day on, he never set foot on a boat again.

When he finally passed away, the people of the nearby villages placed him beside the one he had loved. They often walked up the hill, for they felt a gentle warmth in the air there, as if the two souls were intertwined once more. And every time a storm begins to brew over the coast, a rainbow appears above the hill.



In this land you can achieve all your heart craves. There is only one rule — you have to be brave.









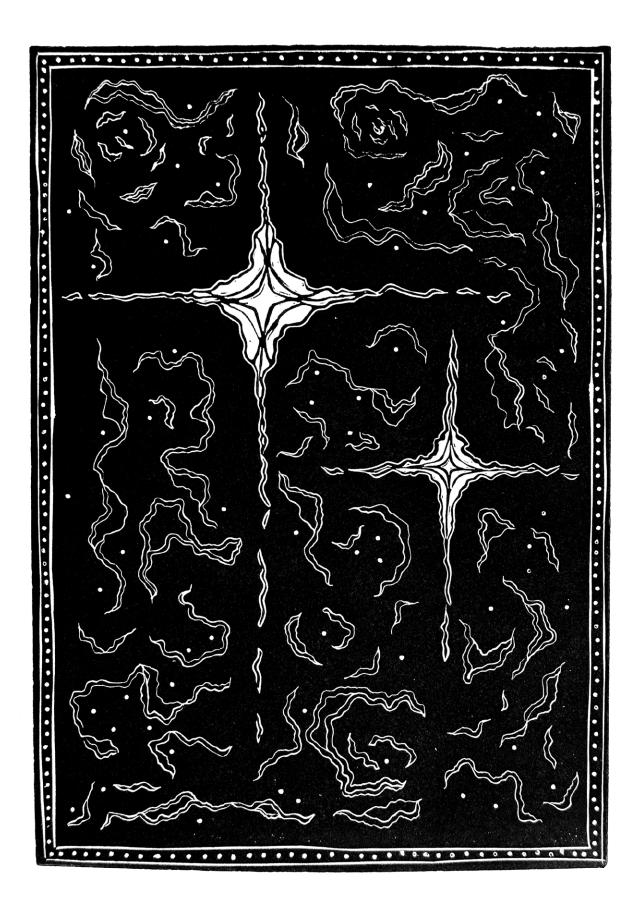


There were three witches longing to reach the sea, hoping they'll get through the thirteen mole hills.



hey sank into the waiting earth peering out through the quiet mirrors of puddles and ponds.





Despite Everything

Despite all, the sun rises again, Though I'd prefer if it fell in vain. You say that all is just some game, That barely do you find your flame.

Love can only be written in a deed, A testament to make you appear. Now I feel a tinge of sorrow deep, Thoughts clash with fears I keep.

That phobia that divides us, still, Yet I cling to hope, against all will. For I still see a shining gleam, That fools my thoughts with a bright dream.

Your extraordinary soul's strong grace, Which, despite everything, shows its face. And I know that once I bloomed and grew, I'll fade away, and the sun's light too.

Oh, how bleak all feels without you near, How long must we suffer, my dear? Knowing that our stars will shine so bright, Even as our bodies fade to night.

From fear I long to escape despair, Not to surrender, despite the scare. And soothe myself that we're two in pain, Yet still, my spirit's flame remains.

It will endure, it will not die, And tomorrow, the sun will rise high.











s their song rose, the night itself leaned closer, enchanted by their wild magic.

Daydream

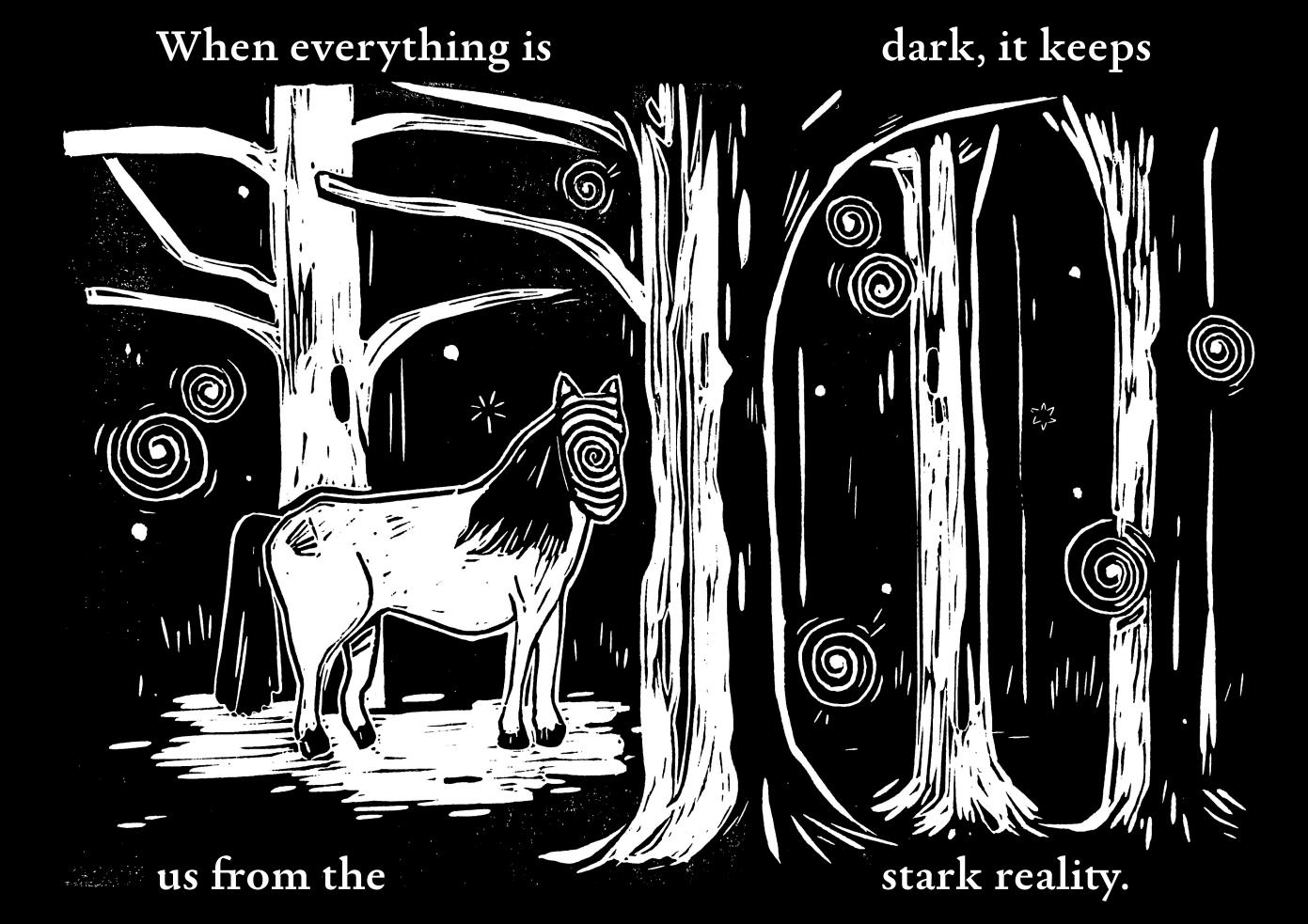
They are always there — the inner cities, the breathing landscapes. You can disappear inside, feel the beaming trees, share secrets with the rivers.

Our everyday reality veils them; they hide inside the little things. A glimmer on a windowpane, the rhythm of footsteps on the pavement, a sudden warmth in the air — these are the quiet doorways. When you allow yourself to drift, to daydream, they open.

And for a moment the world stretches, swirls, unfolds. You remember your magic was never gone — only waiting for you to look up, slow down, feel the dreaming of life's rhythms ... the cosmic groove.

Let it in.



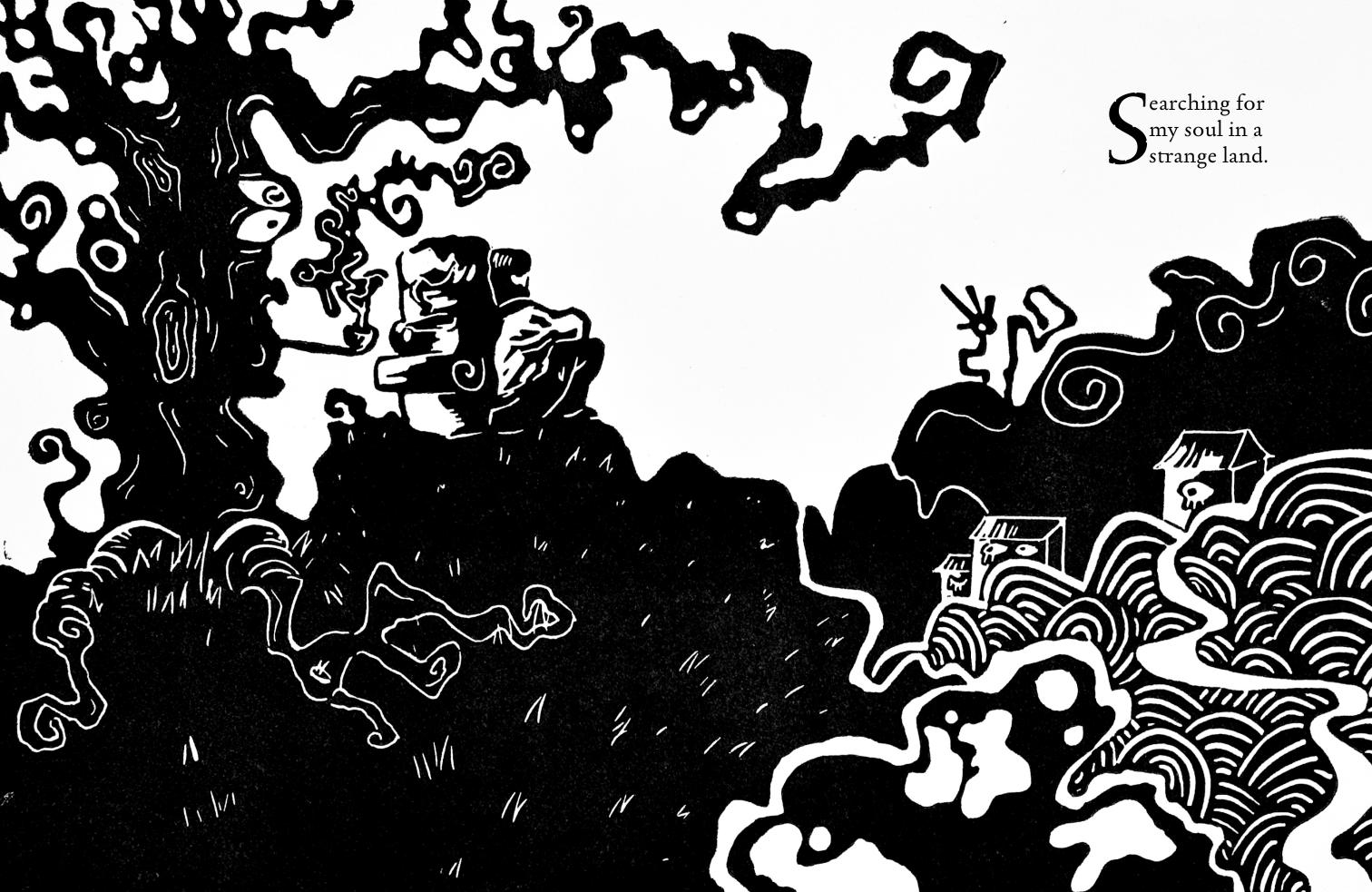


id you think i'd back down. Holy shit I can not wait.

Now we're both screwed because cold steel can not hug.

La Familia















































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