

## **Wlomisl the White:**

From an early age, Wlomisl was a reserved boy with a watchful eye, someone who preferred the quiet shadows of libraries to the noisy circles of play. His shyness almost alienated him from others, and some say he saw the world in his own way—attentive to details invisible to the naked eye, lost in the vastness of his thoughts and observations. His intelligence shone subtly, like a faint light that, though discreet, flickered brightly in the depths of his soul.

As a young man, the heir to a line of Novaluda merchants, he felt a tragedy touch him too soon. A shipwreck took his father, brother, and mother to the bottom of the sea, leaving him an orphan and marked by a silent grief that only he bore. Despite his grief, the society his family had built continued to operate. Wlomisl, unwilling to inherit the business and wearing an expression seemingly devoid of color, began to manage the warehouses and accounts with a morbid arrogance, while his heart yearned for something different.

Wlomisl's reputation grew among those who crossed this trade route, not so much for his face or his presence, but for a distinct aura—a shadow of incompleteness, an almost spectral whiteness that seemed to envelop his figure, as if his essence were made of petrified silence. Thus was born his nickname: Wlomisl the White. A subtle reference to his pale, almost translucent appearance and his cold, distant gaze.

His fascination with the heavens and nature consumed him more and more, leading him to decipher the mysteries hidden in the stars and in the alchemical processes that the Earth itself held. Filled with a disquieting calm, he decided to abandon everything that society and fortune had afforded him—even if it meant accepting a modest percentage of the profits, paid annually. Thus, he set out far from civilization, to the edge of a landscape that seemed on the brink of oblivion: the borders of the Arum Nur Mountains.

Inspired by the barren and mysterious landscapes of a forgotten place, he built a four-story tower on a secluded hill, in the heart of a world that seemed on the brink of oblivion. A place dedicated to his silence and his passions: celestial observation, the alchemy of nature—and a shelter where he could take refuge from the insane noise of the world.

The tower has an underground cavern, intended for a wine cellar and artifact storage. On the first floor, there is an austere reception area and a simple kitchen, where Wlomisl prepares his food amidst the aroma of herbs and spices. On the second floor, his personal sanctuary: a room and a small library with walls filled with books, celestial maps, and formulas, where he wanders between dreams and discoveries. The third floor is his alchemical laboratory—an arena of experiments that almost seem like a gamble with Earth's forces. There, he mixes minerals and ancient ingredients, seeking answers that shape the interface between magic and science. And, at the top, the astronomical observatory, equipped with its own telescope—the product of his skilled hands—that scans the sky in search of ancient secrets and forgotten stars.

To ensure his safety and defend his sacred refuge, Wlomisl commissioned the construction of four iron Golems—automatons of immense strength and unshakable endurance. Each of them was programmed to protect the tower from any intruders, from human forces to the darkest manifestations that might arise from the shadows of the universe or from the forgotten lands around it. In this solitary refuge, Wlomisl lives with the certainty that the universe is an open enigma, a nearly forgotten door between the real world and his darkest dreams. And while the stars continue to spin above him, the silence of his tower holds memories of an eternal search—for knowledge, for meaning, for something that transcends life itself.