

About twenty-five miles from the village of AshBurton, Shinem Tower stands alone. Its rough, rocky surface is covered in half-dry, half-alive vines, as if the very vegetation that surrounds it were wavering between death and life. There are no doors. There are no windows. Just a lonely tower, of uncertain origin, watching over a desolate horizon.

The locals avoid talking about it. When questioned, their expressions darken, their eyes avert. Some make superstitious signs of protection, while others simply walk away in silence. None of them approach the tower willingly.

Yet someone - or something - still lives within.

The Hidden Inhabitant

For decades, every three weeks, a volunteer from among the villagers of AshBurton has brought supplies to the base of the tower. Bread, meat, fruit, water. Enough to sustain a man for a while. He always leaves without seeing anyone and returns the same way. In times past, villagers who ignored or refused to practice this ancient custom mysteriously disappeared, their homes found empty and without signs of struggle. The fear that the same thing will happen again keeps the tradition alive.

Sometimes, someone tried to watch the place from a distance, hidden among the shadows and stones. They never saw who was bringing the supplies. But, at dawn, the food was gone.

Legends and Whispers

The stories about Shinem Tower vary from villager to villager, but they all carry the same atmosphere of superstition and fear.

Some say that a reclusive sorcerer takes refuge inside, dedicated to obscure studies on the nature of the human body. A scholar who, according to legend, dismantles flesh and bone like a craftsman would dismantle an old carriage and then rebuilds it to his will.

Others believe that he is not human.

The most superstitious say that a pact was made long ago with dark forces. That on moonless nights, shapeless beings emerge from the darkness and crawl towards the tower, bringing with them lifeless bodies.

These bodies disappear without a trace, as do the supplies. But despite this, no smoke has ever been seen coming out of the tower.

If there is a fire inside, it is not fueled by wood.

The Signs of the Occult

Those who have dared to approach the tower have reported an abnormal silence that dominates the region. The wind, common in the surrounding plains, seems to cease as soon as one steps foot in its vicinity.

The surface of the stones is strangely cold, even under the heat of the sun.

Some swear they have heard muffled noises from inside. Not footsteps, not

voices, but a slow and continuous dragging, as if something were moving within the sealed walls.

No one has ever managed to enter. No one has ever discovered the truth.