

At the foot of steep cliffs where the waves crash furiously, there once stood the coastal village of Spotted Elm. It was once known for the majestic elm tree that grew peculiarly close to the sea, its roots woven into both the land and the villagers' stories.

The tree was not only a symbol of beauty but also of protection, offering shelter from fierce storms and attracting abundant fish to the surrounding waters. The villagers performed rituals at the solstice, thanking the elm for its benevolence and asking for favors from the sea gods.

Over time, however, the leadership changed. A new chief, skeptical of the traditions, persuaded the villagers to set aside their customs, dismissing them as ancient follies. The elm tree was no longer cared for, and spots began to appear on its bark, reflecting sadness and loss of power.

Without the protection of the elm tree, the village was exposed to storms and creatures of the deep, which on a stormy moonlit night brought destruction and fear. The sea, once an ally, was now a constant threat. The survivors fled, leaving behind only wreckage and legends.

Today, the ruins of Spotted Elm lie forgotten, bathed in the eternal lament of the waves. It is said that, in the stillness, one can hear the sigh of the elm, the sole guardian of the memories of a time when land and sea danced in harmony. The few who venture to the site dream of obtaining its legendary leaves that can rekindle the ancestral connection with nature.