

# Ljiljani iz Basilije

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# Lilies from Basilia

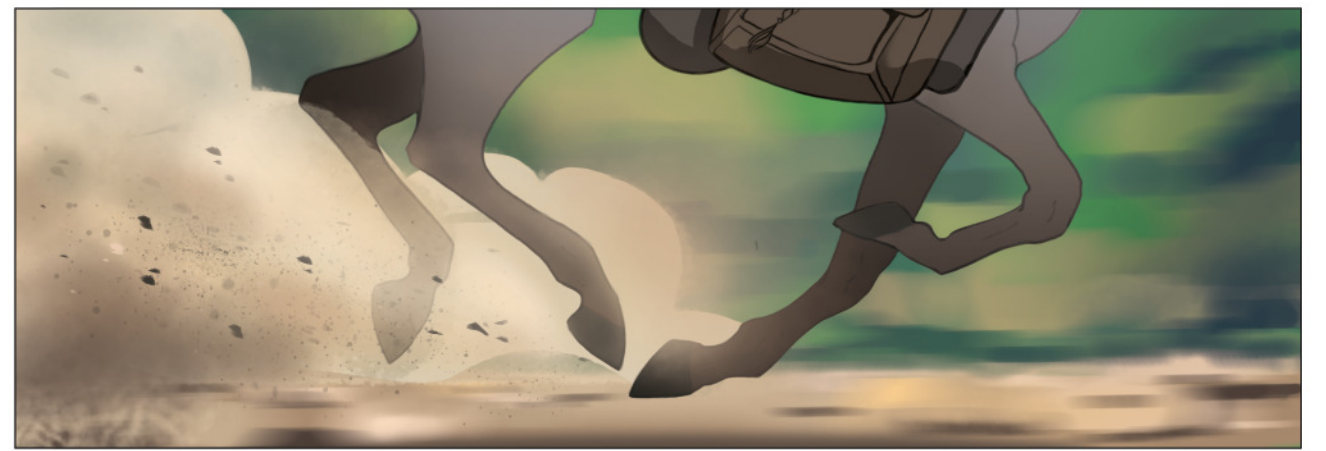


Written and drawn by

Mihaela Jaklin

2020.









STOP!



\*cough\*  
\*cough\*



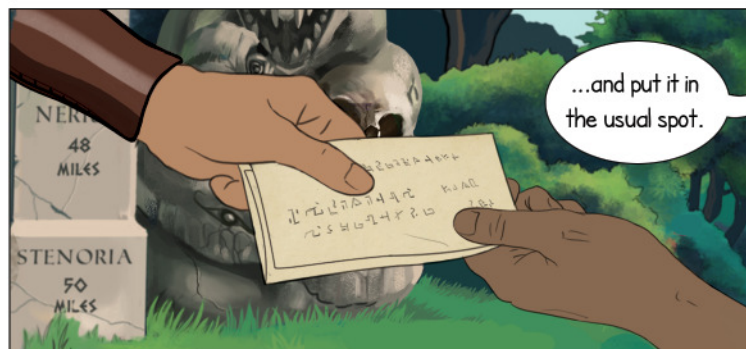
Rejoice!  
Need any letters delivered?



Any chance you're going to Nerium?

I sure am!

Then take this...



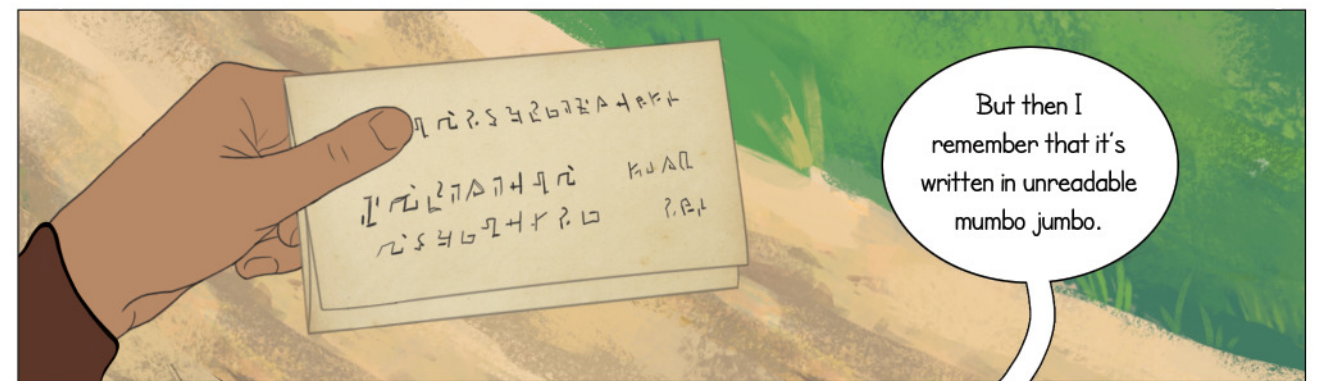
...and put it in the usual spot.



Ah, yes. Behind the next creepy statue that I find on the path...

\*sigh\*

Seriously, sometimes I just want to leave your letters in the nearest posthouse.



But then I remember that it's written in unreadable mumbo jumbo.



You show no respect for old cultures, do you? Not even for a language that was spoken by your own ancestors long before they started building cities!





Besides!-

I would gladly translate it to anyone who asks. Too bad I'm not welcome anywhere near your settlements OR a posthouse.

Nonsense! I saw a whole tribe of satyrs in the marketplace today trying out our finest wines! But since you live in the woods, I guess it's only fair to leave your unreadable scribbles on the dirt path. A posthouse might seem a little too modern.



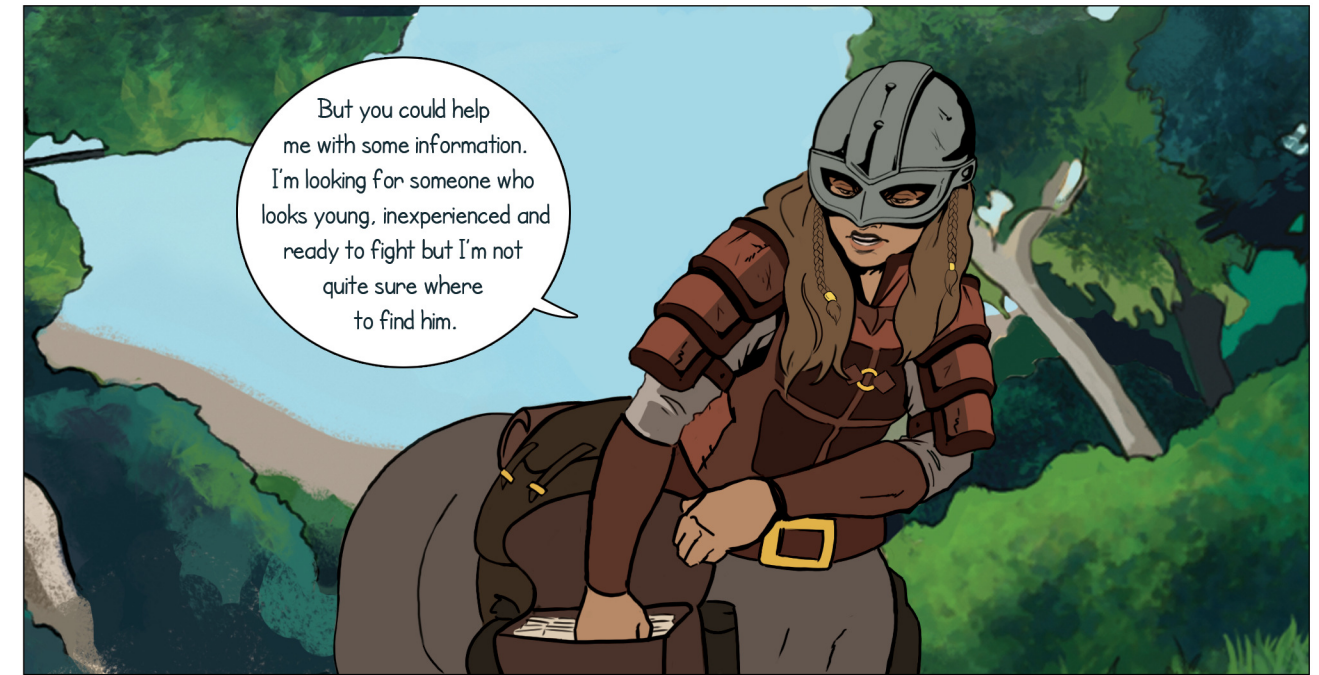
Hmph!



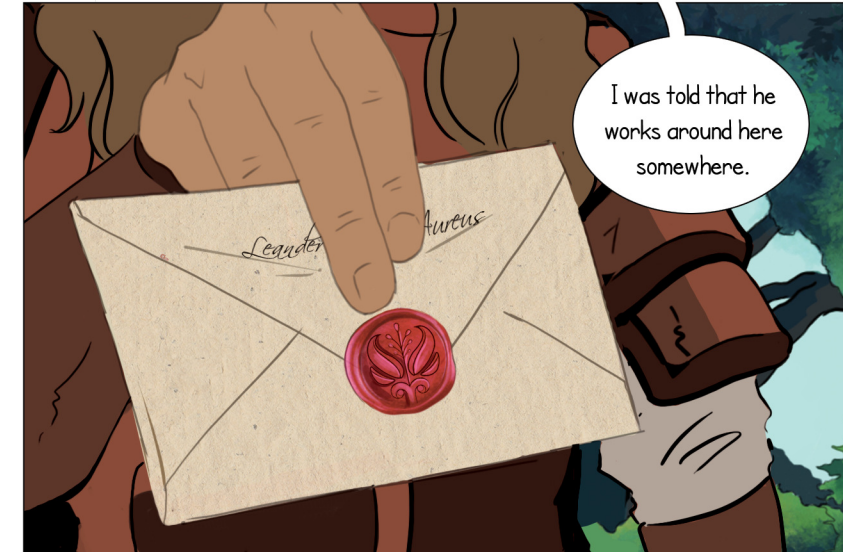
Here, for your trouble.



Oh no, there's no need for that.



But you could help me with some information. I'm looking for someone who looks young, inexperienced and ready to fight but I'm not quite sure where to find him.



I was told that he works around here somewhere.



The red lily...



Bearer of bad news! Throw this away before it brings ruin to someone's life!





Ruin?!



Military training is one of the most honorable duties a citizen of Basilia has to complete! And you would be wise to remember that the same military kept us safe when all chaos broke loose!



So... Considering that you've been wandering through this forest for the past 140 years doing **nothing**, I'm sure you've probably noticed some newcomers.



I'm wise enough to ignore your impudence and help you out on your quest, since I can't reason with you and it would be a shame to waste your precious time.



You Centaurs always seem to be in a hurry, which isn't surprising for a kind that can't even outlive half my age.



There's a group of construction workers renewing some old houses to the west. If anyone looks fit enough for your army then it's probably one of them.



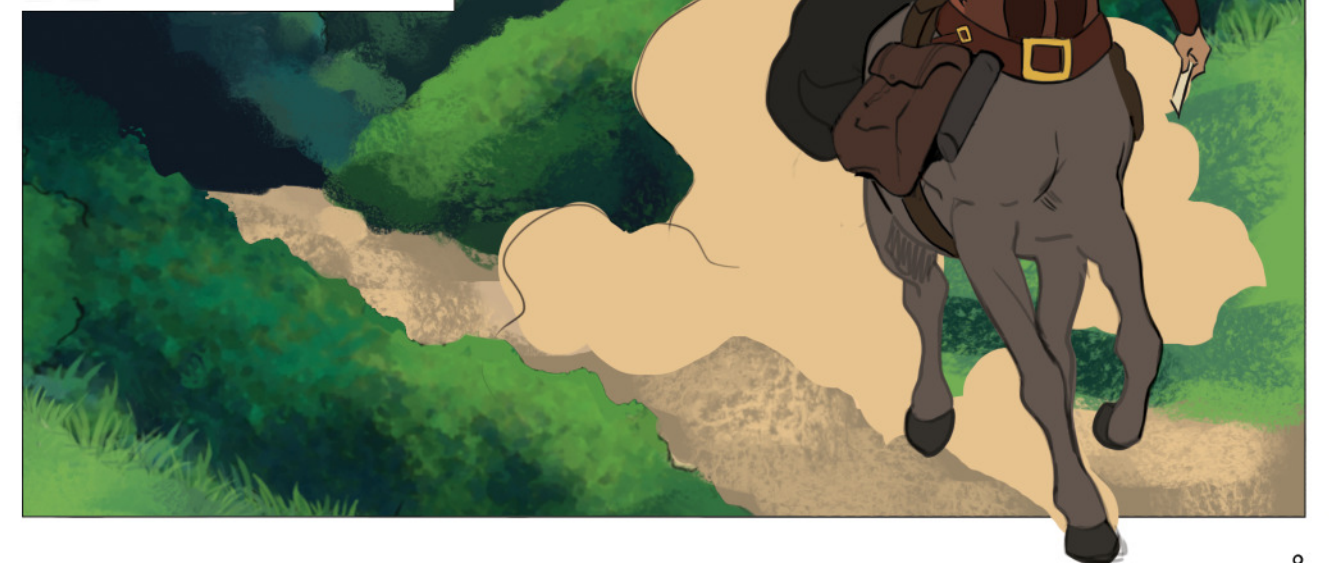
I see... Well then, since I have no time, I'll be on my way. I will deliver your letter, right after I find Leander.



There are things in this world that can't be changed by an army. Don't do something you will regret later on.



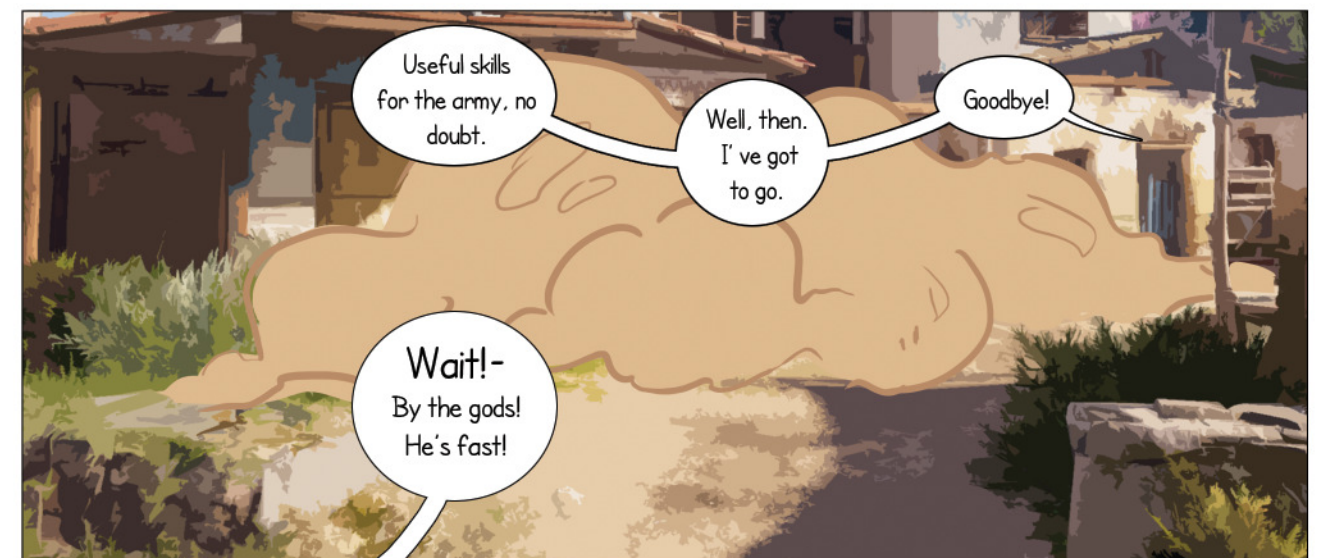
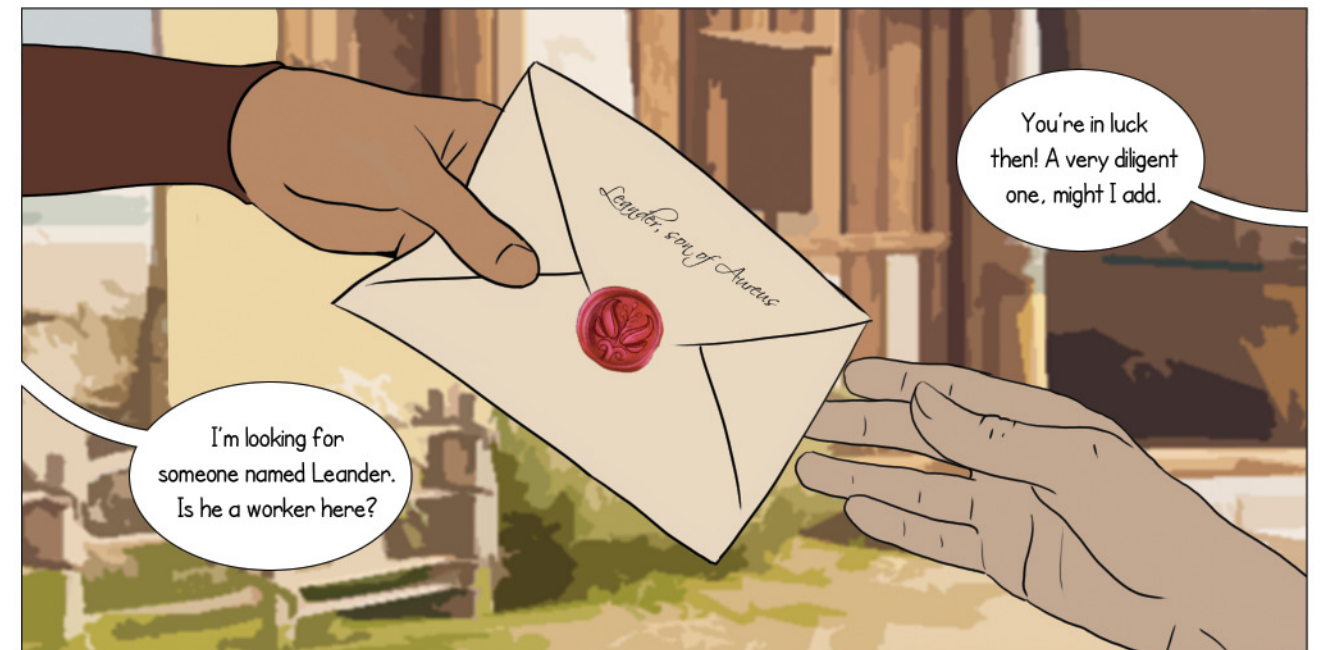
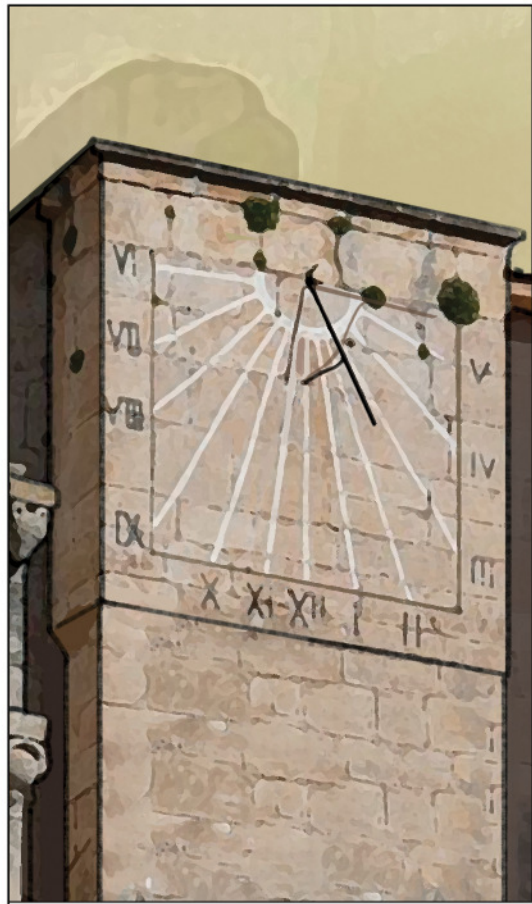
And do what, exactly? Hide in the forest like a bunch of cowards?



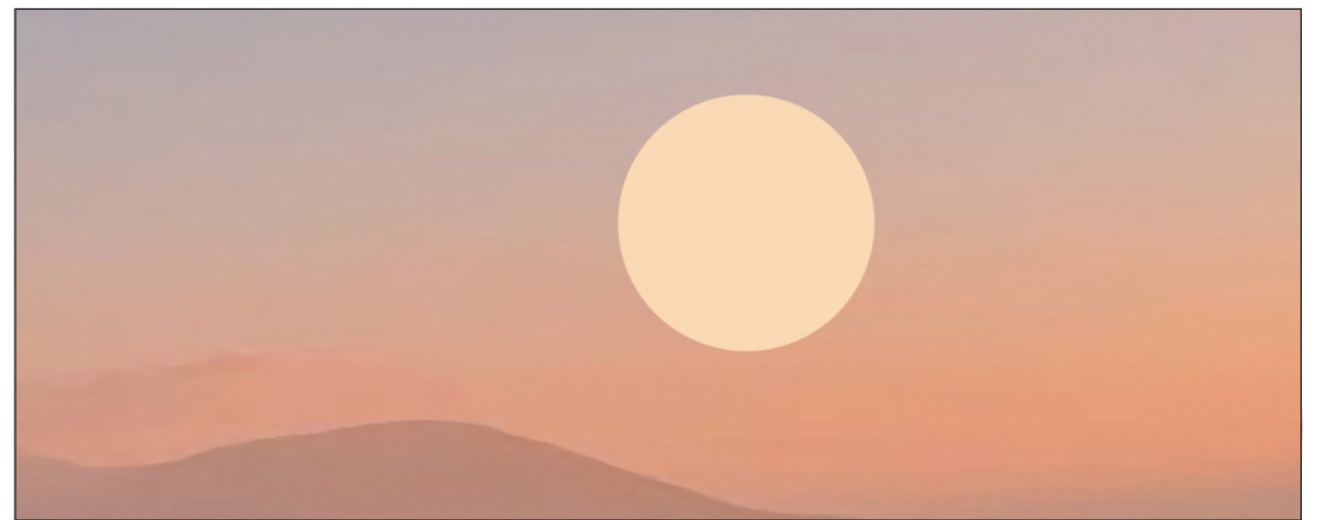
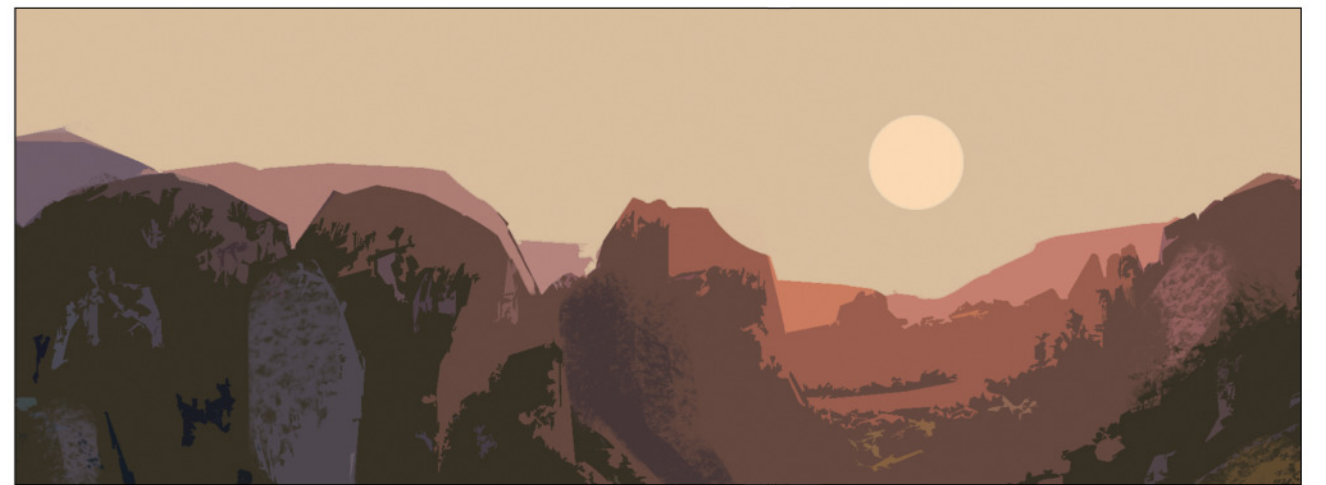








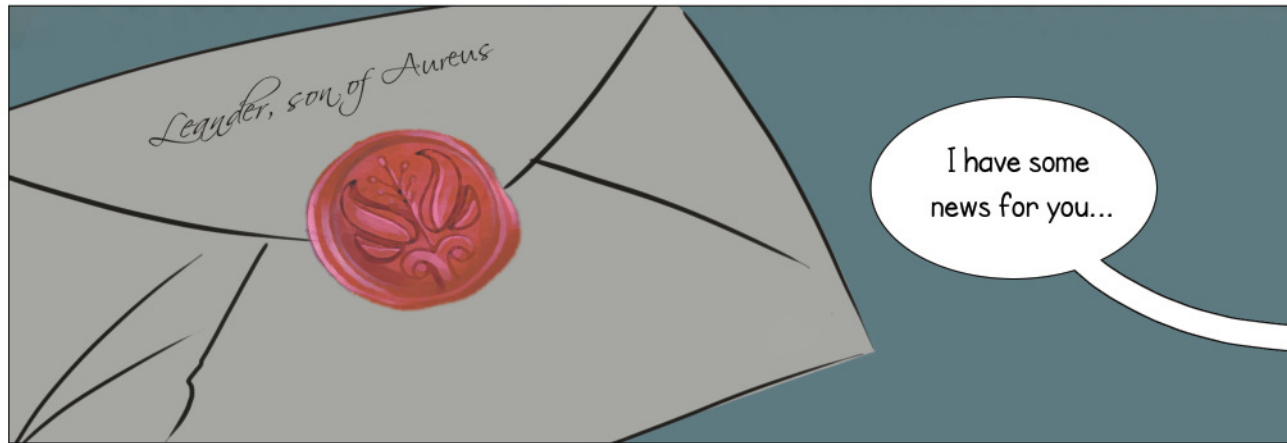








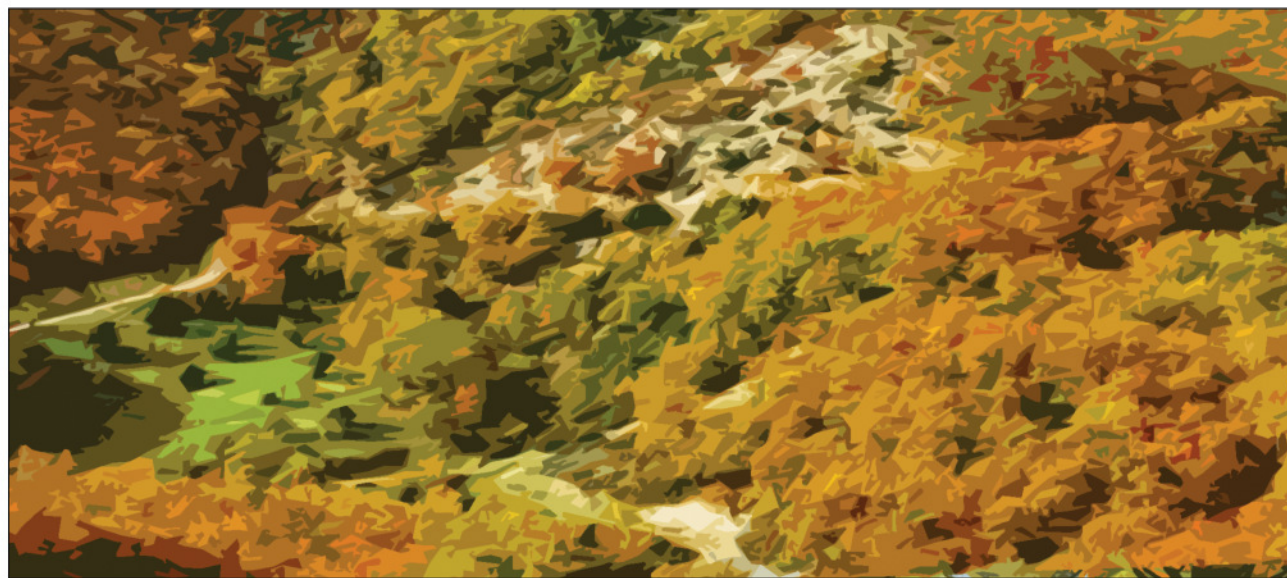
Leander? We need to talk.



I have some news for you...



...that will change your life forever.









?



Nerium

Stenoria

Basilia





