**Camriddeon and the Leighman Lurkers By Jack Holder Page 01  
PAGE 01 (Panels)  
Panel 1.**  
Establishing shot of Leighman. A small country village, Northern European in a medieval sense. Set in a small wooded valley with a single stream. There is a single, dirt road leading into town.

PALL: (OP)

I met the Torn Soul once. I mean, before he was that. When he was just Camriddeon. When he was just a hero.

**Panel 2.**  
CAMRIDDEON walks up the road. He is younger, in his mid-to-late twenties, with a short beard for his red hair, and a warm smile. He carries his staff, but wears clothes more appropriate for a woodsman than a court mage.

PALL: (OP)

We didn’t know who he was. Just that he was a mage, and had been sent from Dannisfire.

**Panel 3.**  
Townsfolk all gather around CAMRIDDEON as he walks into the center of town. ELDERS step forward, to speak with him.

PALL: (OP)

But I mean, Dannisfire, the capital of the kingdom! To deal with some lonely backwater like Leighman.

ELDER:

Are you the one called Camriddeon?

CAMRIDDEON:

I am.

**Panel 4.**PALL looks up at CAMRIDDEON, wonder in his eyes.

ELDER: (OP)

Thank you so much. The Lurker was never too much trouble, but now with a mage of your talents…

CAMRIDDEON:

Please, I’m just here to help.

PALL: (THOUGHT)

No one came to Leighman. Nobody cared about Leighman. The best thing you could do in a town like ours was leave.

**Panel 5.**  
CAMRIDDEON looks at PALL, smiling.

CAMRIDDEON:

It’s folks like you that make life worth living. What else could I do but drop by?

**Camriddeon and the Leighman Lurkers By Jack Holder Page 02  
PAGE 02 (Panels)  
Panel 1.**  
CAMRIDDEON and the ELDERS talk. CAMRIDDEON keeps walking, ELDERS and the townsfolk following him.

CAMRIDDEON:

Now, the King told me that the Lurker has been a nuisance for years?

ELDER:

Generations, seems like. It haunts the old crossroads west of here, especially at night. It used to just pull wheels off wagons, spoil eggs, soak a fine tunic. Pranks.

**Panel 2.**  
CAMRIDDEON reaches down for a ball.

CAMRIDDEON:

And who doesn’t enjoy a good prank?

**Panel 3.**  
CAMRIDDEON tosses the ball into the air. Sparks and shimmering lights follow the path.

CAMRIDDEON:

Seems to make the world spin a little brighter.

**Panel 4.**  
CAMRIDDEON throws the ball to PALL and the kids in the group. They immediately dive for it. The ELDERS crowd around the mage, nervous.

ELDER:

Yes, um…harrumph! I mean, we wouldn’t summon, I mean, ask for a mage of your caliber for pranks. Please don’t think that.

**Panel 5.**  
CAMRIDDEON watches PALL and the children play with the ball. ELDERS talk with him.

ELDER:

But lately, the jokes have been far meaner. Attacks, outright theft of property. At dusk, travelers can hear a wailing, driving them off the path.

**Panel 6.**  
PALL looks up, seeing a shadow of black wings over the village.

CAMRIDDEON: (OP)

And at night?

ELDER: (OP)

No one goes near the crossroads at night.

PALL: (THOUGHT)

Some did. But they never came back.

**Camriddeon and the Leighman Lurkers By Jack Holder Page 03  
PAGE 03 (Panels)  
Panel 1.**  
CAMRIDDEON nods, looking at the ELDERS. They are adamant.

CAMRIDDEON:

And what would you like me to do about this creature?

ELDER:

Kill it. Get rid of it, I don’t care. It’s time the Lurker was gone.

**Panel 2.**  
CAMRIDDEON, still smiling, walks over to the children playing.

**Panel 3.**  
ELDERS call after him as he still walks.

ELDER:

CAMRIDDEON!

**Panel 4.**  
CAMRIDDEON smiles, jumping into the makeshift game.

CAMRIDDEON:

Tonight, elder. I’ll take care of it tonight.

PALL: (OP)

And he played with us.

**Panel 5.**  
PALL stares in wonder as CAMRIDDEON chases the ball with reckless abandon.

PALL: (OP)

All day. And all sorts of games. Hide and seek, follow the leader. He told our fortunes, made a fool of himself.

**Panel 6.**  
It is dusk, and on the road leading west. CAMRIDDEON waves goodbye to the townsfolk, carrying his staff.

PALL: (OP)

And when it came time to go out, he was ready and willing to face the monster.

**Panel 7.**  
PALL watches CAMRIDDEON go.

PALL: (OP)

And, young fool that I was.

**Panel 8.**  
PALL runs into the woods after CAMRIDDEON.

PALL: (OP)

So was I.

**Camriddeon and the Leighman Lurkers By Jack Holder Page 04  
PAGE 04 (Panels)  
Panel 1.**  
Night. A crossroads in a dark forest. CAMRIDDEON walks towards it, his staff lit up with a soft white glow.

There is a small glimmer in the underbrush. The slightest hint of a tail.

PALL: (OP)

The Leighman crossroads aren’t anything special. One way leads to Leighman and back out to the western wilderness. The other connects the northern icelands with southern royalty. Nothing for leagues.

**Panel 2.**  
CAMRIDDEON stands in the middle of the crossroads. PALL hides in the brush, watching.

PALL: (OP)

But everyone knows the power of the crossroads. It is a place for demons, legends.

**Panel 3.**  
A black-winged thing passes overhead.

PALL: (OP)

And monsters.

**Panel 4.**  
The new Leighman Lurker is a scaled, winged, and black thing. It screeches at CAMRIDDEON. The mage stands tall, holding his staff high.

LURKER:

SKREEEE!

**Panel 5.**  
CAMRIDDEON casts a spell of magical energy.

**Panel 6.**  
The LURKER dodges the blast.

**Panel 7.**  
CAMRIDDEON throws himself to one side as the LURKER attacks him at the crossroads.

**Panel 8.**  
The Lurker’s tail whips at CAMRIDDEON’s back.

CAMRIDDEON:

Aaagh!

**Camriddeon and the Leighman Lurkers By Jack Holder Page 05  
PAGE 05 (Panels)  
Panel 1.**  
CAMRIDDEON gets up on one knee.

PALL: (OP)

Sometimes, looking back, I feel a pang of regret.

**Panel 2.**  
CAMRIDDEON stands up, and this time the light of his staff is darker, angrier.

PALL: (OP)

This Lurker thought that it could steal the power of the crossroads. Because it was a monster.

**Panel 3.**  
The LURKER dives towards CAMRIDDEON, who looks at the beast with regret.

PALL: (OP)

It forgot where the power first dwelled.

**Panel 4.**  
CAMRIDDEON casts a spell of darkness.

PALL: (OP)

In the hands of demons.

**Panel 5.**  
The Lurker scrambles back, being consumed by the spell.

PALL: (OP)

No one besides the king knew of the mage’s dark parentage.

**Panel 6.**  
CAMRIDDEON watches the spell turn the LURKER to dust. PALL looks on, afraid. A shimmer of the original lurker is in an opposite corner of the panel.

PALL: (OP)

If they did, would he be allowed to live?

**Panel 7.**  
CAMRIDDEON looks at PALL.

**Panel 8.**

CAMRIDDEON walks with PALL back towards town.

CAMRIDDEON:

Come on. Let’s get you to bed.

**Camriddeon and the Leighman Lurkers By Jack Holder Page 06  
PAGE 06 (Panels)  
Panel 1.**  
The middle of the morning. CAMRIDDEON is in the center of town, sitting in a chair. Everyone around him is cheering. PALL sits far away, eating pancakes.

ELDER:

THREE CHEERS FOR THE HERO OF LEIGHMAN!!!

**Panel 2.**  
CAMRIDDEON talks with everyone, warm and friendly.

PALL: (OP)

He accepted the thanks, and congratulations. Even to have the crossroads renamed in his honor.

**Panel 3.**  
PALL watches CAMRIDDEON as the boy eats his pancakes.

PALL: (OP)

Did I know that he had that darkness in him, back then? Of course not. Would I have said anything?

**Panel 4.**  
PALL waves with everyone as CAMRIDDEON gets up to leave.

PALL: (OP)

Probably not.

**Panel 5.**  
PALL wanders into the woods, keeping silent.

PALL: (OP)

But I knew that there was more to this story than there appeared to be.

**Camriddeon and the Leighman Lurkers By Jack Holder Page 07  
PAGE 07 (Panels)  
Panel 1.**  
CAMRIDDEON stands in the middle of the crossroads again, this time in the middle of the day.

**Panel 2.**  
CAMRIDDEON raises his voice.

CAMRIDDEON:

Helloooo? Anybody out there?

**Panel 3.**  
PALL crouches behind a tree, nervous.

CAMRIDDEON: (OP)

Ah. There you are. Wondered why you followed me.

**Panel 4.**  
CAMRIDDEON kneels, and scratches the real LEIGHMAN LURKER behind his ears. A misshapen, glowing spirit, ugly but happy at the attention.

CAMRIDDEON:

So you must be the *real* Leighman Lurker. A little beast having some fun on the cross.

**Panel 5.**  
CAMRIDDEON picks up the beast, laughing.

CAMRIDDEON:

Weaving tricks and petty magics for a bit of fun, haven’t you?

LEIGHMAN LURKER:

Raow!

CAMRIDDEON:

I know. I know. It wasn’t you.

**Panel 6.**  
CAMRIDDEON looks at the scorched spot on the crossroads. The LEIGHMAN LURKER bares its fangs at the spot.

LEIGHMAN LURKER:

RRRrrrrr…

CAMRIDDEON:

Some other little beast decided that your playground was its hunting ground. Well, he’s taken care of.

**Panel 7.**  
CAMRIDDEON looks at the LEIGHMAN LURKER, saddened.

CAMRIDDEON:

But unfortunately, it’s your turn.

**Camriddeon and the Leighman Lurkers By Jack Holder Page 08  
PAGE 08 (Panels)  
Panel 1.**  
LEIGHMAN LURKER looks up at CAMRIDDEON, mournful.

CAMRIDDEON:

Don’t be like that. You know what they’ll do if they find you. It’ll be iron, and purges, and death. I won’t have that on my conscience. It’s black enough as it is.

**Panel 2.**  
LEIGHMAN LURKER curls around CAMRIDDEON, barking. CAMRIDDEON laughs.

LEIGHMAN LURKER:

Bark! Rrrak!

CAMRIDDEON:

Hahaha! Yes, that’s a possibility to discuss.

**Panel 3.**  
CAMRIDDEON points straight to where PALL is hiding.

CAMRIDDEON:

But we have to make sure they’re ready, now don’t we?

**Panel 4.**  
LEIGHMAN LURKER looks straight at PALL with a mixture of wisdom and regret.

PALL: (OP)

I’ll never forget the sight of that creature’s eyes. It looked at me with such knowledge, such regret. I felt wretched, living down to its expectations.

**Panel 5.**  
CAMRIDDEON lays a hand on PALL’s shoulder.

CAMRIDDEON:

It’s not your fault. Sometimes we just aren’t ready to face the wonder of the world.

**Panel 6.**  
CAMRIDDEON hands a glowing ball to PALL, smiling.

CAMRIDDEON:

But maybe, just maybe. You are.

**Panel 7.**  
CAMRIDDEON and the LEIGHMAN LURKER walk down the crossroads, fading away. PALL holds the ball, a curious look on his face.

PALL:

I never saw Camriddeon again. We heard of his adventures, his tragedy. The tearing of his soul. But I never got to tell him what he meant.

The Lurker? Well…

**Panel 8.**  
PALL holds the ball up to his eye.

PALL:

That’s a story for another time.