

Chapter 1 The past,present and future

As the cold wind blew, the green and brown leaves fell off the trees like feathers against the gray sky backdrop. The atmospheric sun briefly glanced on a man's sharpened sword hanging beside his trusted steed companion. The man looked up in deep thought, observing the natural occurrence. **"A warm meal and drink would be heartwarming"** The treacherous cold mountains of the Appennino centrale was tough to the touch, this thought of longing for warmth would be a welcoming change, after crossing day's over mountainess terrain.

As the horse trampled forward through a bed of fallen leaves up the hill, two merchants passed by on their way downhill. one man dressed in a dark brown with purple stripes and feathered hat, the other smelled to be a fish merchant. They looked up at the gray cloaked man and greeted him, tipping their heads. "Piacere messere"

The man, on alert with one hand on one of his hidden knives, silently knotted back. As the top became a perfect vantage point overlooking down, the man's attention shifted towards a vast city in the distance. He carefully listened and heard the vague sounds of the busy streets and the warmth of music from the taverns. From the hill, the cloaked man observed the interesting sightseeings surrounding the city outskirts.

Looking to the left, a flock of crows flew over the crumbling echoes of the past, massive stone columns surrounding a Roman ruin dating far back. Strangely, under one of the columns thick hay and two grazing horses with some kind of lined pyramid within three triangles colored black symbol on their backs, which the man noticed.

On the right side down the hill, there was a lively shipping dock where merchants traded and prepared to embark on a voyage. A bit closer to the hill was a well-constructed aqueduct flowing into the city. The man looked down at the base of the aqueduct and noticed a strange figure that embarked on a shady voyage of his own from an in-framed wooden door of the aqueduct. As this figure closed the door and locked it with a key, he nervously looked around to ensure he was alone.

This figure walked faster than he could towards the Roman ruins on the way, almost tripping over his stiff leg. Nevertheless, the gray cloaked man followed him with his eyes like an eagle tracking his prey until the strange behaving figure disappeared behind a well-preserved decorated wall.

The gray cloaked man analyzed his observations **"There must be a way into that ruin, and that symbol, I have seen it before! Maybe it will lead me closer"**