

Maya Leege, Proprietor, Idol Hands Dress Shop, Glory Gane

In the days when gold flowed as freely as the Sweet Spirits River, copper-eyed Maya Leege ran the Idol Hands Dress Shop where she sold specially crafted frocks to wealthy tourists. Once twenty tailors finished garments under her carved red awning.

Now the rows of thimbles are rusting, and the bright pink harvest gowns in the windows are cobwebbed and faded to a dull salmon. Maya's sweet voice has turned scratchy and roughened, her fiery curls are limp and dry, and her hands are clawed with the red dust storms that rise from the dead lake - settling gritty dirt in every crevice of her velvet curtains.

Once slender as a lake reed, she is now bent and hooded. Her gnarled hands can no longer stitch, but then no wellborn lady would venture to Glory Gane these days, and if one did, the only finery she would seek would be a silver arrow and a strong-strung bow. Maya's shop, Idol Hands, is idle indeed.

It is true that many in Glory Gane made more exquisite dresses than Maya, but none had her special gift. Maya's grandmother, Dava Marquee, was half Elven, with the tipped ears of her race. She taught her granddaughter how to thread powerful spells into her gowns, binding the wearer to her beloved.

Lovelorn ladies clamored for her wares. But soon the world darkened and moved towards violence and fear, and humans began to distrust each other. The noble ladies who once had eagerly bought Maya's spell-laden dresses now looked suspiciously at the husbands they had bewitched into marriage.

Just before the Great Wars dawned, a proud, wronged lady came to Maya's shop demanding finery to prove the faithlessness of her beau. Maya was greedy. She wanted the gold she offered, despite her grandmother's plea

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Character Description

not to delve into the Black Arts. She sewed a spun silver coat, allowing the wearer to hear and see only truth. Five more ladies clamored for a silver coat as well. The six then sought crueler spells for revenge. Maya gave them what they asked, but the price she paid was high.

Each time Maya cast a cruel spell her beauty and humanity dwindled. Now she is the richest woman left in Glory Gane but barely human. Her only hope is to find a brave traveler to gather the spun silver wrappings from those whom endless truth has made monstrous. For a traveler that brave, Maya will provide glorious rewards.