

# Dúlaman

A Veil of Shadows

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# CONTENTS

PROLOGUE.....	1
CHAPTER ONE.....	2
<i>The British Militia Arrives</i> .....	2
CHAPTER TWO.....	13
<i>The Haunting Legacy of the Lochman</i> .....	13
CHAPTER THREE.....	23
<i>Banquet of Shadows</i> .....	23
CHAPTER FOUR.....	36
<i>Echoes of the Sea's Caution</i> .....	36
CHAPTER FIVE.....	39
<i>The Gauntonet's Genesis</i> .....	39
CHAPTER SIX.....	44
<i>Battle Against the Lochman</i> .....	44
CHAPTER SEVEN.....	49
<i>The Leprechaun's Revelation</i> .....	49

<i>CHAPTER EIGHT</i> .....	53
<i>The Lochman's Resurgence</i> .....	53
<i>CHAPTER NINE</i> .....	60
<i>Dúlaman's Imprisonment</i> .....	60

# PROLOGUE

*We have heard of many tales in Irish folklore and legends that made their mark upon Ireland, but one stayed his fame from ever being recorded, and that one was the merman, Dúlaman, whose fame was only known in the quiet village of North Shank. One might ask, what heroic acts did this sea dweller carry out and at what time did he emerge from the deep?*

# CHAPTER ONE

## The British Militia Arrives

*The foreboding arrival of the British Militia into the town of North Shank marks a turning point in the story. The year is 1796, and the British Crown has deployed a tremendous force to establish its presence in the region in order to preserve its dominion over the Irish landscape.*

*The magnificent British Militia is led by General George Campbell, a prominent officer in the British Army. His arrival in North Shank heralds the start of a new era for the town's residents. General Campbell is a tough, disciplined man known for his unflinching devotion to the Crown. His posture represents the authority of the British Empire, dressed in a stunning redcoat and studded with medals.*

*General Campbell was a man of unyielding discipline, and his demeanor reflected the strict order he intended to*

impose. He was known for his unwavering loyalty to the British Crown and had earned his reputation as a capable and determined military leader.

The town of North Shank, tucked along Ireland's gorgeous coastline, serves as the setting for this dramatic meeting. The rocky cliffs, rolling hills, and lush greenery of the Irish environment contrast dramatically with the intimidating British troops moving through its streets. The lovely landscape is both enticing and ominous, foreshadowing the tension that would soon engulf the community.

General Campbell's principal aim is to reestablish British control over North Shank and the surrounding districts. He is determined to put a stop to any signals of revolt, as the spirit of the United Irishmen is strong among the locals.

Susan Campbell, General Campbell's daughter, is accompanying him on this trip. She is a bright, independent young woman who disagrees with her father. Susan's appearance complicates the story. Her open-mindedness and curiosity may be vital in bridging the divide between the British occupants and the local Irish community.

The residents of North Shank are both concerned and angry of the British presence. The advent of the British Militia instills dread, resentment, and suspicion among the locals, who are already suffering as a result of British control. The streets are filled with murmurs and trepidation.

General Campbell thinks the mysterious and sinister Lochman to be a big threat to his mission after getting intelligence about it. He is desperate to keep the Lochman away from his daughter, Amelia, and to keep the creature from spreading devastation in North Shank.

Tensions in the town approach a crescendo when the British Militia begins its investigations and patrols to find the Lochman. The Lochman, an angry being born of tragedy and a hunger for vengeance, is a dangerous foe. The British soldiers' efforts to locate the Lochman are frustrated as they continue to incur losses in their encounters with the strange creature.

The entrance of the British Militia, symbolized by General George Campbell and his daughter Susan, serves as a catalyst for the story's developing events. Their presence



creates a real feeling of conflict, laying the groundwork for Dulaman's quest to protect the village and his surprising romance with Susan. The destiny of North Shank hangs in the balance among the upheaval, and the Lochman remains a looming otherworldly threat.

### ***The British Militia's Pursuit of the Lochman***

General Campbell: (Addressing his officers) "Gentlemen, our mission is twofold. First, we are here to establish the Crown's control over North Shank and its surrounding areas. Secondly, we must quell any signs of rebellion, particularly the United Irishmen's spirit that runs high among the locals."

Officer 1: "General, the townspeople are already anxious about our presence. They've endured the hardships of British rule for years."

Officer 2: "It's imperative that we maintain strict discipline and make our intentions clear. This is an unruly region, and we need to ensure the safety of our troops."

*As the British Militia marched through the cobblestone streets of North Shank, the locals exchanged uneasy glances. The sight of the imposing redcoats was a stark reminder of the oppression that had long gripped their town.*

*Townsfolk 1: (Whispering to a neighbor) "Have you ever seen such a display of power in our town before?"*

*Townsfolk 2: "The arrival of the British Militia can only mean more suffering for us."*

*Meanwhile, Susan Campbell, inquisitive and compassionate, observed the town and its inhabitants with a different perspective. She was drawn to the locals' lives and their struggles, and she couldn't help but feel the tension in the air.*

*Susan Campbell: "Father, I can't help but feel that the people here are suffering. There's a palpable fear in the air."*

*General Campbell: "Susan, our presence is meant to restore order. The King's rule must be upheld."*

Susan Campbell: "But, Father, is there no way we can understand their grievances and find common ground?"

General Campbell's determination was unwavering, but he couldn't help but be intrigued by his daughter's open-mindedness.

The Lochman, a supernatural entity born of tragedy and retribution, had been wreaking havoc in North Shank. General Campbell's mission was not only to establish British authority but also to locate and subdue the malevolent creature.

General Campbell: (In his war room, addressing his officers)  
"I've received intelligence about the Lochman, a mysterious and malevolent entity responsible for the deaths of our soldiers. It poses a significant threat to our mission and the safety of my daughter, Susan."

Officer 3: "General, the Lochman is unlike anything we've ever encountered. Our muskets have malfunctioned when we've come close to it."

*The officers shared wary glances, realizing the supernatural challenge they faced.*

*General Campbell's arrival and the subsequent quest to find the Lochman had plunged the town of North Shank into a vortex of tension and uncertainty. Amidst the turmoil, a struggle between authority and compassion, loyalty and open-mindedness, began to unfold, paving the way for the unexpected alliances and conflicts that would shape the narrative.*

### ***The Revelation of Ronan's Tragic Transformation***

*In the year 1796, North Shank was shrouded in fear and mystery due to the malevolent entity known as the Lochman. This supernatural creature had haunted the region for years, and its true identity was revealed to be a poignant and haunting tale.*

*Susan Campbell: (Curious) "Father, have you ever wondered about the Lochman's origins? Who or what could possibly be behind such terror?"*

General Campbell: (Reflective) "The Lochman has always been a dark enigma, a supernatural force we have yet to fully comprehend."

Ronan's Humble Beginnings:

The story of the Lochman traced back to a time when he was known as Ronan, a humble fisherman who made his living harvesting dúlaman, the valuable seaweed that sustained the town.

Local Fisherman: (Recounting) "Ronan was a hardworking man, a loving father and husband. He was respected by all for his dedication to his craft."

The Loss of the Dúlaman Harvest:

Ronan's life took a tragic turn when the King's men descended upon North Shank and seized his prized harvest of dúlaman. This blatant act of thievery left Ronan incensed.

Ronan: (Flashback) "You are thieves, robbers in the King's service!" (Confronting the soldiers)

General Campbell: *(Listening intently)* "His defiance was a spark that ignited a dangerous fire."

*The Tragic Demise:*

*In response to Ronan's vocal protest, the King's men retaliated with brutal force, subjecting him to a relentless and merciless beating. The injustice he faced was profound.*

*Local Fisherman: (Somber)* "Ronan was beaten so savagely that he could barely recognize his own reflection."

*The Resurrection of the Lochman:*

*Defeated, Ronan was cast into a loch, forever to be known as the Lochman. The depth of his suffering and desire for retribution had given birth to a supernatural entity, a creature of sorrow and vengeance.*

General Campbell: *(Pensive)* "It's a tragic story, one that showcases the consequences of oppression and cruelty."

### *The Lochman's Thirst for Revenge:*

*The Lochman's existence became consumed by an insatiable thirst for revenge against the soldiers who had taken away his livelihood and subjected him to a cruel fate.*

*Local Fisherman: (Whispers) "The Lochman was relentless, his vengeance knew no bounds. Every British soldier he took was a reckoning."*

### *The Lochman's Unique Abilities:*

*Over time, the Lochman's powers evolved, allowing him to manipulate wood and vegetation to his advantage.*

*General Campbell: "He could bend trees, roots, and plants to his will, becoming a formidable adversary."*

### *The Lochman's True Identity Revealed:*

*As the truth about the Lochman's origin came to light, the townspeople realized that this malevolent force was once a beloved member of their community.*

*Local Fisherman: "The Lochman is Ronan, our fellow fisherman, transformed into a creature of vengeance."*

*The revelation of Ronan's transformation into the Lochman added an emotional and tragic layer to the story, underscoring the devastating consequences of oppression and the price paid by those who dared to resist it. The story of Ronan's transformation served as a powerful backdrop for the unfolding narrative, where the town of North Shank grappled with a supernatural threat lurking in its midst.*



# CHAPTER TWO

## The Haunting Legacy of the Lochman

*As the Lochman's reign of fuilteacht continued, his spectral presence became ingrained in the collective psyche of North Shank. Tales of his ambushes spread through the daoine (people), whispered in hushed tones within the seomraí taispeántais (taverns) and huddled gatherings.*

*Local Seanchaí (Storyteller): "Beware the crann and the fréamhacha, for they may bear witness to the Lochman's córas damáiste (destructive system) against those who tread upon the soil of injustice."*

*The Shadows of Fear:*

*The mere mention of the Lochman's name sent shivers down the spines of the British soldiers, who were torn between their duty and the ever-looming dread of a spectral avenger lurking in the seanamhla (old) shadows.*

*British Officer: "We cannot escape the fear of an unseen adversary. It's as if the very shadows themselves conspire against us."*

*An Alliance with the Fog:*

*The Lochman's mastery over the mist and fog that clung to the hills further intensified the sense of fear and uncertainty. He would meld with the imir (play) of shadows, making it nigh impossible for the soldiers to discern friend from foe.*

*Putting a Face to the Name:*

*Local Seanair (Grandfather): "In the fog, the Lochman is like the ghosts of our own pasts, emerging when you least expect it, seeking céasadh (vengeance). Some say the creature takes the appearance of an old man, bearded with strands that look like the sad Tristis and is cloaked in a long tattered seaicéad fada (long jacket) to hide his shame. On his head he dons a wreath, sown to the shape of a tricorn and breathes like the eerie sounds one hears in a luascadh (swamp)."*

*The Poetic Justice of Nature:*

The Lochman's éadóchas was not solely confined to the roads and byways; it extended to the very vegetation that once thrived under Ronan's care. The Lochman's control over the crainn and plandaí served as a poetic and chilling reminder of the once peaceful éiscéadach who had been driven to become a créatúr of cógas.

Local Poet: "The trees, once companions of Ronan's labor, now stand as witnesses to the cruatan that birthed the Lochman. Nature itself seeks justice."

*The Walk of Shame:*

Ronan strode about in crudely invented leather boots, ones that were woven together by a pact made with a Leprechaun. Such footwear sustained a drench of loch uisce, which in turn, quenched his legged roots sown by the curse that he bore with him like a plague of duilliúr.

He was reliant on this footwear as a means of travel, otherwise he was subject to his lair and relied solely on nature to be his eyes and ears.

*The Hearth as Guardian:*

*As the Lochman prowled through the night, his agóid against tine intensified, revealing a deep-seated fear that manifested in every twisted branch and rustling leaf. Homes with fervently burning hearths became sanctuaries, each flame a defiant guardian against the encroaching shadows.*

*Local Teaghlach (Family): "The hearth is our protector, a sentry against the Lochman's agóid. As long as the tine dances in our fireplace, we are shielded from his reach."*

*A Symphony of Anam (Soul) and Flame:*

*In the moments when the Lochman approached a home ablaze with tine, a strange symphony unfolded—the crackle of burning logs harmonizing with the Lochman's mournful súile.*

*The dichotomy between the warmth of the hearth and the creature's tormented essence resonated through the night.*

*Local Ceoltóir (Musician): "It's as if the very flames sing a lament for the Lochman's anam, a haunting melody that echoes through the séimh (quiet) night."*

*The Enigmatic Dance:*

*The Lochman's aversion to tine elevated the nightly agóid to an enigmatic dance. The shadows cast by the flames and the shifting silhouettes of contorting branches formed a spectral ballet—a dance of cógas, revenge, and the ceaseless struggle between darkness and light.*

*Local Bean an Ti (Innkeeper's Wife): "Each night, the Lochman's dance unfolds like a sean-nós dance, intricate and unpredictable. Tine stands as the eternal dance partner, both protector and provocateur."*

*A Desperate Yearning:*

*For the Lochman, the sight of tine kindled a desperate yearning, a poignant reminder of the life he had once known before the cógas that transformed him into a harbinger of éadóchas. The flames that offered warmth to others became the eternal nemesis that fueled his ire.*

*Local Amhránaí (Singer): "In the glow of tine, one can almost see the Lochman's inner turmoil. The flames reflect a longing for a life lost to the cruatan of injustice."*

*A Battle of Wills:*

*The nightly encounters between the Lochman and the flickering tine were more than a physical struggle; they were a battle of wills, a clash between the elemental forces of nature and the supernatural vendetta that fueled the Lochman's relentless pursuit of éagóir.*

*Local Seanchaí (Storyteller): "The Lochman and the tine engage in a dance as ancient as the hills, each asserting its dominance in a saga that unfolds with every passing night."*

### ***The Verdant Veil of Vengeance***

*Under the cloak of night, the Lochman's draíocht wove a verdant veil of vengeance, turning the once tranquil woods into a realm of shadowy intrigue. The crainn,(Trees) now obedient to his every whim, stood as silent sentinels, witnesses to the sorcery that shaped their branches into twisted archways of malevolence.*

*Local Seanachai (Storyteller): "In the forest, the crainn bear the scars of the Lochman's draíocht, their branches twisted like the contorted tales of revenge whispered among the leaves."*

*The Dance of Tenebrous Foliage:*

*As the Lochman advanced through the undergrowth, the very foliage at his command became a dancer in his tenebrous ballet. Vines slithered like serpents, creating an ominous rhythm that echoed the footsteps of a créatúr na fuilte (creature of vengeance).*

*Local Amadán (Fool): "They say the Lochman's draíocht turns the woods into a dance floor for the shadows, where every leaf is a partner in his spectral ballet."*

*Entwining Roots of Retribution:*

*The roots beneath the soil, once a network of sustenance for the land, now entwined themselves in the Lochman's saga of retribution. They reached out, seeking to ensnare those who bore the mark of cógas upon them.*

*Local Gairm (Crier): "Beware where ye tread, for the roots themselves are the Lochman's avengers, reaching out from the soil to reclaim what was unjustly taken."*

*A Whispered Language of Leaves:*

*In the heart of the draíocht-laden woods, the leaves spoke a language only the initiated could decipher. Each rustle carried the grief of the Lochman, a mournful hymn that intertwined with the elemental forces at his command.*

*Local Filí (Poet): "The leaves speak the dialect of sorrow, a whispered language of leaves that tell the tale of a man scorned by cógas and reborn in draíocht."*

*A Sorcerer's Gambit:*

*The Lochman's draíocht wasn't merely a display of power; it was a gambit, a strategic dance with the very forces of nature. The crainn and plandaí (Trees and Plants) became pawns in his cosmic chessboard, moved with a calculated precision that only a sorcerer seeking redemption or ruination could muster.*



*Local Dlíodóir (Lawyer): "The Lochman's draíocht is a cunning game, a gambit played on the chessboard of nature. Every move echoes with the footsteps of retribution."*

*A Verdant Legacy:*

*As dawn approached, the woods bore the marks of the Lochman's draíocht—a legacy of twisted branches, whispering leaves, and a lingering sense of sorcery. The very essence of North Shank had become entwined with the tale of a créatúr na fuilte, a supernatural force seeking justice in the verdant tapestry of nature.*

*Local Bean an Ti (Innkeeper's Wife): "When dawn breaks, the woods retain the shadows of the Lochman's draíocht—a testament to the sorcery that weaves through the very soul of North Shank."*

*In the whispering grove of North Shank, the Lochman's draíocht painted a living mural—a tableau of crainn and plandaí, (Trees and Plants) entwined roots and dancing shadows. This sacred place became the epicenter of the sorcerer's quest, a haven where nature itself bore witness*

*to the relentless pursuit of justice and the draíocht that fueled the Lochman's spectral existence.*