**MOSS**

The Goblin Sorcerer

By boss Kelly

**Chapter 1: Jailbreak**

I said I’m not hunger, Asshole.

Sydney Moss 28 Year old green skinned muscular goblin shouted of his confines of his slanted prison cell

“All inmates have to eat dinner, MOSS. Even filthy murders like you” said the winged guard claded in armor and holding a tray caring a bowl of soup.

“I’m not a murder. I’m…………………………..”

‘Innocent? Sure you are. Just like the rest of these inmates that killed their own clan.

**“Peterson” A**

Brown skinned guard with wings walked in. Stop harassing the prisoner give him his food.

“Angela, you always had a weak spot for scum like this.” Peterson said. “Eat up , MOSS.”

Peterson through the bowl at Sydney phasing through the barrier keeping home prisoner and crashing on his face with little harm or care to be shown.

‘How can you call yourself an archangel?” Angelia scowled.

“What? We’re doing what the big guys upstairs sent us to do keeping folklore who cause trouble in lone.”

“Let’s just finish the patrol.”

“After you.”

The archangels left the cell block as Sydney wiped up the soup from his face and tossing the bowl in a pile of empty bowl.

“It wasn’t me.”

“Sydney said to himself. I’m not a murder.”

I couldn’t agree more.

A Stanger voice echoed throughout his cell.

“Who said that?”

The goblin looked ll around to find where the voice came from.

“I did”

An elderly, slender man with a blue sorcerer gown and white long beard appeared on the other side of the cell.

“Who are you?”

“I,m Dolas, the last remaining sorcerer of the faithless.”

“The faithless? That’s impossible. They died out cons ago.

Many did. But fate smiled on me Pardon the pun.”

“Why are you here?”

“To smile upon you Sydney Moss Laropmet reirrab evomer.”

The barrier that once trapped the goblin was lift, much the prisoner’s surprise.

“Plight magic? No one is capable of that type of sorcery.”

“Corection, no one was capable of that type of sorcery.” Dolas giggled.

“Leave me. I’m only proving my guilt if I escape.”

“What if I told you, you could average your clan by finding the fae who farmed you?”

Sydney liked intensely at the spell caster after hearing his proposal.

“You know who slaughtered my family?”

The cell block echoed with loud alarms as the ground returned from the end of the hell.

“Halt, Sorcerer” Peterson shouted.

“We don’t have much time. Dolas said extending his hand.

“Stop him.” Angelia yelled before the archangels flew toward them.

“Ezeerf meht ni emit.” Dolas chanted the guards were Paralyzed in mid air as the elderly fae felt a sharp pain in his arm.

“Quick. I can’t keep this spell for long.”

Brought with a opportunity to walk time from his unjust imprisonment Sydney accepted Dolas’s hand despite the fear of becoming a wanted man.

“Tsac su ot ytefas”

The two vanished in blue particles as the arch angles broke free from their confinement in time.

“Alert the warden.”

Peterson said.” Sydney MOSS has escaped.

**Chapter 2: Open Meadow**

After their daring escape, Sydney found himself hunching over looking at a behind **ushuoos** forest a raging water fall and an majestic river beside him.

“What is this place?” Sydney asked.

“The infinity Meadiow”

Dolas answered. This is peaceful place that few folklore know of.

“Folklore?”

“That’s what the humans refer super natural being like us. I take it the guard failed to update you regarding the change of our world.

‘Than why don’t you tell me, old man?” Sydney snarled.

“Ha ha. Very well.”

Dobs guided Sydney to the river and cast another spell.

“Erunnoc su Seam! eht tsap.”

The water began to take multiple shapes as Dolas narration explained all.

‘The world that most of us folklore in habit, Parabola has established multiple **tamaris**. In wanes in between heavers and hell.”

“Which hell?” Sydney asked

“All of them.”

A watery construct formed, resembling a tower on the top of mountain.

“Merlyn’s Peak”

Sydney scowled.

“Your, former prison.

“Why are you showing me all of this?”

“To show you what were up against.”

“We?”

“Plight magic is the only domination the only its kind that can be used in Merlin’s Peak. All other forms of magic are nullified because of this those who practice it are deemed threats to the angles who guard the heavens.”

“So now that they know you saved me……………………..”

“I’m as big of a fugitive as you are.”

Dolas continued to narrate his constructs.

The heavens are separated in multiple factors just as Parabola and the hells. Specifically in our case is Volhaliah and Purgatory.”

“Valhaliah. That’s were the archangels are from?”

“No the archangels comes from Niwana however, they formed a deal with the guardians of Valhaliah to keep their borders sake from folklore whos power threatened them.

“What do the archangels get in return?”

“Weapnary. Valhaliah has some of the most divine arsenal in all of the realms.

“Why would they need weaponry?”

“Because Nirvana and Purgatory have been at war for cons. The archangels needed al the ammunition they could acquire.”

“Why were they at war?”

Dolas hunched over as the spell ended.

“Hey, you okay?” Sydney asked?”

“Um ……………… yes I’m fine all this story telling has made this old man hungry.”

“Hold on. I can fix that.”

Sydney walked to the river conjured flames from his fist and thursted it in the river, boiling a large portion of it.

After he removed his fist several dead fish rose to the top of the river.

“Impressive.” Dolas smirked.

“Im gonna get some fire wood try net to die before I come back.”

“I’ll do my bot.”

Sydney walked into the forest as Dolas stood up.

After the goblin had disappeared in the wilderness, Dolas joyful smirk changed into a sinister scowl as reach in the river.

He pulled out a fish that was still alive and crushed it in his hands.

“Ekat s fil morf siht erutaerc ot erotser ym cigm.”

The aquatic creature began to **sharable** in his hands, leaving nothing but its Skeleten.

The sorcerer let his arm become rejuvenated as the shap pain he endured from the prison escape faded.

“I need move.”

**Chapter 3: Wild Thoughts**

Sydney walked through the enchanted forest as he gathered pieces of wood off the ground.

But as the golden lifted his last hunk of lumber he couldn’t help but embrace the warm sun light as the sunset began to come.

“Its been so long since I’ve been fire to enjoy this.”

The gentle breeze brushed passed his skin as Sydney closed his eyes and smiled.

“I’ve missed this.”

Sydney fell to his knees as his mind began to drift into solitude.

Sydney

A voice echoed in his mind.

“Father?” Sydney asked; dropping the wood and standing up.

Sydney. Sydney

The voice repeated itself with no present origin as the goblin looked all around him.

Sydney. Sydney

The disgruntled goblin grabbed his temples as flashback flooded his mind.

As he opened eyes, Syd found himself in the middle of a burning village covered in black and red flames.

“Not again.”

Sydney watched as