

You wake up. You are lying in bed, in your room. In your room stands a wardrobe, which is empty, a small footlocker, containing a small pouch of 20 Krinks, and an oaken door leading out into the hallway. Leaving your room, you see stairs on your right that lead down to the living area of the house. You walk downstairs into the kitchen, in which is your father, frantically searching through drawers and cabinets.

You say to your father, “Hey, what’s going on?!”

“Run!” your father says, and as he tosses you a small, banded shield bearing your family crest. You run outside, out of the village. You turn back to see your hometown burning. You begin to cry.

As your misery consumes you, you hear a small voice, “Help! I’m trapped in the Fairy Cave!” Curious, you make your way further into the woods that surrounded what was once your village. Deeper into the woods, you come across a small cave embedded in a hill. It is the first of many trials you will overcome. You pick up a sturdy oak branch and head inside.

You make your way through the cave, sneaking past goblins and dodging spiders and the like. At the end of your journey is a large dank cavern, with a river running through it and back out of the cave. Trapped in a small cage, is a small fairy, who introduces herself as simply “Hope.” Also nearby is a small canoe, which you ride out of the cave with Hope.

As you ride the current to your shared freedom, you reflect on the tragedy you had witnessed earlier in the day, and it might have been prevented had the village’s security been improved long ago. You make a promise to yourself, and to the ones that lost their lives to start your own town, one where it’s residents do not live in poverty or fear of bandits and burglars. With a new sense of purpose, and having exited the cave, you make your way through the Old Forest to the south, in search of open land to begin laying foundations. Hope goes with you, her reasons unknown.

After spending some nights in the wilderness, you begin to appreciate the lessons your father taught you, how to make the best of a poor situation, and how to survive against the odds. With Hope’s assistance, you made a bow for the hunting of small animals, to sustain you on your journey. Looking up at the stars overhead, you reflect on how fortunate you were to have once had anything as luxurious as a mattress to sleep on.

After many more days and nights, you come across a man, sitting cross-legged on a stone, the moon reflecting off his smooth, pale head. About his face lies a beard that curled between his legs. He appears to be deep in meditation. [He wants to start a town]