**Story for Dinte**

Far away from other civilization a swordsman was found near the extensions of a small village. When he was waking up a few hours of sleep later he could not remember what happened. His clothes were torn to shreds, his sword full of blood. He wanted to proceed finding his way through the forests, but the villagers prevented him from doing so and kept him for another day to get him some rest. They did not know they kept their demise.

When a noise woke up the stranger in the middle of the night, he looked out of the window and saw, to his surprise, the villagers burning down their houses. He grabbed his sword and ran out of the burning house he slept in. He fled into the woods, not knowing where he could go. After a short while he found an altar. Ha drank a bit of the water coming out of it and then…

…he transferred into another dimension. Everything around him got green and lots of colors came out of all those rotten plants. The altar was broken, but the swordsman was back alive.