

The Truth-by [Sofrioni](#)

Sometimes it's better to forget. I'm sure the events would still flash before me whenever I closed my eyes. I do believe in that statement, but how could I forget... How could I allow myself to forget... When you're the only one left, you MUST remember. It's no longer about you. You must remember for everyone.

There's always going to be stories, old ones, new ones, short or long. They are everywhere, sometimes fading or staying a while. We always thought of them just as such, simple stories. Nobody besides kids truly believes to stay clear of the well, because monsters live on the bottom or to drink the bitter medicine, because one of them will kidnap you. They are just there to make the kids listen and stay out of danger. That's why when the old village chief Amith told us never to get close to Elise Mountain, we didn't listen. No superstitions would stop our adventurous self's.

Oreo was the one that proposed waiting for the already nearing god adulation. Our village mainly worshiped O'lo, but we were accepting of all divines. It was our weekly pray day, as we liked to call it. With everyone busy, it was much easier to sneak out. Dave and Zero prepared food and Xander helped me dig a tunnel under the big fence encircling our living space. The main gate was outside our possible exits with the guards staying there nearly all the time. We knew they wouldn't catch a break even on this holiday. All that was left was to move one of the bigger bushes over our tunnel and we were good to go.

We were so amazed by the great views. Not many people leave the village, to be honest aside from the monthly visit from the merchant Redcap we get no visitors at all. They say it's dangerous outside, but with how long I live here, I've never seen any monsters. Oreo studied the maps, so we knew where to go, pass through the Grand Forest and move to the closest mountain. Pretty easy plan if you ask me. Our moods were in the all-time high, with green all around us, birds chirping and the gentle wind. It was the first time the five of us ever set foot outside the prison we call the village. We would make the best of it no matter what.

The forest walk seemed to end almost as soon as it began, though It took us almost three hours to get to the mountain. The steep path covered with white stone could barely be visible through the overgrowing grass. It's fair to say, few to no people used this road and definitely no one maintained it. We spent the climbing time talking and enjoying the surrounding nature. I was so glad we got to go on this trip, it turned out our village chief really was just old and senile. There were no monsters here.

The higher we went, the colder it became, though few, the ever present trees started being replaced by bushes and rock piles, we were nearing the top. Conquering this mountain didn't require too much effort, but I'm sure someone unfit could find it a quite troublesome experience.

It was well past noon when we finally saw the peak. Dave made a run for it. Finishing the last few steps with a shout, he claimed his conquest of the giant hill. We were about to join him when, from behind him, suddenly rose a shadow.

Hovering above Dave, two meters in height, stood a thing. Green and thick skin only covered with hide undergarments, a hefty club resting on its shoulder. It was an orc... We all opened our eyes wide as we understood what appeared before us. Our still happy friend didn't notice the

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monster's arrival.

Xavier was the first to react, yelling at Dave to run. The orc started swinging its club, clearly not happy with the idea of it's pray running away. It barely missed. The previous happy looks on Dave's face seemed like a distant memory. He dashed to us and we all started running down. Our escape was untimely cut short. The monster didn't come alone, on the path down stood more of them. These guys were clearly better equipped, hide armor with metal plates covering their muscular bodies. It's not like it really mattered, I'm sure even the weakest of them could smash us with ease. I started to panic, and my friends weren't better. They weren't in a hurry, clearly enjoying seeing us suffer, slowly encircling us with wicked grins. I didn't want to image what they were planning to do to us.

Just as I was about to make a run for it, on the left of my vision appeared a gush of red followed by a gurgling shriek. One of the orcs fell, losing the shine in its eyes. The demeanor of the monsters changed in an instant, they were no longer looking at easy prey, they were fighting a life or death battle. In the place of the fallen stood a knight. Fully equipped in metal gear, he held the still red blade, preparing to strike again.

The monsters were fully focussed on the newly appeared enemy, but none of us dared to move. I'm not sure if we would even be able to. This was the first time we ever saw this much blood. The knight started moving and with each of his swipes a body fell. The orcs fought back, their attacks hit, but the knight just shrugged it off. The last one with only desperation left in its eyes started running away. I was about to think It was going to get away, when with a flash of light the Knight's flying sword struck it down.

There was a brief pause, where none of us moved. I was scared to break the silence that was now ever present after the rough screams and wailing that accompanied the fight. It was a stretch to call it a fight. It was much closer to a massacre. Not only that, but it's like the orcs never stood a chance. Through the whole ordeal, the knight didn't utter as much as a single word. He stood there now, covered in crimson blood, it slowly flowed down the armor and ended in the not so green now grass.

Zero was the one that broke the silence. He jogged to the knight and thanked him dearly. I let the air out that I didn't realize I was holding. We all followed suit and thanked him. The man seemed like he didn't hear us at all. He just slowly walked to his blade and pulled it out of the dead orc. He shook the blood out and walked back towards us. He was behaving weird, but he saved us, so we didn't mind it much.

I waved at my friends and we turned to go back. We had enough of this adventure already. There was a strong gust of wind and I closed my eyes, covering my face, but when I opened them again the time stopped...

The knight's sword was sticking out of Zero's throat. With eyes full of disbelief and fear, I watched him try to take his last breath and fail. The attacker took no breaks. He kicked him, while taking the blade out, swinging for the next target.

None of us managed to break out of the shock and Dave was the one that paid for it. The sword cut right through his arm and torso. Overgrown with panic, I fell down. My eyes didn't leave Dave and Zero, now laying in their own blood. I didn't have to be a medic, to know that there

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was no saving them. I felt a sharp pull on my arm, it was Xavier. I got up with his help, my legs shaking. I moved my eyes looking for the danger just to see Oreo lifeless body fall down. We didn't waste no time, we started running. The direction didn't matter, we couldn't think about anything else other than getting away. We didn't take many steps before I felt a push on my back and I fell down again.

I felt the dirt in my mouth and a weight on my back. I tried to turn around, only to see the unmoving face of my friend. I screamed his name, terrified out of my mind. I stumbled out from beneath him just to see the shadow of the killer above me...

I didn't know what to think about it, I still don't. I was too terrified to think. The knight just stood there. And then, with the most uncaring voice, as if he didn't just commit murders, he spoke. "No more energy." I could tell it wasn't meant for me, but that was the only thing I understood. He left. After that, the knight just left.

I don't know how long I lied there, the body next to me was still warm, today's events were slowly getting to me. I didn't feel good and the whole situation still felt more like a dream. I got up and left to the village. I don't remember what happened during the rest of the day, just flashes of washing myself down and falling asleep on my bed.

I woke up with a headache, looking sideways sent sharp pains to my temple. Glancing at the clothes next to my bed, I knew yesterday wasn't just a dream. They were all dead. Why did it have to happen? I almost started crying, but then the door to my room was opened. With a happy smile that sent shivers down my back, into the room came Xander.

I checked up on all of them, everyone was alive and well. What does that mean? I talked loudly, I tried to explain what happened and asked many questions. All I got in return were frowns and smirks as if I was crazy. I wanted answers. My excitement made quite a commotion. I don't know who, but someone called Amith. He calmed the crowd and made them leave. The chief told me to come with him and took me to the town hall, where he usually stayed. I told him the whole story, he just listened in silence, sometimes nodding. The slight smile never left his face. He came close to me and put a hand on my shoulder. He stayed like that for a while and said. "No matter how many times I tell you not to go out, you always do so, then you respawn back here, because an adventurer kills you." He sighed. "I guess there was bound to be a time when someone survived the encounter. I'm sorry son" I understood the meaning behind his words only after his weapon penetrated my chest...