1. The Boy and his sister grew up happy and carefree, raised by their mother while their father was away adventuring in The Dungeon until, on a stormy night…

His loving mother fell sick, her last words spoken to the innocent boy and his sister:

“It’s all your fault, you accursed brats.”

1. The boy did everything to support his sister through their ordeal, until one day when…

The Dad returned home before dawn, the stench of ale waking the Boy up, letting him see…

The Dad, standing in his sister’s room, towering above her and whispering their dead mother’s name.

1. The years passed, the Boy watching over his sister, protecting her from all danger, however….

The drinking got worse, the abuse increased in frequency until finally, one morning….

The Boy woke up to his sister crying in a corner, holding bloody sheets in her hands.

1. The Boy saw red, angered first and foremost by his own weakness, and he decided to act…

He confronted his father, the Dad beating him to the brink of death, shouting:

“It’s your fault she died!”

1. Months passed, each morning being met with his sister’s tears, he couldn’t take it anymore…

He called the village’s guards, led them to their hut, knowing his dad would be home…

The Dad was there, sobbing, his daughter bloodied and bruised. They stopped him before it was too late.

1. But the Boy didn’t realize his mistake until it was too late.

They killed his father.

And his sister who after everything, still tried to shield her dad.

1. The Boy was devastated, drowning in sorrow, knowing it was his fault. But what was he supposed to do?

He cried, powerless, alone. He cried until a thought, dark and sinister crept into his mind. He could end it all.

But he was afraid. He lost everything but he still couldn’t end it himself. So, he went to The Dungeon. To put an end to his pain.