The Water of Life

I am far from the first to write a story of this powerful essence, and I will be far from the last. The Water of life was a true wonder of mankind. No one understood the healing properties it posessed, nor the beasts it had brought into the world. And there was nought we could do but wonder. It was told to cure the most vile and formiddable diseases, heal scars of a lifetime of war. Resting in the peak of Mt. Fury, the magical elixer was surrounded by powerful creatures and guardians of stone, conjured to End the life of any who dared to drink from the great fountain. And still, knowing all these dangers, I embarked on this journey.

I had arrived at my home from my apprenticeship at the blacksmiths, when I found what events had taken place. Our walls were smeared with blood, my mother and father missing. A hacking cough rang out through the shack, snatching away my attention. *Horus.* I sprinted into my brothers room, where I found him, lying on the floor, close to coughing up his own lungs. A small pool of blood was forming near his mouth. It was the ancient plague.

"Horus!" I screamed, running to is writhing figure.

"Help me, Selethen!" He cried out, before withdrawing back into a fit of coughs. i pick up my brother, running to the old doctor.

"Help!" I said, banging on the door. I slammed my fist against the wood, hoping beyond hell to be heard. The door swung open, and the doctors face met mine.

"Selethen. What is the problem?" He asked, as a grave look took hold of his features.

"He's coughing up blood. I think it's the ancient plague!" I cried out in dismay. "Can you help us?"

"Get him inside and lie him on the table." The doctor instructed, running back through the doorway. I followed after him, and set my younger brother down on the bed. The doctor grabbed small powders and mushrooms, crushing them and putting them in water. He sat my brother up.

"Try and hold your cough boy." He said, pouring them down his throat. But my brother simply coughed them back up. "It's no good." The doctor explained as I clutched my brother. "Only the water of life can save him."

"Then I'll get it!" I exclaimed. "I'll do anything to save him."

"Selethen, that's prepostouros." The doctor scolded me. "You could die."

"I don't care!" I screamed. "I'll do it no matter what." I ran out of the doctors office, sprinting to mr Wulf's house. He saw me coming.

"Selethen? Why are you here?" He asked, shining a lantern towards me.

"Horus is sick!" I called out, sprinting on. "He needs the water of life!"

"The water of life?" He started to look puzzled. "How in the hells do you think you'll be getting that?" I stopped, panting. I pointed to the small shed behind his workshop, where he keeps weapons.

"Could I take a weapon? I'll take one that I made, one that isn't high quality and doesn't have any orders." I pleaded. He looked down at me, and I thought he would refuse me.

"Take a shield too." He instructs. I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank you." I speak, relieved beyond all measure. "Thank you so much!"

"Just try to get everything back in one piece. That includes yourself." He joked.

"I'll try!" I called back. I went to the shed, and wrenched open the door. I saw a wide array of weapons, but my eyes set on a longsword and a nice, rounded shield. I snatched up the scabbard, and attached it to my belt, before slinging the shield over by back. Finally, I ran to the house of my great friend, Duran. "Duran!" I yelled out, hoping he'd answer me. I watchedthe high window leading into his quaters. A head popped out.

"What?" He asks. He smiled broadly.

"Horus got the ancient plague!" I yelled up to him, watching his smile turn to a frown. "He needs the water of life. Want to go on a quest?" I asked.

"Eh, why not." He said, grinning again. He pulled his head back into his room, and I heard clanging. Eventually, His door swung open, revealing him in his nightware, baring a sword and dagger. "Let's go!" He said. We walk back to the doctors house. I pushed open the door, and see the doctor attempting to adminester more treatment to Horus. He turned to me.

"Are you seriously going to do this?" He asked, features contorted into a concerned look. I nodded conformation. "Very well." He sighed. "No stopping you now."

"Keep Horus safe for me." I said, before turning and leaving. We walked onwards, towards the path to Mt. Fury. Arriving at the path, Duran turned towards me, a serious look apon his face.

"Are you ready?" He asked.

"As I'll ever be." I replied. And with that, we stole off into the night, prepared for any beast in our path.