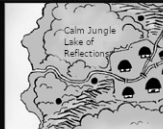


Dusk

——《Tarsyllia》16

吴淼作品

we31415@263.net



Tarsyllia's Third Age
Year 7 of Heroes
Deep inside Calm Jungle
-- Lake of Relections

Huff...
Huff...
Huff...



Huff....huff....huff....



I'm finally...here....I'm exhausted. Why would you want to come all the way out here?



It's already nearly midnight, and yet there's still so much fog. What hell on earth is this place?



It's too humid here. Your knees...are they okay? You finished the rest of the medicine on the way here.



T...time....huff...quickly...
My...take it....huff...



Fossil...there's no....huff...
feeling....



Take a breath
first...



I'll go start a
fire...



The forest here is well
preserved, but I don't
get how it's so
wonderous. And
even if it is, the fog is
too thick...I can't see
anything clearly...



An ecologist as reknowned as
yourself surely would have picked
the right weather, right?



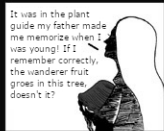
Pa...tience....
Huff...you....
Pa....huff, huff...



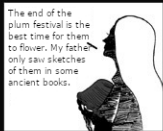
I got it! I've seen,
this tree
before.



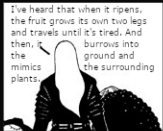
It was in the plant
guide my father made
me memorize when I
was young! If I
remember correctly,
the wanderer fruit
grows in this tree,
doesn't it?



The end of the
plum festival is the
best time for them
to flower. My father
only saw sketches
of them in some
ancient books.



I've heard that when it ripens,
the fruit grows its own two legs
and travels until it's tired. And
then, it burrows into
the ground and
the surrounding
plants.



Before it matures,
there's no way
to tell
it apart.



Not until it
produces its
own fruit.



And begins to
wander
again...



Kinda like me.



Humans...huff...are not...



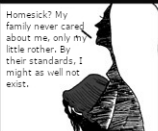
Unfeeling plants...huff...huff



Don't you get homesick?



Homesick? My family never cared about me, only my little rother. By their standards, I might as well not exist.



Don't sulk, child.



Ugh, I hate being called a child the most.



Music?



Look, over there! There's a dryad under the wanderer fruit tree playing pipes. How did I not realize? This must be called the Lake of Reflections because so many music-loving spirits gather here. Only the lake spirits can play the music of a person's soul -- soul-reading is an extraordinary art. I wonder how skilled the water spirits here are. Is this the miracle you were hoping to see?



Patience...



I am the child
who found the stars

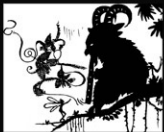
There's a kind of sadness
hiding in my heart
When the light squeezes it out
drop by drop
It tastes like honeyed wine

There's a kind of sadness
hiding in my heart
When the light engraves the words
with a feather
It paints an eternal ode

There's a kind of sadness
hiding in my heart
When the light composes it note by
note
It sounds like a masterpiece of
nature

There's a kind of sadness
hiding in my heart
When the light shines on it gently
There is only sighing sadness, here
to say
"Oh child, if it weren't for me, how
happy you could be."

There's a kind of sadness
hiding in my heart
Just like the whistling bird amidst
the thorns
Take a bow, show your gratitude



I am the child who
found the stars
When you shot across my sky,
I didn't blink
When you scorched my palm,
I didn't weep

None of us know how to confess
And so we hold tight to you,
on this long, winding path
But it's already dusk
Silence cannot stop nightfall
just like
Sadness cannot drown
happiness
Go home, little star to that
faraway sky
Where a silver river flows

Just let me draw a little room
Inside your heart
And I will live there happily ever
after



I am the child who found the
stars
Since then daylight has always
danced by my ears
Eternal night has sung in my
dreams

I am the child who found the
stars
Since then I've had a breath, a
pulse
And roses bloom in my hand

I am the child who found the
stars
Since then I got a soul and a
memory
A bonfire burning in my heart

Violet grapes, golden honey
Scarlet blossoms, green grove
shade
A rose-hued sunset

Since then I've held the stars in
my palm.



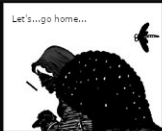
Huff...huff...



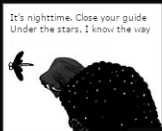
Let's...
huff...



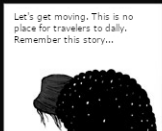
Let's...go home...



It's nighttime. Close your guide
Under the stars, I know the way



Let's get moving. This is no
place for travelers to dally.
Remember this story...



Sing it for the
people back
home...



Oh golden sunset
Silvery moonlight

Oh midnight breeze
Azure stars

Life is the dew on a lotus leaf
Love is the rose in your hand
When it is picked, it has
already bloomed

And then it withers away

The star told the dead child:
"Actually, I was the child
who found the stars..."



Look, Saria
The fog is lifting...





That was probably the last
bit of light...



What?



Still want me to be
patient?



You say that...



But what do you actually want
me to see?



The wind suddenly got a lot
stronger...

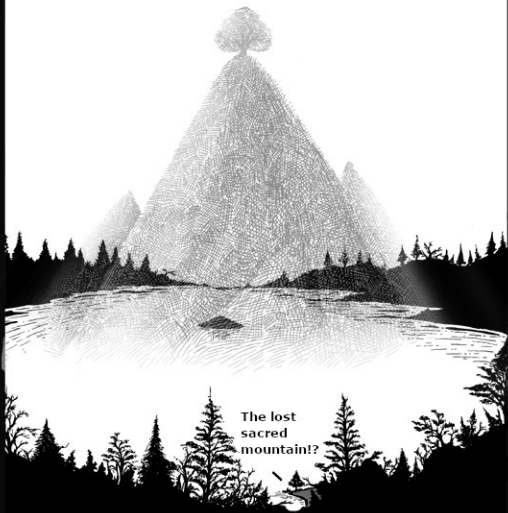


呼呼呼呼呼呼
呼呼呼呼呼呼
呼呼呼呼呼呼



!?

呼呼呼呼呼呼
呼呼呼呼呼呼
呼呼呼呼呼呼



The lost
sacred
mountain!?

This...truly....



Thank you....thank you...



Two days later
Reflection Lake shore



To return to a place
where no one
accepts you?
...
I'm sorry, I can't.



From today on,
this is my home.
My home is
wherever you
are.



In Year 8 of Heroes, Alsofia Brokenwind, descended from the first Holy Elves, gathered elves who had left or been exiled from the Holy Mountain and established the Lost Kingdom in the Calm Jungle. In a few years, it became Tarsylia's largest gathering of elves, outside of Jade Heaven.

In Year 17 of Heroes, the Lost Kingdom established the continent's greatest assassin training ground: The Maze. That same year, they joined the Federation, providing assassin and thief services for the alliance. Aimerdar judged, "If a long-lived elf had a human's fire, then they would definitely be tormented as a savage!"

END