

## Story Line

Under the setting sun, hidden behind a dense thicket, a person of unknown gender seem to be call Hero, beefy person with hardly any neck, complimented by golden ornaments and an elegantly tailored clothes. His hands don't use a any weapon. It has been weeks-months, maybe-since this person first arrived on the western continent. The land here pains a vast horizon, the biggest the person has ever seen, but he has one thing on mind of the person: The monster – Covid19.

The person was tracked it here all the way from Isles, stopping it wherever he/she could. In this moment, this is no longer a virus. Its true forms had mutated into disgusting monsters.

For a momemt, everything froze. The person sighs and thinking about the past. The Hero thinks of home, not too different from the one before now. The hero remembers how it felt to play without a worry in the word. Back when he's just a doctor participating in the fight against the epidemic to protect the human, when this person work was happy and safe...

The pain always hits first. Hero clutches the chest, and then he sees it. From the woods to the east, it comes: thin tendrils of blackened mist, coiling over each other to form almost familiar shapes. Their contorted hands claw for life under the wight of piercing. Everybody drops their medical instruments and run.

Hero cannot bear to hear their cries. Not those of the Black Mist- that the person of unknown gender has heard many times- but of patients. Thet are innocent. They deserve joy.

Hero leaps out of the clinic. He jumps swing high above its head, white wisps his closed foot. The monster wraiths asunder.

"Ha!" Hero shouts. "Took you quite long enough. Scared of me, are you?"

The wraiths turn their attention to Hero and screech through jagged maws.

Hero looks to the stunned patients, crouched behind a fallen half-broken pillar. His voice softens. "Don't worry. I won't let them hurt you".

The wraiths swarm. The children cry fill the air. Dark, ruinous clouds materialize out of the once gentle sky, surrounding all cities in the worlds. Including Hero.

For a breath, the wraiths stand still. Hero seizes his chance and dashed forward. He jumps too fast for the naked eye. Tufts of darkness appear and fade, sheared out of existence by Hero. One, two, three seconds later and only a small handful of the Covid19 monster. Hero catches his breath, on hand on his knee. Ripped thread of his cloth sway in the wind. His eyes scan for the people in here. Two pairs of frightened eyes peek out. He turns his attention back to the wraiths. "I won't let them down" He says to hiself. "I promised I wouldn't let anyone down".

Threads of mist, white with glints of light, one boy covers his eyes. The other looks on. The mist is different. It feels quiet, warn, safe even ?. Soon, Hero is shrouded by a protective fog.

A single hero, brave or desperate, dived into this mystery. The others corral nearby, eager to follow. Inside, Hero dances circles around his foe. He dodges every claw, every swipe, chuckling between the clangs or his shoes.

Another hero enters. Another chuckle echoes.

From the outside, all of people watch awe. Who is he? What is he?

To them, it appears easy but Hero knows these wraiths are relentless. He needs to end this. Gritting his teeth, he stomped the ground hard. They fly from the shroud into the hollow chests of the wraiths.

Hero does not chuckle. He lets out a triumphant yell as the wraiths burst and vanish. A cool breeze tickles Hero's glistening brow as all the mist fades. His eyes turn back to the fallen half-broken pillar where all people now sit.

Hero approaches them. "Are you right?"

A grass-stained face looks at him and nods. "You're amazing!" the other boy exclaims.

Hero frowns. He senses their pain. They were helpless, and they have every right to be sad and angry, yet he can't help.

"Who are—" one boy begins. "Will you stay with us?" the other blurts out. Hero wonders for a second before a bedraggled man, short of breath, rushes out and embraces this boy.