

Hero's Journey

You wake up in total complete darkness. It's very clear to you that you are no longer in your room. Since you are enshrouded in darkness, you figure it would be a good idea to explore your surroundings, maybe you'll find some light somewhere. High hopes if you ask me.

You freeze at the realization that some of these thoughts are not your own.

"Who are you!?"

Who am I? Why, I'm the voice inside your head. Well more specifically, I'm the Narrator for this story. I'll make proper introductions soon, so why don't you finish up what you were trying to do and we'll get started, alright?

Your legs tremble as you try to stand up. It's as if your legs forgotten how to stand. You thought it was a bit strange how your body has forgotten how to stand. You figure it was just the odd place that you were in.

"Where am I?"

Suddenly a bright spotlight appears, shining upon the floor a few meters away from you. A little girl stands in the spotlight wearing an oversize wizard hat and robes to match. She steps closer to you and the spotlight follows. You instinctively step back.

"Ahh, ahh. Don't worry, I'm not going to hurt you. Now, I am the Narrator. I'm the voice inside your head!" The little girl stops and materializes a set of papers within her hand. "Hm, let's see here. Ah! What a nice name you have."

The Narrator looks up from her papers. "You can call me the Narrator. I had many names in the past, however, I have learnt to like being called Narrator."

You clear your throat. "Where am I? Where is this place?"

"Oh yes. This is Origins. It's where your story will start again,"

"Again?"

"You've been in a coma for a very long time. Origins is a place where people like you start off in before they wake up and return back to their lives."

You nod slowly. You are unable to fully grasp the entire situation. The whole thing seems insane to you. How could you have been in a coma? The last thing you remembered was saying good night to your parents and heading off to bed. You decide to brush those thoughts aside and listen to whatever nonsense Narrator is sprouting.

“Anyways, so here’s a chance to start a new life if you wish. You have two choices.” Narrator said, waving her left hand spawning a portal to the right of you. “You can choose to enter a new world, if you wish. These two portals will be able to take you to magical worlds filled with magical creatures and amazing adventures,” She waved her right hand this time, creating a similar portal to the left of you.

You look at the portal to the right of you. It allowed you to see what was on the other side of it.

A neat dirt path leads away from the portal and alongside the path stands a row of lush emerald trees. A breeze travels through the trees causing them to sway away from the direction of the wind. You can hear the soft baaing of sheep, yet you can’t see them. Not yet anyways. Soon, a flock of sheep emerged from the trees on the right side of the dirt path. They begin trotting across the pathway. Suddenly, a dragon roar breaks the tranquil environment of the fantasy forest. The sheep scatter, but it was too late for one of them. The dragon swoops in and carries off the sheep back to its lair. Wherever that might be.

Your body tenses up and you take a deep breath. “Does that happen often?”

Narrator places her chin in her hand. “Yup, dragons love sheep. But don’t worry, they rarely make off with humans. And if they do, you can always fight them off.” She grins at you.

You turn to look inside the portal on your left. A boisterous tavern animates in front of you. All the people have happy smiles and are enjoying themselves in various activities such as gambling, partying, and drinking. Waitresses maneuvering around the drunk and serving more liquor. Some were dress in armor, others look like travelers. You spot a pinned large board and many people crowding around it shouting to the tavern keeper and pointing at one of the listings.

You glance back at the right portal. If you were to go through it, you would be pretty defenceless against the terrors in that forest. Dragons especially unnerve you. The thought of battling one would be interesting though.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get items to help start yourself on your new life,” Narrator replied as if she heard your thoughts. “I can read your mind. I’m synced up to you.”

You pause.

“Wait. What do you mean synced up?”

“I am the narrator. One assigned to you to monitor your journey. It’s a requirement that we are synced up by thoughts. Once you decide on a portal, I will be within your mind. I’ll see what you see, and be able to hear what you hear. You’ll be able to hear me talk to you as if I was your thoughts.”

A large frown stretches across your face.

“You’ll get used to it, not to worry,”

“Easy for you to say, you’re not the one that feels invaded,” you mumble under your breath.

“Have you decided on your portal yet?”

--Go to the tavern

--Enter the fantasy forest

--Do nothing

“No I did not, they took it back from me when I got captured.”

“I see,” Rolin says sadly. “It is fine. We will come up with a back-up plan to infiltrate the castle.” Dejected, you look downwards before you feel a hand pat your shoulder. “Do not worry, we will find a way,” Rolin says determined. “Let’s get back to the hideout.” You both leave the alleyway silently.

“Didn’t get the ring? Interesting, I look forward to your future,” Narrator says excitedly.

--Go back to the hideout

Zillia holds the door to the barracks for you. You thank her as you enter the building before her. To your surprise the barracks are very well lit. There's a spiralling staircase off towards the right wall of the building, and in the center of the room lays a great rectangle oak table. A few soldiers were playing cards at the table before you two walked in. They both greeted Zillia, but didn't once question your presence. Zillia explains that it's the table most soldiers use to rest on their break from guard duty.

The second floor was filled with beds arranged along the wall of the building. There are wooden chests at the foot of the bed for soldiers to store their armor and weapons. Like the main floor, there's a spiralling staircase off towards the right wall leading to the third floor. Zillia explains that the third floor is another sleeping area, and above that is the rooftop lookout tower. It's mostly used for training purposes, but it also serves as extra security, if the castle ever needs it.

Zillia walks towards a bed near the ascending staircase.

"This is where you shall be sleeping. Inside your chest there are training armor as well as training weapon for you. Training starts an hour after sunrise. Do your best not to be late. I rather not have my own recruit make me look bad,"

"Um, what do you mean?"

"Most recruits are found by Captains, and most of them apply to become a soldier. Or at least apply for a chance to become one," Zillia places a hand on top of your bedside chest. "It's not every day that a General or someone of higher ranks suggests a new recruit. We tend to be too busy to keep an eye out for promising people,"

"So, lucky for me?"

"Very. Let's hope my eyes weren't lying about the potential you have. Try not let me down,"

"Understood,"

Zillia chuckles at your formality. "No need to be entirely formal with me,"

"But, aren't you the General, should I be addressing you by rank?"

"Heh, you should, however, you'll soon see that no one does,"

"Why is that?"

Zillia shrugs. "I honestly wish I knew. I worked hard to get to this rank. Don't get me wrong, I still get the respect one of my rank would receive. It's just that no one addresses me as General Zillia,"

"I wonder if it's because she's a women," Narrator says inside your mind.

"I doubt it," you reply.

You take a quick scan of Zilla. Her slender stature and delicate face structure makes it hard to believe she's a General. Many Generals you seen have harden faces. Faces scarred by war. But Zillia's face show none of that. You suspect that's partially the reason why no one addresses her with her rank.

'After a few moments of Zillia ranting about the teasing she gets from the others, Zilla takes you towards the basement where some of the practice areas are. The basement is mostly candle lit by wall torches and opens up to a wide space. The center of the basement is used for melee and weapon sparring. The east most side of the room is used for archery practice, as well as knife throwing practice. The west side of the room is where most of the extra armor and weapons are stored. Most of them are for beginners.

"I know, this is a lot to take in, but I have high hopes you'll fit in here just fine," Zillia says with a smile. "Please free feel to make yourself at home. And I'll come by tomorrow to see how you're doing. Get some more rest tonight. Your body most likely still needs more with all things considering,"

You nod and bid Zillia a good night as you head up towards your bed. You plop down the bed with a satisfying sigh.

"It's been a long day for you," said Narrator.

"Yeah. I'm exhausted and my body still aches from the tavern fight,"

Narrator chuckles. "Pfft. Honestly, that's what you get for picking a fight when you had no idea who they were. Not to mention, you didn't even have any fighting experience! Haha. What exactly were you thinking?"

"Good question. I don't believe I was thinking when I made the decision to punch him. I just blanked out and next thing I knew, I had thrown a punch towards him,"

"Haha. Priceless. It's mistakes like those that make my job much better. Anyways, it's getting late so get some sleep,"

"Alright. Good night, Narrator. This is still fairly weird,"

"Good night, and you'll get used to it,"

--New Recruit Training

You decide to go down quickly before they can come up. You quickly go down to the bottom of the flight of stairs and scout out for people. A couple of guards pass by down the hallway. You make a break for the pillar and reach it before another group of guards started to go up the stairs. Breathing a sigh of relief, you think about your next move. You recall what Bentley shouted. It sounded as if he sent only one person to the cellar so that would be the way to get out. Now where was the cellar again?

--Go right

-- Go left

“Is that so? That’s a shame!” he sighs, “There’s a shortage in manpower and any help would be nice. Everyone is free to choose their own path so I cannot fault you on that. Fair thee well!” Draken walks away.

You wander aimlessly wondering what you should do. Luckily, you find a job posting at a bakery. You decide that is your first goal; to get a job and earn money. You follow the directions to the bakery. The front door shines in apprehension. You open the door to the start of a new life. A thought echoes through your head. *So you chose the life of a baker? Boring, I’ll see you later~*

--You have reached the end of this story. Restart?

I think the cellar is on the left side, you think to yourself. The entire hallway is now empty so you run to the left side.

“Is it?” Narrator grins.

It should be one of these rooms. You spot a door with stairs on the other side leading what appears downward. *Aha! That’s got to be it!*

You run down the stairs and open the wooden door at the bottom of the stairs. You are greeted with the musty smell of booze. *This is it*, you grin happily. “Looks like it is,” Narrator agrees.

You remember Bentley ordering one guard to search the cellar. You hear creaking floorboards from the footsteps of the guard. Crouching low, you move behind the barrels of alcohol to keep out of sight. You spot the exit at the other end of the cellar. You are crawling towards the exit but you can hear the guard coming closer to you. There are no hiding places.

--Stay still

--Make a break for the exit

"Actually I don't want any of these choices," you say to Narrator.

"Hmmm, you're a tough customer aren't you? Well that's fine, here's a couple more choices!" Narrator waves both of her hands to close the current portals.

"Let's go with these then," she waves her left hand, then her right. Two portals spawned into existence. You glance at the right portal.

A dark alleyway. It is night time with the moon shining dimly. A settling fog stills the air giving the alleyway a mysterious setting. Stacks of open or empty wooden boxes litter the sides. A lone hooded figure is sitting against the cold cobblestone wall with a dirty hat open in front of him. A tiny light in the distance to signify where the main street is. You then look to your left.

It's a bright room with white walls. There is quite a bit of medical machines around the portal. It didn't take long for you to realize that it was a hospital room. You figure it is yours.

"Here are the new portals, so are you gonna choose one?" Narrator asks.

You look back at the alleyway. It exudes a lonely, silent, dark atmosphere. You look back to the hospital room. Did you want to go back to your old life? The life that you left in haitus while you were in a coma. You can't remember how you ended up in a coma, this was one of many other questions about your previous life that began to flood your mind. Which portal are you going to choose?

[--Go to the alleyway](#)

[-- Go back to your hospital room](#)

[-- Do nothing](#)

I think the cellar is on the right side, you think to yourself. The entire hallway is now empty so you run to the right side.

"Is it?" Narrator grins.

It should be one of these rooms. You spot a door with stairs on the other side leading what appears downward. *Aha! That's got to be it!*

You run down the stairs to see a door and open it. Jail cells greet you with welcoming arms. *This isn't the cellar....* you realize.

"Capture him!" You feel rough hands grabbing at your torso. Unable to shake them off you fall down face first. Your arms are pulled behind your back and locked together using a handcuff.

Curses... I got caught. The guards lock you inside one of the cells and take the ring from you.

"You sit tight there young lad, I'll get the sir." The guards exit the room and you sit down with a sigh. First mission failed.

"Nice going there," Narrator snickers.

"Shut up."

"Pssst," a voice whispers out from above you. You look up to see one of the thieves, Rolin poking his head out from the ceiling and gesturing you to follow him. You get up and jump up into the hole to follow him through the pathway he dug. Eventually the two of you exit the tunnel. You find yourself in an alleyway.

"So did you acquire the ring?" Rolin asks.

--Answer truthfully

--Lie and pretend you have it

The glow of the candle lit tavern and the lively atmosphere draws you closer towards the portal. It's beckoning. The portal shimmers with anticipation as you take a step forward.

"Ah, I see you can't resist the pull of Moonlit Tavern, huh?"

You nod.

"What do you hope to accomplish going in?"

"...Adventure,"

"Sounds like a promising goal," Narrator smiles. "Oh! You need items before entering,"

You stop inches before entering the portal. You could almost feel the warmth emanating from the portal.

"Here!" Narrator points towards your hip. A sword and leather sheath materializes alongside it. A leather pouch appears on the other side of your hip, opposite of the sword. "Inside the pouch is five gold and two health potions, should you ever need them. Let's hope not for our sakes," Narrator winks at you.

"Thanks,"

Without hesitation, you step through the portal. No one noticed your arrival since they were all too busy drinking and laughing. You look behind you and the portal dissolves quickly. Looks like you're stuck here, but the thought of being stuck in a mysterious new world seem to excite you more than it would frighten you.

A patron bumps past you. The abrupt collision forces the adult male to stumble. He wobbles as he regains his balance.

"Hey, watch it!" He leans in towards you, destroying your sense of smell with his overwhelming stench of alcohol.

--You apologize

--Tell him off

You plop on your back staring at the emptiness of the space above you. You don't know what to do. You feel empty inside and you have no idea how to fix it. Narrator's head pops into your view.

"Are you going to pick a portal?" She asks.

"Nope. I think I'm comfortable sitting here. Doing nothing,"

Narrator exhales loudly. "Okay, well then I'm done with you," She claps her hands and the two portals disappears. "Many others has made the same decision as you have. Enjoy laying here in Origins,"

Narrator begins walking off.

You sit upright and stare at her retreating body.

"Where are you going?"

"To find someone else to guide their story. Your story has ended as far as I know. Goodbye."

And with that, she disappears taking the last of the light with her. You sit there in utter darkness and silence. Finally, some time to your thoughts. Soon after, your back tires out and you lay back down on the floor. You try to remember how you got into the coma in the first place, but you can't. You sigh and roll over to your side. Nothing makes sense to you, but all that matters is that you're finally alone.

--You have reached the end of this story. Restart?

You breathe slowly as you stay still. You hear the steps from the guard. You know that he is right around the corner. The creaks stop. *Please, please turn around*, you hope. As if your prayers were answered, the guard turns and the creaks sound out farther and farther. You breathe a sigh of relief and open the exit door. A much needed breathe of fresh air. Pocketing the Ambassador's Ring, you climb up to the roof and roof hop back to the hideout.

--Go to Hideout

“Hey! You were the one that bumped into me. You watch where you are going!”

The drunk shoves you back harder this time. You regain your footing with your left leg. “What was that? Mind your manners, child. Do you really want to go there? Why don’t you show respect for your superiors, huh?” The drunk spits in your face.

You slowly wipe the vile spit from your face, glaring back at the drunk all the while doing so.

“I don’t know who you think you are, but you are not my superior,” You shove the drunk back. “Don’t touch me,”

“Oh? Look what we have here, someone who thinks they’re a big shot. What are you going to do if I touch you, huh?” The drunk pushes you back. “What, are you going to fight back? Haha, you sissy. Look at how weak you are. It’s like pushing a lump of grains around,” He pushes you back again.

The drunk laughs as he moves in for another shove. You sidestep to the left and swing a punch at his face making a satisfying small crunch noise. The tavern goes silent and you realize now you two have become the center of attention.

“I don’t think that was a good idea,” Narrator whispers in your mind.

The drunk stares at you, smiles and wipes off the dripping blood from his nose.

“Ah, child. That’s how it’ll be, huh?” He spits out on the floor and rolls up his sleeves. “We can play this game. Time for some fun,”

You curse at him.

“Oh, poor child, trying to act tough. Actions speak louder than words,” The drunk punches your face and you stumble back.

The tavern became lively once more, ignoring the fight breaking out between you two. You regain your balance and you throw a sloppy kick at the drunk. He grabs your leg and elbows your calf with his other arm. You scream out in pain and you drop to the floor as the drunk let goes of your leg. He laughs.

“That’s all you got?” He kicks your stomach. “Haha, my dog puts up a better fight than you can. Come on now. Get up and show us whose boss,”

You sweep a leg underneath him. His body makes a thud against the wooden floorboards. You quickly get up and attempt to kick him while he’s down. You get a couple of weak kicks before he’s up and ready for more. Judging from the way the fight is going, you really don’t have much of a chance. In fact, you believe he’s had years of

training, while you have virtually nothing. The only fighting lessons you had were watching fight scenes in movies. Not very helpful.

The drunk stares at you with fire and annoyance in his eyes. He runs towards you and you attempt to sidestep out of the way, but you were too slow. He tackles you down towards the floor and proceeds to pound at your face.

“You worthless ashca,”

After many relentless lows to your face, your head feels light and the room feels as though it’s spinning. You can’t feel your face anymore. You thought the never ending punches would never stop, until you saw the drunk getting pulled off of you from your swollen eyes. The last thing you see is a taller person picking you up before you black out.

[--You wake up](#)

"Took you long enough," Narrator chimes, as you point to the portal on your right; the alleyway portal. "I'll make this quick, here's a few starting items that you get before entering this world." With a wave of her hand, a short knife, a small bag, and a couple of potions appear in your hands. You peer into the bag to find a small amount of sparkly gold. "That bag contains a total of 100 G. Now reach out and touch the portal," she says impatiently.

You hesitantly bring your hand closer, and just as you touch the portal you feel a sucking force around your whole body. You shut your eyes as the force pulls you into the portal violently. The sucking force suddenly vanishes. You open your eyes slowly to be greeted with the same view as the portal displayed before.

In comparison to looking at the portal scene, experiencing the atmosphere was a whole other matter. Although the cold air tickles your skin, it felt as if time was stopped. The fog hangs still around you and the silent penetrates to your shivering bones. Scared to make any move, you move your eyes around to take in the sight. The scene before you wasn't the only thing that made you freeze.

"You look surprised, did you not believe me?" a voice harrumphs in your head. Without making a sound, you shake your head. "Tsk tsk, you don't trust me? That would've gotten you killed, if I wasn't following you around." You ignore her and spot the light that shone slightly through the thick fog. You feel compelled to walk towards it. As you start walking you hear a croaky voice to the side, "You....."

Jumping back you realize that you have forgotten the hooded figure still sitting there as shown on the portal. His clothes are in tatters and his hands are wrinkly and dirty. "You....." he called out, ".....Come here you....."

--Go up to the hooded figure

-- Ignore him and continue to the light

Getting to your feet, you run swiftly for the exit but keep your head low. *Creeeeak!* The floorboards creak under your feet.

“Hey you, stop!”

Looking sideways, you see the sharp edge of the spear and jump back before it hits you. Pulling out your dagger, you take a look at the person who stopped you from leaving. A scrawny young man in his teens. Young, brash, and naïve, trembling from his first mission.

“I-I got you cornered now,” he says, “HEY, I’VE GOT THE THIEF CORNERED, COME TO THE CELLAR NOW!”

You hear the echoes of stamping feet. You know that they are coming and your only chance of escaping is now

“S-surrender now.”

--Kill him

--Surrender

You wake up on a bedroll in an unfamiliar room, lit only by the candle near your bedside. Glancing around the room, you see a shadow standing in the corner. Thinking that it's that drunk about to finish you off, you spring towards a sitting position. You would have jumped up on towards your feet, however, your body aches far too much to do so.

"Who's there?" you demanded.

The shadow steps out from the dark corner, revealing a tall women with a dragon tail. "Calm down. I'm not going to hurt you,"

"In case you forgotten that's the person who pulled you away from the fight," Narrator says inside your mind.

The women sits down on the floor across from your bedroll and hands you a breadroll. You stare at it contemplating whether or not to take it.

"Take it, you've been out for a few days. You'll need the food,"

[--You take the breadroll willingly](#)

--You refuse to take the breadroll

“You.....some money please.....” Hesitantly you place some money into his hat.

“Thank you.....” The fog envelops around you as you hear a *whoosh*. You wave around you to part away the fog. When the fog finally dissipates, the hooded figure is gone. In his place, you find an intricate dagger and a note. You reach out and grab both items. Smoothing out the paper, you squint your eyes and use the moon’s light to read it.

“Greetings traveller. I am a thief known as Laurel. My comrades are in dire need of another comrade to join our syndicate. If you’re interested, then go to the location on the map. We will wait for 10 minutes.”

--Go to the location on the map

--Ignore the note and continue to the light

Suddenly you rush forward, catching the man off guard. He stumbles as you dig your dagger into his gut.

“Uwugh,” you hear him gurgle. You look up, he’s staring at you with surprised horror. The guard slowly walks backwards, his eyes screaming his youth and his long life that would’ve come. Then with last final groan, he falls backwards onto the wooden floor. Backing away shaking, you realize what you’ve done. You’ve murdered a person. Your first kill. Looking down at your bloodstained hands, you realize the weight of a person’s life.

“Hehehe, this will definitely effect you later. I wonder how you’ll deal with it,” the Narrator breaks your thoughts.

Saying nothing, you grip the ring tightly and run out the cellar and back to the hideout.

--You killed a person (note that down) and go to hideout--

You stretch out your hand and take the roll out of her hands. You figured that if she was going to kill you, she would have done it earlier. There's no point of being distrustful towards someone who quite possibly saved your life from a fight.

"Thanks," you say, ripping off a piece of the bread and placing it in your mouth. "So why did you exactly save me from that fight? I'm sure tavern fights are a common occurrence,"

"Yes, fights happen all the time. Mosh was getting out of hand. If he kept going, he would have killed you," the woman replies. Her expressionless face unnerves you. "You shouldn't have picked a fight with Mosh. You must not be from here, everyone knows to avoid him,"

"I figured I could hold my own against him,"

The woman scoffs. "That was poor judgement on your part. You have no experience fighting, do you?"

"Tsk, yes I do," From movies, you think to yourself, but you weren't going to let her know that. "It was just a bad night for me," you shrug.

"Sure. Anyways, I noticed during the fight you had a shortsword, why didn't you use it to defend yourself when the fight got tough?"

"I...err... There wasn't any time for me to pull it out. Okay, look I don't actually know how to fight. I just walked in the tavern and the guy rudely bumped into me. I'm not a fan of physical contact, so I told him watch out,"

"Yeah, I saw the entire thing. You shouldn't have punched him back, that's for sure. Rule one to fighting, always avoid one if you can,"

"I'll keep that in mind the next time it happens,"

It's at this point you realize that you still don't know the woman's name, so you go and formally introduce yourself to her.

The woman nods. "The name is Zillia, nice to meet you,"

"So you didn't actually tell me why you saved me. Anyone else would leave me to rot,"

"I've been looking for recruits. And you seem promising, so what do you say? Would you like to join the Tetraon Legion?"

"What's the Tetraon Legion?" you ask.

“... It’s interesting how you have not heard of us, we’re one of the largest armies out there. You adventurers will never cease to surprise me on how little you know about our world,” Zillia clears her throat. “Anyways, no matter. It’s a group of soldiers that devote themselves to protecting the kingdom and their king. Each kingdom has their own little legion. I work for the kingdom of Tetraon,”

You nod.

“I know it’s a life changing question, so you’re welcome to take some time to think about it,”

You shake your head. “No I think I have an answer already,”

--You accept the offer

--You decline the offer

Using the map's guidance, you wind your way through the alleyways. Breathing heavily, you round the last corner to see a small opening. A single tree stands tall and strong shading a bench from the moon's light. A hooded figure sat at the bench, stoic and unsurprised. You slowly approach the figure sitting at the table. Although he is wearing the same coloured robe, his aura felt different from the man in the alleyway and you deduce that he is a different person. The hooded man gestures for you to sit across from him. You decide to at least hear what he says. You sit down and look at him expectantly.

"Welcome traveler, we were expecting you," a feminine voice rang out from the figure.

Surprised, you blurt out, "You're a woman?"

"Indeed," she patiently says, "You have seen the note from our dear friend Laurel haven't you? He has chosen you as his replacement."

"Wait, what will we steal?" you question.

"We do not only steal, we take away from the rich and give to the poor. We plunder from vaults and scam naïve people," she elaborates, "So do you accept our invitation, or not?"

You think carefully.....

--Accept the thieves' invitation

-- Refuse

"I'll join,"

"Perfect, we leave in the morning,"

"The morning? Wait, what time is it?"

"The tenth hour of Morndas," Zillia gets up and heads towards the door. "Now get some rest, I'll be in the room besides yours,"

You lay back down on the bedroll making a small plop sound as you do so.

"Are you sure about this?" asked Narrator.

"Yeah I'm sure. I mean what else is there for me to do here? It's something and I'm going to give it a try," you reply mentally.

"Okay, this has become very interesting.

You are too tired to bother questioning what Narrator meant by her comment, and very quickly you drifted off to sleep.

[--Meet up with Zillia](#)

“I see,” she sounds disappointed. “I’m afraid that since you already know a little about us, you will need to sleep a little.....” You open your mouth but before you utter a word, a strong hit impacts the back of your head and you black out.

As you black out you hear your thoughts ringing, *looks like this is the end of the journey for you.*

--BAD END. Restart?

"You have made the right choice traveller," the figure says before signalling with her hand. Soft thuds echoed behind you. You turn your head to see 4 other hooded figures behind you. You knew that given any situation, they could take you out in an instant.

"My name is Faye," you turn back to the woman. You can almost see the smile on her face. "You will now come with us to our hideout where we start our operations in this town." You nod and start to follow her to the thieves' hideout.

"Hey so you decided to join the band of thieves huh?" Startled, you jump slightly.

"Narrator! I almost forgot you were there! Whew, don't scare me like that."

"Not my problem~" You could almost see her shrug smugly. "Interesting choice my mischievous friend. Be wary that your choices will affect your future greatly." You wonder what she means but before you have time to ask, you are interrupted by Faye. "We have arrived."

You blink and look at your surroundings. There are stacks of wooden boxes but no door around. Where was the entrance?

As if reading your mind Faye points above the wooden boxes where it was stacked up to the 2nd floor patio. You realize that you must climb the boxes to get up to the hideout. You climb up the makeshift stairs and reach the patio. The other 5 jump to the patio. Frowning, you say, "I wish I could do that too."

Faye only chuckles before opening the entrance.

The inside was lit with various candles around the room. The fires dances as if to welcome their masters back. The main room took the most space and sidelined by several rooms divided by tatami walls, 2 on each side. The floor was made of smooth bamboo and the front door was nonexistent. *They look like ninjas*, you thought.

Faye gestures to the main room. "This is where you will train to be a thief, but before this we will tell you what our goal is. At the moment, we are in conflict with the paladins. A decade ago, they were sent to the village in which we resided in and waged war with us without warning. There was a fierce battle in which both sides incurred many losses. They wiped out many of our family, friends and comrades. The 5 of us are the only ones left in our tribe. Laurel, the village's elder had predicted the paladins' move but also predicted that the battle would be a draw. He foresaw that many would die and a traveller in the future would join our ranks to have revenge on them. He had sacrificed

himself to save the rest of us, but even if he is gone, his spirit still lives with us. It was his spirit that told us you were coming.”

“I’m sorry for your loss,” you console.

“It is fine, we have moved on from the past and decided that we would take revenge. Will you participate, dear traveller?” You nod.

“Thank you traveller, may the heaven’s smile on your gold and riches,” Faye bows on her knees. “You will be trained by us for the next year, I would like you to select your main weapon.” Faye brings out two different weapons and places them in front of you. On the right, deadly sharp throwing knives where the right precision would instantly kill someone. On the left, a long katana.

--Choose the throwing knives

--Katana

A loud knock wakes you up, Zillia is on the other side of the door announcing the fact that it is morning and she'll be waiting outside for you in front of the inn. You sluggishly get out of bed and head down the stairs to meet her.

The innkeeper thanks you for your stay at the inn as you step out the door. Zillia is wearing light armor from head to toe and is standing in the middle of the road with three horses, one for her, you, and a mystery someone.

"Who's the third horse for?" you ask.

"You haven't met him yet, he's the Lieutenant General,"

"And what would your rank be, Zillia?"

She raises her left eyebrow at you. "In case it wasn't clear, I'm the General,"

Just then, the inn doors swings open smacking it against the walls. A burly man dressed in full armor holding a loaf of bread in one hand strutted out of the doors. "Alright! Let's get a move on! Zillia? Why are there three horses? Did you forget that I'm just one person? I know I'm fabulous enough to be two, but there's only one of me in the world. Who's the shrimp?"

"My head is spinning. What did he say? Why does he talk so fast?" Narrator complained.

You ignore the complaints of Narrator and focus on the guy in front of you. It's obvious that this is the Lieutenant General, so you tilt your head towards him as a sign of respect.

The burly man lets out a hearty laugh and claps you on the shoulder. "I like you, kid. You know how to respect your superiors,"

Zillia scoffs. "You wouldn't be saying that if you saw their interaction with Lord Puffinton. Got into a fight and nearly died for it. All because Lord Puffinton rudely bumped into them,"

"Well, Lord Puffinton was always a Maker's Gat. Glad someone decided to stand up to him. Shame, the kid was beaten up poorly for it,"

They continued talking about the tavern brawl as if you weren't around them. To get their attention, you clear your throat slightly. They both look towards you before realizing that they had gotten lost in conversation.

"Shall we get going?" you ask.

Zillia nods.

The burly man hops on his horse, and watches you as you attempt to straddle your horse. After a few attempts you are able to get on. And so the three of you head towards Tetraon Kingdom.

It's been only a few minutes since you and the others have started towards the destination and you realize that you haven't gotten formally introduced to the Lieutenant General. You lean over and introduce yourself. The Lieutenant General introduces himself and asks you to refer to him as Sir Julian.

Zillia turns around and tells you that it'll take half a day to make it into the kingdom. She hopes that you will be alright along this trip. You nod and tell her that you should be fine. It is your first time riding, so you're not sure how well you'll be able to handle this, however, you keep that information to yourself.

Like, Zillia said within a half of day's trip you were able to arrive at the doors of Tetraon Kingdom.

--Enter the kingdom

"I surrender," you announce.

"R-really?"

"Yes I surrender," you repeat. The guard slowly comes up and takes a better look at you.

"You're just as young as I am," he says astonished, "Why are you, a thief stealing from Sir Bentley?"

"It's complicated," you say flatly.

"Listen... I'll let you go as long as you give the ring back to me. I don't want to see you killed."

Pondering for a moment, you say, "Fine I will make that trade." You give him the ring.

"Now go, I'll tell them some makeup story," he says pushing you towards the exit.

"Thanks, what's your name?"

"My name is Franz," he smiles. "Now go before they come! Maybe we'll see each other in the future."

Without looking back, you exit the mansion and climb to the roof. Looking down, you can see Franz greeting the other guards and telling his story. He shows the ring and they all go back into the mansion.

No ring, but time to go back to the hideout, you thought.

"Yep, I wonder how it'll effect your future," Narrator chimes in.

--Go back to the hideout

--Note: which weapon you have chosen--

"Fine choice," Faye praises as she hands over your weapon. "You may enter one of the rooms and stay there until supper is ready. We will start training you tomorrow." Getting up you nod to Faye and the other thieves before entering your room. When you close the door, you let a sigh and lie down on the carpeted floor. *Life was going to change greatly*, you mused. "Yes it will," Narrator's voice pops out

"Whether it is good change or not good change, time will tell," you say.

"I will be looking forward to your future and whether it'll be entertaining or not," Narrator says excitedly, "You could be impaled on a stake, or slashed into pieces, or captured and tortured to death."

You shudder at her comment and try to shrug it off. Stretching your body you relax and feel your consciousness slipping to dreamland.....

--A year later--

"This is your first mission, are you ready?"

"I am."

"Go forth young thief," Faye says.

You silently run out of the hideout, and climb the building. You take out a map and point out the red circle. Nodding to yourself, you pocket the map and jump from roof to roof. You reach a mansion's roof and stop. You recall the conversation you had with Faye earlier.

"Your first mission is to steal from the aristocrat Bentley," Faye orders, "He is a selfish good-for-nothing that takes advantage of many of the townsfolk. Steal his most prized possession, the Ambassador's Ring. The Ambassador's Ring is what the council must always have in order to be part of the king's circle."

"If you steal it away from him, he will be stripped of his status. Today, he is in his mansion so he usually leaves the ring in his room. Bentley's mansion is noted on here," she hands you a map. "We will be nearby to support, but you must be the one to go in. Good luck."

"Stop daydreaming and get a move on!" Narrator's voice rings out.

"I'm not, I was just getting ready." You clench your fist tightly and release, resolving yourself to start the mission.

Now which way should I go, you think.

--Choose to go through the window

--The door leading to the cellar to get into the Mansion

As the party walks through the stone arches, you marvel at the busy sights of Tetraon Kingdom. Merchants travelling with their caravans and goods towards the marketplace. Peasants scurrying to and fro to complete their errands. The guards salute General Zilla and Sir Julian, as the party walks by.

They decide to head through the city square, which is a great place for people to gather to spend time, or to perform their talents. From the quick glance you see a few performers. Some were dancing with fire, some were singing, and some were leaping in the air so high it was as though they were flying. You were amazed at such amazing talent they had. Unfortunately, the others seemed like they were in a hurry so you weren't able to stay in the square to witness more amazing feats.

It wasn't long until the party reached toward the castle gates. The huge stone bricked castle loomed over you. You stare at it in amazement. Besides fantasy novels and movies, this was the first time you saw a structure so magnificent up close. The guards greeted Zillia and Sir Julian as you guys arrived through the gates.

Zillia was the first to hop off her horse, followed by Sir Julian. He then offered a hand to help you down.

--You take his help

--You politely refuse his help

Seeing nobody patrolling near the door, you open the door to be greeted with the musty smell of alcohol. After entering and closing the door, you take a good look at the innards of the cellar. Rows of wooden barrels lined up. Wooden floorboards that creak under your weight. Cool but humid atmosphere. You walk to the other end of the cellar and find a door.

Opening it a smudge, you peer through the crack to see if anyone was in sight. No one. Opening the door you creep out of the cellar and into the hallway. The cellar was at the end of the hallway, and you needed to get to the middle where the stairs were and use them to get up to the master bedroom. On high alert, you sneak towards the middle. No guards still. The stairs are to the right of you, and with no guards in sight, you go up.

You carefully dodge the guards as you make your way to the up to the third floor. Along the hallway were many doors, but the master bedroom door was obvious. Double doors with embroidery and design decorating the front. You knew that one has to be the master bedroom. One of the doors were open, so you scurry inside. Seems no one was in the master bedroom either. The master bedroom was spacious only containing the bed and night table. A shining sparkle catches your eye and you see the Ambassador's Ring on the night table. Lucky!

You snatch the ring quickly. Before you could leave, you hear steps approaching the room. Not enough time to go out the window, you hide yourself underneath the bed. You see a pair of feet appear at the doorway to the bedroom.

"Hahaha! That fool will never know that the contract he accepted will backfire on him in the future." A nasally voice says. It is Bentley.

He walks towards the bed and stops at the side. You feel the bed sag a little from the weight of him sitting on the bed. Abruptly he stands back up. "HEY, MY RING IS GONE!" he shouts. "GUARDS, BLOCK ALL ENTRANCES AND EXITS! WE MAY BE ABLE TO TRAP THE THIEF!" He closes the window and sits on his bed.

--Choose to kill Bentley now and leave through the window

-- Not kill him and wait

You hold back your desire for an easy way out and wait patiently. Bentley gets up from the bed and walks to the window and opens it. This was your chance. You crawl out from under the bed and tiptoe out through the doors. As you exit you hear Bentley shout, "You go to the cellar! And you go to the main gate! The rest of you scrounge every nook and cranny in this house for any suspicious person!"

The hallway was long but empty. Many double doors littered the side of the hallway. You could exit by breaking a window, but you know that it would attract too much attention. You know that the guards were about to come into the mansion as well as the mansion being three storeys with a basement. Since they would take a while to get to the top floor, you go down to the second floor. No one was in sight but you can hear the rustling and bustling from the floors below from guards looking high and low for you.

--Choose to go down to the first floor

--Wait

You quickly grab his hand and he helps you down your horse. Your knees wobble as your feet make contact with the ground. Sir Julian stabilizes you and chuckles.

“Don’t worry, it happens to the best of us,” he whispers to you. “It takes a bit of practice to get used to riding,”

He let goes of your hand and walks over to return the horses to the stables, leaving you alone with Zillia.

“So, let me show you to the barracks. That’s where you’ll be staying,” says Zillia as she starts walking towards a cylindrical building to the northwest of your current position.

You scurry towards her, keeping up with her pace. She nods at you with a hint of approval for your ability to keep up with her speed, despite being sore from the horse riding.

--Head towards the barracks

Waiting, you peer down the stairs to see if anybody was coming up. Coast is clear, you start walking down the stairs when suddenly you see guards coming up. What bad timing.

“Hey there’s the thief!” You try to run back up the stairs but stumble and fall.

“Get him!” The guards all dogpile onto you, rendering you useless and unable to get out. You feel them tie your hands behind your back and they snatch away the Ambassador’s ring.

“Take him up to Sir Bentley!” one of the guard orders. They drag you up to the 3rd floor roughly and toss you to the floor at Bentley’s feet. You look up to see the sneer on his face.

“Well well, this is the rat that stole my ring? Execute him!” The guards salute and drag you down into the prison. They line you up against the wall and one guard readies his rifle.

Suddenly a yell is heard, then a grunt and so on. Facing the wall, you cannot see what is happening behind you but you hear many of the guards echoing out sounds of pain. As quickly as it started, the prison was completely silent.

“You okay?” a man’s voice asks you. It was one of the thieves, your comrade, Rolin.

“Yes I’m okay.” He cuts your bonds loose and gestures to the hole he came from. “Follow me out,” he says. You jump up into the ceiling and follow him through the pathway he dug. Eventually the two of you exit the tunnel. You find yourself in an alleyway.

“So did you get the ring?” Rolin asks.

--Answer truthfully

--Lie and pretend you have it

There was too many questions you wanted answered and the only place you can get them is back there. You take a deep breath as if to deepen your resolve of making this decision.

“I think I’ll head back to my old life and wake up in the hospital bed,”

“Are you sure?” Narrator asks as she tilts her head to one side slightly. “You’ll be leaving the chance for excitement,”

You nod. “I could get excitement back home as well. I don’t need to leave behind my family to do so,”

“Ah, I understand. Well it is your decision after all,” Narrator starts fading out. “I’ll be with you for a bit before we part ways,”

You step into the portal and black out. When you regain consciousness, you find yourself in the hospital room, devices are beeping around you and with an air mask helping you breathe.

“Since you wanted to get back to your life, I made sure you entered it in the smoothest way possible. By making you wake up in bed, like normal people do,” Narrator said.

Your heart leaps at the sudden voice in your mind.

“Don’t worry no one else can hear me. I’ve been watching your surroundings as you were sleeping. It seems like your parents has been visiting you,”

“How long was I out for?” you asked mentally.

“A couple of hours, from the sounds of it, it looks like your parents might be coming back,”

You glance over at the doorway, expecting to see your mother and father. Just as Narrator said, there they were. Their eyes widen with surprise and they rush over to greet you. Communication is a bit hard with the air mask on, however, your parents still understand you for the most part.

After a few hours, talking and catching up with your parents, the nurse decides that it’s time for you to get some rest and your parents leave, promising that they would visit the next day. You find out that a rock climbing accident near Twin Falls caused you to fall into a coma. Your parents questioned why you were rock climbing near such a

dangerous place, and to that you couldn't give them an answer. There is a lot of things for your parents to catch you up on, apparently you were gone for a few years and a lot has changed.

Your eyes feel heavy and you're about to fall to sleep.

"Hey, it looks like you're in good hands," says Narrator.

"Yeah, it's great to see my parents again,"

"This is where we part ways. It was really great to meet you. I'm sure you'll be fine,"

"You're leaving already?"

"Yes, I'm not specialized to handle stories like this. I've been called to greet an awakening coma patient like yourself,"

With that, you felt Narrator's presence disappear with her departure. You fall asleep with hopes of catching up with the lost time.

--You've reached the end of this story. Restart?

Spotting an open window near where you stood, you clamber down and silently enter the mansion. It was the master bedroom. No one was in sight. You scan your eyes around the room for the Ambassador's Ring. Lucky! You see it placed on his night table.

You snatch the ring quickly. Before you could leave, you hear steps approaching the room. Not enough time to go out the window, you hide yourself underneath the bed. You see a pair of feet appear at the doorway to the bedroom.

"Hahaha! That fool will never know that the contract he accepted will backfire on him in the future." A nasally voice says. It is Bentley.

He walks towards the bed and stops at the side. You feel the bed sag a little from the weight of him sitting on the bed. Abruptly he stands back up. "HEY, MY RING IS GONE!" he shouts. "GUARDS, BLOCK ALL ENTRANCES AND EXITS! WE MAY BE ABLE TO TRAP THE THIEF!" He closes the window and sits on his bed.

--Choose to kill Bentley now and leave through the window

-- Not kill him and wait

Creeped out, you quickly walk down to the end of the alleyway. As you exit the alleyway, the fog clears up revealing a courtyard. Several lights decorate the empty courtyard. These lights swirl with energy giving a vibrant glow and a warm atmosphere. You slowly walk around the courtyard, admiring the lights. A few benches are scattered throughout the courtyard. You decide to sit on one. You feel the cool metal bench through your clothes, yet the lights shimmered with warmth. All of a sudden you start to feel sleepy, as if you were awake for a long time. You try to keep awake, but your eyes do not listen and close.

Jolt! A force pushes your arm and you jolt awake. Groggily you straighten yourself to come face to face with a metal helmet. “Whoa!” Surprised, you stumble and trip on the backboard of the bench landing face first. Moaning in pain, you pick yourself up and took a better look at the face. Coming straight out of any fantasy novel, a paladin stood in front of you. Awestruck, your jaw drops to the floor. The paladin proudly walks up to you.

“Hello there! What’s someone young like you sleeping around here? Where’s your home?” his voice booms.

“I....I don’t have a home sir,” you stammer.

“Don’t have a home you say? Well you’re lucky to meet the great Draken today! I happen to be looking for some young blood to join our ranks. How about it?”

--Join Draken’s ranks

-- Decline his offer

Taking a deep breath, you take out a dagger and calm your breathing. Swiftly you crawl out from under the bed and slit Bentley's throat with the dagger before he could say anything. He looks at you with wide eyes filled with horror as he gurgles out unintelligible words and blood. Having not killed a person before, you back away in terror and look down to see your hands covered in blood. Trembling, you sheath your knife and take a moment to recollect yourself.

"You just killed a man, know that it'll effect you later," Narrator smiles devilishly.

You do not answer her and open the window. With the ring in hand, you exit the mansion with Bentley's last moments etched into your memory.

--You killed a person (note that down) and go back to hideout--

You point at the portal to your right, and the portal glimmers as if it approved of your decision.

"Are you sure?" Narrator asked surprisingly, "Most people don't usually go straight in, but if you're confident then we can go." You nod. "It's been a while since someone chose to go in so quickly, here's your starting items," Narrator waves her hands and a short sword, a small bag, and a couple of potions materialize onto your hands. You peer into the bag to find a small amount of sparkly gold. "That bag contains a total of 100 G," she states.

"Alrighty, let's get going shall we? Reach out and touch the portal," Narrator instructs. You reach out and touch the portal. It feels liquid-like, but doesn't get you wet. The portal gradually shines brighter and you close your eyes to avoid blindness.

Upon opening your eyes, you slowly take in your surroundings. A vast blue sky stretches what seems like forever far riddled with mountains in the distant and a forest on your sides. Standing on the path, you take a moment to comprehend the new world you have now entered.

"You look surprised, did you not believe me?" a voice harrumphs in your head.

"Yeah, I think there was a part of me that refused to believe you, but now that I've experienced it first-hand I can't deny it," you say with awe.

Suddenly, a loud roar echoes above you breaking you out of your stupor. You quickly look up to see the same dragon on the portal above you, locking eyes with you. You knew you were its prey. Your adrenaline rushes as you quickly put your legs into high gear. Looking back, you see the dragon gaining onto you. You trip from running to fast and fall to ground. In an instant, a strong vice-grip grabs ahold of you and tosses you in the air.

As you fall you hear, "You were too overconfident and look where that lead you," before you fall into the mouth of the mythical hungry beast and let out a bloodcurdling scream.

"You has been gobbled up by the dragon, and the end of your story."

Well that was a quick story. Onwards to my next victim.

--You died. Restart?

“I have it don’t worry about it.”

“I see,” Rolin says sadly, “If you thought you could trick us and not get away with it, you are wrong. I’m sorry but we cannot afford to have a comrade that will lie to our face. Goodbye.” You blink and feel warm liquid trickling down your neck. Snap! Your head snaps backwards and rolls on the cobblestone. Your body falls to the ground, blood spurting out from the neck. Unfortunately, this is your end.

“Being dishonest in a group that must be tight-knit? Bye bye~” Narrator waves.

--BAD END: YOU ARE DEAD

--Restart?