

# Hero's Journey

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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 have forgotten how to stand. You think it's a bit strange how your body has forgotten how to stand. You figure it's 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 oversized 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. "Hmm, 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've 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 before they wake up and return 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 bleating of sheep, yet you can’t see them. Not yet anyways. Before long, a flock of sheep emerges 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 are maneuvering around the drunk and serving more liquor. Some are dressed 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.

“Not to worry, you’ll get used to it.”

“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**

Varus dashes at you and you step off to the side to avoid him. He turns back and whips his sword at you. You jump back, and scan his body for any openings. There, you spot an opening near his left torso. You dive forward with your sword for a quick jab.

Varus elbows your extended arm causing you to drop the sword, and then he lightly taps the blunt of his sword on your back.

“Game, set, match. By maker’s breath that was a good fight,” Varus says in between breaths.

All you can do is smile at him and nod. It definitely was a good fight, you gave it your all. Now, all you can do hope you can win the other rounds you have left.

The tournament ends with you being last place. The other rounds demonstrated the lack of fighting skills you have. However, you did pretty well for someone who has only been in training for a week. You were still able to join the Tetraon Legion, but you weren’t able to gain the respect of the Captain.

You decide to sit down on the side of the castle walls after hearing of the placings. The cobblestone feels cold underneath you, and you stare at the semi random stone patterns under your feet. Footsteps brings you out of your self-pity. You look up to see Zilla approaching you.

“Hey. Not bad today. Not bad at all,”

“Thanks, but being last sucks,”

“For someone who only had training for a week, it wasn’t so bad,” Zillia offers a kind smile.

“Are you disappointed?”

“Not exactly. Your skills can be improved upon. Just because you lost this time, doesn’t mean life is over. You can always use it as a learning opportunity,” Zillia sits down beside you. “I watched every round, you fight recklessly. That can be worked on. Captain Westerfield also noticed that about your fighting,”

You fiddle with your fingers as Zillia talks.

“The more you train, the more you can work on not fighting so recklessly. Even though you joined the Legion, you’ll still be training hard every day,” Zillia pats your shoulder. “We have tournaments often, you’ll be able to gain the respect of everyone around you one day,”

“Thanks,”

“You must be tired, get some rest,” Zillia gets up and starts walking away. She turns her body back and says, “I’ll be headed off to a mission tomorrow, but we’ll talk soon,”

You nod and wish her good luck on her mission.

You release a sigh as you plop back into your bed in the barracks.

“Hey, don’t worry. There’ll be other chances for you to prove your worth to him,” says Narrator in her most comforting tone. “Maybe with more training, you’ll improve enough to defeat the Captain in a duel. Wouldn’t that be awesome?”

“I guess so,”

“Haha, you sound tired. You should get some sleep. It’s nice that Zillia is still looking out for you.

“Yeah it is. But I don’t want to be babied anymore. I want to show the world my worth,”

“And you will. One day. It takes time, kid. It’s a shame I won’t be watching the rest of your journey,”

“Huh, what do you mean?”

“Well, I’ve gathered all that I need. And made sure you had a good enough foundation, it’s time for me to leave now,”

You don’t know how you feel about this parting. You have finally gotten used to having someone inside your head for so long.

“I’m sure, you’ll do fine though. Stay strong, and I trust that you’ll do whatever calls you to you the most,”

You nod.

“Goodbye Narrator,”

“Bye,”

You can feel your head becoming lighter as Narrator leaves your mind. You know it’ll take some time to get used to not having her around. You roll over to your back and stare at the ceiling. Zillia was right, there are other opportunities in this castle to prove yourself. Your first goal would be to win the next tournament they host. After that, you decide you want to challenge the Captain to a duel. Better yet, you want to take his role as

Captain. You grin at the audacity of the idea and roll around to your side. For now you needed rest.

**--You didn't gain the respect of the Captain, but there are more opportunities to prove yourself to him.**

[Restart?](#)

You are eating breakfast when you overhear some adventurers talk about a new quest up on the quest board. You look up to where they are pointing at and you make a mental note to check the board after breakfast.

Doo doo, you go to check out the board. There is a quest up on the board.

*Village of Ellinia needs help! The young teenagers are disappearing at an alarming rate! The elders of the village have no idea why. We need outsiders to investigate this mysterious occurrence.*

“Huh, interesting,” you think to yourself.

“Are you going to take the quest?” asks Narrator.

“Sure, why not,”

“Let’s check outside for some horses,”

“Good idea,”

You thank the tavern keep for the delicious breakfast and head out of the tavern. The stables are across the dirt road from the tavern. You walk over there. Doo doo. You pay for a horse and off you go to find the Ellinia.

You follow the directions the stable hand told you. You reach the fork road they mentioned, but you couldn’t remember the exact road you were supposed to take. You look at the road to your left; it has a nice dirt road path going through a parallel row of trees. You look to your right; the road leads to a dark spooky forest. Doo doo.

What do you do?

**--Take the road on the left**

**--Take the road on the right**

Now Varus is a bit on edge. His free hand keeps moving around. This makes you smile even harder. Time for the finishing blow. Now, how can you do this without getting hit or caught?

You slide towards Varus and trip him. He falls on his back, landing with a metallic clank. You bounce up on your feet and swing the dull part of the sword at his torso.

“Game and match,” you grin at him. You offer a hand.

He grabs it. “Thanks. It was an honor to fight you. Good luck with your other rounds,”

The tournament ends and even though your first match went well, you didn’t do so well during your other ones. You ended up near the middle of the pack, which means you didn’t get the respect of the Captain but you were able to prove to Zillia that she was indeed right about you.

She approaches you after the winners have been announced.

“Hey, nice fighting out there,”

“Thanks, but it wasn’t good enough for the top,”

“Haha, well all things considering you did pretty good for a weeks worth of training. You have definitely come far from the night at the tavern,”

You groan. “Oh please don’t remind me,”

She smiles at you, and places a hand on your shoulder. “It is the past that defines us, but it’s up to us to define our future,”

You don’t quite understand what she meant by that, but you smile and nod. Sir Julian approaches the both of you two.

“So, who wants to get some drinks at the Bubbly Maiden?” Julian asks.

You look at Zillia, then back at Sir Julian. Zillia didn’t seem like the type to drink, and you didn’t want to disappoint her, but it’s been a long day and you deserve it.

“Sure, why not,”

“Great! You in Zillia?”

“Yup, let’s go,”



You return back to your bed in the barracks, a little light headed from all the drinking. You're estatic that you were able to prove to Zillia, she was right about you. You're determined to keep training and working hard within the soldier's ranks. One day you'll get Captain Westerfield to acknowledge your name, and when he does, it'll be a sweet victory. You roll over on your back and stare at the ceiling.

"That was a great day, don't you think?" asked Narrator.

"Yeah, it was,"

"So listen, now that I know you're in good hands, it's time for me to leave,"

"What really?"

"Yeah. Don't worry though, I trust that Zillia and Sir Julian will help guide you along your way,"

"But what are you going to do?"

"There's someone new who is waking up from their coma. It's my job to make sure they have a good foundation for their new life. Just like I did for you. I hope you understand,"

"I do,"

"On the bright side, you get your mind all to yourself again. Haha. Goodbye, it was great following you along your adventures. Best wishes on your next one,"

"Thanks, goodbye Narrator,"

With that, your mind felt lighter and emptier. It'll take a while for you to get used to Narrator being gone, but she was right, you did find a place where you belong. You smile and roll over to your side. Tomorrow is a new day, and possibly a new opportunity will arise that will allow yourself to show that Captain Westerfield who's boss. You force yourself to sleep so you could be well rested for the next day.

**--So you didn't win the tournament, but you proven that Zillia was right about the potential she saw in you. Another day comes where you can find ways to get that filthy Captain to acknowledge your name. Not bad, if you ask me.**

[Restart?](#)

You circle around Varus looking for an opportunity to strike. He stands in the same position, only watching you with his eyes. He's not nervous, you'll have to give him that. He might be quicker than you are, but if you can catch him off guard, you'll be able to secure a hit.

You lunge towards him with your sword, he quickly shoves his sword in a defending position. You ignore it, duck and roll behind him. You jab at his feet once you finish rolling. He jumps back to avoid further damage and squints his eyes at you.

You smile at his displeased expression.

"That's right. Take that cocky twig!" Narrator says.

It's a good thing you were smiling already because Narrator's comments made you smile even harder.

**--You finish the round off with a hard swing**

**-- You try going for another quick jab**

Seeing the blade come towards you, you decide to perform a quick jab as well to try to beat him before he could hit you. Unfortunately, the blade cuts your other arm and the pain causes you to miss. He jumps out of the way, and beckons you to come.

You try your best to ignore the slight throb in your arm.

**-You charge at him with a wild swing**

**--Circle around him waiting for an opportunity to perform a quick jab**

You dart towards Varus and swing your sword arm at him. He skillfully blocks it with his sword, catching you off balance. Varus jumps back, and while you are trying to regain balance, he jabs you at the side. Just enough to make contact, but not enough to pierce the chest armor. That's two hits for him. Time was running out.

**--You swing at him with another hard swing**

**--You jab at Varus quickly**

Both of you are circling each other, waiting for the other to make the move. You take a deep breath and wait. You can't keep charging at him anymore. You decide that you need to outwit Varus.

You notice that Varus keeps his left wide open, however, you know that it's a trap. So you fake an attack on his left, causing him to smile and attempt to block it, which leaves his right side wide open. From there, you switch directions and jab his right side.

The bell rings signalling the end of the match. A wave a relief washes over you. You managed to get in one hit before the round was over. That means you're not exactly at the bottom, but it all depended on your other rounds.

The tournament ends and you didn't do half bad. Your efforts are not enough to impress the Captain, however, it was enough to impress Sir Julian. Sir Julian approaches you after the tournament.

"Hey kid," he greets you. "That was pretty decent," He grins at you.

You rub your sore arm. "Thanks,"

"Oh how's the arm? Not bleeding anymore? Oh that's good. Anyways, even though you didn't do so hot during the rounds, I think you have potential. I understand that Zillia was talking about now. I'm willing to give you extra training lessons, if you decide to join the Legion,"

Your heart drops. "I... err... Really?"

"Haha, yes! Did you think I was pulling your leg or something? I genuinely want to help you train further. You can go far, kid,"

"Wow, thanks. That means a lot to me,"

Sir Julian claps you on the back. "I'm sure you're tired, but what do you say to grabbing a drink at the Bubbly Maiden?"

"That'll be awesome,"

"Great, let me grab Zillia and we'll head out. Zillia! Drinks on me, Bubbly Maiden? We'll be at the usual tables!"

And with that you head off for some drinks with potentially two new friends.

You return back to your bed in the barracks, a little light headed from all the drinking. You still couldn't believe that Sir Julian sees potential in you. You're determined to learn everything he can teach you.

"That was a great day, don't you think?" asked Narrator.

"Yeah, it was,"

"So listen, now that I know you're in good hands, it's time for me to leave,"

"What really?"

"Yeah. Don't worry though, I trust that Zillia and Sir Julian will help guide you along your way,"

"But what are you going to do?"

"There's someone new who is waking up from their coma. It's my job to make sure they have a good foundation for their new life. Just like I did for you. I hope you understand,"

"I do,"

"On the bright side, you get your mind all to yourself again. Haha. Goodbye, it was great following you along your adventures. Best wishes on your next one,"

"Thanks, goodbye Narrator,"

With that, your mind felt lighter and emptier. It'll take a while for you to get used to Narrator being gone, but she was right, you did find a place where you belong. You smile and roll over to your side. Tomorrow is a new day, and training under Sir Julian will definitely be interesting. You force yourself to sleep so you could be well rested for the next day.

**--You may not have gotten the respects of the captain, but you got Sir Julian to notice you. Not bad if you ask me.**

[Restart?](#)

You stare back at Varus with anger in your eyes. Your blood is boiling, you scan his body to find any open areas for your next attack. You notice that he left his left side open, you lunge forward and swing sword hard at his side. A smile on his face catches your eye, and you realize your mistake. It was a trap.

He blocks your attack, but the force of your swing takes him back a step. He quickly regains his footing and smacks you with the dull part of the blade. Three. Three hits. You didn't have to wait for the judges to call it, you knew.

You reluctantly shake hands with Varus and thank him for the good match.

"Thanks," He pats you on the shoulder, "Good luck with your other matches. Maybe next time, okay?"

"Yeah, thanks..."

"Ouch that sucks. You should get your arm patched up. It's still bleeding," said Narrator.

"Okay,"

You head over to the infirmary before your next match.

The tournament ends and you ended up last place. Recruits were still able to be soldiers in the Tetraon Legion, however you weren't able to gain the respect from Captain Westerfield. Instead of calling you recruit, he calls you soldier.

Zillia on the other hand expressed her thoughts on your progress. She wasn't exactly disappointed in you, but she definitely stated that she had higher expectations for you.

You release a sigh as you plop back into your bed in the barracks.

"Hey, don't worry. There'll be other chances for you to prove your worth to him," says Narrator in her most comforting tone.

"I guess so,"

"You'll be fine. No matter what you decide to do from here,"

"Hm? What do you mean?"

"Well, I've gathered all that I need. And made sure you had a good enough foundation, it's time for me to leave now,"

You don't know how you feel about this parting. You have finally gotten used to having someone inside your head for so long.

"I'm sure, you'll do fine though. Stay strong, and I trust that you'll do whatever calls you to you the most,"

You nod.

"Goodbye Narrator,"

"Bye,"

You can feel your head becoming lighter as Narrator leaves your mind. You know it'll take some time to get used to not having her around. You roll over to your back and stare at the ceiling. There are other opportunities in this castle to prove yourself, or maybe there'll be opportunities in the city that will appeal to you better. You smile at all of the new possibilities you could do. And the thought of a new day lightens your spirit and you doze off to sleep.

**--You might not have gotten the respect of the captain, but you were able to figure out what you wanted to do afterwards. Not a bad end, if I do say so myself.**

[Restart?](#)



Here it is. Finally, after a week of hard training, you've survived and here you stand, amidst all the other new recruits that survived training with you. In front of you are three identical rings drawn out on the ground. You figure that's where the fighting will be. You become more restless as Captain Westerfield approaches. Today, you'll show him that you deserve every bit of his respect.

"Alright, here's the day to prove your worth!" Captain Westerfield stares down at you specifically. "For those who want to rise through the ranks, finishing in the top five will grant you that opportunity. Finish last and well, your fate will be decided amongst the judges," He sweeps an arm towards the left, bringing attention to the two other people standing over there.

You recognize both of them instantly: General Zillia and Lieutenant General Julian. They both nod at you and you return the gesture. Guess the pressure to prove yourself is stronger now. You zone out from the Captain while he goes on his little inspiring monologue and brush up on the techniques you have learnt throughout the past week; Quick jabs, blocks, dodging, and hard swings. You review all of the forms and the situations you would use them in your mind. A loud clap brings you back from your thoughts.

"It's time for the tournament to start. The pairings and times are posted on the board to your right. Please review your times so you don't miss your match. Winners will advance to the next round," Captain Westerfield and the other judges head over to the judging tables to keep an eye out on the different matches going on.

You head over to the board and find out that your match starts now. You rush over to the middle ring and unsheathe your sword. You place your legs a shoulder width apart and move your weight back and forth to keep yourself flexible. A skinny man approaches your ring and nods. You recognize him from training, but you never got his name.

You introduce yourself, and he does the name. Varus is his name.

"The guy's a twig; you can beat him, hands down. You got this," encourages Narrator.

"Thanks, I hope so," you reply mentally.

"Don't worry. Be more confident!"

The bell rings signaling the start of the round. Varus circles around you with his sword in hand, and you turn your body to keep an eye on him. Your hands itch to attack him, but you wait for him to make the first move just like you learnt from training. When the opponent attacks first, you have more information on how to proceed after. That is, if Varus decides to attack. You start to get a bit dizzy from all of his circling. Finally, he stops only a few feet in front of you and lunges towards you with what it seems like a quick jab.

**--You perform a quick jab yourself**

**--You dodge out of the way**

**-- You perform a hard swing**

You grab your sword and smack it against Captain Westerfield's sword. Using the newly created space, you roll over away and bounce back up to your feet. You point your sword towards the captain and you smile.

"Was that good enough for you?"

"Nice attempt, however, it's not good enough," He sheathes his sword and smirks.

You glower at him. "Tsk, figures,"

"There's a tournament on Turdas for all recruits to prove themselves. If you can become the winner, then I'll acknowledge your name. But for now you are a recruit. Now do as I say and show me your jab,"

Turdas? What day is that again?

"It's next week. Exactly next week," replies Narrator.

"Thanks,"

"No problem,"

You stare back at Captain Westerfield. He gestures for you to redo the quick jab for him. You get into the ready stance again and perform a quick jab.

"Your jab is not direct enough, and you need to keep your elbow strong. Keep practicing,"

"..."

"At this point, you should be thanking me for even bothering to give you advice,"

"Yes Captain,"

You perform the rest of your jabs following the advice the Captain gave you. Afterwards, he instructs everyone to run five laps around the compound. By the time you finish, you threw up two times and can no longer feel the rest of your body. Somehow, you are able to carry your exhausted body back to the barracks.

You plop face first into your bed. And to think, this will be your life for the rest of the foreseeable future. The exhaustion takes you and you swiftly fall asleep.

### --Training Tournament

A medium built man dressed in full leather armor paces in front of you and the other recruits. You are lined up shoulder to shoulder with the others. He studies everyone before speaking. He steps back a bit and takes in a deep breath.

"I am Captain Westerfield. I will be whipping you into shape. I will not tolerate laziness. Anyone caught slacking during training sessions will be removed from the premises immediately. Understood?"

No one dares to speak a word. No one knows if he is asking a rhetorical question or not.

"I said, is that clear recruits?!"

"YES SIR!" everyone replies.

"Good," Captain Westerfield walks towards a large wooden chest. "Now, we're going to start off simple with practice swords." He tosses a few in your general direction. "Now, the sword is a great weapon, thin and quick. Your sword must become an extension of your arm. It must feel second nature to use the sword. Now, I'll be showing you guys how to perform a quick jab,"

Captain Westerfield stands with his legs shoulder width apart and he lunges forward, shoving the tip of the sword in the air before quickly returning back to his beginning stance.

"Quick and dirty, as if you were fencing, however, fighting with a sword is nowhere near fencing. Alright, I want every one of you to do fifty jabs. I will be watching your form. Go!"

You get into the ready stance and perform a quick jab in the air. Captain Westerfield approaches you with a frown on his face.

"Try that again, recruit,"

You whisper your name under your breath before attempting another job. However, you are quickly thrown down to the ground and your sword drops beside you. As you look up Captain Westerfield looks down at you in contempt.

"What was that, recruit?"

"I have a name, and I prefer you to use it," You try sitting up, but right as you do so Captain Westerfield points the tip of his sword at you.

“This isn’t a practice sword. I do not accept lip from any recruit. You want me to use your name, then earn the right,”

Your sword is within reach.

**--Grab your sword and smack his away**

Doo doo. Your horse trots down the road. You look around you and for some reason everything looks familiar. Something about these trees. A rustling in the bushes up ahead of you catches your attention and you stop the horse to watch what could be in the bushes.

A flock of sheep bounce out of the bushes and cross the road. A sinking feeling forms at the bottom of your stomach.

“Narrator... Where is this place?”

“Um, well,”

“Narrator?”

Suddenly a scream from above chills your body. Now you remember why this place is familiar. You look up to see a dragon swoop in, pick up a sheep. It hovers in the air and tosses the sheep in its mouth. That’s when it notices you.

You turn the horse around and kick its side to get it galloping.

“What are the chances we’ll outrun this thing?”

“No comment, haha,” Narrator replies.

A shadow grows larger above you. Your shoulders feel a sharp pain before getting launched off your horse and in the air. You stare down at your foe into its large yellow eyes before landing into the wet mouth of the dragon.

**--Dead. Eaten by dragon.**

[Restart?](#)

“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 \(failed\)](#)

Zillia holds the door to the barracks for you. You thank her as you enter the building before her. To your surprise the barracks is 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 is 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 is training armor as well as a training weapon for you. Training starts an hour after sunrise. Do your best not to be late. I'd 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 to 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 woman," Narrator says inside your mind.

"I doubt it," you reply.

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

After a few moments of Zillia ranting about the teasing she gets from the others, Zillia takes you towards the basement where some of the practice areas are. The basement is mostly 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 don'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 the area 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](#)

You lead the horse towards the road on the right. The horse is a bit spooked about being led to a dark forest, but you are able to calm it down. Your horse trots around and eventually you reach the village of Ellinia.

You decide to meet up with the Elders to figure out what's going on with the village. As you pass by the villagers you realize that a lot of the young men and women are wearing a vividly coloured feather headdress. They each have a glossy look in their eyes.

You shrug it off as you focus more on reaching the Elders' hut.

Doo doo. The Elders tell you what's wrong.

Doo doo. You decide to stay and investigate the underlying issues.

**--Doo doo. Author ran out of time to continue.**

**[Restart?](#)**

“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 with anticipation. 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?**

You shake your head. "No thanks, I'm fine,"

He shrugs off your refusal and goes to check on his horse. You bring one leg over the horse's torso, and attempt to get off. But you lose balance and stumble off of the horse.

Sir Julian turns around and quickly catches you before you can hit the ground.

He smiles at you. "Should have taken the help,"

"...Thanks. Next time."

He brings you back up to your feet and makes sure you're stable before taking the horses back to the stables.

"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**

*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 spawn 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 glimmers 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 hiatus 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 the thief!" 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 candlelit 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 notices your arrival since they're 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 seems to excite you more than it frightens 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 disappear. "Many others have 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 \(success\)](#)

“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 small but satisfying crunch noise. The tavern goes silent and you now realize 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 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 lets go 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 who’s 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 is a whole other matter. Although the cold air tickles your skin, it feels as if time was stopped. The fog hangs still around you and the silence 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. *Creeeek!* 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 woman with a dragon tail. "Calm down. I'm not going to hurt you,"

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

The woman sits down on the floor across from your bedroll and hands you a bread roll. 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 bread roll willingly](#)

[--You refuse to take the bread roll](#)



“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 (success)--**

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 exactly did you 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 short sword, 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 sits on the bench, stoic and unsurprised. You slowly approach the figure sitting at the table. Although he is wearing the same coloured robe, his aura feels 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 twenty-second 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 drift 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 echo behind you. You turn your head to see 4 other hooded figures behind you. You know 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 2<sup>nd</sup> 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 is lit with various candles around the room. The fires dance as if to welcome their masters back. The main room is the largest and allows access to several smaller rooms. There are two on each side of the main room and they are sectioned off with tatami walls. 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 families, 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 swing open, smacking against the walls. A burly man dressed in full armor, holding a loaf of bread in one hand struts out of the doors. "Alright! Let's get a move on! Uh, 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 continue talking about the tavern brawl as if you aren't around them. To get their attention, you clear your throat slightly. They both look towards you before realizing that they had been 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 been 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 (failure)**

**--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 out 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 bad 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 are dancing with fire, some are singing, and some are leaping in the air so high it is as though they are flying. You're amazed at such amazing talent they display. Unfortunately, the others seem like they are in a hurry so you aren't able to stay in the square to witness more amazing feats.

It wasn't long before the party reached toward the castle gates. The huge stone bricked castle looms 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 greet Zillia and Sir Julian as you guys arrive through the gates.

Zillia is the first to hop off her horse, followed by Sir Julian. He then offers 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 is in sight. No one. Opening the door, you creep out of the cellar and into the hallway. The cellar is at the end of the hallway, and you need to get to the middle where the stairs are 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 up to the third floor. Along the hallway are many doors, but the master bedroom door is obvious. Double doors with embroidery and design decorating the front. You know that one has to be the master bedroom. One of the doors are open, so you scurry inside. Seems no one is in the master bedroom either. The master bedroom is spacious, containing only 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 can 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 shake your head. "No thanks,"

The woman swishes her tail, possibly in annoyance. "Believe me; if I wanted to kill you I would have let Lord Puffinton finish the job. You're more useful alive than dead,"

She nudges the bread roll closer to you. "Take it,"

You stare at the bread roll harder. The woman groans at you, takes off a piece of bread and nibbles on it. She stares at you the entire time. After she finishes swallowing, she opens up her mouth to let you stare inside.

"Not dead yet," she shoves the roll at you. "Now take it before I shove it in your mouth and make you eat it,"

"Fine. Thanks," you say, ripping off a piece of the bread and placing it in your mouth. "So why exactly did you 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 short sword, 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**

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 is 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 scour every nook and cranny in this house for any suspicious person!"

The hallway is 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 will take a while to get to the top floor, you go down to the second floor. No one is 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 from 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 lets go 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 is coming up. Coast is clear, so 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 3<sup>rd</sup> floor and roughly 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 you hear a yell, 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 binds 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**

You ignore the fact that Varus is coming in for a quick jab and you swing your sword with all of your might towards him. His quick jab makes contact with your arm, but you ignore that as well. Your hard swing smashes into the side of Varus' torso. He gasps as he stumbles back from the force of your hit.

You grin back at him. Your arm is sore, but that doesn't bother you. Not yet anyways.

**--You taunt Varus to making a move**

**--You jump in for another hard swing**

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 all around you and an air mask is 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 have 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 are 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 asleep.

"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 you,"

With that, you feel 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?](#)**



Before Varus can get back to his ready stance, you rush and for another hard swing. He brings his sword into a block position, but it's weak. You were able to knock his sword out of his hand. You swing the sword at Varus' neck, slicing his head clean off. His head tumbles towards the floor and the area grows silent.

Captain Westerfield was the first to stand up. He approaches you with a silent fury.

"This is a sword fighting tournament. Not a cold blooded murder arena. GUARDS! Take this recruit to the dungeon. Feed him Varus' body as punishment,"

**--You are labeled as a murderer and spend the rest of your days living in the dungeon and eating the corpse of your opponent.**

[Restart?](#)

Spotting an open window near where you stood, you clamber down and silently enter the mansion. You're in the master bedroom. No one is 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 can 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 take 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 doing 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](#)

Varus steadies himself and returns into a ready position. You beckon Varus to come at you. He glares at you.

“Oh, what’s that? You Maker’s Gat. You afraid?”

Varus spits in your direction. “Taunting me isn’t going to work,”

“Hm, guess you’re too smart for that huh? Or maybe you just don’t have the brain cells to figure out that I’m wide open,”

Varus still doesn’t fall for your tricks. That’s when an idea popped in your head. You turned around and wiggled your backside towards him.

“Hey look Varus, I’m wide open now,”

“What are you doing?” asks Narrator.

“Don’t worry, it’ll work. He’ll attack, I’ll dodge again and finish him off,” you reply mentally.

You take a look back at Varus. His face is red, but it doesn’t look like he’s coming in for an attack just yet. You decide to increase the stakes. You pull down your pants, exposing your buttcheeks to the cold wind. You can hear Varus shout as well as heavy footsteps. You quickly pull up your pants and twist around. Varus jams his shoulder into your chest, knocking you down. He brings his sword above your head and swipes it downward. You attempt to reach for your sword, but you can’t find it.

His smile was the last thing you saw.

**--You dead for reals. Dang.**

**[Restart?](#)**

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 (success)--**

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 for what seems like forever, riddled with mountains in the distance 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 know you are its prey. Your adrenaline rushes as you quickly put your legs into high gear. Looking back, you see the dragon gaining on you. You trip from running too 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 have 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?](#)

You notice that he left his side open when his lunge. Therefore, you side step away from him and you jab him with your sword before jumping back. That's one. Varus swears and returns to a ready position, bouncing back and forth between the balls of his feet. He's waiting for you to make your move.

**--You circle around him, trying to find a weak spot**

**--You dash in and try to catch him off guard**



You circle around Varus. He watches you out of the corner of his eye. After a few rounds, you realize that you can't see any weak spots. In your hesitation, Varus swings his foot out, tripping you as you finish off your round. You tumble face first towards the ground, making a metallic clank as you make impact.

You feel a sharp pain near your leg. You grab your sword and bounce back on your feet. A searing pain on your left leg catches your attention. You growl at Varus. And he returns a smile.

"Come on, take him down!" Narrator shouts.

The volume causes you to cringe.

"Sorry," she whispers.

"Awe are you going to cry over your leg?" Varus sneers.

You spit in his direction, but he smoothly dodges it.

**--You dash towards him faking an attack**

**--You tackle him down out of rage**

You dash in at Varus with your sword pointing towards him. He quickly switches to a defensive form with his sword ready to block your advance. You drop to the ground, using the momentum you slide towards Varus. Your legs tackle his legs causing him to lose balance. As he tumbles to the ground, you roll out of the way. You have no desire to be used as a human pillow.

You leap back up on your feet and tap Varus on his arm. That's two. He stares at you with cold angry eyes. You smile back at him. You take a few steps back to give Varus space to get up.

**--You let Varus attack first**

**--You go in for the finishing move**

As Varus gets up to his feet, you smirk at him and wave him closer. He glares at you. You motion for him to get closer. To make the first move.

“Come on, I’m wide open,” you taunt.

Annoyed by your confidence, he dives in towards you. You smile. That’s just what you wanted. You step off to the side again, and smack his leg with the blunt of your sword. That’s three.

“Good match, Varus,” you offer a hand.

He spits at you, and smacks your hand away.

“Ouch, someone’s a sore loser, right?”

You smile quickly at Narrator’s comments.

The bell rings signalling the end of the match. You look up at the judges and catch Zillia’s eye. She nods at you. You grin back at her. How’s that for potential?

“Careful, that was just your first round,” Narrator warns.

“Don’t worry, I’m pretty sure I got this in the bag,”

“Ha, after seeing you fight, I don’t deny it. Good luck,”

You saunter off to board to find out your next victim.

Captain Westerfield stands before all of the gathered recruits. It’s time to announce the winners. After all of your matches, you know you in first place. Only a matter of time when he calls your name.

Captain Westerfield sighs and calls out your name for first place.

“I’m sorry, what was that Captain? Who was in first place again?” you ask.

“You are,”

“I’m sorry, I’m not sure there is a Yuu in the group. Say that again.”

Captain Westerfield stares coldly at you and re-announces in a louder voice that you are the winner.

You grin back at him. “Thanks, Captain.”

Zillia and Sir Julian stifle a laugh. The Captain rolls his eyes and dismisses everyone. He stalks off back to his quarters.

Zillia and Sir Julian approach you.

"Nice fighting, kid," Sir Julian smacks you on the back. "Zillia was right; you do have potential in you. You would make a good commanding officer one day,"

Zillia laughs. "And you doubted me, Julian,"

"Awe, come on, don't be like that,"

"I don't know... Maybe it'll take a few rounds of drinks to forgive you,"

"Sounds like someone wants a few rounds of honey mead at Bubbly Maiden! They'll be on me, tonight. Oh lovely General Zillia,"

Zillia playfully punches Sir Julian in the arm. You couldn't help but to let out a loud laugh. The three of you begin walking towards the castle gates.

"Hey kid, you fight well. What do you say about training under me for a bit?" asks Sir Julian.

You stop in your tracks. "What? Really?"

"Yeah. A fighter like you needs to be properly trained. And with a master like me, you'll definitely get the training you need to become the best,"

"Yes, that'll be nice, Sir Julian,"

"Great, we start tomorrow. Meet me in the courtyard, at the seventh hour,"

"Understood,"

You collapse onto your bed. Your head is feeling heavy from all of the mead. Training under Sir Julian, wow.

"It's good to see you doing well. Zillia and Julian seem like good people," Narrator says in your mind.

"Yeah they are," you reply mentally.

"That means I won't feel so bad about leaving you,"

"What? You're leaving?"

"Yup. Someone else has awoken, and I need to go there to greet them,"

"Ahh. Duty calls, right?"

"I'm going to miss you. You were one of my favourite people to follow so far,"

You laugh. "I bet you say that to everyone,"

"Nope, not everyone. Anyways, it's time for me to go. Goodbye,"

"Bye Narrator. I'm going to miss having your voice in my mind,"

Narrator laughs. It fades quickly as she leaves your mind. Your mind feels lighter without Narrator occupying a small portion of it. You smile, and mentally wish Narrator the best of luck on her journey. Not that she can hear you, of course. Time to get some sleep. Tomorrow will be another day filled with exciting things.

**--You won the tournament, got the Captain to acknowledge your skill, and decided to train under Sir Julian. Whatever happens now is up to you.**

[Restart?](#)

You toss away your sword and tackle Varus down to the ground. His sword falls out of his hand and skids out of his reach.

"I'll give you something to cry about. You Maker's gat!" you shout. You curl your hand into a fist and slam it in his face.

Varus sneers at you. "Oh, looks like someone's angry. Hehe, must have pulled a string back there,"

You throw another punch. Varus spits at you which angers you more.

"This is a sword fight, not a tavern brawl, recruits!" Captain Westerfield shouts. "Stop this now or I'll make you stop,"

The Captain's shout catches you off guard, giving Varus enough time to headbutt you and push you off of him. You clutch the area of contact. A shadow looms over you, you look up and Varus is looking down at you with a menacing smile. His sword glints in the light.

"You little rat, you don't deserve to be a soldier," he sneers at you, before bringing down his sword at you.

**--Welp, you're dead now. Maybe you shouldn't have been so brutal with Varus.**

[Restart?](#)

You dash towards Varus, holding your sword upright. You pray that he falls for this fake upper attack. To your luck, Varus swings his sword above his head to block your fake attack, leaving his bottom torso while open. You quickly switch directions with your sword and aim for his torso.

That's when you notice Varus smiling. As your arm moves in closer to his body, he jumps back. Leaving you with nothing but air to make contact with. He dashes off to the right, and swings in with his sword. The sword rings as it collides into your chest plate.

The bell rings signalling the end of the match. There was no time to get another hit in. Varus wins this round.

The tournament ends, and unfortunately you came dead last. Not only that, but it seems like you made a few enemies along the way during the tournament. That doesn't seem to faze you at all. No, it gave you a deeper desire to get better so you can beat them next time.

You storm back to the barracks. You fling your chest plate against the far wall of the sleeping quarters. You don't care if you get into trouble for doing that.

"You did the best you could today," says Narrator.

"Yeah well my best wasn't good enough,"

"That's what practice is for, but for now you should get some rest. It's been a long day,"

You sit on your bed. "I guess,"

"It was a delight watching you. I got some bad news, it's time for me to leave,"

"Really? Got somewhere else to be?"

"Yeah, someone else is waking up. And I've been called to deal with it. The others have seen how much progress you have made, and decided I was best fit to take up the newbie,"

"Is that so?" You make a frown. "How did the others deem you as the best fit?"

"Well, because you established a place of belonging for now,"

"How so?"

"Don't you want to prove to the others that you can beat them?"

“Yes.”

“So you’ll be sticking around here for a little longer until you do, or until you give up. But from there, that’s your journey. I was here just to make sure you had a bit of guidance for your start,”

“I understand. It was great having you along for the ride. I’m going to miss the space you took up in my mind,”

“Show the others whose boss alright? I know you have it in you,”

You smile. “Thanks, Narrator. Goodbye,”

With that, your mind feels a bit lighter. And it’s no secret that you’ll miss her voice in your mind. However, she was right. You needed more practice before you can beat the others in another tournament.

**--You made some enemies with your hectic fighting style and Captain Westerfield has yet to acknowledge you. But you’re determined to make a name for yourself within the ranks of Tetraon Legion.**

[Restart?](#)



Without waiting for Varus to recover, you dash in with your sword above your head. You swing your sword downwards at Varus' head. He quickly swings his sword to block your attack. He headbutts your chest causing you to stagger back and in that moment he tags you with his sword.

He sneers at you. He gets ready for another attack, but that's when the bell tolls. The round is over. It's two to one, not bad. It looks like you're off to a good start.

The tournament ends, and you end up in the middle of the ranks. Not good enough to get Captain Westerfield's acknowledgement, but not bad enough to make Zillia disappointed in your skills.

You are able to join the Tetraon Legion. Training starts tomorrow, so you rush back to the barracks to get a good rest.

"Good work today, you gave it your all,"

"Thanks Narrator,"

"So, it's time for me to leave,"

"Already?"

"Yeah, a newbie is about to awake. I have to be there to greet them,"

"Do you always have to go?"

"No, there's a group of us that do it. I have to go because you're already pretty established now, so no worries there,"

"True. Well I guess this is goodbye,"

"Yup. It was fun following your adventures. You'll get them next time,"

"You know it. Take care of the newbie!"

"I will, bye,"

With that Narrator leaves your mind making it feel lighter than before. You lie back in your bed and count the different things you can do to improve your fighting skills.

**--You did pretty alright in the tournament. Not good enough to get the respect of Captain Westerfield, but good enough to show that you have potential.**

[Restart?](#)

"No thanks. It sounds like a great opportunity, but I think I'll pass,"

"I understand. Well, rest up and good luck on your later endeavors," Zillia gets up and leaves your room, shutting the door quietly.

"Are you sure about this?" asked Narrator.

"Yeah I'm sure. It didn't seem like my type of thing," you reply mentally.

"Understandable. Well it'll be interesting to see what you decide to do now,"

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

**--The next morning**

You back off from the drunk and quickly apologize while avoiding eye contact.

He laughs and spits in your direction. "Yeah well you better be,"

You watch him stagger off away from you. He bumps into few more people, yet instead of getting into a fight with him the others salute him. Must be someone important.

Narrator growls inside your mind. "Seriously? You're not going to tell him off? He was incredibly rude to you!"

"No, where would that have gotten me?"

"Err, instant satisfaction. Knowing that you shared what was on your mind right when it happened,"

"And then what? Judging from the way others are treating him, it seems like he's someone of high standards. Why he is drinking I have no idea. I feel somewhat bad for him. Someone of his ranks, succumbing to the lull of alcohol," You shake your head slowly. "It's depressing if you ask me,"

"Pfft, you're boring," teased Narrator.

"I'm human. And I know when to pick my battles,"

"Sure, sure. Anyways, we should find a place to stay tonight. Try asking if the tavern keeper has any rooms available,"

You nod and weave in between people to get to the tavern keeper. The tavern keeper looks up while she polishes the glass mugs. She raises her right eyebrow at you, beckoning you to speak first.

You clear your throat and ask, "Do you have any rooms available for tonight?"

"For one gold, there's a room upstairs for you,"

You fetch out one gold out of your pouch. "Thanks,"

She hands you the key to the room. "Up the stairs and to the left,"

You nod and leave the keep to her nightly chores.

"One gold!? For a night? That's a scam. That lady was ripping you off," complains Narrator.

"It's fine," you reply mentally. "I'll find a way to earn it back,"

You head up to the room as directed. The door creaks as you open it. The room contains a sleeping roll as well as a dresser to store your things temporarily. You take off your sword and toss your coin pouch on top of the dresser. You are about to crawl into the bedroll when you realize you should lock the door.

You get up, lock the door, and climb in to sleep.

**--The next morning**

You silently land on the ground. You jump up to the hideout entrance and enter.

"Welcome back," Faye greeted, "By the smile on your face, you must have succeeded the mission."

"Yes I did," you hand over the Ambassador's Ring to Faye. "What will we use the Ambassador's ring for?"

"We will infiltrate the castle. Although it is heavily guarded, many of the guards do not know who is in the council. Only the higher ups and those in the council know. We will use the ring to get past most security but we will have to avoid any council members. There will be no doubt that they will be notified that Bentley's ring has been stolen."

"Sounds good, when does the next mission start?" you ask, cracking your knuckles in anticipation.

"A week from now."

**--You have finished Part 1. Part 2 is in progress because writer is a blob Owo**

**[Restart?](#)**

You silently land on the ground. You jump up to the hideout entrance and enter.

"Welcome back," Faye greeted, "By the look on your face, you must have failed the mission."

"Yes I did, I'm sorry I failed you," you apologize. "What were we going to use the Ambassador's ring for?"

"We were going to infiltrate the castle. Although it is heavily guarded, many of the guards do not know who is in the council. Only the higher ups and those in the council know. We were going to use the ring to get past most security but we would've had to avoid all council members. However, now that we do not have the ring, we will need to find a different way to get into the castle. I will come up with a plan, but it will definitely be harder to get in."

"When's do we go?" you ask.

"Next week is when we strike."

**--You have finished Part 1. Part 2 is in progress because writer is a blob Owo**

[Restart?](#)

“Hahaha! I like your enthusiasm!” he laughs heartily, “Come now! You should follow me back to our quarters. We will discuss business there.”

---

You follow Draken back to the castle. The walls are old and moldy but look strong enough to withstand catapults and sieges. You cross the drawbridge and follow him inside. The courtyard is bustling with many soldiers. It is huge, with three openings leading out of the main courtyard. The entire courtyard is open dirt ground with the exception of the smooth stone pathways intersecting in the middle, each leading to an opening or entrance. Many people were divided in groups practicing or dueling.

You follow Draken into the left opening. It leads to a meeting room where a few people are clothed in shiny armor. As Draken walks up to them, they line up and cross their right arms over their chests.

“GENERAL DRAKEN, WELCOME BACK!”

“Thank you! I’ve picked up a kid that’s interested in joining the paladins,” he points to you.

“Another one? You always pick up some kid off the street,” the rightmost man sighs.

“Felix! You mustn’t say that out loud,” Draken hits him on the head. Felix just sighs. Draken turns towards you, “Now, I did invite you to join the paladins, but you must work your way up to this rank. You will first train with the soldiers until you are good enough to become a paladin. The training will be tough; will you be up for it?”

You nod fiercely and confidently.

“Haha! I like the look in your eyes, kid. First I’ll ask you to choose a weapon. Take a sword as well since everyone must learn how to use the sword. You can choose to learn another.” He points towards a door. “Inside there is the armory. Pick a weapon, and choose wisely.”

“Yes sir!” you reply. You walk towards the door and enter the armory.

The smell of steel hits your nose. Rows upon rows of weapons are lined up against the walls or organized in wooden boxes. You walk in wonder, eyes scanning for a suitable weapon. Your eyes stop on a large sword. You take the sword. On the opposite side is a spear. At the end of the row are the bows.

*Now, which other weapon should I choose? You ask yourself.*

“Mhmm, that old guy said to choose wisely,” Narrator says smiling.

-- **Choose one of the following weapons:**

-- [Spear](#)

-- [Bow](#)



Grabbing your weapon, you exit the room and brandish it in front of Draken.

"Nice choice!" he chuckles. "Now you're at the starting line. Join the rest of the soldiers out in the courtyard. I know you'll learn quickly!"

"Yes sir!" You run out to the courtyard excitedly.

"That kid will be someone great someday," Draken smiles.

---

**-- A year later**

Clank! Your chest plate brushes against your leg armor.

"It's been a long year of training, hasn't it?" Narrator says.

"Yeah," you agree. With a cape fluttering from your shoulders, you leave your room for your first day as a paladin. "Good morning Felix."

"That's Lieutenant General Felix, soldier," Felix sighs, "I am still of higher rank. I swear Draken is rubbing off on you too much."

"He did personally train me after I got the hang of it," you reply. Felix pinches his nose.

"Whatever, your first mission is today so do not be late."

"Sure, see you later Felix!"

Felix sighs.

---

"Your mission is to go to the village near the capital," the secretary general, Fiora orders. "We have reports of a goblins sighted near the town down the road. You are to exterminate all the goblins to preserve peace. Any questions?"

No one moves a muscle.

"Good, now go!" All the summoned paladins shuffle out of the room including you.

"Man, Fiora's a scary woman," one of the paladins, Hart, complains.

"Secretary General Fiora is strong, a brute like you would not understand," another, Marri, rebuts.

"Now now, let's get going before she actually gets angry," the last, Frederick, holds his hands up to calm the two others.

"Frederick's right, get ready and meet right outside the castle. We will leave in ten minutes," you interrupt.

"Sergeant!" The three cross their chests with their right arms.

---

"Everyone ready?" you ask. "Our estimated leave from the castle will be a week, so I hope you brought everything you need."

"Hope there will be some nice girls in the town," Frederick smiles.

"Can it playboy, I'm ready to slice and dice some goblins!" Hart grins.

"Shut up you two, you guys better not mess up," Marri smacks the back of both of their heads.

"Let's go then," you order.

"Yes sergeant!"

[-- Go to the village](#)

Galloping on horses, your squad is en route to the village. As you get closer, you can see the village in the distance. Compared to the capital, the structures of the village are made out of wood rather than stone. Many of the men are working out in the farms while the women are looking after the children or doing chores around the house. As you approach the village, you spot three people waiting at the entrance. You lead your horse to them.

“Greetings paladin,” the old man in the middle speaks to you. “I am the village elder. I am grateful for you coming here. We will not be able to defend ourselves well against the goblins.”

“Do you know when and where they are coming from?” you ask.

“Indeed, scouts have reported that they are coming from the west forest, quite a large number of them. We counted around fifty. We predict that they will arrive in an hour or so.”

“I see. If it is fifty we will be able to handle them. To be safe you must flee the village,” you urge.

“No, we will not abandon this village. We have all decided to stay.”

**-- Insist on them leaving**

**-- Accept their wishes**

“Well... if you insist, then we will not force you to flee. However there may be more than we can handle.”

“We trust in your abilities, paladin.”

“Very well, we will prepare ourselves for battle. Go and hide.”

---

“You, miss, are an exquisite flower in the dirt that caught my eye, what is your name?”

“Oh my,” the woman blushes.

“There goes Frederick and his charms,” Marri rolls her eyes and you and the rest of your squad sit around a table, discussing tactics and strategies. Frederick is off a ways away talking to one of the young women in the village.

“Who cares, the goblins are coming soon and I can’t wait to battle!” Hart grins, rubbing his hands together in anticipation.

“As long as everyone knows the plan. Hart, recite it,” you order.

“Aww fine. First we’ll wait till they get out into the open, you and Marri will attract their attention, and Frederick will flank from the right side while I flank from the left,” Hart recites.

“Wow. Thought you were just a battle hungry idiot,” Marri smirks.

“Hey!”

“Cease it you two, the goblins will come any minute now. Let’s go. Marri, grab Frederick.”

“Fine,” Marri grumbles and the three of you leave to get to the entrance of the village.

---

“Oww my ear,” Frederick moans as he massages his left ear.

“Serves you right,” Hart snickers.

“Here they come,” you announce. In the distance you can see a group of many neck-high goblins walking towards the village. Many were holding weapons.

“There’s around a hundred, double of what the village elder said,” Marri counted.

“Hmm this may be difficult, I should have been more forceful to get the village to evacuate,” you muse, pulling out your sword.

“Nonsense, I’ll rip through all of them,” Hart boasts.

“Alright stick to the plan and fall back if you start getting overrun.”

“Yes sergeant!” Marri and you stay still while the other two run towards the sides. The goblins growl and grunt as they run towards you and Marri. Clang! The first echo of swords contacting each other starts the battle. You block a swing from one goblin and counter him, slicing his head off. Behind you can hear the sounds of Marri battling another goblin. Looking beyond the crowd of goblins, you can see Frederick and Hart decimating many goblins because of the flank. Focusing back on the goblins in front of you, you block the incoming axe swing from another, then chop his leg off. The goblin cries out in pain falling onto his butt. You finish him by slicing off his head.

“Hey, I think I might need some help here!” Hart calls. You look back up to see him surrounded by many goblins. He must have been too excited and went forward too fast.

“Hey! Some of the goblins are going to the village!” Frederick shouts. You quickly glance towards the entrance and surely enough, a few goblins had broken from the main group and heading to the village.

[-- Choose to save Hart](#)

[-- Choose to deal with the goblins going into the village](#)

"I must insist, there is no guarantee that there are fifty goblins. Our priority is the villagers' lives. You must evacuate."

"Fine, if it is the paladin insisting, we will honor your wish. We will start evacuating the village now," the village elder says.

"Thank you," you bow, "We will now prepare ourselves for battle. Evacuate now."

---

"Hart, recite the plan," you order.

"Aww fine. First we'll wait till they get out into the open, you and Marri will attract their attention, and Frederick will flank from the right side while I flank from the left," Hart recites.

"Wow. Thought you were just a battle hungry idiot," Marri smirks.

"Hey!"

"Cease it you two, the goblins will come any minute now. Let's go."

"All the women left and evacuated," Frederick says gloomily. The four of you leave for the entrance.

---

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"There's around a hundred, double of what the village elder said," Marri counted.

"Hmm this may be difficult. Good thing I told them to evacuate," you muse, pulling out your sword.

"Now I can go crazy," Hart licks his lips.

"Alright stick to the plan and fall back if you start getting overrun."

"Yes sergeant!" Marri and you stay still while the other two run towards the sides. The goblins growl and grunt as they run towards you and Marri. Clang! The first echo of swords contacting each other starts the battle. You block a swing from one goblin and counter him, slicing his head off. Behind you can hear the sounds of Marri battling another goblin. Looking beyond the crowd of goblins, you can see Frederick and Hart decimating many goblins because of the flank. Focusing back on the goblins in front of you, you block the incoming axe swing from another, then chop his leg off. The goblin cries out in pain falling onto his butt. You finish him by slicing off his head.

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“Hey! Some of the goblins are going to the village!” Frederick shouts. You quickly glance towards the entrance and surely enough, a few goblins had broken from the main group and heading to the village.

“Good thing I told them to evacuate,” you tell yourself, working towards Hart with Marri right behind you.

“You dumbass, stop rushing in and getting yourself trapped,” Marri lectured.

“Haha, sorry about that, I lost track of where I was.”

“AHH HELP,” a cry from the village alerts you.

**-- Choose to go meet up with Frederick then investigate the call**

**-- Choose to investigate the call alone**

You slice your way towards Hart with Marri right behind you. “You dumbass, stop rushing in and getting yourself trapped,” Marri lectured.

“Haha, sorry about that, I lost track of where I was.”

“AHHHHHHH!” a scream echoes from the village.

“I’m going to the village, you guys meet up with Frederick!”

“Roger!” You run around the army of goblins, slicing a few on the very edge before reaching the village entrance. You run into the village. Far away, you see a child backed against the wall with 5 goblins approaching him.

**-- If you have the bow, you may shoot the goblins from here**

**-- Otherwise go to No bow**



“Marri, I’m going to the village, you try to get to Hart,” you decide.

“Roger!” Slicing off another goblin’s head you rush towards the village. You see a child running away from five goblins. Sparing no moment, you rush forward quickly and behead all of them.

“Are you alright now?” you ask the child.

“Thank you,” the child with tears says with gratitude.

“ARRRRRGH!”

“NOOOO HART!” Fear rushes into your heart, you run back to the entrance of the village. Immediately, you curse to yourself as you see the scene before you. Marri is furiously making her way towards Hart. Hart... he was lying down in a pool of blood, multiple swords sticking out from him.

**-- Choose to attack in rage**

**-- Choose to tell both Frederick and Marri to fall back and regroup**

Enraged you rush forward with a battle cry and behead the nearest goblin before moving to the next. All that is in your mind is getting to Hart. Finally, you are able to clear a path to Hart.

“HAAAART!” You yell, “DON’T DIE ON ME!”

“.....Sorry sergeant, sorry I was an idiot,” he mumbles.

“NO, KEEP FIGHTING! YOU HAVE TO!”

“.... It hurts too much sergeant, I’m... going to take a nap.”

“YOU CAN’T! STAY AWAKE!”

“.....”

Shink! You gasp in surprise. In your rage, you allowed one of the goblins to get past your guard. Your vision blurs as you grip the sword protruding from your chest.

“.....Damn it....” You curse as you fall to your knees, blood gushing from the wound.

“Sergeant!” you hear the cries of Frederick and Marri.

“Damn it, why did I lose my cool, sorry... everyone....”

**BAD END: YOU HAVE DIED**

[Restart?](#)

"Fall back you two! Regroup!" you shout at them.

"But Hart!" Marri stresses.

"We... we can't save him now. We cannot jeopardize our lives. He may very well be dead at this point." you say grimly.

"...Damn it..." Marri curses. Both Frederick and Marri make their way towards you.

"Now fall back to the village. With only the three of us we will stick together, get through this and eliminate the rest of the goblins." The three of you run back towards the entrance and prepare for the rest of the goblins.

---

The last goblin emits a croak as his guts spill onto the ground. With the goblins eliminated, the three of you rush to the body of Hart in hopes that he may have held on.

"...He's dead." Frederick says solemnly.

"Damn it, the fool, why would he rush in blindly?" Marri punches the ground in frustration.

"It is my fault as squad leader," you close Hart's clouded eyes. "The least we could do is bury him." You detach your cape and drape it over Hart, covering his head. "...Let's dig out the grave."

---

Frederick sticks Hart's sword into the grave. In silence, the three of you pay your respects. The villagers thanked you earlier when you asked for the shovels. It was time to go back to the castle.

"Let's go." With that you, Marri and Frederick gallop towards the capital.

**[--Go back to the castle \(Hart dead\)](#)**

Notching an arrow, you quickly release with deadly accuracy, spearing the goblin nearest to the kid. In rapid succession, you take down all the goblins present.

“Are you alright now?” you ask the child.

“Thank you,” the child with tears says with gratitude.

“Sergeant!” You glance up to see Frederick, Marri and Hart running towards you.

“Good, now that we are grouped up, I do not want any goblins getting past us, understand?”

“Yes sir!” The four of you prepare for the onslaught of goblins. With a battle cry, you rush forward to decimate the remaining goblins.

---

“Thank you very much paladin,” the village elder bows. The child you saved smiles and copies the old man.

“If you must thank me, thank my comrades as well,” you wave your hand towards them.

“You must stay for the feast. We will thank you with good food.”

“Thanks for the offer, but—”

“We will accept your kind offer village elder,” Frederick interrupts you, walking up and shaking the elder’s hand. He turns around and gives a thumbs-up pose.

You sigh.

---

“Man the food was great!” Hart complimented.

“I just can’t wait to get back, secretary general Fiora will be pleased with us,” Marri says excited. “The food was great though.”

“Agreed, but the women were the highlights of tonight’s feast,” Frederick smiles.

“How many poor women did you put under your spells this time?” Hart asks.

“Three,” Frederick boasts proudly.

“Those women are idiots for falling for a guy like you,” Marri rolls her eyes.

“Agreed,” you chuckle.

“See? Even sergeant agrees!”

“Now now, let’s start heading back, we need to report to Fiora.”

“Roger!” You and your squad mount your horses, and head back to castle.

**[--Go back to the castle \(Success\)](#)**

You run as fast as you can to the goblins but alas you are not fast enough. You watch in horror as the goblins slash at the child's midsection, spraying blood everywhere.

"NO!" you cry out, feeling helpless and regret as the child falls to the ground dead. Enraged you run towards the goblins and decimate them.

"If only I was a little faster or had a bow, I could have saved him," you say regretfully.

"Sergeant!" You glance up to see Frederick, Marri and Hart running towards you. Steeling yourself, you face them with resolve.

"Now that we are grouped up, I do not want any goblins getting past us, understand?"

"Yes sir!" The four of you prepare for the onslaught of goblins. With a battle cry, you rush forward to decimate the remaining goblins.

---

"I am very sorry madam," you apologize solemnly to the mother of the child. Your apologies are drowned out by the cries and wails of the mother.

"You could have saved him! My boy, my poor boy..." she sobs.

"I thought these guys were paladins, the best soldiers in our country." Someone in the crowd mutters.

"Same, guess they weren't good if they couldn't save a single boy."

"Grrr, there were more goblins than we expected coming," Marri grumbles, wanting to rebuttal their claims.

"It's fine, it's my fault that I didn't foresee this happening. I should have been more forceful and told them to evacuate," you regret. "We will leave now. Get your things ready."

"Sergeant!"

[--Go back to the castle \(Child died\)](#)

“Hart, you and Marri go meet up with Frederick, I will investigate the call for help,” you decide.

“Sounds good sergeant,” Hart agrees. The two of them start making their way to Frederick. You run the opposite direction towards the village. As you enter the village, you see three goblins chasing a child. Quickly you rush forward and decimate all three of them in three strikes.

“Are you okay child?” you ask.

“Thank you,” the child with tears says with gratitude.

“Sergeant!” You glance up to see Frederick, Marri and Hart running towards you.

“Good, now that we are grouped up, I do not want any goblins getting past us, understand?”

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“See? Even sergeant agrees!”

“Now now, let’s start heading back, we need to report to Fiora.”

“Roger!” You and your squad mount your horses, and head back to castle.

**--Go back to the castle (Success)**

“Let’s meet up with Frederick and then go back to the village. Where is he?” you ask.

“Over there, let’s fight our way to him,” Marri points beyond the goblins to the edge where Frederick is still fighting. The three of you coordinate your attacks, quickly making your way to where Frederick was.

“Hey Frederick, let’s go. Someone yelled help from within the village!” Hart explains.

“I go first, you three guard my rear,” you order them. Circling the goblins, you run towards the village with the other three guarding your back. As you reach the entrance, you see a child with his back against the wall. Three goblins were getting ready to attack him.

“NO! I WON’T LET YOU KILL HIM!” you shout as you rush forward.

**-- If you have the spear, then go to Has Spear**

**-- If you don’t have the spear, then go to No Spear**



You run as fast as you can to the goblins but alas you are not fast enough. You watch in horror as the goblins slash at the child's midsection, spraying blood everywhere.

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"Same, guess they weren't good if they couldn't save a single boy."

"Grrr, there were more goblins than we expected coming," Marri grumbles, wanting to rebut their claims.

"It's fine, it's my fault that I didn't foresee this happening. I should have been more forceful and told them to evacuate," you regret. "We will leave now. Get your things ready."

"Sergeant!"

[--Go back to the castle \(Child died\)](#)

Pulling out your spear, you charge forward with a battle cry. Before the goblins could attack the child, you spear all three through the gut and pin them against the wall. The three of them cry out in pain before taking their last breath.

"Are you alright now?" you ask the child.

"Thank you," the teary-eyed child says with gratitude.

"Sergeant!" You glance up to see Frederick, Marri and Hart running towards you.

"Good, now that we are grouped up, I do not want any goblins getting past us, understand?"

"Yes sir!" The four of you prepare for the onslaught of goblins. With a battle cry, you rush forward to decimate the remaining goblins.

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"Agreed," you chuckle.

"See? Even sergeant agrees!"

“Now now, let’s start heading back, we need to report to Fiora.”

“Roger!” You and your squad mount your horses, and head back to castle.

[--Go back to the castle \(Success\)](#)

"Our squad is reporting back from the goblin extermination mission," you announce as you walk into Fiora's office.

"Outcome?" Fiora questions.

"All goblins are exterminated, no casualties."

"Very good, you are all dismissed. Good work." The four of you exit Fiora's office.

"She praised us for our good work," Marri says starry-eyed.

"Whew, I'm beat, time to hit the sack," Hart groans as he stretches his stiffened body.

"Good work everyone," you praise them. "I will see you guys tomorrow."

"Bye sergeant!" Frederick waves goodbye. You enter your room and collapse onto the bed, exhausted.

"Nice, you actually succeeded in your first mission as a squad leader, how do you feel? Narrator asks.

"Awesome, thank goodness everything worked out today."

"This was just the start though. Things will look harder in the future."

"I'll worry about that when it comes," you tiredly respond. And with that, you fall into a slumber.

**--Part 1 is finished. The next part is in the workshop. Bloop around and play another path okay?**

[Restart?](#)

Our squad is reporting back from the goblin extermination mission,” you announce as you walk into Fiora’s office.

“Outcome?” Fiora questions.

“... One casualty, Hart died in battle,” you say quietly.

“I see... He was brash and reckless, but a brave paladin. I will arrange a coronation for him.”

“I failed our squad, I’m not fit to be the leader.”

“You tried all you could so do not falter from this. A good leader learns from his or her mistakes and grows to become a better person. Now go and rest, I will call upon your squad tomorrow.”

“Roger...” Frederick, Marri and you leave her office.

“I will see you guys tomorrow,” you wave goodbye and head to your quarters. You enter your room and collapse onto the bed, exhausted.

“Nice, you actually failed your mission as a squad leader, how do you feel?” Narrator asks.

“Just great,” you say dryly.

“This was just the start though. If you thought things were hard now, wait till you see the future,” Narrator giggles.

You ignore her and after much difficulty, you fall into a slumber.

**--Part 1 is finished. The next part is in the workshop. Bloop around and play another path okay?**

[Restart?](#)

Our squad is reporting back from the goblin extermination mission,” you announce as you walk into Fiora’s office.

“Outcome?” Fiora questions.

“... One casualty, I couldn’t protect a child,” you say quietly. “I failed. I’m not fit to be the leader.”

“You tried all you could so do not falter from this. A good leader learns from his or her mistakes and grows and becomes a better person. Now go and rest, I will call upon your squad tomorrow.”

“Roger...” Frederick, Marri, Hart and you leave her office.

“I will see you guys tomorrow,” you wave goodbye and head to your quarters. You enter your room and collapse onto the bed, exhausted.

“Nice, you couldn’t protect one child on your first mission as a squad leader, how do you feel? Narrator asks.

“Just great,” you say dryly.

“This was just the start though. If you thought things were hard now, wait till you see the future,” Narrator giggles.

You ignore her and after much difficulty, you fall into a slumber.

**--Part 1 is finished. The next part is in the workshop. Bloop around and play another path okay?**

**[Restart?](#)**