**--You do not have the 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.

“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)**