

Chapter 1

Standing here in front of the statue, I couldn't help but feel a sense of unease wash over me. The smoke from a lit incense did nothing but fuel my frustration further as I stared at the gold-plated statue of a buddha smiling at me. Its expression seemed to be mocking me, a perfect symmetrical sneer crafted by some master artist. A human making something divine, laughable.

Blood from a hole in my abdomen had trickled down my legs staining the wooden floorboards. The sirens were still blaring and occasional shouts could be heard from the officers surrounding the lonesome temple. Red and blue lights invaded through the windows, banishing the shadows in this dimly lit room.

"You are surrounded! Come out with your hands up!".

A familiar voice echoed through the night by the way of a megaphone. It was the detective that has been chasing me for the past weeks. I had a nagging feeling of being watched and got my suspicions confirmed when he showed up at the temple I stayed at. Grinning as he asked me a bunch of questions. I couldn't help but stare at his peculiar scar over his left eye.

In this bustling concrete jungle of a city, stood the temple on top of a hill surrounded by nature. Having nowhere else to go, I eventually found myself walking to this place. A monk sweeping the grounds had greeted me, introducing himself and the history of the temple. I couldn't do naught but stand there and listen to the whole history lesson from the more and more increasingly cheerful monk. I guess even monks get lonely from time to time.

Having learnt the whole in and outs of the temple, I got invited to have a meal as a reward for listening so attentively, something my rumbling stomach accepted for me, eliciting a chuckle from the monk. Stuffing my face with food for the first time in a while, my tired state hit me like a truck. The monk watching me, offered a room I could use as it had gotten late. The room was for monks-in-training but none had shed their modern life in recent years.

The sounds of footsteps coming closer and closer were like a noose tightening around my neck, depriving me of oxygen. No wait, I was just lightheaded from all the bloodloss.

Glancing at my blood-stained knife in my hand, I debated which way to die was less painful. Stabbing myself in the neck or getting shot by those officers outside.

The monks at the temple were a little surprised that a new face had popped up overnight, thinking that I must have been a new trainee. With all the information I got from chatting with them, I could have really been a real monk-in-training but something fundamental stopped me from becoming one. The five precepts.

If I'm going to die anyway, prison was not an option, maybe I could spare one of them from committing the act of taking a life. But wouldn't stabbing myself also be an act of killing? I should've asked when I had the chance.

Having lost strength in my legs, I opted to lay there, in the middle of the room. This was my first time in this room. It was as if something invisible had blocked my consciousness from entering the main room. Maybe the sight of the towering statue acted as some talisman, forbidding a murderer like me from entering.

"Death is not the end and life is not the start, all of us will be affected by the wheel of reincarnation", the monk had said. Maybe I will be a cat or something in my next life. That would be fun, I thought to myself as my consciousness flickered in and out. In the end, I couldn't chose to kill myself.

"Detective, is this really her? The killer making waves in the headlines lately?"

The officer couldn't help but ask, seeing the still body of the girl. He had a daughter about her age and all she did was chat with her friends and stay up late.

"Don't let her appearance fool you, we have four confirmed murders and three unconfirmed"

"Wow, how did a girl like her turn into this? She must have been possessed or something", rubbing his arms, he glanced around.

"Just look where she chose to live. It gives me the creeps I tell you"

"Enough chatting, wrap it up and give me a report later. The media and higher ups have been on my ass ever since that incident".

"He had a promotion lined up and all...", the officer couldn't help but lament, watching the back of the detective leaving and lighting up a cigarette.

"Good riddance", draping a sheet of cloth over the girl, the officer began to write his report.

"Priest this can't be, my daughter will wake up won't she?"

Having looked over this girl for the past few days, I came to a conclusion. There was no possibility of saving her.

"I'm sorry to say this, her heart has stopped. There is nothing more I can do"
The wailing woman holding onto her now dead daughter, the sight of a parent losing a child is never easy. But as a devout follower of the goddess I must bring her soul peace.

"I will now begin the prayer"

"No! Wait! What are you saying, she can't be dead yet! Oh, goddess, she hasn't even come of age." TK awkward expo

"The teachings of the goddess states that a soul will wander the earth if not given guidance, eventually turning malicious"

TK "you must calm yourself, crying like this will only make it harder for her soul"

"I don't care, she is not dead!", shrieked the mother, as she shielded her from me. Protecting her from me. Laying a child to rest is never easy.

"Oh my baby, please open your eyes. What am I supposed to do without you!"

It was a few days ago when the mother visited our church while carrying her child on her back. A high fever had put her body into exhaustion, putting her into a coma. A rare illness had rendered all healing magic useless and medicine had no effect. What a tragedy.

She must've only been in her mid-teens at the most. Her appearance laying there in bed was at least peaceful compared to the past few days, the sign of pain nowhere to be seen. Her blonde hair inherited from her mother, clinging to her damp forehead, and her blue eyes staring at her mother. It was as if she was a smaller version of her mother. Wait... Staring?

"Don't leave me too!"

"What..."

"Huh?", flinching from the sudden sound from her daughter, she couldn't stop but freeze.

How can this be? Her heart stopped, how is she able to open her eyes and speak?

“A miracle... A miracle has happened!”,

“Oh my baby, don’t scare me like that!”. A joyous scene, a drastic contrast to a few minutes earlier unfolded before me. Hugging her daughter that has come back from the dead, her tears flowed like a waterfall. My eyes were too, starting to tear up. Until the next words stopped them in their tracks.

“Who are you?”

The first thing I saw when I woke up was a crying woman. I didn’t know who she was but she held onto me nevertheless. The next was a man. He must have been a priest or something similar according to his clothes.

But the most shocking thing was my body. I was sure I died so how come I’m laying in bed with these strangers watching over me. My body still felt like I was dying but compared to actually dying, it was nothing.

Moving my hand revealed another shocking view TKedit. It was smaller. Smaller than the hand I had before. A sudden feeling of unease came over me. Whose body is this? Where am I? And “Who are you?”, even my voice wasn’t the same.

Holding a bowl of porridge its warmth seeped into my hands. The grayish color didn’t invite one to have an appetite, although the steam wafting up to my nostrils turned that thought around real fast. A subtle sweetness enveloped my tongue as I ate under the watchful eye of the woman from before. The priest had after examining me excused himself, saying he had something important to do, whereas the woman had prepared some food. Good as it was, this body couldn’t finish the whole bowl. Leaving a bit over half left.

“How is it?”, she said, smiling at me.

“It’s good”

“Im glad, I used to make it for you whenever you got sick”

Patting my head, I couldn’t help but stare at her. She was supposedly my mother. A pretty and blonde woman with brilliant blue eyes reminiscent of a cloudless blue sky. Her appearance made one wonder if she really was a mother, her age doesn’t show at all.

According to my new mother my name was Esther, 14 years old, and I had been a frail and sickly child since birth. It was especially bad this time putting me on the

edge of death, evident by a priest stopping by. When asked about why a priest would visit us, Victoria, my mother, said only priests could use healing magic, but that it had no effect on me.

Magic. I suppose it makes sense seeing as I inhabited a new body. This country was called TKcountryname which I've never heard of before. The answer I got from asking which year it was solidified my suspicions, year 563 of the empire. This wasn't earth as I knew it.

Three days have passed since I've taken over Esther's body. Everything feels... normal. I wake up, eat some food, talk to Victoria, fall back into sleep, and then wake up for another meal when she comes back from work. My body aches less for each day but my restlessness grows by the same amount. I've never felt this long before. My previous life didn't have time for that.

"Mom I have a question", it was still awkward to call someone that. It made me shy for no reason.

"What is it?", I had asked her dozens of questions these last few days. It was honestly amazing how she answered all of them. She must really believe that I was her daughter and had lost my memories. Sorry, but your daughter is probably dead.

"Do I have a dad?", where was he leaving his sick daughter and wife alone.

"Oh, didn't I tell you yet? Your father is out hunting monsters to earn gold", I could see in her eyes how she adored him.

"Monsters? Aren't they dangerous?"

"Your father is stronger than you think. Why do you think I've married him", sticking her nose in the air praising her husband, I couldn't help but let out a little chuckle.

"When is he coming back?"

"He should be heading back now, tomorrow should be the day."

"Do you think he will be glad to see me?"

"Why do you say that?", her hand patted me as she sat on the edge of the bed. It felt oddly comforting.

"I don't remember him at all", she made that same face whenever I said I couldn't remember something. Anxiousness, but quickly put on a smile as if to reassure me.

"It doesn't matter, we love you all the same, and we can always make new memories", she said, pulling me into a hug. My mother seemed to like hugs.

Chapter 2

I could hear the front door open downstairs and a manly voice rang out. My mother was talking to him when suddenly footsteps sprinted up the stairs.

"Esther!" A man barged into the room. The first thing I noticed were his clothes. Leather armor outfitted with metal plates and clinking on his belt was a genuine sword.

"Oh, I shouldn't have left you!" He held my hand, pressing it against his head as he knelt by the bed. I could smell something familiar coming from him. It was a smell I knew all too well; the smell of blood.

"Are you my father?"

"Oh my Goddess it was true!" His eyebrows scrunched together as he seemed ready to cry. Not expecting him to answer, I looked toward my mother for the answer. She had entered the room after him and was consoling her husband.

"Say hello to your father, dear."

He was a handsome man. His sharp jawline was devoid of hair and his obsidian eyes were looking at me warmly under his jet-black hair.

My mother explained to him how after he left for the expedition, she had to call over a priest to heal me. And as it did not work, she had nearly given up hope, before I opened my eyes.

My mother explained to him what had happened after he had left for the expedition. How the priest had said to prepare for a ritual right before I opened my eyes.

"I knew those people were quacks!" He bellowed.

"Watch what you are saying!"

"How else wouldn't healing magic not work! They must have sent an unqualified priest!" He looked like one of the demon paintings I had seen in the temple.

"I don't know either, but please calm down", she pleaded with him. It was only then that he noticed the situation. He hadn't even taken his armor off.

He took a moment to collect himself. "So she doesn't remember anything?"

"That's right she didn't even remember me..." Victoria couldn't stop her emotions from surfacing, breaking out into a sob.

"Oh honey, come here", now it was the wife's turn to be consoled.

I watched them absentmindedly. I had no reason to feel guilty. Esther, are you watching? How am I supposed to act in this situation?

A new day welcomed me as the rays of sun lit up the room and woke me up. A pleasant smell of plants filled the room. My mother had fallen asleep while watching over me again. She looked exhausted, although the smile on her sleeping face indicated otherwise. Sitting there under the light, the dust being lit looked like stars circling around her.

I better get better soon.

From the conversations I could hear the last few days, the main topic seemed to be about money. The priest had refused payment, stating that he couldn't accept payment for something the Goddess herself did. But our funds were trickling out with the amount of medicine being bought.

Feeling particularly well in this body today, I decided to snoop around the house a bit. Sneaking past my mother, I went out of the room, careful not to wake her up. The first thing I wanted to see was a mirror. I still haven't seen myself. I figured the most likely place other than this room would be Esther's bedroom. I had actually been using my parents' room ever since I woke up.

Opening the door, a cozy room greeted me. A bed half the size of the one I've been using, a desk with a matching chair under a window pointing towards the forest in the distance. I searched around the desk and found some books placed haphazardly on top. They were all about plants and their effects on the body. Although I had never seen the alphabet being used in these books, I could still understand their meaning. Was this a form of magic?

Feeling tired, I waddled out of Esther's room and went back into bed, having not achieved my goal.

Victoria woke up and stretched her arms toward the air. "Good morning, sweetie. Did you sleep well?" Her headpats always felt oddly pleasant.

I nodded.

"It looks like your dad is cooking something good." A delicious scent had filled the house while I did my investigation.

Reflected in the puddle was a face resembling Victoria staring absentmindedly at me. She was pretty.

My body had gotten much better the past week with all the rest and food. Today I finally got permission to venture outside. Yesterday's rain had wet the garden, covering every blade of grass with droplets.

"Esther!", mother was calling from the kitchen window, "Want to give me a hand with breakfast?"

"Coming!"

Standing up still got me a bit lightheaded, which had become familiar by now.

It was yesterday that mom suggested I help her with cooking by cutting some vegetables. She probably suggested that seeing that all I did was lie in bed reading the few books available.

"Here cut these carrots into cubes, want me to show you how it's done?". It seemed she had gotten used to my amnesia, often asking me whether I knew something or not.

"I think I got it"

It had been a while since I last held a knife. Gripping it with each of my fingers wrapping around the handle, I felt the weight of the knife in my hand. I couldn't help but involuntarily frown a little. This was a terrible knife.

"Is it too heavy?" My mother seemed to misunderstand my inner thoughts.

"No, it should be fine." It was not fine. The balance point was in an unideal position, making one use more energy than needed. And not to mention the nicks on the edge of the blade.

Despite my inner complaints, I still made quick work on the carrots, cutting them into suitable pieces. I had eventually taken over the kitchen while living in the temple. I had originally wanted to just make something to give the monks, but upon seeing my knifework, asked me to help in the kitchen whenever I had time.

"Did you get better at cutting vegetables?" Did I show too much?

"You must have gotten it from me, my daughter is so talented!" She couldn't help but gush and gave me a squeeze.

"Mom, I'm holding a knife." Mom, mom, mom. I don't think I will ever get comfortable saying that three-letter word.

"Sorry, sorry, you're just so lovely!"

"Are these stars?" Victoria studied one of my pieces. "Pretty cute..."

"I think they taste better as stars." I placed the knife down.

"Hmm", she pondered my statement. "Come here!"

A full on hugging attack.

"How is my daughter this cute!" Sometimes, I don't really understand Victoria. Nonetheless, whenever she hugged me I couldn't help but feel a bit happier.

Setting the table for three, my father came down the stairs groggily.

"What's for breakfast today?" He asked, slumbering toward his seat at the end.

"Vegetable stew and fried potatoes". We were now all seated. "Phew, you better wash up afterwards. I can practically smell the alcohol coming from you, how many did you have yesterday"

"I didn't even get to take a sip, some guy spilled his whole cup all over me". He lifted his spoon toward his mouth. "Wow, is it just me or did your cooking get better lately?"

"It's a secret ingredient I found lately", my mother smirked mischievously, as he inhaled the bowl of stew.

"Poison is it?"

"What nonsense! Why would I poison the same food as Esther and I are eating"

"She didn't deny it...", my father murmured to me.

"What you are tasting is the talents of your daughter. She has helped me in the kitchen lately."

"Really? She did feel more mature lately, but to think my child is now all grown up...", fake-wiping his fake tears, he gave me a few pats.

"I should give a gift to my now all grown up daughter, say it and it shall become yours", he said theatrically, eliciting a chuckle out of his wife.

"I don't really need anything"

"She really did go and grow up..." Father slumped his shoulders. "How about this?" Rummaging through his pockets, he pulled out a silver coin.

"Isn't that a bit much, honey? You could buy a day's worth of food with that"

"And that's not all", leaving the table, he came back with a book in hand.

"I heard you were interested in monsters." It was a monster lexicon.

"Whoah, thanks!" I could finally see what the monsters looked like.

"So my daughter likes monsters more than money, noted"

"Where do you keep finding these books? Aren't they expensive?"

"Don't worry, I got this for less than that silver coin"

Flipping through a few pages, I understood why my mother didn't worry too much about her husband going out and slaying monsters. Each page had a picture and a description of a monster. A rabbit with antlers, a deer with four eyes and other animals with an assortment of features either added or subtracted. Well, I guess you could call these weird beasts monsters.

"Speaking of which, you know the people I met yesterday? They had a really good job offer for us. I'm sure a lot of money will be paid out."

"Really? Who are they?"

He explained how some people from out of town had come here to find something, and needed people to show them the way. They wouldn't give more details until they finalized the contract.

"We won't have to worry about money for a while if my gut instinct is correct!"

"This sounds too good to be true", my mother seemed suspicious, "I've never heard of guarding duty being well paid"

"Well, by the way she was acting, it seemed like the leader was a noble. I would know"

"That makes sense..."

I guess nobles need more protection than necessary. Anyway, how should I spend this silver coin?

Chapter 3

"Hey kid, you want to buy something?"

I was currently standing in front of a toady looking street vendor selling meat skewers. I haven't had grilled meat in a while so following the smell I arrived at this place.

"Go ask your parents if you've got no money"

Three coppers for a skewer. That's nearly half of my silver coin. I didn't really like to use money on things like food, but maybe an exception could be made this time. Wiping my drool, I was about to open my coin pouch tied to my waist which my mom sewed for me.

"Do you want me to buy you one sweetie?" Mom had finally arrived with her considerably fatter pouch.

"Yeah, can I get one?"

The meat tasted amazing, a bit gamey maybe. I wonder what meat it is, maybe it was the deer like monster I read about.

"Is this from the four-eyed deer monster?"

"Oh you know about them monsters, kid? You should probably know monsters aren't edible"

"I heard they were poisoned by the goddess to protect us", mom added.

"Really?", the meat had vanished. "Wouldn't it be good to get more food?"

"Worry about yourself, kid. All bones and no muscle, here take another one, on the house". The vendor eyed my mom suspiciously.

“You’re too kind, mister! Remember to say thanks Esther”

“Thanks, mister vendor. I’m thin because I’m always sick”, I had to protect mom’s honor.

“Whatever, scurry off now”, the vendor shooed us away grumpily.

“Thanks, Esther”. A smile suited her better.

With two empty skewers in hand, I accompanied my mom to buy stuff for our house. Arriving in front of a shop.

“Why don’t you wait on the bench over there, this will probably take a while”, where she pointed to was a bench being shaded by a big tree.

“Don’t you need help?”

“I appreciate the thought, but aren’t you tired?” I wonder how she knew. I thought I was hiding it pretty well. Nodding to her comment I went to the bench.

“Come find me if there is anything!” shouted my concerned mother.

Sitting on the bench and people watching was pretty interesting. There were some guards with leather armor and spears patrolling here and there. People were haggling to the vendors but the most striking were the different hair colors. Red, blue, green a bunch of colors littered the heads of the passerbys.

“What’s a young lady like you doing here? Never seen you here before”

A young lady, wasn’t that a title to be used for nobles or important people? Well I did wear a pretty fancy dress and hat. Anyway, who’s this kid?

“I’m not a young lady, my name is Esther. And I’ve never seen you before either”

“Is that so? I’m Eric, I live in that house over there”, he was pointing to the house next to the shop my mom was in. “I’m 14”

Is this how you are supposed to introduce yourself?

“I live outside town, I’m 13”

“Hah, looks like I’m older than you”, he was practically showing off his teeth with the way he is smiling.

“Are you lost or something?”

“I’m waiting for my mom”.

“I see”, said the boy and took a seat beside me. He was a whole head higher than me.

“This is boring, wanna go and play?” It hadn’t even been a full minute.

“Mom said not to go with strangers”

Well Victoria wasn’t the one who said this but the point still stands, I think.

“I’m not a stranger, I know your name and you know mine. Oh I know”, the boy was rummaging in his bag, eventually taking out something wrapped.

“Dad said to give a gift to make someone their friend. Here it’s dried fruit”

Dried fruit. Sugar. I read in the books that sugar was pretty rare and fruit were therefore expensive.

Putting one piece in my mouth it began to burn with how sweet it was. Sorry mom, but this is too good.

“There, we’re now friends”

“Is that how that works?”, I said, sneaking another piece into my mouth.

“Hey, don’t take all of them!”, what a shame, he took them away.

“Who’s this Esther? A new friend?”. Mom walked to us with a bag in her arms.

“Yeah, he gave me some dried fruit”.

“Did he now? Well thank you for that”. Victoria was really pretty when she smiled.

“O-oh it was no problem. My name is Eric. I live over there”. Whoah, his face nearly turned into the same color as his hair.

“Mom, can I go play with Eric for a bit?”

“Hmm, sure. Meet us by the fountain on the next bell, okay? I will go find your father in the meanwhile”

“You heard her, lets go Eric”

“Oh, sure”

I took the lead with Eric in tow while mom gave us a wave. Mom, you shouldn't smile like that to other men besides dad.

“Hey where are you going, that's the wrong way”

“Really? I don't even know where I'm going”

“Weirdo” Eric gave me a funny look. “This way. There's a bunch of us playing over there”.

Snaking around some alleys and streets, we arrived into a clearing, meeting a group of kids talking and running around.

“Hey guys! A brought another one to play with”

“Eric!” a girl came running up to us. “I told you to stop bringing over random kids!”, she said grumpily.

“I befriended her this time, isn't that fine? Anyway she looked pretty bored so I brought her”. Rubbing his nose, it looked like he thought he did something heroic.

“Ugh, well what's done is done. I'm Karrie by the way”.

Tilting my head up to move my sunhat from blocking my view, nothing could have prepared me for the face on the girl greeting me.

“What? What are you doing here?”, I'm supposed to ask you that.

“You know her?”

“She's my neighbor. Did you get sick again? Haven't seen you around lately”

Chestnut-brown hair done in a short bob, a pair of brown eyes and above them, two thin eyebrows framing her face. A vivid image of her laying in a casket filled my head. There was no mistaking it, the name was different but this was definitely *her*.

“Hello? You home?”, a hand appeared in front of me, waving back and forth.

“Oh, sorry. Nice to meet you, I'm Esther. I live outside of town”.

“What kind of greeting is that supposed to be? And I already know who you are.”
Tilting her head to the side. Her eyebrows seemed to question me.

“Is that so? Sorry, I lost my memories a few days ago. I don’t really remember anyone”

“Are you joking? How’s that possible”

“I don’t know, the priest examining me didn’t know either”

“You called a priest? Must have been serious then...”

“Whoah, that’s so cool!” Jumping into the conversation was a smiling Eric.

“Did you remember your parents?”

“Hey! What are you saying!”. Seeing her slap Eric on the back resurfaced some old memories.

“Oh, when I woke up, I just saw this pretty lady looking at me”

“Yeah, she’s really pretty!”. Eric said, rubbing his back. This brat should get hit more.

I don’t look the same, but I should decide what to do after confirming whether she was in the same situation as me. How should I test her?

“And then what happened?”

“Hey quit it, look how sad she is getting!”

Did I? Well this works.

“I don’t really want to talk about it, can’t we play something instead?”

“Oh right, you said something so shocking I forgot. Any ideas?”

“Well, there’s only three of us for now-”

“Wow, you gonna ditch the others?”

“They only do tiring stuff, I don’t want to get all sweaty in this weather. You know anything interesting to do, Esther?”

“I don’t remember”

"Wow... I bet you use that often", Eric said incredulously. Karrie glanced at me and couldn't help but agree.

Ridiculous as it sounds, it was the truth, or more correctly, I didn't know any games. Having never had the chance to play with others, remembering games or fun things to do was just wasted energy I could instead use to survive. Well, there was one game I was subjected to against my will.

"How about truth or dare?", I spat out.

"You serious?" They said in tandem.

"Sorry, that was a joke..."

Chapter 4

"Well I see you still make bad jokes..."

"How about a guessing game?" Karrie's idea seemed to be perfect for a test.

"That sounds fun, I draw something and the first one to guess what it is gets a point". A picked up a stick nearby before Eric shot down this suggestion too.

"Well I guess that works"

Let's start with something easy first. A circle for the body and head, a triangle for the beak and wings, and some lines for the feet. Scribbled into the dirt was a bird.

Eric and Karrie seemed deep in thought as they stood there pondering.

"Uhm, Esther?", Eric broke the silence, it looks like he will get the first point.

"I have no idea what these shapes are supposed to represent".

"Yeah, you're worse than I thought..."

"What are you guys talking about, it's obviously a bird", I couldn't help but feel a bit indignant.

"Look, there's the beak and the wings, and these lines are the feet"

"I still don't see it", said Eric.

"Me neither", agreed Karrie.

Are they stupid? And I thought Karrie disliked Eric, why is she agreeing to everything he says!

"Well, let's see how much better you are then", I said, practically shoving the stick to Eric. "You guys get zero points!".

"I don't remember you being this sore of a loser, Esther"

I'm not a sore loser.

"Okay, I got it". With a practiced hand, Eric began drawing in the dirt. First there was a square and then a-

"A sword"

"Correct! A point to Karrie".

"What, he didn't even finish it yet"

"It's obvious if you have played this before". Realising what she just said, clamped her mouth shut.

"Hmpf. Let me try again"

Getting permission from skipping her turn, Eric gave back the stick to me. I was just testing the waters, what I really wanted to do was check whether Karrie had memories of her past life or not.

Ann, aren't you supposed to be dead, I wrote it in a language only us could understand. I watched her face as she looked at what I drew.

"Esther", she called my name hesitatingly.

"What is it, Karrie?"

"I think we should switch games, we will get no points at this point..."

Hey! It wasn't supposed to be a drawing! Detecting only pity in her expression, I couldn't help but rule out her having memories of our previous lives.

Upon my insistence, Eric and Karrie agreed to play a few more rounds. The sun in the sky had dipped a bit at this point and the air was getting noticeably cooler. It was on my fourth drawing that the bell rang in the distance, signaling the end of our playing. The other kids seemed to also wrap up their games.

I grit my teeth. "This game sucks." I threw the stick to the ground.

"Maybe we should have done something else?" Karrie was standing there with 4 points to her name. "Are you heading back too?"

"Aw, shucks. Esther, you should play with us next time too. I can't believe you got zero points." He pointed at me and laughed with his stupid winner-smile. He managed to get 5 points.

I marched out of there, stomping my feet in the process, only to have the both of them follow me.

Not wanting to talk to him anymore, I started my march towards the town square. The only problem being the winding alleys and streets all looked the same. My march got halted after a few stumps.

"That's the wrong way, Esther. The fountain is this way." He smirked at me.

Karrie joined us as Eric led the way and so the three of us began our journey through the alleys. Chatting along the way were the two of them, their topics ranged from this to that. Occasionally, I gave an affirmative "Yes" or "I see" pretending to listen as I focused all my strength in my feet instead. They were aching from the sudden increase in walking.

"Hey did you hear about the dead people popping up?" I perked my ears towards Karrie.

"I did see that there were more guards than usual lately"

"Finn said that his dad would get a huge amount of money if he were to catch him"

"That sounds serious", Eric put his hand to his chin, "how much are we talking about?"

"He said 5 gold coins!" Karrie gestured with her hands.

"Oh my goddess", feigning shock he said, "and so, you really believe him?"

"Well..."

He shrugged his shoulders. “I can’t remember the last time he said something that was true”

“You have a point...”

The fountain came into view as we rounded a corner. Mother had met up with father and were currently talking to a woman. Judging by her bow strapped to her back, it must have been one of the hunters in father’s group.

“Miss Victoria!” Karrie shouted. “We brought Esther back”

Turning her head to having her name being called, she smiled upon seeing us. “Goodness, there’s a whole group of you now.” I could hear Eric mumbling my mother’s name.

“Oh my, how cute. Are these all your children?” The woman with the bow asked.

“As if, one is more than enough for us”, father crouched down, meeting me at my eye level. “Did you make new friends already?”.

“Yeah, this is Eric and Karrie”

The woman looked at me and then my mother. “I see the resemblance. Nice to meet you, I’m Ravel, I work with your dad.”

“Hello, I’m Esther, I live out of town.” My introduction got a chuckle out of her.

“I suppose it is time for the children to head back, same time next week?”

Father confirmed and Ravel left us, blending through the crowd of people.

“I better leave before I get scolded again. See you guys next time, you time miss Victoria!”, Tk eric leaves

“What a charming boy. Did you come alone today, Karrie? Want to head back with us?”

“If you don’t mind”

With Karrie and I at the front, we began our journey home. It was a wonder how much she could talk by herself. At least she looked happy chatting away. If only she could hear my inner thoughts.

What would happen if I just killed her again? But she wasn't Ann at the moment. Honestly, it was pretty fun playing with them. It was a new experience. It wouldn't hurt to just observe her, I thought to myself, staring at her mouth rapidly opening and closing.

We arrived at her house. It looked similar to ours, standing there in the distance.

"I had fun today, let's play together again. See ya!"

My parents said that they would come visit when the time allowed it, saying farewell to Karrie's mother, who had come to scold her daughter.

"Was she one of those people who had that idea you were talking about?"

He adjusted the grip on the bag. "Ravel? Yeah, I can't really tell you all the details." Ravel had apparently found a treasure map and needed some experienced people that knew the lay of the land. He said no one knew this place better than his group and that was why she approached them.

"I don't know about this idea of hers, doesn't it sound dangerous?"

"How about this", he tried to reassure her, "I will tell my men to run if I immediately sense any danger. This is too good of an opportunity to pass up!" He planted a kiss on the back of her hand. Reluctantly, my mother agreed.

Getting tucked in by my mother became a routine after I moved rooms. It still felt awkward as I laid there, the blanket covering half of my face.

"Did you have fun today?"

I nodded.

It was a bit of a commotion when my legs gave out and father had to carry me the rest of the way. She had fretted about the house blaming herself for not taking better care of me. It wasn't until father comforted her saying that none of it was her fault, that a child had to fall to learn how to pick themself up.

My mother patted my stomach as she sat there with a somber expression.

"I drew a bird today"

"Really?"

"They said that I had talent"

"Of course, my daughter is the most talented person in the world." She planted a kiss on my forehead.

Her mood always changed whenever something happened to me. Happy, when something good happened. Sad, when something bad happened. Apparent even to me, I could see how much she loved her daughter. I must be a better daughter so that she won't be sad so often.

She left the room, seeing as my eyes drooped. Today was really tiring. I met someone who already knew Esther, someone who didn't know her and even got to play with other kids for the first time. The skewers were good and the thought of the sugary dried fruit made the corners of my mouth turn up a bit.

About to fall asleep, a sudden realization hit me like a truck. I had forgotten my main goal today. Laying on top of my desk was my pouch still filled with the 10 copper coins I got. The whole point of following my mother to the town today was to spend them. I had forgotten something I had set out to do. That fact was shocking. This had never happened before. I couldn't tell if this was a good or a bad sign.

Tomorrow, I would spend some money tomorrow, whatever it took.

Chapter 5

Sitting in the church, I couldn't help but feel a little irked as I stared at the marble statue of the Goddess. Today was the day of the Goddess, the seventh day of the week. I had planned to spend all day in town finding something interesting to buy, when my mother told me to get ready to go to church.

Hearing the headpriest preach, I couldn't help but be taken aback

"The goddess has bestowed to us these five commands! You shall not take another's life! You shall not steal! You shall not commit adultery! You shall not utter falsehood! And the last and worst of them! You shall not ingest intoxicants.

TK tell the story of the man getting drunk and breaking all the commands.

TODO: edit chapter 2 and 3

