

## *Dream of Fire*

Swift Feet found himself, rifle in hand, staring at the twitching abomination that was the Father Apostle.

Kiralyf shouted over the raging crowd,  
“Swift Feet, we need to take him through the sewers, we won’t get spotted that way!”

Swift Feet looked away from Kiralyf, and towards the firey glow of the Apostles’ Temple.

“No, I have a better idea.”

Swift Feet walked back up the stairs of the Temple, removing his Office 9 robes as he got closer.

Once he reached the fires, he cast his robes into them.

As he watched the robes turn to ash, the flames began to stand still.

A voice echoed from all around,

“Your actions bring great significance, Swift Feet.”

Swift Feet looked around him, and saw nothing was moving but him. He looked up to the sky, and saw a fogless sky that had stars completely different than the ones he learned in his training.

He looked back to the Temple, and saw the source of the voice, a golden butterfly sitting atop a peak in the flames.

“You have found yourself walking a fine line.

On one hand, you can help smite a scourge from the face of the land and bring change to its people.

On the other, you can bring a whole city down to defend the status quo.”

Swift Feet felt his heartbeat pounding in his head, his mind struggling to comprehend what the voice and image before him was.

“What are you?”

“Do you not remember? Then go, and remember.”

As the voice said this, the world around Swift Feet began to crumble, his

field of view shirinking before coming to nothingness.

Swift Feet awoke in his bed.  
His mind burned with curiosity.