THE DARK NORTH

THE LONELY PHANTOM

You return to life at the bonfire once again after feeling the icy cold brush of death against your soul. Your purpose still anchors you though and your mind remains clear and whole. Perhaps this time you should seek help from another world before returning to the battlefield. You remember the soapstone that the strange penguin gave you. He had mentioned that he could be of assistance should you ever feel the need for some jolly cooperation. The poor penguin had seemed terribly lonely out there on the icy battlements, but he had insisted that he was fine and that he simply enjoyed the feeling of the snow falling on him, likening it to an embrace. You turn the soapstone over in your hooves.

With your equinity returned you seek tirelessly for the mark of the penguin and eventually find it in a small corner in a room just before the lair of Storm Call. The mark seems to push out little bits of snow as it glows with a warm white radiance. You summon the penguin from his world and he joins you in a few moments, his tiny form clad in leather and his flipper clutching two daggers. He follows you into the decrepit arena where Storm Call waits for you.

Storm Call moves swiftly towards you with sword drawn and his horn glowing bright with pale blue light, but he stops cold when he sees the phantom you brought with you. The phantom penguin continues walking until he comes to within a meter of the fallen knight and then does something exceedingly peculiar, he bows. The fallen knight is stunned for a moment but he eventually sighs sadly and returns the bow. The penguin retreats to your side and the battle begins anew.

Knight Storm Call focuses almost entirely on the phantom and only acknowledges your presence with a few hasty slashes of his huge great sword when you come close. The phantom penguin leaps around him with incredible agility, avoiding his strikes but never turning his daggers to the knight. Storm Call attacks the penguin with vigor and ferocity that he had never shown in your encounters with him, it almost seemed as if he feared the tiny penguin. Then in a movement you could only vaguely follow, the phantom penguin launched a steel missile into the knight’s leg, tripping him for a few moments. The penguin followed through quickly with his remaining dagger, slicing the throat of the knight with one smooth movement. The fallen knight sputtered and tried to use a blast of magic to push the penguin away but the second dagger had already slipped through his armor and into his chest. Storm Call fell gracelessly to the floor and the energy collected around his horn slowly faded to nothing. The phantom penguin stood over the corpse for a few moments before embracing it and disappearing shortly after.