

Suddenly, Joseph awoke from his nightmare. It was midnight and raining, the forest's trees offering little protection from the water. He sighed, the dreams were getting worse as he got further away from home. He hadn't come to terms with what happened yet, the screams in his dreams worse than the ones heard weeks earlier, just before he ran from the doomed town. Why had he been such a coward? He could have helped, he could have saved somebody, anybody. He was just too afraid.

Joseph started to pack up his camp, fairly simple because of how rushed he was. He equipped his armor, a simple chain mail for a simple squire, and got on his horse, a white nag from one of the local farms. He knew the owner, a simple old man named Friedrich. He didn't see the aged corn farmer anywhere near the barn where the horse was in, Joseph hoped he wouldn't mind, if he could.

Joseph cleared his mind of the townsfolk, knowing that the more he remembered, the more it'd hurt. He got up on the nag, and spurred her on away from the smoking village. Where he was going he didn't know. As far away from his old village as possible, he hoped.

The forest was calm, the animals of the forest hiding from the rain above. The trees wavered slightly in the wind, and all the flowers were beaten down by the earlier downpour. Some mushrooms scattered around the forest floor glowed in the darkness, a light bluish coming from them. The shadows cast by the glow made Joseph nervous, he kept his hand on the rusted blade he had grabbed as he ran from the horror of his towns end. He sighed and pressed on, hoping to arrive somewhere that would help him forget. Anything to forget.