

Not Participating : Round 7 : Music

Let's do a more musical one for this round, you have to pick three songs of your own choice (link them), make nods or references to said song in your story, this must be conveyed as clearly as you can.

However, there are two rules; your story, this time, must be more than one paper (front & back). So no super short stories. Fill 'em up and write on.

Your selected songs cannot be fully instrumental without words (for you cheeky peeps, mumbled hymns and hums count as well, so no), must also be easy to hear the lyrics (if I have to pull out the lyrics to keep up? No bueno. Doesn't count if I'm checking lyrics for reference, I mean it more in a sense I can't understand what is being said and I have to go with the lyrics)

NP : Round 6: Prompts

1. jazz, midnight, adventure, yellow
2. detective, dusk, fantasy, red
3. vampire, sunset, horror, gray
4. fire, noon, drama, blue
5. detective, evening, romance, emerald
5. monster, sunrise, comedy, purple
6. baker, morning, adventure, velvet
7. demon, midnight, romance, green
8. boat, noon, fantasy, cerulean
9. rock, sunrise, comedy, blue
10. ascension, midnight, mystery, gray
11. ocean, dawn, fantasy, fuchsia

Incomplete : Round 5: Friendly Interference

Trigger Warning: Character's dealing with cancer, and it's an ambiguous end, so it alludes to both potentially dying, or dealing with the consequences of having cancer

Note: I haven't personally, nor had anyone close to me, have gone through having cancer. It was something that, in my mind, fit the story best, but I am no expert, and it's all for the story, so very heavy medical inaccuracies and behaviour from doctors they probably wouldn't do, I

imagine, so take it all with a grain of salt- this is more meant as an exploration of emotion and the prompt 'running out of time' than something accurate and true to real life

Concept/Brain Dump:

- Odyssey timeline/order of events
- 5 Stages of Grief
- **someone that's running out of time**
- Some kid realising they got cancer, going through a bucket list with the friends because they want to enjoy the last moments they got, only telling friends at end [Timeline sake- Ody killing the Suitors]
- First time it comes up [some sort of trial]: kid's hurt their wrist, presumably from the tetris tournament, so they're getting a brace or something that'll align to symptoms of pain in the arm, talking to their dad/parents about it
- Trials commence, which allows them to cycle through different stages of grief (denial, anger, bargaining, depression, acceptance - not always in order, and not always just once)
- Stuck in depression for a while, until their fav teacher goes up to them to talk about it [Calypso -> Phaeacians]
- Phaeacians = teacher/counselor to whom the kid explains the whole deal before the teacher says like "hey, maybe enjoy these last moments, just so that you're fulfilled before you go to hospital and have the time to tell your friends what's going on"
- Telling friends/bucket list = Homecoming shenanigans with suitors and penelope
- Ends with them going to hospital for their final option- they could make it out alive but having gone through major surgery, or they die because the cancer's spread too far already

Round 4: Songs from Nightbane

Songs:

[Into The Night](#)

[The Gates of Time](#)

She should've expected this day to take a turn after the ravens had turned up in the morning. Her father had always said nothing good ever happens when the ravens show themselves.

Jasper had been due to update the outpost on his findings last week, but Cordelia had yet to hear from him. Restless, she waited by the docks, hoping to catch news of her friend, but it wasn't until the sun had set behind distant storm clouds that a young messenger caught her by the arm and, with a solemn pat on the back, handed over a letter. It didn't bode well if Pearl was down about the contents.

The letter certainly didn't brighten Cordelia's day; one of their scouts had seen a storm pass over Jasper's path, and when the clouds had cleared, there was no ship to be found, just wooden planks and supply barrels floating on the waves.

"Pearl, gather the crew." Cordelia turned on her heels and started back up towards the community house, Pearl hurrying after her.

"But Delia, it's turning dark, and the storm's headed our way, wouldn't it be best to wait?"

"Either you get that crew here within the hour, or I'm leaving alone. I'm getting our Captain back, storm and darkness be damned."

—

"The ship's taking on water! Captain, what do we do?"

That was Eki's voice, but it couldn't be, they were on the Kleos. What were they doing here?

"Eki?"

"Incoming! Hold on gang, we're getting back home if it's the last thing we do."

Jasper!

The darkness was shattered by the flash of lightning, and the rumble of thunder drowned out the sound of chaos, but through it all, Cordelia could see Jasper standing on the other side of the ship, shouting his orders in hope they cut through the noise and panic.

"Brace!"

—

"-lia? You ok?"

Cordelia startled awake to the feeling of hands shaking her shoulders and a swaying deck below her.

“Hey, you alright? You were muttering, we weren’t sure if we should wake you or not.” Danny’s face filled her vision, concern evident as he crouched beside her, Pearl at his side. The combined efforts of the moon and lanterns lit the deck and Cordelia glimpsed a few of the crew milling about before turning back to the awaiting Pearl and Danny, who were exchanging *a look*.

“I’m fine, thank you. Just a nightmare. Where are we at?”

“About two or three hours out from the wreckage, might be a bit longer if we’re working around the storm though,” Pearl replied.

“Wonderful. I’ll be in my cabin, come get me when we arrive, I’m sure Cres will be fine taking over watch.”

—

A flash lit up the water above him, highlighting the rising bubbles, and the darkness that awaited him below. Something like a hand brushed the surface of the water, digging around in hope for something to grasp, but Jasper had sunk too far down for them to reach.

“Jasper! Eki, man overboard! Help-”

—

The scout hadn’t lied- even in the hours it had taken for Cordelia to reach Jasper’s last known location, debris remained scattered across the ocean’s surface.

Luckily, or unluckily depending on who you asked, no bodies had yet been found. Cordelia was part of the group hoping the former.

“You better be out there Jasper, I’m coming for you, wherever you are. You can’t get rid of me so easily, you jerk.”

Other songs:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8fHj1P1JX5E>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YkJtQMsFD2o>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iNvhPSxFKxA>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QJOxB9e9jpU>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9OENI50TRFE>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xWRUCnOoHLc>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UrXOmv81ZBo>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8ljdkNaGI6k>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aFCP-frqCPM>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l7W_cCEaDL8
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RRkbg66Sc9I>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u0P1hhFt-nU>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FZKJ03BBQqc>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=56p195k-bfY>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MwfkSZFp2DI>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PHMQeS0zpuo>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xEUey3M0SWE>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TihpLTxDVUg>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=in6dF8Aedns>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6571jtah6Ks>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hfzrRdarnEs>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lcRpz36OVHE>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NujiPWguihw>

Round 3: Character Growth

Background info:

I wrote a collection of short stories based on a D&D character of mine, but I never elaborated more on her backstory. This one kinda explores her relationship with a character she'd met that would eventually become her reason for leaving home. It includes D&D cannon, but it's not necessary to know. Some tidbits that might be handy/cool to know though;

- *The elf is Fey, and has four forms, one for each season. With each form comes a different personality and appearance. Her entirety is "Tanar'ri", but each personality is addressed by their season.*
- *Tanar'ri is 'outcast' in Elvish.*
- *Vespira's hair is cut short when she starts her adventure.*

"So... why is your hair short?"

The elf turned to face her, head tilted to the side, disturbing the snow that had settled there.

"Why is your hair long?" Came a quiet response, one Vespira had come to expect, but disliked all the same.

"Well, mother told me to, of course." She glanced at the snowflakes floating down, pulling her new cloak (one she'd painstakingly made with Autumn's guidance) closer.

"Ah. *Of course.*"

Another lull had Vespira huffing in frustration. She wouldn't say she *hated* Tanar'ri during Winter, but this version of her was much less fun once she'd gotten over the matching hair colours.

"So? Why'd you cut it short?"

Tanar'ri heaved a *Great Sigh*, the kind she'd claimed came with centuries of living. "Ask again another time. I believe Spring or Autumn hold the story you seek."
Vespira almost complained until she caught Tanar'ri's eyes, cold and distant, and remembered Autumn's request the last time they spoke.

Deciding to take a well-deserved break from her lessons, Vespira slumps down into the grass and observes the clouds rolling overhead. Darkness looms on the horizon, signifying the end of autumn, and the approach of chilly wind and endless rain. Speaking of which.

"Why does your Winter have to be so gloomy all the time? She's no fun."

Tanar'ri, in the process of retrieving their waterskins asks, "Do you want an answer you agree with, or an answer that helps?"

Vespira squawks in offense, "That's the same thing, thank you very much!"

"Ah, my mistake, sweetheart," Tanar'ri laughs gently as Vespira huffs, evidently trying to hold on to her displeasure, but folding like a house of cards in the face of affection (they were working on that, with steady encouragement). "Winter holds a heavy burden so the rest of us don't have to. You know of Spring, her eternal cheer and mischief. She is an embodiment of celebration that winter has passed, that new growth is able to flourish. Winter, however, has to deal with the long nights, the hunger that comes with a lack of food. She deals with the parts of my life that I wish to forget. She helps all of us a great deal, and yes, she is dreadfully pessimistic at the best of times, but I hope you can cut her some slack, she's got enough on her plate as is."

A heavy silence sits between them before Vespira speaks up, "What's pessa- pessimistic mean?"

Evidently, this conversation topic was connected to 'those parts that Autumn didn't really want to deal with, so they were dumped on Winter,' so she moved on.

"Right...Well, uh... Spar? I've been trying that shwoopy thing you showed me last time." With a raised brow and a muttered "*shwoopy thing*," Tanar'ri rose, dusted her dark blue robes and put her silver hair in a few small braids. She then gathered the training swords and watched Vespira demonstrate the so-called move before immediately pointing out, "What did I tell you about footwork, Ves."

The next time Autumn arrived was a few weeks later, after Vespira and Tanar'ri had visited the Winter Solstice Festival. There had been enough cheer in the people to pull her out of her gloom and back to normal, for which Vespira was grateful. Winter was nice enough, and very helpful in her combat education, but she missed Autumn's warmth and gentle kindness (she'd always thought such things had to be earned with long, hard dedication and practice, but Tanar'ri made it easy to accept and even easier to love). When they met in the woods at the usual time, Vespira asked, "Why is Winter's hair cut short? She said to ask you, and I wanted to know, cause mother says I should *never, that would be ridiculous, are you kidding*, but Winter does, but she's also the only one of you that does, so do you think it's stupid too?"

"Not at all, it's Winter's choice what she does with herself. Besides, it brings her some semblance of relief, and who am I to take that from her?"

"But.. why would she, when others say it's bad to do?"

"Well, my dear, because it brings her comfort. Over the years, during my travels, I've met many a bard. Each have their own songs and poems, but there are some phrases and messages that you'll find repeated. One such saying spoke of hair, and its ability to hold memories, supposedly. I believe Winter found consolation in finding a physical way to remove some of the weight she carries, of removing some of the bad memories, at least in spirit."

"Oh. That makes sense. Are the memories actually gone?"

"That, I do not know darling, but sometimes, things don't have to be true to find comfort in them."

—

Tanar'ri was gone. They were meant to meet up, same as they had been doing for the last twelve years. There wasn't all that much teaching going on anymore, Vespira returned mostly just to talk. Talk of travels and places to go should she ever be able to leave home, leave her parents. Talk of self-love, something that had developed well with Tanar'ri's open affections, affection that apparently family was supposed to show each other, but Vespira had missed out on. They talked about the future, hopes and dreams and potential realities should they put in the work. And now it was crashing down around her, because *Tanar'ri was gone.*

Some of her things lay scattered across the clearing, the foliage broken, traces of blood left drying on the leaves.

She hadn't gone willingly.

When Vespira checked their hidden stash, she found it all untouched. Abandoned. Their rapiers (Vespira's favoured weapon after a travelling bard weaved a tale of a distant hero with his trusted blade), Tanar'ri's pressed flowers from home, the lute Vespira had been teaching Tanar'ri to play, all of it concealed behind the marigolds they'd planted two years ago for Vespira's twentieth birthday, signifying her coming of age.

Tanar'ri couldn't be gone. Just... lost, hidden. Vespira would find her. She couldn't be gone.

Sometimes, things don't have to be true to find comfort in them.

Round 2- Song

[The Well by The Crane Wives](#)

Hounds running at her heels, Cynthia makes her way through the trees, mindful of the twigs beneath her feet and the winds that carry scents from deeper in the forest.

Crack.

Bringing the dogs to heel, the huntress takes out a bow and carefully moves forward, eyes peeled. '*There it is.*'

The village elders had foretold of a great stag in her future, one of lavender fur and bright eyes. They had told her it would pose a great challenge defeating this beast, but even as she levelled the arrow, it remained in perfect range, unaware of the threat as it grazed the forest floor. With a quiet hiss, the arrow flew, but where Cynthia had expected a thump of victory, it was silent. The deer, unphased, now looked up, directly at Cynthia. Then it turned and bolted.

"Shoot." With a muttered curse, Cynthia sprinted after it. This beast would feed the whole family, maybe even the neighbours. She couldn't lose it, not now that she was close.

At least, she thought she was close, but after running through the foliage, she saw no further glimpses of lilac. What she did see, however, were signs that she neared the forbidden trees. They grew scarcer, the leafless branches grasping for the sky above. She saw rusted wire from the old fences, broken and littered between roots, and ahead the overgrown path beckoned. No one knew what lay beyond, after the forest claimed the old estate, only that those who entered, never returned.

"Damn it." She couldn't continue, she valued her life. She'd try again for the deer another time, for now, she'd have to see what else the dogs could sniff out. Turning back, she beckoned to the hounds and walked quietly behind them, disappearing into the trees. Bright eyes followed her home.

Weeks passed before she saw that glimpse of purple fur in the trees once more. She wasn't hunting this time, rather doing a favour for Mary, the old herbalist that lived down the road. She needed some lavender or peppermint for young Oliver, who had gotten a little too enthusiastic when helping his father and needed something to numb the pain from the cut along his palm.

She was sifting through leaves, trying to distinguish if they were lemon balm or mint when bright eyes filled her peripheral vision. When she turned to look, it stood before her, head tilted and something almost like amusement in its gaze. It was now she realised how eerie this beast truly was; at first glance it seemed normal, but the more she looked, the more *off* it appeared. Eyes edging just a little too expressive for a wild animal and antlers that, while certainly a prize, look more like reaching hands settled *just so*, shifting every so often to correct themselves. It was unnatural, and Cynthia wanted no part in whatever this being was involved in, lest she bring some sort of creepy curse upon herself and her family.

She shifted, slowly, carefully, until she was far enough from the deer *that didn't move, so still it wasn't normal*, that she felt safe enough to stand. Then she turned and fled, feeling the eyes on her back even as her feet hit the gravel paths that led her into the maze of huts outside the forest.

The human kept returning, despite her (at least, he'd assumed this was a her) evident alarm. Hyacinth was amused, and just a little bit interested. Their first meeting had reminded him of his life before, of quiet boots and the soft caress of leaves on his hand. He'd found blooms of yellow in his violet fur after that, jealous of the life she now lived. Their second meeting had left white and pink blossoming to replace the yellow, careful thoughts and playful joy taking up most of his time. He'd been wandering alone for too long, and it left him more lilac than blue as his friendships -if that had ever truly been the case- soured. Here was someone who had shown him colour once more, likely unwittingly, but it gave him hope.

As much as Cynthia attempted to stay away from the stag, she found herself facing it often, to the point she was convinced it was looking for her. Some part of her was uneasy at how little this worried the rest of her, but she found a strange companion in the beast, almost like one of her hounds.

It somehow worried her even less that this strange creature never seemed to remain the same colour, having shifted each time she saw it. At first, she saw smudges of pink, which was usually accompanied by playful gestures- a soft tug on her hair as she was talking, or a nudge as she walked, pushing her into the bushes that surrounded the natural paths. She

noticed spots of white appear when she left for longer than usual- especially in the winter when the woods were more danger than they were worth. Then she noted a shift in the purple, more a periwinkle blue as the deer stayed close to her, notifying her of danger before she saw it. As eerie as this being was, Cynthia found herself looking forward to the time she spent with it- with Hyacinth, the name she used after it had nosed at the flower so insistently she had decided it was of some importance to it.

With Hyacinth, she even explored the fringes of the forbidden trees, finding a beautiful clearing dotted with bluebells and an old empty well near its center. She often returned here with Hyacinth, though she noticed its pelt turned more violet after their visits. They never explored the old mansion, Hyacinth nudging her away every time she so much as neared the overgrown path leading to it.

—

Hyacinth found himself both grateful and terrified of the friendship he had formed with the girl, Cynthia. He especially worried about her love of the well. He refused to glance at the small circle of Forget-me-nots that hid among the bluebells closer to the fallen stones. Their continued presence never ceased to remind him of the moment he fell, handing his name- now long forgotten- to the fox. While he hadn't wanted to die, and believed his friendship with the fox was true, he also hadn't thought that accepting the fox's offer had meant eternity in another body, bound to roam the land but never leave it.

"Making friends, are we, dear brother?" Speak of the devil. Turning, Hyacinth saw the twisted grin and glowing eyes of his supposed friend, perhaps family, if he followed their twisted rules.

"Snapdragon, you stay away from her, you're not getting another one."

The fox cackled, *"Don't worry, I'm perfectly fine with you."*

"We both know that's not true, *brother*," Hyacinth spit out, "I'll say it again, stay away."

"Hm. We'll see."

—

He hadn't stayed away. Moonlight lit the clearing as Hyacinth witnessed Cynthia's blunder- she gave that cursed fox her name. His glowing eyes brightened and when he spoke, power filled each word. Before Hyacinth could rush forward to intervene, Cynthia was little more than motes of moonlight, a swarm of fireflies that were perfect to the point of unnatural.

"I couldn't let you lose your joy, dear brother. A Moonflower has joined the family, how wonderful." Snapdragon had said, before disappearing down the well.

—

The village elders tell the story of a child of the moon. A hunter that lost her way in the forgotten trees and never returned. No one knew what had happened to her, but they had

noticed an influx of fireflies in the woods, guiding lost souls back home in the dead of night, motes of moonlight lighting the way to the safety of the gravel roads.

And when the sun rose, they would disappear deep into the forest, accompanying a stag near a circle of Forget-me-nots, a twin to the circle of flowers on the opposite side of the well.

Round 1- Prompt

13. *"You're an Ancient being with great power, but you'd prefer if no one knew that. You just want the peace and quiet, to do your own thing, or so you hoped..."*

Forgotten Home

It was meant to be a house in the middle of nowhere, forever lost, forever hidden from the bustle of whatever modern life was occurring in the sprawling cities thousands of miles away.

This part of the forest had laid untouched for as long as They had lived there, and truly, They had lost count of the centuries. They had witnessed the growth of the trees and the creatures that roamed as they adapted to survive, though They knew with Their presence here, the grounds had changed very little compared to the land outside, for survival at least. They knew of shifting earth, but it did not shift Their trees. They knew of ice and fire, but it did not touch Their friends, creatures of magic, Changed by Their existence.

They had tried to travel, experience the rest of the planet they called home, but They found nothing compared to this little pocket of peace, erased from the memories of those outside.

At least, that was how it was meant to be.

One day, a new animal from outside entered- one of sentience. It stumbled through the brush, hungry and alone, not aware of how much noise it made, or what sort of power it had passed through. It stopped when it came upon Their clearing, eyes fixed upon Their house, though They understood it likely wasn't much of a home by the creature's standards; it was not made of synthetic stone or burnt sand, but of the land around it- of earth and vine.

Their friends had hidden themselves; as powerful as they were, they did not know what to make of it, neither did They, but something must approach it, to attempt to communicate with it. The Warden was the best choice for that.

"Greetings."

Its eyes moved from the house to Them, wide and brown. Curious. It was scared, it seemed.

"This is not your place to stumble upon. Why are you here?"

At least They knew it could understand Them when it opened its mouth (or what They assumed to be its mouth) to answer, "I-

After that, silence reigned between them. It appeared They would not receive Their answer just yet.

"Very well. How long will you stay?"

"Stay?" How strange. Those without knowledge of Their home could not enter, and yet this... *thing* had done so anyway.

"Yes, stay."

"I... I can stay? Here?"

"You may always remove yourself from my domain, if you so wish, but I will not force you to."

"Your domain? What even are you?" Very peculiar indeed.

"I am the Warden, this is my home, and you, little creature, are defying my understanding of this place. It is quite curious."

"Oh. Um... sorry?"

"Not at all, little one, you appear as confused as I." For a moment, They simply stared at the mortal, all gangly limbs, wild brown fur, and mottled skin. **"Regardless, do you intend to stay?"**

It looked at the sky, as mortals would do, stuck chasing after the sun's journey, needing rest when they can not see it, for their sprints tire them out.

"If that is alright, I might just stay the night. I can't stay long though, they're after me, so I need an early start tomorrow, to get ahead."

Curious.

"Very well."

With a wave of Their hand, another home grows from the earth, a reasonable distance from their own, Their garden between them. "I hope it is to your liking. Inform me if anything disagrees with you- lodging, or food."

Once more, silence descends as its eyes dart back and forth, from Them to the new house.

"I... will."

With that, the Warden watches as the new addition stumbles towards the abode and tries a sample of fruit grown by Their friends among the trees. A curious creature indeed.

There were two houses in the middle of nowhere, forever lost, forever hidden. They did not see the bustle of whatever modern life was occurring in sprawling settlements thousands of miles away.

This part of the forest lay untouched, guarded by Them and Their friends for centuries. They witnessed the growth of the trees and change in the creatures that stayed too long in Their presence. One such creature was It. It had travelled, experienced the rest of the planet It called home, but found nothing compared to Its little pocket of peace, erased from the memories of those outside.

It tended to Their garden with earthen hands, brown and caring, no longer marbled with dulled rainbows. Those that had given It such colours no longer remembered, for they had done so centuries ago. Now, It was the earth, a nurturing cradle for those that needed It, and a steadfast support for Them.

And when a new creature- one of sentience- arrived, stumbling through the brush, hungry and alone, It greeted them as the Caretaker and offered them the choice to stay.

Other prompts:

1. "You're not a human, but you have decided to hide and lay low amongst them. To you, your past is dead, it doesn't matter anymore. Whatever may come now, it is out of your hands, no one must know you're still alive, no one must know your past. But sometimes, as much as you try to stay away from your past, it comes creeping back up when you least expect it..."

2. "You're given a duty onboard a spaceship. You're not the highest ranking, not by your choice despite knowing more than what your rank says. One day your captain and its crew answers a distress call in the outskirts of the borders, farther than you'd normally travel, but something happened, now you find yourself amongst a skeleton crew, your captain is dead..."

3. "You and your childhood friend find yourself amongst opposite sides once the war amongst your clans had started. You tried to avoid combat with your friend, but you can only avoid so long, but there is a possibility of finding a way to end this war, but how..."
4. "In the war of angels versus demons, a war that has lasted for several decades. You're sent out on a mission, a particular target to take out on the other side, but once you find your target, you must admit, there is something about them, you cannot seem to bring yourself to harm them..."
5. "In this apocalyptic world, you find yourself among the ruined cities, the 'infected' as you call them, been growing stronger each day. But you are aware, if you could find and take down their queen, you could possibly end this all..."
6. "In a world where monsters and humans reside, you find yourself, a hybrid, belonging to neither world, too monster for the humans, but too mixed of some species for the monsters themselves, to find any clan to take you in..."
7. "You're an assassin in retirement. It was a job you wanted to wipe your hands clean off of, to finally take a break. But someone you once knew needed some help with something. Its not something you wanted to do, but the issues attached to it made it...unavoidable to not deal with..."
8. "You're a well known, but eccentric scientist, often working amongst interesting potions, you have recently came up with a breakthrough experiment. One of your latest visitors was secretly a saboteur from an opposing company. Someone ended up getting hurt and somehow you're the one to blame..."
9. "You're a high ranking warmonger queen of an clan, you wipe out any who resists. But after losing your child in birth, you find yourself little off than usual. On your next battle, you were going to wipe out a clan, however, their queen, now dead has left a child now motherless. You've taken in the child under your wing. But the child must hopefully never learn of their royal bloodlines, as you are more than aware of a few that escaped during your hesitance..."
10. "You enter a tavern in a village, you intended just to have some food and a drink but now you're stuck on a quest with a few odd companions..."
11. "You're a vampire with quite the history, but you've settled down into a town/village, trying to enjoy some peace and quiet, however, one day you cross path with an intriguing visitor..."
12. "You find an odd device and now you have been thrown into the past, you need to get back to your time, but to do so, you find your escape is hidden amongst enemy territory..."
14. "You're a creature/beast that lives burrowed underground, humans don't like you, but they intrigue you, but they're also so messy and so loud, much too loud for you. You're trying to understand them, but why must they be so loud every time you show yourself..."
15. "You live with a parasitic entity within you. Granted it took you a bit to surface and realize this, your past has been an offish blur. You should find a way to get rid of the parasite but, you also don't really feel like it either..."

Other contestants' entries

Round 1:

[Gravitas](#)

[Frostfal](#)

[Smolblu](#)

[WildAtHeart24](#)

[Hundenelsker](#)

[Hansolo](#)

Round 2:

[Gravitas](#)

[Frostfal](#)

[Smolblu](#)

[WildAtHeart24](#)

[Hundenelsker](#)

Round 3:

[Gravitas](#)

[Smolblu](#)

[WildAtHeart24](#)

[Frostfal](#)

[Hundenelsker](#)

Round 4:

[Smolblu](#)

[Frostfal](#)

[Gravitas](#)

[Hundenelsker](#)

Round 5:

[Smolblu](#)

[Gravitas](#)

[Frostfal](#)

[Hundenelsker](#)

Round 6:

[Frostfal](#)

[Gravitas](#)

[Hundenelsker](#)

Round 7:

Gravitas

- Psycho Love - Skid Row
- Raining Blood - Tori Amos
- Blood, Milk, & Sky - White Zombie

Frostfal

- Lying Beast - Run River North
- Willow Tree March - Paper Kites
- Grow - The Oh Hellos