

*Finally! The town must be just ahead,* Eto thought. Two weeks prior Eto started his journey from the city of Kesh through the mountains towards Alris. *Without that horrible snowstorm I would've been here sooner,* he thought continuing toward the lighted building in the distance, *but better late than never.* Venturing closer, Eto glanced around for the rest of the town, however this appeared to be the only building. *Strange. Is the rest over the ridge? No Matter. I'll just stop in here quick before continuing.* Brushing the snow off his cloak Eto reached for the door and gave it a push, hearing the chime of a bell as he stepped inside.

"Hello? Anyone here?" Eto asked, shutting the door behind. "I'm trying to get to Alris, but I'm unsure..." pausing to glance around only seeing rows of mostly empty dust-covered shelves, "I think I may be lost". *What does this place even sell? It looks abandoned in here.* From the outside the little shop had a very welcoming presence, but inside appeared to be a different story. Walking through the shop, the floor creaking with each step, Eto continued looking at the barren shelves until something caught his eye in the corner. Propped on one shelf was a heavily charred book. *Maybe it's a bookstore... or was one,* as he stepped forward and picked up the book flipping through.

"That book is one of my favorites, though it ends too soon", a small voice from behind Eto startled him. Turning to see a shorter man at the counter. "Oh! I'm sorry to frighten you friend. The name's Lucius, though my friends call me Luci, and I sell the best trinkets around. If you see something you like let me know."

*Trinkets? As in more than just this?* Staring at the book in his hands, "Um... I don't mean to be rude, but I haven't seen anything other than this book."

"Hmm interesting," the man perused the shelves, "It appears that is all, though when people enter my shop they tend to find exactly what they need."

*Why in the world would I need this? Plus, it doesn't appear to even be finished,* flipping through the pages words stopping halfway. "I don't think it's something I need... but how much?" beginning his approach to the counter

"Let me see," the man grabbing it from Eto's hands, "How about a deal? It's free IF you finish the story. I mean the book practically writes itself."

"Well alright I can try," taking the book and beginning to head towards the door glancing through the pages, flipping to the end. Stepping back into the cold, hearing the door shut, Eto turned remembering he needed directions only to find empty space and snow. Glancing down at the book in his hands, strangely no longer charred, he saw 'The cold being too much to bear Eto drew his last breath.' Now scratched out and in its place 'Eto's life would now begin again'.