

The winds were surprised to stumble upon the body of a kid, buried in the sand.

The sounds of waves crashing into the sand dug into his mind, caressing his eyes open. He sat, looking around for anyone or anything, but it felt like nothing was there except the sea's presence. His thick eyebrows dragged upwards, his eyes were tearing up and his breath unevened. He jumped to his feet only to fall down, noticing something stopped his leg from sprouting. He was scared of what it was, scared of it being chains, scared of it being a monster. Yet, he examined the area his leg was trapped in. As he finished swiping the sand away, he saw a hand, a hand with a smaller size to his own. He looked in front of the hand and saw a face. He rushed to bring whoever was buried out of there, the sea never felt so stressful in his 8 years of life. The boy dragged a young child, unconscious, from the unknown hours he was buried under the sand. He put his ear close to his nose as he felt soft bursts of air touching him, he shook him, pressing his belly, slapping him awake, but nothing would make him wake up. He stood up and carried the boy on his back as he passed by the beach, luckily finding a wide piece of cloth, in which he used to wrap the boy in his back, letting him use his arms.

He looked at the sea for the last time, before directing his gaze at the forest, determined to find a better place for himself.

The trees danced to the symphony of the wind and black clouds came above them, as he stepped through the dense forest, quietly as the thought of getting eaten scared him. He noticed a spot where the light and the sound of water ran towards it. What he found wasn't only a source of water, but something else.

Small cute blobs of goo jumped around the lake, bouncing and sticking at will. He walked to them uncertain of what they were but as he went and touched one, he burnt his finger. They all started jumping towards him. He started to sprint his way out but he was already cornered, as slimes were blocking his way. Although thoughts of death, the feeling of tremendous pain that he would experience entered his mind, he was shaking. But he looked at them with resolve, picking one of the many sticks that laid on the grass bed. The slimes paid no mind to his actions and attempted to jump at him individually, their terrible mistake.

A brutal swing struck the slimes, each one of them. Although one managed to burn his left arm, he growled in pain, yet he managed to strike the monsters to death. Albeit knowing they

were slimes, his hands shook in realization that he ended another being. As he wrapped the unconscious kid on his back. Silently walking into the woods again.

Tears fell from the sky, and animals ran back to their home. The sky devoured the vividness of the forest with the wind blowing angrily. The boy shivered in his steps, dragging the cloth even further to cover himself. He did his best to warm the kid, hugging him tightly under a tree before embarking again. As he separated himself from him, the little kid's eyes were opened as they were shone by the thunder that struck.

"Don't worry"- The older one smiled. "I'll take care of you."

The rain only worsened as he walked and walked. It seemed that all hope was lost until he spotted light from the corner of his eye. He rushed towards it, walking into a cavern with torches and stalactites. He drops the kid to the floor as he takes a torch that hung there to dry their shirts. The thought of safety entered his mind for the first time in his journey.

"Who...who are you, sir polkadot?"

"What's your name?" He said ignoring his question.

".....Maxwell". The boy was shy, speaking silently.

"Don't worry Maxwell, we might not know where we are, but I'm sure we'll find someone good".

As soon as he said that, he felt a slight sting on his right hand, he looked at it in confusion, he couldn't understand what he was seeing. A knife was stuck on his palm, with blood dripping on the cold floor. He rolled on the floor in agony as Maxwell screamed in horror. Nobody knew what was happening until one kid with a blood stained scarf showed up. His steps were silent as he ran towards the two. He grabbed the knife and mercilessly took it out of his hand, giving no time for the other to react. He punched his face while he laid on the floor, kicked his gut and threw him onto the rock walls.

"Please stop!" Maxwell shouted in the attempt to stop the one-sided fight but nothing happened.

The scarfed boy wouldn't stop landing his fists on the poor boy, blood splatting on the floor along with a tooth dropping. Finally, his hand stopped moving from the strength of the victim, grabbing it with all his might.

“Stop it!” He screamed, punching the blue boy’s nose in retaliation, making jump away from him.

“I can’t do anything against you, I didn’t do anything against you so leave me alone!” - He snapped.

“I’m just weak, I can’t hurt you, I can’t do anything, I don’t even know you so leave me alone! ....If only I was strong.....If only....”.

Tears fell from his eyes. The amount of pain he breathed echoed throughout the caves, the reflexive feeling of getting back at the scarfed kid was overwhelmed by the powerlessness he felt.

“What is thy name”- The blue head finally spoke.

The boy was surprised, although his face looked like one of a murderer’s, his voice sounded fragile.

“My...my name is Braedyn.”

“Mine name is Ren. I be telling thou this because we both share a goal, yet just as thou quoth, thou are unsinew’d. I see no interest ‘i working with some one that is unsinew’d. I do lack some one I trust ‘i a fight, some one i wot is capable of handling an power by himself, some one capable of giving his life for the most cause.” - He finally spoke after 2 minutes of silence, He let the bloodied knife that was slip through his hands , falling on the floor in front of Braedyn. “This knife i hast thrown represents thy most decision: take it and I shall join thou. Leave it and both of thou die hither. What is thy choice, forlorn child of the woods?”

Braedyn stared at the knife, and stared back at Ren, he breathed inconsistently, sweat dripped all over the floor. His sight got fuzzy as his breathing got worse. The moment he stretched his arm his eyes rolled back and fell on the rough surface.

Maxwell ran to his aid, crying profusely.

“You killed him, You killed him!”

Ren turned around and went back to the dark hole he came from. Taking various objects with him and finally carrying Braedyn on his back.

“Allow us hie.”

As the night’s sun beamed amongst the tenebrosity, every being was under the spell of lifelessness, with the sole sound of crickets and birds chirping wistfully, and the only life

forms awake being them and the predators of the night's sun. Its silence consecrated the daily scenery.

Yet, the darkness unsettled it.



