

As the wind moves us along

Chapter 1 Breath

“...Awaken...”

”...Open...your eyes...”

“Breathe”

Like a shotgun blast, the air forced itself into my lungs. I choked life back into my heart, as blood pulsed rapidly through my veins. Both eyes felt pain as they grasped the light. I held my chest tightly with one hand and breathed.

I rolled over and now sat up from the ground, a moment went by as I calmed my breathe. Regaining a steadiness to adjust to my condition. A gnawing feeling in my whole body every other inhale disrupted this effort. I clenched my face and with an exhale, did my best to relieve the ache.

Though it still remained, as if generated from my bones, maybe even deeper than that. I tried to move yet couldn't. I was unsure if I could even make use of my legs. I didn't feel they were even there. The only feeling I had was in my upper body...and one arm. The other arm laid beside me, inanimate. I felt blood pulsing and circulating through the arm I could move but not this one.

The arm that was lively was still clenching my chest almost as if it was like a lock. The key was nowhere to be found. I looked down at the fist it made, balled into my chest. I worried if this hand was also unable to move. The one thing that gave me any hope was that I could feel it. It was heavy on me, unmoving but not absent like the other. Almost like it was waiting.

I don't know how or why, but I sensed...an immense power within the fist. What was inside?

Chapter 2 Look

For awhile, I sat there, I didn't speak a word as thoughts raced in loops. Mostly about my bodies condition and less about where I was. I didn't give a chance to look at the surrounding area until the thought came to me. My vision was blurry. My head was looking down, eye sight just past the front of my feet. I tilted my neck to look up a bit more. Vision clearing as the distance widened. My ears popped and then ears became alert to the sounds of where I was. My nose took notes of the aromas and smells in the air.

The air was musty. Sounds of clicking, chirping, tapping were all around, along with a whirling sound which seemed to be the air rushing through what looked like trees, a variety of plant life spread before me. Puddles of water lay nestled into the ground at different spots, as if it had just rained.

I was laying on top of some vegetation. I looked up to see light shining through thick amount of leaves. It was very condensed and blocked most of the light, while some beamed its way through cracks in the tree line. My ears were ringing and becoming more attune. That's when I heard this eerie sound. A wailing noise coming from a short distance away...I had grown accustomed to the noises of the forest, but this was different. This was something bigger...

It started growing louder. Whatever it was, it sounded like it was in pain. I was trembling a bit because I realized the sound wasn't just growing louder...it was getting closer. I spotted something in the distant shrubbery. Eyes. Tiny, Beady, Many. The wailing stopped and I froze. My stare grew cold, fixated. i couldn't blink. I had to stay locked onto this thing like it was making me, no, forcing me into a trance. All of it's eyes seemed to be focused onto me. Then it moved.

The tree that was holding the creature up collapsed upon it's weight. A huge thud accompanied by smaller hissing and scurrying had happened yet it didn't draw my attention away from the beast that was nearing me. Still covered by plants and other obstacles, I couldn't make out what this thing was. All I saw were eyes and what looked to be a crooked body, slumping it's way towards my direction.

I made out what looked to be shoulders humping up and down on each side. This thing moved slowly but almost glided through the

forest floor as no sound was being made by its approach. I could hear a whimpering. Maybe, it was emanating from this thing. Was it hurt? Scared? Lonely? I was about to find out...

Chapter 3 Wake up

I wasn't scared, that's what I told myself at least. The Beast had stopped coming closer..it didn't need to be closer. It halted 50 something feet from me. It laid low behind tall grass, it's eyes giving me the feeling that I was cornered. I was sitting up against a tree at this point, immobile. Not to my own will, but because of my bodies inability to function.

I breathed deeply, anticipating for a moment of change. I only saw this beast before me. My vision narrowing down like I was aiming at a target. My eyes were wide open and unwavering. The expression on my face was dictated by the cold dead stare that the both of us were matched in.

My fist, still clenched, and the rest of my body, gone. I was but eyes in the moment, gathering information. My mind was settled onto one thing, the beast. The air blew through the stalemate as if to reveal life. As it came through, I blinked.

The beast hesitated! Its head jolted as if it was brought out of the trance we had once shared. Our minds torn from a connection that was building. One that I unknowingly disconnected. I heard a crack as the beast slunk down further into the grass.

As it moved, My breathe held itself. It grew..this was no beast, but a behemoth. My chin slowly raised as it started to pull itself upward towards the tree line. Branches and leaves were cracking and breaking, falling to the ground. I counted the number of appendages this thing had like rungs on a ladder. Ten, I counted. five on each side of its body.

Its head was looking towards the sky then back down to me. Bones cracked as it made this motion, as if it was stretching. Its mouth showed vicious teeth which dripped this goo like substance. It stretched it's arms outward and let out a belching yell which echoed through the forest. Many smaller creatures hollered and screamed

as they escaped into the opposite direction. My heart tensed up as if to get ready for battle.

Chapter 4 The Memory that persists.

There I stood, kicked from my moment of bliss. My heart, it hurt. Not in the way of internal emotion or struggle. My knees couldn't hold the weight of my body- I didn't know how much I weighed because I usually held myself up with little effort. As my bones buckled, it was like the weight was equal to that of the world. Crashing downward into itself and causing destruction to everything in its path. I felt the area that was my chest, there was no feeling...actually, there was nothing there... I looked to see, and it was true. What should be there was not. What replaced was space. A hole emerged, where flesh and organ once held fortress. My hand clutching the vertebrae, I dropped to the ground. Kneeling. Swirling. Vision became hazy, as bliss turned to pain, pain turned to darkness, then the self returning to where it once came. Before my eyes fully closed I gained a snapshot of my last memory- or what I believed to be the last memory...of her.

[An unknown amount of time later]

"I can't retell what I saw during that time, all I have is the feeling of familiarity, almost like, seeing ones own reflection..." Kiki said in a deep tone. Kiki gasped for air, almost as if he used the last bit he had in his soul, to speak. "I wonder...is it possible...Did Tommy really..." Kiki gasped for air. "...Touh..." He gasps during each pause, then reframed his posture. Kiki was sitting on a bench that was assembled from a dark colored tree called "Mudwood". One of the various trees that have been growing in the "Forerest" since forever. Kiki was slumped over himself. As he breathed, you could see his back inflate and the hairs on his head raise a bit. His neck, crooked, looking forward. He looked in-front of himself, towards a roaring fire in the middle of the room. Hands laying in his lap, naturally. His body looked uncomfortable to be in such a pose but somehow...he was alright with it. As he re-positioned, he looked over his shoulder to a figure behind him before exclaiming in a shallow voice. "...Touh..."

The man behind Kiki was slender, average sized. Both arms extended, hands grabbing the back of the bench. He bent at the

waist and leaned in to speak something into Kiki's ear. It was inaudible to anyone, or anything that may have been in the room with them at that time. Yet Kiki heard it, and responded with widened eyes. Staring deeply into the fire. The man retracted himself from Kiki's head, back to standing straight up, hands remaining on the bench. He looked into the fire as well. With a grin, he exhaled the words "We won't have to wait. Not for too long any how." With a chuckle, it was as if he faded into the darkness that was pressing onto Kiki's back.

A click, and flicker of light illuminated a spot within the black shade. The man had lit a hand rolled cigarette, with it in his mouth- He inhaled deeply and exhaled smoke. His yellow eyes pierced through the shadows, gazing at the fire. "Well Key, my dear friend. What is the point of summoning me to this room. I had told you in the be fore, that meeting like this will only cause trouble. Are you not afraid of the repercussions, or perhaps...Have you started to forget due to old age?"

"Your memories are torn, your heart is halved...damn, even my own existence is false nowadays."

"I am not as "Sick" as Dear Old Thomas, but am slowly becoming a hallucination of yours. One that is smothered by ash and rekindled by the flame she brings to your soul."

"Tell me one thing be fore I take my leave..."

Kiki growled at the lurking fiend whom chuckled in response, smoke bellowed from his nostrils. His yellow eyes went sharp like a serpent and his tongue sliced the air.

"It issss her." He hissed with a corrupted yet joyful tone. "I'm pleassed."

Kiki snapped his arm backwards quickly to hush the foul creature. This swift movement then drew enough force to extinguish the ongoing fire. Everything went black. The man had disappeared into silence. Kiki sat there in the room, still. He moved his arm back to rest upon his lap. Smoke spiraled from the once burning pit. Kiki let out a grief sigh. It sounded like the creaking of wood mixed with a wolf's sorrowful howl. His eyes closing, and memories of be fore filling his sight.

Chapter 5 Kiki

Knees cemented into the mud. Face pale, Eyes sunken. My left eye glowed a yellow haze, the right eye was fully black. For a moment, I questioned how long I was unconscious for. Why was I pulled into this direction... These thoughts rushed into my head as I started to stand. I looked around to see a woman lying on the ground ahead of me. She was face up, chest heaving. A worry came over me and I dragged myself over to inspect the condition she was in.

She was a short distance away but the walk was agonizingly long. I unknowingly trudged towards her. It felt as if I was floating. I reached her position then stood over her, analyzing the situation. Her chest was expanding and I could hear the wheezing of air as it entered then left her body. At least there was life, my worry lessened for a moment. Her torso was painted crimson. She rested in a pool of what looked like blood. One of her arms was missing, the Right side. Tension rose in my mind, she doesn't have enough time. I knelt down to tend to her wound, but I dropped. Control was released as I hit the ground... And there... he stood... eyes... with a yellow haze... and a vicious grin... where is mouth be.

"...Heh..." The thing chattered "Heh, heh, heh"
"I'll be damned. What a sight to wake up to."
"How can you be in such a mess. It really escapes me, actually, I've escaped you." He replied to himself with a smirk. He stood above me and the woman. He was a dark figure with bulging yellow eyes. A sort of mist was propelling from my body and into him. Like a vapor of energy. The thing tried to move but couldn't as if he was somehow tied to that position.

"So, this is the restriction?" He said with curiosity. "Hehehe, smart brother... Ugh, what a pain though.." His voice filled with disdain at that last remark. "Key... why don't you get up already, pfft, why am I here?"

I looked at the girl and what seemed like my last bit of breathe I whispered... "Awaken..." She seemed to still be alive. Her eyes were rolled into the back of her head. "Open... your eyes..." She was unmoving. I went to grab her arm. It was cold to the touch.

Hopefully my own warmth could get her thawed from the slumber she was under. The uneasy sound of wheezing left her mouth every few seconds. My eyes were becoming heavy. I whispered into her ear "Breathe".

I then slipped out of consciousness. It might have been from my own amount of blood loss. The gouge in my chest. How was I even still able to think or move. "Oh you're really going to pass out... again...Or is that small wound gonna defeat you. Pathetic." The shadowy man yammered on. "I do wonder, what will happen to me if you decide to die here? What will happen to her?" He kept pestering with questions that obviously reached faint ears. He knew he wouldn't receive an answer.

"Alright alright...Key, I need you to quit messing around on the ground. You're just getting dirty and wasting time. Listen, Thomas shouldn't be too far away." The Jetted figure knelt down and sighed a big sigh.

"Just call him here and he will be able to solve the problem...like he always does."

"you know me...I'm no longer useful, ever since my powers were sealed."

A feeling of vulnerability was sensed in that last statement.

Key spoke finally "eh, is that...supposed to...make me feel....better..."

"Oh, so you were faking it, ha-ha! What a worry you gifted me with." "Seriously though, how much time do you really have?"

Key was disarmed by him, he understood that even though he was annoying, he was right... "Touh, just go..." "Now!" Key shouted.

As Touh snarled with a grin. His yellow teeth somehow glistened. Then like the air moving around the surrounding environment- he vanished.

Chapter 6

Be fore the fore rests.

I shivered out of reality within a blink of time. Faster than a second, a millisecond. I'm only able to do it when the key is ignited. When

it's heart is focused, I am able to travel. To and fro, I go. Backward and forward. Transported around in time. Key sent me into the future to find Thomas, but I must make a stop, back in that room again. There was something I left there by accident. It was something that I needed in order to reason with Thomas.

As I entered into the room, I ended up behind Key. He sat on a bench. The erupting Fire in front of him sourced from his own soul. This was the "room" the meeting spot that we insisted was the best point of time. It wasn't because the timing was right or anything...if we were being serious...this was the worst timing for the contusion to exist. Thomas has his limits still. A part of me wishes it never happened and that the future was more set in stone. Only then I could be at my own peace. But I'll save that sentiment for when I meet Her again. For real...

"Touh..."Key spoke first when he realized the presence of Touh "Fore it is I, no need for formalities." Touh amused himself "Heh, fore I seek wisdom from the mystaries"

"Answer me correctly, when did you come from?" Key was stern.

"You won't be excited so I'll tell you clearly" Touh then reached down toward Keys ear and whispered silently.

Keys eyes widened, there was a vision engulfed in flames as he stared into the depths of his own fiery soul. Touh waited. Key seemed to be in a trance. His body was contorted and covered in what looked like different vegetation and moss. Touh stood back from Key and began to light a cigarette. The herbs in the handrolled cig were of Touhs own gathering. A special blend that he said-helped Him concentrate. He took a puff and played the smoke with his snake like tongue. The smoke became dense and slowly filled the space as Touh blew it towards Key. Smoke settled around the man and covered the floor. After a few moments Key gruffed a loud and long sigh. The bellowing crashed into the room with guttural applaud. The smoke dispersed.

Touh was surprised but didn't show it. "You see how useless this method seems to me, you're only going to hurt yourself more and if your heart can't handle it then everything will disappear. Your heart is halved by the distance." "If you really expect to get out of here alive, you must be dreaming to much in this husk of a hut"

“I’ve seen what happens.” Touh threw down this statement and Key growled at him with certain authority. Touh didn’t flinch but was amused. “You trust Thomas too much.” “Just look at the state he left you in, your life is hanging on by pure willpower alone” “and she...” Key struck towards Touh in fury, before Touh could finish speaking.

Touh had his eyes closed as he kept rambling
“What is the point of summoning me here anyway. I am but a figment of your own self, you should have been able to understand this at some point.” “Look around yourself first before you act.”

Touh stopped speaking when he opened his eyes...because he was gone from the room. Realizing that he had already traveled away- he took a breathe and resumed his travel, silently.

Gales story

She held a deep breath.

It was the middle of the evening, around past dusk with no wind movement or the slightest chirp from an insect. You could hear a slight hum from the ac unit inside of the house. It was a low vibrational hum that scattered about within the walls. It wasn't particularly dry or hot that night, it was always like this mid year. The AC unit did however ensure that her home was bathing in clean filtered air at an adjustable rate., It wasn't reasonable why she left it to run other than this. After a while of stepping out of her own mind, she studied her environment.

The room was dark she couldn't see much of anything without any lights on. She sniffed around in the air to reveal a musty odor from an unknown source. It was familiar yet forgotten, like she couldn't put a pin in the thought. Her memories of the moment prior flooding into through to her mind,. as she is absorbing the surroundings from all senses spiritual and reales, She closes her eyes and begins to wipe her face with both hands. while thoughts cleared a path towards the present, Her senses attune smoothly. She began to sit up with legs crossed, working to respond to a question left sitting beside her. Attention is brought over to her left side when she realizes a pile of wet slime, black and purpelush squishing and wrinkling into itself beside her.

Her glare at the sized remains indicated that this occurrence came with no apology. "He knew better than that, to not have shed his scales in her room, AGAIN!" is what she said to herself loudly. Echoing her voice through the walls of the guilden corridors. She was in a heated uproar for less than a short half minute or so, then while kicking the stenchy must of the hide out of her room and staring at the stained floor, she remembered what time it had become. It was evening, along with the sun highest in the sky looking down to the land, shining brightly onto the world below. She stood in her room, on her home, within the crescent-shaped imprint left into the earth. Upon the thought of how time became such as she lives it, in a moment, her will to understand then reorganized the thought of her position within time, which had become singlar to the current. A current of occurrence breathing within beyond. And yonder further intertw(eye)ing. Seeing the explouraress compose such events as she is and has done. Beyond the conundrum. Seconds go by within a deep dream state, whilst awakened, spiritual embrace. Then with a haste, she reenters real grace, back at home base, her body the place, contained in this space, enclosed- fit to face the life and her fate. Shes been given a present that is to be claimed. Only with a dramatic and heroic disposition to express. to all of those around called the beings in the bound. will she accept to acquire such an accolade of superior individualess, excuse me for rambling as such as the content issued above, I don't mean to break walls in order to speak to you. Yet you've desecrated my tomb for long enough, ALL OF YOU- even to those virus that invaded my sanctuary hoping to excavate my belongings without a single award of discipline. Now from myself...

Touh's thoughts, mind, and soul were brought back into the present right

before...

...death...

From the hands of a god

that lives

Born from a Breath

Ancient Scriptures from a civilization of the past, garnered every surface in the temple. We had assumed it was a temple that we were inside of. It had all the makings and remnants scattered about. A combination of Archeologists, Maegists, Practitioners, Religious Believers, and curious strangers stumbled around the inner halls and rooms searching for anything that caught their attention. This newly discovered site was home to vagrants already holding camp, terrorizing the place. They didn't call it home yet lived here still. This gave the archeologists headaches when needing to confront such individuals, since socializing wasn't a specialty for reserved minds.

The maegists interrupted any conflict that arose with scorn. They'd rather not even waste time to visit such a place as modern values didn't "get along nicely" with the ancients ways. Simply said, The maegist adopted a different outlook on how magic and the arcane are to be learnt and used- from an academic, systematic approach. While the ancients viewed the world as ever changing with little order- natures ruling was the structure to be considered. Ofcourse those were different times, all those years ago. A different way of living and surviving for some.

The select few Maegist that had accepted to join this caravan were personally asked by a particular gentlemen, whom was too excited to care for the specifics and simply wanted a view such as theirs present, during the expedition. Whether it negative or positive, substantial or not, this is what he asked. . We had told the locals that we were here to research and learn from the ancients way. they allowed us safe passage into their domain. not that they were hostile against us, yet it was a hostile place to be in. In a place that you arent familiar with, learning the way as you walk it, so to speak, is ofcourse not observed without caution. Yet this wasn't a stroll around borders. We were plunged into a vacuum of mysterious array. logic that was deemed farfetched by the best of minds, whom poured their thought into rivaling the nonphysical. Our team came from sorted backgrounds. we have those here who praise physicality at its finest due to the fact it is something that can be grasped and studied. We have those who embrace the art yet can only express it through a linear application.

Ch 3.5

Laid to rest from an evening of drinking nectar and bronze colored clandestence it did often come to this sort of act when the night pleased itself longer. Laid down and out of this world into another. Laid out apart the

running waters that bring forcefulness and excellence a whole different dimension which those that could think it would not perceive to speak it. Beyond a thoughtful horizon considering the view so to elapse the rise for a spectacular moment to...rise... rise... rise...

eyes opening and a faint breathy stare was aiming at his soul's exposure. He tempted faint by drawing deep within his gut to surface an intention of life. He tried so desperately to bring forth the flame which resided inside the caverns of his scape. A flicker and prodding of coal, a clinging to a single ember. Wind forcing life to the fire. Pressing hope and repose into the sense... a beating awaking...

Vision reverberating back into his body, his sight no longer in the bottom of the cavern which harbored his soul. Brought into a situation that he could swear was the worse place to appear. It hung above his lying corpse-no longer, waiting for what...an opportunity? hesitation? This being here like this just isn't good for me I'm sure of it. Nothing good comes from things of this nature....but then again, I don't ever think I've ever had the chance of being here...everywhere.

That moment he accepted true death. Because he understood the truth that death is...wasted. Time began again and his footing was terrible. Falling down a set of stairs that laid back, to and from the second floor tower. He had only fallen about 20 stairs before understanding and recognizing where he was, yet again back around where he had come from. Again? For how many times have I been falling? He asked himself and hesitated again. He was falling down the stairs constantly...maybe this tower wasn't actually apart of the temple? A crack in the wall appeared a couple steps lower than his position, it started dragging him against the wall and folding him inside out to enter the crack. Exhilaratingly enough, being tuned to a way of opening involves excruciating pain and resilience to make it out with every part of yourself intact. Imagine how ever many pieces of you were also you's that were many and many pieces attempting to form from a twisting occupation.it became his minimization from the world he had once called home.. His last wish was not birthed...he couldn't even realize it was available...to see the memory of her, please let it flash for a glimmer of lasting happiness...before that same happiness is drawn also from her... and from her the very meaning they both created together, belonged to time. Only time remembered what they were. As they themselves transformed. Time kept being still as a clear reflection. Resonate with time she was then casted with these words. They echoed deep inside of her. Maybe her wish came true...if you die...let me know...please. Its the least you can accomplish for me, if you love...what we created, it will always live on even without us, you should know that better than me.

Gale awoken, sorrowed and not knowing why.

Touhe had disappeared from the world. And entered into another.

Memories

Gale had Awoken full of sorrow and not knowing why. Usually her mornings consisted of tempting to stay in bed while being prodded by ideas of breakfast. Usually her mornings were constant and wavered through the same stress free blissfulness. Though this morning she had been wakened by something that was grabbing at her soul. Telling her some sort of message, possibly a signal. The occurrence couldn't be pinpointed so she decided to sit up and began to stare at the floor. Eyes tired from a long nights rest, eye wide open and tears drawing out. But why..."why was I crying..."she thought to herself in the very moment "Touhe..." she breathed his name. But no response came to her. Ofcourse, he wasn't there- in the bedroom, in the house, on the property, in the region, in this reality...for Touhe was pulled into a place that not many ever visited, or very well know of.

What happened?

Touhe's team and the bystanders were sucked into a twisted rendition. While they were researching an ancient temple, they unknowingly unlocked a prison that housed an ancient being. This being upon his own release with a single opening had distorted the world around the small proximity of the old but robust temple and a bit of the surrounding area. Anyone inside was then trapped, This particular being isn't the sort to be trifled with. They were beyond mad, not angry or enraged. Madness of the mind and formless to thought, this being created nightmares which no others could wake from. Touhe was lucky enough, with his psyche clinging to the one thing that gave him hope. The wind that moves his soul into the proper direction. The force of nature he held dearly within his heart pumped him into the stream that was his exit out of the hell that was being caused onto him. It was simply the beings presence which caused this, either malicious intent or not, it was just the sheer entrance that sent the team into a trance. Touhe was hopeful but he watched those around him succumb to the depths. It was haunting for sure, but Touhe knew he had to survive. He needed to for her sake.

And Gale?

Time passed by, in the years he was gone- she couldn't adjust from the split in her soul. Touhe was there clinging on and his only hope was her. That's what drove her to do what she did. This story continues with her traveling to his research lab. She had left their crescent shaped home, and moved onward through the region towards the big city of Magi. A metropolitan where the main influence was from the Magiste themselves. They had gained control of the city hundreds of years ago, restoring old ruins and housing those vagabonds and adventure seekers. It was a well advanced society full of people who researched ancient magic, education of nature, and employed workers to help the society function. Gale had only read about the city from Touhe, whom sent her letters discussing his research of the ancients ways. She too was an

archaeologist, a linguist, a teacher. Her and Touhe had met when they went to the same univ. To become professional researchers. He had fallen in love with her on first glance. It took her a bit of time after that to be under his own spell.

As she journeyed to the city of Magi all she could think was where he had held himself. She only had clues to go off of from the letters he had sent her. Never detailing his exact location, only small remarks of the scenery that was around him during the time of his writing. He would talk about the sun being high in the sky yet a grove of trees helped him have cover from it. He said that whenever he was thinking of what to write he would be at a pavilion which was a walking distance from his lab, though at a close proximity, his lab was still hidden from plain sight. Where was it? Her strongest lead...was Dot, the reptilian creature which accompanied her for the journey. She didn't understand what Touhes' obsession was with keeping the brute around, as it was too difficult for her to manage it by its sheer mass and playfulness. Touhe had trained it previous to its arrival to the crescent (Their home) it helped her around the home but didn't really listen to her. It was like it had its own agenda to be fulfilled...maybe Touhe had given it a mission to accomplish for him..."anyway" she thought to her self. She felt the love for Dot that Touhe had raised within it. Touhe's intention still alluded her and she looked over at Dot...smiling, while thinking of him. Dot's eyes narrowed onto her and he hissed deeply. She placed her hand onto its face, feeling the boney structure as Dot purred and hissed. Its huge tongue sticking out and saliva spilling onto her hand and arm. At first appalled, then understanding. She wiped the spit onto her pants and pushed her view onto the long road ahead.

To Those That Chase The Breeze

[To Gale,

It's been awhile since I last wrote to you. I'm sorry for that, but it wasn't because I forgot about you or of our promise. I've been working a lot these days with the Magiste. I want you to come and visit the city. I know you won't move here but this place is beautiful. The architecture is amazing. I've never seen buildings quite like this. All carved from stone- the outside of the buildings are etched in the ancients writings while the insides are carved out with precision. My house is on the outskirts of the district that I work in and nestled within some trees that give me a nice shade when the sun is high in the sky. I won't spoil any details until you come to visit, seriously- I miss you. Please don't make me wait much longer. It's already been 3 months since then. I hope this letter reaches you quickly. I'll be sending gifts of various fruits and seeds, some wine, and an artifact that I found from one of my expeditions. It is quite a discovery which I think you will like to analyze. Since you also love to study the ancients ways, I know you would love to explore the sites we've uncovered. I'll be sending Dot to you with this letter, he has missed you too, so I thought it was appropriate that he stay with you for awhile. Hopefully he isn't too much of a bother, get him to work around the land with you. I'm wishing to hold you in my arms again. Until then...don't worry, we will meet again.

Sincerely yours,
Touhe]

"This was the last letter I received from him, before that day..." A whispering voice steadily held back from weeping. Maybe just the thought alone was enough to cascade the heart with feelings of dread. For the one that longed to be with the other, now forced apart forever. Those memoures only held one persepective, now clouded with the current of guilt and loneliness. It was difficult for her to remember anything without first emptying him from her mind.

Inside of the study, she sat at her desk staring through the letter in her hands, the room was lit by lights strung on the ceiling which lead all through the house on cabling that split into each room. The entrance into her room was divided by a simple cloth that only covered the top half of the entry way. In her position she could see if anyone passed by but noone could see if she was inside until they moved the cloth from view.

"WAAOOOOHGGG" A sudden growl sliced through her moment of anguish "huh! Eh!?" She stammered up from her chair. Hands fumbling with the letter as she carefully folded it and put it behind her back, she stood up quickly and peered at the entrance way that lead into her room.

"WOOOOOOOOOAAAAAGGGAAAA" The sound was getting closer and a huge shadow was coming into sight through the hallway. The footsteps were thudding with each step.

"Stop right there!!!" She yelled with power.

The shadow stopped almost right before the door, she still couldn't see the thing but she knew it was right there. She could hear the sound of heavy breathing and hissing from the other side of the wall.

"BBBBBEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRR" a deeper groaning sound was heard and a huge foot was dropped infront of the door.

"Now, did you take out all of the vegetables from the ground?"

"WOAH, WOAH" It proudly confirmed.

"AND...Did you bring them back to the house like I told you to do?"

"WOOOOAAH" It said reluctantly and without hesitation.

"Good! Finally your getting the hang of it, it's not that hard right!" Somehow she understood this things language and it understood her.

The thing then begun to swarm into the room, first showing its huge nose and following behind were two piercing eyes. Its long face and medium sized head were attached to a long neck and torso that can only be described to some as

reptilian yet not exactly, almost amphibious but far from it. Its feet slapped the floor as it moved forward. Its big plump body could barely squeeze through the doorway yet it still tried to push through. You can tell it has done this before since the walls were showing wear and cracking from its previous pursuits to enter the room. This creature's huge tail slendered as it got closer to the tip but was still big. It whipped around the corner of the entryway so quick that you wouldn't have been able to guess it weighed over 300lbs...

"Hey! I told you to not come in here! You'll get stuck again!" And she didn't mean in the door frame, most likely this creature wouldn't be able to get out of the room properly. For two reasons, The room was quite small and this beast was very big.

"oh my, what will I ever do with you." She welcomed the bubbling brute with open arms and grabbed its head, holding it tightly to her body. The creature was hissing calmly and started to let out deep growls of affection while pushing its forehead into her body. This thing's head was probably the size of her whole upper body and when it stood up it came to right below her chin.

Gale was a couple inches over six feet tall too...she had a petite body and long brown hair. She would usually keep it down and pulled behind her ears. Only when she was working with the vegetables would she hide the hair inside of her hat. Sometimes Dot, the reptilian-esque Beast, would chomp on her hair. Gale didn't approve of this sign of affection from Dot, because it always made her hair slimy and unkempt. Though Dot was never punished much for his wrong doing, he was a big baby to her and also one of the last things that she ever shared with Him...

"Dot as rambunctious as he is, is still a calm and well mannered beast isn't he. He is faithful to us which is the most important aspect of his personality. We must protect him and keep him safe." A distant memory came forth to her mind as she caressed Dot with her warmth. His voice was as clear as if he was right next to her. The feeling of anguish was building inside of her heart again and she was almost about to break into tears. She closed her eyes tightly, almost as if fighting the invading motion from successfully landing an attack onto her guard. "until the day we meet again, my love" she whispered calmly as she successfully overcame that moment. The beast snored silently, and she relaxed her eyes and her face... yet her body remained contorted, as if a physical method of protecting her remaining love.

CHAPTER 2

Gale's home sat nestled inside a medium sized valley, surrounded by mountains. The mountains circled around the valley like a bowl, almost like a natural barrier that enclosed this small world inside. There was a long stream of water that spilled over one side of the mountain and fell down into a body of water just behind her house, the water then led its way to the only entry point into the valley. It was the only way in or out if one were walking or driving a vehicle. Though travel was usually in a vehicle since the long stretch would've taken a person a couple hours to get from the entrance to the house. It was a

path that was carved out by Gale and Touh long ago, they chopped down trees, terraformed earth, even built a few bridges to cross over the river that bend and twisted its way towards freedom from the valley. Gale and Touh had claimed this area as their own and named it Havi'ent. It was a mix of Gale's mother tongue and the ancient language that the two of them had studied together for years. It was beautifully pronounced by Gale herself to which Touh always admired her for, that is her skills with languages. Gale was versed in a couple different languages because of her passion with language and her work as a privatized anthropologist, whom studies civilizations and technology.