

## Prologue

Some things are bound to happen. Empires, kingdoms, democracies, republics, what have you, are bound to fall one day. Even the nation I lived begun to fall not long ago. Even yours, regardless of what corner of the world you inhabit. It's an inevitability.

The elves of early Oclioalzan didn't see it coming, or maybe they did and tried to do something about it, but failed. But for certain, regardless of what so-called 'fate' dictates, there is bound to be somebody who fights against it and *wins*.

Now, why the hell am I telling you this?

Well, I did say that my nation was falling, well, seemingly, it was falling. Not long ago, anyways. I am currently sitting around a campfire in the middle of the woods with my father.

The campsite was a small clearing, with a small bonfire surrounded by some stones we'd gathered. We sat circled around it, with a blue bag next to my father and a small tent was set up nearby.

I look over to my father. "What a predicament we have landed in, son." He said to me, staring into the flames. "We have no clue where we are. We only have food to last us a few days..."

I looked down, frowning as I said, "Don't forget the soldier who was screaming, calling us 'furgots.'" Why? Well, you see, me and my father are sergians. Sergians are a race of half-human and half-animal people.

I, myself, am based off a wolverine or *gulo gulo*, for you zoological types. I am tall, covered in thick brown fur, with sharp claws on my fingers and toes. I am wearing a black shirt and a pair of matching jeans as well.

My father's based off pumas or *felis concolor*. My father is covered in tawny fur, with a long tail swinging behind him. He is wearing a dirty, white dress shirt with a red tie as well as a pair of khakis.

When I think back, I know, obviously, he isn't my biological father. But he's been with all — well, most of — my life and it's just been him. I only remember bits and pieces of my own parents. They were astronauts, if I remember.

The last I remember of them, I was told that they were missing in action or as they put it, 'gone.' For a while, until I asked my adoptive father, I thought they were dead, floating somewhere in the vacuum of space. But they're missing, but likely dead. That's a nice thing to hear, isn't it?

He looked over and said, "Kha," he got up and stretched, "We'd best start dinner, anyway. We have enough for a meager but filling meal tonight." My father walked over to the bag and opened it, handing me a bottle of water and a piece of beef jerky.

I bit into it and stared at the flames. I guess I can reflect upon my experiences about now.

*It was just a week or two ago, I believe. I just arrived home from my classes, where I plan to be an engineer. My father was not home, as usual for me. I was greeted by the living room. The living room was a large place. The room was mauve and there was a white couch and a flat screen television mounted on the wall.*

*I immediately stripped down to a gray wife-beater and a pair of blue boxers as I turned on the television and laid down on the couch. What came on, immediately surprised me. The news was on, a human anchorman with wide eyes and beads of sweat forming on his forehead.*

*“We interrupt this program. The country is now under martial law, thanks to our now nationwide plague.” He said, solemnly. “Remain indoors and obey the orders of all soldiers, and most importantly, be safe. The government of Miraine is trying to contain the plague, so if you come down with it, make sure you get to the nearest hospital... and don't let the soldiers see you.”*

*I looked at the television as the anchorman wiped his forehead and continued. “Remember, the plague's symptoms include tremors, fever, disorientation, halitosis and migraines. If you have any of these symptoms, I repeat, run to the nearest hospital as soon as possible.” From outside, I hear a car pulling in as I get up.*

*'Welp... my father's here early.' I thought as I got up put on my jeans and shirt quickly. My father entered as I looked at him. “Hey son,” He said to me as he walked past me, playing with the cuffs of his shirt. “You hear? They declared-” He looked at me as I said, “Yes, the news told me.”*

*He looked at me and said, “You know, there's already been a case of the plague here.” He looked at me and sighed. “I don't want any of us to be here or be shot on the way to the hospital if one were to get sick... so we're leaving.”*

*I raised an eyebrow and asked, “Now?” He nodded and walked away for a few moments before returning to the living room with a blue bag in his hands. “I have gathered some food and water in the bag, as well as some important items.”*

*We walked out the door and we were greeted with a group of three people, all human, in green camouflage suits and helmets carrying rifles, as they looked at us and a heavyset man with a stern gaze. “Curfew's in a few minutes. I suggest that you carry on and stay inside.” He said as he left us.*

*My father nudged me and I followed him down the street. Our neighborhood was a typical place, a small subdivision just outside a large city, Miraine City that is. The houses were uniform two story houses painted in a shade of off-white. Our street was clean and freshly paved as well. There sometimes trees in the yard.*

*We walked down the street, my father holding the bag as we suddenly heard gunshots from nearby. “Man down!” A feminine voice said before that same voice screamed as a shrill screech was heard.*

*My father held a hand to me and looked over his shoulder. “Wait. That screech...”*

*Suddenly, a humanoid ran towards us, screeching. My father pushed me out of the way as I landed supine behind him.*

*The creature in front of us was better described as well, human, but it stayed low to the ground like some sort of ape. Its irises in its eyes were shrunk at it stared at us for a few moments. It had a freakishly large, strong jaw that had teeth that were bloodied, dripping blood unto it the pavement. It wore nothing but a pair of brown slacks and a torn yellow shirt.*

*I got up as it charged my father. My father punched it in its face as he gritted his teeth. "Get up, son, we've got a problem on our hands..." I got up and looked at it. My hands shook and my eyes were wide as I looked at it.*

*It looked so human, but I never fought anything like it. I've fought humans and sergians before but... not this mockery.*

*It lunged at me as I sidestepped it and as it landed prone a few feet away, I ran up to it and stomped on its head, as it screeched again, rolling and grabbing my leg. I seized up for a moment before I kicked its head.*

*I gave one kick, it didn't let go. I gave another, it struggled to hold on. I gave a final strike with my foot before it let go. It got up, but before it could attack again, I swung my fist at its head, as it reeled back, I jumped and gave it a swift kick to the head, my foot landing in its mouth and destroying its teeth, more blood running down its mouth.*

*It fell down as I gave one final stomp on its head as I patted. I was covered in a heavy sheen of sweat as I panted. "Holy hell..." I said as I looked down. It wasn't moving anymore as I looked at it, trembling.*

*My father put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Son... come on. We don't need to stay any longer... and frankly, I want to get out of here." I looked at him and nodded as we walked away.*

*What the hell was that thing? Did the plague cause it? A million questions were flowing through my head as me and my father left the body behind.*

*It was a surprisingly uneventful walk after that... until we got to the woods. The woods were on are on the edge of our neighborhood. They were thick and they had much to provide us. However, a soldier, another human, was patrolling.*

*My father tapped me on the shoulder and said, "I'll distract him, Kha." My father picked up a rock and threw it away, opposite of us, where it landed in the forest as the soldier looked at it.*

*We then made a run for it into the forest. As soon as we entered, we heard the soldier say, "Stop!" As he pointed his gun. "Don't move or I'll shoot!" He furrowed and squinted his eyes as he glared at us.*

*We stayed silent as we heard the soldier approach us. "Let me see what's in that bag." He said, his voice tense. I looked over and saw my father gave him the bag as he checked it.*

*"What are demi-humans like yourself not doing at home? It's curfew now. Don't you know the plague's out there and there are reports of strange monsters around?" He asked.*

*I looked over and my father nodded, his hands up as he said, "Yes..." The soldier narrowed his eyes and said, "You better give me a good reason to not at least radio your sorry asses in or maybe feed you a bullet... because my mother told me, if a demi-human is about, nothing good is bound to happen..."*

*I glowered as I heard that. Suddenly, my father tackled him to a nearby tree, as he dropped his weapon as he screamed to me. "Go, Kha! Run!" He said as he looked back.*

*I noticed the soldier was about to strike him as the soldier punched him, as my father fell on his back. I ran up to the soldier, however and tackled him, before he was able to get his weapon from the ground. I took my fist and punched the soldier in the face as I got up. He got up slowly as I panicky jumped up and gave him a kick to the chest, making him go down.*

*"Come on, father. We're running together!" I said as I run into the forest, the soldier trying to recover from my kick. Me and father ran away into the forest as we made it, the soldier now out of sight.*

*"Holy crap, son... you saved our hides... but you endangered your life..." My father said, looking at me with wide eyes. "Look, father, I was excited... when I saw him hit you, I couldn't sit back..." My father nodded and said, "We'll talk more of this later... anyway, son... let's go." I nodded and followed him.*

Of course, we found the clearing we're now in and then we set up our tent and our camp after that and we trekked the forest for a bit, with no idea where we're going. Damned forest. It's all too easy to get lost in. Now as I sit and eat my jerky, I have no idea where we're going to go after this. Suddenly, I hear rustling again as I look back as my father looks back as well. "Who's there?" He asked.

A pair of humans, a pale-skinned man and an equally pale-skinned woman come out, hands up as they said, "We're friendly... don't worry..."

Welp. I guess we might have an answer?