

(Story by Koviell Sashermasock)

It's been more than 5 years that I left Altamira, and more than 10 that I'm being tracked. Events made so I turned away from sorcery to learn wizardry instead. I was a genius, yes, but it seems it was a terrible mistake. The life of a thief, and a cutthroat wasn't for me. I had to move on. Now, I hope people have forgotten me here, in Torabia, the continent far to the north.

Torabia is the home of the Elves of the Dark Forest and the Clan of The Mountain, my clan, or should I say it was my clan. This land is shattered. Wars between nations, clans and races, only the human nation is somehow stable and united.

It's been so long, the mountains, the snow plains and the ice don't seem familiar to me anymore. At least the cold doesn't bother me, just like the old times.

Now, I'm a wanderer in the snowy lands, this is where my story begins...

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There was a big snow storm in my path. I couldn't see far away. The cold might not bother me, but the strong winds do. Why such strong winds right now? This is making me angry. The next city should be around, but where? This is slowing me down too much. Stupid storm, the winds are so strong right now that it sounds just like rock hitting metal.

Wait a minute, it's not the wind. There are silhouettes around. Now that I'm paying attention, I can hear horses too. Someone is blowing a horn. The strong winds fade to let place to 2 armies facing each others; an elven faction and an orcish faction. The guy blowing the horn was on the elven side. He looked quite old, for an elf. He was wearing a helmet with elk horns on it.

"We shall turn the invader back to their lands. Brothers and Sisters of the forest, today the blood of our enemies will flow. Archers, be ready." Yelled the elf with the horn in the elvish language.

A guy on the orcish side seems to grunt something in his language. I have no idea what he his yelling.

I was looking around; I've seen a few other guys who seem as confused as I. How did I end up there?

Now, the orcish army took out their weapons and charge in the direction of the elven army. The orcs had the number advantage, but the elves had horses and a lot of archers. I barely had the time to jump in the snow that the elves started shooting arrows at the orcs. The first wave of arrows was quite effective, killing a large number of foes. They shoot another wave of arrows before the orcs were able to be in melee range; it was a slaughter.

Now I'm back on my feet. The orcs I can't get out of there without a fight; I'll need to pick a side. The Orcs are in higher number, but the Elves seem more disciplined. Quick. An orc had raised his sword just in front of me. That's a strike that I won't be able to dodge. And... The sword has been blocked by a mace. I look up and I see a guy in a full-plate armour. I couldn't see his face yet.

"Don't stand there. Get up and fight back!" Said the guy in full-plate armour, before challenging the orc in front of him.

I get up. Okay, concentrate, concentrate. You can do it. Just let the energy flow in your veins. You can do it. Just point the guy and the magic will do the rest... No... It doesn't work, not again. I roll in the snow and take out my sword to defend myself. Hum? Where are they? The orcish army is retreating. The Elves won!

Mmm... The elves are surrounding us, the guy in the full-plate armour, 3 other guys further away and I.

"Who are you supposed to be? And why are you there?" Asked the elf with the elk helm.

"I'm Kalsed, cleric of the great god of vengeance St-Cuthbert." Said the guy in a full-plate armour.

"Malekief from the noble Solokov family." Said a hooded guy further.

"Warthryn." Said a Lupine heavily armed.

"You can call me Bloom." Said an elf, clearly not from this region.

"I'm Koviell."

"I'm the Warmaster Leto. Come with us, we won't let the ones who helped us in this glorious battle without a proper gift." Said the elf with the elk helm.

"A proper gift? I would like to know where we going and where is the closest city under the King's protection."

"The King? Since when there is a King here? Maybe in the Orcish nation." Said Warmaster Leto.

"No no no, the King of Torabia, well the one claiming to be the King, is human."

"Human king? Torabia? I think you're a bit confused. Maybe you should meet the Elder." Said Warmaster Leto.

Not Torabia? This is so strange. If I'm not "there", where am I? Maybe this Elder will be able to give me answer. So now, I should follow those elves. This is the beginning of a new journey.