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WARNING: May contain coarse language, violence, gore or sexual content. Reader discretion is advised.

A Beast Learns To Live

Viktor - real name forgotten - lived a happy life with his mother. When that life was taken away and replaced with a sword and shield, he traveled the world as a mercenary. Men, women and children of any race were cut down in front of him if the coin followed. Sometimes even if it didn't.

As he left one of the last places he felt welcome, his thoughts echoed:

"I want to die!"

This phrase kept with him throughout his life. Even with such a depressing life, a strong desire to change it all remained like a dim glow deep down. The end result sounded grand, but would the process of getting to that goal ever come to fruition?

Even more strange is the last phrase he recalled:

"Remember!"

Remember what? He felt there was more that followed, but couldn't ever figure out what it was, if there even was more to it. All he knew is it wasn't his voice.

Feeling near the end of his life, something drew him to a small village located between a few cities and a capital. To his knowledge, it was the last location he had yet to visit. Perhaps a place to rest his eyes for good. A place he'd been searching for all this time. It was time to break the cycle and move on.

As the trees cleared, the outskirts of Dalry came into view. Houses and fields appeared to welcome him with open arms. However...

So much smoke and fire.

So many screams of battle, fear and loss.

This indeed was a great place to die. Perhaps, just this one good deed. An end cap of a vile life.