

A Teaflings Tale

Von ImmortalFire

Kapitel 1: Empty

The first thing he saw was darkness. He opened his eyes, but nothing changed. A moment later it was cold. Frost creeping up his limbs and causing him to shiver. He tried to move, but it was hard. He struggled and pushed until he finally got his hands a little free.

Earth. Everywhere around him was earth. He started to dig, pushing his fingers into the dirt and trusting his instincts to lead him into the right direction.

And finally Light. The full moon shone on a clear, starry sky. He looked up and admired the view for a moment, until the freezing wind caught his hair. Shivering he looked around and saw a bright red coat, hanging on a stick. Confused, but too cold to think further about it he got up and put it on. It fit perfectly.

Now not freezing anymore and free from the earth he sat down to think.

Nothing. His mind was...

"Empty...." He whispered. It somehow made him sad

He was alone, still cold, hungry and had no where to go.

He slung his arms around him to warm himself up and heard suddenly a small rustling sound at his chest. A piece of paper was stuffed into his shirt. Raising an eyebrow he opened it and read it. At least he was able to read and understand what stood there.

"Mollymauk" - was this his name? It seemed so.

"If you read this, if you really come back a second time, don't wait for us here for longer than a day. Go south to Zadash and tell the keeper of the Evening Nip tavern, that you don't have coin, but many gifts to offer. The Gentleman will get you back to us."

He had no idea what all of this meant, but at least he knew his name now. Looking around he found this beautiful, but dirty tapestry that was buried with him. He shook it a bit to get the most dirt out of it and wrapped it around himself, before making his way to the fallen tree, that laid not far. Sitting against it he decided to wait until Dawn.

The sun rose and the snow began to fall again. Mollymauk stood up, brushing the few snowflakes off and started to head southward, following the road. It wouldn't make sense to stay here waiting. These people, who left him that letter were probably traveling with horses and be able to catch up to him if necessary.

As the time passed his stomach began to hurt. He was very, very hungry, but sadly, he

had nothing to eat on him and there was no source of food anywhere to be seen. No other travellers, not leftovers of camps, noting. He was completely alone with nothing around him but white.

He continued to walk and as his legs began to give in he heard a distant sound. Hooves and the clattering of fast travelling wagons.