

ANOTHER
WORLD

PART 1

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Chapter One
Death and Life

I opened my eyes and smiled back at the cloud that stared back at me from the blue sky, full of clouds, different shapes and forms. But the smile was gone, because I couldn't remember how I got here or what my name was. I didn't remember anything at all, I was lying in a meadow, and I had a bit of a headache.

I noticed that there was some sort of tube lying around next to me. I opened it and took out a rolled-up parchment from inside. I unfolded it to see what was on it, cutting myself on the edge in the process. A drop of blood fell onto the perfectly clean parchment. The inscription on the parchment then began to appear.

This map will lead you to three objects stolen by King Klarion from three creatures that came from across the sea.

The inscription immediately disappeared, and a map appeared with three crosses identifying the places. One pointed to a large mountain, the second to a small lake, and the third to a castle that was on an island at the bottom of a chasm under the ground.

After a while the map became just a blank plain parchment again, so I repeated it again, just to make sure it wasn't a headache, and it wasn't all just a dream. The parchment, after absorbing my blood, showed the title again and then the map. I got a better look at it and then returned it to the tube that I had slung over my shoulder. I stood up to look around to see where I was. I spotted a forest all around a huge meadow with only one road leading off it, so I made my way over to it. I wondered about the map, where I have it from and what was hidden under the crosses on the map, but also why I had lost my memory and couldn't remember anything. I was determined to find out, not only because it was the only thing from my life, but mostly because I definitely wanted to do it before I lost my memories. Why else would I have that map?

I had an incredibly strange urge, as if it was my duty. It was a beautiful day, and besides the headache I had from it all goosebumps, even from the forest, which looked repulsive and scary, but I went into it anyway.

The branches of the trees were so thick that they shaded the sky. Only lanterns lit my path. I continued along the woodland trail with a strange feeling, as if someone was watching me. I kept turning around until I heard voices that began to squawk loudly. I saw shadows that wanted to catch me. I ran away and protected myself, but when I tripped over a branch, the lantern light went out and the gnashing grew louder. I closed my eyes and waited for the worst, when suddenly the squawking stopped. After a moment, I opened them and was startled by a small green creature standing above me, illuminated by the lanterns lit again.

"You do not need to worry anymore," spoke the creature in shabby clothes in a ridiculous voice.

"Who are you?" I asked him.

"After all, it's obvious at a glance, I'm a goblin."

"Thank you for saving me," I thanked him.

"Not at all, you know, there's a way you could repay me."

"Yes? And how?"

"Come with me, boy. My name's Olif, by the way," the goblin introduced himself.

"It's very nice to meet you, Olif, but you know, I don't know my name.

"That's too bad," he said worriedly.

"And why is that?"

"Because you're human."

"And that's bad?" I asked him.

"For you, yes."

"And why is that, anyway?"

"I'll tell you everything at my house, it's dangerous here," I agreed, and we took a secret path through the woods, and soon we were at a larger cottage with a well, at which we stopped.

"A magic pearl fell me into well on the stone. If it had fallen into the water, it would have turned into a fish and it would have been gone. You could help me pick it out, I'll lower you in there in a bucket, boy."

"How about if I run you down there? You're certainly lighter than me."

"You know, I'm afraid of the water, and a crow would help me, but he's not home."

"Very well then," I agreed. I set the tube down by the well and stepped into the not-too-big bucket.

"And you can handle it?" I asked him.

"We goblins are stronger than we look," he replied while rolling up his sleeves and starting to lower me in the bucket.

"How did you drop that pearl in there, Olif?"

"You know, when I was reaching for the bucket of water, the bag I had it in broke open," Olif revealed and that's when the bucket dropped to the stone with the pearl in it. I reached down and carefully picked it up and put it in my pocket.

"I've got it, you can pull me out," I shouted to him, and the bucket began to rise.

"Can I ask you anything else?"

"Yeah, sure, anything."

"What attacked me in the woods?"

"The souls of those who were lost or died in the forest."

When I climbed out of the bucket and handed the pearl to Olif, he was happy.

"Thank you, nameless one. Now come to me, I must tell you why it's so bad to be human, and you're the kind of human who doesn't even know who he is."

We went inside Olif's house, where I had to be careful not to bump my head on a few chandeliers that hung in his not so big cottage. Portraits of ugly goblins hung on the walls, but as we continued down the hallway, the goblins got less and

less ugly.

"These are my ancestors, have a seat. Would you like some tea?"

"No, thank you." I refused. Olif snapped his fingers and a fire began to burn in the fireplace, which he put a kettle on to warm.

"Now sit down and warm up, I'll be right back," Olif said, taking the small stairs to the second floor.

I sat down in one of the two armchairs in front of the fireplace, to which I stretched out my feet to dry my boots, which were wet from the grass. Olif came back just in time, when the teapot had warmed up, and he poured the green contents into his cup, from which he drank, and from which there was some remaining on his upper lip. He sat down in a chair, licked his lip, and put his feet up on a stool, which he also summoned with a snap.

"You know, being human is bad because of what happened a long time ago, back in the days when humans were ruled by the good King Klarion, who everyone liked, even most magical beings. It all started and changed with the arrival of three beings who came from across the sea. They looked like humans, but they were something more. The first was beautiful, immortal, but it had to feed on blood. The second could transform into a giant wolf at any time, and the third wielded powerful magic. For a time, they lived together with humans in peace, humans even created names for them, and some of humans allowed them to change them to be like them. But one day, King Klarion decided he wanted to have power over these creatures, so he stole the three objects they guarded the most and which were the only ones who could harm them. A stake to the vampires, a dagger to the werewolves, and a book to the wizards. It is unknown if they created the items themselves or if they got them from someone, but he didn't even manage to use them, just hide them before the creatures caught him. He didn't tell them where they were, so they killed him. The creatures became enraged and then, along with an army of humans turned into vampires, warlocks, and werewolves, they started killing people. They also wanted to kill his son and his wife, but they managed to escape to who knows where. And if Klarion's wife had been alive, she would have died a cruel death like her husband."

"What happened then, Olif?" I asked curiously.

"Then the beings decided otherwise. Humans serve as food for vampires, you know their servants by the bite on their necks, werewolves serve mainly to spread their offspring, and that's because werewolves can't have offspring amongst themselves. You know them by the scratch on their arm, and you know the servants of the witches by the burnt symbol on their leg or elsewhere on their body."

"Well, now you know why it's not good to be human, since you're probably a slave too, but I don't see any of their marks on your body," he finished, taking another sip of that green tea. I looked around to see if I had any of the creatures' marks on my body.

"I don't have a single mark, so that means I'm not a slave."

„Well, that’s possible. Or you came from far away by boat on the sea, which is quite near.”

"I almost forgot. Those things were never found."

"That's terrible, why don't they do something? After all, those Changed were Humans before."

"Well yes, but you don't understand, the Changed don't do anything against their kings, they are loyal to them because they have received the gift of ability and immortality from them. And humans are weak against such a power."

"My father told me that not everyone was involved in the massacre, but that doesn't matter now."

"They've become kings," I repeated after him.

"Yes, Glarius is king of the vampires, Valor is king of the werewolves, and Borgun is king of the wizards."

Horrified from his real story words, I sat quietly, and Olif did not say anything. Probably to recover my mind from everything. My mindless gaze wandered around the cottage. Until it ended up on a dusty map I hadn't noticed before. That map reminded me of mine, which I keep hidden on parchment in a tube.

"What was the name of the king who stole those things?" I asked him, and after finishing his tea he pronounced the name Klarion, which I should have remembered from the inscription on the map. But it was the headache that wouldn't go away.

"You know, Olif, it's probably no coincidence that we met."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you believe in fate?" I asked him.

"I do, but why do you ask?"

"What would happen if someone had a map that led him to the three lost objects stolen from the beings by the king?"

"You shouldn't joke about such things. And why do you ask that, anyway?" He asked suspiciously.

"Because I have a map that will lead me to them, look," I took the parchment out of the tube and spread it out, cutting myself on the edge and dripping blood onto the blank parchment where the map appeared after the title.

"Look, these crosses mark where things are hidden. What to do say?"

"Well, depending on where those things supposed to be, they actually, could be there, because they're seriously quite dangerous places."

"What do you want to do now?" He asked concerned.

"I will try to find them, because I feel that this is my mission, my destiny."

"Well, it won't be that easy, you're a human being, and one who doesn't remember anything. Why don't you remember anything?"

"I really don't know, maybe I fell off the horse and that's why I don't

remember anything."

"It's possible, I'll try to help you," he stood on the chair.

"And how are you going to help me?"

"You'll see when it works. Come closer," I walked over, and Olif put his hands on my head and mumbled something to himself. He was thrown away, and my head started to hurt incredibly, until a flash of white light brought me to my knees. But after a moment the sharp pain subsided. Olif crawled out from under the cupboard that had fallen on him, gasping along with me.

"Guess it wasn't supposed to turn out this way, huh?" I asked him, and after a moment of panting, he said no.

"Then what happened?"

"I don't know," replied Olif breathlessly, sitting back in his chair and finishing his tea in one gulp.

"I have no idea what happened, but I do know one thing, I can't give you back your memories or even look into them," he replied.

My thoughts were filled with the worst possibilities, why even a magical being couldn't bring back my memories, I feared it.

"Can you please give me something for my headache? It hurts so bad," I begged Olif, sitting back down in the chair again.

"Yes, sure," he said, pouring into my cup the same green tea he was drinking.

"Don't be daunted by its appearance, it's a moss mushroom tea. They can cure almost anything, they won't give you your memory back, but they'll make your headache go away," I thanked and sipped a little. I was surprised, it didn't taste bad, but it didn't smell that nice. Olif and I slowly drank our tea in silence, gaining strength and the headache was really easing off.

"You seriously want to get into this? You don't remember anything," he asked me.

"Yeah, and you probably wouldn't want to come with me to find those items and save people, would you?"

"I'm getting too old for this, kid, but wait a minute, there's a tournament going on today at the Moon Castle, which isn't far away, there'll be plenty of daredevils to join you," he revealed to me.

"That's good news, I'll head over there," I took the map, rolled it up and returned it to the tube.

"Slow down a bit, hero, you can't come out in front of the kings like a man, you would be killed outright or became a slave at least."

"So what do I do? I have that map, I guess I didn't get it for no reason."

"It's seriously a mystery how you got your hands on it, because the only person who knew where the things were, wouldn't reveal it to no one, not to the most powerful vampire, wizard, and werewolf even when they would be under threat of death, so how could you have possibly obtained it?"

"I really have no idea," I replied.

"None of my business, but if you remember one day, could you tell me?"