

Chapter One: Objectives

- Each of the characters goes through their work day and receives an objective from the Crow Man to go to the wooded island in the river between Felden and Sile, which is reachable by a raised stone walkway.

- Alyc:

- Rohn:

- Kael: So... he's going to be in the mineshaft, helping people working by lighting up the place. He's also going to help the workers mining himself.

- Bey:

- Beth:

Chapter Two: Oddities

Chapter Three: Demons

Chapter Four: Mysteries

Chapter Five: Trials

Chapter Six: Stairways

Chapter Seven: Revelations

Chapter Zero: Feather

Holy's corner for plotting >:3

Bey was late. The sun hadn't awoken him as it normally did, and when he looked out to see the sun was barely but a glow through a haze of black clouds, his heart sank a little. Things had been getting darker and darker these days, but this was different. You could feel the darkness leaching every bit of warmth from Lorne.

Still, he was more frightened of Mr. Garson - Bey's boss - than he was the clouds. He pulled on his jacket

and headed to the orchard, a bit faster than normal. Hardly anyone was out, and it made things feel emptier than normal. He played with the thought of knocking on one of his neighbours' doors to see if they hadn't fled in the night or something ridiculous like that, but wasn't sure what he'd tell them if someone answered, so instead he peeked through his cousin's window. It was completely dark inside and no one seemed to be around. They were probably just still in bed, like he had been, without the brightness of the sun to wake them.

Bey stepped away from the window, and something grabbed his shirt from behind, yanking him even further back.

"I knew I'd find you up to nothing!" Came a familiar voice, "dawdling as usual! How do you expect us to get those apples in before Autumn, hmm?"

Mr. Garson. The one man that'd be up before the sun even [i]thought[/i] about shining. The only thing he wanted the sun for was for his precious fruit, he'd feel his way 'round in the dark if he had too. In fact Bey wasn't sure if the man slept at all.

"I'm sorry, Sir, I'll do better next time." He'd learnt that making excuses, or saying truths that seemed like excuses to Mr. Garson, only got him into more trouble, and he couldn't afford to lose his job. There were plenty of young men ready to snatch his job up if Garson decided Bey wasn't doing his job to his complete satisfaction.

"Oh the usual!" Mr. Garson said, pulling Bey along the rest of the way to the orchard.

Of course it was a long day of work—it was always a long day of work, and Bey didn't get a break until the sun was high in the sky. He kept an eye out for Mr. Garson as he loitered to the side of the orchard, catching a bit of shade at high noon.

That was when he saw the man. At least, he thought it was a man. It was tall, and it was dressed in a gigantic dark coat with a huge wide-brimmed hat hanging over its face and keeping him from telling what it was. It could have been a scarecrow for all he knew, but he hadn't seen it before, and it was definitely walking towards him.

Before he knew it, and before he had a chance to go back to work to ignore it, the figure was standing next to him. It was even taller up close, and it caught him by the shoulder with a hand so strong even he couldn't break away from it.

"The island," it said in a deep, gritty voice that sounded like it had been blown out by hours of screaming. "In the river. Tomorrow, sunrise."

Then it turned, and it disappeared behind a tree.

The morning sun wasn't bright enough for the mine workers; the sky was a pale shade of blue. Kael nodded to Mr. August, the one in charge of them, and held up his palm. He closed his azure eyes, imagining the warmth of summer, before opening them. On his hand, a small spherical light was formed.

It was not as brilliant as he'd hoped, but he'd expected it. Slowly, it rose to the air until it met a strategic point, and he smiled. Suddenly, it became so bright it filled the entire mineshaft.

The workers resumed their work, having assisted by their lights

"Every morning I'm grateful," Mr. August said slowly. He brushed the dust on his trousers. "Three years of appreciation."

Three years—it had been that long since he fell to here. At least, that was what the folks said; he fell. He didn't know what exactly had happened. What he knew was that he woke up—without memory of his past. He didn't even know his own name. At first, the folks gave him a name—Michael. Just Michael. However, when he realized he had light magic, and after a long study of Greek language by the book one of his house owner's scholar son, he chose Kael Fos. Kael as a shorter variant of Michael, and Fos, which meant light.

After that, he knew he couldn't be a freeloader for long. He started to help in the mining site, and used his light magic for their advantage. The weather could be too dark at early morning and late evening, so he supplied the light source, a spherical light like this one, as a temporary replacement for the sun. Everything went better starting at that point; he was paid with extra money because of the extra assistance he gave, and he had a house now. Like Mr. August, he too was grateful.

Right now, though, there was an unsettling tingling at the back of his neck. He shook it off, maintaining his smile. Life had been good. There was no way things would get worse in Felden—not after three years. He was confident of it. He got to the nearest worker, and helped him chip the goods with axe.

Then it was that the mine grew a little darker, and a caw echoed through it. A hand brushed against Kael's arm, and he turned, expecting it to be one of the other workers asking him for help, but instead there was a massive man in an even larger coat, his face shielded by a wide-brimmed hat. He wasn't sure how the man had fit in the mineshaft, much less gotten this far without anyone else noticing, but he didn't have time to dwell on it.

"The island," the big man said as he turned away from Kael. "In the river. Tomorrow, sunrise."

He had a distinct feeling that he was not the first person to receive this rehearsed message, but there was something convincing about the huge silhouette disappearing into the daylight.

The island, in the river, sunrise tomorrow. He could do that. But work came first.