

EPISTORY

TYPING CHRONICLES



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Prelude

Once upon a time
It was the best of times, it was the worst of times
There was a girl
And she rode upon the back of a great fox
But they were lost
They had always been lost
Until a path appeared. And so she followed
Was the path leading her?
Or was she leading it?
She didn't know. It was just there
All of a sudden, she knew where she was
She was home
The woods had sheltered her as a child
The path was blocked before her
The path stretched deeper into the forest
She remembered animals frolicking in the glades
She felt the woods begin to wake up around her
She remembered exploring the twisted paths
She remembered finding magical things in the undergrowth
She remembered discovering precious stones
She would have to burn the brambles before she could pass through them
The tangled undergrowth could not stop her, now
She remembered planting flowers

Who?

Where?

Why?

What?

The more she remembered the stronger she felt
Dangers awaited beyond the forest
She had to be strong before she could leave
She dared not try to cross the fragile floes

I am not a writer

This is not my muse

Sensing a terrible wrongness, she looked up
And fire fell from the sky.



Chapter one: Signal Fires

Had a star died? Had the moon fallen?
She didn't know
But she wasn't home any more

Chitinous, chattering creatures began to appear
Insectile things which sought to hurt her
With their scything claws

Burning Hollow

She found herself alone
Lost in darkness
Until fire roared behind her
The meteorite had buried itself deep
Wicked things crept from its dark core
Briar and bramble blocked her path
They broke new ground together
Ancient paintings covered the walls
Telling the story of another world
Or perhaps another life
Loneliness seeped out of them

The cavern closed in around her
Suffocating
They came from the darkness like fear manifest
And only fire could save her
She saw something across the lava
A power which the meteor could not destroy
Something new flowed through her veins

And gnashing maws
They should not be here
She headed towards the source of fire
Because if she didn't, who would?

The trees began to give way to ash and char
This was where the meteorite had struck
The path ended here
Or did it begin?
It burned away the loneliness inside
And revealed new paths all around her

The maze began to crumble before her
Nothing could stand in her way, now
The paintings began to look familiar to her
The cavern opened out before her like a cathedral
Even here, there were precious things
Just waiting to be discovered
And there stood the meteor's heart
She braced herself for the final onslaught
Before long the fires calmed
A stillness descended
And her heart danced to a new beat
She emerged once more into the light
Though the ground would be forever marked
Green shoots of new life surrounded her
Foulness still festered here
The bitter taste of corruption
Clung to the land like a scar

Daddy, look!

It'll die if we don't save it!



We'll be friends now. I'll look after you - I promise!

Forgotten Forest

To the North stretched the forest
Heady smells of pine and moss drew her closer
And then she saw the shadow within.

The forest was a place of light and peace
But she barely recognised it
Beneath the darkness of shadow and silk
The forest resisted her approach
But she knew its secret language

The forest opened to her with heavy heart
The woods thinned, growing shy
She began to fear the emptiness
More than she feared the shadows
She helped the forest to grow

They came from nests of darkness
But she was strong before them
And the forest sighed in relief
The forest closed to her once more

She didn't understand why
The forest yearned for her to wander deeper
Sometimes it tried to guide her, in its way
There was something rotten here
The forest was but an echo of itself
Creeping cobwebs choked
Sinister shadows spoiled
It needed to be freed
She burned away the blight
That the forest would learn to love once more

The forest gave to her its trust
And they were finally united
She shunned the waves of darkness
And with each passing shadow
The sun began to shine
When the dawn's chorus finally came
It had never been more beautiful

The forest seemed to exhale as she left
Its scents sweeter now than they had ever been.

Write our initials in the bark
Then we'll be together forever

What's going on? Why won't you answer me?

We planted this seed together
I will always love you

Chapter Two: Cold Shoulder

As she looked out across the horizon
She heard the faintest of whispers
Rise to an almighty roar
As the angry sea raced across the land
And then all was still and trembling
Another cataclysm had shaken the world
Where were these horrors coming from?
The answer, she suspected, would change
everything.

Drowning Halls

The ruins stood empty
She wondered what secrets they might hold
What stories might be found amongst the
crumbling stones
Water was everywhere
It changed the landscape
Changed everything
The hall denied her entry
She would not be denied entry
These halls of wisdom still stood firm
Though they had been wracked by the wave's fury
The looming walls
And rising tide
Overwhelmed her
Water blocked her path
Passage forbidden
Water changed her path

In ways that frightened her
The more she learned, the less she knew
Trapped
Frightened
She ran
She slowed down, and her journey eased
Mountains rose around her
Looming, mocking, taunting
A light shone ahead. A light of power
As it cast her shadow, it soothed her
Calm descended like mist
She learned to control the rising swell
She dealt with the barriers one at a time
The river need not run so fast
And she need not be carried with it
New challenges approached her
Claws bared and eyes hungry
But she would not be overwhelmed
So much had happened here
So much had been lost
One final test lay ahead of her
One last chance to stop the flood
With glacial patience and steely discipline
She bent the tide to her will
Though she would never be the same
Great wisdom flowed from the springs
They had not been kind to her
Still, she had overcome
And she felt stronger for the trial.

I can't do this. I just can't

I don't know who I am any more

I worked so hard to get here
And now I feel like it's drowning me



Ice Mausoleum

The frigid mountains climbed toward the skies
As she approached the frozen peaks
She felt sadness come off them in waves
Like mist rolling off a sheet of ice

She felt cold
A bitter chill soaked her to the bone
The air felt heavy, as if laced with sadness
She set her jaw and moved through it
The protective power of ice
And her companion's warm skin beneath her
Helped her traverse the cold halls
The stones stood still and silent
The ice was marked with signs of death
Places for lost memories to gather
Music echoed down the corridors
Its melody resonant with pain
A song of lament in minor key
The frozen fingers of corruption
Assailed her every step
Yet she did not yield
There was great beauty in the mausoleum
A dignity which flowed from the sadness it bore
Were it not frozen, it would surely collapse
Sometimes droplets slithered down the walls
Like tears

The song grew louder
A new movement shifting within it
Chitinous chitterings climaxed to deafening hum
This must be the heart of the song
She approached it wreathed in icy armour
The corruption shattered like frost
And the song faded to a echoed whisper

Though the mountain's sadness had faded
She now carried it with her
It was a good sadness, an honest sadness
And the mountain thanked her for relieving it.

I miss You
Please don't leave me
not like this



I will cry for you, but not today

Chapter Three: Static Shock

She tasted a memory of copper on her tongue
Clouds like black ink rolled across the sky
And lightning smote the bitter earth
She had never seen a storm like that before
It was an unnatural, fearful thing
A force that must not be unleashed again

Up ahead lay a city
Lit from within by a million stars
Something new.

Creation City

She stood below a skyborne city
Among its roots of iron and steel
But the city was crumbling to rust and ruin
Devastated by the wrath of the storm
She found the homes of those who lived here
Each window was dark
Each doorway stood sealed
Even the streets deserted
Corrosion was killing the city
Its arteries clogged with rust
Its homes standing empty
She brought life to the dead metal
And calmed the storm's anger
Praying that the souls who lived here
Would someday return

She recognised the machines of industry
And the fires of creation
Within the strange constructs around her
There was so much she could learn here
Everything here was so big, so cold
How could she survive a place like this?
Then she saw the secret, the spark
Lightning in a bottle
And her skin tingled with the static of creation
The city began to awaken at her touch
She could change it. She could heal it
She did not truly belong here
But perhaps, with the courage of her dreams
She could make it her home
She would try to fit in, to belong
Among the ironworks, the strange towers
She saw glimmers of light, far above her
And dared to think that she herself could shine

Light blossomed at her passing
Her brightness cast the shadows aside
She lit up dark places
Lanterns bloomed with fresh life
Colour filled the air

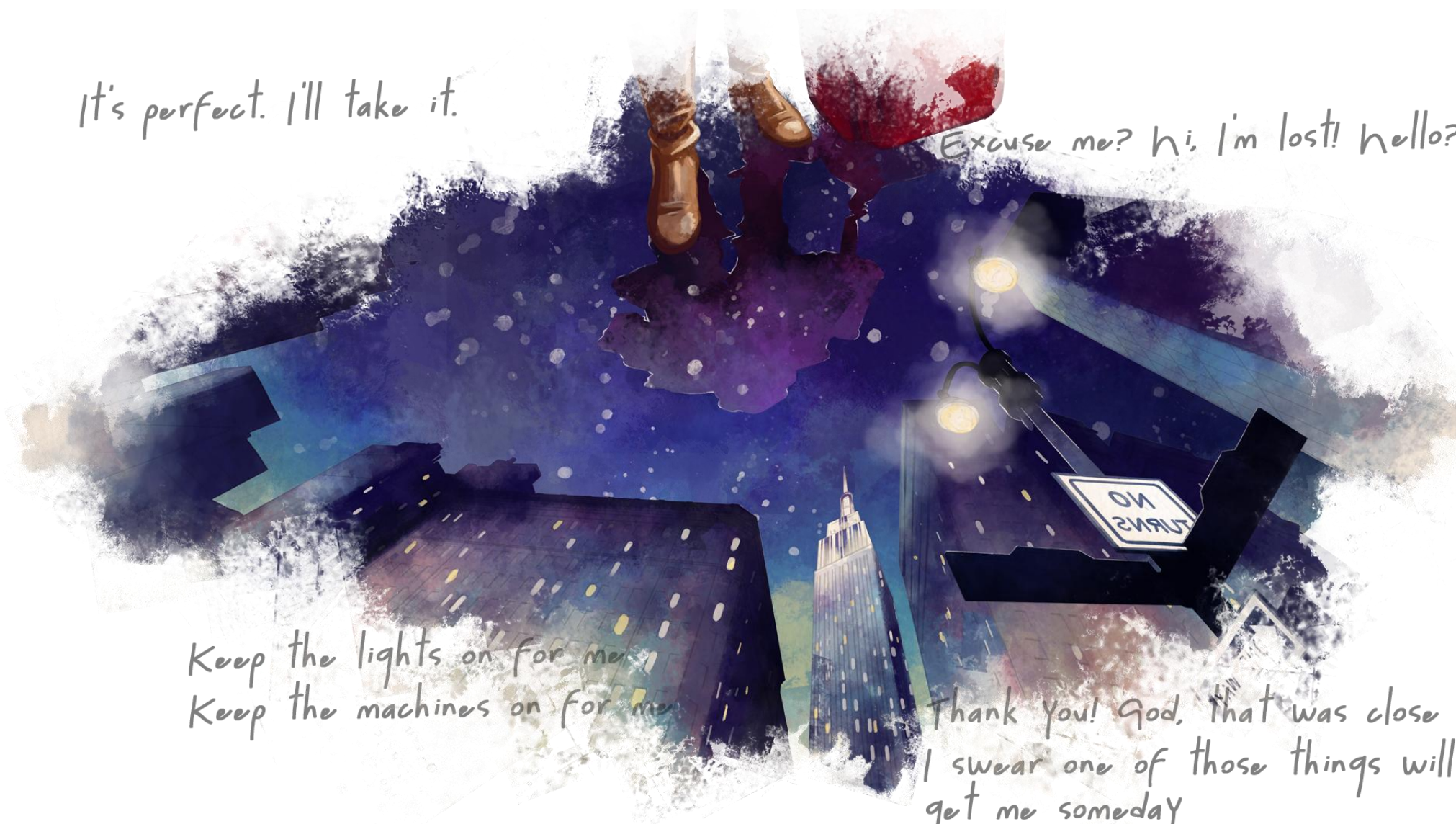
She had grounded the storm
Tamed the lightning
And come away stronger
So she left the city behind.

It's perfect. I'll take it.

Excuse me? hi, I'm lost! hello?

Keep the lights on for me
Keep the machines on for me

Thank you! God, that was close
I swear one of those things will
get me someday



Crystalline Mine

Before her lay a great mine
Lying empty and deserted
She knew great treasures would lie within
But perhaps great horrors, too

The mine had been abandoned for some time
No fires burned in the furnaces
No chatter bounced from the rocky walls
All was still
She crept cautiously through the gloom
Crystals bloomed into life at her touch
Their light revealing a path
These crystals held a strange resonance
The room grew slowly brighter
She felt the mine begin to come alive
An electric energy built up in the air
Even the lifeless rock of the mine
Couldn't stop the corruption planting its rancid
roots
Though all was not lost yet
Seams of rich minerals were buried in the walls
She wasn't here for material wealth
She wondered who had worked these tracks
Who had dug out these walls?
What great wonders had begun in this mine?
What horrors?
Strange machines sat idle
Waiting for their masters

Light from the crystal inspired her
Here was the treasure she truly sought
She found the path, even in darkness
For she had been here before
She was not afraid of the shadows
Machines loomed from the dark
She did not need the aid of machines
The crystal's glow made everything clear to her
She needed the light that shone from within
The mine had been built for industry
But she had her own power
Her own means to wealth
If only she had the courage to wield it
The crystal crackled with imagination's light
An electrical storm which granted new freedoms
The factory was the heart of everything
It lay silent now
But it would have to be ready soon
She was running out of time

She entered a cavern entombed in darkness
They came from the bare rock
Doubts, fears, insidious ideas
But she trusted the light she bore
And this mine would survive the shadow

The mine glowed behind her
Lit by internal fires of a thousand hues
Fuelled and sated, her path stretched onward.



no, no, that's not right. Think. Think!

I can hear the machines
They sing to me, they hum to me

Where does the time go? God, I'll never be ready

Chapter Four: Winds of Change

Idle winds played in her hair
She smiled for a moment
Delighting in its feather touch
Until the wind picked up
And tornado's fury blotted out the sun
She knew its touch was death
And set out to heal the destruction left in its wake

She saw islands floating in the sky ahead of her
As if the tornado had ripped the very earth
asunder.

Shattered Isles

A deceptive calm filled the air
Windmills rotated lazily in the distance
Magnolia winds swept gently through her hair
Yet the land lay broken around her
Fractured by the tornado's will
She wondered if she were broken, too
She wondered what stories had been unearthed
By the tornado's furious passage
A latticework of ruin surrounded her
Arches of bone
And columns of ivory
A skeleton home
A confusion of winds swept past her
A hundred dissenting voices

The soft zephyr carried poisonous lies
The ragged sirocco whispered sweet nothings
The cacophony threatened to blow her away
Until all fell still
The winds settled in her palm like a butterfly
And her voice carried the will of a hurricane
The winds began to give her direction
They carried her
She wondered whether that would be enough
It was something, at least
The landscape had surrendered to the winds
Islands scattered like pieces of her
Was she really here?
A wind picked up from nowhere
A panicked death-rattle

For the storm's strength was fading
She found the centre of the islands
The eye of the storm
She battled with unnamed horrors
And tempered by the will of the wind
She calmed the tornado's fury
She left the islands with renewed purpose
She realised that she felt whole for the first time.



Am I really here?

Who will tell my story?
What is my story?

Lost Desert

The desert stretched out to the hazy horizon
Something terrible had happened here

She didn't know how she arrived in the desert
There was nothing behind her
No footsteps in the sand
A hot sun beat down all around
Ahead of her lay a distant mountain range
Shimmering in the heat
"That's where I need to be," she said
She had to cross the desert

The desert was littered with the scars of past lives
Silent ghosts in hazy air
She couldn't remember who they had been
Nor what battle they had given their lives to
She couldn't even remember who she was

Who am I?

The heat was unforgiving
She wanted to lie down
To succumb to its eternal weight

It would be easier for her to give in
But she had to reach the mountains

She wondered if any of this was real
If she was just a mirage
"Maybe," she said to the shimmering air, "we are
all just mirages"
But the ghosts in the desert didn't reply
The sands rose around her
And terrible things crawled out of the dust
As if the desert itself hungered for her doom
"Where is everyone?" she asked the burning sun
But the silent star did not reply
"This isn't my home," she said to the scalding
sand
But the shifting sediment offered no sympathy
The desert stretched onwards
There would be no turning back from here
But she had to press on
She fed the parched earth
Her words brought relief to the aching desert.

h... hello? Is... is anyone there?

Are you alright?

I just can't believe she's gone, you know?

I have to reach the mountains

He's not dangerous mom! He's my friend!

Thank you baby! Aw, that's so sweet!

I am not going to fail this semester. I am not.

Everyone's so busy here, I just don't know how I'll fit in

Opening day tomorrow. I still can't believe this is happening!

I want to go home now



Thank you for reading



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