

Chapter 1: Rumors and bags

Rumors are its language. You are the one who either believes, denies, or finds the truth of it all. Most people fit in the category of believing or denying it, but there is one person in the town that wants to find the truth. This person is an adventurer.

This adventurer was originally from the realm of the mushrooms, and was sent on a noble quest 10 years ago, the mushroom quest, but ended up throwing it into the ocean never finishing the quest. That mushroom releases toxins that the adventurer has gained immunity to. But one day some fisherman saw the mushroom in the ocean and grabbed it. Yet, they were not immune to its toxins and soon became ill. Only one person recognized it was the mushroom and created a mask for himself to become immune from the toxins. He did not share this with the others so they ended up dying. The man in the mask soon became aware of this power and what he can do with the mushroom. Power is like sugar, you get a taste and you want more. With this power, the man in the mask commandeered one village, then another, and another until he had built himself a kingdom. Though he still wanted more... he grew an army and started plundering other kingdoms. This is where our adventurer's story starts, our adventurer's name is Ollie.

10 years later... It's been a peaceful time. The village of Malin has been prosperous. Trades from all around the earth have gone through here. The only thing that goes through here more than the trade, is rumors. Ollie is average height, with long strawberry blonde hair and ocean blue eyes. She has rosy cheeks and freckles, and will occasionally wear glasses. She dresses in both dark and light clothes and is always caught wearing a crystal necklace with one singular crystal earring. She is also a merchant who peacefully sells the finest of gems and weapons. Because of her popularity with daggers, she has heard many rumors during her time in Malin. Recently she recalls hearing a rumor that has bothered her for a while. This rumor is about the mushroom quest.

I had heard about the rumors in passing and unusually large orders of daggers. I knew, somehow, the mushroom was behind all of this. I kept to myself though, even when asked by multiple people if I knew what it meant. As I headed home after an exhausting day of making my usual daggers and a few special orders, I noticed something different on my ride home. Prix is a tall and elegant white/gray horse with golden eyes and hooves. Who is often adorned with small crystals and is my best companion. Prix was acting strange as we rode home, and I had a bad feeling.

A dark man appears on the path in front of me. I pull Prix to a halt and ask him who he is. "Ahhhh, and who might you be?" Asks the mysterious man.

"I am Ollie, Dagger merchant and adventurer. Who are you though," I asked. The leaves rustle from the wind

. "Ah yes, I have heard many things about you..." the man says. "You were the one who is immune to the mushroom, no?" I start to back Prix up to turn her around, Fingering the dagger under my cloak.

"Y-yes, I am," I said in a stronger voice.

"You might want to think twice about pulling out that dagger," he says. The birds fly by with the wind.

"I won't if you tell me who you are," I say with a slight snarl in my voice "and how you know who I am".

"Quiet down feisty one," he says. "All you need to know is that the rumor about the mushroom is true." I gasp and all of a sudden he poofs into thin air. The dust around him swirls and when it settles, a mark is left on the ground.

3 hours later... Ollie got home and had lunch. She went outside to take care of Prix.

"Ahh, hello my beautiful Prix," I say to her.

I walked over to her and stroked her beautiful white nose. I fed her a carrot and walked around the back of the house. As I'm walking my eye catches a peculiar white raven staring at me.

"Oh what's this?" I say to myself with a curious tone.

Strange, I have only seen ravens in black. I picked up some firewood from the pile and walked back

inside, calling for my daughter. Blu is a small child with big dreamy hazel eyes. She has rosy red cheeks and a lot of freckles. She has red frizzy hair with big round glasses, and is all around very dreamy looking. When I finally find Blu, she is sitting in her bedroom reading a book by the light of a candle stub.

“Hello dear”, I say leaning against the door frame. “You will never believe what I just found outside!” Blu looks up from her book with a dreamy look in her eyes.

“Oh, what is it mother?” She asks in her slow dreamy voice.

I motion for her to follow me outside and together we head into the yard. When they get outside instead of the raven they find a beautiful snow white fox curled up, asleep. They creep up slowly, so they won't wake up the mysterious fox.

“Huh,” I said to Blu, “Earlier, it was a white raven.” Alarmed by the voices, the fox wakes up and bolts into the forest.

“Odd, very odd indeed.” Blu says, watching the fox’s white tail disappear through the underbrush. When Ollie and Blu turn around and head back in the house, the fox peeks through the underbrush and watches them leave. As Ollie and Blu settle down onto the living room couch, they hear River, Ollie’s husband, come home from work. River is a slender but strong built man with sandy blond hair very closely cut. Ollie and Blu go to greet him and find him walking towards them with a sack in his hands.

“Hello dear, what’s in the bag?” I ask.

He looks down at the bag with a concerned look on his face. I quickly take it from him and open it up. I gasp and quickly drop the bag.

“W-Where did you get this?” I ask him, my voice quivering.

He lowers his head. I take the bag into the house and lock it in a box. I run out into the farmyard and grab Prix from her field. I quickly tack her up and grab the box, rations, and a traveling pack complete with some of my finest metalwork from the house.

“I must leave now,” I tell them,

“Please, take care of each other.”

I kiss each of them goodbye. I mount Prix and gallop away into the trail that leads from the house into the woods. I hear Blu and River calling my name, but I dare not look back, as I don’t want them to see the tears that are spilling from my eyes.