

The dream

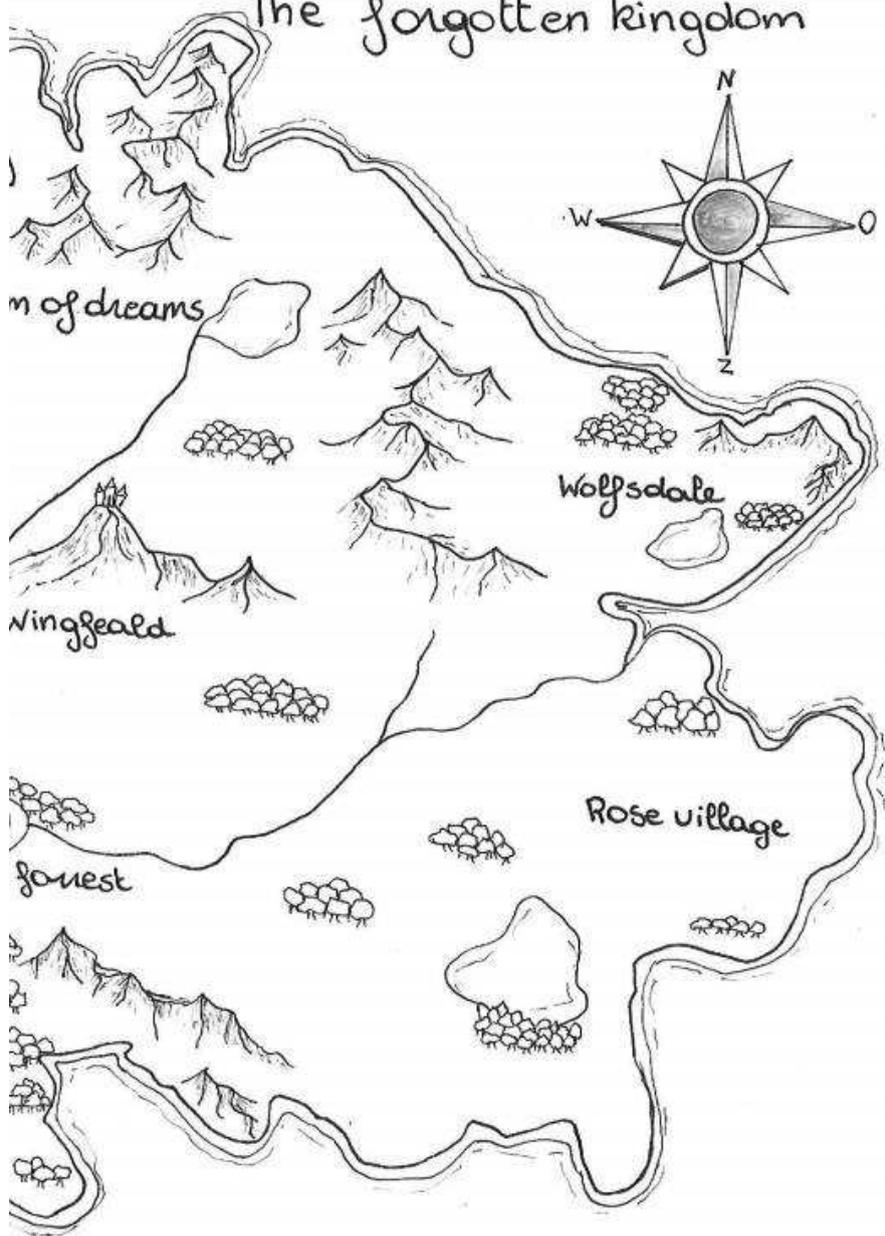
The dream

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The forgotten kingdom



The forgotten kingdom

Wingfeald

Royalty Thomas and Emely

Population 479

The world the place where every rule is made, the center of the forgotten Kingdom. The place where the castle lays. The home of Thomas Wingshire. A world where love rules and everyone or everything are united as one. Around this world there are six other, together they form the forgotten kingdom.

Wolfsdale

Leaders humans; Orfilia and Leander

 Wolves; Onora and Shadow

Population 400

The wolves and humans rule this world together. It's the birthplace of Artemis and Breena. Nature forms it's home to these animals and people.

Rose village

Leaders Kenna and Meagon

Population 150

The world the place where everything begins. Where normal humans live together, full of happiness. The air smells like flowers, as there is nowhere to go without seeing beautiful roses.

The dark forest

Leaders Lucy and Rambo

Population 165

The world you would think darkness rules here by it's name. And it does, only not in a bad way. Everything looks dark if you let it. But the moment you see the light everything turn bright. Just like the colors of the flowers and the stars at night.

Aveldine

Leaders humans; Keith and Cadmus

Dragons; Eira and Kai

Population 301

The world where dragons hold power, having their own language. Only people living there can speak with them. Ruling together, in all freedom.

Land of mystery

Leader Faye

Population 310

The world The place where witches hold a powerful force. With freedom of magic, always offering help. Fire, air, water and earth are the center of their powers therefor their holy to them. Take it and you will pay. Darkness and light have their own place in this world.

Realm of dreams

Leaders Romena and Kole

Population 111

The world where songs sound as fantasy and flowers smell like candy. Where elves rule and secure peace. Everything feels as a dream in this magical realm.



Royalty Achlys and Darcio

Son Thanatos

Population 1075

A kingdom forbidden to every living being living in the forgotten kingdom. Darkness, blood, murder and horror has their grip on the society from this kingdom. The bridge between them and the land of mystery is full of spells and curses, deadly if you don't have access or permission.



CHAPTER 1

Emely

I'm running through a field of white roses, passing every tree under those beautiful clouds. Bound to the ground, I stop and fall onto the soft petals in the middle of the white roses. Above me, a bird flies, so free and happy. I close my eyes and feel the wind dancing through my fingers as I reach toward the sky. The sun disappears, and cold rain falls on my skin. I feel alive, free for the first time in forever.

I hear something calling me, so I stand up and follow the sound. As I walk into the beautiful woods, I see a lonely door standing there, without anything around it. I open it and walk straight through. "I'm in front of a house. It's so peaceful, with white walls adorned by red roses climbing upon it. It has a straw roof and an old wooden door. Surrounded by a power I've never felt before, invisible but palpable.

Looking behind me, the door is gone. Instead, there is a man standing, walking slowly towards me. I couldn't see his face; he was too far away. As I stand there, feeling like the weight is falling off my shoulders, for just a second, I forget everything.

As he continues to walk, everything starts fading away, and I fall back into reality. I open my eyes, wishing it wasn't true, but there it is: the old walls, the cold room, and my stomach rumbling from hunger. I haven't eaten for days, neither have my parents nor my sister, who is still sleeping in my arms. I decide to get out of bed and start my day. I've already done some chores. I put on my dress, my only dress—a grey one with a few scratches on it. But I'm happy with it. It's comfortable and easy to put on. I don't need to wear a corset like the rich people do.

As you may already think, we don't have much. We are poor. It's the 18th century, full of danger from fever to simply being a girl. My father works at a factory; he is almost never home. But despite working so hard, he barely makes any money. It's just not enough to provide food for everyone here. I help where possible, so I went into the garden and took some water from the well. Carrying it inside to the kitchen, I see my mother sitting at the table, the cracked table, her place of contemplation. Mostly in the morning, when my sister is still asleep. She tries to shield her from the harsh reality, so she doesn't worry. But Amelia, that's my sister's name. She knows, she talks about it to me. And I listen, as I always do.

I work as hard as I can to help and stay positive. But every time I see my mom sitting there, all by herself, in pain and stress, behind the old table, I feel like I'm falling through the ground.

She hears me coming thanks to the noisy wooden floor, cracking under my steps. "Good morning," she says. And with that one word, she puts on a fake smile, like she always does. I love her. She tries to do everything to make us as happy as she can. As does my father, but I barely see him and almost never talk to him. Most of the stories I know were told by my mother. I know he loves us, thanks to the many notes he leaves in the morning. That's kind of the way we communicate.

"Good morning, Mom," I answer. She asks how I slept, and I tell her I had the same dream again. She knows exactly how it goes; I tell her the same dream almost every morning. I hear the floor crack. There is my little sister. Tomorrow she will be eleven. If Luke, my brother, were still here, he would be ten in a month. He died of fever when he was four. My sister had it too, but she survived, and here she is. I stand up, walk to her, and give her a morning hug. I leave the room and go make the bed. After that, I will do my other chores. It's my sister's job to go on the streets, begging for money.

It's painful to see her leave every morning; every time I wish she comes back. The streets are a very dangerous place, especially for a girl her age. There is a fever going through the city. I hope so much it

doesn't reach here. We don't have the money to pay a doctor, so the chance we die from it is very big. It's already evening. For a little while, I lay on the ground in the garden, looking up at the sky, gazing at the stars.

I feel somebody's touch; it's my sister. She lays her head beside mine. As we look at the stars together, I feel at peace for that one moment. I tell her we are going to bed. Tomorrow we have another day to face.

Maybe I can go to the bakery for some bread. We have just enough, I think. As I walk through the streets, I wish I could give something to my sister for her birthday. I'm going to buy some bread. After I go to the bakery, I head into the park. There are flowers standing there, so I decide to pick the pretty ones. I will give them to my sister for her birthday. It's not much, but it is something. I think she will love it."



CHAPTER 2

Emely

Two weeks have passed, and my dad came home yesterday. He said he didn't feel well. My mother did the best she could, but later that night he got a fever. And today, my mother did too. I told my sister she needed to stay away. It's dangerous; she could die. My parents and I know it too because my father was getting worse every day, as did my mother. I was scared, afraid they would die, and I would get it too, and my sister would be alone.

I'm helping my parents at the moment, hoping they would get better. But somewhere in the back of my mind, I knew they wouldn't. My mother's face was even paler than it already was. She looked like a white cloud. My father had bags under his eyes; I swear I never saw them this dark. His lips were blue, and his face looked just as worried as mine. "Honey, please

listen to me," he tries to breathe, but his breath sticks in his throat. "Please, father, you don't need to talk." "No," his voice is hopeless, like he wants to form words hoping they aren't his last, but knowing they will be one of the lasts. "I want you to know how strong you are," he takes a breath, "please remember we love you and your sister with our whole hearts. I wish we could've done more for the two of you." He begins coughing. "Please stop, I know you hoped that, but we never held it against you two. We love you with our whole heart. I wish I could save you; I can't lose you." With that, tears came running down my face.

"We love you, honey, and we are so proud of you," this time it was my mother speaking. "I hope you will find that boy one day. If you do, I will watch over you together with your father; we always will." I smiled when I looked at her face. For the first time in months, I saw a real smile on her face. But the sadness in her eyes has never gone away.

My father died two days ago, my mother the day after. I didn't get it; I think I was immune. I hope with my whole heart my sister is too. I went to our bedroom where my sister was hiding the last couple of days, just like I asked her to. She was crying, and I just tried to stay strong. I came up to her and gave her a hug, trying to comfort her the best I could. We fell asleep after a while; the next morning, we had nothing left. No parents, no food, money, or anything else. And I became the one sitting behind the cracked table.

As I was thinking about how we would get out of this situation, I heard my sister coughing. In that one moment, my world stopped. This couldn't be real. I couldn't lose her, not another to this killer. I ran to her, fear gripping my pace with every step. But when I reached her, her face pale, her eyes blue, I knew the truth. The look on her face said she knew it too. All I could do was pray and make this the best I could. I fought for her with all I could, gave her the last of our food, let her drink the water from our well. All the while, I wondered how this could happen to us. But nothing had any use. She died days after my parents, and all I had left were memories of stars and words.

I couldn't help her. I was so angry and tired, desperate and not knowing what I needed to do. I had nothing. My whole family died, and I was left alone. For just a moment, I wished I was dead too, with them in heaven. But I wasn't. I was still here, on this cursed world. I chose to live for them, the way they would for me. I packed my bags and left.

There I was, standing in the doorway, looking into the house. As I held the ripped bag in my hands, I closed the door behind me for the last time. I stepped away, my eyes filled with tears, knowing my family was there by my side and would be there forever. I don't know where to go, or even how to start. The only things I have are my one dress, my favorite blanket, and one and a half pound. It's not much, and I have no clue if I'm going to survive this. All I know is that staying home isn't safer. I'm on the streets, the dangerous

streets. I'm afraid of the way men look at me, as if I'm a piece to win in the market. I hate it. I wish we had as many rights as they do, that we could feel safe on the streets. But that's not reality, and if I want to survive, I need to keep my head in reality.

I see a wagon, it's filled with straw. It's from a farmer. I go up to him and ask if he could drive me somewhere, doesn't matter where. He said I looked poor and probably don't have any money to give him in return. So his answer was: "No, I can't. I'm not going to give you anything. Work for it like I do! You're a woman, you don't deserve it." With that, he turned his back and left. I try to get a ride from some other people, but each time I get the same answer. I'm a woman and don't deserve it.

My hope is almost gone until I felt someone's hand on my shoulder. I jump back and look into the face of a man, I think he's around fifty years old. His blonde hair is almost gone on his head, he has a beard growing till his chest. Growing some grey here and there. "You look poor, my dear girl. Can I help you, maybe with a roof to sleep under? Or just a simple something to eat?" He asked. My stomach was growling, and I was cold as ice. Accepting his offer, I went with him. He took me to his house, and along the way, I shared a few things about myself. He said his name was Doyle. My mother always said: "Don't tell your whole story to someone you do not trust. Not to men, women, or children. It could lead to lonely walks.

It's like telling your deepest secret to a woman during tea, and remember, tea leaves stains."

When we arrived at the house, it was dark, as was the house itself. The walls were almost black, and the roof was brown. The only light came from the moon, shining upon the roof and the windows. It kind of scared me, but I had no other hope or choice. Inside, he set out a feast of food. Honestly, I'd never seen so much food laid out on just one table. There was chicken, bread, apples, potatoes, carrots, and so much more.

Later that night, I settled on the couch, wrapping myself in my blanket from home. As I closed my eyes, I found myself stuck in the same dream all over again. But when I woke up, I couldn't tell my mom. This is one of those moments I miss her, I miss everyone. I miss the letters, the old table, the creaking floor, and the mumbled singing of my sister.

She always sang, albeit mumbling. She did it while she worked on chores or when she walked through the streets. I miss that, although it annoyed me most of the time.

During the days, I needed to work. I swept the floor, brought wood inside for the fire, and tried to cook or learn to cook. But I didn't feel good here; I needed to work more and more. The man calling himself Doyle, the man who took me to this house, became more aggressive, rude, you could say, at the least. I felt uncomfortable and not welcome anymore. After a few

days, he began to ask me for favors, if you know what I mean. I said no each time, over and over again.

I can't help but think of a way to get out of here and start a life. But for now, I'm kind of safe here. But tonight was different. As I closed my eyes on the couch, I felt someone looking at me. I was too scared to look, but the moment I felt a hand on my waist, I opened my eyes. He was standing over me. Before he could do anything, I heard the door opening. There was a woman coming in. I saw the panic in Doyle's eyes. I was completely frozen with fear, but then I saw it. She was his wife.

She looked at me, and I could tell she knew what was going on. And I guess she wasn't unknown to this situation. I packed as much as I could, even taking some of their food. I know it's wrong to take things from people, but in this case, I didn't really care. And I really didn't have time to think. I searched for the door in the dark. I found it, not even having the chance to put on my shoes. So with everything in my hands, I ran as fast as I could.

My feet and dress were covered in dirt. I found somewhere to hide, or at least sit. It was a dirty little wall; I was probably not the first one sitting there. I was again all alone, in the cold. I had some bread and meat from that house, but I knew it's better to spare it for a while. The meat was covered in salt, so I could keep it for a while. And this weather won't be a

problem for that too, I guess. It's like a huge block of ice outside.

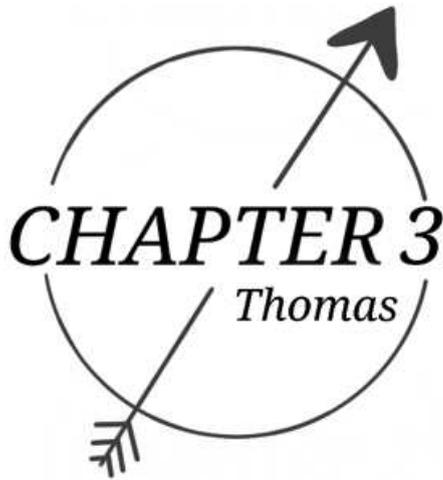
For the next week, I sat here, begging for money. I don't have any food left, and the only money I got was a half-pound, not enough to buy something to eat. I've been sitting here for almost two weeks now. I stayed here because it seemed safe. My fingers are red, almost blue from the cold. It feels like they would freeze off. Even the tears rolling over my cheeks felt warmer than my skin on its own. I can't handle it anymore; I try to stand up. My legs feel like they are going to break, and it's like someone stabs hundreds of needles into my feet. The weight of the blanket on my shoulders was huge. But it kept me warm and was probably the only thing keeping me alive.

I try to walk, but it's hard. Here and there, I sit down just to rest. I take stops to beg for money. But luck is not on my side. I saw a wagon again filled with straw; let's just take the risk. I lay down and covered myself with it as much as possible. Hopefully, the man riding this thing wouldn't notice me. I need to stay as quiet as possible. But I fell asleep very fast. When I woke up, we were still riding.

I guess the man didn't see me yet, or we just didn't stop. I don't know how long I slept; the sun is shining. I must have slept the whole night through. A few hours later, the wagon stopped. I was scared the man would hurt me if he saw me lying here. I had no clue how to get out of here without him seeing me. I heard his steps coming towards me, closer and closer. I even

heard him breathe as the noise became louder. My heart is beating in my chest. Suddenly, he stops. I hear someone yelling at him, and the steps are getting silent again. I didn't realize I stopped breathing, and at the moment I heard talking from a far distance. Taking a deep breath, trying to stay calm, I look through the wood on the side of the wagon. There is a hole in the planks, perfect to peek through. I see him standing there, talking to some other people.

This is the moment; I need to run again, as fast and far as possible. But my energy is low, and I'm sure the moment I try to walk, I will fall. I take the risk; it's better than getting hit, I guess. I get from under the straw, stand on my feet. After finding my balance, I start running. I run as fast as I can. I see the world spinning, and I don't know where I'm heading. I hear the man yelling at me; he saw me, but I couldn't care less right now. I run as fast as I can; my head hurts, my vision is one big haze. But I keep going. But then I fall. I don't have the energy to get up. I see a tree; I crawl to it and just lay down. I close my eyes and fall asleep. I really don't know if I'm going to wake up again, and honestly, I'm not sure if I want to anymore.



CHAPTER 3

Thomas

I ride on my horse through the forest when suddenly I hear noises behind me. It's like someone is running behind me. I kick my horse so that he starts running, but the person behind me goes faster and faster. Suddenly, my path is blocked by trees, and I have no way out. Turning around, I suddenly look into the eyes of a black shadow. His eyes are white, as if darkness didn't consume him fully yet. Still, everything else about him is pitch black. I feel my heartbeat getting faster and faster. My breath is stuck in my throat, and I feel like I can't breathe. My horse is unsteady. I turn around until I see a way out. I kick my horse, but all of a sudden, my horse disappears, and I fall to the ground.

As I lay there on my knees, darkness surrounds me in the forms of different shadows, just like demons. I

begin yelling and hide my head under my arms as I crawl further on the ground. Noise begins filling my ears as if someone is yelling my name. It sounds like a girl. Her voice is filled with pain and loss. Soon her voice is stilled by the sound of shouting unintelligible words and phrases. I want to be gone from here. I start yelling that they need to stop, but the noise becomes louder and louder until the ground underneath me fades. I feel everything disappear under me until I fall, down into the darkness underneath my body.

I don't see anything, but the noise is gone. Candles turn on, and I'm standing in a beautiful white room. I see a girl standing at the window. She is looking outside at the birds dancing through the wind, singing their melody.

I don't see her face, but I can feel her pain and fatigue. Walking up to her, I stretch my arm and lay my hand on her shoulder. In just a second, I feel peace and rest in my whole body. I see her by my side, standing next to me, holding my hand. I already know that I love her, and I didn't even see her or talk to her yet. Is this the girl my grandmother told me about? I want to open my mouth and talk to her, but I can't form words. I feel her pain through my hand. I want to comfort her the way she does to me at this moment. But then everything fades.

I wake up in my room. Everything is the same old, just as always. My walls are white, my bed is in oak wood, just like all my furniture. I like it, but it's a bit boring and lonely. I had the same dream again, I've had it

since the day my grandmother died. On the day she died, she made a prophecy about a special girl. I keep wondering if she is the girl my dream is about. When will she arrive in our kingdom? I hope she isn't in pain, but if my dream tells the truth, she is. I just don't know why she is hurting.

Most of the time, my nights are filled with nightmares of my demons. The darkness within me never took over, and it never will. But my dark secrets find their way through my head in the night. I stand up from my bed and get ready for the day. I'm going hunting today with my best friend. "So, you found that girl already?" Caleb asks. He's been my best friend since I can remember. In a few weeks, he will go to the real world to ensure everything is fine over there. I will miss him, but it's his job. Mine is to rule over this kingdom.

"No, I didn't. I don't even know if she is real and even lives in this world," I answer. "She probably doesn't live here, just like your grandma said. But I'm sure she is real," he reassures me with a smile, and I return it. Before I could say something more, we hear a noise in front of us. A deer is standing there eating. Let the hunt begin.