

The Lonely Archivist - Fantasy

The footsteps of a frail and slight young man clicked through the halls of an ornate and gold-crowned castle. His hair was a pure white, flowing down either side of his face, too long for even him. His name was Evraz, a name as unique as his intellect was vast. The castle's only archivist, which could be easily guessed from his attire. Long, flowing blue robes draped around his modest-looking footwear. He carried books and scrolls in his slender hands, dusty tomes and glass vials, all stacked atop one another and precariously perched. It was an accident waiting to happen -- and happen it did.

As he walked, a long strand of hair draped over the smooth frame of his glasses. His eyes drew to this change in his appearance almost immediately with a frown. He pursed his lips and blew the strand back, only to have it rest upon his glasses once more. Frustrated, he stopped. A slight shift here and a chin rested there; he finally managed to get a hand free from the stack he carried. He drew his hair back and looped it around his ear before pushing his glasses further up his face. Not a moment later, as he sighed a long days sigh, a tall and well-armoured man came blundering around the corner, knocking him to the ground. His books and tomes scattered, falling upon the floor with a loud thud. The glass vials shattered on impact, spraying tiny shards atop the polished stonework.

"You pitiful little—" The dark-haired man said with a scowl, raising the back of his hand. This man towered over Evraz, a peasant to his knightly stature. Evraz shuttered and shrunk down into the corner. He was used to this kind of treatment, not knowing where and when he would take his next beating. But unfortunately, it was just the way things were in this city. The man snarled and huffed, lowering his hand. "Oh... it's just you. Watch where you're going next time." Evraz watched the man strut past him and disappear down the hall. It wasn't the first time he had a run-in with a knight, and it wasn't going to be his last.

One by one, he picked up the dusty tomes and dishevelled books, the unravelled scrolls and what remained of the glass vials he carried and continued to his chambers. Finally, he entered the room and closed the door with his back, leaning against it with his eyes shut, his hands still immeasurably full. Tears welled up in his eyes and dripped down his soft and supple face. He was trying to hold it back with every fibre of his being, but it wasn't enough. The tears just kept coming. He was no more than 19 years of age but just a boy in the eyes of many that dwell in the castle's walls.

Sci-Fi Prologue

In 2617, what was left of the human race landed adrift in a strange star system, far from Earth and The Milky Way. With our engines overloaded and our food stores running low, we had to take our chances exploring the vast reaches of space to find a suitable planet that could sustain us. But, little did we know, that small planet would lead us into the future at a great cost. Many years after the events on Buruvia, the Federation took over, forcing those that stood back to take up arms or be left to starve. A necessary move to keep the human race alive, but not one our leaders took lightly. After the wars and the rebellion, we came to a standstill, a time of peace and discovery, something we knew wouldn't last long.

Wild West

The rough and tumble bar smelled like it always did, from booze-soaked wood and cigarette smoke to piss and gunpowder. It was quiet and empty this early morning -- like it was every other morning. There were no more than a few drunks passed out in the corner, covered in their own filth, and the barkeep cleaning a glass with a dusty rag. A light tune came from the back as a man plucked the strings of his guitar, half-drunk from the night before. It was a hot and muggy day, the barkeep thought, not at all helping the smell, but at least it was quiet. He placed the glass upside down on the bar and grabbed another, cleaning each one of them as thoroughly as he could.

"What do you think you're doing back here, boy?" The barkeep said as he reached for another glass, keeping his eyes on the task at hand. From the corner of the bar inched out a young boy, no more than eight years old; scraggly brown hair draped down to his shoulders, and his dusty beige shirt and slacks were ripped and caked in mud. He didn't speak. He just remained still, crouching down and staring at the barkeep. It wasn't the first time Jameson had seen this kid, and he was sure it wouldn't be the last. He set the final glass down with the others and glanced at the young boy. "You can't keep coming in here, kid. It's not safe." As he took a closer look at the boy, he noticed a small cut on the side of his cheek, along with burn marks around his neck. He sighed. "I guess it ain't that safe out there either." He sucked in his teeth and clicked his tongue, looking around the empty bar. "All right." He continued, looking back at the boy. "Come on. Keep your head down. I'll go find you something in the back."