

Levels

“Why are we here?” I asked, peevishly.

My mentor was normally cheerful, but there was nothing happy in her face as she considered my slouch. I hurriedly straightened. “Better,” she said. “This was one of the last places to fall when evil took this island. Respect it.”

“A child’s tree house?” I said. Admittedly: this place was more of a tree ‘fortress.’

“Yes.” Her voice was bleak. “Those *children* fought until they died. They died because of *our* failures. So we took what remained, and buried them where they would be safe. An honor that **you** have not yet earned.”

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