

Strikewriter Entry

He held his breath “This is...the fade?” Everything was disoriented...fuzzy and out of shape. Everything around them looked like a barren wasteland of earth, until you got to the edge of the floating island. “Once the throne of the maker, now overrun with spirits.” , she answered. “You mean demons?” the apostate, Solstice, questioned. “Not necessarily.” If there where demons here, she fit in perfectly, with her dark colored magi robes, face tattoos, bright eyes, and scars. The elf, Crynor he recalled, spoke up,” After all the stories, am I truly here?” Realization dawned on the Templar that the haunting legends told to children to discourage bad habits where somehow tied into the fade. Even the prophet Andraste, tales of her courageousness inspired many as she waged war upon Tivinter Imperium, fought the very people who were responsible for this. Suddenly, the ground beneath them burst into lava, the ground began to ripple with heat. They all jumped back just in time as a clawed hand reach out of the pool of lava. “And here” the mage, Spirit, announced “Is your first fight with a demon.”

She turned to Solstice “Well, a *true* demon for you. Try not to die, I’ll come collect survivors later!” as she finished her sentence, she cast a spell and vanished, leaving the elf, templar, and apostate to defend themselves



The templar struggled to stand up. His leg flared with pain as he shifted his weight. He strained his eyes looking the source of the pain. A thick, crimson liquid leaked from his armor. “Regonald!” *I refuse to die like this! Not by twisted games!* He forced himself to shove aside the pain as he surveyed his teammate’s positions. Crynor got to the top of a hill overlooking the strange lava veined creature, with its abnormally hunched back and burning sun white eyes, and was now aiming with his bow and shooting arrows. Solstice was casting spells from a distance, raising his staff, chanting in tongues, strange auras emerging around him. That left Regonald to take care of melee attacks. That also meant he had to be careful to keep a distance, attached to not getting burned. He took a deep breath and charged. He took for a simple swing and when it connected it, surprisingly, took damage, Regonald had a faint idea why. Though it was mainly from the heretic

rambling of mages, he remembered something about everything in the fade being controlled by willpower. His eyes widened as he saw the demons counterattack. The area around Reginald set ablaze and he fell over screaming. He tried helplessly to get the flames off. Until...he couldn't move. His gaze drifted to his arm. It was entirely encased in ice. All of him was, in fact. His sight bolted to the demon, but it could move just as much as Reginald could. The demons figure dimmed, it's eyes flickered until the flames that made up it's body dispersed. The shell of ice was left behind, as if their struggle had been nonexistent. The ice around Reginald melted as well, ended up with him cold and shivering on the ground. "What..." he swallowed. "Was that?" Solstice approached and offered Reginald a hand "A simple spell, Winter's Grasp." Solstice's eyes wandered nervously over the ice shell. "Though as a blood mage I'm not specializing in those spells. "You seem good at it to me." Reginald sighed shakily and accepted the assistance. Crynor scrambled down the hill, his eyes reflecting his fear. "So...what now?" the fact dawned upon them as they understood that they had no clue when, or if, Spirit would come back. They all waited in silence as

if the answer would pop out of nowhere. Getting tired of the uncertainty, Reginald proclaimed, "Solstice, shouldn't *YOU* know? Being a mage and all." Miffed, he replied, "I ran away from the Tower of Magi before I was taught about this." An excited giggle sounded behind them. They whipped around to analyze the noise. "I thought I heard someone say *mage*! It's been a while since *mortals* have visited this part of the fade." A wicked grin swept across her face. She resembled a human, with purple skin and goat horns atop her head. She wore jewelry as substitute for human clothing. "Why don't you follow me?" A strange purple aura radiated around her "I can help you. "Reginald's shoulders fell. *Why not go with her, to lead them out of this disturbed place? **Schlink!*** The demon slumped over and blood dripped from her mouth. "I leave you alone for an hour, and you get caught by a desire demon? Ugh, the darkspawn would slay you swiftly!" Spirit pulled her sword out of the demon and it fell to the ground. Despite the bubbling rage inside of Reginald, she was a sight for sore eyes. "Well you still have to do the initiation anyways." "What initiation?" Solstice frowned. A wave of

irritation flashed across Spirit's face. "Why the Grey Warden Initiation of course."



It was a relief to be out of the fade and back into the real world, but the initiation area they had 'awoken' in after Spirit had brought them out of the fade looked unforgiving as well. It was like a dreary castle, or one that had been abandoned long ago. Minus the entire roof. Clouds hung overhead, signaling that a storm was cruising through to ruin their 'oh so joyful party'. Reginald's attention shifted back to Spirit. She held three vials filled with a violet tinted liquid. "To join our ranks, you'll have to drink these. It's a heavy price to pay." Solstice pointed out, "What exactly do you mean by 'price'?" Spirit grimaced "It's darkspawn blood." They all gaped "Back out now, and you will be killed." She handed each of them a vial. Reginald opened it and pressed it to his lips. *How can I trust her?* He tilted the glass. *What if she is lying?* It entered his mouth. **Gulp!** For a moment he didn't feel anything. Then the pain erupted and he stiffened. It lasted for only a moment. Then

it disappeared. Spirit held out a hand to them. “Welcome to the Grey Wardens.”

Takes place in Dragon Age (Origins)