Nightmares… What does the one who fears nothing fear? What lurks in the shadows, for the one who makes others fear whats in the dark. The moon was high, the stars not a single in the sky, ontop of a high mountain top Hrutr lays, hiking up there over the night, his mind racing, the images of sunset burned into his eyes like the sun in Vakaan. He lays on the stone, heart pounding, adrenaline storming, but no combat was happening, nothing that would get your heart to beat… To pulse… to stop.

Shadows swept the sky away, dropping through the mountain, falling into void, splash. Water. Which way is up? Where is the sky, Hrutr swam around, trying to open his eyes, the ash filled water burned, he shut his eyes tight, swimming in circles, trying to surface, before he could find surface, something massive grabbed him by the sides, pulling him from the water. Light flooded his ash covered eyes, he was in a room, a room with horrors, something he could not face.

Standing in a temple, the statue of Freya above him, he was small, young, weak, powerless. He looked around, the priest, this was the day. The day it all changed. His eyes were wiped but not by himself, by someone taller, someone kinder, someone who… no. he wouldnt accept this. He opened his eyes to see Ildris, and behind her, Yigg, His mother and father. Beside them was a priest, today was the day they plunged Hrutr, the day the priest scryed for his fate. Hrutr didnt have control, he was powerless, his body moved, he didnt want to hear the fate, he didnt want it. But it felt so natural, his fingernails sharp like claws, his arms strong like an adults, he pushed his mother to the side, she fell, hitting her head on the marble stairs, he turned, fire burning in his eyes. He lunged at the priest, throwing him to the ground, slamming his head against the marble, turning the white stone to crimson. He ran to a window, throwing a chair through it, the colored glass shattering around him, he climbed through, taking one last look at his father, holding his wounded mother on the ground. Then he jumped.

So thats what fear is. The fear of power, losing power, and being given power, having power, and using power. When he awoke he was still on the mountain, the lights shining above him like candles in an ocean. Then the sun broke it all.