

July 3

### A Change in Plan...

I entered the old town, just as I had seen it last. Burnt, smoldering wood everywhere, not a living thing to be seen. My home. Barbaros.

“Welcome home...” I muttered. I walked down the familiar path to my old shack. At least to where it was. I had not strayed from my path to Bristol by much, only a few hundred miles. I was short on time and a great distance to cover in a mere week. But my plan was clear. It was time to claim the heirloom. I stepped through the mess of a doorway into my old place. I couldn't believe I did all of this. So much destruction and death. It Didn't matter at the moment. I would return to fix this mess, and rebuild my town.

I opened a chest in the corner and found its contents to be unharmed. Thank goodness for Mother's enchantments. Fireproof Chest, great for keeping things safe. And there was my Father's old Tool belt. Full of parts and gizmos that never worked. These were not what I was looking for. I couldn't find the small box. Mother had always told me, When the time comes, it will call. Well, I knew, but where was it? Time was wasting and I didn't even have enough to spare. I could go without it.

“In a place where it is warm, always out of harm. There are times, you will fall, when the time comes, it will call.” I recited, just as Mother always told me. I turned to scan the room. And saw it.

“Fireplace!” I exclaimed. My Mother's favorite enchantment was always Protection against fire. So it would make sense to place it in the Fire. I stooped down and began digging through the ashes. I uncovered a wooden box. This was it. I could feel the excitement bursting in me. This is all I need yet. The paragon's gave me my true power, and now, My family will give me the rest. I opened the box and gazed upon it. Magnificently crafted by Father, and enchanted by Mother. Two powerful sources working together. Did they know this would happen? Is that why they created an Heirloom like this? And if so... will it happen again? Questions raced through me as I lifted it out of the box. The time has come. I placed it on my head and felt...safe. As if nothing could harm me. But it was a welcome feeling. As if it belonged.

I turned and headed back out the door. I had to find a way to make up time. I should be in Bristol by now. And a week to get there will not be enough by foot. If only I still had the Dark powers of Shadow King. Up in the distance I saw figures running. Four legged creatures, majestic and beautiful. Those were the Branson's horses. Thankfully they were unharmed. I walked over to them, as they stopped by a stream to drink. I Chose the Largest one. Black and brown, and clearly the strongest. Reaching into my bag, I produced a single apple. The last of my rations. I approached the horse with caution. It looked at me and gave a small neigh. I smiled. Such amazing creatures. I offered it to him and he took it in one bite.

“Good horse. Will you be my ride? I need to go somewhere fast.” As if the horse understood, it bobbed his head. I climbed on and steadied my self.

“Giddyup! I yelled, and it took off. I held on as the horse raced towards Bristol. At this rate I should be there by Friday night. My luck is turning around. Bristol, Here I come.

I had finally come to the end of my journey. The Moonsoul Crown was mine!