

It was dark when Matthew had arrived the castle. It felt like if there was something unusual going on. He did not remember having left the place as it was. What he most liked about the castle was the large amount of towers it had surrounding it. He could remember when the Lord had obligated every man in the town to work for him. Matthew never considered himself as a sport type of person. He enjoyed building and making different creations. He was never able to explain hiself why did everything was made of blocks, but as his mother had told him "World is full of mysteries".

After he had entered the castle, he got a designation and went to one of the 12 towers that surrounded it. He had went to one that had a Green flag. He was one of the first people to go to the towers. He could see how each of his companions entered the towers, climbed up the ladders and guarded the castle from upcoming menaces. As the night rose, several zombies, skeletons, giant sized spiders, and much other creeps appeared. He and the other twelve men of the towers always kept the monsters away from the kingdom's walls. The King ensured the townspeople safety in exchange of a part of their production. So these people were safe because of the soldiers in the towers.

One night, was desastrous. All of the survivors remember it as if it had happened yesterday. It all started with an earthquake. The ground was rumbling, and no one could explain what was going on. The ground started to fall. The walls that once protected the Kingdom, had fallen, but not to the floor, but to some kind of never ending hole which later on was named "The Void". The 12 towers and the castle in the middle were the only remains of the kingdom, and probably of the rest of the world.

No one would have imagined that the King was involved. He had recruited the 12 best warriors for a battle that would determine who lives and who dies. Them all were forced to gather what they could from the chests in their towers, build bridges to other towers, and kill. What once was forbidden and punished with death, now was the only way to survive. Matthew, even though not very strong nor agile, was one of the three survivors. He had killed strategically 2 people, while the others had been teaming up to survive. Matthew had to fight against the Westtree brothers. They were known for their massive skills in combat. Matthew was one tower away from them. He had set up a trap. The only thing he needed was that they entered through the tower's door. The brothers had arrived to the bridge leading to the tower where Matthew was hiding. They jumped off the bridge, and careless of what could happen, entered the tower as fast as they could. When they set a foot in the tower's floor, it moved away, leaving a hole under them leading to the void. They had nothing to do but accept their fate and fall to their death.

Matthew had won, but at what cost. He had killed his friends. He was not proud about it and he couldn't keep the guilt inside him. Rage started to flow in his veins. He wanted to see the King, and he wanted it now. He built a bridge to the center of the kingdom where the King's castle rested. He entered the door, and silently went to the King's room. He Heard strange noices and voices. He watched closely, and silently. The King was talking with someone, but Matthew did not know who. He slipped, and the door fell open. The King and what appeared to be a shadow turned around and stared at him. The shadow, instinctively rushed towards Matthew, and he started to run as fast as his legs let him. He drank a speed potion to be faster, and felt the adrenaline rushing through his blood. He left the castle, and ran through the bridge. He destroyed the bridge hoping that it could stop the shadow.

He realized that the shadow floated, what meant that it could fly. But he couldn't see it anywhere. He looked down, at his own shadow, and saw a smiling face in it. He knew, in that moment, that there was no escape. The shadow emerged and grabbed Matthew from the neck. It didn't say a single word. It simply opened its mouth and let out a loud screech. Matthew felt numb, and he could not move. He started to lose vision. Something had control over him. That is the last thing he remembered before being thrown to the void full of pain and agony for eternity.