GOLDEN BLUE

Tales of Kana

CHAPTER 1

Pocket of Hope

Wrote by:
E.PANGAN

In The Beginning

In the desolate and unforgiving wasteland of the ancient continent, a resilient civilization emerged, finding solace and forging a home amidst the jagged peaks of the formidable Thor ridges. Nature itself emerged as a relentless predator, mercilessly preying upon the fragile existence of the resilient civilization. Amidst the harsh and barren landscape, the Creatures found themselves confronted not only by the harshness of the elements but also by the primal instinct for survival that resided within them.

Yet, as the civilization sought to carve out their existence, they discovered that the wasteland was not empty. Beyond the borders of their homeland, other tribes emerged, each driven by their own motives and steadfast in their own conflicting beliefs. In this tangled web of divergent paths, the boundaries between right and wrong became obscured, and the true path to righteousness remained elusive, obscured by the fog of uncertainty.

A war, fueled by desperation and the primal instinct for survival, erupted with a cataclysmic force. The clash of swords and the piercing cries of agony echoed through the air, drowning out the whispers of reason and compassion. In this dark chapter of history, the Barren drank deep from the

well of sorrow, as bloodshed stained the land, leaving scars that would forever mark the memories of the survivors.

Death cast its shadow over the battlefield, claiming lives with merciless efficiency. Some warriors met their tragic demise, their dreams and aspirations forever shattered, while others were condemned to a fate worse than death, reduced to mere slaves, their spirits broken under the weight of oppression.

News of the devastating conflict spread like wildfire across the globe, igniting a sense of trepidation in the hearts of distant tribes. Each community, driven by the desperate need to protect their own freedom and secure essential resources, began to prepare for the inevitable clashes that awaited them.

Pocket of Hope

In the aftermath of the great war, a new life emerged from the scorched Ancient Continent—a child, born to a slave, drawing breath from a land he hardly knew. His parents were survivors, bearing the indelible marks of the unforgettable bloodshed that had consumed the past. Trapped within the oppressive grip of their captors, they toiled as slaves under the rule of the Vulp-gardians, a civilization with a history steeped in colonization.

With their distinctive orange-hued skin, the Vulp-gardians stood as the epitome of a civilized society, boasting a long and complex record of colonization. Though once feared for their brutal conquests, the passage of time had seen them transform from savage conquerors to a centralized governing force. They had forged intricate connections through trade and commerce, establishing themselves as a formidable power in the region. However, amidst their progress, the dark stain of legalized slavery persisted.

The child grew up in a harsh environment, devoid of opportunities, support, and education. Navigating life without the presence of his parents was a difficult path to tread, but he managed to become a decent and resilient young man. His mother had succumbed to a relentless disease, while his father faced a tragic fate—execution, accused of stealing medicine from a renowned hospital in Vulp-gard.

One fateful day, a foreign fox arrived on the scene. With his white-colored fur and a long, unkempt beard, he was unmistakably a traveling merchant. Despite his tattered attire, he traded in valuable goods. Rumors of his dubious practices circulated, yet the Vulp-gardian government welcomed his ship, for he had the means to pay the required tolls.

In a moment of chance, the child rose to his feet and assisted the merchant in lifting his heavy cargo. The child, a son of a slave, worked at the shipment docks, earning meager wages that barely provided him with a single meal each day. Suddenly, the child collapsed before the merchant, leaving him astonished. Rushing to his aid, the merchant offered him a sandwich he had tucked away in his pocket.

"*Ahoi! there, lad!*" the merchant greeted, concern etched on his face. "What's your name?" he inquired. "Slaves don't have names, sir," the child replied, revealing the harsh reality of his existence. Deeply moved by the child's plight, the merchant reached out, clasping the child's hand firmly, and declared, "*From now on, they'll call you Volgan.*"

As the two conversed, a soldier abruptly approached, sternly grasping the child's shoulder and admonishing him, "*Don't ever do that again, or you won't get paid.*" Startled by the soldier's intrusion, the merchant confronted him, asking, "*Is this child a slave?*" The soldier reluctantly confirmed,

apologizing for the inconvenience and vowing to discipline the child's behavior. However, the merchant swiftly intervened, refusing the soldier's proposed course of action.

"*No, no, no, you needn't do that,*" the merchant responded firmly. Meeting the child's pleading gaze, he silently understood that the child was silently asking for help. Turning to the soldier, the merchant inquired, "*How much for this child?*" The soldier initially declined, asserting that the child was considered the property of the shipment. Unyielding, the merchant produced his official papers and reminded the soldier of his authority.

"*Do you know who I am?*" the merchant asserted. "*Yes, sir,*" the soldier stammered, his fear palpable. "And you must understand that I have the power to remove you from your service. Allow me to reintroduce myself. I am Halgo, from the Arctic Frost, the esteemed leader of all merchants. I oversee all fish shipments from various lands, so you needn't flaunt your ignorance before me. If I were to ask you once more, how much is this child worth, I expect to hear a price."

The soldier, trembling, immediately apologized, his fear giving way to humility. He then stated a specific amount, but to his surprise, Halgo handed him an even greater sum of FP, surpassing the agreed-upon price. He then summoned his assistant, instructing them to bring Volgan to the shipment area and arrange for his transfer onto his ship. "*Keep the*

change," Halgo nonchalantly remarked to the soldier, his actions reflecting his disdain for the systemic injustice that plagued society.

Deep beneath the surface of this encounter, the layers of inequality and exploitation were slowly being peeled away. A bond had formed between the merchant and the child.