

FREE GIVEAWAY

Discover the dark journey of Tymon – a full-length fantasy chapter included.

A psychological fantasy from the Lost North ...

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Content Warning

This story contains mature themes, including:

- Psychological trauma and mental health struggles
- Violence and injury
- Strong language
- Implied or described sexual content

Reader discretion is advised.



Chapter #1 – The New Beginning

”So again... A lonely, cold night is going on. And I’m freezing, even though it’s the middle of the summer. For my luck, fortunately, it’s raining, so others won’t have a nice summer night outside either... All I have is a dark thoughts. Dark as the stormy night sky is, that is like a goddess gift to my dark soul. It pisses off everyone else, so I get some sadistic enjoyment about it... Yeah, sick mind...”

Tymon shivered in the summer rain, cloaked in his black, scuffed robe, hidden beneath the shadows of his hooded face... He had short, dark facial hair; you could barely see his blue but dead eyes under the hoody. That stare could have drilled a hole in the stone.

If you know the stare, he would be lively outside but dead inside. The stare gleaned a dark past and memories—the completely dead eyes. The ones that would make you feel incredibly uncomfortable, in this case, you would look at them. Like a black hole, they were absorbing the life around them. Endless emptiness there was. And the feelings Tymon had, those eyes would tell you everything you need to know. He felt anger, bitterness, and loneliness. Yet, he also felt the desperation—the desperation of getting his way out of his twisted thoughts.

Lost in his grim thoughts, he paid little mind to the cliff’s edge as if standing there was more of a rule than an exception. He had been staying in the southern wing of this ruined, abandoned, massive Temple. The drop from the ledge was nearly fifty feet, and below lay nothing but more barren black stone, sand, and the skeletons of those who had met a miserable fate. Some were old, others more recent. But for now, there hadn’t been fresh corpses in a while.

He was sitting on the edge of a steep drop made of a black, hard stone. Tranced out in his deep and dark thoughts, Tymon didn’t look like he would care much about the fact that if he moved under one foot forward, he would have dropped over one hundred feet down to a flat floor made with that same black stone as the balcony he was sitting at. A plain black stone. As the old myths describe it, it is almost Godly-like material. Also, that black stone looked greatly valuable.

But Tymon didn’t care about the precious treasures for now. To be honest, money didn’t mean anything to him. All he wished was to have peace in his mind—a healthy mind without the toxic thoughts he suffered.

”Black as my thoughts in my head are rising. Now I finally see without the blurring spectacles of an opium high, which helped me to last this mental torture I went through... I am currently going through this... I don’t even know what it is to live in reality; everything is so bright and unpleasant. Maybe reality, after all, is the illusion of narcotics...” Tymon thought.

The bottom was made from the same black stone, yet the wind had blown a light layer of sand planked over it. The light layer of the sand didn’t make the bottom invisible.

There was sand and skeletons. Lost souls over the ages who had suffered a sad destiny. Similarly, Tymon thought he would meet one day when his time came.

Outside, the first heavy rains of summer had begun. Lightning flashed across the sky, and the rumble of thunder echoed through the deepest chambers of the Temple.



It had been a long time since Tymon had been hanging there, and then he saw colorful flowers and giant, beautiful butterflies flying in the meadow surrounding the Temple.

This place was a home and haven for outlaws, as the Valley was pretty well hidden even from some kings that had built huge imperium in the Northern World.

Where Tymon sat, a stone roof shielded him from the rain. Covered in his hood was a comfortable cotton hood he thought would help him release this gloomy and tormented mind. From that hood, he looked around the surroundings of the balcony he was sitting in. It was just one of the many levels of the Temple, each without walls, only leading to another, even greater drop toward the ground. The edges formed two-foot-wide balconies separated by thick, round pillars.

Some of these pillars had statues carved into them—massive, the size of two grown men, resembling human figures. Each statue was identical, crafted long before Tymon's birth by someone, or some group, with extraordinary skill.

Every third of the pillar had a human-like statue, at least the size of two average men. Each statue was similar, and some talented and precise stone crafter had made them long before Tymon was born. The statues held a spherical gem-like object, which shimmered white under the full moon's light. The spheres had been cemented so tightly into the black stone ages ago that no one had ever managed to steal them, not even scratch the enormous, obsidian-like hands of the statues.

The signs of theft attempts were visible; looking down from the ledge, skeletal remains lay scattered in certain places—clusters of failed jewel thieves.

Those pillars without statues served as drains when it rained. At that time, the water flowed beautifully like a waterfall when it left the lower part of the pillar on each floor and permanently moved to the lower floor as a larger mass.

"At least the Temple is five stories high and raining heavily, as if from an upside-down fountain. All the years have been blurred. All I remember is the other times I was withdrawing... Hopefully, I know how to stay Strong. Too many times, I have relapsed again and again. This is my record, I think. And this knife found at my chest, still burning, fucking Rha... I will get my sweet revenge back to him..."

Inside, he felt a furious animal that had been pushed into the corner. Hatred and anxiety were the two main feelings if he had one. Home of the thieves, murderers, cheaters, rapists, and all kinds of lower-class people that city watches didn't like, ended up with good luck at the Temple.

Those who headed to the Temple but didn't make it had a brutal destiny; even though these guys were all outlaws, the force of evil handled them even worse. The cruelty of some beings is just something sick. That happened about two hundred miles away to the South in the wilder lands of the Tundra surrounding the Valley where the Temple was built.

As he looked towards the West and northern part of the Valley, a vast green meadow stretched out, dotted with multicolored flowers and solitary, ancient oak trees. In the summer, bees buzzed around the flowers, and butterflies—some of the rare species—flitted through the air.



”In this evil world, there is nothing to enjoy or live for... I am sick... All those very few things I enjoy are sick thoughts. At what point did everything go to this point? Did I just born at the wrong time?”

Outside, the first downpours of the summer had just begun; it was almost the middle of July. The hundreds echoed inside the colossal Temple’s deepest holes.

Tymon swung his legs nervously toward the wall and cliff of the Temple. The cliff where Tymon was sitting was just another layer of the upper part of the Temple, and there were at least five levels of those layers; all of them were precisely two meters tall. A massive pillar with the origin of the same black stone was holding up the upper layer. Those symmetric pillars made a balcony-like view, exactly where Tymon sat.

The balcony view also covered him from the rain. For now, Tymon had been camping on the southern part of the Temple’s balcony for a few weeks; it was usually a place to be alone and have peace from the caves inside the temples.

Caves filled with narcotics and criminals.

Many survivors, Tymon included, ended up healing their mental trauma with opium, which the high-ranked members of the criminal clan were growing. In the middle of the Temple was a space, but four massive pillars held up the upper level, where all the balconies were. The pillars were about fifty feet tall, so the sun was shining most of the day in the middle of the Temple.

From under the black hood, he looked at the world surrounding the Temple with his dead eyes, filled with anxiety and anger. Those empty eyes had a stunning view of the meadow surrounding the Temple.

The Meadows are filled with multiple colored flowers. Old and magnificent oak trees. This green grassy meadow continued about ten kilometers South of the Temple. In summer, bees buzzed around the flowers in the meadow, and there were many different butterflies, some of which were rare species. The green meadow continued for about ten miles South of Temple, where small fells and mountains protected the Valley of this Temple’s meadow father. Behind the hills in the South, you could see as far as the eye could see a green, uninhabited land with extensive spruce forests and more miniature birch forests and, between them, a dry steppe with large thorn bushes.

This magnificent view could be seen from the edge of the Temple’s balcony, where Tymon looked far away under his dark hood. It was peaceful and therapeutic to hang in there for a moment—at least when the building architecture was perfect, made with all the black, hardened stone that barely would get a scratch if a vast, strong man would hit it with a hammer.

”It’s a beautiful world, but there is nothing for me. I’m stuck here for the rest of my life, wondering what is behind all those vast mountains. I should have listened to Larze when we met him. He said he was going northwest, even through the ghost mountains or any other dangerous region, which is dangerous there.”

But one thing was ruining the gorgeous view. Looking from the layer where Tymon sat straight to the South, you could see a short pole with lights on twenty-four-seven.



Even though Tymon was super anxious and embarrassed, he often thought to head down: How have I ever ended up in a situation like this?

The answer was right down there in the South...

The breathtaking landscape visible from the edge of the Temple was marred by one thing. Far beyond the mountains stood a tower, which from that distance resembled a tiny lamp post with an always-on light—like a lighthouse. Everyone who had visited the temple during Tymon’s life had shared ever more horrifying tales of the southern watchtower. To reach safety in the Valley below, one first had to pass the tower in a struggle between life and death.

Tymon recalled the stories he had heard over the years from others in the Temple—tales of the tower’s torture chambers and its sadistic, bloodthirsty guards, each bearing a strange military insignia on their arms. “M.A.D.E... That was it. Sicker than any of us here. Sociopathic, sadistic bloodhounds of the southern kings.” Tymon’s hair stood on end as he remembered that name. His breathing quickened, and his heart pounded like a blacksmith’s hammer. All that was missing was the forge’s warmth.

He stared at the distant glimmering dot of light, feeling as though it belonged to another life he had once lived. Despite his rising blood pressure, he also felt a strange sense of longing—anger and sorrow intertwined. He pulled his hood lower over his face and closed his eyes, trying to calm himself.

In his mind, he dove far into the past—so far that he wasn’t sure it had ever truly happened. Perhaps it had only been way too high. A high where he experienced the long trip where everything seemed alright? Like a thick mist, foggy memories had robbed him of time—and perhaps, of reality itself.

And yet now, he saw himself as a child, by the window, gazing southward. There were grand, noble houses, their windows aglow with warmth and light. And even farther beyond them, a brilliant light shone—like a full moon pulled down to earth. It was a snowy winter evening, flakes falling thick outside. But inside, the fireplace crackled, and countless candles gave off a cozy, homely glow. Tymon was in a large manor. And it felt like home.

He heard adults celebrating around a lavish table. Tymon wasn’t hungry; he was captivated by the glowing light in the South. Everything felt right. It was warm. There were people around him. Loved ones. There was a home. And above all, words like “anxiety” or “hatred” were utterly foreign to him. Everything was good.

That peace was broken by a familiar, deep but friendly voice: “What’s got Tymon so curious?” asked a round-bellied man, sipping fine wine from a silver goblet. Tymon wasn’t startled—he was excited. “Look, Harg! Do you see that glowing light? What is it? Why is it there?” Tymon asked eagerly. Harg, tipsy as usual, joked in his typical fashion. They both laughed and eventually, Harg explained that a great lighthouse far from their homes kept the “Bad People of the South” away. Those words rooted themselves in Tymon’s mind, and all his life, he wondered what truly lay in the far South.

Suddenly, Tymon flinched and leaped back. He had almost fallen from the edge of the balcony, where he had been crouched, lost in surreal memories. “Phew, that was close,” he thought, while the adrenaline—and some primal survival instinct—kept him steady.



This temple, royal on the outside, hid something far uglier within. A different world altogether.

A world that seemed to place a mask on Tymon—one that closed his eyes to any good in this place or the lands around it. A mask that absorbed every drop of poison from the air and poured it into his lungs like slow venom. But now, a faint flicker of hope had sparked in the back of his mind—a light at the end of a long, cold tunnel.

Tymon had heard of a Valley. One that sounded like a place where he might finally live in peace—where he could leave everything behind. It wasn't the Temple's Valley—the so-called “Safe Haven” of the north, hidden between harsh mountain ridges with green pastures sprawling around the sanctuary. No, this was a different Valley. A place Tymon had never even heard of during his thirty-some years of life until just a few weeks ago.

Still leaning against the pillar, he reached into his tattered pack and pulled out the only thing he considered valuable: an old, thick, nearly antique book.

Its edges are worn. Its spine cracked. But it held a secret.

From beneath his black robe, a thin arm stretched out from the sleeve, reaching for the book beside him. Despite his gaunt frame, his hand was large.

The book's last page was missing its ending, and the text cut off mid-sentence. Evidently, the book was ancient—several generations old, nearly an antique. Some pages were missing, and in others, the ink had faded. But considering its indeterminable age, it had been well preserved.

Tymon had bought it a couple of months earlier from a shady figure in the Temple's tunnels. “Erlund's Diary” was the only title on its cover. No year was marked; if it had been, it had long since vanished. Only the days and months remained at the top of each page.

He had read it multiple times, and it had inspired a dream of a new beginning—one that he could only fantasize about—a new, safe home far from everything. Lately, however, he had only focused on the latter part of the book, often leaving it unfinished.

Tymon silently read the last page several times before setting the book beside the pillar.

He sank back into his thoughts and reached for a more miniature sheet of paper and a pen, both lying beside the book. Slowly, he began writing his thoughts: “...A lone wolf? Or just bitter? Perhaps both. I used to be empathetic once. There was no evil like this back then. Rha ruined that.”

He muttered softly, but once filled with sorrow, his voice turned to anger.

“Rha is the root of all evil... yes...”

His fist clenched, and without realizing it, he spoke out loud, voice filled with fury:

“Rha should be slowly tortured... Rha should be taken to that tower so the guards could, for once, do something good in this wretched world!”

“Rha? What about him?”



A voice behind him interrupted his writing.

Tymon startled. I thought I was alone, writing in my favorite spot... He turned, masking his irritation at Sniik's sudden intrusion, though inside, he was seething.

“Don't sneak up on me like that,” he said dryly. “Or there might be one more skeleton down there soon.” Then, with a sarcastic smirk, he added, “Or maybe I'll accidentally leave a matching scar on you, Sniik.” From beneath a black hood, pale features emerged—Sniik, smaller and thinner even compared to Tymon, his voice hoarse as he replied:

“How are you feeling? Has it gotten any better?”

Tymon pulled aside his robe, revealing his thin but not sickly pale skin—unlike Sniik, who avoided sunlight entirely.

A thick bandage covered his right chest, the size of the wound indicating a large, cold blade had caused it. But it was no longer fresh. His body had already begun healing.

He showed the wound to Sniik.

“It's improving. At least it didn't start rotting in this damn summer heat. It would've festered and worsened if I had stayed in the damp tunnels. That's one reason I haven't been around lately.”

Sniik eyed the bandage, which Tymon refused to remove, and muttered, “Rha will suffer for what he did to you. Once you're fully recovered, I'll help you lure him into a trap. That way, you can get your revenge.”

“Thanks for the offer, Sniik, but I won't stoop to his level. I'll get my revenge, one way or another, but if it comes to a fight, I don't need help. I'll deal with him myself.”

To be continued...

Some paths only lead deeper into the dark...

The world of the Northern Continent holds many tales.

Tymon's path is only one of many — others are darker, brighter, or stranger still.

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