In the Woods

Sunlight shone through the canopy of the trees around, marking the grass below with shapeless splashes of light. Dry leaves crunched and tore under the knight's feet as he hurried through the eerie forest. He wasn't even sure how he got there. The last coherent thought he remembered having was his subconscious shouting at him to pick up his sword and run. In a moment, his memories flooded back to him; the battle was destined to be lost. The enemy commander would surely use every opportunity to finish every single one of those who survived cruelly. He figured that he wasn't ready to die. Nor was he prepared to leave behind everything he got to experience. So he ran, ran as fast as his armour allowed until he found himself in the woods.

His breathing hitched as his foot tangled itself into one of the massive roots on the ground. He fell onto the forest floor with a sound thud. His eyes landed on an aged tree. It was covered in quaint markings. Startled by his discovery, the knight stepped away, his back hitting a nearby tree, also with carvings embellishing its trunk. His heartbeat sped up.

His eyes wandered to a crow settled on one of the branches. He could've sworn it was staring right at him with those wary eyes of hers. He decided that he might've been dreaming when he saw the avian shape of a woman or when she spoke to him (in a language so alien, yet so familiar). No. He must've been dreaming.

He was certain, though, that it was the newly possessed knowledge - the knowledge to use against the enemy troops if there was still time. He hoped he still had time. He picked up a pace and left the peculiar grove.