

# IV

## The Emergence of an Oracle

THE EMERGENCE OF AN ORACLE  
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# IV

## The Emergence of an Oracle Experimental Phase I

"I haven't done anything!"

My lungs burned and my legs were covered in scratches, but I had to keep running. I was being chased by a group of religious zealots. They were from the continent, but I had never left the small island that held my humble village. I couldn't imagine why they were after me.

Night had already fallen over the forest. I had good eyesight and knowledge of my surroundings, but those advantages didn't mean anything against the pursuing crowd. Overwhelmed by exhaustion and despair, I was just about to give up when a dim light appeared in front of me. Its mysterious glow illuminated the darkness, and I found myself being drawn to it despite the urgency of the situation.

"How beautiful..."

The light grew until its brilliance engulfed the entire area. I shielded my eyes on reflex. Then, there was a cracking noise, and I looked again to see shiny fragments floating in the air with a person standing among them.

"Who are you?"

The figure was of average size and wore an unfamiliar outfit with a hood that covered their face. I couldn't tell their mood much less their gender, but the way their clothes floated in the moonlight gave them a mystical appearance. I had completely forgotten to run and just stared in awe until they gestured as if telling me to follow. I was reluctant to trust them, but I decided to take my chances since the zealots would catch up at any moment.



As we continued deeper into the forest, I realized we were heading towards the ruins.  
It was true we could hide there, but everyone in the village warned me to stay away from it.  
They said it was so old that any part of it might collapse at any moment.  
Regardless, it was the very place the hooded person was leading me now.

"Are we really going to hide in the ruins?" I blurted out in concern.

"....."

With no response, I could only guess what they were thinking.

"I was told not to go there because it was dangerous!"

My warning went completely ignored.

We finally arrived at the ruins. Its bizarre appearance made it impossible to tell when it was made,  
but none of us in the village really cared since we didn't like the looks of it.  
However, this wasn't the time for that.  
We headed straight inside, our footsteps echoing in the corridor.

Darkness surrounded us after going not even 10 paces from the entrance,  
but the hooded person soon created a light from their hand.  
It came from a cylindrical object they were holding. I had never seen anything like it before.

"Wh-what's that? How is it making light?" I asked, my curiosity getting the better of me.

"....."

They still did not reply, instead pointing to a small enclosure.  
I guessed that was where we were going to hide.  
From what I could tell, my pursuers hadn't entered the ruins yet,  
so I continued to obey the person's directions.  
This was not to say I still trusted them. If anything,  
I grew more suspicious after seeing they knew the enclosure had a door and even had the key to lock it.  
It seemed like we had left my element and entered theirs, but at the very least,  
I was safer from the zealots here.

The air was cool and the walls were made of a strange material called concrete.  
I was told that when I was younger.

The only other thing I knew about the ruins was from my mother,  
who said it was built a very long time ago.

Concrete wasn't used anymore, probably because a higher level of technology was needed to make it,  
but no one, including my mother, knew for sure.

"Do you...know something about these ruins?"

"....."

I was beginning to feel they weren't ignoring me but focusing on something else. Maybe...

Sounds from the other side of the door jostled me from my thoughts.

The zealots had come. They managed to track us this far, but I didn't expect it would be so soon.

It was only a matter of time before the darkness lifted to reveal the door.

Fear and panic were beginning to take hold of me,  
but before it could seize too tightly, the hooded person presented me with two items.

In their right hand was a black tube with a ring on one end.

In their left hand was a small sword common in my village.

It seemed like they were urging me to choose one or the other.

We weren't going to have to fight, were we?

After some thought, I reached for the...



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I.  
Main Theme

II.  
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III.  
The Emergence of an Oracle

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