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January 16, 2019  
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Assignment B3

For as long as I could remember, and as long as my mother could remember, there is a pitch-black tower standing far above the rest of the world. This grand tower, called Heaven's Spike, rose above anything within the city called Erst. Adventurers will come and go with their swords drawn, but all give their life to The Heaven's Spike. They do this because Heaven's Spike is home to treasure beyond their reasoning and monsters beyond their capability.

The treasures in this grand tower are not ordinary. Each artifact in the Tower would rewrite the world as we know it. The person who has climbed the highest in the tower and made it back with their life was Rirvvr, The Eternal. He lost all 19 other members of his party when he returned from his six-month journey into the Tower. Believe it or not, it was considered a success. He returned with an artifact from the forty-fifth floor, the object was titled the "100-Man Needle." For when you stuck all three inches of its fine metal into your body, it would grant you the strength of 100 men. Other men wanted that needle and would stop at nothing to get it. They didn't stop until one day, Rirvvr The Eternal was demoted to Rirvvr the dead.

I am resilient and I will not let the sorrows of past ruin my big day. I will be entering the Grand Tower with a new long sword and a new set of plate armor. I had to save all of my money from working as a servant for six years to finally afford it. The sword was an engraved long sword that would be fit for a lord, and the armor was blue with gold undertones and covered every part of my body. I say a teary goodbye to my

mother and head off on my first adventure into the Grand Tower. As I make the two-mile walk to the Grand Tower from my house, my mind starts to wander off to the folk stories about this tower. The stories foretold of three ancient master mages that were trying to make humans, but they never succeeded. Instead, they created all of the monsters inside the tower and three dragons that were the embodiment of humans. The three dragons were Nayrrioleir, Lord of Fire the dragon of Wrath; Badheo, The Protective the Dragon of Empathy; and Gayllia, Eater Of All the Dragon Greed. If all of the dragons worked together, they would ascend and become the perfect life form. The mages realized their mistakes and made the Heaven's Spike to trap all of the monsters inside. They placed the artifacts in the tower to help humans fight against the monsters, if that ever came to fruition.

I snapped out of my daydreaming when I arrive at the gaping entrance of the Heaven's Spike. I always thought the name was unfitting for this tower of magic and hell. The tower looks as glorious as the first day my mother and father came to this village. I was only 5 when my father left for his last ascent. Now, 20 years later, I hope that death is not coming for me. As I walk, I see a mother and her daughter with ashes in an urn. It is apparent what they were doing. They are reuniting the ashes of an adventurer to his soul. The tower has a strong updraft so that when you scatter a person's ashes, they will rise and meet up with the soul of a dead adventurer and become one again. I set off on my adventure to climb the tower. The tower only has a diameter of 200 feet, but each floor feels much more massive. All of the monsters have been killed up to the fifth floor. Knowing this fact, I press on. When I reach the stairs to the sixth layer, I can feel something. Something is up there, and I need to kill it.

As I climb the stairs, I start to hear a monster. I rush up the last steps and draw my sword. Up ahead of me, I see a snarling hell hound. They are the weakest monster in the tower and should be a benchmark. With no trouble, I behead the mutt with a single slash. Its body still stands for a moment before collapsing from the weight. Being well prepared, I speed through the next two floors with few interactions with monsters. I confidently enter the 8th floor with no creatures in sight. The levels start to become more cave-like higher you ascend. There might be some treasures not yet looted in this cavernous floor. I creep along the wall to make sure no monster will sneak up on me. My vision suddenly starts distorting and sparkling in front of me. I'm slowly able to make out a shape in the distortions.

The figure is becoming more evident, and as it finally reveals its self, I'm met with the true nature of this tower, a goliath of silence. An abyssal void of a month encrusted with teeth is looming over me. The slow pitter patter of blood hitting the floor is an undertone for its breathing. I attempt to roll out of the way and put some room in between us, but the demon slaps me with its wide tail the same way a cat plays with a mouse. I have to make a decision—face the death the tower wants me to have or disobey the word of the tower. I chose life. I mindlessly slash and run, hoping for a hit. From the screech it releases, I can assume that my strike was a hit. When it is recoiling from the blow, I can run past it and make it to the stairs of the ninth floor. The armor I brought might be too heavy for me to climb at a full sprint, but I can make it to the top of the stairs before the goliath of silence caught up. At the top of the stairs, a hell hound confronts me.

I have a bad idea that might save my life. I closed the gap between us. I grab it by the tail while it yelps in protest, swing it around myself once, and release it down the stairs in the direction of the goliath. The mutt tumbles down the stairs. I can only assume based off the tearing sound I hear, my plan works. The goliath is distracted for some time. I don't even try to scan for artifacts. All I can think about is running up to the tenth floor. The tenth floor is a "safe zone" because all of the monsters have been slain already.

Before I make it all the way up the tenth layer, a noise calls out to me. The noise sounds of metal and fabric swaying together. It lures me up the stairs. I still need to keep my guard up because there are bodies who call the tower their home. These people are called lurkers. They roam the tower with impunity because they have lost their humanity and no longer get recognized by the monsters. I am almost at the top of the stairs when I catch a glimpse of him. I knew he is not a lurker because he does not have the signature tattered and stained red clothes. He is large, inhumanly large.

I know he is not human nor monster, and he is not saying a word. We gaze into each other's eyes, and I see anger and a desire to kill. To avoid a situation where we both stand there until one of us tries to attack the other, I brake the silence and ask him what he is. The tall man starts to stretch, much like someone who is about to tell a story ,seemingly forgetting about the hate. As he spread, his torn cloak sways with the updraft. I can distinctly hear the grinding of metal that has not been lubricated for a long while. The man states, "You can call me G for now." His voice is sharp, as if he is still trying to understand how to speak the language, but there is a ping of regret.

Before he could utter another word, the screech of the goliath of silence echoes up the stairs. G's next words come as a shock to me. He says "That's troublesome. Stay here, I'll be back shortly." He walks down the stairs with a stride that only comes from confidence. I'm still reeling from what he just said. His voice has no fear in it, just annoyance. A few seconds later, his head rises above the floor. His body follows suit and I can fully see him. He is grasping the goliath of silence's body. The probable with what I am seeing is the monster's head has been bitten off, and G's chin is dripping with its blue blood. I hadn't noticed it before, but G's mouth is that of a monster, with his smile going all the way up to his ears. G sits down on a log that was placed in the middle of the room. Not wanting to look untrusting, I sit on one that was across from him. He asks me what I know about this tower and how it was made. I start from the beginning. As soon as I mention the name of my town he interjects. "So that's what they call the town around the tower? Let me tell you a little something. Erst isn't the name of the city. It means land of animals in my language, and it refers to the tower." Based off the confused look that I can feel spreading across my face, he asserts. "Let me tell you about the real nature of this tower."

"Long ago, three robots were created to imitate a perfect life form, but imitations can not surpass the inspiration. So like all things not perfect, the three robots could not balance each other. The three robots would refuse to work together as long as they have power. The Creators did not want to gamble their lives away on the bet that the robots would never work together, so they built a tower, a tower to house the three robots and keep them prisoner. Trapped in the tower, the robots started to become human. They slowly lost their mentality that made them part of a perfect being. They

traded perfection for sentience, and they now have the ability to look past each other's differences, but one did not accept that trade. The last of the three, and the strongest, Gayllia, Eater Of All, embodies greed. The other two embodiments were unhappy with how Greed could not give up his desire, so they banished him to the lower floors. But Greed realized, that to be accepted back by his fellow embodiments he would have to close off his greed and seal away his power. It had taken him far too long to realize that" G spoke with sadness and remorse. For before he finished off his story, he ended it with "That all-consuming greed and the robot that should have been content with life. That's me, I am the one all adventurers fear because I am them." His voice is noticeably getting lighter. "Adventurers are unsatisfied with life. So they think that just because the entrance of this tower sparkles, there must be treasures inside. The thing they don't understand is that all that glitters in this tower is not gold."