

(NOTE: (You can skip this part :P) This is probably gonna be a series, depending if the RIOT team likes this...I mean, YOU guys like this. Yeah. Let's go with that. Also, the story is written about a champion, but not necessarily in their point of view. Oh, by the way, did you know that this text doesn't count? And that there's another version of this story that fits with this part? No? Cool. Now stop reading this and read the stuff below.(And yes, this was copy-pasted from the other story.))

Chapter 1:

Fear. Desperation. Revenge. Incineration.

Those words kept pounding into my head like an unwanted spell, repeating themselves over, and over, and over again. Tearing away at what little sanity I had left as I ran through the snow-covered woods. I often ran to escape my troubles, and to attempt to forget what happened the night my family died. But this time, I ran for a different reason.

“STOP HIM!!!”

They were still after me. Ten or twelve of them. I had done nothing wrong. Okay, that's a lie. I tried to give some gold back to the mayor after it fell out of his pocket. And yet, they were trying to kill me. Jumping, crawling, dodging arrows, I ran for my life, hoping there would be some way to lose them.

Then I came face to face with a wall, running into it in the process.

Falling to the snow, the men came closer towards me.

“Who puts a wall in the middle of a forest?!?” I screamed, not realizing the men above me.

“Well, well, look who we have here.” One of them said, assuming he was the leader. “Looks like we got ourselves a thief.”

The other men stood around me, laughing and snickering.

“And what do we do with thieves? We tear ‘em to bloody pieces!” he yelled.

“Woohoo! Beat him up, boss!” one of the other men cheered, to which the leader gave a menacing look towards his direction, hushing him up.

“Look, all I tried to do was return some gold that fell out of the mayor's pocket. So, with that knowledge, are you going to chop my head off?!?” I screamed towards their leader.

“Whoa! Easy, pal. We’re just gonna take you back to town. There, the mayor will decide your fate.” he stated with a menacing tone, “But yes, you’ll most likely have your head chopped off.”

“Ouch. You guys have some harsh laws.”

“I don’t make ‘em. I just enforce ‘em. Get him!”

As the men crowded around me, I closed my eyes, ready to accept my fate.

Then I heard screaming.

I opened my eyes, watching three of the men fall to the ground, burning in fire. *Blue* fire, to be exact.

We all stood there in silence. Shocked, at what had happened.

“What...did you do?!?” the leader growled, turning towards me.

Grabbing and pinning me towards the wall, I glanced to see a figure in the corner of my eye, hiding in the bushes, watching me from afar. I gave a look towards the figure that meant “Hey! I’m in danger! Please help me!”

Without warning, the figure leaped towards one of the guards, knocking the man down unconscious, the figure leaping back into the forest.

Turning around, the leader eased up on his grip. I kicked him in the chest, to which the leader stumbled backwards, releasing me. With that, they all turned to me, drawing their swords, but I was faster than them, punching and kicking and knocking them out. One by one, they fell, until none were left standing.

All until there was two people left standing. Me, and this other guard, who didn’t want to fight, cowering in fear at me.

“Look, I’m really sorry about this, man. Can I just slap you lightly instead?” The guard nodded. “Cool. Sorry in advance.” I tapped my hand against his cheek for a brief second, to which he fell immediately to the ground.

Facing the chaos I caused, I stood up, breathing heavy. Unaware, however, of the figure sneaking behind me. One breath was all I heard, before I fell to the ground. Scrambling to get back up, the leader came closer, with a sword drawn.

“Heh. You’re quite a fighter,” he spoke, “Maybe we could enroll you in the Military. You want to make your family proud, pal?”

Those words turned me from a state of panic to anger. “My family IS DEAD!!!” I screamed, as I punched the leader in the jaw.

Now it was him on the ground, with me standing over him. “Do it,” he begged, “Kill me.”

“No. I already killed the man who murdered my family. Each day, I live in regret, knowing that I can never live a normal life.” I explained, before knocking him out with a piece of wood from nearby. “Plus, I *really* hate the sight of blood.”

It started to snow, as I fell to the ground. Curling up into a ball, I cried myself to sleep, watching the snow falling all around me.