



Goblin Rising

By: Annelise Alarcon

12-year-old Iris Land zipped up her sleeping bag once she was inside. It had been 6 months since Dad died and Mum decided that they should try to go on with their summer plans. So... camping! Setting up the tent had been an issue, and starting the fire, but Elijah (her 15-year-old brother) had been a huge help. Now, in the stillness of the night, while Mum and Elijah slept, she particularly felt Dad's absence.

Suddenly, Iris heard a high-pitched giggle. *No way a human made that noise*, Iris thought. She heard the slapping of bare feet on the driveway of the campsite. A shadow fell across the tent. It had no particular shape and wriggled about like a boneless mass. The mysterious feet padded closer. Four long, curved claws ripped through the tent fabric. A blood-red eye peeped inside one of the holes. Iris' green eye met the red one and she convulsed, a shock like lightning surging through her. The red eye saw this and laughed and said in a grating, bubbling, sickly voice

We have found you too
A descendant of the One
And now that we have
There's no escape!

Then, suddenly, the only sound was crickets chirping. Iris curled up in the sleeping bag so her nose peeped out. It was a long time before Iris fell asleep that night.

In the morning Elijah shook her awake. Iris blinked awake and remembered last night's noises. She turned her head to where the rips were last night. They were gone! She gasped and turned to Mum, who was stumbling out of her sleeping bag. "Mum! Mum, listen! Yesterday night there was really creepy stuff happening outside. Like, horrible laughs, and long claws, and red eyes and boneless shadows!" Iris blurted.

Mum spun around and gasped, but quickly recovered. "Honey, really, I have to cook breakfast. It was probably a nightmare."

"It wasn't, though! They were there! What if it happens again?"

"Then RIP you, I guess. Listen little sis, I have to set up the stove, I'll listen to your nightmare later, 'k?" Elijah offered.

Iris *knew* it **wasn't** a nightmare, but she didn't want to add to their responsibilities, so she kept quiet. She put her bathing suit on and a summer dress overtop, tied her brown frizzy curls in an updo, and slipped out of the tent. Mum had bacon sizzling on the stove and Iris cracked a couple eggs and began to stir them up. When the bacon was all done, she poured eggs into the pan. Then she served herself a large bowl of cereal and began to eat. Elijah started the conversation. "So. What're

we gonna do today?" he asked Mum. She thought for a minute before responding,

"I thought we might go to the beach for a swim in the lake. I hear the water's perfect around 10:00 a.m."

Iris nodded vigorously. She loved to swim. She had seen the lake yesterday with Elijah. It was lovely.



So they grabbed their big chair float and goggles and made their way down. Elijah was first to wade into the water, with Iris right on his heels. The siblings shivered until they ducked underwater and began to really swim. With her goggles on, Iris could see everything, so it did not escape her eye when a black, wriggling mass squirmed alongside her. She opened her mouth to scream and water filled her mouth and nose. She surfaced, sputtering and coughing, but couldn't touch the bottom. She panicked. She began to flail about and sink lower and lower under the surface. The blob wriggled closer. She felt Elijah grabbing her arms and trying to pull her up. Then larger,

stronger arms hauled her toward the beach. Black rimmed her vision. She couldn't see the boneless blob anymore. She heard Mum ask Elijah what happened before everything went dark.

9-year-old Iris followed Elijah down to see the surprise that he, Dad, and Mum had prepared for her birthday. He led her to their family office. It was a big room where everyone did homework or settled bills and such. He pushed open the door and Iris gasped. Four chestnut-colored bookshelves stood on the back wall. They had every family member's name carved on the top. Derrick, Dawn, Elijah, Iris. The little girl inspected every bookshelf. Each shelf had designs on it, based on the interests of each person. Iris' had lovely little fairies and flowers and castles and dresses carved into it. She loved magic, and fairy tales. She gasped. "You guys, this is the perfect present!" she exclaimed.

A few months later she was looking at Elijah's bookshelf for a book he recommended about the history of fairy tales when she saw a red, hardcover book. The title on the spine said A History of Horrors. The little girl felt a shock go through her when she read it and she reached for the book only to feel it was red-hot and burned her hand. She cried out and rushed to find water and never went near it again.

When Iris' eyes peeled open she saw a brown-haired suntanned lifeguard in his teens rubbing her chest. "Ow! That

really hurts!" she mumbled. Mum sighed with relief as the lifeguard said,

"It's supposed to hurt. It's to wake you up from being unconscious. I'm glad it worked! Are you ok?"

Iris nodded and the lifeguard whispered something to Mum and strode away.

"Ok," Mum said, " You gave us all quite a scare, young lady. Can you tell us what scared you so much you forgot how to swim?"

Iris took a breath and stood up. Her legs felt like noodles. She answered Mum. "Well" Iris began. "I was just swimming when I saw a big wriggling, squirming.... I really don't know what it was, but it came closer and closer and I tried to scream, but swallowed tons of water and I freaked out!"

Mum and Elijah glanced at each other. "Honey, I've decided that we should go home instead of staying here another night. It's for the better."

Iris gasped. "No! No, Mum, really I'm ok! I can handle another day! Please, please no!" she pleaded, but Mum was firm. They were going home.

When they got home, Iris was sulking and Elijah slipped into her room when his little sister was sleeping. He brought a book and a note and left it on her desk. He silently opened the front door and left the house behind. When Iris woke up there was a note on her desk she picked it up. Black powder rimmed the edges. It said:

Dear Iris,

You and Mum are so special to me. I love you too much to put you in any danger. Mum knows what's going on. It's a family curse. You have come of age and all your good magic protects you from the bad. You know about magic. I don't. So all the creepy things you saw are real. But you have a sort of 'forcefield' of good magic protecting you. I don't. Bad magic infects me. I must find an end to this curse before it's too late. Before I wake up with something worse than evil black powder on my new claws and sharp teeth. Before I wake up and can't see any green in my eyes, only red. I must warn you though. No one who isn't related to the Lands can see the goblins. My time as Elijah is coming to an end. I know it. Protect Mum. She's not a part of this. Only us and Dad.

Love,

Elijah

P.S. Dad died because of the curse. He tried to fight off the Evil for so long he got sick. With this curse, you either give in and turn Evil or you die fighting and turn Evil anyway. Dad could be any one of the monsters Dad's sister is like you. She lives alone, far away. I know we told you dad had a sister but you never actually met Aunt Flora. She's coming. To visit. You'll like her.

Iris stared at the note. She read it again and again and again. What's this some sort of prank? Good magic? Curses? Monsters? But in a way, it made sense. All the stuff Iris had been seeing had gotten close, but not too close to her. And Mum. She married a guy who was cursed and slowly turning evil. *She had to have known this!* Iris concluded. She turned to the red book. "**A History of Horrors,**" she read aloud, and she swore she could see two red eyes peeping through the curtain. She heard a high giggle. She had to read it. Maybe it would tell her why her family members were going insane and she was haunted, and her brother was scared of himself. So she opened the book to the first page. It said: This is the account of my life mistakes. I'm so sorry. - Jack Land 'The One'

It was the story of Iris' great-great-great-great grandfather.

He was an ambitious young man when he set off for Canada. He was an archeologist, digging in Alberta for any traces of an ancient civilization. But one day his team was digging to the west and finding nothing, so he headed south of the excavation site. He had stumbled upon an ancient, dried-up cistern underground. Literally *stumbled*. He fell in. Jack could hear high-pitched giggles and see a blobby, bonelessblob flapping about in a corner. He saw a table with old, old weaponry on it. He picked up a rusty sword and a voice said, "Put. That. Down. NOW!!" But Jack didn't.

"I'm sorry, but this is a major historic discovery. I need to bring this to the team." He protested. Suddenly he heard a growl and slapping of bare feet. Closer, closer, closer Closer...

Then Iris heard Mum calling Elijah for breakfast. Iris picked up the note and trudged downstairs. "Mum" she began, but her mother had enveloped her in a huge hug.

"He's left, hasn't he, Iris? We lost him. He thinks he can break the curse." Mum cried. Iris nodded dumbly.

"I... Is Aunt Flora really coming?" Iris questioned.

"Yes, lovely."

"Aren't you gonna go after Elijah?"

"No, my sweet. He needs to do what he thinks is best."

Suddenly there was banging on the door. "LET ME IN" said a sick, bubbly, grating, rasping voice. "LET ME JOIN YOU TO EAT. Please. I'm FAMILY!!!!!!"

Iris screamed and Mum plugged her ears, but they couldn't block out the voice. Soon there were more, each pleading to get in. Hideous faces smiled, grinned at the windows and pounded until it felt as if the house would fall. A gooey black blob slid through the window screen, goop flying apart, then conjoining again. The blob opened its mouth and Iris saw that it was ALL mouth. No eyes, or ears, or face, just mouth and teeth. Lot's of teeth. The goblins finally broke a window and pooled into the house, grinning and showing sharp, yellowed teeth. They clacked their claws and inched as close as they dared toward Iris.

Every single one of them was aiming for Mum. Iris hugged her mother and tried to shield her but a goblin caught her eye and she felt a shock. The shock ran through Iris and transferred on to Mum, who crumpled to the floor. Before Iris could shield her, the blob had grabbed Mum in its massive mouth and was dragging her toward all the goblins. They shrieked with delight and set to eating Iris' mother. They tore her skin and blood spewed everywhere. The munching and slurping and chomping was too much for Iris. She screamed. All the goblins looked at her in surprise and she kept yelling. Iris took a step toward the mob and they all scuttled back. She kept advancing until all the goblins were with their backs against the broken window. They shrieked in fear and all stumbled out the window. Iris went back to what was left of her Mum only to see that just a sticky trail of blood was left.

They had taken her to finish feasting somewhere else. Iris' stomach churned. She ran to the bathroom and was sick there for hours. Finally, the sun set on that horrible day and Iris sunk into her bed, alone, and exhausted. And so was the end of Dawn Land, wife of Derrick Land and mother of Elijah and Iris.

In the middle of the night a tapping awoke Iris. She fearfully looked toward the curtainless window and saw two glowing red eyes, a grin full of teeth, and a claw tapping the window. She screeched and dove under the covers until the tapping stopped. She reached for **A History of Horrors** and continued to read. What could Jack Land have done that was so bad it haunted *her* generations later. The next page said:

Closer... Until It leaped, and Jack got a good look at it. It was gray, very pale, with a pasty complexion. It had wide feet and thin hands with deadly claws that flexed in and out as it jumped. It had two glowing red eyes. Its teeth were bared back in a snarl as it flew through the air, ready to slay the poor archeologist. But Jack raised the rusty sword and the monster landed on the tip. Black blood oozed out and the goblin's eyes widened. "A... HUMAN?" he rumbled. Then his eyes rolled skyward and he shivered and was dead. Jack was panting when the first accusing voice echoed from the shadows. "You killed our king" and at least three other voices agreed.

Jack asked "How do you goblins exist anyway?"

"Our king was once a human sorcerer. He found his magic strong enough to make man strong. He offered it to his village, but they turned him down.

"Then he turned to the outcast, the scum who had committed crimes. All but three of us also turned him down. Those three are here now. He made us not beautiful, but strong. He made us immortal. He gave us a new power!"

Jack recoiled as the one who spoke inched closer and said, "You have killed our leader. You and your descendants will pay! You are The One! The Evilest!" Jack was desperately scrabbling at the walls of the cistern and got out! But not before one of the monsters bit him and screamed "YOU HAVE OUR MARK NOW! Sooner or later, you'll become one of us! And so will your offspring!!!!"

Iris gasped. This was the horrid mistake that had haunted so many? She kept reading, but it was all about how Jack fought to overcome the curse unsuccessfully. And how he married a woman who didn't care about the curse. The book said he had four kids, one of which showed an incredible sensitivity to magic. And it had his last words written in his handwriting before he went mad. The rest was an account of his wife, three sons, and daughter. When she finished, the sun was high up in the sky. Iris was hungry, but did NOT wanna go downstairs. So she suffered, holed up in her room for two days.

When she awoke on the third day she was hot and sweaty. Thankfully she had a fan in her room, but it did little to cool her down. She tried to stand to get some water, but her legs felt weak and collapsed under her. Eventually, she'd crawled downstairs and was drinking water and wetting a rag for her forehead when the doorbell rang. Iris screamed. *Were the goblins back?* Iris bravely peeped out the window and saw a tall, thin woman with hair as frizzy as Iris herself, except it was done up neatly in a tight bun. She looked young, though Iris knew she was Dad's age-ish. *Is this Aunt Flora? She's here already?* But Iris opened the door. She stood, leaning on the wall as Aunt Flora came in and Iris croaked, "Welcome... Aunt... Flora..." Each word was an effort. Her aunt touched her forehead.

"Why, child, you're burning up in fever! Here, let me help you. Where's your room, little Iris?" She asked and Iris barely had the energy to point up the stairs. As soon as Iris fell asleep, Aunt Flora scurried to the kitchen and cooked up a broth. She saw her sister-in-law's blood and cleaned it up. All throughout the afternoon Iris slept and goblins watched hungrily at the windows. But, soon, they dissipated, having two magic girls in the same place was too much.

Iris mumbled in her fitful sleep about grinning faces and mad brothers and not-quite-dead fathers. Aunt Flora fed her when she was awake and mopped Iris' head while her niece slept.

Finally, the fever broke and Iris sat up in bed for the first time in weeks. She ate bread and was able to keep it down.

Aunt Flora explained that she had wanted to live close to dad, but he convinced her (and tried to convince mum) that it was safer far away. Aunt Flora had felt guilty for years. When she heard of Dad's 'death' she made up her mind to visit. And now she had. "A little too late, it seems," Flora sympathized. Iris didn't remember much about her feverish state and Aunt Flora told her she was only sick. But that was not the brutal reality. Iris had passed *inches* by the gaping jaws of doom. Aunt Flora had been sure the reaper named death had come for her young niece. At least she was magic and wouldn't turn into a goblin.

That was the first time Iris got a really good look at her Aunt without her head throbbing or her legs like noodles. She looked young, her hair was a little ruffled and frizzy. Her lips were turned up in a faint smile as she looked at Iris. Her eyes were a darker green than Iris' and she wore glasses, which she was now cleaning with the edge of her shirt. Her top had a collar and a suit coat over it, which was black and she was wearing stiff pants. "My clothes must look ruffled." Aunt Flora apologized. "I haven't changed out of my travel clothes yet. I was busy tending to you. You'll recover now that the fever has broken," she said to Iris in a voice that soothed Iris' fears.



Aunt Flora and Iris decided that staying in this house was too risky. So Iris would have to move to California, where Aunt Flora lived. The girl had to say goodbye to her lovely bookshelves and her room, and tried to act excited and cheerful for her Aunt, but it was hard. She didn't want to add to Aunt Flora's pressure. She already looked tired and worn. So Iris silently and politely went about packing her things and setting off for California.

When they arrived at Aunt Flora's house, Iris saw that whatever job her aunt had must be a good one. Her house was pretty big. "Aunt Flora? What's your job?" Iris queried.

"I'm a doctor. A surgeon, actually."

"How cool!"

So Iris was shown her room. It was nicer and bigger than hers at home, but to Iris it didn't compare, but she didn't say so. There was no window, which was a relief, and it connected to Aunt Flora's room. Soon Iris was alone in her massive bed. *I wonder what Elijah is doing right now?*

Elijah was parched. His long teeth and claws could do nothing to hydrate him, though they made it easy to hunt for food. He couldn't smell any water. Yes, *smell!* Now that he was turning into a goblin, his eyesight had gotten worse, but his hearing and sense of smell had never been better. He had spent a long time out in the wilderness. Most goblins he encountered attacked him because he wasn't fully one of them. Elijah knew he looked odd. He still had human hands, feet, skin, and even clothes. But his teeth curled out of his mouth, even when it was closed, and they were jagged and yellow. And his nails had lengthened enough to be called claws. It was awful! Sometimes he would do something very goblin-y and instantly regret it, but couldn't stop it from happening.

Suddenly, he did smell water! And it was close! He charged off in its direction, lurching on all fours until he caught himself. It took a lot of willpower to walk normally to the still, refreshing lake. He leaned over to lap some water up but started back as soon as he saw his reflection. He checked his hands. *Normal.* His feet? *Normal, thank goodness.* His clothes? *Still there.* His face? *Feels normal.* So he hadn't changed. But

why had he seen his reflection like that? Elijah ran through the forest. He couldn't stop thinking of his reflection in the lake. He had been fully goblin. Gray skin, big, flat feet, and red eyes. He had slapped the surface of the water, but the image didn't waver, as if he hadn't touched it at all! Was that who he was gonna be? Was there no way to escape this curse?

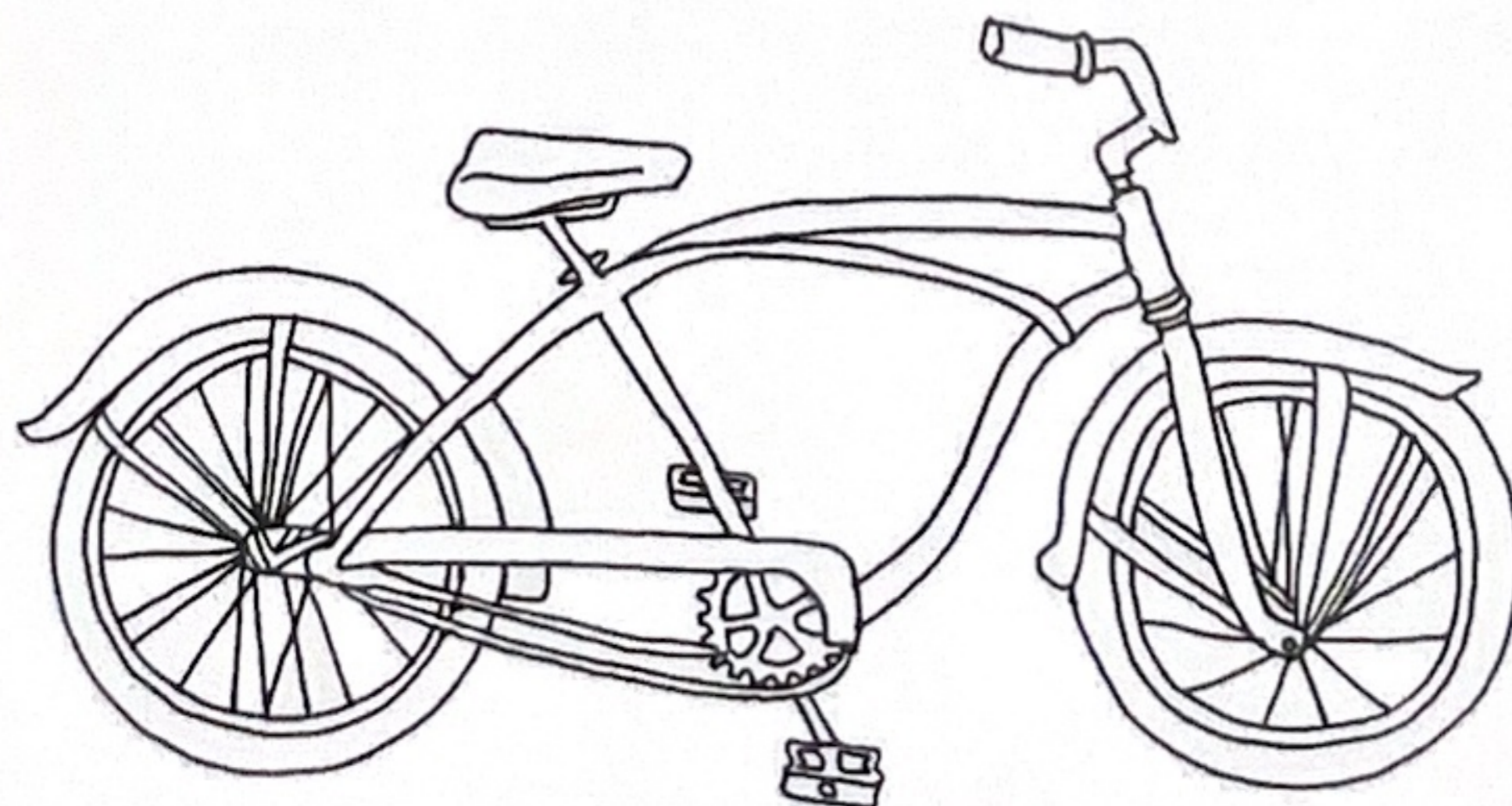
Aunt Flora told Iris all about California and how there weren't many goblins around. (If there were *any at all*) So, one day, Iris received a gift that gave her freedom to explore California.

"Iris, you know how I have a bike and I use it on the trails near our house?"

"Yes, it looks like fun! Dad taught me how to ride," she answered with a tinge of sadness in her voice.

"I figured as much," Aunt Flora replied. "So I bought you your very own bike!"

Iris gasped. *My very own bike! Aunt Flora is telling me she thinks it's safe enough to go out on my own while she's at work.* "Thank you so much! I'm so glad, Aunt Flora!"



Elijah backtracked through the forest back home. He just wanted to see how his family was doing. Mum and Iris wouldn't see him, but he would see them. When he arrived, one of their windows was broken and nobody was there. He smelled blood, but couldn't find the source... It smelled old. He sniffed around until he caught the scent of Aunt Flora. *Right! She was coming over.* But Iris wasn't there. Neither were Mum and Aunt Flora. Where would they go? Their scents were all stale, and Mum's most of all! *O.K. I can figure this out! Where does Aunt Flora live?* "California!" he cried out, his voice raspy from lack of use. *That's where I'm going. Thank goodness goblins have more energy than humans. If only I can stay **part** human that long.*

Iris said goodbye to Aunt Flora as her aunt headed off to work. She fixed herself a bowl of cereal and chomped it down. She also made herself a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and put it in a backpack, along with a water bottle. And, of course, her wallet. Now she was ready. She got her bike out of the garage and headed toward the sidewalk. She wouldn't bike on those boring trails. She was going to bike on the side of the road, with all the cars. She would stop at stores and buy things. This would be an incredible adventure!

Iris began to bike along the sidewalk until shops came into view. None of them caught her interest and she continued.

Suddenly a creepy, distorted animal skittered in front of her bike. Iris swerved and spilled off her bike, and onto the sidewalk. When she looked up, a goblin was leaning over her. But something was off. Everything about him was exactly like all the other goblins she'd seen but this one..... What was it? His eyes! They were a shimmering green! "I-I-Iris?" it's grating voice rasped. Iris backed away.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"E-E-li-j-j-ah" he gurgled haltingly as if it was a new and difficult word.

"Elijah! But. But how are you here? How did you know? How are you not red-eyed?" Iris spluttered. She looked around and saw that some people were staring at her strangely, as if she were talking to herself. "OH! Elijah, let's get into that alley. Nobody can see you and I look like a crazy person!" Her brother nodded and they backed into the dark street. Elijah began to explain.

"I decided to go check on you and Mum" (at this point, Iris made a choking/gasping noise) "But when you weren't there and I smelled Aunt Flora, I figured you'd all come *here*, to California. And I was right. But my body turned goblin, all the way. I'm guessing I don't have red eyes because my behavior or how I think isn't fully like a goblin's, but it's hard to keep thinking human."

Iris was crying. "Oh- oh, Elijah!" she gasped, "Mum's GONE! Dead! I-I thought y-you knew, but then again, how could you? But, oh Elijah, I'm so sorry. The goblins killed her. Ate her, or

most of her, right in front of me! Aunt Flora arrived right after she died. I got sick, but she helped me get better. Then we moved here. Elijah, I'm sorry!" She cried to the fleeing goblin-boy. He had left as soon as he heard how Mum died. He was running away. "ELIJAH!!!!!"

Iris biked home without buying anything and stayed there. This time she was sure she heard those high-pitched giggles and screeches. Goblins had followed Elijah to California. When Aunt Flora came home, she had groceries that Iris helped her organize. They both blurted their new at the same time, "Goblins are in California!"

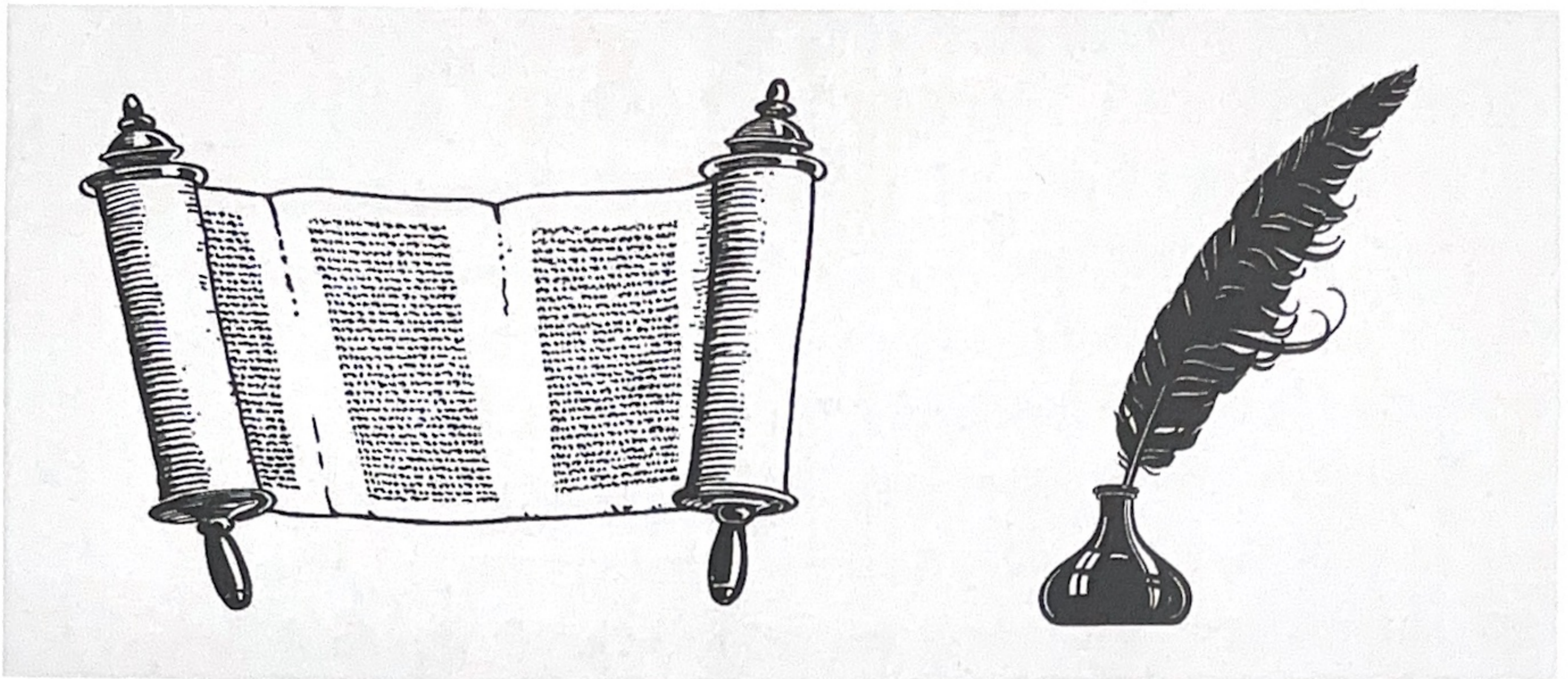
Poor, tired Aunt Flora collapsed onto a couch and muttered something about nowhere being safe. That's when they heard it. A scritch- scratch on the door and a raspy laugh. "Your stupid goblin-boy led us right to you, magic girls," a goblin spat the name. Iris joined her aunt on the couch as more goblins began gnashing their teeth and breaking windows. Iris cried as Aunt Flora held her close. The goblins surrounded them, but didn't dare touch them. Good magic was radiating off them in waves.

Elijah was no more. A new goblin had been fully born. The fight was too much, and whatever was left of Iris' brother was gone. An elderly goblin had found him when the change fully took place. This is what happened:

Elijah was done. He gave up. There was no way to end this curse. He was exhausted, tired of fighting off something that would overtake him eventually. "I'm DONE!" he yelled to no one in particular, "I give UP! I'm a GOBLIN! Fully a goblin." So *how does this work? Does my soul just get ripped out and my brain replaced so I'm like any other goblin out there?* Suddenly, he felt like he couldn't breathe, his chest was tightening, he felt like he was being stretched. He was on fire! He felt like he was on fire! He felt like his heart was being torn out, like he was being buried. *Why does this hurt so much? Should it hurt so much?* He felt like his skin was crawling with insects. And then Elijah could take no more. "AAAAAAH!!" he yelled. Then, as soon as the transformation came, it was gone. He looked down. He really was a goblin now. No turning back. That was when he noticed a fellow goblin standing by him.

"Ooh. A *new* goblin. Ha ha ha... We're alway waiting for the rest of our family, right, my fellows." the old goblin said, and suddenly the forest was teeming with them. The goblin went on, "Surely you, as a human, knew of the curse? Of our revenge? Well. Now you will become a part of that. Skrag, bring The Scroll! Now, young goblin, you will sign your allegiance to us, and I will bless you with a new name!"

Elijah gasped. This was way better than fighting, and losing. Now, he was on the winning side! The Scroll was brought to him, along with a feather pen and ink. *That's old-fashioned,* Elijah thought. *But, whatever!*



Elijah took the pen and signed his name. It was hard. His hands were built for fighting only, not this. But at last, he managed and his name was forever on the goblin scroll.

The ancient goblin spoke. “You, young goblin, will now and until eternity (unless you are killed) be called...” every goblin held their breath. “Kardem!”

Every single goblin in the forest began chanting “Kar-dam, Kar-dem, Kar-dem, Kar-dem!”

And Kardem himself let out a blood-curdling screech that reached the ears of his former sister. And so was the end of Elijah Land as Iris knew him.

Iris woke up the next morning and she couldn't get Elijah out of her mind. Last night she'd told Aunt Flora about it, after

all the goblins surrounding them had given up and left. Aunt Flora had been sad, but there was nothing they could do. Iris was surprised when her Aunt walked into her room. "Shouldn't you be at work, Aunt Flora?"

"I told the office I had family business I had to take care of."

"Oh. Well. Did you hear that screech last night? It made me feel nervous, like our magic might not be enough. It sounded so victorious. Like the goblins had already won. Does that make any sense?"

Aunt Flora nodded, "I heard it too. I know what you mean."

The rest of the day was spent warily doing various household chores and it was noon when the goblins attacked at full-force.

Kardem had rallied up the goblins. *I'm not going to be stopped by girls and their pathetic magic!* And he had told that to all his fellow goblins. They had formed a plan, and the most important parts were Kardem and his new comrade, Jadeem. It was going to work for sure!

Iris had finished cooking lunch for Aunt Flora and herself. They had just sat down when their front door burst right off its hinges when fifty goblins pounded on it. Hundreds more broke windows and poured into the house. Iris stared wide-eyed as the horde surrounded the table. She and Aunt Flora crawled on top of it as the goblins inched closer. Soon

they were fearlessly snapping their teeth and scratching the table. Two goblins headed toward the girls. Iris tried to summon magic, but it didn't hinder the two monsters. One of them leaped for Aunt Flora and Iris heard her yell before the other one jumped at her. It was like a pebble starting an avalanche. All the creatures lunged for them and started tearing them apart. All this time, Iris had hoped that Mum was dead when they attacked her. Now she knew that Mum had been alive as the goblins tore her apart.

Iris yelled and batted uselessly at the mob. She saw her blood spill and soak her clothes. She saw and felt when a goblin scraped her and ripped her skin. "NOOOOOOOO!!!!!" she yelled. And that was the last of Iris Land and Flora Land.

Kardem stood upright in a pool of magic girls' blood. He watched as his fellows feasted. A couple slapped him on the back, congratulating him for his awesome plan. He chuckled and set to enjoying the taste of his former sister. He laughed. They won! The goblins had prevailed! The goblin-king was avenged! The Land lineage was gone. There were no more!

So, Dear Readers, was the supposed completion of the curse. But what now? Did the goblins give up, and retreat to the forest? Did they leave the human race alone? Don't believe it for a second! They are killers. They have their revenge, but still hunt and haunt humans today. Beware, there could be one

right outside your window. They will stop at nothing until we are all wiped out.

It has been my duty to tell the story of the last Land. And to warn you. The goblins are rising! Beware!