

# Lost-Short Story

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*Something I wrote for a project, this goes with the picture I drew a while ago, Lost Sunset. Gosh! I've never put up any prose before! Yay for firsts! Anyway, the reason I never post anything: because it sucks.*

*This piece doesn't completely follow the pl*

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## 1 - Lost-Short Story

Katsu knelt down slowly; laying his hand into the soft blanket of ash that quilted the ground around him. It piled where the wind had blown it, like small dunes of sand. A wind picked up, bowing ashes along with his long, messily tied back, reddish brown hair into his blue striped face. With the exception of the few remaining ruins of houses these were the last remnants of the once mighty village of the tiger clan, except for him. Katsu squeezed his eyes shut, failing to keep back tears, and grabbed a fistful of the ash. It still held some of the warmth it had taken from the hot sun that had been high in the sky only hours before, and, in a way, was a comfort.

As Katsu came to the top of the hill he could see the bright red glow of fire below. Heat wafted from the valley below and sparks and ashes blew into his face. Before he could think, he was running down the hill, towards it all. The only thing he could think of was his mother, her kind face, sparkling green eyes and stripes, and after his father and brother had left, the leader of the village, yet more importantly his mother.

He ran between burning buildings, falling beams, and a forest of flames, yet never once did he see someone or hear anyone cry out from the blaze. He searched frantically but to no avail, and finally his fatigue led him to a tree on a hill a ways from the fire. There was nothing he could do, and, drowning in a sea of helplessness he fell asleep.

By the time Katsu awoke the fire had almost completely burnt itself out. The sad remains of some of the larger buildings smoldered still among the glowing embers. With the rest of his family gone, that made him leader of the village. He dragged two beams of wood and fashioned a crude cross out of them on the top of the hill before leaving. As their leader, he would avenge his clan. As its last member, he would find them again.

Yet as the years passed Katsu came no closer to his goals. He took up the life of a mercenary, in hopes of finding clues to lead him to his goal, yet this path led him into only more unnecessary bloodshed and sorrow. Finally he chose to leave that life, and instead begin the trek back to his village, where, from the ashes, he would start anew.

Slowly Katsu stood up, letting the ash run through his fingers and onto the ground. Where it had lain his palm was still dusted black. As he solemnly walked away from the ruins he only turned to look back once as he reached the top of the hill. The last leader of the lost tiger clan looked upon his village for a last time before he turned to face the road, walking towards the dawn.