

The Runesmith #Chapter 1 So it begins... with a truck! - Read The Runesmith Chapter 1 So it begins... with a truck! Online -

It was getting late, the street lights flickered around while someone coughed in the distance. The wind howled while people were trying to get to their homes. Little drops of water started appearing on the glass windows, followed by gentle tapping. A certain man was sitting in a lit room, holding what looked to be a soldering iron.

His hair was slightly unkempt and you could see a reflection of some kind of schematic coming of the glasses he was wearing. He was glancing between this schematic and the circuit board that was on the table.

"I need to replace these capacitors, not sure which one is the faulty one, I'll just replace all of them."

The man gave out a sigh while slowly getting his tools ready. He was glancing onto the circuit board with the help of a microscope, the tiny metallic parts hard to spot with the naked eye.

"That bastard made me work over-time again"

This man was in his mid-twenties, he was at a small computer repair shop. He was yet again forced to stay late into the day, being the 'new kid' in this place apparently put a bullseye on your back. The older workers always found a way to push their overdue workload on him, always giving him the excuse that he needed more experience and he should work harder.

"Damn fuckers only do this shit because I can't refuse."

He was still new, he was still in his trial period so he was expendable. He made the decision of trying to get along with his co-workers and play the nice guy. This was the result, he was stuck working and would probably be home at eight.

"Well, not like I have any plans anyway..."

"At least they don't force me to clean all those dirty laptops, what do those people do with them to get them so dirty anyway..."

The sound of sizzling filled the area while the man continued with his work. The capacitors were replaced and everything was checked again, the circuit board he was fixing was in working order once more.

"Finally, just need to clean this shit and I'm done."

He wasn't alone here though, the whole repair shop was the building that his boss was actually living in. The bottom level was just the shop while the upper was the living quarters. He peeked through the door leading upstairs and shouted out.

"I'm done, I'm going home boss."

He heard some kind of grunt that was muffled by the sounds of a TV. He just shrugged and grabbed his coat to go, luckily he took his umbrella today. The moment he walked outside he was hit with a sudden gust of wind that almost snapped it in half though.

"God damn if I left normally, I wouldn't be stuck in this damn storm."

He kicked a pebble while his umbrella shook from the pouring rain and strong winds. He felt dejected with his whole situation but not like he could do anything about it. He was living alone and needed it to pay rent, he barely had enough for an internet connection and food and was living from paycheck to paycheck.

'Ugh, If I ever get out of this shit hole I'm going to open my own store, working for others sucks'

He arrived at a crosswalk, the howling wind was smashing into his face and the lack of earphones and music to listen too was making this whole ordeal even harder to last through. The only thing making him power through this was the warm bed waiting at home. While his mind was elsewhere the light at the crosswalk turned green and he took a step forward.

Luck wasn't on his side yet again. When he was about halfway across the street a large truck appeared out of nowhere. He looked to the shining halogen lights that blinded him momentarily. The vehicle came right at him, his mind went blank and his life flashed through his eyes.

He remembered his youth, his family, and his lack of friends. It was a life of mediocrity, a life of following the status quo. But then, suddenly he snapped out of it. His body jolted forward as he jumped for his dear life. He felt air pressure from his back accompanied by a large splash of water.

He tumbled forward onto the sidewalk, the large truck just continuing on as if nothing happened. He didn't even have time to glance at the plates. He was drenched in the rainwater, his hands scraped from the pavement.

'Fucking psycho!'

He cursed while standing up, his palms were bloody and he was all wet, but luckily he was alive. His umbrella was in the middle of that street, flattened by the truck that almost killed him. His heart was pounding and he needed some time to calm down, but the pouring rain was making things hard.

'I need to get home...'

He turned around while gritting his teeth, the fear replaced by anger as he headed home. He was drenched, his body was hurting and he still wasn't back home. There was a possibility that he could catch a cold, the only thing on his mind now was to take a warm shower.

'Sometimes I wish I could afford a bathtub... It always comes down to money...'

He moved forward, his apartment wasn't far away from where he worked. This was the only saving grace of his job, he could reach it on foot withing thirty minutes which saved him some money.

Suddenly he felt a shiver run down his spine, it wasn't the cold rain but more of a premonition. He could hear an engine revving not too far away from where he was. He slowly turned around, his eyes bulging slightly as he saw the exact same truck that almost turned him to meat paste.

"What?"

The truck was progressively getting louder, its front lights turned off. By instinct he started backing away, the halogens turned on and shone at the street that he was in. There were buildings on both sides and no space to duck to the side. When the truck that had it in for him took off so did he, running for his life like never before.

"Holy shit! Who is this fucker!"

He bolted forward, there was no one beside him in the streets no other cars in sight besides the honking truck behind him. The street was eerily empty, only one scrawny man running away from a big truck that went faster and faster.

"I need to call the police, where is everyone!"

He continued running, his gaze focused on the end of the street a small alleyway there. He didn't look back, he didn't falter as he just kept running mustering everything that his gamer body could muster. With a last-ditch effort he dived forward, a gust of wind felt behind him as the truck barreled past him while he jumped into the narrow passage.

He landed on his face, his hands getting scraped even more and blood running out of his nose. He quickly rolled up, trying to see if he was safe, the truck vanishing seemingly into thin air after clipping part of the building that connected to this alleyway.

"Fuck, it shouldn't be able to get me here... but what if the driver chases after me instead?"

He was sweating bullets, tired, and afraid. This wasn't over, he didn't think so. He turned around and quickly escaped into the alleyway, nothing in it besides trash and rats. He jogged forward, exhausted from the previous sprint.

"The other side... there is a police station on the other side!"

He saw the light at the end of the tunnel, not far from here there was a small police unit. He only needed to get there and report this fucker and everything. But as he was treading forward, the lights in the vicinity started to flicker continuously. Abruptly all of the light bulbs that lighted the way forward shattered into pieces and everything went dark and then he heard it again, the revving of the engine.

"N-no... stay away..."

In front he could see the damn truck, it was barely able to fit into this narrow passage scraping the walls as it slowly drove forward. He quickly turned away, to his surprise he heard the same engine noise, another truck blocking his path was there too. The area filled with the screeching noise of scraping metal as the two trucks drove at him, each second increasing in speed.

"Ha Ha Ha..."

He started laughing, his face showing a shaky smile as he lost it. He looked to the sides, walls blocking his path of escape.

"Screw you!"

He moved to the wall, his fingers digging into the hard concrete wall as he tried climbing up. His fingernails broke, blood gushing out as he scratch trying to climb up, but to no avail, as the rainwater made it far too slippery. The last things that he saw, were the bright truck lights coming from the sides, he tried looking into the driver seat. His eyes bulging, his jaw clenched as he tried to see the person responsible. To his surprise, he didn't see anything, not even a silhouette of a driver the truck seat totally empty.

SPLAT!

That was the last thing that he saw, his short life of a computer repairman ended right there. He felt resentment in his eyes, there were things that he wanted to achieve. Simple things, like a business of his own where he could dictate the rules and not be a slave to his wage for the rest of his life. But he was also looking at the bright side, he was now free, free from the worldly problems.

He floated in the void, his mind racing as it couldn't comprehend where it was. This state of mind didn't last for long as he felt being drawn somewhere. It was as if, something or someone was calling him there.

"R....d....m.....nd...."

He heard a voice, it was a gentle sounding voice that belonged to a woman.

"Mas.....R.land...."

"Pl.as....you...mu..wak.....p...."

He felt strange like his whole being was getting pulled somewhere. He continuously heard the voice, it was calling out to him but he didn't recall the name that the woman was saying.

'Roland?'

The voice that seemed distant started getting closer and he started feeling nauseous and tired. The only saving grace this time around, he felt something. He tried moving but his body felt sluggish, he could barely wiggle his finger.

"H-he... he moved! Master Roland moved, oh thank the gods!"

He felt sick like he was having a really bad case of the flue. His head was spinning and his body felt heavy.

"Did I survive those trucks? Is someone called Roland with me in here, is this the hospital?"

He couldn't see well, his eyes felt just as heavy as his body. He forced them open, they took a while to focus. The blurry world started taking shape and he saw an unfamiliar looking wooden ceiling.

'That looks shabby... am I in some kind of shed or something?'

He finally saw the woman that was previously shouting. She looked like an older lady, her body was somewhat wrinkled up. The thing that caught his eye the most was what she was wearing.

'I-is that a maid uniform?'

She was wearing the whole shebang. A black dress, a white apron, and a cap of some sort that was holding her hair. He felt something cool be placed on his forehead, which was a damp cloth that this lady placed. From the looks of it he was still alive but ended up in someone's house instead of a hospital.

The strange thing was that the lady looked kind of big, was she over two meters tall or something. The bed he was in also seemed to be uncharacteristically large compared to his body. The problem wasn't with the furniture or the old woman though, as he leaned

down he noticed that his body looked a lot different than before, for one he was a lot shorter.

He felt really weak and couldn't move, the woman that looked like a Victorian maid tended to his sick body. Not long after some kind of old man walked into the room. He looked to be some kind of physician, but for some reason he didn't even give him an examination. He just stared at him while holding onto a monocle.

'Wait... why is that monocle glowing?'

The man harrumphed while turning to the maid that was standing in the corner, visible concern on her face.

"Why did you call me here, he is fine, his status is already recovering, don't call me for trivial things, I need to tend to the other young masters!"

The old man shouted at the maid as if she did something wrong. The old woman just bowed and took the verbal abuse, but the moment he left her face looked a lot brighter.

"Thank the gods young master, you had me worried sick."

She smiled while replacing the damp wet cloth for a new one. She didn't stay there for long though, saying that he should sleep for now and that she would be back in a couple of hours to check on him.

After the coast was clear, Roland managed to raise his upper body. He looked at his hands, they were soft and small. His body looked thin and slightly malnourished but that wasn't the main problem here.

'W-what is this? Did I become a kid?'

Everything in this room wasn't big, he just was small. He had turned into a child for some reason.

'Wait... am I really this Roland? ... what is this, what's going on... who is this... where is this...my status is recovering?'

While he was desperately clamoring for answers in his head something happened, a screen popped up in front of his face. His eyes bulged wide as he started reading what was written there. This wasn't all, the moment the window popped up he felt information rushing into his brain. It was as if thousands of needles poking his head, the information that he was receiving concerned the boy named Roland Arden that he was occupying the body of.

"So that's how it is..."

