In the world of Lifesteal, chaos reigns. Whether it be bloody battles or playful pranks, the players come together to create wonderful, whimsical stories to laugh about later. The players in this story include Parrot, a bird-human hybrid, Spoke, a white-eyed dragon with lightning powers, Mid, a forgotten princess, and Spepticle, a harmless demon.

Parrot soared through the sky, his colorful feathers glinting in the bright moonlight. He stared down at the small dots, players probably, moving between the distant buildings of town. Even though it was late, many were still up and about. Turning his gaze to the stars, Parrot quickly located one of his favorites, Cygnus the swan.

Suddenly, the sky flickered with a flash of bright light, momentarily blinding him. When the sky returned to normal, he looked back up again. *What was that?* He thought warily. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a shooting star hurtling towards the ground. *Wait, hold on…* That wasn't a shooting star. That was a player! Parrot flew as fast as he could. If someone hit the ground from that height, they'd certainly die instantly! He didn't know them, but he didn't want them to die all the same. Unfortunately, despite his best efforts, he couldn't catch up in time. The area that the player had fallen to exploded in a puff of dirt and debris, clouding the air, forcing Parrot to land. A few other people had already gathered to investigate the explosion, including Spoke, Mid, and Spepticle.

As the smoke cleared, everyone, including Parrot, leaned over the side to get a look at what caused the explosion. When they saw what laid at the bottom of the pit, they gasped. An ethereal-looking boy was sprawled there, harboring surprisingly few injuries. He had burns on his arms and legs, but other than that, he looked fine! He was wearing a white toga with matching pants, and a finely woven purple-blue ribbon was tied around his waist. Spoke ran down into the crater, easily jumping down the slanted slope.

"What are you doing, Spoke?" Mid asked.

"Checking if he's still alive." Spoke replied, his voice echoing out of the hole.

"And the conclusion?" Spepticle continued excitedly.

"He somehow is. Parrot, can you help me get him out of here and to the hospital?" Spoke said. Parrot sighed, but he obliged his friend's request. He glided down the hole, landing next to Spoke and hefting part of the boy's unconscious weight.

After a few minutes of struggling, they made it out of the crater and to the door of the hospital. Spoke raised his fist and banged on the door. After a few moments, Jaron opened the door, blinking sleep out of his eyes.

"Hi Spoke, hi Parrot- WHO THE FREAK IS THAT?" Jaron exclaimed, staring at the boy.

"Uhm… we still don't know." Spoke answered, looking sheepish. Jaron groaned.

"Did you two go around blowing up random people's houses again? I swear-"

"We didn't!" Spoke said a little too innocently. "He fell from the sky! Right, Parrot?"

"Yes, he did. I was out flying, when-" Parrot started to explain, but Jaron cut him off.

"You know what? I don't even want to know. Come inside." They followed him. Jaron led them through the halls, passing many rooms, some empty and some with sleeping figures inside. As they were walking past, one of the shadows came to the doorway, rubbing the sleep out of their eyes.

"Why are you guys up so late?" The shadow, now revealed to be Zam, another player who asked curiously. He spotted the boy. "Who's that?" He wondered. Jaron sighed.

       "We still don't know." He explained. "He apparently fell out of the sky, according to these two." Jaron motioned at us.

       "Really?" Zam inquired. "Yeah!" Spoke exclaimed, excited as ever. "He left a big crater right outside town! I can take you in the morning to see it if you want!"

       "That would be-" Zam was cut off quickly by Jaron.

       "We can figure that out later! Zam, why are you even up?"

       "Uhm… no reason!" He responded nervously.

       "Right…" Jaron dragged out suspiciously. "Anyways, we have to get this kid to a room. You're not off the hook yet, Zam. I'll be back." After a few more seconds of walking, they reached an empty room. Parrot helped Spoke lay the kid down on the bed. After he set him down, he stretched.

       "Well, I guess I should go. I'll let you guys deal with this." Parrot said.

       "Ok! Bye, Parrot!" Spoke and Jaron chorused. With that, Parrot left the building and took off into the nighttime.

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