

Elias

“Elias, get up, father’s returning from his trip today,” Jasper complained, “We’ve got to get ready. Elias... Elias... hey, c’mon get up!” Jasper shook his brother in an attempt to wake him up. The attempt was futile, however, as Elias simply grumbled and pulled his blanket tighter against his head. With a sigh, Jasper left the room and came back with a glass of water and a mischievous grin on his face. He poured the water onto Elias’ uncovered hand and Elias rose from the comfort of his bed, flinching at the harsh cold of the liquid. Jasper was beside him, grinning evilly, Elias thought.

“Good morning to you too, I suppose,” Elias grumbled. He rubs his eyes and lets his body fall back into bed. His head feels heavy. “I’ll be up in a bit—”

“I know, I know, and you totally won’t fall back asleep.” His brother interrupts, drawing the curtains away to reveal the bright morning sun smiling down at him. “Come downstairs when you’re ready, I made breakfast.” The sunshine doesn’t meet Elias. He begrudgingly slips out of bed and makes a beeline for his closet, all while avoiding the light of the new day.

Jasper

Jasper sunk into the comfort of the couch with a newspaper. He focused on the article about the knight's enrollment being open; being a knight had always been his dream. He was so engrossed in the passage, he almost missed the peculiar knock that he associated with his father. Jasper stopped his reading instantly. He sprung up from his seat and eagerly went towards the door, with his brother following closely behind. The door swung open inwards, their father greeting them with a forced grin, “Good morning, boys.”

“Welcome home!” Jasper started saying, but his eyes drifted down to the bloody lower abdomen of the older man. His father stumbled into the foyer of the manor. He leaned against the wall bleeding out onto the ground. Jasper looked outside the still entrance, the door was still being held open by his younger brother who seemed to be in shock. There were splotches of blood along the pathway leading up to his now barely conscious father. Being the older sibling, he felt he had to take care of this situation. His head was spinning. “Elias, call for Claire, I’ll stay with dad and try to stop the bleeding,” Jasper managed out.

Elias left after a moment, still in shock to find the maid, leaving Jasper to press his palms against the old man’s wound. He could feel himself shaking slightly and growing weaker trying to avoid looking at the pool of blood on his hands. His dad was fully unconscious at this point, Jasper could feel himself hyperventilating. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the ever-blurring silhouette of his brother and the head maid rushing towards them.

Elias

Jasper and Elias sat across from each other by their father's bed. Their father recounted the events that led to his injury. Elias was staring intently at the area of the wound, tuning out the story. “So then, the carriage tipped over and the bandits that caused it to tip impaled me with a longsword. Thankfully the sword wasn’t very wide,” his father chuckled, gesturing at the supposed length of the weapon. It wasn’t very funny, though. Elias didn’t understand why his dad was laughing. “I had to pull it out of my body and defend myself from the attackers. That would’ve been the worst part if I didn’t have to come home to the both of you like this.” Elias heard his brother speaking soft words of comfort to their father, words he felt couldn’t be said himself. Elias wanted to contribute something, too. He looked around the room trying to think of

consoling words, but ultimately his feelings about this would stay deep within him. He looked down with a dejected expression on his face.

“I’ve been thinking about this for a while, but I think I’m finally ready to say this,” Jasper announced suddenly, “I want to join the knights to protect innocent civilians.” Elias couldn’t mistake the slight shake in his brother’s voice. He noticed his brother’s clenched fist and sudden change in attitude. “If I were to become a knight,” Jasper continued, “I could protect people like you from getting injured and bring justice to those who have gotten hurt!” Elias looked down at his hands, he thought his brother’s reasoning to be valid, but it also made him feel uneasy. He didn’t want anyone else to get hurt. The tense energy in the room feels to have been amplified. Both brothers looked up at their father for a response.

“No, there is no need to put yourself in dangerous situations,” the injured man said after a long pause, “you have a good life here. I do not want you to become a knight, and that is final.”

“But father– I’ve been wanting this for a long time now, and I really do believe I can do this, please!” Elias caught his Jasper examining him, “Elias, you believe in me, right?” Elias felt a surge of panic to go through him. He didn’t want to disappoint his brother with his thoughts on this, but he also didn’t want to tell a lie, so again he looked down at his hands, remaining silent. A screeching noise was made by his brother’s chair. Elias muttered a quick goodbye to his father and left to the comfort of his room.

Jasper

Joining the knight’s ranks wasn’t hard. Jasper was already proficient in swordfighting. His father used to train him and Elias when they were younger, though Elias was never interested

in it. He thought about going directly against his fathers wishes, that hadn't been anything he's done before. Jasper swung at the training dummy again. This time it broke.

“So there you are,” the old man started, “I been looking all over for you Jasper, I'm sorry about how our last talk went. Will you please try to consider my point?”

Elias

His father laid on the bed, unmoving.