



SIR ALISTAIR

The Glitch in Lothric

— AND THE GIGGLED KINGDOM —

Potato Tate

RAVENHOLT



Sir Alistair adjusted his heavy iron helmet, his boots crunching on the cold stone of the desolate, ruined castle courtyard. The sky above was a swirling vortex of ash and eclipsed sunlight, heavy with the weight of an ancient curse.



A low rumble shook the ground as a towering gargoyle clad in jagged, black armor descended from the parapet, its eyes glowing with a malicious crimson fire. Alistair drew his broadsword, the blade catching the dim, fading light of the dying world.



The battle was fierce and unforgiving, shields clashing and sparks flying with every desperate parry. Alistair rolled beneath a devastating swing of the giant's axe, feeling the rushing wind of a near-miss graze his cape.



Exhausted and bruised, the brave knight raised his shield just a second too late as the monster delivered a crushing blow. Alistair fell backward onto the stone floor, his strength entirely spent as the world began to fade to darkness.



As his vision blurred, the familiar, dreadful silence of defeat began to settle over the ruined courtyard. He braced himself for the inevitable ghostly whisper of death that always haunted these forgotten lands.



Suddenly, the sky violently flickered with a static, neon green glow, and the roaring gargoyle froze mid-air like a statue. The stone ground beneath Alistair turned into floating, blocky grids of white light, defying all laws of magic.



Instead of the traditional grim warning of demise, massive and glowing red block letters manifested in the air right above his chest. The heavy, pixelated text boldly proclaimed YOU CRASHED, vibrating with an eerie digital hum.



Alistair reached up with a gauntleted hand, utterly confused as his fingers passed right through the hovering, glitching words. The ancient world around him began to dissolve into floating lines of code and shattered textures.



The gargoyle shattered into a million colorful pixels, drifting upward into a void of pure, stark whiteness that swallowed the castle walls. Alistair found himself standing alone in an empty, infinite digital expanse, his sword still resting in his hand.



With a sudden flash, the white void collapsed, and Alistair awoke with a gasp back at the glowing embers of the nearest bonfire. He looked at his hands, wondering if the strange, rule-breaking anomaly was a sign of a new, deeper curse upon the kingdom.