

Reliving the Memory... (part 1)

I Stared in disbelief, as that's all I could do. It came back to power. How?

"I'll explain my flawless plan before I kill you." Kill me? No...

"As you remember, I gave you my power, made you my slave. But your Will was too strong, something I did not foresee. So, as you laid waste to innocent people, I formed a plan, knowing you would defeat me. I created these four Tharenian Spell cards, knowing as soon as you got one, you would seek more, subconsciously. So I gave the first one to my old friend, the sage of that village. Where the Impachi was roaming free." This Creature angered the Impachi, and made it rampage on the town, knowing I could not resist a cry for help.

"Precisely. Then I had him give you the card. The second one was given to the Fae, knowing they would accept any kind of power they could get. You walked flawlessly into that one. Then, knowing your inability to follow directions, I placed the third one in the Windy Pass. Once again, your flaws have come to my advantage."

What was the purpose of the Cards? Why create them and give me the power?

"HA! You really are foolish. These cards hold all the power I needed to set myself free. As you already know, as long as the power exists, the Master cannot be destroyed fully. The fourth one I placed here and left. I was running out of time. I knew your intent to get the staff before you did. Once I returned, you had regained your will, and fought me. With little effort by me, you destroyed my original form. Once I disappeared, it was enough to cast the seal. With that in place, you could not rid yourself of this power, even with that weak staff. Only by gaining the four elements of my being, could I help you to destroy the seal, giving me my time to escape." A well thought out plan, but I will not help you in anyway!

"On that note, yes, you will. You see, without your knowing, you became dependent on using the dark powers, instead of your magi abilities, hence letting go of your original will. Your will became tide to mine, and that sealed the deal. I knew you were mine. And without the proper practice of your mage abilities, you have lost your will to use your powers. You are broken." And how am I suppose to unwillingly aid you?

"Simple. You stand there. I'll take care of the rest." It's shadowy hand reached into my pouch and pulled out the four spell cards. Instantly, they all came aglow.

"Now then, its time to regain my power!" The cards were lifted out of its hands and floated in air. I looked at Gelmat, who stood next to it the whole time. Help me! I cried. It looked at me.

"You think I was helping you? I was leading you here the whole time!" That Damn Imp.

"Sunlit sky and moonlight's glow,
Protect me and never show.
In a time so keen,
I wish not be seen,
And no one will ever know."

With that spell, It turned to a lighter shade of dark. I could still see it.

"From the Simplest Form
Make it shine, make it glow.
When trouble comes,

I will Know.
Grant me the power,
Increase my Will,
Heighten my senses,
Lest nothing be still!”

I knew this one would power him. It sensed more powerful to me.

“The dead lay at rest,
They do not stir.
This I do not allow,
Chaos will occur!
From beyond the grave,
Rotted corpse uncurled,
Arise, Tharenian Abdule
Come back to this World!

Tharenian was his name? Wow, I am foolish... With that spell, his figure began to solidify. Into a human form.

“And finally, the rest of my power, you will give me!” Not a chance, I thought.
“You don’t have a choice.” He laughed a sinister laugh.

“With power regained,
And a score at hand,
Give me the power,
to destroy this land!
A Mortal sacrifice,
His Blood now Shed
His Life becomes mine,
Raise me From the Dead!

He approached me, and with a dagger he pulled out of nowhere, cut the side of my right hand. Blood began to run, and drip. As the first drop fell, he reached for it. NO! I yelled.
“Yes!” He laughed. He caught the Drop and a bright flash filled the room. The ritual was complete, I could tell. The power to sense things left me, I felt weak and helpless. My legs gave out and I fell to the ground. I looked up, able to move again, and watched as his body became whole. No dark cloud, no shadows surrounding him.

Reliving the Memory... (Part 2)

“With your help, I went one step further in my plan.” Tharenian said, “I am alive once again, and more powerful than my Spirit Form!” So that’s why he was a cloud of shadow. He was a powerful spirit.

“And now, all ties severed, and fully free, I will rightfully take my place as ruler of this pathetic world!” Come on, get up! I couldn’t seem to move, although I had control back.

“You have been a great help. It’s a shame I’ll have to kill you now.”

“Not... gonna... happen.” I managed to say. He stepped close to be and bent down.

“But don’t feel bad. I’ll make it quick and painless.” He stepped away from me. I looked up, able to do just that.

“And, to reward your aid, although you knew nothing of it, I’ll give you a present. Your precious town of Bristol, will be the First to be Destroyed!” Tharenian laughed. Bristol... no! This I cannot allow.

“And! I’ll do so with the power of the Staff that you worked so hard to try and get!” Now he crossed the line...

“How about another bonus? I’ll enlist the Draco Disciples to help me!” Fury ran through me as He laughed. That was it. This... Thing, was going to die. I don’t care about saving lives. I want Revenge!

“You... are... not...” I started, as I lifted myself from the floor.

“Going to do those things? Oh, but I Will!” He said. Heh, this guy puts Lady Tso to shame. I made it to my feet and staggered, almost going back down. I looked at him.

“Strange, I can’t read you anymore. As if I have no control over you.” That’s it! I can kill him, easily. By resurrecting himself, he became mortal. Meaning, he can die like a mortal. Or course, so can I now. I have no power, and no practice with my Magi powers or the Elements. I’ve relied on the darkness for too long. I need to use my wit, my courage, and my will. My cunning, and my imagination. I knew what I needed.

“Well, I must be going. I actually see no problem with you staying alive. With no power, and weak as a bug, you will be unable to leave this place! All mortals that enter here have died. You have no hope! You will suffer!” We’ll see about that, I thought. With that, he disappeared. Invisible, I assume.

“Oh, and do say hello to your dead friend when you get there. What was her name again?” Anger and Fury caught up with me. I felt the surge of adrenalin in my veins. I straightened my posture and looked around.

“SHOW YOURSELF! YOU ARE DEAD!” Tharenian had hit the last nerve I had. All I felt was Revenge, Destruction, and Rage.

“You are just a mortal. You cannot possible do anything to stop me.” His voice rang through the room.

“Gelmat, take care of this pest. Come to me when you are finished.” Gelmat’s gurgled laugh followed.

“Yes master!” It croaked. It turned to look at me.

“This will be fun! You don’t know how long I’ve wanted to do this!” As he said this, His size grew tenfold! He was bigger than me.

“Oh, ****!” I cursed. Gelmat threw a ball of fire at me, I dodged. What can I do? I don’t remember how to use my powers. I have to try. I tried to remember how the Master of Arcane Conjured his magic. If only I had paid attention. I dodged another fireball. Deep within, express your feelings, Use the power of them. Another dodged. My cloak began to burn. I ripped it off of my shoulders and threw it. Wait! I ran to it and grabbed a small pin off of it. My Favor from the Queen. I received this two years ago, when me, Krydeus and Arrilan teamed up to take out Bloodtharken. I remember those days. I was called Cretorus, out of fear they may have heard the tail of Caius, and turned on me. I was hit by the Ball of fire.

“HA! You never stood a chance.” Gelmat said. I rolled on the ground, trying to put out the fire. At least it was better than freezing. Once it was all out, I stood. I pointed at Gelmat and a fire started under him. Just as I did in the cave.

“Mortal, I am made of Fire! Your power is useless.” True, he was throwing fireballs. How do I put out fire? I got it! Just like I did with the Impachi.

Power of Water, Day be Day
Grant me the Power to Crush those in my way.
Water so cold, waves to submerge,
I command thee, Now, Water Spirit, Emerge!

The water spirit Grew to the size of Gelmat. He threw a fireball at it, and passed through it like nothing.

“Ok, Water Spirit, just like the Impachi, Put out the Fire!” It rushed towards Gelmat like a wave. Just like in the village. Whoa! Déjà vu. Gelmat was hit, and began to gargle. His size shrank down to normal.

“HA! Who doesn’t stand a Chance now?” I laughed. The Water Spirit closed around Gelmat, Encasing him in a box, only it was water. A suitable prison. Then, the revenge caught up with me. I reached into my pouch and produced a bottle. This bottle I enchanted to fit anything in. It was about the size of my hand, but it would do. I opened it and pointed it at Gelmat.

“Ok, Spirit, bring him in here.” The water rushed into the bottle, and Gelmat was sucked in. Just like a genie. The water rushed out as quickly as it came in, and I secured the cork in the top.

“Well done.” I told the Spirit. With that, it exploded, disappearing, as it did before. I placed the bottle in my pouch and looked around. My cloak was cinders now, and the room was littered with statue parts. Head was a door. That must be where Tharenian left. I ran towards it. Man, not having that power really stinks. I didn’t run very fast, but within a minute, I was across the room. I took a deep breath and stepped through the door.

“Ready or not, Tharenian, You will die!”

Mechanics or Magic?

I entered the room, not knowing what to expect. But there was nothing. Just a long hallway. I walked down it, staying alert. My powers may be gone, my Will shattered, but I have found a new source to drive myself on. Revenge. I didn’t know why, but the last few years I have been strung along. Tharenian will pay for that. I will not be played like a fool. Laughter filled the hall.

“So, you are alive. Persistence is the thing I hate the most. I’ll end you now.” There was a rumbling, and a large beast dropped from nowhere. It looked like an ogre, but twice the size. Its club was as long as it was. I wonder if it is related to Argyle?

“I can do this...” I said to myself. All I have are spells that I learned from Bristol, none of my own power.

With a might earth-shaking roar, the Ogre charged at me. I didn’t have much room to evade, so I

ran at it. As it lifted its club to swing, I slid under its legs. This will buy me a little time as it tries to turn around. I dug out my spell book and started to skim the pages. The ogre roared again, and I knew my time was shorter than I thought. I looked at the page I had. This may be dangerous, I flipped the page and found the stun Spell Talia taught me. This will do.

“’Twas mud and blood and emperors word...” I trailed off. I don’t need this. I remember the battle that took place, as we were suppose to use the spell in the fight. I never did. Grease did a lot of the work.

“Virlymn Molik” I yelled, pointing at the ogre. It recoiled in pain, and charged at me. Apparently, it has no effect on large creatures. My mind was made up. I flipped back to the page I was at and ran back at the ogre, sliding again through his legs. Its club came mere inches away from crushing my skull. I got up and began to recite what may be my last spell.

“All mighty Protector of the Sun and Sky

I beg of thee, Please hear my cry!

Transform thyself from orb of light,

And bring me victory in this fight.

I beseech thee, great, humble flame,

But first I shall call out thy Name.” The ogre finished its turn and roared at me.

“Come forth, BLOODTHARKEN!” The ground erupted at my feet, and a visage of the dragon rushed out, circling me. I pointed at the ogre.

“GO! Destroy this Creature!” There was an even louder roar as the Dragon visage flew at the ogre. It collided, and a bright flash of light filled the hallway. What is it with bright flashes? I heard a thud and it shook the ground. As my vision returned, I saw the ogre laying dead upon the floor. It must be with that gaping hole in it.

“GAHH!! How could you!” I heard Tharenian yell.

“Your next, Scum!” I yelled. Stepping around the ogre, holding my breath because of the stench, I ran down the rest of the hall. At the end were two doors, both with different symbols on it.

Which one do I take? I looked down them. One went left, the other, right. Where they came out, I didn’t have the faintest idea. I studied the doors closely. The one on the left had a picture of the elements imbedded within the symbols. It seems like a calling. I went left.

As I rounded the corner in the new hallway, I saw him. Tharenian standing there, visible, staring at a golden altar. I looked upon it to see a magnificently crafted staff. It had Different colored crystals sticking out of it’s sides, and on top, what appeared to be a claw, clutching a Clear white stone. This was it. The Crystal Claw Staff. But the only thing standing in my way was...

“Its wonderful, isn’t it?” Tharenian said. He turned to look at me with a smile on his face. I challenged him.

“What would you do with such a weak staff?” I said. He glared at me.

“I simply will destroy Bristol with it. The opposite of what you intend to do with it.” His smile grew wider.

“Irony. Funny isn’t it?” I asked.

“Why, yes. This is the perfect example. What you would use to save yourself and Bristol, I will use to destroy both!” He ran for it.

“NO!” I shouted, taking after him. He had a decent lead, but I would not stand by and let him take it. He reached it and grabbed it.

“YEOUCH!” He yelled, jumping back. I stopped. His hand smoking, burnt.

“What is this sorcery?” My turn to laugh.

“You thinking my inability to pay attention to details was a weakness was in fact a ploy. I knew there was a strong spell surrounding the Staff, but pretended not to know. You read my mind and thought there was nothing.” He laughed.

“Clever. But it won’t stop me from killing you!” I intervened again.

“You put yourself at risk? If you remember, you brought yourself back to life, out of greed for power. What you didn’t know,” I pointed to his hand, “Is that it made you mortal. Now you are just like me. A human with power.” The look in his eye changed from confident to confusion.

“Impossible! I thought it all through.” I laughed.

“Also, when you took my blood, my power, you also took my flaws, which I know and you don’t.” I ran at him. This will either work, or kill me. I swung at him and he dodged, then kicked me to the side.

“Do not forget, I have the power of Darkness on my side, What do you have? You are as pathetic as the day I found you.” The day he found me...

I remember fighting the Shadow mages using my inventions and quick thinking. But they only lasted so long. Then it hit me. My power isn’t magical, it’s Mechanical! I had no magical abilities, except spells. Anybody can do a spell. But I didn’t have any of my old inventions, and nothing around to fashion into a weapon. I sighed.

“I have nothing. Paragons, help me.” Just then a wind blew. Strange, we were inside, there was no possible way to let air in. I heard a voice on the wind.

“Use your imagination, your cunning. We will help you.” That sounded like Aria. I got a boost of confidence from that. Imagination, huh? It’s worth a try.

“Prepare to die, Caius!” Tharenian said. I shook my head.\

“No, not Caius anymore. Just like the day you found me, I am without power. My name is Soritus, and I WILL DEFEAT YOU!” I ran at him. He laughed!

“You charge unarmed?” Time to think. I needed armor. Just like my old set. Tharenian Thrust his dagger at me.

“The power of Earth Grants you Unbreakable armor!” I heard Terranis say. I felt an armor like weight on my person. The dagger struck me square in the chest, and shattered. I looked at it. It was as if my chest, legs and arms were covered in stone. I followed through my charge with a shoulder, now protected my stone armor. It sent him flying backwards.

“That Hurt, you pest!” He flung a Shadow ball at me. I put up my left arm to block it. I need a shield.

“Air can reflect the strongest of blows.” Aria’s voice again. A clear shield appeared on my arm. As the Shadow Ball connected, it turned and raced right back at Tharenian. He rolled out of the way. Jumping to his feet, he threw another Shadow Ball at me. I reflected it again, and another dodge.

“My turn to attack!” I Said. I Thrust my arm forward, as I use to with my Flamethrower.

“Fire provides a Great Offence!” Ignis’ voice, and a similar model of my flamethrower appeared, in my palm. Same Glove to protect my hand, the fire spewed from my open palm. Tharenian yelped and rolled away.

“I can fight fire with fire!” He threw a fireball at me. I didn’t know he could do that. I turned away, and reached for my cloak. Damn, its gone. It wasn’t fireproof like my old one.

“Water is light enough and soothes the burn.” Nais chipped in. I felt a cloak on my back, as cold as water. I Wrapped myself in it and hit the floor. The fireball fizzled out like a flame to a drop of rain. I stood up and faced him.

“Thank the paragons, for they have provided me with my tools. I have everything I need to stand

up to you.” I said, with a fresh boost of confidence. I stopped at this statement, and ran up to the alter.

“Almost everything.” I grabbed the Staff. I felt an immeasurable Shock race through my body. This was the spell on the staff. The only way to break the spell is to accept its pain. Then use it to heal all pain.

“You are crazy, you will surly die!” Tharenian said. I smiled as much as I could.

“I have the will to destroy you, and I won’t fail.” I jerked the staff, and it came free of it’s grip. I staggered backwards, and composed myself. Now, I felt power. Much more than the Dark Powers I held earlier.

“This Ends now.” I said. I jumped over the alter and ran at him. He dodged and tried to kick me again. His leg lit stone and I could hear it break. He fell to the ground, in pain. A shadow bolt came at me within the blink of an eye. Effortlessly, I raised my left arm and deflected it. It hit him square in the chest. He yelled in misery. Revenge taking over, I blasted him with my flames. He deflected it with a faster fireball. Again, I spun, and the cloak hit it like a wave. I stood over him.

“It’s over. You have lost. Again.” He looked up at me, panting.

“Go ahead, Finish it!” His eyes held a certain look. I’ve seen it before. In the Eyes of that young boy. As he stood with his own invention. Fear. I could see it. I couldn’t help it. I felt pity. I couldn’t kill him. What would make me any better than him? I backed away.

“You suffered enough.” I said. He looked up at me. Then he started to laugh.

“Still foolish. You should’ve killed me when you had the chance.” He curled up into that same position I went into. The Explosion. I Raised the staff on instinct,

“NO MORE DARKNESS!” I shouted. A beam of bright white light hit Tharenian. He doubled over in pain. Then the light turned dark, and started climbing the light to the staff. I didn’t move, and it didn’t scare me. His powers were draining. I could feel the familiar power of the Darkness clouding my mind. I have to fight it again. I will not let it take over me. As long as it exists, so will he. At that moment, the visage of Bloodtharken came rushing into the room. I looked in awe as it charged at me. I didn’t recoil. This wasn’t the real Bloodtharken, its true spirit was trapped in the Gem of Souls. It circled my left hand and shrank. A small ring appeared on my finger. As it set, I felt no power of darkness. It stopped clawing its way into my mind. I was shielded from it as long as I had this ring. The dark beam stopped flowing into the staff. The White Gem on top now was purple in color. I lowered the staff and walked back over to Tharenian.

“Now, it is over. You are a mortal, with no power.” I said. He looked up at me.

“You... you...” He couldn’t finish. He collapsed back to the floor.

I felt satisfied. I knew I had protected thousands of people today. All except one. The revenge left me as I stared at Tharenian. He was defeated. I looked at the ground next to him. The four cards he placed his power in were disintegrating. His reign was truly over. The Shadow King was no more. Before I left him, I removed the bottle with Gelmat in it. I opened it, and he jumped out, growing to his normal size. He took one look at me, and bowed.

“You have set me free, I am indebted to you.” I shook my head.

“It’s alright. I have done a service for you. Satisfaction is the only thing I need.” He jumped up and down.

“I will never forget you. Your bravery and skill will go down in history. The mighty Soritus, master of Machines.” I raised my hand to stop him.

“Ok, I have a request for you.” He looked up and nodded.

“Anything!” I smiled and crouched to its level.

“When you tell this tale, use Caius as the name. I cannot have people know that a mortal did this. They need to believe in something, someone. Let them know there is a protector out there. Always ready to aid those in need.” Gelmat nodded in agreement.

“It is a deal, Caius!” I laughed as he said this. With a little wave, Gelmat disappeared. I stood back up and turned to head for the exit. There is still one more task at hand. I need to return to Bristol and stop Lady Tso. The journey will be long and harsh, but with the power of the paragons protecting me, my cunning and inventiveness, and the Darkness nullified, I could only hope that whatever happens...

It will be a challenge!