

## The Darkest Night

By Torin M.

Explosions. Fire. Death. During the Great War, when the 2 great gods of light and darkness, Abner and Erebus fought, chaos was the world. They fought for control of the world. Abner could not stand the thought of so many casualties during their battles, so proposed an idea to Erebus. 'Every 1000 years, let us each choose a champion to represent us. Whoever wins will rule the earth until the next battle.' Erebus agreed, and the cycle began.

'Cole, can you help load the wagon?' Cole's mother asked. 'Sure, mom' Cole replied as his dad walked in. 'We need to hurry so the night king can't get us,' said his dad. The night king was the newly appointed warrior of Erebus and already had an unstoppable army of chaos, as well as an amulet of special powers. With the amulet, the night king was near impossible to beat. To make matters worse, the night king was heading towards Cole's village. Everyone was packing up to flee the impending doom. 'I must...'. Before Cole could finish his thoughts, a horn sounded, announcing the night king was attacking. 'Cole', his father yelled 'forget the wagon –RUN! I'll hold them while you and mom run.' 'No, father! Don't do this,' Cole pleaded, but as he spoke, the chaos army arrived, and his father charged. Watching his father fight was like watching a beautiful dance. His moves were exquisite. He might win, thought Cole, but of course, he thought too soon. The chaos army swarmed his father and held him, as one soldier, bigger than the rest, beat him with a huge hammer. He was dead before the hammer touched the ground. 'Nooo!!!' Cole screamed with grief. Suddenly everything went red. He picked up his father's sword, needing to avenge him. Without thinking, he started slashing, destroying the chaos army one by one.

Through tears, he realized he had killed the entire chaos army, but looked down noticing a fatal slash across his chest. 'This is it, the end. At least I avenged my father.' Cole thought, as he sank to the ground, everything beginning to fade. 'Did you really?', came a mysterious voice. 'Who is that?', whispered Cole, with the last of his strength. 'I am light. I am fire. I am justice, but my true name is Abner', thundered the great god. 'What are you doing here?' Cole sputtered. 'I thought you didn't deal with deathly matters.' 'That is true, but I do deal with the agenda of finding a champion to represent me,' said Abner. 'Who, me?' Cole managed to croak out. 'No, I'm talking about your dear Aunt Winfreta,' Abner sarcastically replied. 'Of course I'm talking about you!' 'I, Abner, god of justice, fire, light and order, choose you as my champion and bestow upon you, my sacred amulet, which allows you to channel my power,' bellowed Abner. 'You are healed. Return to your village as my champion. Fair me well,' he said as he disappeared in a flash of light.

Cole suddenly found himself in the middle of a large crowd from his village. 'He's alive!' Cole's mom shouted with glee. 'How can that be,' questioned the villagers? 'We saw the fatal blow...yet it is gone.' 'I love you, mom,' Cole said, as he turned to his village. 'I have an announcement. Abner, god of justice, fire, light and order, has appointed me as his champion. Together we can defeat the night king and his chaos army!' His announcement was met with both cheers and doubt. 'Yes!!' cried some, while others shouted, 'Prove it!!' Cole held the amulet in his hand, snapped his fingers and suddenly everyone had armor and weapons. His Village was now an army. 'Abner has truly gifted him! We will fight,' shouted his village. In a booming voice, Cole shouted, 'Today is the day we defeat the chaos

army! Are you ready to fight?' His village, now his army, grown strong and capable with the powers of the amulet, roared, 'Yes!'

Seeing his mom in full battle armor was disheartening, but she assured him, stating, 'If I can give birth to you, I can fight for our freedom!' Cole smiled nervously as he awaited the advance of the chaos army. The plan was for his army to command a frontal assault, distracting the night king, as Cole charged straight towards him for the kill. 'We can do this,' Cole encouraged, 'Now we must Charge!' His army thrust forward with a battle cry, just as Cole heard a whistle slash the air. He had no time to think as he saw a large sword heading towards his chest. Just as he was about to be struck, his mom jumped in front of him and took the fatal blow. She was gone before he could say goodbye. Filled with grief and rage, Cole charged the night king. Furiously, he attacked, letting loose all the pent-up anger and sorrow that was filled in his heart. His eyes burned with tears as he fought, and in the process, he was stabbed and crumpled to the ground.

In a heavenly light, suddenly he was with his family. Cole was filled with peace. 'Cole,' his mother and father spoke in unison, 'you must not fight with anger and hatred. Fight because you want to protect and cherish, not out of anger and hate. Yes, you are dead, but we can send you back long enough to defeat the night king. Remember, protect and cherish'. 'OK, then do it,' Cole said, as he hugged both his parents tight, not wanting to leave them but knowing what he had to do. He returned and with all his strength, thinking only of protecting the world from the wrath of the night king, drove his sword into the blackness of the evil one's heart. The night king collapsed, and his chaos army turned to dust. Abner appeared, smiling down at Cole, and said 'You did well. May you rest in peace.' Reunited with his parents in the afterlife, that is exactly what he did.