

IN THE MAKING

BOOK ONE: THE TRUE FACE OF EVIL

Chapter One: The Beginning

Oh, hello there, I didn't see you come in. Please, sit down, grab a cold drink, and warm up by the fire. Do excuse my shock; I wasn't expecting you so soon. I guess you want to hear the story don't you. About how I came from humble beginnings, mastered my power and led an army that allowed me to defeat the villain and save everyone. Well, if you came for one of those stories, then you're looking for a false hero. A tale so tall that they probably hired a publicist to spin it. However, if you came for a true story, one that talks both about the good and bad about being the hero, you're at the right place

Before we begin, let's get something straight right off the bat. This isn't a story where I'm the only important person and everyone else is expendable. Everyone has an important part to play, and if and when someone dies, and spoiler alert, a few don't make it, their lives will not be lost in vain. Now that my biggest pet peeve is out of the way, let's begin the actual story. Anyway, I will not lie, it does begin like all other stories do. With me as a child living a normal life, doing normal things, in a normal town. But trust me, it doesn't stay that way for too long. We'll begin the story with my friend John and I playing a game of tag. After hours of senseless running and nonsensical rule, changes both of us were nearly passed out on the grass. My brother, who was sitting on a lawn chair nearby looked at his wristwatch and realizing how late it had become called out, "Ethan, it's time to go home. If we don't hurry we're going to miss Marco's coming home party." My brother, the moral compass of my life. I was shocked to learn that he didn't decide to help me out of the goodness of his heart, but for a more selfish reason.

Even at the nice ripe age of twelve I was still able to see that there was no way I was wiggling my way out of this one. Because of that, I said goodbye to my friend John, and we went our separate ways. The reason for this was because he lived in a nearby town. For twelve long years I hated that, he lived so far away, but now I couldn't be happier because at least he survived. By the time I had gotten to my brother, he had already folded up his chair and tucked his book under his arm. Once he saw me my

brother responded with, "Come on Ethan, mom's expecting us to get home early and help set up for the party."

Not wanting to anger my brother, I nodded my head and we headed for home. In order to get home faster my brother decided to take a shortcut through the vendor's plaza. As we were walking, my nostrils were filled with the smell of lavender and incense, a dead giveaway that we had arrived at Mr. Arrow's spectral novelties. As if on cue, I heard a scratchy old voice call out to me. When I turned in the direction of the voice, I saw the man, the mystery, Mr. Arrow in all of his hot and sweaty glory. When I was younger, I liked to think of Mr. Arrow as my friend, someone I could trust. Guess sometimes people are good at hiding behind masks. I walked over to his stand and sat down on a nearby stool. Once I had gotten as comfortable as you can be on one of those wooden stools Mr. Arrow said, "Ethan, it's good to see you. It's been far too long." Looking at Mr. Arrow I was always mesmerized that a human of his age could be as large as he was. We'll talk later about how my statement was more fact than I had anticipated.

Wanting to respond to his question I said, "That is has, that it has. Tell me, how life has been."

Mr. Arrow cracked the knuckles in his hands as all men of his size did and responded to my question with, "Life's been fair for the most part. Sales are good, I got my health and my check from the insurance company should arrive within days."

As I looked around his stand, I barely noticed all of the common items that were a dime a dozen. Some of those items would be voodoo dolls, skulls and ritual daggers. However, after a nearly endless stream of interesting items, something caught my eye. It was a simple looking amulet, nothing too fancy. I looked at the amulet and it sent shivers down my spine. In the spur of the moment, I thought nothing of it. If only I had known of the magic that the amulet secretly contained, perhaps none of this would've happened. Seeing my interest in the item Mr. Arrow called out, "See something you like." I nodded my head and pointed to the amulet. Mr. Arrow picked it up and quickly examined it. He handed it to me and the spot where it touched began to burn, but not enough to cause discomfort.

Knowing in my heart, I wasn't leaving without the amulet I said to Mr. Arrow, "How much."

Mr. Arrow thought for a moment, and then made a gesture with his hand. Confused with what he meant Mr. Arrow clarified by saying, "Just

take it. I showed it to a few die-hard collectors, and they brushed it off. Called it rubbish, a poor excuse for a genuine magical amulet.”

Full of excitement I shook Mr. Arrow’s hand and ran towards my brother who had just finished talking to one of my neighbors, Michelle. Once I got close to them, I heard Michelle say, “Just remember what we talked about,” and walked away.

My brother, now dead set on going straight home said to me, “Come along Ethan, we need to make up for lost time.” Seeing that we had wasted a lot of time having side conversations I agreed with my brother and followed him home.

Back at Mr. Arrow’s stand he was polishing a mirror that he claimed was haunted by a ghost when he saw Michelle in the reflection. Mr. Arrow took a deep breath and said, “What do you want Michelle? I was told I still had thirty minutes until I had to go home.” Shocking because not only did Michelle not own the plaza, but it doesn't close for another five hours.

Michelle looked at what Mr. Arrow had on display and said, “Did you give Ethan the amulet, all of our futures depend on it?”

Mr. Arrow put down the mirror and responded with, “Do you take me for a fool Michelle? Of course, I gave him the amulet! Trust me; I’m done trying to change fate.” What fate.

Michelle grabbed the mirror and said, “You still have that old thing. Didn’t your son throw this at you during your last chat with him. I thought after your argument you’d hate him so much, that you wouldn’t want anything to do with him anymore.”

Mr. Arrow got up from his stool and retorted with, “Listen Michelle, I don’t care about my son anymore. The ungrateful brat ruined our relationship. I only keep the mirror because it reminds me of why I hate him.” The old man looked at his arm, which was covered by a long sleeve shirt. After reminiscing for a few seconds, he continued, “If I think of anyone as my son it’ll be him.” The old man's tattoo. No matter how much you asked him he would never show you it. Claimed he was told never to show it.

Michelle put the mirror back on the table and said, “Of course, he was the one who destroyed your father son relationship.

THE BEGINNING OF A LONG JOURNEY

Mr. Arrow, I never decided if I was happy or not that he died. The man did commit atrocities that could never be forgiven. But there was a time when I cared for him. Sometimes I wish I were more like Malicar. Now there's a man who deserves a medal. He saw a way to better society, and took it. No, I need to stop. In case you couldn't tell, I'm not exactly happy about what happens next. Because of that I started talking about someone you won't be introduced to for quite some time. So you know what, let's get back to the story. Roger and I were heading home when my curiosity got the best of me. I wanted to know what he and Michelle were talking about. When the time was right I asked the question, "What were you and Michelle talking about?"

Roger looked at me with resentment before saying, "We were talking about a few different things. We talked about life, about the town and about father." Even though he tried to hide his anger, some of it still leaked onto his face. The reason being is that I caused father to leave. When I was a child, no one told me this of course. However, after I sat with my father he explained everything. How it felt to see a blood relative after such a long time was great. I just wish the old man didn't leave hours after I was born. My family would always tell me about how he was such a great man. How he did such great things and helped so many people. I didn't believe them until I met the man and he personally told me the stories.

The two of us arrived at home and before we could even knock on the door my sister opened it and said, "You're late," and handed us some party decorations. Before we could even recognize what happened my sister continued with, "Better get busy. If the two of you start now there should be ten milliseconds left to spare before mom comes home." My brother and I deciding that she was right entered the house. When the two of us were inside, we saw that my sister did exactly her half of the room. Wanting to strangle her for not at least starting our side my brother and I got to work.

Thirty minutes later and enough swearing to pacify a trucker Roger and I finally finished putting up the decorations. Our doorbell rang and all three of us knew immediately it had to be mother. Jamie checked her phone and said, "Too bad, I was off by three milliseconds. Looks like I've lost some of my edge."

Roger opened the door, seeing as though no one else wanted to. As he opened the door and my mother, Kidos bless her soul, was on the other side. In her hands was a box, the best kind because it contained a cake for

the party. She barged past my brother and said, “Good job you three, the house actually got decorated.”

Roger, shocked at the lack of trust his mother had for him said, “Was their any doubt?”

“I knew at least half of the house was going to be decorated, but only because Jamie’s here.”

With his bruised ego, Roger retorted, “Just because she’s a few years younger than I am and already graduated college doesn’t mean that she’s smarter.”

My mother patted Roger on the arm and responded with, “Oh Roger, you know I love both of you equally, but it does.”

Roger was going to say something in content but Jamie was faster. She said, “Tell me Roger, where’s your device that allows you to travel the multiverse? I have mine right here.” Jamie then pointed to a device on her wrist.

Again Roger tried to say something, but I interrupted him this time with, “Jamie, what time is it?”

Jamie raised her shoulders and said, “I don’t know, I’m not wearing a watch.”

I pointed to the device on her wrist and said, “Isn’t the device on your wrist a watch?”

Almost offended Jamie responded with, “It’s not a watch! It’s a highly complex device that allows me to travel the multiverse! I just never did because father said he wanted to take me on my first time.” And she actually waited for him.

I was going to call her bluff, but I heard my mother yell, “Hurry, everyone hide, he’s coming!”

Not wanting all the preparations going to waste everyone ran towards a hiding place. The door opened and everyone jumped out to surprise Marco. We were more than a little shocked to see that when we jumped out Marco wasn’t happily surprised, but terrified. He had opened the door and as hard as he could slammed it shut. When Marco saw us he yelled, “Quick, help me barricade the door!”

Marco, expecting us to help grabbed anything that was close by and begun to put them in front of the door. Wondering what Marco was talking about Roger asked, "What are you talking about? Why do we need to barricade the door?"

"Demons, demons are outside! They're here to kill us!"

Skeptical, Roger looked out the window hoping that his brother had just gone a little insane. All hope of this being a delusion quickly faded when he looked out of the curtain and saw demons forming up into lines outside. Roger quickly closed the curtains and said, "Well, a believer was just born."

My mom, already accepting what happened said to everyone, "Quickly, we need to hide Ethan." Because of course, she knew this and prepared a way to save just me. My mother grabbed my arm and led me to the kitchen. Once in the kitchen my mother opened a little hatch and told me, "Hurry up Ethan, get in." I followed her instructions and went into the hatch. Once I was safely inside, she closed the hatch and the last thing I heard my mother say alive was, "No matter what you hear, don't come out." My mother, full of sadness closed the hatch and the prophecy came to fruition.

CHAPTER WHEN KARMA STRIKES BACK

Mother dearest, I only have good memories of her. She gave up so much for me. And yet I still played a key role in her death. I do like to pin the blame on him, but I didn't do anything to stop him. Just like everyone else, I was too frightened to do anything. Directly out of the portal a demon much larger than all of the other ones emerged. For so long he's been dreaming of this day, frothing at the mouth with anticipation. Looking around he saw a group of people surrounding him. While some were intrigued and took pictures, others ran, trying to save themselves. Throwing away his morals the demon took out his sword and stabbed a man close by. As the light faded from his eyes the demon said, "People of Earth, I am The Red Death, leader of this army of demons! We have come to kill all of you!" The Red Death, seeing his point had gotten across yelled to his men, "Light em up boys! Leave nothing standing but ash!"

The other demons, seeing that they've been let off their leash began to wreak mayhem. The Red Death looked around, trying to find his target. Eventually he saw one of them, Roger to be exact. The Red Death, wanting nothing more than to soak his blade in the blood of heretics began walking towards our house. He arrived at our door knocking like the big bad wolf

attempting to get the three little pigs. When no one answered, The Red Death kicked the door clean off the hinges along with everything that we had barricaded it with. He entered the house to see my sister in my mother's arms and Roger's dead corpse in a pile of rubble. See, my brother had just finished putting the couch in front of the door when The Red Death kicked it down. A voice pierced the silence, it said, "Hey demon, over here!" The Red Death looked to the source of the sound where he heard a gunshot go off. Turns out that Marco had grabbed his gun when The Red Death kicked down the door.

When the smoke cleared Marco expected to see a headless demon, but instead he heard laughter. The Red Death, ready to bring forth divine retribution grabbed Marco's gun and stabbed him with the wooden stalk. When it made contact with Marco's body, it splintered to pieces, covering his entire body. The Red Death, confident that his victory was in hand said, "Boy, you had no chance of killing me. It would take something much greater than your pathetic peashooter to kill me."

In a desperate attempt to save herself my sister took a nearby book and begun to beat the demon with it. More annoyed than anything else The Red Death grabbed her wrists and said, "Listen girl, I survived a Darkstar bomb! If I could survive something as deadly as a matter obliterating bomb, than a simple book isn't going to do much." Annoyed at how pathetic his prey was The Red Death smashed his skull against my sister, killing her instantly.

The demon, only invigorated by the blood covering his body turned his attention to my mother. This would be a conversation that would be burned into my mind for most of my early adulthood. When The Red Death had my mother's full attention he said, "Muriel, it's been a long time." The demon, looking around the house saw a picture on the wall. It was a picture of my mother wearing a lab coat in the old research facility she worked in. I remember when I first went there. The science being conducted would blow your mind. Emotion flooded The Red Death's body as he went to grab it. Once it was in his hand he said, "I remember this picture. It was back at the Atom. Where the two of us unraveled the secrets of time travel." The Red Death, hating the photo smashed it to the ground. "What happened to you Muriel! You use to be such a kindhearted woman! What happened to the woman I loved." The Red Death thought for a moment until he realized who he was actually angry at. "This is all his fault isn't it! He was that man who changed you!"

“Odaris had nothing to do with my actions. It was my decision and mine alone to go through with project Drinom.”

“You will willingly accept that you killed all of those men, women and children!”

“Yes, I am the one who caused the deaths of so many.”

With nothing else to say to divorce the The Red Death got into her face and yelled, “On your knees, murderer!”

My mother, trying to further anger him said, “Can I die on my feet.”

The Red Death laughed and said, “Only heroes deserve to die on their feet. Monsters die kneeling.” My mother, seeing how dire the situation was complied and kneeled. Once The Red Death was ready, he grabbed his sword and beheaded her.

Soaked in the blood of a loved one The Red Death began to cry. Deciding his mission wasn't done yet he wiped the tears from his eyes and yelled, “I will find you Odaris, and I will kill you for turning my wife into a murderer!”

The Red Death was going to say more but his communicator began to vibrate. Knowing this was his boss The Red Death took the communicator from his belt and a robed figure appeared. The figure said, “Isssss the deed done. Isssss Mural dead?”

“Sadly, yes.”

The figure clapped his hands together and said, “Good, now remember to burn the town to the ground. Everyone needsssss to think this was just a fire.”

“Of course master, no one will know we were here.” The figure disappeared and the demon walked out of the room. After that, I was left with nothing to keep me company except silence.

CHAPTER CREATOR OF WILL

For a long time I thought my life was over. My family was dead, my home was gone, and I had nothing but the clothes on my back. Sometimes I think he enjoyed it, my suffering. After thinking about it though, he wouldn't risk

his plan simply to cause me pain. Enough reminiscing about the dark past of a friend, let's get back to the story. Being only twelve, you have trouble realizing that things, no matter how dark they may seem, will get better. Luckily, for me, I had others to help me see the light. The people who helped me were John's parents. See, when they heard about what happened that fateful night the first thing they did was check up on me. After learning that I had nowhere else to go they adopted me. For many years, my life was nothing but birthdays, baseball games and failed relationships. I think about those days in my old age. They were some of the happiest times of my life. Fifteen years after the demon attack is when we'll pick up my story. It was a Friday, and due to factory renovations, all employees got the day off, with pay even. I remember waking up that morning, wiping the sand from my eyes and checking the amulet that Mr. Arrow gave me fifteen years ago. It hung from my neck, like a guardian angel protecting me. After I was done admiring my amulet, I got up and headed off to the kitchen. I scratched my ears trying to get that damn ringing noise to stop. Before you ask, yes I went to the doctor and told him about it. All he said was that there's nothing causing the noise, and that it could be my mind playing tricks on me. But between us, there was something causing that noise.

Once in the kitchen I saw John sipping a cup of coffee while reading the newspaper. He saw me in the doorway and said, "Morning, got your cup of coffee ready." John pointed to a cup directly in front of him. Understanding something was on his mind I sat down and began to drink the coffee while warming up by the open fire. When John saw I was comfortable he continued, "Listen Ethan, I'm worried about you, truly am."

Confused I asked, "What do you mean concerned?" John prepared for my response pulled out a small notebook. Under closer inspection, I noticed that it was my journal. Still confused I asked again, "What's concerning about me keeping a journal? The therapist said it was a good way to organize my thoughts." John, seeing through my ruse began to flip through the pages showing pictures and diagrams of demons and magic. Embarrassed I said, "So you found it?"

"Did you think I wouldn't? I'm your brother after all."

"When did you find it," I asked wondering how long he's been holding this in for.

“The day we were twelve and I saw you stuff it in your mattress.” My cheeks glowed red as John continued, “Listen Ethan, I thought this was just a phase you were going through. You know a coping mechanism.” And it was, at first. At this point though, it became something else.

“What makes you think I’m still not coping?”

“Because last night I found this under your bed.” John, wanting to help me began to pull out various items. Among them were runes, hex bags and silver bullets. However, the real punch in the face was what he pulled out last. It was a simple map of the United States. Seeing the shock in my eye John continued, “This is what has me most concerned.” John unfolded the map showing that I had circled certain spots. Even though I didn’t tell John what those circles meant, he still understood the context. Trying to get me off the path of suicide he continued, “Ethan, this isn’t just a coping mechanism, it’s a full blown obsession. I let this go for far too long and I blame myself for that. But it’s not too late for you. Please, give up this obsession, for me.”

I was so full of anger that day I thought John was trying to trick me. That he only cared about me so he could keep me cooped up. However, with a cool head I can see that there was no such greed in those words. All I could see was genuine concern for my wellbeing. This was my breaking point. I’d kept all of my emotions bottled up for so long that I couldn’t hold it in anymore. And sadly, John just so happened to be the thing I would release my anger on. I remember how I clenched my fists together and got into John’s face. What I did next would seal both his fate and mine. I poked John in the chest and yelled, “What gives you the right to judge my actions! You’re not the one who lost everything to demons! You still have your family, your house and a functioning psyche!”

John, trying to remain calm said in the kindest voice he could muster, “Listen Ethan, I knew you went through hell fifteen years ago. But this obsession isn’t helping. First, you’re fighting things that don’t exist. Demons are creatures that are made up by religious people to convince sinners to become good people.” Trust me when I say this, I’ll fight more than one thing that people claim don’t exist. “Second.” Also I didn’t let him get any further into his argument because I was so infuriated with him.

At this point, my anger was so great that I threw all reason out the window and proceeded simply to yell at him. “Demons did burn down the town all

those years ago! I can't prove it, but when I find the demon who killed my mother I'll show you, I'll show everyone!"

John now looked disappointed in me. He shook his head and said, "Listen Ethan, if you've decided to go crazy, that's one thing. But how dare you rope up your mother into this. Would Mural re." The moment he said my mother's name I was the rage took over and I grabbed him by the throat.

As I assaulted my best friend in a fit of rage I yelled, "How dare you bring up my mother's name! You don't deserve the privilege of using her name in vain!"

As John was gasping for air my humanity returned and I dropped him. Once John had collected himself he said, "This is what I' talking about Ethan. You're like an entirely different person and that scares me. Before I knew, what was happening I heard a distinctive cracking noise? When I returned to my senses blood was pouring out of my best friend's nose.

John, no longer of sound mind tackled me to the ground. After he pinned my arms beneath him John began to let out fifteen years of emotion. Not concerned about what he was punching his fist eventually made contact with the amulet. As you probably assumed the amulet broke into tiny shards. As I watched my amulet, shatter the ringing noise finally stopped. With a clear head, I hit John square in the face again, this time though temporarily paralyzing him. Not even checking to see if he was still alive I said, "Nice try John, but you can't keep me here anymore." Without another word, I left him covered in his own blood.

As John laid there unconscious, a dark figure came over to his body. The figure kicked him and seeing that John was still alive said, "Perfect, you're not dead yet. Now it's time to get to work. There's a lot to do and so little time to do it." The man put his hand on top of John's face showing that he only had four fingers. He was missing his pinky.

CHAPTER GRUDGES ARE NEVER FORGOTTEN

I'm sure you're wondering who that man is. Well I'd figure out his identity soon because he will become one of the most important characters in this story. Him and his cronies plotting the downfall of the Allseerer. More on who that is another day. For now, let's focus on what happened next. For its importance will be revealed soon. We'll pick up from my happy place. It wasn't much, just a simple tree on a hill overlooking a lake. I liked to come

here and meditate because there was a strange energy coming from the tree. To help myself calm down I traced the marking on the tree. In case you were curious, the marking read Cora. If only I'd known more about the tree, I would've taken a torch to its bark and used it as bonfire fuel. The calm was broken when I heard a stick crunch under someone's foot. Expecting it to be John I said, "Go away you monster. I don't want your apologies."

A demonic voiced responded with, "Good, because I'm not offering any." I immediately began going into a panic attack because that things voice had been burned into my skull. Praying every religious word I could think of I looked in front of me, hoping it wasn't him. Apparently, no one was listening because when I saw the figure it was The Red Death in all of his bloody glory. Fear engulfed my body as I stared at him. His blood red skin and darkness black eyes put me in a temporary state of panic. Without any resistance, The Red Death grabbed my collar and put my face so close to his that I could smell the death in his breath. Attempting to intimidate me The Red Death said, "I thought fifteen years ago when I slaughtered your family that I killed everyone. I never knew a person could be so happy to be proven wrong." The Red Death, done being on this planet began to drag me away. Wanting to go home, he opened a portal and said, "Do you know what use a worm like you is. Attracting a bigger fish. You're father in case you were curious. When he sees you being cut up and beat to death, he'll have no choice but to show his face. And after he's in my trap, I'll make him pay for his crimes. Trust me runt, it'll be glorious." The disappointment he must've felt when his plan failed had to be immense.

How did his plan fail you might ask. The answer is quite simple. His plan failed because it would've caused a different outcome and Oracle would never let that happen. Allow me to elaborate. It took place in a dusty old room that looked like both a man cave, and a laboratory. Inside, my father was speaking into a square box. He finished the recording and an alarm went off. Curious as to what could set off one of the alarms Odaris looked at a terminal. In the screen, you could see The Red Death dragging me away. Seeing his son was in jeopardy my father grabbed a cylindrical device and began running towards the door. As he was going to leave the room, he saw a man sitting in one of his chairs. Knowing whom it was the man said annoyed, "How did you get in here Oracle? The only way in is through a DNA scanner."

The Oracle got up and said, "You will learn in due time Odaris, that is an undeniable fact. However, there is a problem that we need to deal with immediately."

Odaris crossed his arms and responded with, "And what could that be?"

Oracle pointed at Odaris and responded with, "You trying to save Ethan. I'm afraid if that happens, it'll ruin the timeline."

Looking at Oracle with confusion, Odaris continued, "You want to me to let my son die, simply because you asked me to?" Oracle nodded his head and Odaris continued walking towards the door.

Oracle expecting this response said, "You leave this room and your son dies."

Odaris stopped in his tracks and said, "How will saving my son get him killed?"

"Because I hired an Australian sniper from The Fort to have his sights on Ethan. I also told him to shoot Ethan in two minutes unless I tell him otherwise."

Odaris took a deep breath and said, "That way you can tell him to not shoot Ethan after locking me in here."

Oracle patted my father on the back and responded with, "Exactly. See Odaris, you're beginning to get it." Oracle put a black rune on my father's back forcing him to the ground. Once my father was on the ground Oracle walked out of the room and said over his shoulder, "Trust me Odaris, you're going to thank me for this one day. And remember, if you reveal yourself to Ethan, I'll be forced to kill him. Just a little food for thought." Once Oracle left the room, my father began regretting his weakness.

CHAPTER MEDDLING GETS YOU KILLED

Oracle, I want to be angry with him for all the pain he caused, but I can't. Like everyone else in the city, he's been damaged by a so called hero. This reminds me of something a wise man once said. I believe it was, there are too many heroes in this world Ethan, and not enough villains. This is because everyone wants to be right, and who's more right than a hero is. Those are the words of someone to be respected. Enough procrastinating, let's get back to the story. Now's one of the most important parts. John, still on the floor finally woke up. My best friend got off the floor and noticed he

was wearing strange clothes. Investigating further John realized he had a holstered gun and a sheathed sword. Suddenly he got a terrible headache and began to hear a voice call out, "John, John, go save Ethan." A throbbing pain materializes itself in his eyes as colors begin to fade away until only shades of green remained. Eventually John saw a white figure, and red one. The voice called again, "Go you insubordinate dog!" Without warning, a ringing noise pierced the air. The noise hurt his ears to such an extent that John was forced to cover them and scream until it finally faded away. The white and brown of his eyes disappeared as a dark purple took their place. Like loyal dog, John began to run towards the white light

John made it to a clearing where he had sights on both the white and red figure. Now with a clearer picture, the red figure was The Red Death and the white was I. John, seeing that the demon had grabbed my collar pulled out his pistol and shot a yellow bullet at him. For all of you non-gun nuts out there the gun is firing solar shells. Bullets made from pure sunlight. His single shot hit The Red Death in his right eye. The Red Death screamed in agony as his retina was set on fire. Seeing The Red Death was distracted John dropped from the tree and grabbed me by the arm. With the strength of a body builder John dragged me away. As we were running away, the two of us heard a horn go off and the voice said, "Perfect, that idiot called for reinforcements." John, for no apparent reason began to laugh an emotionless laugh, which concerned me.

Concerned for my friend I said, "John, what's going on?"

Not wanting me to know too much the voice said, "John, tell Ethan that you'll explain later."

And like the puppet he was John said, "I'll explain later." I was going to say more but we could see the house in front of us and I'd rather play a round of twenty questions inside the safety of it. The two of us made it to the house where John ushered me in and closed the door behind us. When we were both safely inside John said some magic words and a rune appeared in front of the door. Once the door was sealed, John went to the drawer and pulled out a key. With key in hand, John headed for the closet door and proceeded to unlock it. John hastily opened the unlocked door revealing a portal like the one The Red Death opened. Speak of the devil The Red Death finally broke down the door. I looked at him and I was horrified when I saw his burnt out retina. Seeing John The Red Death drew his sword and took a fighting stance. Something I didn't notice before was

his sword. There were spikes and other strange decorations on it. I thought this was weird because those don't help in any way. All they do is make it hard to remove your blade from the opponent. Another strange detail I noticed was his stance. It was quite awkward. You'd think a warrior would know these things. The two men faced off and I yelled to John, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean any of the things I said this morning. Please, if you care about me come through the portal."

The voice appeared again and said, "John, let The Red Death kill you." John tried to fight it, he really did. However, the voice was too powerful and all he could do was cry. The Red Death, seeing John was distracted cut off his sword hand and kicked him to the ground.

Through gritted teeth, John said his final words. "Ethan, please forgive me." With no reason, left to keep him alive The Red Death stabbed him in the chest killing him instantly. I was going to sink to my knees and cry, but a pair of four fingered hands came through the portal and pulled me through. Before I knew what was happening I was knocked unconscious.