

The True King

By Daniel Cappello

King Irelius stands before the throne in desperation as the walls of the castle begin to collapse. The double doors that reside at the end of the throne room swing open. Lead knight Barnabas struts towards King Irelius, covered in dried blood and fecal matter. The remaining knights proceed through the door as they drag their fallen victims. A clash strikes the walls as a loud roar is heard outside the castle doors. King Irelius draws his sword from the sheath on his hip.

“Thy shall not fall before the wicked,” says King Irelius.

The knights form a phalanx in front of the king. The side of the castle collapses as the beast breaks through. It stood there gazing back at the king with its’ piercing dark eyes. A ferocious large winged monster with razor sharp claws. The beast opens its’ large mouth releasing a piercing roar towards them. Disintegrating the knights into mere ash. King Irelius takes a mighty leap from the pedestal and swings his blade across the eye of the beast. The beast hits the floor as the strike enraged the futile foe.

“Kneel before the almighty King Irelius,” says King Irelius.

Another loud roar belts from the beast. The roar loud enough the entire kingdom could hear its’ cry. The beast grazes its’ long sharp claws across the floor as it swings towards King Irelius. The powerful blow knocks the king into the throne, leaving him unconscious. A sinister

laugh comes from the beast as he grabs the body of the king, ripping him limb by limb. A majestic vibrant aura disperses from the kings' body and flows out the window.

A radiant glowing light passes over the kingdom to attach itself to a new host. Out in the distance just over a green pasture, a sudden gleam of light travels to find a mere peasant by the name of Persius. Fast asleep in bed, Persius awakens with a bright gleam surrounding his body. He jumps out of bed, faints immediately to the wooden plank of his bedroom floor. A sudden source of strength becomes of him as the nerves in his body pulsate. Persius lifts his head from the floor and opens his eyes. He stands to find his good friend Ingrid out by the cattle of his farm. Persius strides closer to Ingrid as his sight begins to fade out.

“Are ye ok lad?” Ingrid asks.

Persius falls to knees as a light shoots down from the sky, lifting him off the ground. Ingrid backs up to see a majestic entity above Persius. The entity resembled a silhouette with only one particular distinction, golden eyes leered back at him.

“Rise my child,” said the Mysterious voice.

“What is going on?” Persius asks.

“You have been granted with the power of a king. Do you accept?” asks the Mysterious voice.

“By God, Persius is a descendant of the true king,” says Ingrid.

“I accept this responsibility, for my fate awaits,” says Persius.

A beacon of light falls from the sky with a radiant mist uncovering the Sword of Perish. The fog dissipates from around the sword. As Persius touches the sword, his body covers with gold plated armor. A clash of lightning strikes Persius as static electricity leave his body. Persius leaps from the ground, nearly jumping a hundred feet in the air. He swings the sword as it

releases a swift deep cut traveling towards a group of trees. The slice from the sword cuts through the trees effortlessly.

Screams of terror filter the sky as dark clouds consume the valley. Small children cry out in anguish as the beast arrives. Explosions set off in the distance as houses are demolished one by one. Persius looks over to see the families of his village being slaughtered. With the new power that he has achieved, there was one obstacle Persius faced. The new power did not cause him to forget of his cowardice ways. Persius looks down with guilt, as if he had not gained an ability.

“I’m helpless. Why must they rely on me, when I’m a coward?” asks Persius.

“You can you do it! Forget the past, you’re the hope we need,” Ingrid shouts.

“What if I can’t?” Persius asks.

“Believe in yourself. Have faith in yourself and others,” says Ingrid.

The beast swoops in front of Persius, shouting a fearful roar. Human remains fall off the teeth of the beast. Persius grips the Sword of Perish, flashes of childhood memories jolt an urge of courage. The beast plows forward as he swipes his claw towards Persius. Persius lunges back to dodge the attack but gets hit with the second swipe. He leaps over the beast as it begins to fly upwards.

“I’ve got you in my sight,” says Persius.

Persius thrusts his blade into the back of the beast, making a small incision. A screech bethrows the beast as it shifts its body landing another attack on Persius. He counters the attack as he grabs the large arm of the beast. Quickly rotates his position as he drags the blade into the abdomen of the beast. The beast crashes into the ground, falling fatal. The crowd comes out from hiding, cheering of excitement.

“Who is this man?” asks the Crowd.

“I am the new king,” says Persius.

“King Perius!” shouts the crowd.