

BLUE PHOENIX

“Smoke rose from the top of Forbidden Tower. During the past days, the unimaginable has happened. A group of a handful people had managed to plough their way through an army of trained fighters and ultimately faced the one that controlled them: the ruler, drawn from the underworld, empowered with the souls of the fallen. Incredibly strong, he was able to merge and subject the separate kingdoms into one empire with him pulling the strings.

And this person was now sent back to his realms, into the world where reality and imagination merge into chaos. After a long and ferocious battle, he had to surrender to the immense force he was facing. Lord Julian was defeated.

Only a couple of people know what happened afterwards. Most have fallen in the war. It is no surprise that the ones still alive do not dare to tell the story, given the circumstance that supporters of the ancient regime are to face atrocious punishments. However, I have lost everything I ever had. Wife, children, possessions, everything. I am now a beggar, living on the streets, trying to live my life as good as I can. I am one of the few that still remember the good old times, where order and righteousness ruled this empire rather than single kingdoms trying to get the full control over the remnants of the empire. In fact, I was one of the most loyal servants. My name is Justin and this is the story of the war’s aftermath.

Even though Lord Julian fought with all the power he possessed, it was not enough to beat the Little Fighters. Instead, he lost the final battle. And with him, the empire crumbled. What had been united under his strong hand has been torn apart, anarchy followed. The fighters demonstrated their superiority against Lord Julian but did not care about the consequences. These usurpers destroyed the empire and let it deteriorate.

Technically, they are still the leaders of the empire but except for receiving glory and praise, they do nothing to help us come to peace. This is where my master’s ultimate deed comes in. Right before he was taken out of this world, he laid a curse on his opponents. Long time, it was a mystery as to what this curse did to them. Shortly before Forbidden Tower finally collapsed, a few brave sorcerers dared to enter the library to find the banned book. A book that contained spells immensely powerful. So powerful that the world could have been destroyed in a single blow. These sorcerers knew that, in case they get ahold of the book, they would become the most powerful wizards alive. What they did not know was that the book itself was cursed as well. Soon after they discovered the magic spell Julian spoke upon the Fighters, they mysteriously disappeared and were never seen again.

Now, the book is gone. Forbidden Tower is a place of ruins and the books got, as a measurement to remain in power, burnt by a man called Firen. I never forget his face, this devilish antic, seeming to enjoy his deeds. Nobody will ever be able to cease control again and restore order.

Shortly before the disappearance of the sorcerers, they talked to me about what they have done. The last thing they said to me before they went was to keep the knowledge alive. The knowledge about what has really happened that day. Not the story told by the Little Fighters, which is about a few good men destroying all evil and giving the empire back its freedom. In reality, right before Julian’s demise, he laid the Spell of Remembrance upon them. Every night, they have to fight against the ones they killed. However, in a way that they cannot win. Eventually, the Little Fighters get taken out by the images of our fallen brothers.

Julian’s hope was that the lunacy would then stop somewhen. That these people would eventually get to their senses and establish a solid empire. That we can find to peace. If not today, then maybe tomorrow. So far, no success. Will this madness ever stop? I don’t know.

I am sorry, I have to leave now. I feel the menacing presence of somebody...”

Later that day, a corpse was found, laying in a dark corner of a street canyon in Tai Hom Village. The chest area was exposed and heavily mutilated. Somebody had written into its flesh with a sharp knife:

We are everywhere.

-- Rudolf