

# Risen Evil

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*This story was inspired by several games and books. See my profile for the books.*

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**Chapter 1 - The Dawning**

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# 1 - The Dawning

## Chapter One: The Dawning

The Yarata Forest is a quite place to everyone's standards. Some would say that it has been untouched by Man since the time it was created. However that is untrue, in the heart of the forest there is a city that is rivaled by none and has stood for many centuries. The city is named Conthlaka, which is ruled by Colie Conthlaka, son of the late Krow and Ileta Conthlaka. Krow and Ileta Conthlaka have been dead for seven years; Colie was eight at the time of their demise.

The elder Learason took Colie into his care and raised him as a son, but taught him like a scholar would his pupil in order to rule Conthlaka wisely and just. Colie was destined to be a great ruler that minstrels would sing of for all of time. That was to be Colie's destiny some would say. Well, some were wrong.

Colie gazed out of his window towards the east at the rising sun. He watched as the stars began to fade and the growing light of the sun touched the tall walls of the city and the shadows grew. Colie always watched the dawn rise; it was the last time he and his parents were together. Two silver tears fell from Colie's eyes and onto his robes. The wind blew gently on his face, and then Colie remembered that he hated the dawn.

"Mother...Father... I miss you both so much."

"I miss them as well Colie."

Colie jumped in surprise "Don't you ever knock Learason?"

Learason chuckled "When you get as old as I am, Colie, you do not have time to wait for someone to allow you entry or not."

"But Master, is it not you that taught me to respect the privacy of others?"

"Yes, but I also taught you to not question your elders."

A smile appeared on Colie's face "Can I ever win an argument against you?"

Learason smiled "No, you can't. But you are always willing to try." Colie rolled his eyes at the old man, but comically. For he respected the old man, he was the only thing Colie had for family.

"Come Colie, it is time for your studies."

"And what might we be studying on this fine day? Arithmetic, alchemy, geography?"

"Actually, it is mythology."

"Again! We have been studying demons, magic, mystic blades, and magic arrows for weeks now. Can we please study something that actually happened?" There was a small pause; Learason's face grew dark and ominous, his kind side seemed to vanish and in its place was a stern scholar. "Actually happened?" ask the old man "Are you saying that your ancestors did not face great trials and tribulations to secure peace in this world?"

"No...I was just"

"Denying truth?"

"But there is no truth."

"Look around you Colie." Learason once more appeared kind and calm. Colie did as his teacher asked there was some truth to the legends of the past. But no history books told of any wars that ever happened. "I am sorry Colie, but all myths are based on the truth." It was true, Colie thought, many myths were fashioned from some truth, but there was still a shadow of doubt on his mind. "Come now Colie let us begin our studies."

"Our studies?"

"Yes Colie, even I learn new things." The two began to leave the room when the door opened in front of them. It was a young man, perhaps only five years older than Colie; he was dressed in white robe and looked rather flustered. His black hair was cut short and he war a silver bracelet on his wrists, this young man looked grand enough to be Lord of the city, but he was only a servant in the charge of Colie Conthlaka.

"Ha... Good morning Rion."

"Good morning your majesty. Elder." Learason bowed in thanks "I am sorry for disturbing you so early but Salao, the head priest of the Temple of Xalawaba, is here to see you."

"So early?"

"Yes your Highness. I asked him to return at a later hour, but he demanded he see you now."

"Salao has always had good judgement in the past Colie, he would not bother you so early in the morning without a good reason."

"You are right, as usual, Master I must attend to his needs. Rion you are dismissed."

"Of course."

Colie began his long descent from his room towards the lower levels of the Tower where the Priest Salao awaited him. As Colie walked the many stairs he thought to himself what need would be so great that the Head Priest of Xalawaba would have to travel many miles to Conthlaka. "I'll know soon enough." He thought

Soon Colie reached the lower levels of the Tower. The Lower levels were filled with many people either entering or leaving the Tower. The Barons of the city, luckily, were the center of the attention. As usually thousands were requesting an audience with himself. Colie wandered through the labyrinths of people, while trying to keep a low profile so that the swarms of people would not engulf him in a sea of requests. Finally Colie reached the entrance to the Tower and began his search for Salao. He did not have to search long, or at all, as soon as he began to search the old man found him. It was quite surprising.

"Hello Colie." Colie jumped slightly from his spot

"Salao, you surprised me."

"Did I? Well, I apologize."

"Rion told me that you came to see me, what for?"

The old man chuckled in his throat and patted Colie on his shoulder. "Yes Colie, I did come to see you. And talk to you. But not here. Let us go somewhere more... private."

And so Colie and Salao ventured up the many stairs of the tower, stopping only once, Salao had to wait for Colie to catch up. Once Colie caught up he began to question the old man. "So Salao, what is it that you need to tell me. I do now believe that we are far from prying eyes."

"It is not the eyes that I worry of, Colie, it is the ears. Also I wish for Master Learason to be with us." Colie did not push the matter. He knew that Salao was the wisest of all men and if he did not think it was time than it usually was not time.

Soon they reached the study of Master Learason and Colie began to enter the room when surprisingly a strong grip grasped his shoulder. Even more surprisingly was that the grip was from Salao. "Colie, let me talk with Learason first."

"Alright..." replied Colie confusingly. Salao knocked on the door and was allowed admittance. There was nothing to do for Colie but to wait, and so he did.

For what seemed like an eternity Colie waited outside his Elder's door. But one thing was always on his mind, what was so important. Several times Rion past by in a hurry, apparently some of the citizens had tried to start a revolt after one of the Barons told them they were to see him in several week. Finally the door to Learason's study opened and out stepped the two old men; each had a sullen look on their faces. It drove him crazy that they were keeping something from him. There was an awkward silence. Finally Learason broke the silence. "Colie... Please follow us."

"More walking!" Colie thought to himself "Will this ever stop?"

"Colie, I know you must be impatient but all in good time. I trust that Learason has taught you mythology?"

"Why yes Salao." Replied Colie in a confused tone of voice. "But what has that got to do with any-" but before he could finish he was cut off by Salao. "Colie it could be nothing, then again it could be

everything."

"Must you always speak in riddles?" asked Learason in an annoyed tone "Come Colie we must go to the Archives." Learason grabbed Colie by the wrist and nearly flew up the stairs. Salao also seemed to fly up the steps. Colie took notice of the look of fear in the eyes of his elders.

Finally Colie, Learason, and Salao reached the Archives in the higher levels of the Tower. When they reached the Archives Learason pushed open the solid oak doors and ordered everyone out of the huge room. After many of the Scholars had silently cursed Learason and vacated the room Salao and Colie entered the room while Learason locked the heavy doors with a huge key in his robe's pocket. "Follow me Colie." Ordered Learason in slightly unsteady voice, which was unusually for the old man.

Colie followed Learason to the back of the Archives. He noticed that as the further back they went the older the books were. He saw how the books went from leather bound to metal bound. "How old are these books?" asked Colie. Silence... no one spoke a word. "Alright then." A few more minutes past and then Learason spoke "Stop here." Learason fumbled around with some books, murmuring things under his breath. After an age he stopped and pulled away a book. Colie heard the sound of gears straining. They sounded as if that they had not been touched for many decades. The bookshelf slowly sunk into the floor revealing a ten foot silver door. It was engraved with strange characters and a single keyhole the size of a hair. "Umm... Salao what is this?" asked Colie "This is the Grand Archives of Conthlaka, the items in this in this room has been here since the time of Conthlay." Now it was Learason's turn to speak.

"We have taken you here, Colie, to speak to you of a matter of great importance."

"The importance is what!" yelled Colie, with a dash of impatience.

"A premonition Colie." Spoke Salao. "A premonition of dark times Colie. Of an ancient evil once again aloud to walk Lanorse in two-thousand years!"

"Pay attention Colie." Spoke Learason "This is your mythology lesson."

## Chapter Two: Premonitions

"Pay attention Colie." Spoke Learason "This is your mythology lesson." Learason pulled a small key out from his robes and inserted it into the small keyhole. Has he turned it Colie heard the straining of many locks as they opened. Despite the size and weight of the door it opened easily and soundlessly to reveal a staircase winding high up.

"Follow me Colie." Ordered Learason. Salao followed behind them. "Wait!" shouted Salao. Colie and Learason stopped and turned around in almost perfect unison.

"Well, what is it man?"

"I thought I saw someone, or thing."

"Be cautious, it may be nothing."

"Or everything." Replied Colie.

"Be silent boy, Salao why do you not tell the boy what you told me."

"Very well. Colie please listen carefully. You may find our manner of which we are acting quite confusing. Acting so odd over a dream. But once I tell you this you must not tell a single detail of it to anyone. Agree?" Colie nodded his head.

Salao took a deep breath and began. "In my vision I saw someone that is very close to you betraying you. Not on his free will of course, he was forced into doing a dark deed that none of us could ever imagine. Freeing the demon Pandor from his seal." Colie blinked and shook his head slightly

"Who is Pandor?" Salao shot a dark look at Learason

"You have not told him of the past?"

"I have Salao, but this boy had no need to know of his name."

"Wait is not all of this just a myth?" asked Colie

"Just a myth..." spoke Salao "Just a myth! Colie does this look like a myth to you." At that moment Learason opened a door that looked like the side of the stairs' wall.

"Go in there Colie, go to the far back." Colie complied with the demand and entered the dark room. As he walked deeper and deeper torches on the wall began to ignite. He followed the torches on the wall and walked deeper into the dark. Finally he came to the end of the torches. The torches behind him extinguished, Colie was alone. "Master Learason! The lights have gone out! I can't find my way out. He listened and heard a faint cry in the background. "Look for green flames."

"Green Flames." He thought "How strange."

"I said look for green flames not mumble to yourself." Colie jumped slightly. How had his Master found him in the dark, and so quietly. "There they are, follow me." Colie jumped once more. "Salao how did you-"

"Now is not the time, and now is not the place. Quickly follow me." Colie detected the tone of fear in his voice.

Colie, Salao, and Learason walked towards the green flames. They seemed to have a special glow towards them. It seemed that they were not walking towards the flame, but rather being pulled towards the flames. Colie moved closer and closer to the flames until he reached a small pedestal. Placed on it was a clothed item. "Colie." Began Salao "Underneath this cloth is a sword, a very old sword. And a very dangerous sword." Learason carefully uncovered the sword. This is the sword used by Pandor; Pandor was the Demon in the legend. He was very real, Colie. And this was his blade! " Learason thrust the blade into the air. All of the flames of the chamber ignited and the room was filled with light. The flames cast back all of the shadows. The whole room was made of quartz, purple. It was filled completely

empty, except for the single pedestal.

Colie could also see the sword. It looked more like a tooth from a beast than steel. There was a single jewel embedded in the hilt of the sword. Colie looked at the jewel, it was so beautiful, it seemed to call to him. Colie reached for the point of the blade, surely it would cause no harm. Before he could touch the blade Salao shoved him with great strength.

"Do not touch the blade!" Colie noticed then that Learason was holding the blade with the cloth.

"Colie, this blade has dark powers than anyone can ever comprehend. If you touch this blade darkness will consume your soul and you will be a slave to Pandor."

"How do you know this Salao?"

"Because Colie I have witnessed it's power two millennia ago!" There was a pause Colie knew that Salao was old, but two thousand years. "Your confused Colie, in time you will understand." Cried Learason. "We have taken you here, Colie, to show warn you to guard this sword. Salao's premonitions have never been wrong."

"Why do we not just destroy the sword?"

"It has been tried before. Every attempt has failed."

"Swear to me that you will guard this room, Colie."

"I do."

"Swear it, Colie." Shouted Salao. "I do not want this horror to be freed in this or any age." Colie's eyes became solemn; failure was not in his eyes, the eyes of a King.

"I swear it!"

"What are those three up to?" Rion wondered to himself, he was most curious of their goings on. He was luckily in the Archives when Master Learason had forced all the scholars out. He nearly was caught when Learason opened the door. He reminded himself that he had to be quite tricky if he was going to get past Salao and Learason.

Rion quietly walked up the stairs after he had reassured himself that that they were too high to hear him. Silently he crept up the stairs, flinching every time he made a sound. He then found to his surprise a door. He also heard Learason and Salao walking into the room. He followed them into the room. Suddenly the room erupted in light. Rion hid behind a column and held his breath... Good he had not yet been found out. He was still safe. He risked a peek, and was rewarded. He saw a huge gem embedded in a sword. It was beautiful. He had to have it. He needed it.

Colie thought he saw something in the background, a slight shadow, but then again what could get in here without him or the others knowing? Colie rubbed his eyes and looked directly at Learason and Salao "I swear that I will not let this sword leave this room." Salao and Learason looked at Colie;

determination was in his eyes. "Very well then." Began Learason "Let us depart." Learason looked at the sword and shuttered, he then slowly wrapped the blade and placed it on the pedestal.

Rion watched as Learason wrapped the blade and put it back on the pedestal. "I must have that sword!" thought Rion slowly the lights in the room extinguished and all grew dark. However Rion could still see the figures of Salao, Colie, and Learason as they walked away from the pedestal. Now was his opportunity.

Colie and his two companions were nearly out the door when they heard a sound of something heavy fall on the floor; Learason was the first to act. "The sword! My friends someone has followed us, quickly back to the room."

Rion watched as the three left the room, they were making it all too easy for him. He slowly made his way towards the pedestal and unwrapped the sword. "The gem is even more amazing up close." He dropped the rags towards the ground and began to stroke the blade.

Colie, Learason, and Salao rushed back towards the pedestal and saw a figure covet the sword. "Show yourself, we know you are in here. You won't escape the Tower." Shouted Learason. A dark voice responded, it sounded familiar and twisted at the same time, like two people speaking at the same time. "Never!"

Rion was losing his mind, it felt split in two, his mind was no longer in control of his body. . "Show yourself, we know you are in here. You won't escape the Tower." Came a voice from the front. Then he laughed at the voice, he then responded in a voice that was his, and yet not his. "Never!"

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