

The Envoy

Supriya Krishnamurthy

Age: 12

The shimmering, iridescent bubble expanded away before me, emitting a translucent purple halo and scenting the air with a faint magic. Within its depths I espied fine specimens of humanity: with infinite complacency they went about their affairs, serene in their assurance of their empire over the Earth. An inexplicable sense of foreboding stole over me and clawed at my heart, a shard of ice stealing away the very warmth of my life-blood.

This was the world I had looked for. From the deepest dungeon to the very peaks of the highest mountains, I had hunted for the aura of a power so dark and ancient it can never be conquered. A shadow rose in the recesses of my mind and an ever-blazing fire danced behind my eyes. An extreme trepidation awoke within me and I was forced to relive the darkest moment in my existence.

... the night was black and starless. Shadows clung to the fringes of my mind and burned through my essence with their red-hot power. My eyes opened to see a world on fire. The very soil was ablaze; it seemed that the dark sky, too, was afire with hatred. The stranger advanced with an aura of power and mystery, flames licking up his long black cloak. The cloak was woven from the most delicate tendrils of smoke, entirely black and utterly devoid of ostentation. A prismatic opal hung around his neck, glinting beguilingly with a silver radiance. Gnarled hands snaked out from underneath a drooping hood and reached out to snare me. The insipid taste of fear swirled around my mouth; yet, I ascended away, into the night, with my home in flames...

I seized control of my emotions and gathered my thoughts. I was now more powerful than I had ever been before. The Eye, once the hunter, was now the hunted.

The archaic power of Elementalism had long been lost among my people; yet, the encounter I had with the Eye itself had kindled an ember which had long been smouldering within me. I could hear the wordless whispers of white-hot flames; I could hear the soft, lyrical melody of cool, clear waters. I was an Elementalist, and I was here to relight the spark of rebellion.

It was a time when all propriety and justice had fled the world of Men; an era of moral ambiguity and social injustice. Men had fallen to the power of the Eye, and now used its deceptive power to fuel their world. Yet, what Men did not know, I did. The Eye was no spirit like me, no being like them; the only one of its kind it was. The thousand worlds of the Universe had all witnessed its presence, and they all saw someone different.

I was here to end it all.

I pushed my essence against the bubble, and its soft, glistening surface melted silently away. The futility of bondage and the transience of mortality swiftly embittered my thoughts; this was the feeling one felt when approaching the realm of mankind. Shrouded in perpetual night, this world was fast approaching its regrettable termination. I assumed a humanoid guise, and plummeted through the bubble.

The heavy, dry soil provided a sharp blow to my essence. I closed both my palms, and the fire sizzled briefly, sputtered and was extinguished. I had landed on an abandoned farm; a

ramshackle, boarded-up farmhouse, clothed in a delicate layer of mildew, provided an intimidating delineation against the black sky. An old barn in a state of severe disrepair seemed to be radiating a hospitable warmth; it was as a reminiscence of an prosperous time long passed.

I rose upward, and propelled myself forwards. My cloak billowed around me. The hills and fields were mere specks beneath me; my tremendous speed rendered me invisible to any man looking upward, a useful advantage. The Eye would be housed in a place of significance, a place which every man on Earth knew of.

Its core.

The thought streaked across my mind like a flash as I looked below me. A reddish glow seemed to emanate from the surface.

I stopped abruptly, and descended. I could see a long, deep fissure that rent the soil in two; flames within it leaped and danced, and it possessed a distinct, cold aura of malice and power. I touched the ground roughly, and the hard mud chafed my legs. I approached the crack briskly, and peered into its depths.

A towering silhouette was drawn against a wall of flames; as it swivelled around to face the cohort of Men before it, I saw its hard, cold, features and its hollow, baleful gaze. The King.

Long had I heard tales of the new lord of mankind; the Eye had seduced him and turned him as the aroma of wildflowers seduces bees. Undoubtedly, he was yet another evil the Earth had to face - but not so much a fraction as the dark power of the Eye.

The Eye.

My interests had been momentarily piqued by the presence of the King; yet, in hindsight, his presence was routine. He was a puppet, a mere puppet of a power stronger than them all... the warm, honeyed fragrance of power was far more potent than the frosty odour of malice... It was then that I realised.

I retraced my steps, and entered the barn.

A gyrating column of smoke twisted away before me, in which indistinct figures writhed and roiled.

I gathered all the hatred I had ever felt, and lifted my palm. A dazzling beam of light emitted from it. I spoke nothing and felt nothing. My eyes were closed.

The pale, rosy tint of dawn scattered across the darkling sky. Hope was kindled.

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And all terror was not banished from the Universe, as there can be no such thing as eternal tranquil. But there can be, and there was, peace on Earth.

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