

The False Mission

There in the darkness seven figures stood tall. Each one different in size and texture. The one in front was bright as the stars. Her face long, thin, and pale. With a crown of light as bright as day. She was light and her company directed us four to save the world. Gandalf, Saruman, Radagast, and me Alatar. There are four wizards: the grey, white, brown, and blue. I'm the blue wizard, I'll be the first sent to the world though here in the room of nothing time is fast so we hope I won't be too late.

"You will be first to be sent, Alatar the blue. Who do you choose to be your companion?" The seven said in unison. Gandalf earlier begged Saruman to pick Radagast and he told him no. So now it's expected of me as well.

"I choose Pallando to be the second blue wizard," I answer.

"So then he shall be," Light says smiling to me. Then Light shone brighter and brighter till she had no outline and all there was to see was a haze that grew into a glowing luminescent whiteness. Increasing and increasing in intensity until all at once, she returns to her normal glow as Pallando magically appears and wears a cloak the color of sea with a hint of indigo.

"Pallando you are now the blue wizard you shall help Alatar and the other wizards to save the world from the darkness of Sauron," Light explains "you now have a cloak from Water and a staff from Forestry," Water and Forestry brighten their color when they are talked about.

"Now you must go!" They speak slowly in unison. Then all there was, were seven luminescent lights in the darkness white, green, blue, brown, yellow, red, and grey. The dizziness returned and then we lay at the base of a mountain. Pallando stood up from the ground as if awakening from a dream where all there was and ever be is light.

"I can't believe the seven picked me to be the blue, everyone was hoping for Radagast," Pallando exclaims.

"The other wizards didn't want you, they all said you'd fail me. It was my choice and I picked you," I reveal. "Alas! We need to test our magic and start defeating darkness before the other wizards come along."

Pallando and I start hiking up the mountain. As we went higher in elevation it became colder so we wrapped ourselves in the blue cloaks keeping the hoods up high. Soon after we reached the top. The wind rippled through our beards and hair.

"How do we perform magic?" Pallando asked.

"You think of that space inside of you and cast it out, either through your staff or through some part of your body," I explained. Pallando closed his eyelids letting the light be blocked and thought deeply. Soon after he moved his staff up and then down, he was gone. I leaned over the side of the mountain, down in a crevice stood the blue wizard, his staff shaped like a tree sprouting with crystal glowing blue as a sky going dark before rain. He smiled in pride then shut his eyes again and disappeared. I shut my eyes as well, my mouth soon spoke of gibberish, my eyes went cross, as my hand cast out while my staff dropped. I felt a weight in my hands although I wasn't holding anything. My eyes uncrossed and in the air a few feet away a rock floated. I now understood telekinesis. So I picked up my staff, the light flared as I pointed towards Pallando. He floated where my eyes pointed. Then my eyes cast on the ground and he fell down.

"You've been a wizard for a while, teach me the spells of mountains and blue," Pallando requested.

"Of course. Repeat what I say and what I do," I tell him then I start slowly in the Quenish language

"Tolo anin naur" he repeats the phrase just as I do and goes into a trance as well. Next the mountains we stand on

rise toward the sky, the sky has turned grey and forms a circle around us. As we rise the mountains only look like hills now.

Down below there was a village which was encircled by dark magic. The magic took hold of your memory. The people were like an old civilization so of course they thought the wizards were gods of the sky and were angry. The people gathered out and worshiped the gods of mountains by bowing and praying down in the valley below.

On the mountain Pallando noticed the people on the grass.

"Alatar, look! what are they doing?" Pallando questioned.

"I have no idea. They must live here and now we've disturbed the peace," I respond

"Though they might know of Sauron," Pallando exclaimed.

"We will not question those people of the dark lord," I tell him strictly. Those people are one of the only civilizations that tried living in the mountains.

"I could teleport us there," Pallando told me, "I need the practice anyway." He holds out his staff. It glows then dims. I feel a dizziness in my head then we stand at the valley with wild flowers and lush green grass still wet with dew. The people live here in huts under the trees. But now they all bow down when they see us.

"What do you want? gods of the mountains and blue," one person cries in the crowd.

"A place to rest and to see your master," Pallando commands.

"Of course gods in blue, follow me," he answers bowing low. We walk down a trail into the woods. In the dense forest there is a cabin. The valley man leads us to it. Once we get to the doorway it's nothing more than a deer hide. We walk through, inside is a bedroom, a very nice one too. A table in the corner sits a king, not any king though one of bear skins and a crown of sticks and berries he also wears moccasins.

"These are the gods of blue and mountains, Master. They wanted to meet you and gods of blue and mountains this is king of the hunt," the valley man introduces us.

"Leave servant," the king said as soon as the man left the king started, "So what have you come here for gods in blue and mountains of course if that is what I'm supposed to call you."

"We've come for, actually I've quite forgotten what though," Pallando answers, frowning slightly at his misfortune.

"So have I, even my own name escapes me at this moment," I say. My mind is as blank as space; it's as if someone is teasing with my brain.

"That's alright, stay here. Answer our questions of the world that'll be your job," the king announces, smiling deeply.

Little did the wizards know that the village was under deep spell of the dark spirit Sauron.

We were accompanied to our hut by the king's servant. Mine and the mountain gods huts were side by side. We slept the night and were awakened to a line of villagers outside our tent one by one they came in to ask a question

"Will I ever hunt a bear in my life?" a young villager asked as he was covered in mud and grass and held a bow to his side. So I guessed "yes" .

He smiled, bowed and walked out. Next came a woman who was pregnant

"Will I have a son or daughter?" she wondered.

"A daughter who will be beautiful," I guessed. She bowed to her knees and left. All day I answered questions of life and how the future will be.

The wizards answered questions day and night, soon the days turned to weeks and weeks turned to months and months to years and soon eight years flew by in a second. The king came to ask questions too, concerning life and animals. The king would beam if Alatar responded with wonderful news and Alatar always replied with good news.

Alatar always thought the king knew he was guessing he must though, right? And for eight years Alatar and Pallando hadn't done their mission.

Today was different, not like there were any new questions or that I remembered. But my walking stick handle turned blue like the sea.

"Blue god what is happening to that stick," a villager questioned and I had no reply. I shut my eyes and in the darkness I felt something real as if everything I've been through has been untrue. I remembered everything as if I was a wizard not a god. I was tricked. I felt the presence of Sarumon the white wizard, I stepped down from being a god and Gandalf stepped up becoming the White. In the distance I saw some flickering of seven lights which stoked my memories and like a flash, I remembered Light.

"You failed Alatar the blue wizard, you let your mind go," the seven boomed each shamed me with their words. Then they let me go. I awoke from the vision I would not forget. I repeated in my head. I stomped to the cabin looking at the greedy king though he wasn't a king he was the dark spirit. With my eyes I threw him against the wall then pulled him out.

"I'm not a god, I'm a wizard," I yelled. With those words the king changed turning into something dark full of spirit from the dead. He cast out his arms and through them came a spell of evil. I used all of the blue and mountain spells I could manage, then blasted them at him. His spirit left the mountains but I was still fighting. I could feel the war raging on somewhere and how I failed. Though I used all of my pain, betrayal and hope. My last spell was full of feeling giving the enemy my last attack. Beside me I felt the presence of Pallando lifting me up using his spell to make us leave. We were then on top of the tallest mountain.

"You did it," Pallando says joyfully "but how?"

"The seven powers of earth reminded me of who I was," I tell him, "the king was the dark spirit I destroyed him for now but we need to help those people. They are stuck in the mountains, if we lead them out we'll be free." Pallando closes his eyes, the familiar dizziness comes. We are back to the village.

"Gods! What do we do?" the people cried in panic.

"My name is Alatar we will lead you out of the mountains then you will be free of this place," I announce. Pallando shuts his eyelids then I allow my magic to spread with him and he makes the people and their village shift far away where they will be free. When it finishes I feel myself start to fade

"Pallando I finished my mission I'll see you soon my friend," I say. Pallando looks frightened at first but then smiles.

"Goodbye Alatar," he tells me then my energy shifts from me to becoming a spirit who lives with the mountains.

Now you will see Alatar's spirit dancing in the mountains, riding on a cloud of zephyr, and you will see his cloak of blue cover the mountain peaks.