

The Loreaclypse of 2012

Chapter 1: A hero's honor

What you are about to read is being written by the chronicler only known as Ace, accounts pertaining to this have been taken by eye witnesses of the events or by nearby magical scryer's whose sole job is to use their magic to illuminate the perceptions of what is and what may yet come. All other records pertaining to this particular date were either sealed off by order of the court or entirely destroyed by ravaging fires before they could be saved.

"You ready hero?" a simple gargoyle voice with long claws asked preparing for battle. Gargoyles were naturally medium sized with stone like skin and had a preference for tall places. They were the sorts of creature that you wouldn't want to run into in dark places, such as darkovia for instance. Although in Darkovia, the vampires and werewolves and other sentient beings that lived there were far more dangerous than a gargoyle.

"Let's dance." The hero stated bravely, this particular hero was named Sid Meyerson, a local hero of lore who stood at 5'6, with long black hair and was an appropriate age of 24. Young, but strong. Muscles showed despite the armor he wore, bearing a shield with a V across it. No one really knew what the V mark was but some suspected it had been burned there by a fire-breathing dragon.

The clang of metal and claw echoed in the night time atmosphere, a cool 44 degrees Fahrenheit, a slight breeze coming from the west at 6 mph, little did Sid or the gargoyle, or anyone for that matter know that tonight's battle would change things for all of lore. A blow to the shield caused Sid's sword to fly out of his hand and strike the gargoyle enough to end the battle for good, but that same blow caused Sid to fall backwards through a pile of autumn leaves and straight down for several feet into a chamber that was entirely colored purple.

Sid came to his senses around a half hour later; sitting up Sid gazed in marvel at the marbled statues and odd-looking designs of this place. "What in the name of lore?" Sid muttered out into the still quiet air as he gazed around. This chamber was big, really big! Perhaps some treasure was hidden around here. Sid eagerly began searching the area, poking here, moving an urn to see what lay beneath it if anything. It wasn't until a few moments later when Sid slipped on some moss on the floor that he lost his balance and tripped backwards over something in the faint glow from the room's purple glow. Lifting it to his face, Sid saw what appeared to be a bejeweled scepter.

Climbing back out proved impossible and Sid had this vague feeling that something was lurking off in the darkness where he couldn't see. His feet felt heavy and the air permeated with a smell of sulfur and doom. A slight pounding began in the center of Sid's brain and steadily developed outward into tremors in his body. "What's happening to me?" Sid muttered out, his hands starting to shake terribly. A deep fiery pain tore at Sid's midsection, causing him to double

over gasping for breath. That same feeling began flowing through his body until all of him felt like someone had stuck a needle in him. Sid fell to his knees grasping the scepter for support and holding his sword up to fend off whatever invisible creature that may be making this attack. But when he looked up, Sid only saw a reflection of himself, but with black eyes, where the white pupils should have been. Sid fell sideways as the reflection loomed over him and spoke. "You have awakened the lorelock, now, I shall take your place." The reflection stated matter of factly, and so, Sid Meyerson, the real Sid Meyerson, met his end in that forgotten place, no scream, no war cry, just simply faded out of consciousness.

Sid Meyerson's double climbed out of that chamber, scepter in hand, with ease almost as if the figure knew precisely where to put a hand or foot hold. An ambush attacked and thought it had the upper hand in the battle. After all Sid's double was only holding a scepter. But it is said that looks can be deceiving. So when the attack took place, the ambush was mere ashes in seconds by a blast of energy that came from the jewel in the topmost part of the scepter.

Chapter 2: Double Trouble

The double entered a wheat field and began to gather some grain as well as food supplies when a farmer came out to check on the hogs that next morning. "Hey you!" The farmer called as he approached the double. "Mister, just what in tarnation do ya think yer doin?" "Gathering supplies for the coming tides of change." The double stated looking the farmer right in the eyes. "You have a problem with that?" Sid asked.

The farmer was mad now and held up his pitchfork. "You arrogant sonnova gun, I outta run ya through, I outta..." The farmer's speech broke off as he felt a sudden fiery pain shoot through his body. He realized this thing, this person, was holding him. Was causing this intense pain. He stared at the black eyes in wonder and fear. The farmer took one step to flee and fell to the ground unconscious. Where the farmer had stood a moment ago, now stood a reflection of him, 4'8, with the same brown hair and straw-brimmed hat, but the eyes were as black as onyx.

"Something mighty strange is going on in the South." Marker Templeton commented staring into a crystal ball. Templeton was a magi and could see there was trouble brewing. "Anything in particular we should be concerned about Marker?" Theo Lariat asked. Theo Lariat was a well-built woman with long golden hair and a voice as sweet as honey. Standing at 5'7 she easily was an inch taller than her brother. She wore a dress made of silk and green colored to blend in to the forests. Marker Templeton being 5'6 and wearing deep rich earthy colored brown robes turned to her for a moment about to answer before he again looked into the crystal ball.

"Yes Theo, I'd say that at this moment in time we should be very, very concerned indeed. Whatever that being is, it's no hero. A farmer just collapsed and something, else has taken his place." Marker replied. Little did Marker know that at the time he was looking into the ball, the scepter was looking into the both of them.

A sharp pain struck Theo first and she uttered a strangled cry of pain. Templeton rushed to help her, placing a hand to steady her when he saw that her skin was starting to look pale. "Theo, Theo, Snap out of it, Theo!" Marker tried patting her cheek, he tried pinching an arm, but her face was starting to look pale as well. Templeton knew this was a bad sign and ran to one of the cupboards fetching a bottle off the shelf marked with a simple tag stating "For Emergencies Only." Well this was certainly an emergency.

After pouring the liquid down her throat, Theo's eyes turned black briefly, she came back to herself with a blood-curdling scream. "Where am i? Wh-what happened?" She asked. "You went into some kind of trance, I couldn't get you to snap out of it." Marker replied. "I, I saw all of lore Marker, screaming. I, I think it's a sign." Theo stated,

While Theo was resting, Templeton was incredibly concerned now. Did that being know it had been watched? Perhaps there was more to all of this than had been realized. Marker went to go look through a book in his library, leaving Theo to her dreams.

Chapter 3: Discovery

When Marker Templeton came across his startling discovery he read the page six times to make sure he hadn't imagined it. It stated clearly here in the text of the ancients, that there was a being whom could bring about an apocalypse of sorts. A cataclysmic event that could only be freed on a particular day, in a particular month, on a particular year, in 26,000 life cycles. It also stated that yesterday had been that particular day, and that the riser, would carry a purple jeweled scepter, known only on lore as the Scepter of Times.

The book also told how to put this apocalypse to sleep again. Templeton let out a gasp when he read that three days from now when the moon was full, the spell must be set or all of Lore would be doomed. Marker ran to shelves to gather ingredients for what he would need. But what Marker hadn't realized is that there was one final word of warning about the spell. The line of text read as follows. Whosoever that casts the spell of sleep of the riser, beware and heed this warning well. That to cast said spell, know that thee the caster are granting full permission of the execution of yon own life.

Theo's dreams were haunted with visions of villages on fire, people's strangled voices suddenly turning cold and empty, hands that clenched and clawed became bones that pointed. Pointed toward the distant setting sun and the look of black eyes zoomed in upon her. Theo let out a scream as she awoke from the nightmares. Hearing the cry, Templeton rushed into her quarters raising his hands high prepared to cast a spell. "False alarm, brother dear, I just had some dreadful nightmares was all." Theo said to him, her eyes betraying her hidden fear. Nodding Marker left her alone.

That night Marker explained to Theo all he had discovered. "If you're leaving, I'll go with you

Marker, surely two of us can handle things better than one.” Theo offered hopefully. “No, I go alone. I need you safe. I can’t cast the spell of sleep knowing you were put in danger.” Templeton replied adding a bottle of goats’ mead to his travel pack. “Besides I’m sure I won’t be more than an hour or two at best.”

Unfortunately the coming of the riser had caused the very moons patterns to alter, and so the full moon would not be this coming Thursday, but the following Thursday. Not knowing this, Templeton set out for the cove where the riser was said to have gathered. But when Templeton looked for the moon he instead found an eclipse-taking place. “Oh that can’t be good.” He muttered to himself. Indeed it was not, for shortly thereafter when Marker tried to begin the spell he suddenly felt sick inside as if all love had been torn from him.

It was colder now, darker, as if the skies themselves hid in fear. What came as a burden to Marker, seemed to echo within the place he’d chosen for this spell, there were few crickets, very little wildlife lurking, almost as if sensing incoming hazards. Theo meanwhile nervously walked back and forth waiting for her brother to return from this errand. She had no idea what spell he was going to cast and she didn’t know the implications or the necessary steps, if anything should happen to him tonight, she wouldn’t know what to do with herself.

Chapter 4: The Coming Storm

As with any magical spell, you must always remember this. A spell is simply a spell, what really creates the magic is the belief in oneself. Marker had no sooner said the words than there was a strange whistling sound somewhere overhead and before his eyes, walking through the forest, was Sid. Every crackle, every footfall made noise to announce the arrival of the riser. “You think you are worthy to put me back to sleep?” Sid asked his black eyes staring a hole into the magi. “You are weak, you have no faith in fate, destiny, you will perish and I will remain intact.”

It felt like it would rain to Theo. She gazed out at the darkened sky and heard a rumble of thunder. “Storm coming,” she whispered softly. “Better get done soon, brother mine, or that storm may soon keep you from coming at all.” Realizing what she just said, Theo put a hand over her mouth and wondered why she’d said such an odd thing. While the storm was approaching, Marker stood calm and still knowing that if he looked into those eyes he’d be lost. So he did the next best thing, he used a mirror to reflect the cold stare.

The trick worked forcing the riser to turn his gaze aside. “So you aren’t as foolish as I originally thought, that was very clever to try and use my own gaze against me.” Sid said. “Of course, you can’t fight me without looking at me, and you can’t hide behind a mirror forever, especially if I summon aid.” “I’ll assume you mean the farmer that you turned.” Marker replied casually. Sid looked at the magi in surprise. “So you saw what I did?” Sid inquired. “Aye, I saw, and I know the scepter to be the Scepter of Time.” Marker answered.

The riser gazed at the skies and laughed aloud. "Soon all of lore shall feel the power of the Lorecalypse." Sid stated. "What is this Lorecalypse anyway?" Marker asked as he placed down his contents. "It is the time when a moon eclipses, but does not return from the eclipse, soon, all of lore shall feel my power. Soon you shall all fall before the power contained for centuries." Sid answers. There had to be some way to stop this thought Marker, but how?

Theo was becoming increasingly concerned when there was a knock on the door of their ancestral abode. "Oh thank the Lords of light you've returned Marker," Theo said as she ran to the door. She flung it open expecting her brother but gasped out in startled surprise when a man she'd never seen before tried to grab her. Dodging away she gazed at the eyes, black and cold. Just like in her nightmares. "No! You aren't a farmer, you, you're," she stammered trying to fight the quaking fear in her body. "The riser." The farmer replied laughing softly. "And you, are doomed."

Theo screamed and ran to the far end of the hallway grabbing up a bow and arrow, raising the weapon she notched the arrow and aimed for the heart. She released the bowstring and the shaft glinted in a flash of lightning. When it reached the farmer though, the being simply twisted the pitchfork at an angle and deflected the deadly bolt. Theo tried again notching another arrow and pulling the string taut. Twang, Twhack. The farmer again deflected the deadly arrow.

Chapter 5: What to do when Doom Comes Knocking!

Marker screamed as the riser managed to touch him. His body began to feel like it was on fire. Marker had read all about the touch of doom, and how to counteract the illness. He struggled to reach into his robe and pulled out a vial of spider venom. He drank it down to the last drop and waited. Fire fought fire within him, clutching at his gut Marker collapsed to his knees feeling each wracking pain ebb in him. "You can't battle the feeling and you know it." Sid declared. "I've won this battle, ha ha ha ha ha,"

Theo headed into the kitchen and grabbed up two ancient swords they had gotten from a fire breathing dragon a few years back, parting gifts for ailing it of a terrible case of indigestion sickness. Theo yelled out angrily and swung one sword upward in a 38-degree angle, while swinging the second sword down and to the right. The farmer's pitchfork could only defend so much against two swords. The first sword went straight into a forward plunge catching the farmer's shoulder and the shirt tore a bit with a wound to the arm.

Marker struggled to breathe and felt his awareness, his palate, began to dim. As if someone was blowing out the candles of his life. His head started pounding and his arms became shaky. Little did Sid realize that Marker had taken a cure. "Yes, Yes now you will obey my every command, Magi." Sid stated. "You must obey, ha ha ha ha ha!"

Theo yelled out as she was touched and instantly felt like a thousand fireballs had gone off inside of her. She remembered her brother warning her of this feeling and had pressed into her palm a liquid. Now she was glad she had it. Reaching into her pouch she struggled to pull free

the vial and pulled the cork out with her teeth. She spat the cork onto the floor and struggled to drink down the contents.

Marker glared at Sid angrily and closed his fists to his sides tightly. With one last convulsion, Marker stood up defiantly. "No! This can't be, I should have control of you right now!" Sid exclaimed astonished. Marker's eyes had changed to a wisp of solid gold as he spoke. "You chose thine path, Riser, now meet eternity in a void of sleep." Marker said.

Theo, miles away from her brother doubled over in agony. "Brother, what have you done?" she asked as she felt crimson pain fill her. All too soon the pain vanished, but when it did, so too did Theo's awareness. Eyes of gold plagued before the farmer as both fists closed tightly and Theo rose with a hated scowl on her features. "Riser." Both sets of voices, brother and sister mingled with something far, far superior to the both, something indefinable but mystical in nature.

Chapter 6: Setting things right

"Riser." The mingled voices spoke again, both to Sid and the Farmer. "Your time of reign over this world known as lore, is hereby terminated. You are going back to that forgotten chamber to sleep, for another twenty six thousand life cycles." "Never!" Sid yelled angrily. He raised the scepter to Marker's face and held it steadily there. It didn't even phase the magi. "Auk tenan, Toreum!" Marker uttered raising a hand slowly. Sid was forced to lower the scepter despite his strain against the command.

Theo's eyes narrowed as the mingled voices spoke through her now. "You, shadowed one. You will return to the nether and you will cease to be." The shadowy reflection of the farmer lunged forward only to be held by an iron cold grip. "Suva, De'auckmer!" The being trembled and shook while being clutched outright. A spinning vortex of wind and rain tore off the ancestral roof and wrapped around the farmer's body.

The being known as the farmer was lifted off the ground and slowly sucked into the clouds where it vanished for good, without being able to utter a sound.

Sid shoved the scepter into the gut of Marker and was about to utter an incantation, but Marker silenced Sid with a wave of his hand. Marker spoke again, the voices mingled with fury. "You shall not be allowed on lore." Try as he might, Sid's reflection could not battle such power. "You are not an emperor how is it you have this power?" Sid asked trying to again raise the scepter. "I may not be an emperor, But we are of royal magi bloodline." Marker replied.

No matter what Sid did, he could not overpower such a being as this. A shaft of golden light danced around the body, the riser's eyes gazing upwards. "no, No, NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Sid yelled out as the golden light washed over him. There was an explosion of power versus power, magic versus magic. When Marker could see again, it was to behold that no longer was the riser around. The riser had been returned to his chamber to sleep. Victory, however, came at a terribly high cost. "My duty, is ended. My life, our life,

ascends.” Marker stated matter of factly. Raising both arms up to the sky, he longingly yelled out into the night, his sister’s name and his body vanished in a brilliant flash of light.

Theo’s tears fell to the ground as she walked outside and stared up at the night sky, the storm gone. “It is time, my life, our lives, be united again.” Theo’s hand released and what had been ancestral swords in battle had become roses that fell to the earthen floor. More tears fell to the ground as she raised both of her arms up to the sky, tilted her head backward and in a strained and heartbroken voice full of longing, full of love, cried out with tears still in her eyes her brothers name. A large body of water came down around her, grabbed her, and as suddenly as it began, the water vanished, and so too did Theo.

So, now you know the tale, and my life, my chronicle of this story has come to its conclusion. Like the two siblings, I too must leave, but I shall depart with this final message. Merry Frostval dear reader, to one and to all, May your heart be full of warmth, and may all thine wishes come true.

Sincerely,
Ace, Chronicler of Lore.