

The Legend of Aerik:
Return of the Sun

1 Upon a time there once a hole was done-
A hole into a sun had once it made,
By several mortal souls, among them one
Who's light upon eternity shall fade.
Then death upon the once-was brilliant sun,
As blocked by black and bitter utter night,
Begun the cold and shiver-shaken stun,
A horror held bequeath beneath the plight.
A cry was made, the town, the world a voice,
10 To find the one who would return the sun
(Unknownst to them, they soon would all rejoice,
For in the darkest forest, where the sun
Could not unfoil her rays, there was a boy
Whose strength in power exceeded all but one-
Our God – and would someday return our Joy
If someone could just find the only One.)
Queen Ariana, beauty half unfolded,
In another land (of Arinana) sent
20 Nine good men of stature great and bolded,
Out to find the one who had been meant
To save the world from all the evil done.
Then out they ran upon their blackest mare,
To find the boy who would return the sun,
By batt(e)ling the Gruesome Brekatere.

And Brekatere had sent those evil spawns
To cast their magic power o'er the sun
With intentions evil, glorified to one-
Himself – ruling all and everyone.
30 He thought he had the game upon the day -
That everyone could bend to and to play,
And he would rule and thus return the sun
(As long as he had broken everyone).

The royal knights of Arinana rode
At endless fiery heights to find the lad
Who, if not found, could be persuaded to go
And become one of Brekatere's comrades.
And that, the greatest fear, it often was
Of Queen Ariana, sitting on her throne,
Who dreamed of finding one to find Him-
40 The one to defeat Brekatere alone.

The warrior knight, the first, had gone to sea
To see if anyone had heard of He-
The second knight went to the flaming fire –
Was swallowed by volcano and desire.
The third had wandered into muddy marsh,
And thus was lost among the ruddy harsh.
The fourth had rode into the caverns all,
Yet found not one but bats cov'ring the hall.
50 And knight of five, he rode among the streams
And weeks on end, he found no one of means.
Then six went, found the girl for which he'd waited –
Forgot about the darkness as he mated.
And seven, like the sixth, he went on home,
As weeks went by and he was still alone.

So eight, unlike the other gloomy pest,
He brought a false alarm to Queen at rest,
And though the boy had passed all but one test,
They knew he was very good, but not the best.
60 And so the ninth, he traveled near and far,
Across the other nations, Nar and Tzar,
And Breyen, Reyen, Wyster, Rand and Pahr,
He searched for months, but after none too far.

The Queen had sat upon her throne too long,

And sent her greatest knight to rule while she
Would go and find the only Joy herself,
For time was but utmost necessity.

Queen Ariana spoke unto a crowd,
"I say not much, but what I say is loud,
70 I go in search of Joy to one ere lad,
Who has the power to save the darkened world
From saddened, evil people who rule the night,
And shun the very essence of the light.
Have not our crops already begun to fail?
Have not our sheep gone paler than the pale?
We must not wait another mortal day
To find the boy who'll lead us on our way.
And so I go in search of one, of He,
The very one who will keep our world in heel,
80 Perhaps if found by one of royalty,
He'll understand he is the One for real."

And not a second more had gone when she,
Went on in search to find the savior One,
She did not go upon the open sea,
Nor go to fire, marsh, or home again.
Yet, still she knew of where to look from ones
That passed and told her where her knights had gone,
And where they fled from all good will and reason.
The very essence of death was treason.

And she, the tenth, knew where to hunt and look -
90 Not o'er the streams and caverns, fields and brook,
But to the forests she had gone to see
If she were thus to find the one called "He."

And meantime, while the day was clear and dark,
And silence flooded words from any lark,
There still was song from birds in ever sleep,
Who could not fly as long as dark was deep,
And most were dead, and not a single cry
100 Could thus be heard a ring against the sky,
And forest, dark, was sullen, thus, and still,
As Aerik went to hunt the final kill.

And Aerik was the boy of youth and strength,
Whose power in the arts was but a tenth
Of what his magic had to finally offer
There could not be another who was stronger.

The Queen rode into forests, far and wide,
And saw an omen far across a hill,
And rode with speed and longer, fuller strides
To find the lad before he vanished still.
110 And wind was all she knew for seeming hours
And oceans could have had but twenty tides
As she rode on her stallion, blackest flower
Against the raging night whose darkness hides.

Into the trees she had to wander afoot,
Dismounted her stallion, softly touching the ground.
She ran with her dress a' streaming with soot,
And the mud and the leaves from all around.
But none had yet to seem to matter
As she fled into the blackest woods
120 All she should hear was the softest patter
Of her feet against the soiled dirt.

And Aerik, having known silence too long,
Heard a rustle, disturbing, in the brush,
And he knew it was a beast (How he thought wrong!
It was the Queen in her maddening rush!)

And forward he lunged, with a knife in bare hand
Toward the figure that screamed, and the figure that ran,
And the battle was sweet, as he pinned it to ground
With a touch of his magic and the wind turned her 'round
As he flew in the air, and looked down at his prize,
130 With a squirming curtail and a fire in her eyes,
And he realized his mistake, was puzzled by fear
To wonder why a maiden would wander 'round here.

And he saw she was maddened as she cried out "'Tis He!"
And he pondered from where this maiden could be.
And he saw 'twas her crown that he knocked on the ground,
Then was puzzled but more by her aristocracy.
So why would she travel from lands far and wide,
To run in a forest with no spear by her side
140 Then be stunned by the terror she found in her plight,
Then go screaming "'Tis He" for the rest of the night?

The world had fallen still again, once more,
As Ariana stared upon the boy
Who looked and seemed and was the one to bear
The title of "The One" to bring them joy.
And "them" refers to those among the town,
The nations and the world under the clouds
And she was soon enough to pull him down
To lie beside her as she said aloud,
150 "Look up and see the happy, brightest stars
That shine above your eyes and melt your heart.
Are they not but the beauty in their hours
To reign the darkness that we call "the night."
But oh, you cannot see the pretty things,
They are behind a cloud that shields the sky,
Prevents the light from shining on the world,
Prevents the love of ever knowing light.
Cruel Brekatatare is but the one to blame,
To bring the sky and stars unto their shame,
160 To block the world from ever loving sun.
The crops have failed, the crisis has begun!
And there is one to help us in our plight,
To bring about the sun, about the light,
About the stars, about the moon, about the hue
Of ever-loving sky and all its blue.
Only one person can help us,
That person is you."

And Aerik laughed, and then said "No, not I,
You are gravely mistaken, Miss, I don't wish to die.
170 I have neither the power, nor the skill
But to be a mere hunter with his kill."

And Queen stood up tall, as regal to all,
And screamed to the fellow, and cried out a bawl,
"You shall serve for your Queen, you shall I say!
You're the one to protect us, to serve the Day.
How could you not want, after all that's been done,
To rid us of evil, to rescue the sun?
You are the ONE, I say! I say, the ONE!
You'll bring the death of what's begun,
180 You love to fight, you love your kill.
To die for us is to die for good will!
Please help us, dear soul, under whom the Creator shines,
Can't you see that your power is as almost divine?
You have magic to your blood, to your body, to your soul,
And to help us is to prosper your life for sweat and toil.
Please help us, dear friend, the nations wait at your feet,
I can promise you riches beyond your belief,
My hand in our marriage, you have my word.
Please help us, dear Sir. Please help all the world."

190 And Aerik looked puzzled, again, and once more.
He pondered in thought and considered her words,

And sat up yet to be pensive, and to ponder, and to think
And he looked up at her Highness with a smile, then a wink.
"I will do as you ask, and I'll fight to the end.
I'll destroy this here Brekatatare with all of my might,
And he'll die, and the sun, it shall yet be avenged
And once more rule the day, as the moon will the night.
I will fight for the cause, for the world, for your pride,
And will to the death if we are to survive.
200 Lead the way, and I'll follow, to the ends of the world,
Let Brekatatare learn his lesson as he's sent to his grave,
Let his screams of pain flow, let his blood be curled,
And the sun will yet prosper, and the sun will be saved."

Upon her horse they mounted and they rode
For endless days and nights they traveled far,
As fast as wind had blown, for lest they stay
They might have not been granted one more day,
For time was but a wave approaching shore.
And after days of riding, sleep, and more,
210 They knew the crops were not too long to last
And people now had just begun to fast.
And then they reached a tower in the night,
Up on a castle overtowering sight.
And stopped, they did, and stood to stare in awe.
The walls were guarded inch by inch, no flaw.
And Aerik turned to Ariana and said,
With heavy heart and bearing credible dread,
"And now we part, for you have a nation to rule.
Your life is but necessity for them.
220 And my life is to rid you from this cruel
Brekatare who shuns the light on ends.
From here, it is my part to say
I will not waste another moment away,
Good-by, good luck, and wish me mine,
If I return, my heart will be with thine."
And Aerik cast a form of spell,
Made him invisible from all that dwell,
And the Queen just nodded, kneeled and prayed
For his mortal soul to save the break of Day.
230 And then she left to await his return.

The hall was dark, and shadows danced on walls
As Aerik wove his way throughout the halls.
The candles lit the path, yet shone no light;
The hall was still as dark as a cloudy night.
The faintest whispers drifted on the air,
As if to say "what are you doing there?"
And why was he, he wondered to himself,
As each corner found revealed most nothing else
Except, perhaps, the guards as they marched on by,
240 Each to a song that none could hear nor cry.
And the sound that left was quiet as was still.
And Aerik wove his way along there until
He reached a door much different from the rest:
Upon it bore a single silver crest.
And on the crest a hand was held up high
And blocked the sun from reigning in the sky.
And Aerik knew he reached his final place.
And knew he still had no less time to waste.
He entered through the single barren door,
250 Into a room much larger than before.
And in the room there sat a golden throne
Upon it sat a man, and he alone.

"Come in, my friend" said Brekatatare, and smiled,
"I offer you a chance to rule the lands
Forever, till the sun grows dark and wild,
You shall always be at my right hand.
You have a Talent far above the rest,
You wield the Magic inscribed across your chest,
And you hold power and can only be

260 The son of some great Deity.
And I, as well, am a son of He,
So Brother, come, and rule with me."

"You lie!" cried Aerik, stunned and struck,
"You lie to catch me off my guard,"
I know I have no brother. Still,
If you may be mine, you'll not have my heart,
That belongs to the other side.
And for the sun, I am willing to fight.
And take my life so others survive,
270 Come now, I challenge you with delight."

And lightning crashed, the earth stood still,
The world erupted with magic and will,
And for hours on end, came cries of pain,
Of screams and a fight, and a death not in vain.
The whole world heard the battle hence,
It echoed off the blackest silence,
And torrents of rain began to fall,
Over corners of the world unknown to all.
And lightning still came, and followed by rain,
280 And floods were found, and quakes shook the ground,

Until the break of day.

And the sun rose so high as it lit up the way,
And the floods were all gone, and the rain went to mist
As the Heavens and Creator smiled upon the new day.
And the crops were alive, with the rain and the sun,
And a mighty cheer was echoed by everyone.

Outside of the castle, across from the moat,
The Queen had awoken from under a tree,
And stared at the sun, and could hardly breathe,
290 It was so beautiful and wonderful.

And then, a figure approached on a boat.
In his arms was a man who was limp and was cold,
And he came to the shore, and was sick to the world.
As he buried the man in silence.

As the Queen approached, he had her understand,
And he told her that he killed his brother for her hand,
And she nodded in thought, but decided not to ask.
He had done his own duty, and had performed his task.

And the world lived on with a new, brighter sun,
300 And the world's rejoice came from everyone.
King Aerik was a Legend, and the story lives on.
It may be years since the miracle, but the Magic's never gone.

The End