

Curse of the Monarch

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Concordia is a small, forest country that is hidden deep within the mountain valleys. Its existence is misplaced from most of the world, and only the bravest of travelers can enter the country by hiking over the mountain peaks. There is a town tucked away inside the valley forests that many knew as Weylit. The occasional traveler would make their way through the town but never stayed as it always had a cold and dark aura to it. There wasn't much that seemed to disturb the people there, as they were mostly zombie-like in the way they behaved. Walking sluggishly, and slouched over with dark bags under their eyes. It was almost like they had not slept in weeks.

One morning, a thick fog rushed through the valley forest, making it nearly impossible for one to see their own hands held out in front of them. This is expressly dangerous for travelers to wander through, as it was easy for one to get lost. In Weylit, this was normal. The haze maintained itself year-round only within the town. Perhaps this was because of some supernatural cause. Not too long after the haze came through, a lone traveler named Thoruum entered the town, disregarding how it felt to be near it.

“Whew!” said Thoruum, “This haze sure is the worst. I ‘spose I’ll stay until it passes.”

Thoruum was a unique person. She had spent most of her life on foot, wandering around Concordia to see what she could find hidden in the valleys. With dark hair, olive skin, and pale blue eyes, she looked different from the people of Weylit. They all had ghost-like hair and skin. Their eyes dark and somewhat hollow looking.

“It sure is cold here.” She pointed out.

“You won’t feel much anything else around here.” Said a mysterious woman, lurking in the dark.

She was standing near a house, slouched over with her mouth gaped open.

“Oh gosh, you scared me!” Thorumm exclaimed, “My name’s Thoruum.”

She held out her hand waiting for a handshake from the strange woman.

“Lizah,” Said the woman slowly, “Welcome to Weylit.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Lizah. Say, why does everyone here look so gloomy? Is it the weather?”

“Could be. Can’t...recall.”

“Umm, okay?”

“Help me.” Whispered a voice.

“Wait, did you say something?”

“No.” said Lizah.

Thoruum made her way to the inn but couldn’t help but notice that everyone was hardly moving. She asked the innkeeper for a room, but he just pointed over to an empty room without saying anything. After putting all her stuff away, she laid on her straw bed to get some sleep before departing again in the morning. She tossed and turned all night long, not being able to keep her eyes closed.

“This bed is terribly uncomfortable.” She said to herself, “I guess I’ll go check out Weylit some more.”

Whenever she walked outside, the first thing she noticed was Lizah standing in front of the inn door. Everyone else though, had not moved more than a few feet from where they were when she arrived 6 hours ago. Thoruum couldn’t help but wonder, “What is going on around here?”

Feeling very concerned, she made her way back into her room and pulled a book from her knapsack. “The History and Lore of Concordian Legends.” She aggressively flipped through the thick chapters of the book, knowing exactly what she was looking for. She just had to confirm it.

Years ago, she had read about a legend called the Monarch who controlled the minds of people around it, causing them to never sleep, and look almost hollow. The purpose behind it is unknown, as it is only a legend. Thoruum slammed the book shut, grabbed all her stuff, and ran outside. Her first instinct was to escape before she became trapped like Lizah and the rest of the town. However, once she made it to the town gate, Lizah stood before her, and screamed like a banshee, “Help us!”

Scared out of her mind, she fell over as Lizah went back to her zombie-like self. She mustered up the courage to investigate the town, even though she couldn’t shake the fear. Her body trembled and she felt sick with every step. She went into the catacombs of Weylit, as that seemed to be the most likely place for an urban legend to reside. In the deepest part of the catacombs lay a giant concrete casket with ancient runes carved on the headpiece. The lid was half-way open and had a chill coming from the inside. As Thoruum peered into the casket, she

felt a suction and, in an instant, she was standing on a pitch-black plane, not being able to tell if she was standing on solid ground or merely floating. She heard an ominous voice in the background say, “What do you want with me, human?”

A giant, pale being floated in the distance, with wings spanning from both sides. It kind of looked like a small bird in the distance. Thoruum could feel the god-like power radiating in the abyss, and in the blink of an eye, the being stretched towards her, and she could see the full size and might of what she thought to be a god.

“Why are you here, on the Monarch’s plane, mortal?” Asked the god.

“Are you the cause of everyone’s strange behavior in Weylit?”

“You have no business with these people. You are just a traveler. You should just keep to yourself and leave at once.”

“I don’t think so. Those people up there are being tortured. For what reason?” She asked sternly.

“They serve as my eyes and ears in the mortal plane. Someday, my world will expand over yours and I will be able to have control over my own people.” Said the Monarch.

This was the Monarch’s plan for centuries. To impose his will upon all of humanity and to take control of them. After all, he lives in seclusion inside of a dark, lonely abyss.

Thoruum proposed a deal to the Monarch, so the people of Weylit can go back to their normal lives before he took control of them. She offered to let the Monarch embody her so he could see their world through her eyes. This was all in exchange to leave Weylit alone forever.

Of course, she had planned on preventing the Monarch from ever controlling another town or person again.

“You are quite the brave soul to bargaining with a god.” He said.

“You would be allowing me to control anyone you lay eyes on, in exchange for these puny lives?” He asked greedily. He leaned over Thoruum and grinned. “Deal.”

Thoruum fell unconscious and appeared in the middle of Weylit with a dark, almost purplish hue floating over her, and her eyes solid black. Regardless of her appearance, she is ready to share the excitement with the people of Weylit, especially Lizah.

“Everyone!” She yelled, “I discovered the cause of your curse!”

No one else shared the same excitement. They glared at her with hatred in their eyes.

“Leave this place, monster!” Screamed Lizah, “You don’t belong here.”

Thoruum was deeply confused, but she would not question it as she figured they could sense the Monarch inside of her. Little to her knowledge though, the people could see a faint transparent set of white, tattered wings spanning from her back. She left Weylit without a word, to wander the valley forests of Concordia, never to see another soul again. She would from now on always maintain a dual personality as herself and as the Monarch. She sacrificed her normality of living, for the wellbeing of humanity.