

The Last Sunwealder

Long ago, the Sunwealders ruled an earth-like planet called Voidar. The Sunwealders were the only beings in the universe to have built cities. The Sunwealders were able to harness the power of the sun for many things including building cities. The Sunwealders lived a very happy life until the Forgotten arrived. The Forgotten were a race trying to rule the galaxy by taking the light from the stars so they could take over the planets. The dark provides many advantages to the Forgotten, like the fact the Forgotten can see in the dark. So when they “discovered” the Sunwealders, they were outraged and attacked them. Only a small amount survived. This is the story of a Sunwealder named Flamas and how he became the last Sunwealder.

It had been nearly two thousand years since the Forgotten came to Voidar. The sun was shining on a young man, about thirteen years old. He had a staff strapped to his back, and a sword at his side. The sword he had could harness the light of the brightest stars in the galaxy and could fry a whole colony. Flamas the Sunwealder was armed for combat. He reviewed what an elder Sunwealder had said to him, “each time you kill a Forgotten tribe, our happiness grows”. Flamas was going to improve his tribe’s happiness by doing that exact thing. Flamas sat down on a boulder to rest, then he walked on, until he came to a clearing. Flamas saw humanoid figures shrouded in blackness. The Forgotten. Flamas looked around desperately, and then hid in a nearby cave to avoid being seen by the Forgotten. Then, slowly, he peeked around the edge of the cave to get a good look at the Forgotten tribe. The Forgotten were all wearing black togas. A smoky substance shrouded all of their other features, except their eyes, which glowed orange. They were all armed with swords, spears, and guns. There were about sixty in all. “I’ll take care of them in no time.” Flamas whispered to himself. Then he concentrated on the sun, trying to focus the light like a magnifying glass with his sword. Boom! The entire tribe vaporized in a beam of light. Flamas felt satisfied. Then, he heard a horn in the distance. The Sunwealder camp was under attack! Flamas sprinted back to his camp as fast as he could, only to find it in ruins. Flamas fell to his knees and wept. He had become the last Sunwealder.

Five Years later

Flamas had set up his tent next to a cave for winter shelter. A few yards away, the edge of a forest started. It was a shame that Flamas had to move his camp in a few days, because he kept getting attacked by Darkslinger and his army of Forgotten. Flamas remembered the day he found out it had been Darkslinger who had killed his tribe when he found huge broken arrow shafts while exploring the ruins of his camp. Flamas was about to put a log in the fire, when the tromping of boots made him pause. Darkslinger and his army were here. Flamas turned. At the edge of the woods, an army of Forgotten stood with their weapons ready, but they didn’t attack. Then they parted, and Darkslinger the hunter stepped forward. He was just like the others in his army: dark, with two glowing orange eyes, but he was seven feet tall, a black sword in his hand, and a war helm shaped like an axe blade. “Hello, Sunwealder.” said Darkslinger. His voice was like steel clashing against steel. “I have come here to make

your kind extinct once and for all!" Flamas saw two options: run or fight. Normally, Flamas would have gone with run. But he'd grown stronger since Darkslinger had killed his tribe, so this time, he chose to fight. Flamas unsheathed his sword and struck a huge gash on Darkslinger's face. The cut didn't appear, but Darkslinger roared in pain and struck the ground with his sword, causing a wave of darkness to spread outward in all directions. As he jumped over the wave, Flamas thought the army wouldn't be harmed by Darkslinger's anger, but he was wrong. The wave of darkness hit the army, and they disintegrated on the spot. Flamas was surprised, but he couldn't think about it any longer. Darkslinger rained a series of blows at the Sunwealder. Flamas dodged, and then blasted Darkslinger's unprotected legs with Sunwealder magic. Darkslinger deflected it with his sword, and shot Flamas in the arm with a bow that had suddenly appeared in his hands. Flamas fell to the ground, trying to heal himself with sunlight from the noon sun. Then, he looked up and saw Darkslinger standing above him, his sword raised to kill him. Suddenly, Flamas felt new strength filling his body. He was not going to die. With his new strength, he jumped up and blasted Darkslinger with the full power of his magic. Tendrils of light wrapped around Darkslinger's body. He strained against the ropes, but they held him fast. "No!" Darkslinger cried. "I will not be defeated. I-" he couldn't say any more, because just then he disintegrated in a shower of sparks. Flamas stood there, his chest heaving. Then, he collapsed, trying to catch his breath. He managed a small laugh. He had done it. He had defeated Darkslinger the hunter. Now he could have peace. The humming of an engine made Flamas look for the source. In the air, some distance away from Flamas' camp, thousands of airships were descending from the sky. Flamas smiled, "Peace can wait for now." he told himself.