

FORBIDDEN ORIGINS PRESENTS

THE OLD UNIVERSE

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THE OLD
UNIVERSE

PROLOGUE

In the beginning, there was nothing. The existence of life, matter, and all things the eye could see were not yet made viable, until the spears.

As the vast emptiness of the void continued, matter for the first time began to take shape in the form of the ideals of time and space.

Formulated through an energy unknown, time and space morphed out of the void into existing substances. A swift change fluttered throughout the void.

Alive, touchable, and with what seemed like minds of their own, time and space were there as the first beings in the vast emptiness of the void, until the spears.

Floating through the void as lost passengers in a sea of endless white emptiness, time and space took control of their newfound existence and capitalized off their unguided journey.

Intrigued by one another, time and space grew to understand that they were created to balance each other out.

Cycles went by, and the auras of time and space transformed into what looked like orbs of unimaginable power and infinite knowledge.

Time drowned out the blankness of the void with its almost blinding luminosity of curiosity and sense of direction, while space gave off a darker sense of authority and control.

The now more mature orbs of time and space were ready to question what they could do. So, they took what they knew a step further beyond their existence by creating the spears.

Zooming through the void, the orbs of time and space began to shed their circular forms. Out of their destruction came the forging of two spears that now embodied the luminosity and authority of time and space.

The two new spears of time and space radiated power beyond belief. Sleek in their newfound mantles, the spears were massive. They each shared similar characteristics, both having immense blades at the tip. The void was too small for the spears, so expansion was needed.

The spears gradually inched toward each other. Throughout the void, the essence of silence began to shatter. The nothingness of the void quaked and rippled as the spears reached each other.

The eerie calmness of nothing shifted into a whirlwind of uncertainty as the spears grew closer and

closer together. As their collision was imminent, the era of the void was at its end.

The spears of time and space clashed, releasing life, matter, and infinite existence out of themselves and into the void, consuming the void with a new sea of black and stars. The universe was now born.

With the fresh universe scourging with uncontrollable amounts of energy, the spears' magnetic connection to one another was now even stronger.

Omniscient in their existence and proud of their achievement, the spears realized that their collision sparked a new chapter. But with their clash, they understood that destruction could follow if they were to ever touch again. Fighting the urge to collide once more, the spears devised a plan to have holders ensure the survival of their creation, the universe.

The spears of time and space consumed the surrounding stars, shattering the burning balls of fire into trillions of atoms. The spears transformed and forged the particles, molding them together. Eventually they each spawned an entity that would be the guardian, or bearer, of each spear.

Created from within the spears, two life-forms emerged. Energy slithered out into the universe, revealing legs, thighs, torsos, arms, chests, and heads. From the smelted down stars life was born.

Undeveloped and glossed with scattering animations of barely structured bodies, the two forms fluttered in the midst of the young universe. They were translucent

in the vast darkness of the universe. Uncontrollable amounts of energy were scourged from their unfinished skins. Protected by the spears, the hovering and developing anatomies slept in a state of growth.

As years, centuries, and cycles went by, the anatomies spawned by the spears were ready to emerge from their forming stage.

Physically developed, and somewhat aware of their existence, the spawns of time and space took hold of their individual spears for the first time.

Fully capable now of moving, living, and thinking on their own, the spears of time and space filtered all of their power into their holders. Conscious, the holders of the spears now knew that the spears were capable of life and destruction, and that the survival of the universe was now in their hands.

The holder of the Spear of Time was named Zaman, while the Spear of Space named its holder Nox. Zaman and Nox understood that if the spears were to ever clash again, the universe that was now their home would be destroyed.

Young in their existence and as holders of the spears, Zaman and Nox went their separate ways, each exploring the universe on their own.

As Zaman traveled the universe in an attempt to understand time and be a keeper of its history of all

things, Nox felt the power of the Spear of Space push him to a more evolving destiny.

As cycles went by of Nox floating alone throughout the universe, he used the spear to create a planet.

New at this attempt, Nox's planet was misshapen, with a brutal landscape. He then attempted to create a home for himself, which was later named The Black Palace.

The Black Palace was an enormous fortress that was erected out of his home planet's atmosphere and into space, giving him a bird's-eye view of the entire universe.

Pleased with this, Nox then sent out a blast of power from the Spear of Space into the universe. A blast that started a ripple effect of planets being formed.

As time went by, Nox wanted his new planets to have inhabitants like him, and once again used the Spear of Space to create people.

His creations were spread all over each planet and were given the ability to do, act, and believe in whatever they wanted. Nox was filled with pleasure and excitement about being a beacon of new life in the universe and continued this blueprint throughout all the galaxies.

He spent time on each planet, interacting with his creations and watched them each flourish in their own ways. As years went by, Nox was now seen as a God, a

bringer of life. He then changed his name to The All Father.

The All Father used so much spear energy to create life in the universe that it took a toll on his body. A toll that put him into a deep sleep for more than eight cycles.

When he finally awoke from what would later be called The Long Sleep, he never thought the universe would be thriving with trillions of souls he considered his children.

Massive in height, and towering over anyone in his presence, The All Father loomed over the universe from the shadows of his fortress, alone and in a state of disarray.

His blank white eyes told a story of ambition and uncertainty. The vast universe and all its wonders were laid out in front of his dark blue skin, but his mind couldn't grasp the entirety of it all without feeling empty inside.

In the early years, he was captivated and in awe of the inhabitants of the worlds, intrigued by their smaller physiques, short life expectancies, and remarkable sense of love and nurturing.

The knowledge of how they formed their own civilizations, thoughts, codes of honor, systems of governing, and warfare made him admire the free people of the universe.

Seeing babies born naturally and grow into formidable men and women led him to want to have a child. After being alone in the universe as the creator of all, The All Father wanted to truly father and raise a child he could call his own.

Faded from distant memory, The All Father began to travel the planets in disguise. The inhabitants of each world were either welcoming or cold to his arrival, none knowing he was the creator of all they knew.

As time went on, The All Father grew tired of trying to find the love he ached for. His emptiness of never being able to have what his creations had began to eat at him, until he came across a being of beauty more enchanting than the brightest supernova.

“Hello,” The All Father said to her softly, his voice almost trembling the trees.

Her hair was black as night, her skin fair and glowing. The All Father had been to every planet in the universe, to every solar system, to every gaping hole known to him, but nothing ever made him feel what he felt seeing this creation for the first time.

She looked up at him, her green gaze forcing its way into The All Father’s veins, making them pulsate like never before. He knew she was the one immediately.

Many are unsure if this was destiny, the work of the spears or just pure natural love at first sight. But whatever it was, it led to The All Father wanting more.

“What is your name?” he asked her.

“Helena,” she replied.

She looked deeply at him, unafraid of who this man was or what his intentions were. She answered in a way that almost seemed like she knew he was there for her.

The All Father and Helena lusted over each other for weeks, exploring her world and falling for each other more and more each day.

Helena's home planet was Yres, a blue world of water people and fishermen. Their way of life was peaceful compared to the other worlds The All Father had seen, and very different from the mindset The All Father had himself.

The All Father was amazed at how humble Helena's people were and was hesitant to reveal himself to her. He wasn't afraid to show her his true appearance, but he was nervous she would treat him differently if she knew he was the Father of the universe.

As they spent more time together, The All Father felt comfortable enough to reveal his true self to her. He took her to a grand waterfall on Yres and pointed up to the stars.

“What do you know of the universe, Helena?”

Helena was staring at the stars and answered him. “I know it's a giant sea of wonders. I like to think of it as a canvas of life and unexpected surprises,” she said, turning her head to The All Father and touching his face.

The All Father looked into her eyes and felt ready to finally tell her who he was. He stood up and extended his hand to the sky. The clouds began to split and out of the atmosphere came zooming down the Spear of Space.

As the spear reached his hand, The All Father's appearance shattered and his true form was revealed. He stood over Helena with his piercing white eyes and dark blue skin. His bare chest was slightly covered by his black drapes and thick cloak.

The Spear of Space was twice Helena's size. He expected resistance or shock but instead was met with Helena smiling at him, almost as if she already knew who he really was.

The All Father had found love, and the emptiness he felt before was now filled with showing Helena the universe. He gave her his hand, big enough to fit both of hers in it, and flew her across the stars.

He showed her Pugart, the world of tribal desert beings. They landed in the Faoder Sector, where some of the first beings had created massive statues of The All Father.

Miles away, The All Father showed Helena Kaasiar, a green planet with valleys as far as the eye could see. He flew her to Nyla, a massive, harsh world full of caverns and mountain ranges.

He showed her the farthest, most deserted lands of the universe, excited in his chance to share it all with her.

On the highest mountain of Nyla, The All Father and Helena sat looking at the moons.

“All this will be yours, my love. The planets, the stars, the universe will be under our command, and in time, the command of our child.”

The All Father was drunk with thoughts of the future and his plan to once again show the universe that he was the creator, and that Helena would give his subjects a child to lead them as well.

Throughout their travels, The All Father had told Helena everything about the universe, the spears, Zaman, and his real name. He wanted her to know as much about it all so she could rule the universe as mightily as he dreamed she would.

Helena was aware of the time The All Father had spent alone, how he felt about his creations forgetting him, and how he wanted a family of his own. She listened to his plans to conquer it all under one planetary kingdom and saw how determined he was to claim it all once more.

“Nox. All of this is yours—you gave the universe a life it's never known. The people of these worlds owe you their gratitude, but you gave them free will to live, rule, and be as they are without you hovering over them. When we have a child, it will be ours. Yours. And

the universe will go on without having to know about us, our family, and what you gave them.”

The All Father’s intentions to rule over the universe as one kingdom were shattered by Helena’s words. He wanted the universe to once again bow to his feet as the benevolent Father that had given them everything, but he wanted Helena and his own child more.

He left his idea of conquering the universe in Nyla and swore to Helena that she and their child would be his world and only priority.

After showing Helena all the corners of the universe, The All Father finally took her to The Black Palace. His keepers of the Palace were intrigued by Helena, a mortal being from another world who was now the first outside resident in The All Father's home.

Within the first year of Helena living in The Black Palace, she bore The All Father a son named Corrin. Half mortal, half eternal, The All Father now had a child truly of his own. Corrin had his mother's hair, black as night. He shared both his parents' eyes, one white as snow and the other greener than the valleys of Kaasiar.

But tragedy struck The Black Palace the day Corrin was born. Helena was in labor for days and died during childbirth. Her mortal body gave out before she was able to hold her son, but she was able to utter what she wanted him to be named before her soul passed on.

The All Father was destroyed by the news. He stumbled in trying to use the Spear of Space to revive Helena's body, but it didn't work. The Spear of Space is able to give life but not sustain it. It can create but cannot reanimate that which has expired.

"This cannot be! This was not supposed to happen!" The All Father yelled.

He held Helena's lifeless body for days before allowing The Black Palace's wards to give her a burial.

He grieved for months in solitude. During this time, he considered destroying The Black Palace with everyone inside, even his newborn son. For the first time in his existence, The All Father felt emotions he never knew of. His demeanor as the all-powerful being who wields the Spear of Space was questioned.

During his time of solitude, he tried manifesting knowledge of these emotions from the Spear, but it didn't help him understand. He was for the first time feeling sadness, loss, and mortality itself. He couldn't fathom the feeling of devoting oneself to someone and then having that someone taken away so quickly. He vowed to never feel like that again.

His sadness eventually turned to bitterness, and his vision of the universe was clear. The All Father stayed in solitude contemplating his next move before enacting his plan and giving his newborn son his love and guidance.

Hovering over The Black Palace with Corrin resting in his hands, The All Father cemented his son's destiny.

"My son, you will live and grow to know what's yours," he said to baby Corrin before revealing himself to the universe once again.

The All Father walked heavily, but determined, to the top of The Black Palace to once again sit on his throne. A throne that gazes upon the universe. As he sat down, he spoke with authority that was heard throughout the entire universe.

"Creations amongst the stars, this is your Father speaking. I have been away from you, watching you from afar. I have returned now as your leader, your God, and your reason to exist. Disband your governments. Forget your laws. My word is now the authority of all the lands, by my command. The Black Palace is the capital of all now. My children, my beautiful creations, your Father is here!"

CHAPTER 1

HALVODON

When his tenth year came, emissaries from across the universe came to The Black Palace to pay tribute to The All Father and his son, Corrin.

Corrin was to rule one day and it was out of either respect, or fear, that the planets under The All Father's control came to bear witness and show respect to their future leader.

Corrin was a curious young boy, open-minded to what he saw and learned, and welcoming of all types of beings. Unlike The All Father, his mother's acceptance of others was prominent with him, and it was something he kept for years to come. Although his tenth year marked a transition of a boy living in The Black Palace to becoming a future ruler, the thought of leaving home to study the known planets never scared Corrin.

With his chin-length hair darker than the blackest hole and thicker than the toughest hide of the largest ice creatures on Catovaz, Corrin was ready to see all that would one day be his.

The All Father wanted Corrin to be trained in the many arts of combat, fluent in multiple languages, and

well-read with the vast amounts of literature across the planetary kingdom.

Corrin was becoming aware of the civilizations under his Father's control and during his years abroad, he made many friends away from The Black Palace and formed lifelong relationships.

During his years abroad, he even spent time in the Sanctuary of Time with Zaman, the keeper of all history and holder of the Spear of Time.

“C’mon, Zaman, let me just swing it around. I’m trained to hold weapons bigger and heavier than this,” Corrin exclaimed to Zaman, trying to grab the Spear of Time from its resting pedestal.

By this time, Corrin was fifteen years old. His thick black hair was long, and his young body was in top-tier shape from training across the universe. The boyish looks he left home with were starting to turn into those of a young man.

“Only a little boy, still consumed by trivial imagination of what is and what is not, would consider the Spears of Time and Space to be weapons,” Zaman said while recording a new event in the Book of Time.

Zaman’s white eyes resembled those of The All Father’s. His light blue skin and white hair glowed under the stars as he peered into his sanctuary.

“Well, my Father says that the spears are the strongest things in the universe and that one would be a fool not to use them to their full potential,” Corrin said,

practicing a new martial arts form taught to him from his previous destination.

Zaman, still recording something into the Book of Time, replied, "Your Father wishes to use the Spear of Space as a tool of power, but it's up to you to decide how you wish to manifest your own destiny."

Corrin, stopping in the middle of his form, took a minute to digest Zaman's words, words that would mean everything in the years to come.

"What are you even writing in that book?" he asked Zaman.

"Come, take a look," Zaman said, finishing the last sentence.

Corrin walked over to the massive book, with millions of pages filled with dates, names, events, and cycles.

He focused his eyes on what Zaman was writing.

"Is that from today?" he asked, touching the book and feeling a sense of all history rush through his body.

"Yes it is. All moments throughout time are precious and meaningful. Understanding it all is a key to the future," Zaman said, placing his hand on Corrin's shoulder.

Intrigued by it all, Corrin tried to flip to the next page, but Zaman stopped him quickly, informing him, "What lies ahead of time is not for us to know, Corrin. The future is set, and tampering with the ripple of time is detrimental to what is to come, and what is to happen."

Corrin pondered this thought, taking in Zaman's words.

“Have you ever looked ahead?”

“No,” Zaman said, walking to his chambers. “I record time as it happens, and what happens is meant to be as time delivers it.”

Corrin left Zaman as a curious, stubborn teenager with much to learn, not knowing that the next time they would meet would be when Corrin was an adult during the direst time.

Corrin continued his travels across the universe, still gathering knowledge of its vast entirety and becoming more and more in tune with how the people lived, and how they viewed his Father's rule.

Some planets worshipped The All Father and treated Corrin as a God upon his arrival, while others had different sentiments.

Corrin's curiosity as a teenage boy almost always led him to stray away from his traveling guard on each planet they visited, getting him into all sorts of trouble and problems, especially on Halvodon.

Halvodon wasn't on Corrin's itinerary of planets to travel to and study on, but the planet was in a book he “borrowed” from Zaman's sanctuary.

Wondering why Halvodon wasn't on his list, he decided to go there to see the planet and its people. He told himself that if his Father wished for him to rule the

entire universe one day, then he should visit the entire universe, even planets not on his list.

What Corrin didn't know was that Halvodon was a planet his Father had almost destroyed during the building of the empire.

The inhabitants of Halvodon were hesitant to fall in line under The All Father's decree of a unified planetary kingdom, and so they fought against the idea with force while Corrin was an infant.

The Halvodis managed to fight off The All Father's armies but were no match when The All Father decided to fight them himself.

"Syeron, we're going to make a stop before our next destination."

"Where to?" asked Syeron, Corrin's navigator and trusted advisor.

Syeron had been Corrin's navigator throughout his entire travels across the universe. He was from Fargulk, a planet close to The Black Palace, and had been part of the first campaigns to build The All Father's empire. His bald head always made Corrin laugh, getting him on Syeron's bad side throughout most of their travels.

The Fargulkians were large beings. Some called them giants, but the people of Fargulk took that comment as an insult. Their brute size, massive hands, and muscular structures were the reason The All Father enlisted them to be the first members of his army, and why The All Father trusted Syeron to be Corrin's traveling companion.

“This better not be one of your little tricks again. I’m not getting you out of another fight with a warlord,” Syeron ranted. “Remember that girl on Taelvum?! Her father wanted your head!”

Corrin laughed, remembering it as if it were yesterday.

“Where is it you want to go this time?!” Syeron asked in a more serious tone.

Corrin leaned in.

“Have you heard of Halvodon?”

Syeron abruptly stopped the ship and turned over to Corrin, glaring into his eyes.

“Where did you hear that name?” Syeron demanded, grabbing Corrin’s things and ransacking through them.

The book Corrin had borrowed from Zaman's sanctuary fell to the floor and Syeron picked it up.

“You stole this from the Time Keeper, didn't you?!” Syeron exclaimed, throwing the book across the ship.

“The All Father will have my head if I take you to Halvodon,” Syeron said to himself, pacing back and forth.

During Syeron’s outburst, Corrin watched the whole time in amusement. He was somewhat thrilled at seeing Syeron all worked up.

“Syeron,” Corrin said laughing, “calm down. I just want to do a flyover of the planet and record what I see.”

Corrin stood up and walked over to pick up the book he had taken from Zaman's chambers.

"You don't know Halvodon, or what the people there are capable of, Corrin!" Syeron exclaimed, his tone more nervous and chilling than ever.

Corrin picked up the book from the ground, frustrated.

"How am I expected to rule the universe one day if I'm not familiar with *all* that is *supposed* to be mine?!"

Syeron sat down in his seat, listening to young Corrin.

"Everything out there amongst the stars is under The Black Place now, whether those inhabitants like it or not. And if I want to be half the ruler my Father is, I think I should start by understanding every civilization and what their wants and needs are."

Corrin placed his hand on the ship's window and looked out into the stars. He continued speaking, "I want them to love and respect me without fear or intimidation. I want them to know I am one of them."

Syeron stood up and walked to Corrin, sighing. "You're young, but wiser than the oldest beings in all the galaxies. Not everyone will want to understand and learn from each other, but a great leader can unite the worlds under a banner of peace." Syeron walked back to the wheel of the ship and set course to Halvodon.

"Only a flyover. But I warn you, Corrin, the Halvodis have painful memories of the last time someone from The Black Palace came into their

atmosphere. They do not share your sentiment of peace.”

Corrin sat back down in his seat and strapped in.

“That will change soon,” Corrin said, gripping his seat as Syeron took off.

As hours on the ship went by, Corrin began to get bored of sitting and standing. The ship they were on was used for large troop movement, but when Corrin began his travels, The All Father decommissioned it to be solely used for Corrin. Its large interior was usually filled with Black Palace soldiers, medics, intelligence officers, and even prisoners. But with just Corrin and Syeron on board, the feeling of being alone was strongly felt throughout its empty corridors.

“Syeron, how much longer? Why don’t we just dock the ship at one of the ports and glide there?”

When the Itarians discovered space travel during The Long Sleep, they scoured the galaxies on their cosmic dragons, bringing technology and advancement to the worlds. Spacecrafts were invented for Itarian troop movement, and later used for travel amongst the worlds. But when The All Father used the spear to create life in the universe, the power of the spear was so full of pure energy that it enabled certain individuals to fly, and even breathe in space, making travel for those with lots of spear energy inside them faster and more efficient.

“Well, for one, I can’t breathe in space like you, Corrin. And two, Halvodon is far away. On the way are outlaw ships and raid riders. It’s too dangerous to fly there without an armed ship, especially for someone like you.”

Corrin slumped back into his seat and crossed his arms, stubbornly thinking that he could easily take on any outlaw or raid rider.

As more hours passed, Corrin began reading more on the Halvodis from the book he took from Zaman’s library. The book told tales of the Halvodis, how beautiful and rich of life their planet was, and how the Halvodis lived. It had depictions of large waterfalls with fields of green with animals of all sorts grazing. The book told how magnificent and advanced the Halvodis were as well.

They were a race of civilized beings, gathering resources not only for individual prosperity but for their neighbor as well. The book explained how they didn’t believe in war, and instead believed in a complete harmony of fellowship and community.

“We are approaching Halvodon,” Syeron said, taking a deep breath without letting Corrin see.

Halvodon sat lonely in deep space, accompanied by three moons and a nearby ring of asteroids. Two suns in this galaxy shone on the planet, bringing Corrin joy to see the world he had read about in daylight.

As Syeron brought the ship into Halvodon’s atmosphere, Corrin jumped to the window, excited to

see the large waterfalls, green fields, and grazing animals Zaman's book depicted.

But as the ship descended under the clouds and the surface of the planet became more visible to Corrin, what he saw shocked him. The Halvodon he read about in his borrowed book was not the Halvodon he was looking at with his eyes.

What he saw made him, for the first time in his young life, question what was true and what was not.

As Syeron got closer to the surface of Halvodon and flew across the land, Corrin glared at the wasteland he was witnessing.

The green fields of roaming animals were now burnt miles of rock and ash. Carcasses of animals were spread out as far as the eye could see.

As Syeron took the ship over a bare mountain range, the rest of the planet was just as barren. The hills where the waterfalls must have once rushed down to the valley were now dried up and deserted of any sort of life.

Corrin felt his stomach churn and his skin began to crawl. He was in utter dismay at how destroyed Halvodon was.

"Syeron," Corrin said quietly. "What happened here?"

Corrin continued to stare out into the dead landscapes. Deep down he already knew the answer to his question, but he didn't want to let his heart and mind address the truth.

Syeron kept his eyes focused on the air, not answering him. Corrin looked at Syeron and couldn't tell if the emptiness he saw in his eyes was from fear of being in Halvodi territory or if he was hiding something from him.

He walked over to the passenger seat next to Syeron and sat down, trying to get a better look at Syeron's eyes.

"You've been here before, haven't you?" Corrin asked.

"You know what happened to this place. Tell me why this planet looks different from my book!" Corrin demanded.

His fear of what the truth might be turned into anger as Syeron began to explain.

"You were only a few months old when this happened," Syeron stated, his voice almost trembling at the thought of retelling a painful memory.

"None of us knew this would happen. It was unexpected. Your father—" As Syeron tried to finish his sentence, the ship carrying them was drastically hit by something that caused the ship to go into a free fall.

"Strap in now! We've been hit!" Syeron yelled, frantically trying to regain control of the ship.

Corrin ran to his seat and buckled himself in, looking out the window with wide eyes as one of the ship's wings was up in a blaze. The ship was falling fast to the surface of Halvodon, losing power and function the closer it got to the ground.

“What happened?!” Corrin yelled from his seat.

Syeron desperately unbuckled his seat belt and rushed back to Corrin.

“We’ve taken damage and are crashing down fast.”

About three times the size of young Corrin, Syeron ripped off Corrin’s seat belt and wrapped him in a cocoon in his arms.

“What are you doing?!” yelled Corrin.

“Saving your life,” Syeron said as the ship reached the ground.

Both of them closed their eyes and braced for impact as the ship smashed into the dirt. The engine exploded on impact, causing the back portion of the ship to completely rip off. Glass shattered in the ship, piercing Syeron’s back and arms. Corrin screamed as the rest of the ship tumbled across the ground.

When the ship finally stopped tumbling and the noise from the destruction stopped, Corrin opened his eyes. He was still wrapped in Syeron’s arms, safe from the debris and crash. He pushed himself out of Syeron’s arms, falling onto the floor of what remained of the ship.

“Syeron, we’re alive. We’re alive!” Corrin yelled out in excitement.

Corrin waited for Syeron to react in excitement as well but was met with silence.

“Syeron?” Corrin said nervously, pushing on his large arm. Syeron didn’t respond.

“*Syeron!*” Corrin yelled, flipping him from his side to face him.

Syeron’s eyes were closed. He was losing a dangerous amount of blood. Corrin frantically flipped him onto his stomach, revealing the gashes and shards of glass that had pierced Syeron’s back and head.

Corrin drastically began pulling pieces of glass out of Syeron.

“Syeron, please,” Corrin begged, as tears ran down his face. “Don’t die. I’m sorry for bringing us here. This is all my fault.”

Corrin continued pulling out the glass from Syeron’s back until he slumped over Syeron’s body and sobbed profusely.

“Please wake up. Please wake up.”

The crash had completely destroyed the ship, making it unusable. Small pieces of the ship were on fire outside, making Corrin fearful of calling attention to the wreckage. The crash itself had destroyed miles of already decayed trees and plains. As Corrin laid on the ground of what remained of the ship, he passed out over Syeron’s body.

The suns of Halvodon were already setting when Corrin woke up to metal clanking and voices. The golden haze from the suns made the barren landscape

of Halvodon look beautiful, almost telling a story of what this planet once was.

Corrin looked at Syeron, who still hadn't moved. The voices from outside were getting closer. Corrin silently moved around the ship, looking for anything to defend himself.

He found a large piece of metal broken off from the ship's interior and slid into a corner behind some destroyed materials. As the voices approached the ship, Corrin was able to make out three individuals. They were men.

"It looks abandoned," one of them whispered.

"There hasn't been outside contact in years," another said.

The men speaking began making their way around the ship, inspecting it. Corrin gripped his pseudo-weapon tighter, getting ready to fight if he had to.

As The All Father's son, Corrin had never experienced battle or any sort of physical altercation. Being trained in the arts of combat around the universe had made him a talented warrior for his young age, but his lack of real-world experience still made him terrified of who was outside the ship.

As the individuals approached the head of the craft, Corrin realized they would be able to see Syeron. His mind began to race on what he should do.

"Do you think it's one of His?" asked one of the individuals.

Corrin couldn't see what they looked like but heard them hitting and poking the ship.

“Silence,” one of the individuals said, scolding the others. His voice sounded older and harsh.

“The All Father has ears everywhere. Stay alert!” the older individual continued.

Corrin was concerned to hear them speak about his Father. “Ears everywhere?” he said to himself, confused about what they meant by that.

As the men outside continued inspecting the ship, Corrin’s focus shifted back to figuring out how he would stop them from seeing Syeron’s body. When the men were about to round the corner that would give them a clear view of Syeron, Corrin reacted. He dropped his makeshift weapon and crawled outside.

“Help! Help!” he yelled.

The three men came running back to his side of the ship, saving Syeron from being spotted by them.

As they got to Corrin, two of them helped him up from the ground. They were tall and lanky, with drapes pieced together as clothes. Corrin’s lighter complexion was drowned out by their tan, caramel skin.

An older-looking man pushed the other two aside. He had a thick gray beard, with yellow-green eyes glaring at Corrin. He was carrying a large staff with a blade tied to the end. He pointed it at Corrin.

“Who are you? And why are you on Halvodon?!” he demanded.

The other two men actually weren't men at all. They looked about Corrin's age, one maybe older than the other. They were staring wide-eyed at each other. The older man looked back at them, keeping his weapon pointed at Corrin.

"Boys, draw your knives. We can never be too careful with outsiders," he said, looking Corrin up and down.

The two boys hesitatingly drew knives from what appeared to be wool satchels around their waists. The older man nodded his head, signaling them to circle Corrin, stopping any chance of him trying to make a run for it.

By this time, Corrin had his hands up, not wanting to cause any trouble. He was more concerned about them seeing Syeron and asking more questions.

"I've come here for trade and restocking. My ship needed fuel," Corrin said, lying out of fear.

"Lies. Halvodon hasn't done any sort of trading or refueling in years. You look too young to have been alive when we did," the older-looking boy said, gripping his knife tighter.

"Quiet," the man yelled. He put the blade of his staff up to Corrin's neck and stepped closer to him.

"What are you really doing here?" he said in a low, chilling tone.

“I told you already, my ship needed to be refueled and I lost control as I was trying to land,” Corrin said as the younger boy made his way to the inside of the ship.

Corrin knew Syeron was going to be spotted. He was about to use his training and engage with them, but the younger boy let out a scream.

Corrin, the older man, and the older-looking boy turned their heads immediately toward the ship. As the boy stepped back outside from the ship, they saw he was being held by Syeron.

Syeron was holding the boy in a choke hold and had a blade to his neck. The boy was trembling and Syeron could barely stand due to his injuries and blood loss.

“Corrin,” he said faintly, “come over here.”

Corrin’s eyes were wide open. He didn’t know what was about to happen.

The old man said quietly to himself, “Corrin?” Then his eyes widened and he yelled angrily, “*Corrin!*”

The older boy also yelled, “*Father, look at his knife. The seal!*”

Syeron’s blade’s handle had The All Father’s insignia on it. A seal in the shape of the orb that had given birth to the spears. A seal on everything that correlates to The All Father, his armies, and his empire.

The older boy grabbed Corrin, but as he did so Corrin flipped him onto his back, making him ache in pain. The older man then hit Corrin in the back with his staff, making him fall to the ground.

“You’re the son of The All Father! You’ve come to scout out if any of us are still alive to finish us off, haven't you?”

Corrin lay on the ground, the older man's blade in his face. Syeron gripped the boy tighter, pressing the blade to the kid's neck.

“Any harm that comes to the son of The All Father will not be in your best interest, Halvodi,” Syeron said.

You could hear the pain of his injuries in his voice but also the seriousness of his tone.

The boy Syeron was holding hostage was crying by this point, his tears hitting Syeron's massive forearm like bullets, but not fazing Syeron at all. The older man was breathing heavily. You could tell he wanted to kill Corrin right then and there. He looked at Syeron, then back at Corrin, then back at Syeron.

“I'll signal for an extraction and we will leave your planet. No one has to die today,” Syeron said, pressing the knife against the boy's neck even harder, making the boy squirm.

The older boy stood up from the ground, frustrated from Corrin flipping him. The older man pondered Syeron's words, deciding if the young boy's life was worth not killing Corrin.

Corrin, still on the ground, glared at the old man, then looked at Syeron. Syeron was already looking at Corrin, reassuring him with his eyes to stay calm.

The older man then removed his staff from Corrin's face, closed his eyes, and said, "Ancestors forgive me for sacrificing my own blood for vengeance."

Corrin gasped as the older man lifted his staff and went to stab Corrin. Syeron pushed the younger boy to the ground and threw his blade at the older man, piercing his hand and knocking the staff away.

The older man yelled out in pain as Syeron rushed to Corrin. The older boy rushed to his father who was trying to pull Syeron's blade out of his hand.

As Corrin stood, Syeron told him "Run. *Now*." Corrin stood his ground, holding Syeron from collapsing.

"No. You can barely stand. I'm not leaving you."

The older man pulled the knife out of his hand, blood splattering on his son's face.

"You remember your training? Get back-to-back," Syeron said. His voice was so low and lacked any kind of energy.

The younger boy was still on the ground, fear radiating from his eyes, as he watched his father and older brother circle Corrin and Syeron. The older man picked up his staff, twirling it to get a better grasp. Syeron was much larger than the older man and the older boy, towering over them and Corrin.

"Today you will feel the pain the one you call The All Father has given us," the older man said, charging at Corrin and Syeron.

CHAPTER 2

A TIME OF LIFE WHEN MOUNTAINS HAD BREATH

The older boy charged at them as well. Syeron spun and took on the older man hand-to-hand as Corrin took on the older boy.

Corrin easily evaded the older boy's jabs and swings of the knife. He could tell this kid had no prior training. Syeron and the older man were exchanging jabs. The older man was trying to pierce Syeron with his staff and Syeron was throwing soft punches, losing energy from his wounds every time.

As the four of them were fighting, the younger boy crawled to a satchel his father had dropped. Corrin landed a kick on the older boy's chest, making him drop his knife. As the older boy stumbled back, Corrin picked up his knife.

"Syeron!" Corrin yelled, tossing the knife to him.

Syeron caught the knife, leveling the playing field in his fight with the older man. He jabbed at the older man, cutting his arm. The older man spun and swung his staff sideways, horizontally slicing Syeron's stomach.

Syeron brushed it off and charged at the older man. The older boy was now throwing wild punches at Corrin, missing every time until one landed, knocking Corrin to the ground.

He straddled Corrin and started pummeling his skull into the ground, making him bleed.

Syeron saw this, making him hip-toss the old man to the ground. He rushed to Corrin with his overpowering size, launching the older boy off him with a stiff arm. As he helped Corrin onto his feet, the younger boy pulled out a horn from his father's satchel and blew it.

The horn wailed loud and echoed off the mountain range. The older boy smirked at the sound, as his father stood up from the ground.

“Go. Now!” Syeron yelled, pointing ahead.

Corrin and Syeron took off, running through the barren wasteland of Halvodon. The young boy blew the horn a few more times. Although he was injured, Syeron ran fast and strong. Corrin, younger and not injured, had trouble keeping up with him, but he was right next to Syeron, in awe at just how strong this Fargulkian was. The older man and his two sons were trailing them.

“We’ll lose them over the mountain range,” Syeron exclaimed, his voice breathless but still going.

As they ran, they heard more voices all around them. The ground beneath them began to tremble as they heard the loud noises of animals. The sound of multiple horns began to blare in the distance. Corrin

looked back as he ran and saw more Halvodis appear over the horizon.

The suns of Halvodon were almost set by now. Silhouettes of hundreds of Halvodis on native riding creatures called Balakars were all Corrin saw. The Balakars were fast for their size. Their bulky, two legged bodies ripped through the Halvodi land. Corrin and Syeron ran faster, terrified of the horde heading their way.

As they ran straight toward the mountain range, more Halvodis appeared on top of the mountain. Some on foot, others riding on Balakars. More appeared to the left of Syeron and on the right of Corrin.

“This way,” Syeron yelled, slanting to the left.

Some of the Halvodis began to fly down the mountain range on gliding tech. The horde of Halvodis behind Corrin and Syeron were closing in as were the rest of the riders to both sides of them.

The gliding ones landed in front of them, stopping Corrin and Syeron in their tracks. They were surrounded with nowhere to go. With no backup.

Syeron collapsed onto the dirt, out of breath and aching from his injuries. The Halvodis on top of the mountain range lit arrows on fire and arched back their bows, waiting for Corrin and Syeron to make any sudden movement.

The Halvodis surrounding them were on massive creatures. They resembled the carcasses Corrin saw laid out across the dried-up valleys. Their skin was orange

and hairless and they had large purple eyes. All the Halvodi surrounding Corrin and Syeron were dressed like the other three they fought. Armed with more makeshift staffs and swords, they glared down at Corrin.

Syeron was still on the ground gasping for air. One Halvodi, who looked about the same age as the man who had tried to kill Corrin, spoke. His voice was deep and strong, aged with experienced leadership.

“Kill them both. Bring their heads back to Hokdro.”

Two Halvodi jumped down from their Balakars and apprehended Corrin as a few others lifted Syeron to his knees. Corrin was shoved down to the ground on his knees. He tried not to show fear. The other three Halvodi from earlier arrived, out of breath. The older man walked up to the Halvodi on the Balakar who gave the order to kill.

“This one looks like a Fargulkian,” he said, pointing at Syeron, who was dancing with life and death.

“The boy is Corrin, son of the tyrant,” the older man said.

The Halvodi on the Balakar looked down at Corrin, shocked, with his eyes filling with rage. The rest of the Halvodi gasped. Murmurs of disgust and fear rang amongst them.

Corrin looked around at them angrily. He wondered why they hated him and his Father so much. His heart was disrupted at the sound of his Father being called a tyrant.

“Spare him,” Syeron said, barely able to speak.

The older man who had fought Syeron rushed over and kicked Syeron in the mouth, knocking him down.

“Hold your tongue, filth!” he yelled, spitting next to Syeron’s face in the dirt.

“Enough, Havroy,” the Halvodi on the Balakar said. He got off his mount and walked toward Corrin, drawing a large, poorly made sword from his side. He stabbed it into the ground and knelt in front of Corrin, examining him.

“Your friend says I should spare you. Why? When your Father didn’t show the same sentiment to our children! Our women! Our men! ”

Corrin had no idea what he was talking about but answered anyway.

“My Father would never harm a woman or child, let alone without cause!”

The Halvodi let out a little laugh.

“You know nothing but lies fed to you.” Havroy said, shaking his head.

“Horvric, stop toying with this fraudulent child and kill him. His presence here puts us all in danger. Kill them both!”

Syeron lifted himself back to his knees, looking as if he was going to wobble over at any moment.

“Kill me only. I was here on that day. Kill me. Don’t make the boy pay for the sins of his Father.”

A Halvodi woman on a Balakar next to Horvric’s spoke. Her hair was long and gray. Her caramel skin glowed under the moons of Halvodon.

“The Fargulkian is right, Horvric.”

She got off her mount and walked over to Syeron, drawing her sword. She put the sword on Syeron’s shoulder.

“You would die for a child that is not your own?” she asked.

Syeron, using the last of his energy, turned his head to Corrin and uttered his last word. “Yes.”

Corrin's eyes filled with tears. Horvric looked at Havroy, who nodded his head in an annoyed agreement. Horvric stood back up and holstered his sword. The woman raised her sword.

“I, Havrene of Halvodon, sentence you to death for the brutal crimes against our world.”

Corrin let out a gut-wrenching scream as Havrene swung her sword and decapitated Syeron. Blood splattered on Corrin as Syeron’s head rolled to Havroy’s feet. Syeron’s headless body slumped into the dirt.

Corrin’s scream turned to a soundless expression. Havrene wiped off Syeron’s blood on her cloak, looking at Corrin with a satisfied, but sorrowful look in her eyes. She walked back to her Balakar with Horvric.

“*Murderers. Savages. You lawless beasts!*” Corrin cried out, rivers of tears falling down his face.

He tried to stand, but the Halvodis next to him shoved him back down to his knees.

“Take the head of the Fargulkian and this boy back to Hokdro so Hirvrin can speak to him and officially

decide what to do,” Horvric proclaimed, settling back into the saddle of his Balakar.

A young Halvodi got off his Balakar and gave it to Havroy. He got on and rode off in formation with Horvric and Havrene. The rest began to follow. Corrin continued to yell as the Halvodis dispersed. His tears and shock made his voice crack.

“I’ll kill you. I swear, I’ll kill yo—” he yelled before getting hit in the back of the head and blacking out.

Nighttime had completely consumed Halvodon by the time Corrin woke up. The moons illuminated the land outside, as his head was killing him with pain. As he tried gathering his senses, he noticed he was inside a room.

A small fire made the area he was in warm and cozy. A table of food was set and empty. The room was filled with relics and artifacts that looked old and worn-out but that told a tale of Halvodon’s past.

Corrin stood up immediately, realizing he wasn’t chained or bound. He must have been out cold for what felt like hours. He was completely alone in the room and began to admire the craftsmanship of everything in there. The paintings, the table, the walls, the relics—all were different from the Halvodi savages that had captured him and killed Syeron.

“Syeron,” he said quietly, placing his hands on his head while his eyes filled with tears.

As he remembered what happened to Syeron, he heard voices approaching. He darted behind the table and grabbed a knife from one of the plates as the voices entered the room. Horvric, Havroy, Havrene, and another older man walked in. Havroy drew his blade at the sight of Corrin holding the knife. The older man who Corrin hadn't seen before put his hand on Havroy's, lowering his blade.

"Havroy, please," he insisted.

"There's no need for any more blood to be spilled," he added, making his way to the table and sitting down.

Corrin watched him, still gripping his knife, as the older man began to break bread and eat.

"By all means, have a seat and join me. You must be hungry," he said, putting food in his mouth and dipping his bread into broth.

Corrin was so confused. He looked at Horvric, Havroy, and Havrene who were all not fazed by what this old man was doing.

"You may leave us. We'll be fine. We're going to have a nice chat and delicious food, aren't we?" the older man said, opening his hands over the table, signaling Corrin to sit down.

Horvric and Havrene exited the room, leaving Havroy there, glaring at Corrin, before he too exited, closing the door behind him.

"So much tension, right?," the older man joked, stuffing his face with more food.

Corrin looked back down at him, trying to figure out what this man's deal was and if he was insane or being manipulative.

“Have a seat, have a seat. It’s rude to let someone eat alone.”

Corrin stood for a few more seconds, deciding what to do. His stomach was growling. He hadn’t eaten in hours. He finally sat down, hesitatingly at first. He slowly put the knife back down on the table.

The older man grabbed a plate and filled it with bread, broth, meat, and greens. It smelled outstanding, making Corrin’s stomach rumble. The older man passed Corrin the plate.

Corrin was still nervous but felt like he could trust this man. He dug into the plate, eating all the food as if he hadn’t eaten in days. The older man watched in peace as Corrin ate and enjoyed the food.

“I’m Hirvrin,” he said.

Corrin continued eating rapidly, almost ignoring what Hirvrin said.

“And you are Corrin, son of Helena, son of The All Father, Heir to the Universe.”

Corrin looked up slowly from his almost emptied plate. His eyes deepened with fear of the thought of what might happen next. He gulped his food and straightened out his back, trying to speak with the prestige and authority his Father raised him with.

"I am!" he said, moving his hand slowly back toward the knife.

Hirvrin saw Corrin's hand moving toward the knife and smiled, letting out a laugh.

"You are in no danger here, my boy."

Corrin took offense to that statement, remembering the events of the past few hours.

"No danger? Your people attacked us. Killed—" Corrin's voice broke as he fought back tears. "Killed my companion. My friend." Tears began to run down Corrin's face.

Hirvrin sighed, his eyes were deepened with a long history of Halvodi suffering. The sides of his head were shaved. The only hair he had was a gray mohawk tied back into a ponytail. Corrin noticed a scar on his left eye going from his forehead to his cheek. He could tell Hirvrin just had a fresh shave as well, the shadow of a thick beard still had a presence on his wrinkled face.

"I'm sorry you had to witness death in such a hard way. At such a young age. That was a taste of what happened to us. By the thousands," Hirvrin said. "By the millions."

His voice trailed off, as his eyes were lost in a state of memory. Corrin still had his eyes set on him, his tears slowly stopping. His mind raced on what exactly happened to Halvodon and its people.

Hirvrin stood up and walked to the door.

“Come with me,” he said, extending a welcoming hand out to Corrin.

Corrin thought for a second, wondering if he should take the knife with him, before leaving it, walking to the door, and exiting the room with Hirvrin.

Corrin looked around as the door led them outside to a valley circled by mountains. He looked back at the door to the room and saw that it was a part of what looked to once have been a large structure.

Hirvrin saw Corrin looking at it.

“This used to be our main hall,” Hirvrin uttered, joining in on examining what remained of the structure with Corrin.

“Leaders of all of Halvodon would convene here every solstice to speak on distribution of resources amongst our people. My father, his father, and his father’s father before him roamed these halls.”

Corrin looked at Hirvrin with sadness, feeling the pain in his voice. Hirvrin continued looking at the destroyed hall. The winds of Halvodon brushed his mohawk ponytail in the night.

“My son would have walked these halls as well. So would have my daughters, and their children after them.”

Corrin saw glimmering lights in the distance. Muffled voices that sounded like children traveled by air into Corrin’s ears.

“This way,” Hirvrin said, following Corrin’s gaze.

As they walked into a clearing, a sea of miniature campfires, huts, handcrafted tents, and hundreds of Halvodis laid before Corrin. He stood in his tracks, taking in what he was seeing.

Hirvrin continued forward.

“Welcome to Hokdro—what used to be our capital and what remains of my people.”

As Corrin and Hirvrin walked through the camp, families, children, women, and men were going about their night. Many of the adults had deep, healed scars and missing limbs.

Corrin could feel their eyes on him. Children stopped playing as he walked by, looking at him with curiosity and fear. Farther down the camp, Havroy stood outside of what appeared to be his home. His two sons who had helped him attack Corrin and Syeron came outside, arms crossed. As they continued walking, Corrin began asking Hirvrin questions.

“I thought the Halvodis were advanced and civilized. This, this is—”

Hirvrin cut him off.

“Tragic?” Hirvrin asked. “We were all those things once. Halvodon was rich with all life. Our lands bloomed.”

They reached the center of the camp where a large fire was lit.

“You must have been just an infant when your Father destroyed us.”

Corrin looked at Hirvrin, his words piercing Corrin's soul. He tried to speak, defending his Father. But no words came out.

Hirvrin continued, "The death of your friend was a small retribution to the loss we have felt. My children and wife were gone in a blink of an eye when your Father came to Halvodon."

Hirvrin's eyes gazed at the stars in the sky.

"Centuries of Halvodi civilization were taken from us in with one swing of his Spear."

Corrin dropped to his knees. The weight of this news was too much for him to bear. He didn't want to believe what he was being told, but the evidence before him was too much to not take in Hirvrin's words.

"Our way of life was never war or killing or living like lesser beings like your Father demanded. You now know the truth, Corrin."

Corrin looked up at Hirvrin.



"The sins of your Father will not define you today. What you do with your life is up to you. And how you choose to grow into a man will be what defines you."

Hirvrin left Corrin on his knees. His words stabbed Corrin in the chest, reminding him of something similar Zaman said to him.



Hirvrin walked up to the giant fire and sat down in front of it next to Horvric and Havrene. More Halvodis began circling the fire as well. Some sitting. Some standing. Havroy appeared with his sons, and took a seat next to Hirvrin.

Corrin watched as the camp gathered around the fire and each other. They shared food and drinks. The Halvodis Corrin had read about in the book he took from Zaman were in front of him, displaying the community and fellowship that depicted this once prosperous planet.



As Corrin watched in awe, silence fell upon the camp as Havroy began humming. Men all around the fire joined in. Women and children added in a soft but fierce hymn. Hirvrin began singing:

 Once there were green tall trees
a young vibrant world for all to see
no tears were fallen on leaf or stone
children laughing no person alone 



The humming continued as Havrene began singing:

 A time of life when mountains had breath
before our kin were led to death
from the sky whence He came
reshaping Halvodon in His name 



Corrin was heartbroken listening to the song. He still couldn't believe his Father was capable of causing so much pain. As Havrene ended, the humming continued and Havroy sang:

 Our men fought hard under our moons
his Spear of darkness only brought doom
once stood high our ancient halls
his power almighty destroyed it all 

All the Halvodis added to the hymn. Fathers
caressing daughters, mothers caressing sons. Elders
looking into the fire remembering life as it used to be.
Horvric began to sing:

 Children's laughter turned to screams
our land of old now only in our dreams
days are long, nights are cold
these forsaken times were never foretold 

The song haunted Corrin. He questioned
everything he was told and taught. His life was
beginning to feel like a lie. As the humming continued,
Hirvrin, Havrene, Havroy, Horvric, and all the
Halvodis sang together:

 But we stand strong, our faces pale
the voices of our ancestors sing this tale
of green tall trees for all to see
a vibrant world aches remember thee 

The moons of Halvodon glistened on the ground in front of Corrin. The humming from the Halvodis began to fade out as they dispersed to their homes. The older boy who fought Corrin earlier walked up to him.

“It gets cold here,” he said, handing him a blanket.

Corrin took it. He couldn’t believe how they were treating him, even after everything his Father had done to them. The older boy gave Corrin a hurt smile, hurt more so for Corrin’s realization rather than his own suffering.

As the older boy walked away, Corrin yelled out to him, “What’s your name?”

He turned back to Corrin with eyes friendlier than before.

“Hivli, after my grandfather.”

Corrin stood up, wrapped himself in the blanket, and walked up to Hivli, extending his hand.

“Thank you. And I’m sorry.”

Hivli extended his hand to Corrin, locking arms and symbolizing a new future between possible friends.

As Hivli was about to say something a loud crack was heard in the sky. Something broke the atmosphere. Halvodis exited their homes and looked up into the clouds.

Children dropped their toys and ran to their parents. Corrin and Hivli stared at the clouds as a zooming light ripped through the air.

Hirvrin whispered, “No.”

The light hit the ground, shaking the mountains and launching back Halvodis who were close to the impact. Havroy came running up to Corrin and Hivli.

“Take your brother back to the house *now!*”

Havroy darted off with Horvric and other Halvodi men. Hivli ran off to get his brother. As the dust settled from the impact, Corrin’s eyes widened at the sight of his Father.

Woman and children began screaming. The Halvodis ran in every direction, terrified that The All Father had returned.

The All Father was wielding the Spear of Space and began evaporating any Halvodi he saw. Men came at him on their Balakars and were immediately turned to ash by the Spear.

“Where is *my son?*” The All Father yelled, flying up into the air and zooming back down, sending a blast and shock wave that blew away the homes of the Halvodis.

The blast sent Corrin back, knocking him out. He woke up a few minutes later to all the structures on fire. His vision was blurry and his hearing fuzzy. Screams of women were heard all around him. Children were crying.

He stood up, still dizzy from the blast. He saw his Father blasting Halvodis away. In the distance he saw Hivli and his little brother holding what remained of their father, Havroy, with tears and screams coming out of them.

Corrin stumbled to his Father, walking over the bodies of dead Halvodi. Children were crying over their parents' lifeless corpses. Mothers were holding their dead babies, yelling out with pain Corrin never imagined.

Horvric was on his knees holding Havrene's dying body in his arms. His screams were shattering. As Corrin got closer to his towering Father, he saw Hirvrin under his Father's foot.

Hirvrin saw Corrin staring at him. His face covered in blood, he mouthed to Corrin, "Choose your own way," before The All Father pierced him in the head with the Spear of Space.

Corrin stood in the midst of the death and destruction, numb by it all. The All Father finally noticed him and ran up to him, his thick black cloak following behind. He bolted the Spear into the ground and grabbed Corrin by the shoulders.

"My son."

He looked Corrin up and down, making sure he wasn't injured in any way. Multiple ships from The Black Palace began to emerge from the atmosphere, descending onto the land. Platoons of Black Palace soldiers exited, firing upon any Halvodi still alive.

"They all will die for what they did to you." The All Father proclaimed, while the sound of blasters and more screaming could be heard.

"Where is Syeron? Is he hurt?"

Corrin was still in shock at everything that had just happened. He looked up at his Father's deep white eyes.

"Syeron is dead, Father."

The All Father let go of Corrin. He turned away from him, out of sadness and anger.

"Everything I do, I do for you. For your future. For a kingdom that will be yours. An empire you can pass down to my kin," The All Father said. "Because of your childish games, Syeron is dead."

Corrin stood silent. Screams of the Halvodis began to wither out. All that was left were the wails of mothers and fatherless children.

Black Palace troops approached The All Father and Corrin. Their metallic black armor glimmered under the moonlight. The All Father's seal shone on their chests as energy swords glowed from their belts.

"Head home, son. We will deal with your foolishness once I return."

The Black Palace troops escorted Corrin safely to one of the ships, shooting anyone still alive. Corrin entered the ship and looked around one last time at the now completely destroyed Hokdro. The capital of Halvodon was no more.

In the distance Corrin saw Hivli and his little brother still holding Havroy's body. Hivli glared at Corrin before cutting his eyes away. Corrin's heart sank to the bottom of his stomach as the hatch door closed.

While the ship ascended into the clouds, Black Palace troops circled the remaining survivors of the Halvodi people. Through the glass of the ship Corrin could hear his Father's voice from the ground.

“My mercy will never be taken for granted again.”

As the ship left the atmosphere, Corrin's last image of Halvodon was met with a large, soundless blast from the Spear of Space.

Corrin slumped down into his seat, his head aching from everything. A ward on the ship approached him.

“Would you like anything to eat?” the ward asked.