

Echoing Remorse

**-AN AURELION SOL SHORT
STORY-**

POLYCOUNT 2017 NARRATIVE
CONTEST ENTRY

Fade.

Mortalities can differ from one another. It all relies on the height at which the border of our set expectations rests : Some are made to embrace their instincts, their destinies already tailored with birth , while others tend to surpass these borders, their essence thriving for continuous power.

But here I am , chained to the epitome of peculiarity which its inhabitants call Targon, my theory entirely dirtied by the imbecility of its people. Little do they know of their ephemerality , for their so-called “power” is just a point of view , never having had witnessed the might their unrecognized superiors possess.

‘Oh if it isn’t my dearest Pantheon , what brings you here darling , the usual I expect ...?’

Of course I remember. I sensed fear boiling inside the avatar that day. The air had a dubious perfume , a disgusting stench of ... terror .

‘Beast...please.’

I knew his response had the intention to scare me, but it only had the effect of bewildering , not to mention... flattering. Only the tone of his voice managed to give me premonitory intelligence : the creature I was to banish was like one I have never encountered. Pantheon saw it as a threat to his very existence, I , on the other and , viewed it as a pretext to regain my freedom.

Like an obedient dog I followed the avatar , only this time he was uncertain which of us was at the end of the leash. He wouldn't dare to stare behind, I was quite amused by how petrifying my gaze was to him, the control he once had over me was too weak for him to show any confidence – He knew this last encounter with the void would be the last in which he would have reliance on an all-powerful star dragon for I was to break free from this wicked curse.

So monotonous, so unoriginal! Seems like the tagonians have completely refurbished their so called “Mother Nature” – What awful taste, how dare they tarnish the titanic beauty of my kinds' creation? Such thoughts distracted me from the “threat” I was to face.

The now deserted town at the base of the mountain was as silent as a grave, venom-like stains spreading through the valley – must have been the void rift's doing. The peculiar man-made structures appeared to be shaped by the wind, their wavy silhouettes startling the eye. The chimes and rusty bells hanging from wooden crafts were now quiet, only perfumed fumes escaping from their openings like dancing ghosts. Scrolls of what seemed to be years of observation were now spread through the valley, ripped apart and meaningless.

The smokes drifted rhythmically into a spiral and slowly sank over a curvy hill, like tantalized by some unknown force. As I descended to regard the area, the reason behind this bizzare phenomenon was unveiled : a deep fracture in the valley which spread like poison, its depths similar to a bottomless pit, absorbed all the appetite for life out of the surroundings – Oh, how dull it was, the void just has this tendency to wither everything it touches.

‘Oh come out already, patience isn’t something I was blessed with, don’t be shy!’

I tried staying as calm as ever, though the duty I was assigned was a threat deserving of much more cautious behaviour – I could feel something underneath that curious rift, something big, silently stalking its prey. I wouldn’t dare hesitate, I had to give it my all, for I knew sudden power would break the spell I had been cursed to carry.

Light.

The requiem I had sung left everything afire. It was something so swift, yet so powerful , so satisfying – my mane fluttered joyfully, my eyes widened , blinded by starfire so bright. But it all occurred so quickly, with results maybe too immediate : everything had disappeared. As the molten gold of the damned crown streamed over my face, I realized what allowed me to surpass the limit of my bordered power - freedom.

‘Looks like exquisite landscaping to me , Pantheon , too bad you’re too fragile to witness such grace. I’ll leave the naming to your kind , since they’ve already mastered the art of claiming everything as their own’

Now , dear Runeterra, here I stand, unchained and not expecting to be forgiven. Floating through the universe's endless desert and coiled around you so tightly just to deliver a treatment as similar as the one I was honored to receive. Now , if you may, be no more...

Never did I think you were deserving of a black star, Runeterra , but here it is ,a star so bright to describe your people most fittingly .I open my palm, molding the star out of thin air , the warmth of the suns corona so comforting. My claws piercing through its core, I crumble the bursting star and watch Runeterra come to streams of fine dust.

Too long was my wait for this revenge but strangely its satisfaction is delayed? I expected unparalleled thrill, but only now do I realize this absurd bloodbath would overcome me with regret. How am I any worthier of a mortality so superior to theirs if my actions resemble those of a ... human?

'What makes me any different?!

Such scenarios I just cannot allow to happen. I reach for my chest , my last gaze resting on the stars, as I dig into my scales. Grabbing my very heart, I hold it tightly and caress it.

'Be reborn, Runeterra, for I will undo my sin...'

The fine crumbles gather slowly around the heart, twirls of earth approaching the star dragons' very core. As the world begins to reshape, the stolen lives now returned, the dragon smiles and slowly fades, becoming one with the unknown...

A remorse so paining was not to remain undealt with.

