

## **The Moon's Prophecy**

*Ashley Ehrlick*

For centuries, the Kingdom of Roslindale was the liveliest and most breathtaking kingdom in all the land. Before this, Maleficus, an evil sorcerer, ruled the kingdom with fear and chaos. The kingdom was dark and cold, and the people were afraid to leave their homes for any reason, fearing being caught by Maleficus, and getting thrown in the dungeon forever.

One day, the day of the thirty-first moon, a family of brave and strong warriors, the Ashford family, defeated him, and they made it their duty to protect the people and ensure that they lived the rest of their lives in peace and harmony.

The celebration of Maleficus' defeat on the thirty-first moon started the moment the moon began to rise. The night began with a huge feast for everyone in the kingdom, followed by fun activities and games, and ended with a divine ball in the royal ballroom, where they could dance, sing and make memories that would last a lifetime.

The King's daughter Nova was never one for large crowds, so she usually spent the celebration in the castle library and transported herself into the stories she read. One year, she wanted to read something from outside the castle's library, so she searched around the village for a new book. She walked down the cobblestone streets for hours, went into and out of bookstores and libraries. She finally came across an enchanting little bookstore on the edge of the village. She was greeted by the delightful smell of old books, and a short old man dusting the shelves.

"Good afternoon, sir," Nova said as she walked towards the man.

"Afternoon," he replied.

"I've been looking for the perfect book all afternoon, but I can't seem to find one that sparks my interest. I wondered if you could help me?" she inquired.

He looked up from the podium and turned around to see The King's daughter standing before him. "Nova, of course," he said as a small smile appeared on his face. "Let's find you a book."

The old man approached a small blue door at the back of the shop. He fumbled with the keys on his belt, before grabbing a gold key and putting it in the door. He opened the door and turned on the light, revealing many magical treasures. There were crystal balls and spell books, wands and robes, ceramic cats and wizard hats, but nothing in the room compared to the blue and purple glowing book, which rested in two hands carved from clay.

Nova's pupils dilated as she opened the book and read the first page. *A collection of exciting and haunting tales and prophecies from all the kingdoms.*

“Why isn’t this book with the others?” she questioned.

He walked over to her and answered, “This book is far too valuable. Besides, it’s only meant for certain people to read.”

“May I have it?” she asked the old man.

“Of course, my dear, free of charge,” he said through a small grin.

Nova went home and read for the rest of the day and all night, and then straight into the morning until she found the section of her kingdom. She read:

*Maleficus, the evil sorcerer, will return 300 years after his defeat, stronger than ever, and wreak havoc again on Roslindale.*

Nova jumped from her chair and ran down to her father and read him the prophecy.

“You and your stories, Nova. There’s nothing to worry about. We’re safe,” the King reassured.

“But father, the other stories from the other kingdoms are true. We can’t ignore this, the celebration is tomorrow!” she explained.

The King read a few other stories and began believing the prophecy about Maleficus. He gathered his troops and prepared.

The next morning, on the day of the thirty-first moon, the town was eerily quiet. The king issued a decree that all people stay in their homes, and the soldiers were ordered to line up around the kingdom's borders. After hours of waiting for the battle to commence, Maleficus stepped out of the forest, and the long and harrowing fight that would determine the fate of the kingdom finally began. Many soldiers fell, but Maleficus remained untouched, as he had three hundred years to master his powers. He gathered even more soldiers, as well as the kingdom's finest witches and warlocks, to fight alongside him, but it was no use.

The King, displaying great courage, stepped to the front of the battle and faced off with Maleficus himself. Beams of purple and black light shot outwards from Maleficus' staff, so bright that it blinded everything in the King's vision. Nova bolted down the field to help her father, but the sorcerer's magic had already started overpowering the King, slowly consuming his body from the bottom up. Just as Nova reached her father, the horrific powers reached his head, consuming his whole body, leaving just one tear to escape from the constraints. A loud thud echoed across the battlefield as Nova's body dropped to the ground with a sickening thump. The clear tear that was running down the King's face reached the ground as Nova's loud mourning screams echoed across the entire battlefield, reaching far into the mountains.

Maleficus had vanished in the blink of an eye, and the night sky flickered as the moon faded in and out of view. The shimmering black orb that had consumed the King just moments before began to fade away, and Nova's father was returned to her. The moon was so bright that it strained the eyes of everyone in the kingdom. Then, the shadow of a purple and black figure appeared on the moon. Suddenly, the moon disappeared, taking the evil sorcerer with it.

The great and beautiful Kingdom of Roslindale slowly rebuilt itself, and tourists from all surrounding villages came to see the Kingdom with the invisible moon. From this day to the end, the night sky was full of stars, but no moon.

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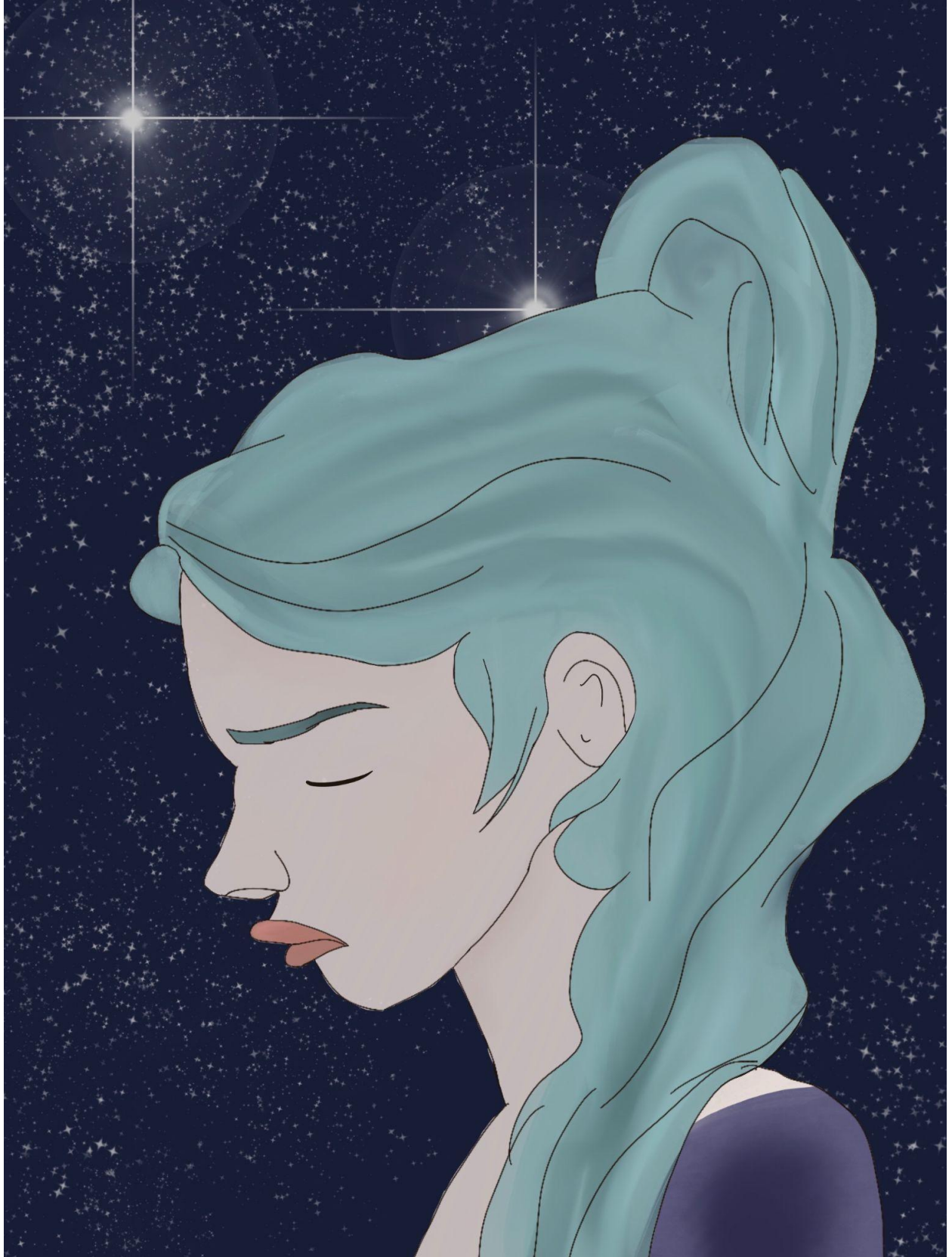


Illustration by Ashley Ehrlick