

The Curse of the Demon King

~By Aargan Gill

On June sixth, as I did every year, I was sitting on the hill peacefully watching the last moments of twilight when I heard roots emerging from the ground about half a soccer field away. From a distance, I saw a magnificent plant rapidly growing. It was a beautiful sight of leaves unfurling like a flower, and the stalk was big like an elephant. Then, miraculously the stalk widened out and started to look like a house. Its wood and stone and metal emerging from some dreadful seed, nourished in the dark, and now, wretchedly alive.

I said, "Could it be..." But I stopped myself. I didn't want it to be true. On the full moon of June the sixth, my parents always told me the legend of this mound growing into a house for a demon king who returned to his birthplace to torture anyone who stepped on this superior demon's grave. I always felt drawn to this area because it was peaceful since everyone was too scared to come here. Plus, I did not believe the legend was entirely true, though I did think there was something strange about that mound.

I walked closer to the strange plant house of jade green growing on the misty hill in the distance. Suddenly, a vine came out of the house and pulled me in. I was inside this living house, stumbling in the fog. There were vines everywhere; it was as if they owned the house. The furniture was cobwebbed, and the house was very dusty. I looked in an ancient mirror, and my reflection was holding some sort of stone, though I held nothing.

I heard someone laughing hysterically as if they had gone mad. My heart was beating as if there was an earthquake in my chest. I ran to the door, but the door would not open. I was trapped. I heard footsteps, so I dashed into the closet. It smelt like library books. The front door opened and shut. I wondered if the person who was living here left the house.

When I got out of the closet, the lights flickered. I heard a distorted groan. Some sort of shadow entity, like a ghost with a trailing shadow, came out of the walls toward me. I ran to the door and attempted to kick it down. It would not budge. I ran to a window and tried to throw a chair through it, but the chair bounced back.

Then, I found the back door. I backed up and tried to ram it open with my shoulder—but I bounced back several feet and crashed into chairs. I could swear the house seemed like it was laughing at me.

The lights flickered again, and the being disappeared into the wall. I had to get out. I waited in the closet. When the entity returned, the front door opened. I ran for the door as it closed, but it slammed shut too fast. The house was teasing me. The fog thickened as I felt the whole building shake, and the entity appeared before me in its full form, no longer a shadow. I saw its true form of grey mouth and eyes, the body muscled like a Godzilla. Grey vines spiralled out of the house from all over and connected to its blackish-green body.

"Who dares enter the house of doom? I will find you, and I will make you a part of the house."

I was immediately angry because I didn't enter willingly. I was sucked in. It wasn't fair.

"Oh. You think it's not fair. Ha. You are destined to be here."

What does he mean, "I'm destined to be here"?

“You don’t know about fate, do you? Let me tell you. From the day you were born, you were meant to everything you’ve ever done has led you to now.” I pulled my flashlight from my pocket and shone it in his grey eyes so I could make a run for it.

“Ahhhhh! My eyes, you fool! ”

I grabbed the doorknob, yanked open the back door, and saw what looked like the stars of our universe. It felt like I might fall off a cliff, so I leaned back. As I saved myself from falling into oblivion, I saw another being that looked like he was made out of vines walk towards me slowly and say, “We’ve been waiting for you. You are the chosen one.”

I was not going to let him win. I thought to myself if this is an alternate dimension, I should have some powers.

“You do have powers. The powers only a king possesses in this realm.”

This was too weird, I thought. When I looked in the mirror, I remembered the blue stone in my hand. Then, it appeared in front of me, and I grabbed it.

“Only the king may possess it, and he is dead!” said the entity.

I picked it up, and I felt energised. I was glowing, and I started to levitate.

The beast entity lunged at me.

I put my hands in front of me with an open palm, and ice shot out of them, freezing him. Suddenly, vines appeared under me and held me down.

The entity said, “You were close, you pathetic human.”

I was doomed. He tried to crush my skull between his hands. I closed my eyes, hoping it would not hurt. I felt his cold hands touch my forehead. Nothing happened.

I waited until he said, “How? But I am a superior being?”

Nothing happened until a beam of different colours came from the sky, striking him. The entity disappeared. I heard a voice and looked up and saw a wizard. He said, “I’m on your side. I used to watch that mound every June sixth too.”

I heard a loud voice, “It’s not over, this is just the beginning.”

The wizard smiled, “Now that we have you and that stone, he’s in trouble.”