



Written by chadha

THE BEZON

Lara had always found peace in the rhythm of Ushuaia. It was a place where life moved slowly, where the air smelled of saltwater and pine, and where the wind whispered tales of the farthest reaches of the earth. Each morning, she would walk the familiar cobblestone streets, the Patagonian breeze tangling her hair, a quiet smile on her face as she passed by the same faces, the same trees, the same places. Everything was known. Everything was safe.

Her father, Henry, was her constant companion in this world. After school, Lara would run down to the docks, her heart light with the thought of seeing him. His strong, weathered hands always busy—either repairing their family’s boat or working on the others docked nearby—he was a man of few words but boundless love. They shared the unspoken bond of those who had spent years together. Hours would slip by as they talked, or sometimes, as they didn’t—simply watching the sun dip behind the rugged mountains, listening to the soft lapping of the waves against the shore.

Her mother, Maria, ran the family café, a place full of the comforting smells of fresh bread and warm coffee, but it was the quiet moments with her father that Lara cherished most. Those were the moments that made their small home in Ushuaia feel like a sanctuary. The world outside seemed to fade when they were together, just the three of them—content, untroubled.

But then, one late autumn afternoon, everything shifted.

Lara finished her final exam and couldn’t wait to meet her father by the water. They had planned to go fishing, just the two of them, as they always did. It was their tradition, a ritual that brought her

comfort. But when she rounded the corner to their street, her stomach twisted. There were people gathered—too many people—standing in tight clusters around her house. Conversations buzzed like a swarm of bees, but there was something wrong. People’s faces were tight, their eyes red-rimmed, their voices low.

Confusion gripped her as her heart began to race. “What’s going on?” she wondered aloud.

She quickened her pace, her steps faltering as she tried to push through the crowd. Her mind spun in confusion, her thoughts colliding. It was then that she saw it—the tears. Eyes filled with unspeakable sorrow. And panic.

Her chest tightened as she reached the door, her hand trembling as it pushed the handle open.

The living room was eerily still. Her mother was on the floor, kneeling, her face buried in her hands. Her sobs filled the room, each one a jagged, painful sound.

“Henry... oh, Henry...” her mother wailed, her voice cracking like fragile glass.

Lara froze in the doorway, unable to breathe, unable to move. Time seemed to stop as the words cut through her, sharp and hollow. Her father’s name repeated over and over, a name that once felt so familiar, so safe, now twisted in a way that made her insides knot with dread.

Her knees buckled. Her chest tightened in a vice, and she could hardly hear anything over the ringing in her ears. Her mind refused to comprehend the meaning of what she was seeing.

No.

This couldn’t be happening.

With a strangled gasp, Lara threw her backpack to the ground and ran—ran as fast as her legs could carry her, through the streets she had

known all her life, past the places that once brought her comfort, now turned foreign and alien.

Her tears blurred her vision, but she kept running.

She didn't know where she was going.

But when she reached the dock—the place that had always felt like home—she stopped. The boat her father had worked on so many times was still there, bobbing gently in the water.

Without thinking, Lara climbed aboard. She sat in the corner of the boat, her hands clenched into fists at her sides, as the waves rocked it gently, like a cradle trying to soothe her.

And then, finally, her body gave way. She buried her face in her hands, and the tears came. Deep, gut-wrenching sobs. Her heart ached in a way she had never known. And before she knew it, exhaustion overcame her. The tears slowed, and her body, so wracked with grief, finally gave in to sleep...

The days after the accident blurred together in a haze of grief. Ushuaia, once a city of laughter and warmth, now felt like a ghost of its former self. Every corner, every sound, every sight reminded Lara of her father. The smell of salt in the air took her back to the dock, where he'd laugh and share his endless stories. The creak of the old floorboards in their house echoed with memories of him coming in late, boots heavy with seawater. Even the light of the setting sun, once her favorite time of day, now felt like a cruel reminder of what they had lost.

Her mother, Maria, spent most days silently packing, her eyes red from crying, her hands trembling as she folded clothes or sorted through keepsakes. Lara would find her sometimes, sitting on the floor with a photo album open, staring at pictures of Henry. It was as though she was trying to memorize every detail, every moment.

Boxes began to appear in the corners of the house, growing in number each day. Maria moved quickly, determined to take only what they needed, leaving behind the fragments of a life that was too painful to carry forward.

Lara lingered in her room, her hands hovering over the things she had once cherished. A stack of books her father had bought her, a shell he'd picked up on one of their fishing trips, a picture frame with the three of them smiling by the harbor. She couldn't bring herself to pack it all. It felt wrong to put her life with him into a box, to close the lid on the memories they had built together.

By the end of the week, their life was reduced to neatly labeled cartons stacked by the door. Neighbors came to say their goodbyes, offering hugs and condolences, but Lara barely heard them. Her heart ached with every step she took toward the inevitable.

The night before they were set to leave, Lara slipped out of the house. The moon hung low over the harbor, casting a silver light on the water. She walked down to the dock one last time, her breath visible in the crisp night air.

The boat was still there, tied securely as always, bobbing gently in the tide. She climbed aboard and sat where she had so many times before, staring out at the horizon.

"I don't want to leave, Dad," she whispered, her voice breaking. "This is home. This is you."

The waves lapped softly against the boat as if offering a reply. Lara closed her eyes and let the wind carry her tears. She stayed there for hours, watching the stars, holding on to the memory of her father as tightly as she could.

When she finally returned home, the sun was starting to rise. The house felt emptier than ever, but she knew there was no turning back. Ushuaia had been her world, but her world had changed.

By the time they boarded the bus to Punta Arenas, Lara wasn't sure if she was ready to leave. But she knew that sometimes, moving forward was the only way to hold on to what mattered most...

“Lara, wake up! You’re going to be late for your first day at the new school,” Maria called from the kitchen, her voice laced with forced cheerfulness.

Lara groaned softly, pulling the blanket over her head. She wasn’t ready for this—wasn’t ready to face a new place, new people, or the reality of a life without her father. But Maria’s persistence won. Reluctantly, Lara rolled out of bed, changed into her new uniform, and brushed her hair into a messy ponytail.

Breakfast was a rushed affair. Maria placed a plate of toast in front of her, but Lara barely touched it. The walk to school was quiet, the streets of Punta Arenas unfamiliar and uninviting compared to the ones she had known in Ushuaia.

When she arrived, the school building loomed before her, its brick facade seemingly cold and indifferent. Lara hesitated at the entrance, but a deep breath carried her through the doors and into the bustling hallway.

Her teacher, a friendly woman with kind eyes, greeted her warmly and led her to the classroom. Lara felt the weight of dozens of curious stares as she stepped inside.

“This is Lara,” the teacher announced. “She’s new to town, so let’s make sure she feels welcome.”

A murmur of polite greetings rippled through the room. Lara’s cheeks burned as the teacher directed her to an empty seat near the back of the class. She slid into it quickly, avoiding eye contact.

“Hey,” came a voice from beside her.

She turned to see a boy with a bright smile and tousled dark hair.

“I’m Lucas,” he said, extending a hand.

“Lara,” she replied softly, shaking it.

“Nice to meet you,” Lucas said. “It must be tough being the new kid, huh?”

She nodded, unsure of what to say.

“Well,” Lucas continued, leaning in slightly, “if you want, I can show you around after school. It’s a small town, but there are a few spots worth seeing. And you’ll get to know everyone pretty quickly—they’re all pretty nice.”

For the first time in what felt like forever, Lara found herself smiling, even if just a little. Lucas’s easygoing demeanor chipped away at the wall she had built around herself.

“Thanks,” she said, her voice more confident. “That would be great.”

The rest of the day passed in a blur of introductions and new routines. The other students were unexpectedly kind, offering smiles and small words of encouragement. Though she still felt out of place, a tiny part of her began to hope that maybe, just maybe, this new life wouldn’t be so bad.

When the final bell rang, Lucas was waiting by the door. “Ready for the grand tour?” he asked with a grin.

Lara nodded, slinging her bag over her shoulder. As they walked out into the crisp afternoon air, she realized something she hadn’t thought possible since the day her world had shattered—she felt the faintest glimmer of hope.

The afternoon breeze carried the salty scent of the sea as Lucas led Lara down Punta Arenas’ winding streets. He pointed out the colorful houses, the quiet plazas, and the local shops where people greeted him warmly as they passed.

“Over there’s the bakery,” Lucas said, gesturing to a small shop with a charming wooden sign. “They make the best empanadas. And down

that street is the library—it's tiny, but they've got some cool old books about the area."

Lara listened, letting his words distract her from the unease that had lingered in her chest since she arrived in this new town. Lucas had a way of making everything seem lighter, easier.

When they reached the waterfront, the sunlight danced on the water, and the view of the distant mountains made Lara pause. "It's beautiful," she said softly.

Lucas grinned. "Yeah, it's not so bad. But there's one more place I have to show you."

A few minutes later, they were sitting on a bench in front of a small ice cream shop. Lucas handed her a cone with two scoops of chocolate and caramel. "This place is famous. You can't live here and not try it," he said, taking a bite of his own vanilla and strawberry cone.

Lara took a tentative lick and smiled. "Okay, you weren't kidding. This is really good."

They sat there for a while, chatting about school, the town, and the quirks of its people. Lara found herself laughing at Lucas's stories about his friends and the odd traditions of the area. It felt good, like a tiny piece of normalcy was being stitched back into her life.

When they finally headed home, the conversation continued to flow easily. They turned a corner onto a quiet street, and Lucas stopped. "Wait a second," he said, pointing to a house. "That's where I live."

Lara blinked in surprise. "Seriously? That's... my house is right there." She pointed to the house next door.

Lucas laughed. "Well, I guess you're stuck with me now."

Lara shook her head with a small smile. "Lucky me."

When she stepped into the house, Maria was at the kitchen counter unpacking groceries. She glanced up, and her expression softened

when she saw Lara's smile. "You look like you had a good time," Maria said, her voice light. "Who was that boy you were with?"

Lara's cheeks flushed. "Just a friend, Mom," she said quickly, setting her bag down. "Can we not make a big deal out of it?"

Maria chuckled but didn't press. "Alright, alright. Just asking."

Lara climbed the stairs to her room, feeling a mix of embarrassment and amusement. She dropped her bag onto her bed and sat by the window, looking out at the street. For the first time in weeks, the ache in her chest felt a little less heavy.

Weeks passed, and life in Punta Arenas began to feel less foreign to Lara. Each day brought a little more familiarity—new routines, new faces, and, most importantly, Lucas.

From the start, Lucas had been a constant presence, always ready with a joke or a smile. They quickly fell into a rhythm of spending time together after school, exploring the town and its surroundings. Whether it was wandering through the local markets, hiking the nearby trails, or simply sitting by the waterfront talking for hours, Lucas made Punta Arenas feel like a place she could belong.

One afternoon, as the sun cast a golden glow over the quiet streets, Lucas and Lara found themselves on a hill overlooking the town. The view was breathtaking, the kind that demanded silence and awe.

"You're starting to like it here, aren't you?" Lucas asked, breaking the stillness.

Lara hugged her knees and stared out at the horizon. "I think so," she admitted. "At first, I hated everything about this place. It felt wrong being here, like I was betraying my dad by moving on."

Lucas glanced at her, his expression soft. "Moving on doesn't mean forgetting him, you know."

She looked down, picking at a blade of grass. “I know,” she whispered. “But it’s hard. Everything back in Ushuaia was tied to him. Here... it’s different.”

Lucas didn’t say anything for a moment, then nudged her shoulder lightly. “Hey, for what it’s worth, I think he’d want you to be happy. And from what you’ve told me about him, he’d probably be proud of how you’re handling everything.”

A small, genuine smile crept onto Lara’s face. “Thanks, Lucas.”

“Anytime,” he replied, grinning. “Now, come on. There’s a soccer game down by the park, and I’m not letting you skip it.”

She laughed as he stood up and offered her a hand. “You just want someone to cheer for you,” she teased, but she took his hand anyway.

The days continued like this—small, ordinary moments that slowly pieced her heart back together. With Lucas’s company, Lara began to feel a little more like herself. She even caught herself laughing freely again, something she hadn’t done since her father’s death.

While the ache of loss hadn’t disappeared, it no longer consumed her. With each passing week, she realized that moving on didn’t mean letting go of the love and memories. Instead, it meant carrying them forward while finding new reasons to smile.

One crisp Monday morning, the usual hum of chatter in Lara’s classroom quieted as a guest speaker stepped to the front. He was a tall man with glasses perched on his nose and an air of quiet enthusiasm.

“Good morning, everyone,” he began, his voice calm yet commanding. “My name is Professor Martinez, and I’m here to talk about something that is shaping our world—technology and, more specifically, coding.”

Lara exchanged a curious glance with Lucas. Coding? She had heard the term before but knew little about it.

The professor began explaining the basics: how coding was like giving instructions to a computer, how it was behind apps, games, and even the websites they used daily. As he spoke, he displayed snippets of colorful code on the projector screen.

“To many, this might look like a strange language,” he said, smiling. “But once you understand it, it becomes a tool—a way to create, solve problems, and bring ideas to life.”

Something about his words struck a chord with Lara. She found herself leaning forward, captivated by the idea of creating something out of nothing with just a keyboard.

Lucas nudged her. “This is actually kinda cool,” he whispered.

She nodded. “Yeah, it really is.”

By the end of the session, the professor handed out flyers for an online coding platform and encouraged students to try it out. “Start small,” he said. “Build something simple. You might surprise yourself with what you can do.”

That afternoon, Lara and Lucas sat together at the school library, laptops open.

“Alright,” Lucas said, grinning as he opened the website from the flyer. “Let’s see what this is all about.”

They spent the next few hours exploring beginner tutorials. The first task was to create a program that displayed “Hello, World!” on the screen.

“Did it work?” Lara asked as Lucas hit the run button.

A small window popped up with the text: **Hello, World!**

Lucas raised his hands triumphantly. “Yes! Genius at work here.”

Lara rolled her eyes but smiled, feeling a small thrill as she ran her own program and saw the same result.

Over the next few weeks, coding became their shared project. They stayed after school in the computer lab, learning about loops, variables, and functions. They challenged each other to create small programs—Lucas once made a basic calculator, while Lara created a program to generate random jokes.

It wasn't just about the code, though. For Lara, coding became a way to channel her energy into something productive, something that gave her a sense of accomplishment. And with Lucas by her side, it was always fun.

One evening, as they walked home from the library, Lucas said, "You know, we should build something together someday. Like a real project."

Lara looked up at the stars twinkling above. "Yeah," she said, her voice thoughtful. "I'd like that."

It was the beginning of something new—not just a skill, but a passion that could lead to endless possibilities.

One drizzly Saturday afternoon, Lara and Lucas decided to explore the old library Lucas had mentioned during their first tour of the town. They had grown more invested in learning to code and wanted to see if they could find any books to deepen their understanding.

"This place might be ancient, but who knows," Lucas said as they walked through the library's creaking wooden doors. "Maybe we'll find a hidden treasure."

The library smelled of old paper and polished wood. Shelves towered over them, packed tightly with books of every size and color. It was quiet, the kind of stillness that made you feel like you were stepping into another world.

A kindly old librarian greeted them with a warm smile. "Looking for something specific?" she asked.

“Anything about coding or computers,” Lara replied.

The librarian’s eyes twinkled. “Ah, you’re in luck. We have a small technology section. It’s not very modern, but you might find something useful. It’s on the second floor, far corner.”

They climbed the narrow staircase, which creaked with every step, and reached the section. It was smaller than Lara expected, just a single shelf. Lucas scanned the titles, pulling out a book bound in faded green.

““Introduction to Algorithms,”” he read aloud. “Sounds serious.”

Lara laughed. “Maybe it’ll make us geniuses overnight.”

She picked up another book: **"Learning to Code in C++."** The cover was worn, and the pages were slightly yellowed, but it felt promising.

The cover was worn, and the pages were slightly yellowed, but it felt promising. As Lara ran her fingers over the spine, something caught her eye—a thin string peeking out from between the books on the shelf.

“What’s that?” she muttered to herself, reaching out and giving the string a gentle tug.

It didn’t budge at first, so she pulled harder. Suddenly, a soft click echoed in the quiet library, and part of the shelf shifted slightly.

“Lucas!” she called out, her voice low but urgent.

Lucas looked up from the book he was flipping through and hurried over. “What’s going on?”

“I think I found... something,” Lara said, pointing to the small gap that had appeared. Together, they pushed the books aside to reveal a hidden compartment. Inside was a small, intricately carved wooden box.

“What’s this doing here?” Lucas asked, his voice filled with curiosity.

“I have no idea,” Lara said, lifting the box out with both hands. It was surprisingly heavy.

They exchanged a quick glance before Lara carefully opened the lid. Inside was a book unlike any they had ever seen. Its black leather cover was embossed with the words **"THE BEZON"** in bold, silver letters that seemed to shimmer in the dim light. Next to it lay a delicate necklace with a glowing emerald pendant, its light faint but mesmerizing.

Lara's breath hitched. “What is this?”

Lucas leaned closer, his brow furrowed. “It doesn't look like it belongs here.”

She carefully opened the book to the first page, where elegant handwriting spelled out a single, ominous line:

"Beware, for what you possess can alter your reality. Handle with knowledge, or it will handle you."

“Dangerous?” Lucas whispered, his voice barely audible.

Lara flipped through more pages, but the book was filled with strange symbols, cryptic diagrams, and what appeared to be fragments of code. It was both fascinating and unnerving.

Before they could delve further, the librarian's voice interrupted their thoughts. “Attention, everyone! The library will be closing in five minutes.”

Lara and Lucas exchanged a look of shared urgency. There was no time to figure out what they had found, but they couldn't leave it behind. Without hesitation, Lara tucked the book and necklace back into the box and closed the lid.

“Let's take it,” she said.

Lucas hesitated. “Are you sure? What if it's important or... cursed?”

She shot him a look. "We'll figure it out later. Come on!"

Clutching the box tightly, they made their way downstairs and past the librarian, who smiled at them without suspicion.

Once outside, the cool air of the late afternoon hit them, and they both let out a breath they didn't realize they were holding.

"This is crazy," Lucas said as they walked toward their homes.

"I know," Lara replied, her voice tinged with both excitement and fear. "But we couldn't just leave it there."

By the time they reached their street, the weight of the box felt heavier in Lara's hands—not physically, but in a way she couldn't explain. Whatever they had discovered, it was unlike anything she had ever encountered. Hurrying up to Lara's house as their hearts raced once they entered her room, the space still unfamiliar even after weeks of living in it. She quickly closed the door behind them and placed the box gently on her desk. Both of them stood there, staring at it, unsure how to begin.

"Do you think we're supposed to see that?" Lucas asked, his voice barely above a whisper, his fingers twitching in anticipation.

"I don't know," Lara said, her eyes fixed on the box. She opened it, taking a deep breath before they carefully pulled out the book and set it on the floor between them. They stared at the faded black cover, the words "THE BEZON" staring back at them.

They turned the pages, unsure where to start, but their eyes were drawn to a strange section labeled "**Instructions.**"

"Here," Lara said, pointing to the heading. "Let's see what this is about."

They began to read aloud, their voices quiet but tense. The words seemed to grow more and more unbelievable as they went along:

“There are two versions of this book. Part One, the one you possess, and Part Two, which lies hidden in the shadows, beyond the reach of all but the chosen. The holder of the magical necklace alone can unlock its path, but beware—seeking it will plunge you into darkness. The way is cursed, fraught with dangers that will test your very soul. Only those who dare to tread this cursed path may find it...”

Lara’s breath caught in her throat. She glanced at Lucas. "The necklace..." she muttered.

Without thinking, she reached for the delicate emerald pendant that had come with the box. As soon as she clasped it around her neck, something unexpected happened. The pendant flickered to life, glowing brighter with each passing second until it shone like a small star against the backdrop of the room.

"Did that just... happen?" Lucas exclaimed, eyes wide in disbelief.

“I don’t have a good feeling about this...” Lucas said.

Before Lara could answer, they both turned back to the book and continued reading, their hearts pounding in their chests:

“Long ago, there was a man—an obsessed coder who sought to merge magic with technology. His name was Bezon, and his ambition knew no bounds. In the depths of his dark experiments, he birthed ‘Bezon,’ a forbidden language of power so arcane, it could only be wielded by the wearer of the enchanted pendant. In this twisted code, words are not typed on a screen. They are conjured in the mind, and with a mere thought, reality bends and warps, as if the very fabric of the world itself is at your command. But with great power comes a price far darker than you can imagine.”

The room seemed to grow silent as they absorbed the words. They exchanged a glance—half excitement, half fear.

“This is insane, I totally don’t like this ” Lucas whispered, almost as if afraid to say it out loud. “It’s like... magic and coding... together? But it can only work if you wear the necklace?”

Lara couldn’t believe it either, but the pendant’s glow was undeniable. She felt an odd warmth radiating from it, as if the magic was pulsing through her. "Do you think we can actually... control things with this?"

Lucas stood up, his thoughts racing. "This... this is ... actually we cannot be certain until we test it out... what do you say ?"

Their excitement mixed with a growing sense of dread. They were standing at the threshold of something monumental, something that could change everything. But the fear of the unknown gnawed at them. What had they just unlocked? What were the consequences?

“I guess?” Lara said, her voice firm despite the swirling uncertainty inside her. “We could give it a try... see if it’s real, or just the ramblings of a madman.”

Lucas nodded, his expression resolute, but there was a flicker of doubt in his eyes.

What had they just unlocked? What were the consequences of playing with forces they didn’t understand?

They turned back to the book, their hands trembling with a mix of anticipation and fear. The first page was titled "**Bezon Basics**"—a set of instructions that seemed almost too simple to be true. The words read:

"To begin, clear your mind. Focus on the element you wish to manipulate. You must be still, and in that stillness, the necklace will respond. Once you’ve focused, name the element aloud. To

test it, imagine the white space, and with a simple phrase, make your command. For example: ‘Move: Top 20%, Right 10%.’”

Lara glanced around the room, her eyes landing on her backpack. She took a deep breath, trying to steady her racing thoughts. She focused, repeating the name “backpack” under her breath as she stared at it, willing it to respond.

The pendant around her neck seemed to pulse in rhythm with her heartbeat. Its glow brightened, and Lara's focus sharpened. She closed her eyes, imagining the white space, the words **“Move = Top 10%”** forming in her mind. She poured every ounce of her concentration into it, willing the command into existence.

She opened her eyes.

Nothing.

The backpack remained motionless, the room filled with the heavy silence of failure. Lara exhaled sharply, feeling a sinking feeling in her chest. Lucas stared at the backpack as well, his shoulders slumping in quiet disappointment.

“Well, that was anticlimactic,” Lara muttered, trying to mask her disappointment.

Just then, they were called downstairs for dinner. Lucas stood up, pulling himself together. “Guess I’ll see you tomorrow,” he said, his voice tinged with a nervous energy.

Lara nodded absentmindedly. “Yeah, see you tomorrow.”

As Lucas left, Lara remained in her room, the weight of the book and pendant heavy in her hands. She didn’t understand why it hadn’t worked, why the magic didn’t respond. Had they been wrong? Or was there something more to this than they realized?

She tried to push the thoughts away and focus on something else—anything else. But the pendant around her neck began to pulse again,

its light dim but constant. Her thoughts drifted, and she sat on her bed, staring at the glowing pendant.

And then it happened.

Her backpack... was floating.

It hovered several inches above the ground, as though suspended by an invisible force. The pendant's glow brightened in response, its light flickering like a warning.

Lara screamed. Her heart leapt in her chest, panic flooding her veins.

Her mother came rushing into the room, alarmed. Lara quickly grabbed the backpack, clutching it to her chest to hide the floating object. "I... I saw a cockroach," she stammered, trying to keep her voice steady. "I killed it."

Maria looked at her with a mix of confusion and concern. "Okay, sweetheart... just go to sleep. You've had a long day."

Lara watched as her mother left, the door closing quietly behind her. The room felt eerily still, the weight of what had just happened pressing down on her chest.

Her heart raced as she tried to make sense of it. The pendant's glow pulsed softly beneath her shirt, and the fear and excitement bubbled up in her chest. She had to tell Lucas. She had to figure out what was going on, what they had unleashed.

But for now, all she could do was wait for the morning. Tomorrow, she would have answers. Tomorrow, the real journey would begin.

To be continued