# I Intro

# II The Awakening

Daijon lied in his bed, eyes half open. His apartment in partial disarray, he had been feeling weighed down lately, even after he stopped reading the news his unease remained. *Even though you don’t see it, doesn’t mean it’s not happening*. The problem with the news was that you heard about it but couldn’t likely do anything

**“…*What if I told you, you could change the world?”***

It was a nice thought. Would that I could, he thought, but I’m just, some guy; people like me can’t hope to change much. *Useless.* Give to charity, volunteer time at organizations, smile and wave to brighten a stranger’s day. It was all so little, but he did it anyways*.* Staring up, eyes half closed, the thought saddened and sickened him. *There is always hope for a better day*. And hope he had, as his world faded and sleep took him where the world could not.

The world was so dark, he looked up to haze filled sky where the sun or stars should have been shining but there was only gloom to greet his gaze. That was when he heard the voice again. It was soothing, and utterly final. “***Everything that will follow inevitably ends here…” T***here was a pause as he retook in his surroundings. *I must be in some sort of nightmare right now*. There was rubble, remnants of inhabitation turned to ruin. The light glistened from the skyscrapers and spread across the street filled with debris and demolished vehicles. *A place where people once lived and laughed and toiled*.

***“...Unless…***” Unless what, he thought. The light continued its descent, playing shadows among the sad remains of what once was. *“****What if I told you, you could change the world?”*** It was closer now. ***”If you will accept its burden, I can give you power to counter the Darkness.”*** The world dimmed for a moment and his nerves tightened. ***“This is no true dream Daijon.”*** And then he felt it; his senses rushed back into him. He could feel the stiff air and smell its reek. Then he knew he wasn’t dreaming anymore. ***“You have been chosen. You can be the shield to defend the world of man and the sword to strike its oppressors.”***

He looked around again. Was this what awaited the future? His throat felt dry and his voice squeaked when he first tried to use it. “Are you saying if I don’t the world will die?” *Or if I accept and fail*. He blinked, the light was waiting, almost expectant. “But, I am just a man.” He thought back to all his failures and wrongdoings; things he had done, things said, and those left unsaid. Would that he could go back and do them differently. He was frightened and the sense of dread and finality weighed on his conscience. He twisted away from the light, “I think you’re asking the wrong guy.” *If I’m supposed to be the hero of this story then we’re looking at a sad ending*.

***“You do not yet understand, but your choices will be made clear in the light of dawn.”*** The ethereal orb glowed a little brighter. ***“Those who do not want power are often those who would better wield it while those who yearn for power would be better without it.”*** His senses were intensifying, his stomach was knotting.

***“Daijon, the champion must be a son of man, only by this means can the Darkness truly be cast down from its throne.”*** It bobbed again and moved out a little further from him. There was no sound here, no wind to wrest the silence. **“*If you choose to walk this path it will require you to sacrifice everything…”*** *Everything, is quite a lot*. “***Power comes at great cost and with much responsibility; it is a burden but only you can accept it.”***

He pinched himself, and then several more times just to be sure. *Yep, definitely not one of my day dreams*. He let out a shudder, only now could he feel it becoming colder as his breath became visible in the still air. ***“The time grows short Champion.”*** The voice was hastened this time. He could change the world, but what was this associated cost? The light above was becoming dimmer and more translucent. How many times had he wished for something better? How many times had he thought, “If I had but one wish, I would wish for a better world. Peace, food, happiness for all.” Shadows stirred beyond the view of the light and the cold pressed close, only the light brought warmth. ***“What if I told you, you could change the world?”***

*I would have said you were crazy*. But he knew better than that now. He was just as crazy and the light’s presence gave him hope and it blossomed in the gloom of the shattered world. “I would give anything for a brighter tomorrow.” He was sure of it now, “For a day without tears, a day with more smiles.” If there was anything worth everything, it would be that. It sounded almost sad when it said, ***“Good Champion, arise. There are dark and hard days to come. You will be reborn in the light and the light will be in you. So long as you keep faith darkness will never best you.”*** The world felt bitter cold now but he was warm inside. For once he felt certain in his intentions and what he meant to do. He was going to change the world…

He woke with the feeling of a sudden drop and the crunch of wood. *The front door?* He bolted upright at the center of his room. Everything was in tatters, the wood looked as though it had been seared in certain spots and anything not heavy enough was strewn throughout the room. *What happened night*? There was the sound of heavy footfalls against the wood floor going up the stairs. As he waivered trying to stand up he heard a gruff voice call out, “In there! That’s the one!”

He looked outside and saw that the world was awake and buzzing in the predawn gloom. The streets and skies were filled with armed personnel. He was screaming at himself to move but his body would hardly obey. That was when the two doors to his bedroom exploded from their hinges and heavily armed men charged in, surrounding him. He would have freaked but all he could think of was the men’s armor, it were pitch black, not part of the military.

The lead opened his visor. T*he eyes, they’re molten gold*. “Finally we are graced with the presence of a Champion once more…” His voice was felt like ice and was full of malice. “Only, this time we were ready for you.” The air in the room stiffened, his hairs stood on edge and his heart beat fast, as though it knew it was enjoying its last run. Their guns rose, leveling on him, he could not move. *If you choose to walk this path it will require you to sacrifice everything.* “This is our world now. And you don’t belong in it.” He saw the flash before he felt it rip through him. That’s when the darkness swept in around him, it was so cold.

# III A New Dawn