

The Mystical Universe

MYSTICAL
LEGENDS

ZENITH LUCES



The Journey of the Mystical Beings

By Kenneth Calhoun

The Journey of the Mystical Beings: An Origin Story of Zenith Luces

It was a cool but fairly warm summer morning, and the sky was clear. A boy leaned against the post of a fence watching sweaty soccer players of his hometown running across the field with a ball while the opposing team tried to steal it. He lived in a tiny town called Pleasant Parks, which mostly had forests and wildlife including a big playing field that is usually used for soccer and golf. The people who lived in this area cared for nature; they placed houses and shops along the sea rather than the plains.

The boy's name was Zenith Luces (pronounced Loo-kase), which means, "The Most Successful Light." He was a bright sixteen-year-old boy who enjoyed whatever life threw at him. His father was a rich geographer who drew maps of the lands during his younger years; it was said that he knew of many secret places unknown to other humans.

Zenith leaned on the railings and watched the soccer game until he felt a gurgle down in his stomach which reminded him to eat a hearty lunch. This was the time period near the early nineteen hundreds, so vendors and fast food did not exist, but there was decently cooked food available that was both cheap and nutritious.

Zenith walked away from the old worn bleachers and headed to a restaurant called Danny's Diner which sold food that made his mouth water. He bought a burger and lemonade and sat down at a small table off to the side near a blurred window which had probably not been washed since the restaurant opened.

While Zenith ate, he noticed a strange guy walking a little bit funny similar to a goat's trot, and his hair shined like polished gold. At first, Zenith didn't bother to find out who the person was because it might intrude into his business, but also he felt that the person needed help which sounded silly to him when he first thought of it. He made up his mind and stood up and followed the guy into the bathroom.

And so Zenith walked straight up to the strange person and asked courageously, "Who are you and can I help you?"

The guy literally jumped out of his shoes and turned around amazed, and he said something that Zenith did not predict, "We can't talk here... Meet me at the back alleyway."

Confused, Zenith followed the guy out of the diner and to a nearby alleyway which was abandoned and ravaged with litter that almost made him puke at first sight. The guy introduced himself by saying this, "My name is Rowan Ager (pronounced Aw-gare) and I see that you have an interest in my kind."

"Interest in my kind?" Zenith thought, "What does that mean?"

Then Zenith spoke, "My name is Zenith Luces and I don't understand what you mean."

"Oh," Rowan said, "Well you might think I am crazy, but I am a Satyr."

"Like the ones in Roman Mythology, or was it Greek?"

“No! Satyrs are not mythology unless they don’t exist, but they do exist. My point here is this: the mystical beings are alive just like you humans,” explained Rowan.

After explaining this, Rowan kicked off his shoes, like flying rocks from a slingshot, revealing what looked like hooves. “How I didn’t notice that before,” thought Zenith as he gazed at the satyr whose face even looked mystical.

Then Zenith noticed Rowan change his expression from a joyfulness of meeting a new person to deep sympathy. “What’s wrong?” Zenith asked.

“Now you know about a secret that I should not have spoken of; we mystical beings are in hiding because of the repopulation of humans. Life is hard for us because of our differences, plus our different abilities. I came out of hiding in search of someone or something that could help us escape the human lands, perhaps a boat to travel to some land that is unknown to all humans,” explained Rowan.

“My father is a geographer and he knows of many secret lands. He is also extremely kind,” Zenith added.

“Well, I also know of a person who can find hidden places. Her name is Caela (pronounced Cai-la) Obtain and she is an Angeloress, which is the female gender of the Angelor mystical beings, a powerful group of beings who can bring the mystical beings together,” Rowan said.

“I’ll go and get a vessel and you can go and ask the angeloress to gather the mystical beings together,” offered Zenith, who sought adventure.

Afterward, both set out to fulfill their roles in setting the mystical beings free.

Also at this time, there was an evil man who sat on his evil throne in his evil factory. His name was Pyrus Bourn and he was a cunning man who wanted power. He did not commit crimes, but his motives defined him as evil.

He lived near Pleasant Parks on a small island on a lake called Lazy Lake. His lair, also known as the Midas Quarters, was the main producing location of matches and firelighters. People bought them because they were dependent on fire at that time. The factory was made of black wood both dirty and worn which showed that it needed a good paint job from the fumes burning all day. The particular room that Pyrus was in was decorated with a high ruler’s throne and red flags hanging up the upper walls.

Pyrus was reading some bills and he was complaining about them as usual when his advisers, Tony Smith and Tom Nado (pronounced NA-dO), came into the chamber. They were average humans who loved doing secret things, especially ones that the other workers didn’t get a chance to do.

Pyrus glanced up and asked, “What is it now? Did you find any information about an island that I can inhabit and control instead of this puny lake?”

“Umm, well boss, we did find out that a great geographer lives nearby, and it is said from people that he knows about secret islands,” Tom Nado answered.

"Maybe you're right that this geographer could have information about an island that I could have as my own," Pyrus said with a grin that revealed that he had devised a plan already.

"Do you want a boat prepared so that when you get hold of a secret map we could sail immediately?" Tony Smith asked.

"Yes, and I shall pay a friendly visit to the geographer's home," Pyrus replied as he exited his chamber.

After the time of Pyrus' meeting, Zenith was walking outside of the downtown trading shops near the docks, looking for a ship. While he searched, he saw the small cartographer shop which was owned by his father, William Lucas.

The shop was decorated with maps of every continent and William himself says that he has traveled the world when he was younger to draw such maps. Zenith entered the empty shop and leaned against the trading counter waiting for his father, who arrived not long afterward.

"Father," Zenith spoke, "Do you have a spare map of your secret islands? I need it."

"What for, son?" William asked.

William was a tall middle-aged wise man. He always wore an explorer's hat and suit which was made of fabric from many continents. He was also a rich man who used his money wisely and he did not allow fools to even have a penny of his honest earnings.

"Because...oh, you wouldn't even believe me. I met a satyr who wants to sail the mystical beings across the ocean to an island uninhabited by humans," replied Zenith who feared his wise father would think he was talking nonsense.

But his father shockingly replied, "Honestly, Zenith, I would not have allowed you to have one of my maps, but since you showed courage and there's a real reason for it, I shall let you have a map."

"Oh, thank you, father!" Zenith then said.

"You might need a fast, efficient, and strong vessel for the journey, so I'll give you some money too."

Zenith was overjoyed to hear this from his father, but he also had some new questions.

"Father," he asked again, "Why weren't you surprised about the mystical beings, and will you come with us?"

"I once met a mystical elf on my expedition of the world, but I don't have time to tell the story. I might as well go on this last journey for pleasure because it has been a long time since I was out at sea."

Both father and son examined the available ships in the market which sold every kind of vessel that could be used on the journey. The market was busy like always and it lined the wooden platforms along the beach bed. Since many passengers would be going on the ship, they bought a fairly large ship, which was called "The Mystery." This ship had four different

floors each containing rooms for the mystical beings and also a captain's quarters. The ship itself was constructed of polished light oak and it had large sailing masts with strong sails.

When both the father and son headed back to the cartographer shop, they were met by the insidious Pyrus Bourn.

"Hello, are you the so-called great William Luces?" he asked with the hope of snatching some secret information.

"Yes, my name is William Luces. Yours?" replied Zenith's father.

"Pyrus Bourn, but did I catch you buying a ship?"

"Is there a problem with that?" Zenith asked.

"Yes, I did buy a ship," William confirmed.

"Hmm, then where are you heading?" Pyrus asked.

"Does it matter?" William asked, "If you're wondering, no guests are invited."

"I was just checking. Plus, I wanted to go out to sea," Pyrus replied.

Zenith and William Luces entered the cartographer shop while Pyrus walked away. "So, they are up to something; I must follow them," Pyrus said.

While these events took place, Rowan was also having difficulty. "Why, I think it was this way. Or maybe that way?" he thought as he walked through a forest called Weeping Willows.

He was lost in the woods and that was the moment that he realized he could not find the Angeloress because the mystical beings had the power to manipulate their magical essence.

Rowan continued through the forest which seemed to cast shadows of somebody trailing behind him. There were traces of bones and dried intestines lying about from several rodents and defenseless herbivores. Rowan could smell perfectly, and he knew right away that those animals were killed by wild wolves and red foxes.

Rowan immediately quickened his pace until he arrived at a cabin which was old and homey. The windows were covered and there was no sound heard inside; he almost thought it was abandoned. He knocked at the door and waited while doing his best not to be afraid. The door was opened by a woman of great beauty and when she saw Rowan, she quickly let him in.

"What are you doing out there alone?" she asked when he was settled.

He was surprised at this question and then said, "Well I am searching for this person who could help me save lives. My name is Rowan Ager."

The woman did not state her name but continued to argue that he should not have come alone. Rowan got restless and asked, "Who are you and why did you immediately let me in?" She ignored the question. "You are a satyr, are you not?"

Rowan replied, "Yes...but why do you care?" "Wait, are you Caela Obtainia?"

"Yes, and whenever someone comes here, they are searching for help," she replied. She stood up and gave Rowan some apple slices.

"I need help finding all of the other mystical beings so that my friend and I could take them to an island uninhabited by people." He explained all the other details that do not need to be repeated.

"How should I believe that this isn't a trap to kill all the mystical beings at sea? Especially when you are trusting a human boy! But...I will help you because it's the right thing to do and because we mystical beings do not need to endure humans any longer."

"Good! Zenith is getting a ship now," Rowan replied with enthusiasm. He got up from the chair and grabbed his supplies.

"It is a pity to leave this forest which I sustained," she remarked.

A few minutes later, Rowan and Caela left the old cabin ... forever. Caela used her power to search for other mystical beings. This power gave her a vision that identified every person and what species they fall in.

Rowan and Caela met Zenith and William a few hours later at the docks. There were no humans nearby except the Luceses and it was almost dawn. All of the mystical beings were gathered at the entrance of the ship waiting for a captain to lead them.

Zenith approached Rowan and asked, "Hey, Rowan. Did you get everyone?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Okay, well, we probably need to leave as soon as possible because of the mystical beings. We cannot leave them here at the docks tonight so it's best to actually leave now," Zenith explained.

Rowan stood before all of the mystical beings and announced, "We need to leave now, but first we must elect a captain to lead us and give us orders so that we won't be confused when danger comes." The crowd cheered and then talked among themselves. "Who do you propose?"

Caela spoke out, "Since it was this human Zenith who started this journey, I think it is wise to let him lead. He does have a plan, does he not?" She stared at Zenith.

"Of course," he announced. "I have a plan that should work perfectly as soon as we get out to sea."

Then a new person spoke, "Wait, you said that it *should* work. Does that mean that this plan can fail?" The person came out of the crowd of the mystical beings; Rowan addressed him as the "Greatest Survivor." His name was Ion (pronounced I-on) Mustard and he was an ice being, but his features did not show that. He had dark skin and curly black hair, and he always wore iron armor. He even had a sword that was passed down from many deadly generations.

Zenith argued back, "No plan can be fully known to work or not."

"Ooof," Rowan whispered.

"I'll elect him. He's pretty smart," Ion said. Everyone else agreed.

"Okay, then let's get going," Zenith said as his first captain's order.

Zenith then led them into the ship which was prepared and armed for mysterious sea battles. He stationed some mystical beings to guard the cabins and others to man the ship while he, Rowan, and Caela studied the map by William Lucas. Caela also created a defensive mist around the ship that would protect it from dangerous storms and high waves.

William loved to look out at sea whenever he sailed so he stayed in a spare bedroom, in the captain's quarters, which had a balcony. He was writing another map for this particular journey. One of his greatest skills was to look at maps as written documents instead of a paper with drawings.

The boat started to sail right at dusk because that was the best chance of not getting noticed by merchants and fishermen.

Pyrus watched the Mystery sail away from the harbor before he entered his boat called, "The Red Shred." The boat contained what it was named; it had a very sharp point and it was painted dark red. He had a fairly light crew onboard journeying with him. The first two were Tom Nado and Tony Smith, his best men.

"Get my boat out to sea now so that I can take over that boat," Pyrus commanded as he entered the captain's room which had red colors everywhere just like the evil man himself.

"Tom Nado, Tony Smith, and the other crew obeyed. The boat jolted out to sea very quickly - probably faster than the fastest boat at that time.

While that was in motion, Pyrus had his plan revolving in his head. He opened a metal safe and took out a torch lighter and a custom item that he created called a Fire-Increaser which made a fire explode with heat and chemical reactions. "Perhaps this shall do to complete my plan in taking over," he mumbled to himself as he clipped the items onto his equipment belt.

Pyrus exited the room and went outside to the main deck. "How far are we from those pests?" he called to his men.

"Right behind their tail, sir," Tom replied.

By that time, it was completely dark, and the Mystery's lights were seen from far off. Pyrus then decided to make the next move. He steered the ship towards the Mystery and sailed as fast as his ship could go, which was as fast as an underwater sub deep in the depths of the sea. However, Zenith and the mystical beings did not notice the boat, so Pyrus easily sailed next to the boat.

"Me and my men, Tom Nado and Tony Smith, will go on first. Watch for my signal," explained Pyrus, who placed a plank on the edge of his boat towards the railings of the Mystery.

The boats were within five feet of each other. He silently, without a single expression of fear and worry, leaped between the two boats onto the deck of the Mystery. Everyone was in bed asleep by now, and Tom Nado and Tony Smith got across safely while making very clamorous noises.

But little did they know of the bored sentries watching over the main entrance to the captain's quarters which contained the control to the ship. Ion Mustard watched three shadows pass by and he suspected that someone had gotten on board. He called for some more men and searched for them.

Zenith walked out of the captain's quarters ready for action. He saw Ion standing in front of the weaponry, confused as if there was a mystery, so he walked up to him and said, "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

"Ahh, Captain," Ion emphasized. "You should be sleeping. We are the guards taking care of this."

"That means somethings wrong!"

"Yes, and you won't be part of it!"

"What!"

Ion drew a Katana sword and pointed it at Zenith's throat. "I never trust humans, especially one that is controlling our kinds. I want control, and this is the perfect time to do so."

Zenith was stunned at this and asked, "Why are you doing this?"

Because I can't have a human in the mainland who knows these secrets. Plus, you're not worthy. Few humans, in the history of the world, have ever led all the mystical beings," he replied.

While Ion talked, Zenith inched towards a wall with swords and bows hanging. There was even a rifle hanging upside down not far, but he could not reach that otherwise it would cause Ion to have suspicion.

"This was not according to my plan," Zenith said. He took the chance and grasped a sword by the hilt and quickly repositioned it so that he could block.

"Good move, but you can't kill me. I'm too powerful," Ion laughed. He stepped closer and his sword glowed with an aura of blue mist that felt intensely freezing.

Zenith was held back and now near the railings that led toward the sea which could be called death itself. He calculated his options that would save his life. He could fight which would be a bloody mess for him, or he could attempt to run as fast as the waves away from the Not-So-Friendly-Guy. He chose option two.

Ion laughed and slowly walked towards Zenith; he was swinging his sword back and forth against the air which created an icfield that made him hard to approach.

Zenith ran onto one side of Ion, the side of him that wasn't holding a sword. He succeeded but that did not stop Ion from being a master runner especially because he could run on the ice faster than on the ground. Ion's aura of cold literally froze the floor which was now bluish brown oak wood.

As Pyrus ran past the armory, he accidentally knocked into the backside of Ion. They both slipped and fell onto the ice but quickly got up like a lightning bolt.

Ion turned to see who this person was and then he asked, "Who are you and how did you get on board?"

"Burr...You are so cold! What are you? No humans are that cold," Pyrus exclaimed bitterly.

Pyrus adjusted himself, uncapped one of his fire-increasers, and pointed it at Ion.

Tom Nado and Tony Smith arrived panting, with other mystical beings behind them who were holding swords. Zenith turned and held his sword firmly watching this discussion.

"I am not like you, weak humans. I am an Icelorian," Ion answered. "But you, trespassers, are on my boat!"

Ion's sword morphed into the most powerful substance that exists, black ice. Then everyone stepped backward away from him except Pyrus and his minions.

"What is that supposed to do, dissolve me?" Pyrus questioned.

"I think, boss, we should be afraid," Tony whispered.

Rowan then stepped out from the guards behind Tom and Tony. "What is all this trouble, Ion, and why are you holding a black ice sword," he asked. "That same sword killed thousands."

"That...is not your business," Ion replied, smirking. "I will use this sword unless you give me control and this ship. And these humans," he pointed to Zenith, Pyrus, and Pyrus' minions, "are dangerous spies who should DIE!"

Then the land seeker yelled from the watchtower, "LAND AHEAD! LAND AHEAD!"

"Too late," Ion stated.

Ion lunged like a wild predator at Zenith while Zenith bravely withstood the attack with his sword.

Pyrus threw his fire-increaser and yelled, "Take this, brain freeze!"

The fire-increaser bounced off of Ion's back and spilled all over the ground and then started to bubble. There was smoke sizzling up into the air, and then the ground erupted into a great bright light with Ion inside. Everyone stared in awe until they saw Ion walk out of the flames.

"Nothing can stop me, not even fire," he said, swatting some smoke off his shoulders.

The flame continued to burn the ship. There was already a hole forming on the deck as the ship sailed calmly across the sea towards the island. Caela sprayed dissolving fire magic but apparently, Pyrus made it pretty much invulnerable to everything.

"Sorry, I was trying to kill him, not burn the ship," he confessed.

"Put it out," Rowan yelled, but he realized that Ion disappeared.

Pyrus ran quickly towards his ship mumbling, "I am getting off of this wretched and cursed ship." But when he arrived at the rail where his crew was waiting, he saw the ship out at sea sailing away with Ion on it. Ion then turned the Red Shred around towards the Mystery with the sharp point aiming for the hull.

"NOOO!"

Then Tom, who was behind Pyrus, asked, "Why is our ship going to ram us so that we will die?"

"It's that uhh ... whatever he calls himself, Icelorian, is commanding MY ship," Pyrus explained. "And yes, we're going to die."

The mystical beings all woke up from the commotion and clamor and came outside to see their fate. The sun was also rising from the east, shining onto the bright red spear-like ship speeding towards the Mystery.

"Sail the boat away," Rowan whimpered.

"Sorry, we can't move the ship that fast, but crashing into the island might be our only hope of survival," a guard replied.

"I shall do so then," Zenith agreed.

He ran to the captain's quarters, which was half burning, and ran up to the ship's wheel. He aimed the rudder straight so that the ship would sail towards the island and hopefully not kill anybody. While that was in motion, Zenith then went out in search of his father who loved examining ship mechanisms.

Zenith, surprisingly, found him in the lounge-room. "Father," he called, "we must be on deck because there's a fire and also there's another ship spearing our ship in half."

"Why, what happened?"

"No time to explain," Zenith said, pulling his father's arm along, which forced William to stand up and walk with his son.

The ship was now close to the shallow waters which could tear the ship's hull. Additionally, the Red Shred was now gaining speed and very close. Zenith ran to the ship's wheel again while William watched in horror of what might happen. Zenith turned the wheel to avoid a pillar of rock which peeked out of the waters nearby. He navigated the ship around the rocks and crashed into the beach, which stopped the ship instantly. "Everyone out," he yelled.

While the mystical beings were running out of the ship in fear, the Red Shred sped right into the hull of the Mystery which then created such a large impact that the fire burning on the Mystery erupted once again blowing both ships apart.

Then Rowan asked, "Did the explosion kill Ion?"

"I don't think so, Zenith replied, "He is one of the toughest mystical beings that has ever lived."

Everyone was out by then, but they lost all their belongings from the ship. Plus, they were in a strange new land. The island itself was full of life; it contained rich fruit trees and many pastures for buildings in the near future. It also had a great mountain that soared higher than the clouds.

"This place feels so mystical and powerful," Caela exclaimed. "Our presence will form a foggy mystic barrier that will be our garrison. The barrier of mist will transport humans to pass through and take them to the other side of the island; they will pass it without even knowing if there was an island in existence. I shall gather the spells and work on that."

The other mystical beings agreed. And so that day the mystical beings used their gifted powers to quickly create homes to dwell in. The mist appeared that night with power and Caela's protection.

Zenith and his father helped the mystical beings settle in and found their domain depending on their types.

After several days, Zenith and Rowan were walking together on the beach line where the Mystery had crashed.

"Thanks for helping me save the mystical beings from the mainlands. They appreciate living free now," Rowan acknowledged.

"It's no problem. Plus, I was hoping to search for an adventure," Zenith said. "Whatever did happen to Ion?"

"I don't know, but at least if he comes, he'll be too late for control. The mystical beings are prepared for anything," Rowan explained.

"Yeah, you're right. Plus, Ion could not have survived that explosion anyway," Zenith said calmly.

"Additionally, even mystical beings have limits. It's not like he'll pop up and say I'm here," Rowan laughed.

"Hopefully this island will stand for generations and generations," Zenith said.

"It will. There will always be a hero among the mystical beings who will lead them out of the hard times," Rowan stated. "By the way, you show lots of courage and kindness to help the mystical beings even if there is trouble and the risk of death."

Both of them continued to talk about things they love and how they'll live on this island.

But one particular person who still wanted to rule an island was not happy and he was Pyrus. Pyrus had easily made himself an underground lair after he ran away from the mystical beings that day of the explosion that blew up the Mystery and his ship. He had made himself a chair and desk out of wood that was not comfortable. The only ones who seemed to be content were Tony Smith and Tom Nado. They walked into Pyrus's chamber each munching on an apple.

"You know boss, this island is quite comfortable and good. It has all kinds of fruits, even this delicious apple," Tom Nado explained as he chewed the last bits of the core.

"Yeah and the good guys always win, and I lose! Why is that?" Pyrus complained.

"First of all, boss, we're not the bad guys because the real one was that Icelorian," Tony Smith corrected.

"What benefits did I get out of this?" Pyrus questioned.

"Well, this island of deliciousness," Tony replied.

"And this cool mountain," Tom added.

"Argh, you're not helpful," Pyrus complained.

"Thanks, boss, happy to help," Tom Nado and Tony Smith said as they left the room.

While Pyrus was spinning his swords, a strange shadow appeared. “Would you like to conquer the island with the orbs of power?” a voice offered.

Then Pyrus looked around confused. “Who are you?” he asked.

“I am the great...lon,” the shadow replied, still hidden.

“Why have you come to me to seek help and aren’t you supposed to be dead?”

“Dead! I never die easily and you, I see, have potential.”

“Uh-huh.”

“We can rule the island together.”

“Hmm...I guess,” Pyrus said. “Actually, I think we can work together well. Perhaps I haven’t given you my full reason that I came here, but how did you survive that explosion?”

“Because I am invincible from any form of fire—I can resist them all. Ha, ha, ha, ha,” he laughed excitedly. “Your domain awaits!” Once he said that the shadow disappeared.

And so ends that journey and the beginning of many others. The mystical beings lived happily for many years because of one boy named Zenith Luces who showed love and compassion for all people and not just his kind.

To be continued...

This was a CC (Classical Conversations) assignment for the short story English strand.