

War of the Portal

Part 1, Chapter 3 - "The Edge"

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By Alkador

The menacing heat had returned and rain poured down from the sky, roads becoming wet rather quickly. The group had been moving ahead for several days and no one dared ask if they were closer to the portal, as Recon_Rebel had told the others about his incident with DOGMA. They still fought the strange white creatures, many of them managing to run away. The city had not changed much in appearance, the ruined buildings and crushed houses still next to the road. The only difference was a slight uphill hike that made everyone feel tired than normal. BonusStage had found an abandoned grocery shop where the group stocked on food and water and other things they believed that could be necessary on their journey.

On the fifth day of travelling, they reached the edge of the city, standing upon the edge of the red cliff overlooking the landscape. Ahead of them was a scorched brown plain, few trees in sight and a small grey path that led towards a massive crevice near the horizon.

“That’s it,” Said DOGMA, pointing to the crevice. “That’s the portal.”

The crevice scarred most of the land and an eerie red light came from within. Red dots flew from within the portal, flying into the thunderous clouds and fading into the distance. Some even flew over the heads of the group, towards the direction of the city and beyond. DOGMA gasped as one of the red dots flew towards them. The group took a step back as the red ball smashed the edge of the cliff itself, causing dry red clay to blast in all directions, giving way to a huge white creature, with a trident in hand.

“How many of these are there?” Growled Qwoxyl, raising his bat, ready to attack the moaning creature.

“Stop!” Said a voice behind them. The group turned their heads behind them as they noticed two men, one wearing blue clothes, holding a numchuck that stopped before the ground. The one who had spoken held the same baseball bat that Qwoxyl was ready to use.

“Give us a reason why we shouldn’t attack it?” Asked RedCircle.

“Because,” Said the man with the bat. “We have to protect it.”

“Protect it?” Blurted Recon_Rebel. “What do you mean?”

“The portal does not just release man hungry monsters,” Said the man with the bat. “It also releases creatures that are worthy of surviving.”

XwaynecoltX walked to the creature slowly, staring into its eye. Images burst into his mind; a man and the adventures he had taken to a mountain to retrieve a legendary artefact.

“((IMPRESSIVE)),” Said the man, gently patting it on the head, causing the creature to purr.

“This one has been cleverly done. It’s creative and it has a nice style added to it.”

The others moved closer towards it, staring into its eye and patting it gently. The creature sang a high pitched note while taking a step back.

“Don’t walk back, or you’ll fa—“ RedCircle gasped as the creature slipped, falling off the edge, screaming with a roar that could be heard for miles.

RedCircle turned around, shaking his head, as he felt sadness envelop him.

“It’s gone,” Said Drimarki. “And that was a friendly one too!”

Everyone ducked as a shadow flew overhead. They all stared up to see what it was, wondering what the next threat could be. A white creature with two white wings on its back and golden halo on head flew overhead as it let out a cry that would make any man happy. It flew towards the raining skies as it vanished into the heavens.

“We saved it!” Cheered the man with the bat. “I’m sorry, but I haven’t introduced myself. I am Slightly_Crazy_Dude and this man next to me is FIGMENTUM.” He walked towards Recon_Rebel. “Is that alcohol I smell on you?”

“Lolwut.” said FIGMENTUM.

“Did you say Alkador?” Asked Inuzuka-Kiba. “I know where he lives. Slightly, Recon always carries alcohol with him wherever he goes. In fact, he drinks it all the time and he...”

The others had introduced themselves and Recon_Rebel shared some of his newly found drink with Slightly_Crazy_Dude by the time Inuzuka-Kiba had finished talking. They ventured down the ledge carefully and made their way onwards to the crevice in the horizon.