

War of the Portal

Part 1, Chapter 7 - "Answers"

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By Alkador

Special thanks to RedCircle

The group had reached the edge of the portal edge, overlooking the huge ray of red light that came from the centre of a grey building. There seemed to be no life coming from in the building, no sign of lights in the interior. There was an eerie noise that hummed from the source of light and no one had noticed that no submissions had come out of the small hole. They decided that it was time to descend.

"So this is it? This is the portal?" Asked Recon_Rebel, who had little of his beverage left. He sighed as he slipped his last drink on his journey to the bottom.

"Yes, this is the portal. A small building where the guards monitor the flow of submissions." Replied ramagi.

"And who are these guards?" Wondered Qwoxyl, who had noticed that he was the one who seemed to be asking questions.

"There *were* about forty of them," Responded Slightly_Crazy_Dude. He spoke again after an eerie cloud of silence. "They were the 'moderators' of the portal, the ones who ensure that the portal is safe and kept whole."

"Moderators," Thought XwaynecoltX. "So the rumours are true?"

"Yes," Muttered FIGMENTUM, who seemed to make sure that he did not slip on the rocky edge of the crevice. "Most of them are probably dead too. I only knew Gfxcook, who was a friendly man. He talked a lot though, but that's him I guess."

"And Dobio," Added DOGMA, who adjusted the black silken hood, stainless since the beginning of their journey. "He was a great man."

"What's the Power?" Inuzuka-Kiba interrupted, ignorant of current discussion.

"The power is no toy." Enforced YoinK_VineS. "It is a matter that is not simple to explain. The Power is like a form of control, a control of the energy that resides in the portal. The portal itself, is an 'inner-world', where submissions roam. Not much is known about what's under there, or how submissions are born, but we do know that a large amount of energy resides there. The Power uses this energy to create a flow of power, powers that seem supernatural. But in order to use this power, you need to know the language that was used in ancient times. What ramagi and I said was a simple technique. 'Combine our powers. Double blast.'. DOGMA, you attempted a protection spell, but you were lacking two requirements."

DOGMA looked back at YoinK_VineS, now drawn into the talk. "And was what that?"

"First. You need one of the few gems that ramagi and I have. And the second is to know the ancient language. DOGMA, you used the old English language, and you cannot use that to any advantage."

"I see..." Said RedCircle. "This is all so interesting. But I still don't understand anything about this 'virus' and the increase of submissions. What is that about?"

"Simple," Commented ramagi. "It seems that one or even a group of the moderators produced a virus powerful enough to create a release of submissions into this world. Something that would

make them stronger. But who?"

"I guess we will find out more when we enter that building." Smiled Drimarki, who seemed confident.

On the other side of the crevice, a hooded figure watched the group reached the bottom of the crevice, hearing every word that they had said. It seemed that they were not alone.