

A Chilly Frosty Breeze

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An unusual vibration sounded throughout the household with a press of a button. A doorbell rang with the sound of an owl's hoot caught the attention of the dweller of this residence. For this dweller was not a man who wrote checks and drove cars for each gnawing day. The man who lived in this humble abode was none other than a wizard. To be more specific, an apprentice named Balbo.

It was here that such a journey would begin for this fellow magic user. At this fellow's doorstep, rested a box with a somewhat fancy design.

"Huh...I wonder what's in it."

The wizard looked around his home atop a hill surrounded by a forest. His orange tabby cat stepped past his legs with a meow rolling off its tongue. Balbo looked down at his cat and petted his head.

"Samora...I'm not too sure what's in here, but I think there might be something magical in here. It's definitely not an average package, that's for sure."

Balbo took the box inside and discovered that the contents of this box was a mysterious orb. The orb was like a white gas ball with a hard shell through the fog. It took some time to figure out what this orb was, but in time, Balbo would find out. Balbo discovered that the orb held an invitation that could only be unlocked by mages with a certain skillset.

"This is an invitation to an arena fight. 'For those who wish to prove themselves worthy enough to call themselves honorable, powerful, and glorious mages who hold arcane beyond arcane, you will come to this arena to prove yourself as a true wielder of the arcane. Be here by the time the sun is at its peak and you will receive riches and blessings should you prove victorious.'", Balbo put down the scroll on his table and glanced at his cat.

"Guess that means I'll be heading out. Maybe we can get you some of that good cat food."

His cat responded with a meow with charm. Balbo gave his cat some food in a wooden bowl, gathered his book and wand, locked his door and went out. It was only a matter of time before he would find himself in the arena.

While the wizard spent his time making his way to the arena, he took a moment to ponder to himself; he even spoke to himself.

"Someone wanted me to fight in this arena...but who? I'm not really that great, but this could definitely sharpen my skills.", a moment of silence stepped past him. "Maybe this is where I can prove myself to my father. He always thought that I should be a warrior and that sorcery was just for parlor tricks, but I'll show him."

These thoughts that lingered in his mind left him empowered. To prove himself worthy to his father. This could break the chains that have left Balbo bothered for so long. One battle was all he needed to prove his father. One battle was probably the only battle he could win.

Balbo reached the arena that towered him in height and left a spike of fear in his throat. To him, the arena looked grand, taunting him for how petty he was. It seemed like that he was nothing more than a bug in the arena. Though this day, he would prove himself. Many other mages were gathered to the arena and were seated. At the far end of the arena was a throne with a giant wind man? Calling this being a man wouldn't be enough. Instead of legs, the man had winds whirling underneath his torso. His legs looked like an upside-down tornado that grew smaller as it reached the bottom of his torso. One half of his body was just wind while the upper half was human. He had a small clump of hair on top of his head with a gold clip holding it up. His size nearly took at least one-fourth of the seats, let alone his throne. He had plenty of riches surrounding him that weren't picked up by his gusts. The wind lord began to speak with a powerful and boisterous voice.

"Mortals! Welcome to the arena of the arcania! I have gathered every single mortal I could find to amuse myself. I have heard that you mortals wield magic greater than any other being could ever imagine. Hah! It is here that we shall see which one of you is weak, and which one of you is a mere god, such as me! For if you prove your worth to me, I will grant you the blessing of the wind lord! As you walk this plane of existence, you shall walk with the wind at your command!", the wind lord reached down to grab a pile of some of his riches that spilled onto the arena's ground as he picked them up. At least a large pile of gold coins and other riches were in his palm.

"And if that may not be enough, then I shall give you some of my riches!" the wind lord took a moment to eye at the seats around him, empty, but a few feet away were some mages and simple bystanders who were eyeing his riches. A glare burned on his face.

"If you dare steal from the wind lord, you shall all pay! Your heads will be sliced off by the sharp winds of Ak'alkir! Now...it is about time that you prove yourself before I lose my patience, now go! All of you shall fight at once!"

Suddenly, a powerful gust of wind blew down everyone into the arena. Mages and non-mages alike were thrown into the arena. Some mages starting throwing magic bolts at others and from there, the battles began. Screams of magic incantations were thrown around the arena. Fireballs and frost bolts whizzed past Balbo. The arena went from a simple dirty ground to a mystic warzone. Fire in the form of dragons flew up into the sky and blew up part of the arena. Lighting bolts crashing down from the sky down into the arena. Dark shadowy smog drained the life from others. It was true chaos, and the wind lord seemed pleased.

Balbo was left at the edge of the arena, watching almost everyone fight and fear drowned his heart. Though he realized that he only had one shot at winning this fight. He had to cast a spell he had never cast before. Balbo quickly pulled out his book, flipping through the pages frantically with time against his throat. And there it was, Mor'torvus, Blizzard Nova.

He skipped to the cast page and carefully muttered the incantation.

"Ilva ka talvo, maleatavas, Hera ver toul!"

For a moment, nothing happened. The battle still raged and was just about to rage upon Balbo. One of the mages noticed that Balbo was attempting to cast such a spell. The mage started yelling and throwing what appeared to be poison bolts. Balbo dodged the bolts and realized he had more to say. His heart was wildly thumping in the heat of battle as he danced on the edge of defeat.

"Teraas valt tearo, morphin'tol ker va las!"

A frosty aura began to surround him as he kept on talking and another mage started focusing him down with a beam of flame. Balbo was still hot on his feet and still casting the spell.

"Pil tailos vun tamash ick van tero!"

It was with his last breath that he was finally able to cast the spell. A nova of ice expelled from his body and blasted throughout the arena. Everyone within the battle zone was frozen into a block of ice. Frost glittered the sky and watered the ground. Though Balbo was left knocked out. The wind lord glanced down at the boy and snickered.

"It seems that mortals do hold a power. A power that I may find useful. Though this boy will need healing, he may be of use to me. I hope that I can...save him before his soul leaves this realm,"

the wind lord picked up Balbo with his giant hand and flew off into the distance. His gold around his throne began to disappear and the arena was silent. No one knew where Balbo had gone, but they knew that they had wasted their time.