Memoir

Ever since I can remember I would chop the air outside with my broken plastic sword in nothing but my board shorts while making silly noises. However, in my eyes I was in a war torn world of wonder and magic. I pictured Demon Hordes have leaking into our world, consuming everything in their sight. Only my kingdom remains and I must do everything to protect my people.

“Your highness, word has been sent that a demonic rift has opened in the Highlands. Demons are pouring out and are heading directly towards us. They will be here by dusk and this seems to be the bulk of the Horde!” My advisor exclaims.

I reply, “Ready all available knights, tonight we fight for the fate of the world.”

“Excuse my lord, but is this wise? Should we not flee?” My advisor is trembling, terrified of what the demons will do.

“We have nowhere to flee to. Our only choice is to charge through the fire.” I state grimly.

And with that my advisor scurries to the barracks and I head to the armoury.

Squires and smiths wait for me with my armaments ready. They suit me up in my plate mail and hand me my blade; both worn down by battle. After I am armed and armoured I proceed to the barracks. The last of my knights stand before me, waiting for their next command.

“Men, we stand at the edge of destruction. We are the last line of defence against these vile creatures. We will save our world, or die trying!”

The knights burst into cheer, their swords raised. We all march into the city and evacuate the common folk into the catacombs. Then we wait and pray.
The setting of the sun marks the arrival of the Demon Horde. A sea of darkness swarms around the city walls. They clamber over each other making a mound of bodies which eventually makes it to the top of the walls. They quickly overwhelm the archers atop the watchtowers and descend upon the other knights. I rush towards my brethren swinging wildly at the foul creatures. One of my swings finds its way into the pitch black body of a Demon; it lets out a guttural howl before dissipating. All of a sudden I find myself surrendered with my back towards a handful knights. We stand valiantly against the dark tide as the demons fling themselves at us in a desperate attempt to break our defence. I quickly begin to tire, my strikes becoming sluggish and the wall of knights begins to crumple. The demons bury us in their mass and lash out with their piercing claws. As my vision darkens I feel a sudden burst of energy. “The angels have not forsaken you!” Booms a heavenly voice as my body erupts with light. The demons closest to me are covered in a white flame while the rest cower from me. I feel myself rise into the air with my newly acquired golden wings. My blade is coated in the same white fire but it does not burn. Instead when I swing it, it realises a bolt of pure holy power.

A combination of black smoke and blinding light fills the air as the Demon Horde falls before me. However, the smoke solidifies into a hulking creature. It throws one of its huge arms at me as I charge another bolt of energy. Just before the two collide I hear, “Christien!” In that instant everything fades to reveal a peaceful green yard. The birds chirp and a lizard spectates me from a distance. I can hear an echo of my voice mimicking an explosion. I am back in the simple little life of Christien Vestergaard, no longer battling a demon horde. “Dinners ready!” My mother calls out. I reply, “Coming!” I stride towards my house and slide open the back door. The battle will continue tomorrow.