

Once thy conclusion ensues

In a not conceivable reality, a levitating human figure, carrying clocks of different sizes and shapes, lifted his hand and in a dexterous movement shook the stars and rearranged them in a bizarre but delicate way, carving in that bland sky the following poem: "Ferocious, as it stands, frightened, for all truth it grips, precious, for meaning it pursues, arise, once thy conclusion ensues." The figure vanished.

In the city of Ecaps, people gather in the streets to mourn the death of their beloved warrior king Emit, known for both his divine benevolence and godlike bow skills. It's said that the city of Ecaps was assembled in the territory of a once mystical forest overflowing with magical creatures, and Emit, a hunter, using only his wooden bow and arrow, defeated every single one of them, without missing a single shot. As he killed the beasts, their knowledge and power were passed down to him. When all creatures were finally dead, Emit used his newfound powers to build the walls of the city of Ecaps, generated 100 humans to live within those walls, and serve him as their king. As the city got bigger and more populated, foreign armies tried to invade Ecaps, but Emit would climb to the top of the city's tallest watchtower and with a single blow from the same wooden bow and arrow, he would defeat entire legions and guarantee the safety of his people without needing them to fight. However, even this powerful being rested in mortality.

Emit was sitting in his throne, alone in his castle, imposing and majestic, his long dark hair, dark as the night, covered the entire floor. He was using his powers to observe the people of Ecaps through his mind, as he always had done, when he noticed Ecneics, a very pale and bald genius boy that causes a lot of trouble in the city because of his crazy thoughts. He was writing symbols on the city's walls while talking to himself in a weird language. Out of nowhere, Ecneics starts to look around anxiously as he writes the symbols faster and faster, his legs shake so much and his hand moves so fast that they look like they're going to detach from his weak body. Suddenly, he stops, he's petrified, the rock he was using to write falls off his hand, as well as tears from his eyes. Emit changes the angle in which he was observing Ecneics so that he could see what the boy just wrote, but he's shocked when Ecneics stares back at him, following his eyes. The boy then makes way for the king to see what he just wrote, still trembling. The king reads out loud: "Time is dead, and I have killed him." He stays quiet for a moment, and then feels a sharp pain in his chest and sees his soul leave his body, as he falls dead on the floor. Ecneics sees this happen through the king's mind and rushes to the throne room since the gate to the main castle is always open. He finds the king's cold and lifeless body, and carries it outside on his shoulders.

When Ecneics sets foot outdoors, he finds the city's entire population outside, crying, but with no face features, making way to the city's main gates. The sky is also unreal, it's purple and full of giant glowing eyes. The boy, with Emit on his shoulders, starts walking towards the gates as they start to shine in an intense white light, the closer he gets, the brighter they shine, to the point that he gets blinded by them. He falls to the ground, tired and astray. Yet, Evol, a beautiful red-haired girl, blind since birth, takes Ecneics' hand and guides him to the city's gates. The boy reaches his destination, and swiftly feels Emit's body being withdrawn from his shoulders and hears an eerie voice say: "Now arise, Time." A big clock appears in the sky and everyone stares at it, even the blind kids, feeling its presence. The clock's pointers

don't move. Evol then says: "So, you discovered why his name is Emit?" Ecneics responds: "Yes, I was amazed when I realized it." They hold each other tightly and the surreal clock makes a loud mechanical sound, its pointers start rotating rapidly in reverse, and reality's time flow is reverted. Everyone sees their lives in reverse, even the dead.

In a white room, there's a human figure removing clocks of different shapes and sizes from its hollow body, and then, it speaks using the same eerie voice: "Grant thee mercy, Time, my son, for thee've served me well." The figure then opens a book with the same symbols Ecneics used to write, and devours it.

By Pedro Fidalgo 10º 1A, 21-22