

MAGE! SAGE! Shuudan

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I'm working on a manga version with a different plot and storyline with a different name. Its about a kid called Masashi and a group of rebels who want to destroy the Light Core.

1. Empty

Masashi lay in his bed dreaming. His only wish was to join the Shuudan, a group of rebels who wanted nothing more than to destroy the Light Core. Masashi snarled as he thought of the evil organization. They had killed all rulers, daimyo's(lords) and the very Government itself to dominate their world. Tears rolled down his face and he clenched his pillow until a terrible pang of pain started. His father had once been a commander in the Shuudan...but he had come face to face with..... The head man behind Light Core. Tears stained his pillow and he moaned with anger. The boy just couldn't understand why his mother forbid him from joining the Shuudan. He was a maga and was over 14. A mage is a powerful magic user who utilizes powerful skills. Masashi could clearly remember that time 5 years ago. A tired and pale man rapped on their door and whispered to his mother. Masashi knew. At that moment, he had felt an empty hole open inside him that would never be filled again. The murder of his dad.

"Its time I finished those fucking bastards who did that", Masashi spluttered. It was dark.

A full moon illuminated the small town. Masashi shuffled to his drawers and donned his armour plates on his legs and slipped his gauntlets over his hands. Running his hand through his mane of black hair, he sighed. You found out interesting things in newspapers. The Shuudan had set up a temporary head quarters in Masashi's town.

"Sorry mother..... but..... ", the teenager trailed off as he trudged out of his house and to the dark and forboding woods. Determination bubbled up in the pit of his stomach. His eyes flashed and he grinned as he thought of killing his father's murderer. Picking up speed, his gauntlets reflected the beaming moon light.

As the tree leaf canopy over shadowed the brightness, Masashi suddenly felt scared. A soft glow could be seen emitting from a small cove. Masashi gaped and sped there immediately.

TO BE CONTINUED...

2. Realization!

Masashi cautiously drew nearer and got into a battle position. This could easily be a trap. The glow hardened and voices could be heard penetrating the thick veil of silence. One was cold and sharp.

"It doesn't matter what we do. We have already lost 5 more of our fighters to those bastards at that core!" the voice yelled. Scraping of wood could be heard but then another voice masked the sound with its deepness.

"The Core of Light now have entities at their disposal. I fought one yesterday. He almost drove a nail of ice through me", the voice murmured. The voice was shaking with sorrow. The group fell silent. Another cold voice laughed as if it were covering its sadness.

"You have no idea.... I was once involved with... the Core... One imprisoned a reincarnation of energy inside me... Therefore I too am an entity", the voice snapped.

Masashi screwed up his face. What was an entity. Masashi stopped trying to work it out as the cold voice continued. "I was practically torturing myself... Until I found out how to drive its personality out of my conscience and imprison it outside of my thoughts. If you cannot do this, the entity will consume your personality and make you entirely its own. In times of stress or emotion though... It is hard to maintain those bounds and it will take over. It is possible to co exist with the entity though but only if it complies. Its like hell in your head", he finished. Silence.

Masashi gaped. He clapped his hands. An entity must be a demonic soul or reincarnation of an element. The same icy voice whispered, "Some one is out there...".

The teenager froze but some force pulled him inside the cove.

Darkness but then his eyes flickered open. The Shudan members stared down at him suspiciously. He suddenly felt very small and powerless. A dark haired man nodded and said, "What shall we do with him Yoshihiro?"

Yoshihiro was the one with the entity.

Yoshihiro's eyes seemed to gradually change purple. He began to sweat and then he choked out, "Urgh..... He is our old commander's son.....". Masashi's eyes widened, wondering whether to talk or not.

"But I don't know whether he will be as strong as his dad. He looks WEAK..... PATHETIC! His skills will be mediocre".

Masashi felt rage building up and Yoshihiro's words cut into him.

"We need fighters who will serve us well and possibly destroy the Light Core. I doubt he can manage it!"

Every word caused little explosions of anger in him. This was his dream and someone was already putting him out until the rage overflowed.

"GRRRR..... SHUT THE FRACK UP! THIS IS MY DREAM! MY DAD WAS GREAT AND I BET I CAN TOPPLE THE CORE RIGHT OVER. IF I DO I CAN SHOW EVERYONE....."

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE AN ENTITY! YOU HAVE NO CLUE ABOUT PAIN.... SUFFERING..... AN EMPTY HOLE.... WOUNDS INSIDE!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Masashi roared. The angry boy's grief seemed to be giving him strength. The searing pain was still flowing through his body and the words were still running around in his mind.

Yoshihiro's face went dark and he flashed sharp teeth. His eyes were enveloped in purple and his hair grew out.

The power of the entity was bleeding through his wall of loneliness.