

Genre: Drama/Suspense

Setting: Library

Object: Ring

## *The Battle Of The Rings*

By: Marc Valencia

I don't know how I got here. I am in a game not of my own, a pawn. I was dragged into this mess from whoever gave me this darn ring. I guess I'll just tell you how it all happened.

It's funny how one thing can change your entire life, but I didn't expect it to be a ring, and especially not in a library.

I woke up in the morning, not even noticing the ring on my finger. When I did notice it, I was already in the library reading one of my Swordsman books (the book taught different sword techniques and also informed about different types of swords). I thought it was one of my brother's pranks, like the time he sharpied my face to have whiskers when I was asleep.

When I did notice it, I was shocked.

It was gold. Not like painted gold, but like, real gold. It had a pearl in the middle of it, but it was strange. It was like something was moving inside of it. It was blurry, but I could make out what it was. It was a silver rod, wait, hold on. It was a rapier from the Swordsman book I was reading! It had a cyan handle with gold guards. The rapier itself was thin, yet elegant.

The handle was plated with green emeralds, sparkling brightly like pure royalty.

“This can’t be a coincidence. Someone is behind this,” I thought to myself. I asked to go to the restroom to think about what this ring was.

When I got there I thought, “What if my brother did this? If it was not him, then who was it?”

Then, I heard a voice, a loud booming voice, “You must defeat him. You are the only one that can. Go my child. Go!”

I looked around, desperately trying to see who said it. I looked at my ring. I noticed it was vibrating. Like it was sensing something.

Suddenly, in a flash of light, I was teleported back to the library. It was a weird sensation, like being twisted and turned in every body part, in every angle.

When I opened my eyes, I noticed I was holding something. It was the rapier on my ring! I instantly dropped it though because the weight of it was too much to handle.

Something told me that I had to prove myself. To prove that I was worthy of the sword. I picked it up. I felt 10 times as strong, and 10 times faster. Power was flowing through my veins.

“You are ready,” the voice said.

A figure of black, pure darkness was in front of me.

“Prepare to be demolished, boy. The Holy Readers will fall and so will you.” He charged at me, and I charged at him. I

thrusted my rapier forward, he blasted a beam of darkness at me.

Now, I lay here, forced into The Battle of The Rings.