

PROMPT #2: You've been raised all your life to fulfill a prophecy, only for the seer to realize they were mistaken — you have no great destiny after all. What do you do now?

## When the Light Fades

by **Destanye Puckett**

**M**ost of my life I was the chosen one. Most of my life I was loved by many and praised.

I live in a world with magic. There are lightbringers who practice light magic and stormriders who practice dark magic. The most rare of them all is a chosen one with great power who comes every couple hundred years. Lightbringers are loved by everyone, and they are good. Stormriders are evil; they commit horrible acts and they are feared. I'm a chosen one, or at least that's what I have always been told. My twin sister doesn't have any powers of her own, but she is very supportive. She would practice with me to get better at my powers. One day, I was practicing blasting glass bottles with my light, and I missed and broke a window. We looked at each other and laughed. We are close and go everywhere together. She was with me the day I found out I was the chosen one.

The day I found out I was a chosen one. My sister and I were fighting all week because she asked our mom to teach her how to ride a bike. This upset me because I wanted to ask, and she didn't even want to learn how to ride a bike. We were always fighting for her attention. However, my sister would purposefully make sure she was always the center of attention. I remember being super mad at her that week, but there is an important detail of that week missing. Also, this was the week I discovered I was a lightbringer. Soon, the day came, and my mom took my sister and me to see a seer. Seers are common because they provide insight, and in a world of magic, everyone wants to know a little of their future. The seer performed a test on me, and the results were like no other. The test consists of a magical crystal that is one of a kind. The crystal sends a bright streak into the air when it encounters the powers of a chosen one. Historically, the crystal has not encountered many chosen ones, but when it did, the whole world would hear about it.

I spent the next nine years of my life training. When I turn eighteen, I'm expected to reach the full potential of my powers. I have been on many trials, and I put in a lot of work to get here. I can blast beams of light, create shields of light, bend it, and heal others. There is so much more to accomplish after I turn 18. I will be tasked with banishing the source of dark magic. Dark magic is bringing poverty, famine, disease, and all kinds of bad things to the world.

But lately, my powers have been strange. It's like the closer I get to eighteen, the weaker I get. They are drifting from me, but I'm too scared to tell anyone. I want to be the chosen one. I want to be special. Is it bad that I love the attention? Am I a corrupted chosen one? The thoughts I'm having could be a test. I need to push the bad thoughts away, but they don't seem to leave me.

My family found out about my powers, and they are panicking. My sister has tried to comfort me, but being next to her only seems to make it worse. I had an argument with her because I needed space, and she doesn't seem to give me much lately. She held my hand, and it began to glow. Not my hand, hers. Her hand began to glow! I looked at her shocked as I snatched my hand from hers. She doesn't have light powers; I do.

My sister said, "My hand is glowing! My hand is glowing!" as she laughed.

I couldn't... I couldn't. Wait. I remembered. A memory I had buried for years. Nine years ago, I was with my sister, and we were arguing. Something strange happened; my sister threw light from her hand, but she almost hit me. We were both shocked, but I was angry, and I don't know what I did or how I did it. I stole her light. I grabbed her, and we struggled, and it was like I absorbed her light and it became my own. I remember being so angry and then silence. I had pushed that moment down until now. My sister is the lightbringer and the chosen one.

I felt nothing but anger at that moment. I'm the special one, not her. Me! I looked at her in silence, and she calmed down because she could see the anger on my face. She asked me what was wrong and if I was happy for her. I said no, and she didn't seem to understand why. I wanted to hurt her. Why? She is my twin sister; how could I think of something like that?

"Your eyes! They are red!" my sister said to me.

I ignored her words, and I struck her. It was instinct to use my powers, but I had no light. I struck her with dark magic. I stole her light using dark magic. I hesitated before I struck my sister again until she was down. I couldn't believe the power I had, and all my life I had been pushing down the bad, but now I could let it out. Why do I have so much anger towards my sister? Do I not love her? Afterwards, I heard a door open, and it was our mother. She saw my sister on the floor and ran to her. She asked me what I had done as she looked at me as if I were a monster. I tried to speak, but I couldn't control the darkness.

My mom screamed for help, which angered me. I have so much anger, and I can't seem to control it. My mom shook my sister to wake up, and she was able to get her to. My sister and mother looked so afraid of me. Fear only seemed to fuel me. Fear feels like anything I've never felt before. I felt like I had been trapped in a cage my whole life, and now I'm free. I used my magic like I would have used my sisters, and darkness surrounded us. I blew the house apart with wood, brick, anything apart from my home broke apart and flew all around us. A crowd gathered around the dark magic. No one had ever seen anything like it. I had never felt so amazing.

The next thing I felt was my sister. She was fighting me with her light. She was trying to banish my darkness, so I dropped everything and cleared it away. I looked at my sister with guilt from hurting her and taking from her. Most of my life I resented her, but I began to love my time with her. Maybe that's because I was finally getting more attention than her. I feel like there is an evil coming from inside me that I have buried for all these years.

With darkness rushing through my veins. The crowd was frozen and whispering about what was happening. I stood about eight feet apart from my sister, and the scene itself felt just as frozen. Seeing my sister stand across from me reminded me of everything I could have had.

"I don't want to fight you," she said softly, her voice breaking. "You're my twin sister."

But I didn't know who I was anymore. I wasn't myself, or was I? The darkness inside me was growing and demanding. It wasn't satisfied after being locked away for so long, and it wanted destruction. It wanted her. I looked at her one last time, the sister who had loved me and supported me. Then I raised my hand, and the darkness surged forward. This wasn't about sisters; this was about a fight between light and darkness, and only one could win.

Most of my life I was the chosen one. Most of my life I was loved by many and praised. Now I will be feared by everyone.