

JAMES ESPARZA PRESENTS

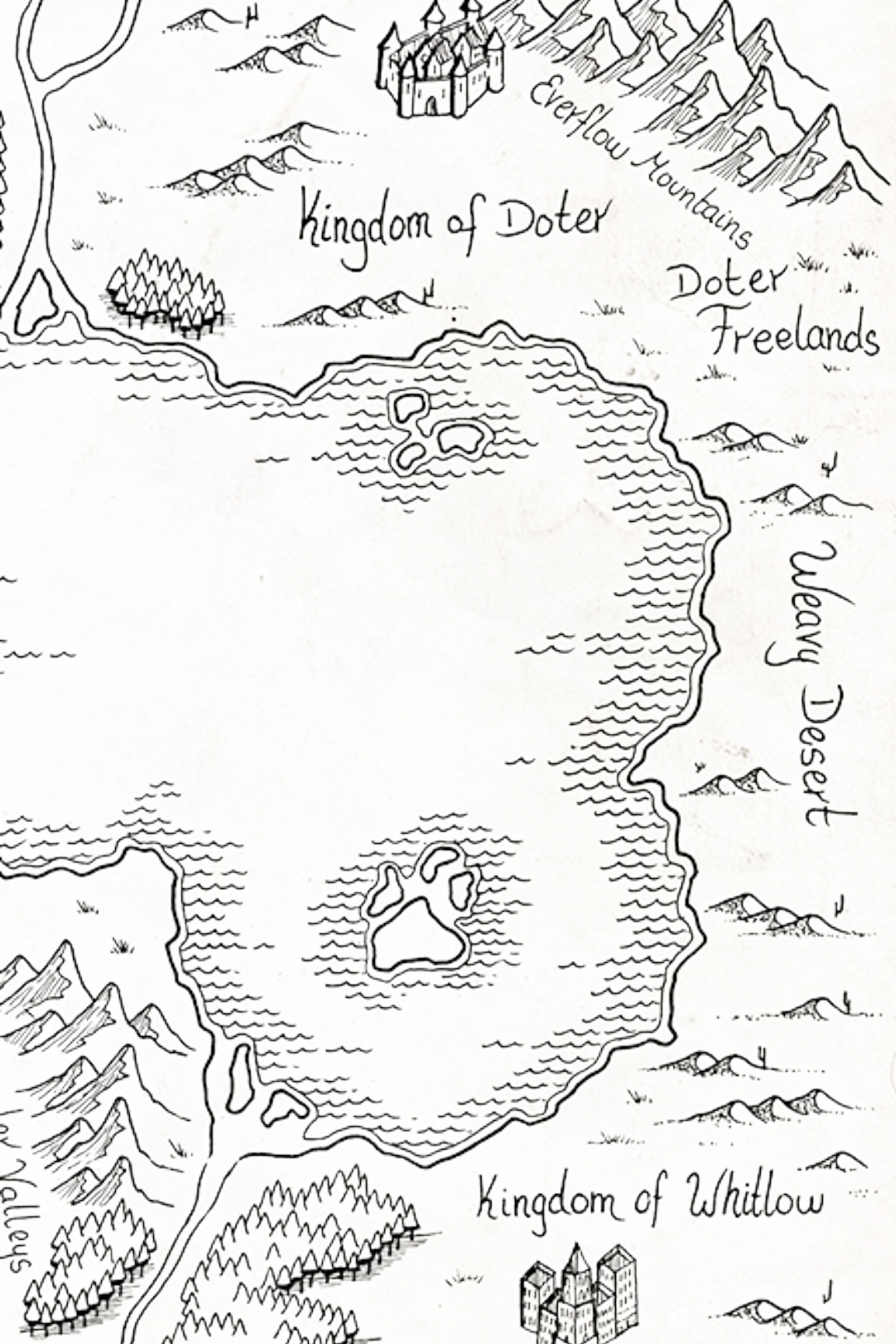
**WORLD
WITHOUT
END**



THE ROOSTERS CROW

A SHORT STORY

Dedicated to The Iron Age



Kingdom of Doter

Everflow Mountains

Doter
Freelands

Weary
Desert

Kingdom of Whitlow

Valleys

Welcome to the Kingdom of Doter, a land of opulence and ancient beauty. Nestled in the heart of the scorching desert known as Sangre, the capital city stands tall and proud at the base of a mighty volcano. The Nobles and Knights of the city flock to Castle Phoenix, a fortress of ancient and mysterious materials that stands tall atop the fiery mountain. The Castle's walls provide a safeguard against the darkness that lurks beyond the kingdom's borders, a never-ending threat of monstrous creatures that seek to bring destruction to all lands of light.



FERNANDO THE FIRST

A WORLD WITHOUT END SHORT STORY

The lands of light are but a single blot of light being illuminated within an endless plain of absolute darkness. This light comes from the rays that reach down from the mysterious and veiled places beyond the abyss. These lands are surrounded by complete darkness on all sides. Those that live within the light call this darkness the Abyss. A mighty force of evil has struck against the kingdoms of light. The Kingdom of Doter prepares for a great victory, or their final stand.

Having not enough soldiers to face the daunting force to come, the King of Doter, he who was chosen by the mythical creature all true Doter know to exist and bow down to, the mighty Phoenix, call's for aid. With their pride stepped upon, those mighty warriors of Doter sent out a message to all those willing to fight. All who were called answered.



THE ROOSTERS CROW

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A SHORT STORY

Fernando felt the blood running down his face. His helmet had received such a severe blow it flew right off his head, and now he lay down on that cold ground. The sound of the raging battle around him nearly petrified the wounded warrior. A hand from the world above reached down and pulled Fernando away from the chaos.

He rested against a wall as he was settled. He felt his nearly blinded face being cleaned, all while the sound of battle continued to rage behind him.

"What..." His dry voice mustered aloud.

"Stay still!"

His brow folded at the sound of Marcy's voice.

"Marcy."

"Stay still..."

She cleaned him up as best she could with what she had.

Can you see?"

"Kind of."

"Good enough, we're routed. The Roosters are gathering near the-"

"What?! No we are not. We're Roosters, damn it!"

He tried to push her off with his one good arm, but the freakishly strong woman easily held him down.

"I can't stand you, stupid kids. You're not warriors, you're a bunch of barely trained orphans at best."

"Don't you dare call me that..."

She slightly loosened her grip on the boy.

"Ferny, we need to leave... now. While there's still a chance."

"You don't get it, do you?"

A thin stream of blood flowed down his head and into his unblinking eye. The two stared at each other, the battle all went silent. Marcy looked away as she released the young warrior.

"Why?"

He rose to his feet and took in a deep breath, pulled out the small, hollow wooden figure of a rooster from his pocket. He blew into it and it released the sound of a rooster, the one she had heard a thousand times before.

"Because Marcy... Roosters don't flee."

She looked around at the many orphan boys who she had just ordered to retreat, gathered around Fernando the First. Fernando looked towards the front line that was roughly

100 yards away. He gave Marcy a glance, not knowing how far she had to take him, before his eyes returned to the front line.

Warriors from around the lands of light skirmished in a growing chaos, as the abyss slowly approached the light. A great fear filled the boy, one he did his best to yell away.

"Roosters!"

Fernando lifted his blade into the air, the blade his father Rutger had given him. The shine from the remaining light glimmered off the blade and blinded Fernando for a moment. His mind raced back to his earliest days as the first and only Rooster who trained at the feet of an old blind man. Now, the Roosters were a legion of orphans who were called upon by the King of Doter himself to defend the lands of light.

Little did he know that from afar, the very King who looked upon the battlefield looked upon those gathering Roosters. Well-trained warriors from noble houses and feared armies from across these lands of light were retreating, or barely holding on. There, only one leader from all these armies gathered his legion and prepared for an assault. It was those poor orphans from the far East, those who lived their lives playing soldier.

A single tear escaped the stone like King's face. that day as a stain of shame fell upon his royal heart. He saw Fernando the First look towards the ongoing battle and rage forward like only a warrior could. His fellow orphans all let out that ridiculous crow, screaming with fear they charged forward, following their chosen leader. Fernando let out the loudest crow he could as he saw abominations from across the abyss enter the light to face man. Tears filled the wounded warrior's eyes as his mind raced back to the brave words that Rutger had once spoken, the words that had saved his life and now gave him strength.

"If you have a passion to live, there is no surrender."

Their blades clashed with creatures of the dark that day. Children with the hearts of warriors fell to strange weapons of steel and biology. The Roosters did their best to hold a line as soldiers from other legions seemed to retreat en masse, seeing these foolish Roosters provide enough defense to give them their window of opportunity. At the sight of this, the King's fists clenched.

"They're just boys..."

His sister Rosa, who stood by his side, felt an utterance in the fire that burned within all those born of the royal bloodline.

"My brother?"

He did not answer as her eyes turned and glanced at those young warriors. That is when she knew what he was thinking.

"You cannot give them the blessing, they are not of true Doter decent. They are not of our tribe, brother."

In that raging chaos, all seemed to go quiet as his eyes met hers.

"I spoke to their young, foolish warrior of a leader, as I did all those who chose to stand beside us this day. Like a true Doter, they have a passion for life... they will not surrender."

His eye burned with the calming fire of the Blessed Phoenix, who bestowed the authority of his power on this King.

"There is a new Doter born today." He raised his armored fist towards them.

In the midst of the battle, young Fernando saw many of his fellow Roosters gored under the ferocious creatures that met their shields. He used their deaths to strengthen his resolve, for every Rooster that fell, he only wished to fall in combat, with twice as many having met his blade before the end. Though that time had seemingly come.

A creature of unknown origin smashed into his shield and sent him, along with a few of his fellow Roosters, flying and landing a ways back. His line was broken, and he saw his Roosters route to him and begin to form a second line, but before they could, the gore-covered beasts plunged forth like an ocean of abominable flesh and kept their line broken. Fernando's eyes widened at the sight.

"No..."

His open wounds bled as he saw Marcy in the far-off distance, having joined the fray. In his heart, he knew she wouldn't leave them. That was when a strange aura filled him. His wounds had stopped bleeding, and his tired and sore body seemed to recover.

"What is this?"

He looked to his fellow Roosters and saw that they, too, had found hidden strength. That was when he felt something, an attachment deep within, like a tug pulling him in a particular direction. He turned and looked far behind the fading line, there he saw the King he once spoke to with his fist in the air. The two locked eyes, and the young Fernando the First saw a phoenix flying over the castle that lay far behind the line.

He was bestowed with the Blessing of a Doter and was accepted by the Phoenix himself into their tribe. He quickly jumped to his feet with ease as he saw that break in the line sealed by his fearless warriors, each Rooster with a strange fire-like aura around them, one that only those of the tribe of Doter could see.

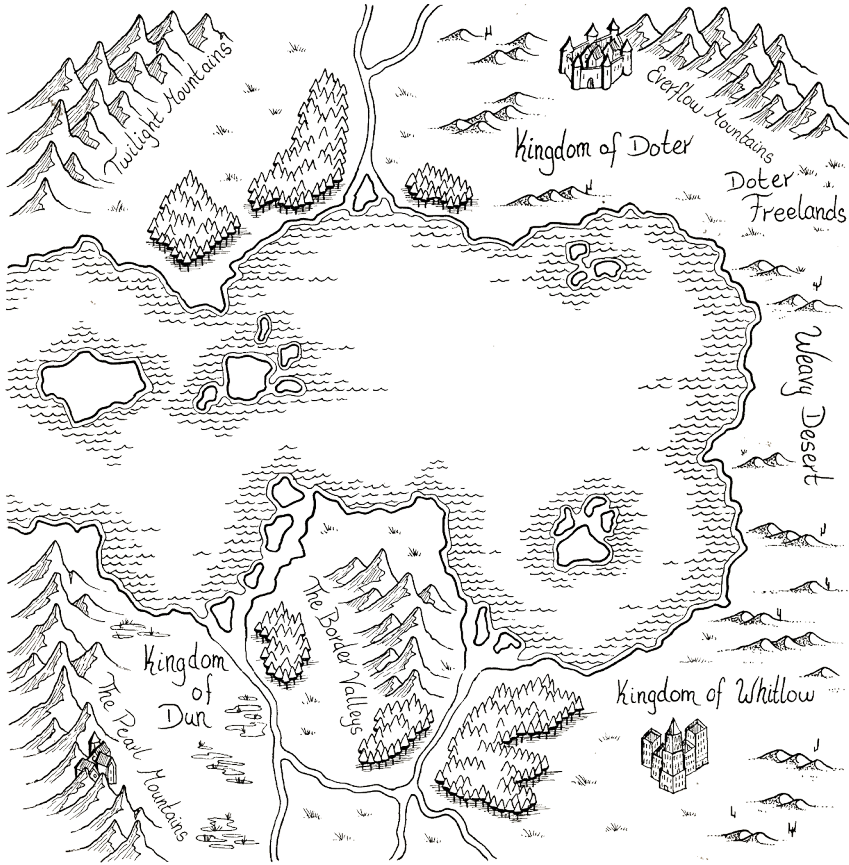
The Roosters slayed the beasts to an ominous degree, those unspeakable creatures that arrogantly gored man were finally matched by a group of orphan boys. Many commanders saw this turning of the tide and felt the shame of the king. Their men were routed and seeking higher, more defensible grounds, while using these boys as cover. No more.

THE ROOSTERS CROW

The retreating armies turned and refused to allow these warriors to face the darkness alone. With a new found vigor, the forces of light charged forward with a passion for victory. The fight had only begun.

World Without End is a new and fresh Fantasy/Sci-Fi world. Full of diverse landscapes and interesting, unique civilizations that strive to exist in a world of both ancient kingdoms and futuristic cities. Technological wonders built decades ago, and mystical creations that live and breathe together in this ever-evolving world of adventure and terror. This is but a glimpse into that world.

MAP OF THE LANDS OF LIGHT



Thanks for reading!

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Thank's again.