

ECHO Literary Contest

poetry

Short
Stories





Short Stories



The Fallen Angel



By: Mykayla McCarthy

On a seemingly normal day in the cloud filled Heavens, where all but one god resides, a flash of red lightning lit up the blue sky, then vanished as quickly as it flared into existence, instantly followed by a deafening clap of thunder. The shrill laughter of the war goddess, Kayte, then filled the empty air. Running out of her hiding place, a darkened corner with an imp of chaos at her side, Kayte sprinted to the entrance of the White God's palace. Swiftly regaining her composure, she entered the gates as if nothing had happened. The White God, ruler of the Heavens, sitting on his throne, grew skeptical as to the reason for Kayte's sudden appearance.

"Hey Liramin!" she smiled. "What's poppin'?"

The White God struck her with a lightning bolt in the chest and Kayte winced in pain, against her will.

"You are not to call me by anything other than 'My lord'. Hear me?!" he snapped. "Why are you here so suddenly? What was with that thunder and red lightning?"

Kayte shrugged.

"It had nothing to do with me, my dear lord." she sneered. "I was just going for a little stroll."

"I see."



“Next time you go and pick fights with people, know your audience.” Draemon said through gritted teeth. “I can tell that you’re possessed. This isn’t how a guardian angel, like yourself, would normally act, right?!”

The angel said nothing, yet its eyes flashed a blue-eyed desperate look, before going back to their current red state. Seeing this small, yet pleading, glance, Draemon released the angel from underneath and they turned to face each other. The god prepared a ball of swirling magic in his hands and glanced apologetically at the angel, who was now charging towards him. “This is the only way to save you, I’m afraid.” He said.

The angel jumped upward, to prepare a vicious downstroke, only to be blasted in the chest and left shoulder with a blast of black and yellow magic. The angel fell face first on the ground with a resounding thud. The red pulse from the chest faded away as a flare of red magic burst out of the angel’s heart, thanks to Draemon’s spell. As the magic seeped into its bones, a tattoo resembling a skull, Draemon’s shrine symbol, materialized around his heart, on the now half-naked torso of the angel, like a scar. His brown hair fell to the sides of his head and his wings turned a silver luster as the magic spread, like a disease, throughout the body of the angel; forbidding him from taking any more long flights.

He slowly got up on his hands and knees, and, without exchanging any glances with Draemon, collapsed with near silent apologetic weeps.

"I'm so sorry, my lord." the angel whispered. "I had no control. My body-"

Tears interrupted the poor angel's words, but Draemon embraced the poor soul.

"It wasn't your fault." the god said gently. "Kayte possessed you. She's always had a bone to pick with me. Unfortunately, the spell I used to cure you, the only one that could, robbed you of your ability to take long distance flights. But that's all the sacrifices made. What's your name anyway?"

"I'm Neil." he said, wiping the tears from his eyes. "I was in charge of guarding the Palace from invaders before that good-for-nothing goddess came outta nowhere and saw me as an easy target. But this little incident is going to cost me my job, I'm sure. What am I to do now?"

Draemon considered the angel's predicament, before a smile slowly spread across his skeltal face.

"You could help me protect humans from danger." he suggested. "I could always use an extra set of hands, and they are always getting into trouble, bless their souls. What do you say?"



A real smile spread across Nei's face.

"I'd be honored, my lord!" He replied with a bow.

"Awesome!" Draemon smiled.

Kayte was soon sentenced to a conjured world where nothing could or ever goes wrong, for 2 million years, or 20 years in godly terms, as her detention. Despite his possession, and lack of control over his body, Neil was punished for attacking Draemon, for attacking anyone is a criminal offense for guardian angels, however the Holy Council agreed to allow him to work for the Dark God, under the condition that he wasn't allowed to ever set foot in the Heavens again. Guardian angels have stricter rules than normal ones and if those rules are broken, they can no longer be trusted, especially if they are easily possessed. Today, Neil works to defend humans from the wrath of chaos-seeking gods and monsters, such as Kayte and her imps, and deliver them to safety.

This story was inspired by the band Archon Angel





THE HAUNTED HOUSE

By: Savannah Cook

Once upon a time there was an old abandoned house. There was a family about to move into an old town where only old folks lived. Little did they know the old folks were actually ghosts. So the family found the old abandoned house. It cost 200,000 dollars back in the old days. That cost a lot because back in the old days they didn't have a lot of money.

So they bought the house. Their names were Susan - as the mom, Bill - as the dad, Max - as the daughter, and Issac - as the son. They also had a family dog. The dog's name was Bella and she was a golden retriever. So the daughter, Max, started acting weird and I mean she started acting weird. She started doing witchcraft and tarot card readings. Also, she started feeling like she was being possessed.

Their son Issac started doing the same thing as Max. He started acting weird and talking crazy. He was hearing voices telling him to kill his family and the family dog, Bella. So he told his mom, Susan, that he was hearing voices, but she thought he was crazy. Issac knew he wasn't crazy hearing voices. Although it did seem a little crazy to him because all of a sudden he started hearing voices, which he never did when they lived at their old place.

The daughter Max started hanging out with the wrong crowd doing witchcraft, tarot cards, predicting people's future, telling them about their past, and telling them how they die in their past and future life. Issac started doing the same thing only that he started hanging out with bikers and was a part of a biker club. He had his own motorcycle because he was 20 years old. Max was 16, Susan was 40, Bill was 44, and Bella was 10 years old in human years and 70 in dog years. Bella was old and brittle. She also had cancer so the family didn't expect her to live much longer. Bella had not eaten in three days or drank water. So, they took her to the vet. The vet said she only had a week to live. The vet also said would you like to put her down now or wait at least a week. "I would like to wait a week", said Bill. "So at least we can say our final goodbyes to her." Max and Issac were waiting patiently at home to hear good news, but instead they got bad news. So Susan took them each by the hands and told them the bad news. But they had at least a week left with her to say their final goodbyes. The final day came and Bella had at least five seizures in the morning and was throwing up everywhere. Bella had passed away at 8:09 that morning.



So they family buried her in their backyard. And, five days later, they had a little ceremony for Bella. It was a new week. It was February 10, 1943. Max started doing more witchcraft and tarot card readings and was still predicting people's past lives and future lives. Issac had gotten into a motorcycle accident and was critically injured. He was sent to the hospital in an ambulance. His motorcycle also caught fire. Causing multiple burns to the face and body. Issac was in the hospital for about three days and Susan and Bill had received the news three days later. The hospital asked them to claim Issac's body because he passed away. And his body began to rot and it smelt so bad because of the burns.

But Max had done a reading on Issac because Issac asked her to and she told him that he was going to get into a really bad motorcycle accident and was going to catch fire and have really bad burns. And she predicted that was going to happen in a day or two. Well, she was right.

So, they planned a funeral for Issac. They said their goodbyes to Issac. Bill went up first and said, "Issac was always a daredevil ever since he learned how to walk. I remember how we used to hunt and fish where we used to live." Then Susan went up and said some really emotional stuff that brought many tears to many faces. She said, "I remember that the same day I gave birth to Issac, he was a troublemaker already because he wouldn't come out of the womb." Max said some stuff too. She started out by saying, "He was my very first best friend. He protected me a lot, like when I started riding my first bike without training wheels." Then she started saying that she might be the cause of his death. And said it should have been me, not him. And that she should have prevented him from going to the club with his buddies.

Issac is now surrounded by God himself, many loved ones in heaven, and especially Bella. Back to the house - Bill had a family meeting over dinner. He said, "We need to move back to our old house and move in and lock all doors and windows. Max you will be homeschooled and you are only allowed to have Fawn over." Fawn was her best friend ever since they were infants. Fawn was always there for Max to have a shoulder to cry on. Fawn had a boyfriend. Max was going through depression and anxiety. And her doctor prescribed her antidepressants and anxiety meds.

To be continued...





TITLE

By: John Guilfoyle

If any of the gods still have power, why me? If any god exists beyond this plane, please, please, answer me.

"I asked you once, I'll ask you a second time. What's your name?"


My eyes refused to break concentration from the hard concrete floor. The man or woman, I can't recall, was the last thing on my mind. My name, my name was the last thing I could think about.

"Al-Al-Alice.?" I cried as my daughter's name pushed through my throat.

"I didn't ask for your daughter's name, I asked for yours."

A swift blow of its backhand struck my face. As if the throbbing of my cheek sparked my memory I reacted. Sliding my hand down the arm that stuck me I slammed his shoulder with my palm, pushing him back to the floor. I raised my hand preparing to strike his face.

"Where is my Chérie!?! I was out walking with her before you nagged me. Where is my daughter Alice?"



His, as I now knew he was a man, lips curled to a smile.

"She's safe, for now."

Before my palm could plummet his nose into his skull he caught me by my wrist and flipped over the both of us. My head bashed against the brick wall as he repinned me. A thick, red dampness wet my hair and the back of my neck.

"Now answer my questions and you can be reunited. We will take this slowly, seeing you are still a little shaken up from everything."

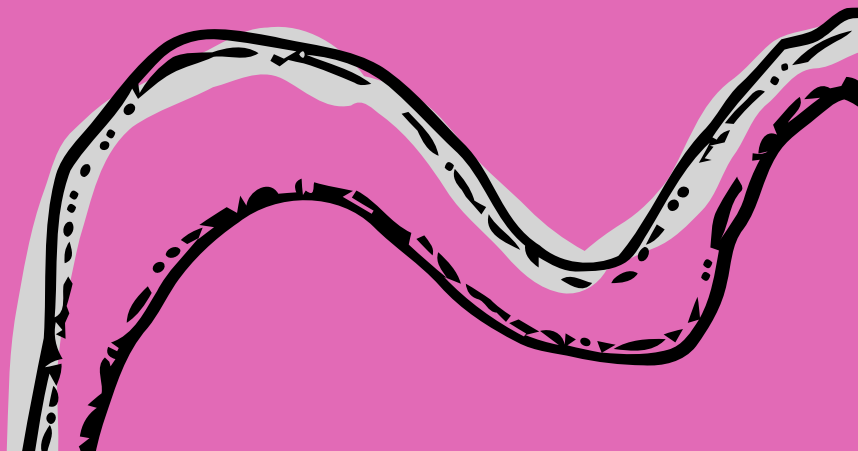
The pounding of my head, I couldn't tell whether or not it was from my wound, fueled my desire to give in and let go.

"Now, what's your name?"

My mind reached a clarity of the fluid dripping down my back. Why does he need my name? Why didn't he question my daughter? But is she safe? If he had Alice, an honest and caring girl, then he'd already have my name. My mind raced for answers, but all I obtained in return were questions to ask the man. Questions I knew not to ask by the chance of losing my family.

"Drystan. Drystan is my name."

My words had choked as they came out, I was surprised to still be conscious. He seemed pleased, almost joyous, like he accomplished something. It was at this moment I remembered everything I learned before I graduated from the academy.





"Do you have family?"

He seemed delighted with my question. His face lit with a sickening curled smile.

"I did..." his smile faded, and with that my hope shined. "But then I killed them to prove loyalty. War is war."

With his words my stomach churned, if it could any further than it already was, and I realized the man I was talking to wasn't human. He was scum. Any hope, any sympathy I could have had for this, this thing... It was gone, lost from the depths of my being. I realized at that moment I was going to die. But not until he was done with me.

"So you have a first name, what about a last? What family do you fall from?"

He continued to enlighten me with his questions. Family. How would they feel if I left them? My Daughter, Alice; my wife, Rhys; and my newborn son, Jeston. Rhys would never forgive me if I died here, she'd say, "How dare you, you selfish man? How could you leave me with two children?"

"What does it matter?"

My response angered him as his hand drew a hunter's knife. A standard Water Kingdom issued weapon. War, all it does is kill, no good ever comes from passionate haritics.

"Feather. My full name is Drystan Feather. My parents were refugees from the Earth Kingdom, and I married my wife, who's from the Wind Kingdom. Spare my wife and children."

I remember crying out in my head, "Oh great gods: Anubis, Thanatos, please be merciful on my soul."

“It’s too late for your family, they took your Earth Kingdom filth name, they are traitors, and traitors must die.”

After that all I can remember is jumping on him, attempting to kill him, shouting, "Die you zealot."

Then I woke up here, next to you.

“You were always my brave warrior. Our children are safe. At least the gods of death showed mercy on them.”

“My dearest Rhys, my love, tell me. Did you suffer?”

“I can not remember, as with you. I’m sorry you were cursed with your name. Your parents knew something we didn’t.

Feather Of The River Of Sorrows.”





Wheeled

MEMORIES WITH GRANDPA

By: Nate Mahley

..... When I was like really little, my grandpa had a motorcycle and I was so scared to get on it. But one day I got on the motorcycle by myself and I stole the keys and I already had my own mini bike, so I thought I could drive it, but I got out of the driveway and crashed into the neighbors' house. When I got home, I had the longest grounding I ever had -- 6 months -- and I was not allowed to go outside without supervision.

..... I went to the monster truck show with my grandparents. My grandpa has MS now so we can't do the walk or the stands. When we got there I had no idea where we were going because we parked so far away and had to walk like a mile to the show, but we got there. It was huge. There were so many stands and I got a shirt, a flag, and a stuffed Grave Digger that I rolled down the stairs when I got back at like 10 o'clock at night.



..... I went to the tractor pull with my grandparents. My grandpa went every year, but now he can't walk through the field to get to the stands. He used to take pictures of the tractors that were pulling a big sled. He used to sell them at yard sales. His favorite tractor was the Gambler. He went to the big pulls, like in Buffalo. He started in the low levels, like just pulling a normal sled with rocks, and he worked his way up and now he's in the big leagues. At this tractor pull, kids had a chance to pull a big train that was in neutral and if we could pull it they would put it over the loudspeaker, after we went back to our seats.





Poetry





MUSIC

By: Anonymous

I TURN UP MY MUSIC THAT IS ALREADY SO LOUD,
I DON'T CARE THOUGH,
I DO ANYTHING TO BREAK THE SILENCE.

THE SILENCE THAT'S SO UNBEARABLY LOUD,
THE SILENCE PRACTICALLY SCREAMS IN MY EAR.

IT TELLS ME THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT ME,
IT TELLS ME THEY ARE LAUGHING AT ME,
IT TELLS ME THEY ARE JUDGING ME.

SO I TURN UP MY MUSIC,
SO THE SILENCE STOPS SCREAMING AT ME.

Five More Minutes

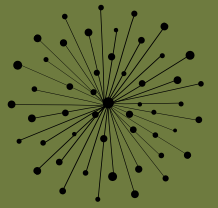
By: Cherish Gregory

If we had 5 more minutes I would pull you into an embrace,
If we had 5 more minutes I would wrap my arms around your neck and tell you how much you mean to me,
If we had 5 more minutes I would press my lips to yours once more,
If we had 5 more minutes...
5 more minutes for the rest of a lifetime without one another
5 more minutes to tell each other how much we care,
How much we love,
How much need,
5 more minutes...
That's all I'm asking from the world,
5 more minutes to memorize every feature on your face,
Every body of water your eye color changes to,
Every freckle upon your cheeks,
Every shadow your hair casts onto your brow,
Just 5 more minutes.
Please.



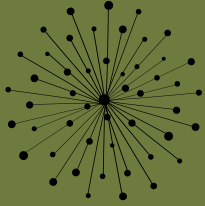
Wish

By: Mailynn Dick

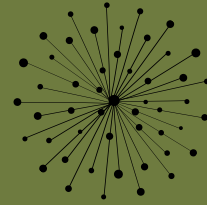


For years, he just stood by and watched.

She was heartbroken over and over,
always hurt,
running to him in tears.



He wanted nothing more,
to stop her tears,
shower her with love,
but he couldn't.



He loved her.
She'd never notice him.
Introvert,
Feelings linger.

