

THE ORACLE OF THE STORM



The Oracle of the Storm

Samuel

BY ELARA VANCE



On his sixteenth birthday, Kaelen knelt beside his grandfather's bed as the old man took his final breath. A surge of golden light passed between their hands, marking the silent moment an ancient lineage found its new vessel.



When Kaelen looked in the mirror, his reflection had changed forever; his skin remained deep ebony, but his hair had turned a shimmering, snowy white and his eyes glowed with a piercing crimson light. The air in the room hummed with a new, electric energy that responded to his every breath.



Touching his grandfather's carved wooden staff, Kaelen was suddenly pulled into the past through the power of retrocognition. He saw centuries of his ancestors standing as guardians of the land, performing secret rituals under moons that had long since set.

KAELEN



A sharp flash of the future blinded his senses, revealing a terrifying horizon where the skies turned a bruised purple and the earth began to crack. He realized his new gift of precognition was not just a curiosity, but a dire warning of a coming calamity.



Overwhelmed by the weight of the visions, Kaelen retreated to the high cliffs overlooking the ocean, feeling the heavy burden of his destiny. He cried out in frustration, and the clouds above instantly mirrored his turmoil, swirling into a dark and angry vortex.



Lightning crackled from his fingertips as he realized he could command the very breath of the sky through weather manipulation. He worked to calm his racing heart, watching as the torrential rain slowed into a gentle, shimmering mist at his command.



Days turned into weeks as Kaelen practiced in a hidden valley, learning to bridge the gap between what once was and what was yet to be. He spent hours reading the whispers of the wind and studying the shifting shadows of the clouds to master his volatile power.



The predicted darkness finally arrived in the form of a supernatural drought that withered the crops and drained the village wells overnight. Kaelen stood at the center of the dusty village square, his long white hair whipping around him as he prepared to face his first true trial.



Combining his sight and his elemental power, Kaelen called upon the ancient rains while guiding the villagers to high ground before the waters could rise. He saw the exact path to salvation in his mind and manifested it through a thunderous, life-giving storm.



As the sun broke through the retreating clouds, the village was saved and the parched land began to bloom with vibrant green life once more. Kaelen stood tall as the new Warlock of his people, a powerful bridge between the past and the future.