The Determiner of Torak’s Fate

In the late evening, the might of the wind assaults the birch and willow trees.

The ominous smell of dripping blood enters the spectators’ noses uninvited.

Controlled by impatience, the crowd rowdily gathers, all ready to have an up-close view of the anticipated fight.

Crackling loudly, the enraged fire builds up, the orange aura of flames splitting and reconnecting as it reaches the sky.

As the fire dances majestically, silence falls upon the watchers.

Torak and Hord prepare for their battle,a tall, bearded man stops in front of Torak, ”I think you’ll be needing this,” the tall man speaks. “Oh, thank you, Oslak.” Torak replies gratefully, Oslak nods and walks off.

Torak’s vision turns to the wolf cub,whose head is protruded out from the sack he is trapped in, “I’ll make sure we both get out of here.” he mutters to himself, Wolf looks back at his pack brother and yips.

Fin-Kedinn, the leader of the Raven clan, stands at the evergrowing fire and speaks, “Alright, the fight shall commence, but I must tell you the one rule,” he says as he turns to Torak, “The flame shall not be used.”

Hord makes his way to the arena, and upon giving him a closer look, Torak realises just how muscular he is.

Torak holsters his Fa’s knife in his buckskin belt once he is handed a spear. From the tree, wolf yips at Tail Tailless, *help me, I don’t like it up here.*

While Torak is distracted looking at his small, furry friend, Hord takes the opportunity and charges at his enemy like a bull, Torak stumbles over a small pillar, luckily dodging and thinking of a new idea.

Hord slows down and drags his spear on the ground, watching Torak on the cold floor, the spear scraping in an ear-bleeding noise, “I knew I would win before this even started,” Hord confidently admits.

The spear in Hord’s grasp is lifted high above Torak’s head and without hesitation, is thrusted downwards to Torak’s face. The sound of wood being hit and pierced, Torak forces his eyes open to find out that he isn’t dead, all the adrenaline must have made him think to deflect with his wooden spear handle.

Hord removes his spear from the wood and hops backwards to keep distance.

Filled with nothing but confidence after successfully defending himself, Torak lunges at Hord in an effort to attack, Hord blocks with the spear in his right hand, using his left hand to take the blade from Torak’s belt. Once the knife is in his grasp, Hord uses it to slice Torak’s left cheek, the young boy stumbling and only staying up by catching a tree stump . Blood pours from Torak’s cheek.

Torak gets to his feet. Hord throws the spear at Torak’s head, the boy ducking and the spear missing him by an inch. As Torak rises, he catches a glimpse of an agile figure coming at him, it ‘s Hord. Hord slashes at the already gaping wound on Torak’s forearm, causing blood to spray out and drip onto the floor like rain dripping, Torak lets out a howl of agony.

Torak stops his yell and stumbles over to the water pail, “Cowering, are we?” Hord taunts, “I’m thirsty, give me a moment.” Torak replies in annoyance.

Sipping the water, Torak stares at Hord through the fire, watching as he gets closer and closer to the dancing amber blaze. The muscular eighteen year old steps right up to the fire and peers over to assure that his opponent is keeping the battle fair.

Hord feels a burning tingle on his chin, and in a matter of seconds, he collapses to the floor, screaming in pain as he uses his hands to cover his now semi-burnt face.

The crowd gasps. Blood pouring from his face and arm, Torak slowly struts towards his foe. With this new found strength and confidence, a large, sinister grin forms on Torak’s face, he lifts his spear and lethally swings at Hord’s head, blood drizzling out as he continuously hits it. Torak retrieves Fa’s knife from Hord’s belt and uses it to slash Hord’s already damaged face.

Hord cries in pain, “Stop,” but the young boy damaging him carries on, “Please stop!”

Torak lifts the spear again and forces it down,hitting his enemy’s ribcage, Hord swiftly makes Torak fall by swiping his legs, and gets to his feet. The badly damaged Hord gets to his feet and lifts up his spear, he spits out blood and stares at Torak, ”I won’t let you win this,boy.” he speaks.

Panting and still feeling an immense, sudden bloodlust, Torak charges at Hord and swings his spear, Hord uses his spear to push Torka’s own spear over his head, he then hits Torak’s stomach with the blunt end of the spear, knocking him down. Unsure of what to do, Torak rolls to the side so he has enough space to stand. Hord hurls his spear at the young boy, knife in hand, Torak runs at the now unarmed Hord, *I’ll make you proud, father,* he says in his head.

Suspended from a birch tree, the cub yips and barks at Tall Tailless and the other Tailless, *Are you two playing without me? I like to play, I want to come down and play too!*

Back at the arena, Torak reaches up to Hord, attacking with a frenzy of knife slashes, Hord parrying and dodging with ease, backing up in the process, *Right where I want you,* Torak thinks to himself. He continues the barrage and Hord, oblivious to the plan, continues to back up.

As Hord dodges, he unprofessionally stumbles over a pillar like Torak did earlier in the battle.

In a fit of rage, Torak jumps and lands on the massive eighteen year-old, pinning him down and slashing across his eyes, blinding the hunter as blood erupts from his eyes and he screams in pure anguish.

The lethal Torak looks upwards and screams into the sky, realising what he’s done. Hord and Torak’s screams echo around the arena.

“It’s over, wolf clan child,” comes a deep voice, the voice of Fin-Kedinn, “Renn, go aid your brother.” he commands. Renn runs to her brutally injured brother, chaos then erupts in the crowd, “That was savage!” some voices say, “He is a danger to other clans!” more voices come.

Fin-Kedinn speaks to Torak, “You have won, now as promised, you are free. Goodby-” Renn, her unconscious brother on her back, objects to her leader, “I am sorry, but we shall not let him leave,” Renn inhales and continues, “I believe he may be more important than we thought,” she walks up to Fin and whispers, “I believe he may be the listener…”

 The End

By Ryan Folkes