

The Final Battle

As crowds cheer, and announcers yell. As smoke and dust rise, and dawn turns dusk. As the anger of the gods thrash the skies with beams of light, and the thickness of the air becomes overwhelming, Thunder Snake walks forward. With every heavy step of his boot, he can hear the shadow of another draw closer. And as soon as he is centered, in the middle of this behemoth Areena, he faces his final opponent.

“Annnnnnnndddd now, THE FIGHT YOU’VE BEEN WAITING FOOOOOOORRR!” The announcer cries out, “THUUUUUNDER SNAKE vs. DEATH!” The crowd's chants shake the Areena. But Thunder Snake, almost in a trance, doesn’t react, he only stares ahead at his greatest challenge thus far, Death himself. “YOU MAY BEGIN!” the announcer yells while he rings the enormous match starting bell.

Before anybody moves, Death’s eyes glow red, and he begins to speak, “Heed my word, I am not here for mortal purpose, I am here for the prophecy, for the judgment, for the... trial of kings. You cannot compete against me, that is the truth, but, if you choose to do so, you may.” His voice resonates in Thunder Snake, a terrifying coldness overcomes him, but he chooses to move forward.

“I will fight, whether you are Death or God himself!” Thunder Snake yells, as if he is letting out a warcry. And with this, the battle begins.