

King Quetzalcoatl

The King of Trickery & Games

PRELUDE:

Tyro is a 15-year-old boy. He lives in the town of Jupiter in Florida. One fateful morning, he finds a strange box in his home. Covered in dust and spider webs, what boy wouldn't open it? Inside he found many small stones, each one with a symbol on it. He had no idea what they meant or what they were for, but he kept them...all to himself. He never told another soul about the stones. For weeks he would ponder at them, speaking to them. After two months, his family was worried about him. His eyes looked horrible, his hair was a mess, and he would always look at the stones and speak to them. His sister once asked him what the stones were, and Tyro replied, "They're my adored. They're my prized treasure. They're my beloveds. They're my cherished. They're my extra eyes. They're mine forever, and only for me. I'll use their great powers, and cast trickery."

2 days have passed since then, and Tyro is missing.

Game One – A Game Of Cards:

"Make sure you get my ice cream sandwich!" Carl said, sitting down at one of the orange tables. He was in the local ice cream shop with his friend Simon. Carl was age 24, and had a black jacket on. It was 12 am. Outside was freezing cold. There were barely any cars on the road. Streetlights flickered on and off. Carl sat down, looking outside. The gas station across the street was covered in the darkness of the night. Carl looked away, and started messing with his cell phone. The next time he looked up, however, there was somebody outside. It was a boy, a young boy. He wore only a collared blue shirt and long black pants. His eyes were gloomy, and he had periorbital dark circles under his eyes. His hair was a mess, almost sticking upward. "Simon, look," Carl said to his friend who was just bringing back the ice cream. Simon looked through the glass door and saw the boy standing there. The boy's body was motionless. He was

frozen in time, staring at Carl. “He must be freezing,” said Simon, who sat down. Carl got up and opened the door. “Coming in?” Carl said. The boy gave a scary grin. “Coming out?” he said. Carl shook his head. “No,” he said. The boy’s grin immediately turned back into a frown. The boy stepped inside, and took a seat at the other side of the shop. Carl sat down and began eating his ice cream. He looked out of the corner of his eye and saw the boy, just sitting and staring at him. Simon finished eating his soft serve and got up. “Well, I’ll be going,” he said, and left.

“Tipahpaqui,” the boy said. Carl was getting a weird sense, but he ignored the boy. “Carl...” the boy continued. Carl dropped his ice cream and turned, facing the boy. “What? What do you want? Who are you?” he asked all of these. “Toteotzin...Nozo,” the boy said. (If you didn’t know by now, this boy is Tyro.) “I—I don’t understand a word you’re saying,” Carl said, shrugging. Tyro reached into his pocket, still staring at Carl. He pulled out a small stone, with a carved marking on the face. He held it outward so Carl could read it. “Quitzquiz,” Tyro said. Carl was confused, he looked over to the counter and saw only one worker in the back, not paying any attention to them. “What? What is this?” Carl said, pointing at the stone. “Mahuiltia...ca ca,” Tyro said. Carl panicked, and got out of his seat, heading for the door. “Wait, Carl!” Tyro yelled. Carl stopped and turned back around. “Wha--?!” he said. There, Tyro was standing on the wall, as if it was the floor. Tyro’s arms were crossed. “Do you like playing games, Carl?” Tyro asked. “I do. I am Quetzalcoatl. You might have heard of me before,” he began, “I am the king of trickery. I love playing games...these stones are a game. Do you want to play?” Carl eyes were wide. “How are you--?” he said, pointing at the wall. “Oh, this?” Tyro said, “it’s all a part of the game! Come on Carl! Let’s play!”

They sat down at one of the tables...well, at least Carl did. Tyro stood on one of the chairs, with his arms folded. Tyro had given Carl three of his six stones. Carl had no idea what these stones were, or how to play this game. “How do I play?” Carl asked, looking up at Tyro. “Oh it’s simple!” Tyro said joyfully. Tyro pulled out a deck of playing cards, and sat them on the table. “These are the rules:”

“You haven’t noticed that I tied a rope around you in the last 2.1 nano-seconds. Also, I have tied the end of the rope with one of these,” Tyro said, holding out a stone. “This is a Tetl. I have 2 Tetoton left. You have 3 Tetoton in front of you. I have restrained your entire body except your arms, that way you can play. Also, don’t try untying that rope. That stone at the end of it is a trap Tetl. If you try and untie that rope, you’ll be shown horrible things from your past in your mind,” Tyro said, not taking one breath. “Now! Onto the rules! If you cheat three times, you lose. That deck I’ve placed in front of you is a normal deck of playing cards. We’ll each take turns drawing a card. After 30 draws, we’ll add up our numbers. Ace is 10, King is 5 and Queen is 5. Joker is -10. There is also a special card I put in there for kicks. It has a picture of me on it. Well, not this body I’m in control of right now, but me as in my original form. If you draw that, you lose, and those are the rules,” Tyro finished. “What happens if I lose?” Carl said, frightened. Tyro shrugged. “You disappear. You go away. You vanish. Bye-bye!” Tyro said, laughing. “HELP!” Carl said, screaming. “Oh come on!” Tyro said, annoyed. “You think I wouldn’t cast an Oc spell before this game? No one else in the world can move their limbs but you and me,” Tyro said. “What are you?” Carl said, angered. “Me?” Tyro began. “I’m King Quetzalcoatl: Master of Trickery,”

Tyro drew first. Well, he didn’t really draw, He just made the card float upward to his level. The card flipped around in the air, showing its face. “Ace,” Tyro said, smirking. It was Carl’s turn now. “What are the stones for?” Carl asked, looking at them. “The one on the left can be used for drawing ten cards. The one on the right can be used to get out of a tricky situation. The one in the center is used for winning. You can use them at anytime you want, but there’s a price to it,” Tyro told him. “What’s the price?” Carl asked. Tyro replied. “It’s obvious,” he said, laughing. Carl drew a card, then Tyro, then Carl, then Tyro, then Carl. It went on and on. At about ten draws, Carl used the stone on the left. He drew ten cards. Many of them were Aces! “Yes!” He said, laughing and cheering. Then, the cards burnt up with flames. “What was that!?” Carl said, angered at Tyro. Tyro just stood there, giving a frown. The game went on. Tyro never once used his stones. Carl wondered why, but it was probably because Tyro wanted to make Carl look bad. That’s at least what Carl thought. At 22 draws, Carl used the stone on the right. The rope that was once wrapped around him disappeared as quickly as it had

appeared. "Ha! Looks like I'm free!" said Carl. "You still have to beat the game," Tyro said. Carl cooperated, and continued. At 29 draws, they were just one card away from the end of the game. If he had the higher number of cards, he would win, and be free to leave. "Well, Carl," Tyro began, "there's only one card left to draw. It might be an Ace, a King or maybe something greater! Draw..." Tyro said, laughing. Carl reached out, trembling. He still didn't know what would happen if he lost, but he assumed it would be something bad. Carl panicked, and grabbed the card. His eyes widened, and he dropped the card. Tyro knew what it was. It was the Quetzalcoatl card. It was him. "Well, looks like you lose, Carl!" Tyro said. "Wait! Haha! I win!" he said, sweating. He reached out and showed Tyro the last stone, waving it in his face. "I win! I win! Now you have to let me go!" he said. "Do you wish to use that stone?" Tyro asked, frowning. "Heck yeah!" Carl said, jumping in joy. Tyro unfolded his arms. "Well, Carl, I'm happy to say..." Tyro began. Carl was smiling. "You lose!" he added. Carl stopped immediately. "What?! But you—" Carl began, but was cut off. "If you had listened to me completely while I was explaining the rules, you'd know that I said if you cheat three times you'd lose. I gave you three stones. Each one is a cheat. I never said the stones were a part of the rules. If I recall correctly, I said 'and that's the rules' (implying that I had finished telling you the rules). Since I had explained the stones afterwards, they are not a part of the rules. You used three stones, I used none," he stopped for a breath. "So you held onto those two stones just to make me think that it was a part of the game!" Carl said, pointing at Tyro's two stones. "Exactly, Carl!" Tyro said. "Good game, you played horribly," Tyro said. "Bye-bye!" he said, waving. Carl felt a strange wind. He felt pain. He was screaming. He vanished.

Game Two – Scary Monsters & Special Events:

"Where were you last night?" Tyro's mom said, filled with anger. Tyro was sitting down at the dinner table, grinning. "Huh? Do you mind telling me where you were?" asked his mom. "I was playing games..." he said, looking at his stones. "Playing—" she said. She quickly reached out and snatched the stones from Tyro's hands. "HEY!" he said. "I'm taking these away! Ever since you found them you've been acting really strange," she told him. Tyro got up, screaming,

stole the stones from his mother, and ran outside. “Hey! Get back here right now!” she said, yelling after him. Tyro ran outside, and set the stones down in front of him. He grabbed one with his left hand, and held his right hand outward at his home. “TYRO!!!” He heard his mother yell, chasing after him. Tyro didn’t care. He wasn’t Tyro anymore. He was King Quetzalcoatl. He then crushed his right hand into a fist. “HUETZIZ!” he roared. His home collapsed. His mother ran away, scared out of her mind. Wood planks flew everywhere. The entire house was destroyed. Shards of glass flew across the yard. Wood and other things went flying across the sky. It was like an explosion happened. The whole house fell to the ground. “Don’t touch my stones...” Tyro said, walking away.

“What they did to me...years ago,” Tyro whispered. “They imprisoned me inside my game, but now they’ll all pay,” he said. Tyro was now filled with anger. He was reminded of the time, thousands of years ago, when he (King Quetzalcoatl) was imprisoned inside one of his playing tablets. They were no ordinary playing tablets. Some held monsters of legend, and others cast powerful spells. He used the tablets against people, but the kingdom he lived in trapped him inside his own tablet. After years though, the seal broke, and he took over Tyro. Now, King Quetzalcoatl was angry, and looking for revenge. “With these stones...I bring destruction across the earth!” he exclaimed to himself.

Tyro continued walking and made his way to a large mall. Inside, he found himself surrounded by people. “Mommy, look at that boy!” A little girl said, pointing at Tyro. He still looked very worn out and was a mess. “What’re you pointing at, little girl?” he said, giving her an evil look. “Hey! Don’t talk to her like that!” said the mother of this girl. Tyro yelled, “Tehuatzin achuel cua ocototon ihuan timiqui!” He stomped off, growling and mumbling. Crowds of people bumped into him, but he ignored them. He pulled a stone from his pocket and stopped. An evil smile grew on his face. “Cahua,” he whispered. He lifted the stone in the air and yelled, “GRAY DRAGON!” The stone shone with light. The marking on the face of it burst into a shining glare. Above the crowds of people, a giant figure was forming. People stopped and looked, pointing and staring. “What is that?” someone said. Slowly, the light morphed into the shape of something...something familiar to almost everyone there. “A dragon?” someone

yelled. He was right! A dragon suddenly appeared in the mall. It roared with strength and pride, showing off its giant gray wings. “Yes! Oh my gosh!” said one of the little boys. The dragon flew around the mall, crashing into shops, with glass breaking everywhere. People were panicking, screaming, and crying. In just minutes dozens were injured. Many tried running for exits, but they were all clogged up with people. Tyro held out the stone again, this time summoning a bunch of trolls. The trolls hopped around, waving their bo staffs at people, poking them. The trolls had a very strange giggle, a deep, vile giggle. The mall was in complete chaos. A dragon flying about, and trolls attacking people. “You people likes this game? Huh? You all knew I’d return someday! You just enjoyed life, waiting for me to strike back! Well, look at me! I’m back, and I’ve brought some friends with me!” Tyro yelled.

After about an hour, Tyro managed to escape the crowd. The mall behind him was still filled with people. “GET OUT!” Tyro yelled. He wasn’t speaking to anybody, for there was nobody else nearby. It was only Tyro, and the faint screams of the people behind. “GET OUT OF MY BODY!” he yelled. It was Tyro! The real Tyro! He was yelling for freedom. “Shut up! Your body is mine now!” King Quetzalcoatl said. He smacked himself across the face. “No it’s not! I don’t know who you are, but get-out-of-my-BODY!” Tyro yelled. Suddenly, a purple figure flew out of Tyro’s body. It was King Quetzalcoatl, floating away. “I’m free! I’m free! He’s out!” Tyro said, happily. “Not so fast, Tyro! I’m still here, and I’m still going to ruin this planet!” King Quetzalcoatl said, floating in the air. “Transform!” the king yelled. He screamed and moaned in the air as his body pulsed and grew. “What the--?” Tyro said. The king was growing and changing shape in the air. “I---Will---Destroy---Everything!” he roared. “How are you still alive without a host?” Tyro asked, confused. Over the loud screaming from the King’s floating energy, he heard him say: “I can only last a while without a body, but soon, you’ll be back under my control!” he yelled. “AHRG!” the King yelled. He now looked like a totally different person. His energy was in the shape of a serpent, a giant serpent with feathered wings and a feathered body. “This...is who I really am, Tyro!” Quetzalcoatl yelled. “I am ‘King Quetzalcoatl, the Feathered Serpent!’” The energy from his roar knocked over Tyro. He fell on the ground, mystified. “Now, I will take my vengeance upon the earth!” he screamed. A large beam of light shot out from his wings, just missing Tyro. Tyro managed to run, breaking free

from the awe of King Quetzalcoatl. “I am the most powerful being in the star-filled sky! I am the greatest being! I am the ultimate monster! I am the last legend!” the flying serpent yelled with pride. “One problem, ‘most powerful being,’ ” Tyro said, smirking. “What?” Quetzalcoatl said. He was angered. Beings like him do not like to be made fun of. Tyro reached in his pocket and pulled out a stone. “You left your stones with me!” he said, laughing. “No...!” the King yelled. “I’ve watched you with a front row seat long enough to know how to use this little thingy!” the boy said, holding out the stone. “NO!” Quetzalcoatl yelled, racing towards Tyro. “Heh...Game Over, Quetzalcoatl!” Tyro said. The stone he held out in his hand began to shake and glow. “Quizaz...” he said. The glowing stone shot out at the serpent’s energy. “No! Tyro! Don’t do this to me!” Quetzalcoatl yelled. “I can’t be banished again! Help!” he continued. “Sorry, but I can’t...” Tyro said. “You ruined my life in just two days. You destroyed my home. My parents think I’m a psychopath. The police will probably lock me up for ever, and I attacked a mall with mystical monsters. King Quetzalcoatl, you have destroyed my life, and I hope to see you again so we can finish this battle off,” Tyro said. The flying beast faded away. Tyro dropped the stone on the ground. “See you next game, Quetzal!” He said, smiling.

---GAME OVER---