



Mathin Resurrection



David J. Rouzzo

CHAPTER 1

Nevaeh sat up in her bed and looked around, confused. This was the fifth night in a row she had dreamed about Caleb. Every night, it was the very same dream, each dream ending with those very same words being spoken.

“Nevaeh, I need you to do something for me. It’s very important...”

What was the purpose of these strange dreams? Why was she haunted by that familiar face of an old friend? No matter how hard she tried, she just couldn’t seem to figure out the answers to those questions. She just couldn’t figure out why she was suddenly having dreams of Caleb. She sat on her bed and stared out the window into the clear night sky. She stared at the stars, wishing with all of her heart that they could form themselves together and show the answers to her questions. As she lowered her eyes and looked into the backyard of the church, she saw someone. It was too dark to see who it was, but she felt like they were staring right back at her.

“Caleb?” She whispered softly. It couldn’t be, and she knew that in her heart. She just longed for it to be him. Regardless of her longing, this was not him. She slipped into her sandals and walked quietly through the church, sneaking her way to the back door. She peeked through the window on the door, trying to get a better look at the person

standing outside. She looked around, but did not see anyone.

“Is everything alright, Nevaeh?” A voice spoke up from inside the room, startling her. She turned to see Hathin sitting at a table. She sighed with relief.

“You scared me!” She said. Hathin smirked at her.

“The way you were sneaking towards that door, I thought you might be heading out on a secret date or something.” He joked, pulling out the chair next to him. “Have a seat. What’s up?” He asked. She turned back to the window.

“There was someone out there. I saw them.” She said. Hathin nodded.

“You have that dream again?” He asked her. She nodded.

“The exact same one, every night for the past five nights, over and over again. Can you explain that?” She asked.

“Maybe,” Hathin answered. “Maybe you just miss him.”

“I guess so. He was my best friend for years, and I think I might have loved him. I just don’t understand why I keep having this specific dream like it’s stuck on repeat in my mind. I’m practically terrified of sleeping anymore.” She replied.

“I don’t blame you. I would be too.” Hathin responded sympathetically. “I wish there was something I could do to help.”

“You do help.” Nevaeh said. “Late night talks like this are exactly what I need after such a dream. It’s good to

be reminded that I still have a friend.” Hathin smiled and hugged her.

“You saved my life. Being your friend is the least I can do.” He said. Nevaeh smiled and slowly walked back to her room. She looked out her window again just to make sure that there was nobody outside. Seeing that nobody was there, she laid back down and slowly drifted back to sleep.

Hathin stood up and walked over to the window Nevaeh had looked through. He glanced outside, curious about what she had seen. Something about the sky brought a feeling of peace to him, so he opened the door and walked out. The air was refreshing as it brushed over his face. He walked along the narrow pathway leading to the fountain and stood next to it. He could see the reflection of the moon, shimmering in the mirror-like water, softly distorted by the touch of the wind.

Suddenly, something grabbed Hathin and launched him backwards. As Hathin fell to the ground he looked up to see a familiar face staring at him.

“Tremor!” Hathin quickly remembered the strong nightwalker he had once battled. The anger he held inside was no longer a part of him, and neither was the aggression he had used to overpower the vampire in the past.

“So you *do* remember me! I was hoping you wouldn’t forget.” Tremor growled as he grabbed Hathin and slammed him against the fountain. Tremor plunged Hathin face first under the water. Hathin couldn’t breathe, and was struggling, trying to get loose from the powerful grip. Hathin quickly began to grow weak as Tremor continued to hold him underwater. Hathin closed his eyes, realizing he

wasn't strong enough to battle his way out of the nightwalkers grasp, but Tremor lifted him up. Tremor held Hathin high in the air and snarled in his face.

"You have something my master wants, hero. Where is it?" Tremor growled, demanding an answer. Hathin gasped, trying to regain oxygen. He looked into the nightwalkers eyes and softly answered.

"Your master is dead. Mine lives. For this reason, I will not fear you." The answer flowed faithfully from his lips. Tremor screamed with anger.

"Foolish mortal, your God is dead! He was murdered long ago and buried for eternity, just as you will be when I am finished with you!" The nightwalker threatened Hathin, still clenching him by the throat. Hathin stared into Tremors eyes, and smirked.

"My Savior lives. You will face defeat before I do, as I am given eternal life. My God overcame your hell, and because of that, I will too." His confidence and unshakeable faith only frustrated Tremor even further.

"I wish you luck with that. If you will not turn over the dagger, you will face extinction!" Tremor snarled and instantly submerged Hathin underwater again. Seconds later, Tremor released Hathin. Hathin quickly came back up from underwater and looked to see what had happened. Darrius and Asydas were battling with the monstrous nightwalker.

"Surrender and make this easy for yourself, nightwalker, we will not let you escape!" Asydas roared at Tremor.

“Do not be foolish, guardian! Master Niccoli has ordered the death of Hathin and the return of the skull dagger, and I will successfully meet his demands!” The name rang and echoed in Hathin’s ears.

“Niccoli?” He questioned. “Niccoli is dead!” Hathin insisted, but Tremor just laughed in response. Suddenly, memories poured through Hathin’s mind as his brother’s name continued to echo.

“Pathetic woman...” The words were spoken with evil right before Niccoli killed their mother. *“I’m sorry too, mother.”* As the memory filled Hathin’s mind, it quickly filled him with anger. He plunged himself at Tremor.

“Niccoli is dead, and so are you!” Hathin grabbed Tremor and threw him into the fountain. He grabbed a metal sprinkler that was stuck into the ground and pulled it, holding it over his head. The bottom of the sprinkler was sharp and he knew what to do. As Tremor stood up, Hathin stabbed the spike end of the sprinkler into his chest. Tremor screamed with pain as he fell to the ground and quickly died. Hathin stood over the dead nightwalker, breathing heavily. His eyes were filled with anger.

“Hathin?” Darrius spoke up, shocked at what he had just seen. Hathin turned around and looked at him.

“Niccoli is dead. We all saw it happen. The rest of the nightwalkers should be dead too. This doesn’t make any sense.” He said. Asydas nodded.

“We’ll speak with Jordan about it in the morning.” He said. “For now, we need to get rest. It seems our war is not yet over.”