

Alis

*And
the tome of infinty*

By Maan Schols

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Chapter 1 | The start of Everything



In the tranquil village of Eldergrove, nestled between rolling hills and lush meadows, young Alis felt an unshakeable pull toward the enigmatic forest that loomed at its edge. The villagers spoke in hushed tones of the Forbidden Forest, a place where shadows danced between the ancient trees, and secrets lay hidden beneath the thick underbrush. Among the most tantalizing of these secrets was the Tome of Infinity—a legendary book rumored to grant unimaginable knowledge and power to those brave enough to seek it.

From a young age, Alis had been captivated by the stories that fluttered through the village like autumn leaves. Old folk recounted how the tome held the wisdom of ages, capable of answering questions that plagued even the wisest scholars. Each tale painted vivid images in her mind, igniting a fierce curiosity that grew stronger with every retelling. When she overheard whispers of the tome's location—a clearing deep within the forest—her heart raced with excitement. She knew in that moment that her destiny lay beyond the familiar paths of Eldergrove.

With a heart brimming with determination, Alis prepared for her adventure. She packed her satchel with essentials: a weathered map that had been passed down through generations, a sturdy lantern to pierce the

forest's gloom, and a small dagger—a cherished keepsake from her mother, its hilt worn smooth from years of use. As she stepped out of her cozy cottage, the morning sun painted the sky with hues of orange and gold, as if blessing her journey.

Crossing the threshold of the Forbidden Forest, Alis felt an immediate and profound change in the atmosphere. The air grew heavy, thick with a blend of mystery and a palpable sense of anticipation, as if the very trees were holding their breath in reverence of the secrets that lay within. A shiver danced along her spine, a warning whispered by the wind, but the allure of the unknown urged her onward.

As she ventured deeper into the woods, the sunlight, filtered through the dense canopy above, flickered erratically, casting distorted and playful shadows that seemed to writhe on the forest floor. The beams of light painted grotesque shapes that flickered in and out of sight, creating an illusion of movement that made her heart race. It felt as though the forest itself was alive, watching her with an unseen gaze, its breath mingling with the rustling leaves that whispered secrets in a language only they understood. Each gust of wind carried with it faint echoes of laughter and sorrow, weaving a tapestry of emotions that sent a chill through her bones.

With each step she took, her excitement grew, but it was laced with a tinge of apprehension that coiled in her stomach like a serpent. The trees towered above her, their gnarled branches twisted into unsettling shapes, forming a natural cathedral that closed her off from the outside world. The deeper she walked, the more the sounds of Eldergrove faded into a distant memory, replaced by the enchanting yet eerie symphony of the forest.

The silence was deafening, interrupted only by the occasional snap of a twig or the rustle of unseen creatures moving in the shadows.



Hours slipped by as she lost herself in the labyrinth of the woods, each moment blending into the next. She marveled at the vibrant flora that surrounded her—flowers blooming in colors she had never seen before, their petals shimmering with a luminescence that seemed to pulse with life. Yet, as beautiful as they were, a disquieting feeling settled in her heart. The flora here felt too alive, almost sentient, their vivid hues contrasting starkly with the creeping shadows that lurked just beyond her vision.

As she continued her journey, the forest revealed its wonders and challenges in equal measure. Creatures darted through the underbrush—sly foxes and rabbits with eyes that glinted like shards of glass, watching her with a mixture of curiosity and wariness. Occasionally, she caught sight of something larger lurking just beyond the trees, a fleeting shadow that sent her heart racing. The forest felt like a living entity, one that held both beauty and danger in its depths.

Yet, the deeper she went, the more the very essence of Eldergrove slipped away. The cheerful songs of birds were replaced by an unsettling quiet, as if the wildlife held its breath in the presence of something ancient and powerful. The air grew thick with tension, every sound amplified—the crackle of dry leaves underfoot echoed like a warning bell, and the whispers of the trees turned into a low, mournful sigh that chilled her soul.

Every instinct urged her to turn back, to escape the creeping darkness that seemed to seep from the very ground. But a stubborn thread of resolve wove through her heart, compelling her to push further into the forest's embrace. She could feel the weight of her dreams and the allure of the Tome of Infinity pulling her deeper, even as a foreboding shadow trailed behind her, an echo of the darkness she would soon confront.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity of searching, Alis stumbled upon a clearing bathed in an otherworldly light. The air shimmered around her, and she felt as if she had crossed into another realm. In the center of the clearing stood a stone pedestal, its surface etched with intricate patterns that caught the light in mesmerizing ways. And there, resting atop the pedestal, lay the Tome of Infinity. Its cover was a tapestry of shimmering symbols, each one pulsating with a life of its own, calling to her like a siren's song.



Heart pounding with a mix of awe and trepidation, Alis approached the tome. As her fingers brushed its surface, a wave of warmth enveloped her, flooding her senses with a sense of belonging and power. The tome opened with a gentle rustle, revealing ancient scripts that glowed faintly, as if sharing their secrets just with her. In that moment, Alis felt an intoxicating surge of energy coursing through her veins, as if the knowledge of the ages was being woven into the very fabric of her being.

But just as she began to absorb the wisdom of the tome, a chilling shadow fell over her, casting a pall over the light. From the depths of her memory, a familiar presence stirred, weaving its way through the warmth that had enveloped her moments before. It was the haunting echo of her father, who had vanished years ago under mysterious circumstances. The air around her shifted, and an unsettling chill crept into her heart, twisting the exhilaration of discovery into a knot of dread.

The figure raised from the torn page, its edges flickering with an ominous glow. “A truth that will awaken forces you cannot begin to comprehend. The truth that ties your fate to the very fabric of this realm.”

Alis felt a shiver of dread. “What truth?”

Suddenly, the atmosphere shifted, the air around them thickening with an unsettling energy. The ground trembled beneath their feet, and branches overhead creaked ominously. Alis felt a sense of impending doom wash over her.

“What have you done?” she gasped, eyes wide as dark shadows began to swirl around them, coiling like serpents.

“I’ve opened a door,” the stranger replied, their tone dripping with satisfaction. “Now, it’s up to you to decide whether to step through or turn back. Choose wisely, Alis, for the consequences will ripple through time itself.”

“Alis...” The voice whispered, both comforting and foreboding, sending shivers down her spine. She froze, torn between the longing to embrace the connection and the instinct to flee from the darkness it heralded. The tome pulsed, its energy swirling dangerously, as if responding to the shadow that loomed over her. In that fragile moment, Alis realized that her adventure had only just begun, and the path ahead was fraught with challenges she could never have imagined.

“Alis,” his voice echoed, haunting yet tender, “you’ve done well. Now,

let me guide you.”

Before she could comprehend the magnitude of what was happening, Alis felt her thoughts cloud. Her father’s spirit, once a loving figure, now intertwined with the very essence of the tome, began to exert control over her. “Together, we will unlock the secrets of the universe,” he commanded, his voice merging with her own.



Back in Eldergrove, Alis’s friends—Mira, a fierce warrior, and Finn, a clever strategist—grew concerned. When Alis hadn’t returned by sunset, they set off to find her. As they entered the forest, they sensed the change in the air, a heavy tension that whispered of danger.

“Something isn’t right,” Mira murmured, gripping her sword tightly.

They reached the clearing just as Alis, now with an aura of power and menace, raised the Tome of Infinity. “Join me or stand against us!” she proclaimed, her eyes swirling with a mix of her own spirit and her father’s dark influence.

Finn stepped forward, heart pounding. “Alis! Fight it! You’re stronger than him!”

She hesitated, a flicker of recognition passing over her face. For a moment, the love they had shared pierced through the darkness. But her father’s voice roared, “You’re nothing without me!”

Mira dashed forward, positioning herself between Alis and the tome. “We believe in you, Alis! You are not alone!” she shouted, her voice slicing through the fog of control.

Gathering their resolve, Finn and Mira focused their energy, their friendship forming a protective barrier around Alis. They recalled the stories of love and bravery they had shared, the laughter that had bonded them through thick and thin.

With a powerful cry, they reached out to Alis, their voices intertwining. “Remember who you are! You are Alis, daughter of Eldergrove, not a vessel for darkness!”

In that moment, a spark ignited within Alis. The warmth of her friends’ love flooded her, pushing against her father’s cold grip. “No!” she cried, her voice breaking free. “I am my own!”

With a surge of strength that pulsed through her like wildfire, Alis hurled the Tome of Infinity to the ground. It landed with a thud, and the ancient pages erupted open, fluttering wildly like trapped birds desperate for freedom. The moment the tome hit the earth, the dark tendrils that had entwined around her began to fray, their grip faltering as Alis’s will surged back to life.

Her father’s shadow, a swirling mass of despair and control, writhed in frustration, reaching out to reclaim her, to pull her back into the depths of darkness. “Alis! You cannot escape me!” his voice echoed, a chilling reminder of what she had been fighting against. But in that moment of chaos, Alis stood her ground, feeling the warmth of her friends’ presence solidifying around her like an impenetrable shield.

“Together!” Mira and Finn shouted in unison, their voices cutting through the tumult, their hands interlocking to form a circle of unwavering strength. The air crackled with energy as they focused their intentions, their belief in Alis transforming into a radiant force. A whirlwind of light surrounded them, bright and vibrant, as the darkness

recoiled in fear.

The tendrils of shadow that threatened to consume Alis twisted and shrieked as the energy surged, pushing back against the dark presence. “You don’t belong here!” Finn cried, his voice a beacon of hope amidst the storm. The trio stood united, hearts pounding as they called upon the bond that had seen them through countless challenges.

With one final, resounding push of will, the combined strength of their friendship expelled her father’s spirit from her. The shadow howled as it dissipated, a swirl of darkness sucked away into nothingness, leaving only the soft rustle of the wind in its wake.

Breathing heavily, Alis collapsed to her knees, the world around her shifting from chaos to stillness. Tears streamed down her face, each drop a release of the fear and sorrow that had gripped her heart. “I thought I lost you forever,” she whispered into the emptiness, her voice barely audible. The remnants of his presence lingered in the air, a bittersweet echo of the love she once knew.

Mira knelt beside her, wrapping her arms around Alis’s shoulders, grounding her in the moment. “You’re safe now,” she reassured, her voice warm and steady. “We’re here, and we will always be.” The weight of her words wrapped around Alis like a comforting blanket, the chill of fear slowly melting away.

Finn, still breathless with the intensity of their battle, stepped forward and picked up the Tome of Infinity. It pulsed softly in his hands, now glowing with a gentle, inviting light. The malevolent energy that had once surrounded it had been vanquished, replaced by a warmth that radiated hope. “Let’s use this to protect our village, not to control it,” he said, his eyes shining with newfound determination.

With a deep breath, Alis felt the weight of her past begin to lift, replaced by a lightness that filled her with purpose. Together, they stood as a trio, unified in their commitment to safeguard the tome’s knowledge—not for