

Alvara
And the Battle of Magic

Emma's Books

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Alvara

Emma Van Damme

For everyone who wants to find out who they are

Chapter I

The Spell of Memories



18 years ago...

“Alvara! Time for bed, darling.”

“But I don’t want to sleep yet, Mommy!”

“Alvara, darling, it’s late. You see? The moon is already up.”

The little girl ran toward the big window to watch the beautiful rising moon. “It’s so ...”

As her mother came standing next to her, she smiled.

“... magical,” her mother continued.

She smiled again as she looked up at her.

“How about a story?” She adored her little girl. Alvara agreed and started dancing around her room. “Well then, one story and then we will go to bed, deal?” The little princess nodded.

“Once upon a time, there was a little girl, just as little as you are now! And she had the most perfect life! She had everything she ever wished for, a lovely house, a caring family, and magic!”

“Magic?” The little girl gasped.

“Yes, magic! She could make flowers appear between rocks, make the water dance, and talk to the trees,” she said as she lifted the princess.

Together they walked back to the window. “But there was one thing that girl desired more than all the magic she could find, she wanted a family of her own. So, one day in the woods, she met a handsome prince, and they fell in love. Together they had the most beautiful little girl ...”

Alvara giggled very quietly while she fell asleep.

Never did she hear the end of the story.

Present...

“Alvara are you okay?” I heard Elita say worriedly.

I tried to hold back my tears. “I know ...” I muttered. “You know what?” she asked as she put her hand on my shoulder. “The end of her story.”

Elita had no idea what I was talking about. But I remembered my mother’s story well. I was only a little child, but I cherished every moment I had with her. Maybe that’s why I suddenly remembered that exact moment. I haven’t felt so close to her since she passed. I know I wanted to have this sword, but it meant so much more. My mother would be close to me again. As close as she was that night by the window when she told me her story.

Elita didn’t dare ask about it.

But I heard a screaming noise outside the cave before I could tell her.

“The dragons! We must hurry!” Elita said with a hint of panic in her voice.

I wiped my tears with the end of my sleeve and sat down.

“Alvara, ready to get your magic?”

After all this time, all those days of walking and nights of dreaming, it was finally there. The moment when I would be reunited with my mother's soul.

Well, partly at least, I would reconnect with what was already mine.

“Quick! Give me the spell!” Elita commanded. I was confused. “What spell?”

“Alvara, no time! What is the transfer spell!”

I remembered the spell in my mother's letter. “Oh no ...”

Elita's panic rose so she started walking around me. “Please do *not* tell me you don't have it?” She stopped walking and stared at me with a look that could kill an entire army. “I know exactly where it is ...”

Elita rubbed her forehead and started wandering around again. “You know exactly where it is ...” she repeated.

I nodded. “Yes, well, I know where I left it last.” I remember it was on my pillow, together with the note I wrote to my father. He might have moved it somewhere.

“Okay, since we’re not sure where it is, but you remember where the spell was last, I could try to look into your memory.”

I was amazed. “You can do that?” I yelled, smiling.

“Yes, I can, but it’s a very hard and dangerous spell, and I’ve only done it once.”

It was our only option, I agreed to cast the spell with her. She placed her fingertips on my head amidst my hair roots. “This might sting a little,” she said, fearing for what might come. She didn’t say that before! But I couldn’t even argue, for she had started the spell.

A wave of painful magic flew through my brain like an arrow through a bull’s-eye. Elita’s eyes shone with white light as if she was possessed by some kind of demon.

She kept speaking in this strange language I had heard her use before. The spell wasn’t a pleasure, and I was barely able to handle it. It felt like my head was repeatedly hit onto a rock. I was almost about to lose consciousness when Elita finally said something I understood.

“Alvara, can you remember the moment when you saw the spell for the last time?” she yelled, still possessed.

“I think so,” I moaned in pain. I tried thinking about reading the letter. About the moment I discovered my mother having been a witch.

Elita repeated what she read inside my mind. “As soon as you touch the sword, say ... I got it!” She released me from the torturous spell.

“Finally!” I could barely spit out. “Are you certain you got the spell?” I asked her as soon as I found my breath again.

“I’m sure.”

She sat down next to me and asked for the sword. I gave her the shiny weapon that once belonged to my dearest mother.

“Be careful,” I said under my breath.

“Don’t worry, I will be.”

After all those nights walking, after all those days wondering what it would be like, after all those years living without it, it was finally time to restore me with my and my mother’s magic.

“Alvara, are you ready?” Elita asked in the kindest voice imaginable.

I waited a moment until I spoke. “I’m ... I don’t know,” finally came out. “It’s just, I’ve dreamed of this moment ever since my mother died. To be reunited with a part of her. I’ve been dreaming of being able to feel her soul again. But what if ...” I stopped for a second. “... what if I can’t handle it? What if I’m not destined to be a witch?”

I let my head fall as soon as I heard the sword drop. Before I knew it, Elita was hugging me. Just what I needed.

“You are enough, okay!” she whispered.

Once again, I wiped my tears while she slowly broke the hug. She lifted the sword again and handed it to me.

“As soon as you touch the sword’s handle again, say the words with me. You’ll know what to say.” I smiled, and just before I wanted to reach for the sword, I stopped one last time.

“Before I forget,” I said as I took the sword’s handle, “the ending of the story was: “and they lived happily ever after.”

Chapter II

The Reunited Souls



“Ready?” Elita checked.

I nodded. “Yes, I’m ready!”

I had my doubts, I wouldn’t lie, but right then, in that very moment, I could see that this was all I ever wanted.

Everything I had waited for.

Elita stood in front of me with the sword in her hands as if it was made of glass.

“Well, then you know what to do,” she said.

I did indeed know. Somehow the words came to my mind, and I knew perfectly well what to say and do. I reached out for the sword, and I knew everything felt right. As my fingertips touched the silver artwork of the sword, I casted my very first spell.

“ТЯОМКАЯЯ ОЯЯ КОСЕЕ ЕСУ КО!”

I spoke those words, and as the last letter flew over my lips, the sword left Elita’s hands. It rose and started shining this incredible golden light. Except for the gem in the middle. The stone itself shone with beautiful purple light. Then its glow became so bright I could barely see anything anymore. The wind started blowing harder than I thought it ever had before.

“Elita?” I tried. But nothing.

No sound.

No sight.

No Elita.

Everything around me turned white. I no longer felt like I was standing inside a cave on top of a mountain. I even forgot about the dragons for a moment. Everything was just white. White light. Except for the little purple gemstone. Then I noticed the sword was coming toward me. Or I was going to the sword. At

this point, I didn't have any idea where I was or what was happening. I heard a whisper. A familiar one.

“Touch the crystal,” the voice said.

Without thinking, I did what the voice asked me to do and reached for the gemstone. I closed my eyes while I flew next to the sword. I stretched out my hand, and the moment I pressed my hand against it, I felt a shock.

A wave of magic flowed through my veins, through my bloodstream. In every cell of my body, I felt like I was going to explode with brightness.

When I opened my eyes, I saw the owner of that voice.

Her!

“Mother!” I cried out.

There she was. Floating, just like me, in the whiteness of the light.

“My dearest Alvara! You found me.”

I don't know when I started crying, or if I ever stopped since we broke the protection spell. I didn't

know what to do or say. There were a million things I wanted to tell her. All my adventures, all the books I read, meeting her coven, but most importantly, how much I had missed her.

I found myself flying toward her, and once I was in front of her, I gave her the biggest hug. I never wanted to let go. Never.

“How are you here right now?” I asked, still in tears.

She put her hands on my cheeks and wiped away a falling tear. She gave me the widest smile.

“I’m here because of you. I’m here because you freed me from the sword in which I hid part of my soul.

Thanks to you, I can now rest in peace.”

Then I realized she wasn’t actually there. This hallucination was somehow the work of magic. I realized I couldn’t bring her back with me and spend the rest of my life with her. I realized I needed to let her go.

“Alvara, it’s okay. I’m happy,” she said for she felt my realization. “I need you to promise me two things. Can you do that?” I

nodded, unable to speak.

“Firstly, promise me you won’t try to bring me back.”

I was shocked. Not about the fact that she didn’t want to come back, but that I could bring people back from the dead.

“Wait, I can do that?”

“Yes, my dearest. It’s a very hard spell to cast, and only the most powerful witches can perform it. But promise

me you won’t try to bring me back.” With

pain in my heart, I agreed to her wish.

“And my second wish is for you to promise me to never stop believing in yourself. I never got to see you grow up, but when I see you here in front of me, I see what a strong, beautiful woman you’ve become! Promise me never to stop believing in what you’re

worth. In whom you are.”

For I saw her fading, I yelled in panic, “But who am I?”

She almost disappeared into the white air. The last thing she said was, “You’ll find out soon enough. That’s my promise to you. Goodbye, my dear. I love you ... so much!”

And so, she disappeared in the wind. A loud zooming sound echoed through my brain like a buzzing bee through a field of flowers.

I woke up. No sign of white light, no sign of wind, and no sign of Mother. Only a very blurry Elita.

“Alvara?”

I felt her shaking my shoulders. I heard her voice, but I couldn’t understand exactly what she was saying. I wanted to speak, but I did not know how to. I opened my eyes as a sign I was still alive.

It took me a while to get used to living again. It actually felt like I had died for a while and came back. It felt weird to be back. It was like I found my mother and lost her all over again.

After a few minutes, my sight started to recover. Fortunately, the zooming sound disappeared as well. I started noticing my surroundings again, the tiny rocks below my legs, the wind in the cave which again blew softer than before.

“I saw her,” were the first words I said.
“Hey, you’re alive! Good,” Elita said, relieved.

“I saw her,” I repeated.

“Who?” Elita asked.

“Her.”

I pointed toward the sword which fell on the ground.

“You saw your mother?”

I nodded.

“What did she say?”

It took me a while to find the strength to speak again. Also, what *did* she say? I tried remembering the conversation I had with my long-lost mother’s soul.

Then I knew. “That I would soon find out who I am.”

Chapter III

The Dragon Attack



I didn't have much time to rest because the screaming sounds from outside only got louder and louder.

“Do you think you can walk?” Elita asked in a hurried tone.

“Mm,” I mumbled, trying to lift myself up.

Before I stood properly, the wind started to fill the cave once again. Dust flew around, and I crawled to pick up the sword, but Elita was one step ahead of me.

Faster than fast, she put it inside a scabbard she made appear. It made me realize that I was now able to do that too. Even though I wasn't sure how exactly, I knew I could. It also hit me that I didn't feel a change. Of course, I felt different, like millions of stars were swimming through my veins, but I didn't feel like I had any gifts. Just like in Elita's story.

When Aiden got his powers, he knew it instantly, but with Elita, it took a while for her to figure them out.

That would mean both my powers were for me to figure out.

I didn't know when I started to zone out, but I knew when I stopped. Right when the sound got so bad, I wanted to bury my head in the sand. The kind you felt in every inch of your body. The sound of an angry dragon.

Suddenly, I saw a shadow. The same shadow I saw in that one dream when I was still in the castle, the day I got my mother's letter.

"The dragons," I whispered under my breath, "they're here!"

As I said those words, the shadow became a dragon. A creature of scales and blue fire. It was time for action, time for the plan.

“Elita, now would be a great time to run, don’t you think?” I spoke.

“I agree,” she replied. Elita took a good look at the dragon, and so did I.

It was actually a very beautiful creature, if you looked close enough. It wasn’t as large as the Phoenix, but it was far from small. Its wings were as wide as a rowboat and its tail was perhaps even longer. Scales in black shone a blue light in the reflection of the moon. I tried to look a little closer, and I saw two beautiful blue eyes staring at me. They were as blue as mine. “Like an ocean so deep,” my father used to say. What I also noticed was that it showed its teeth in a threatening way.

I then realized it stood closer to us than I first thought it did. I looked aside me and found another dragon there. This one looked different. Then I realized everything again.

The sword, the magic, the plan.

It was like I was myself again. The rush I felt in my body calmed down, and I could think clearly again.

Without hesitation, I jumped on the back of the dragon beside me.

It ran to the entrance of the cave and jumped out.

We dove down. I forgot the mountain was so high. We gathered a lot of speed, and when I saw the ground getting closer, I panicked. Had she lost her mind?

“ELITAAAAAAA!” I screamed as we were about to hit the ground.

Just in time, she turned her wings so that we flew straight up again. With the dragons right behind us, I understood why we had to speed up.

As I said before, Elita looked different than a real dragon. It was risky. She had never turned into a dragon before.

As she flew higher again trying to get rid of the dragons, we lost speed.

These dragons had only one purpose: to protect the sword. It meant as much to them as it did to me. But I needed it more.

As the dragons got closer and closer, I knew our plan was failing. All we had to do was make Elita turn into a dragon and fly away from the dragons, then sneak back to the horses and ride back to the Starwoods.

But we weren't fast enough.

I started panicking and feeling anxious. What if all this was for nothing? We came so far! I didn't want this adventure to end with us caught in a dragon's stomach.

As the emotions took over, I closed my eyes. The rush in my veins returned. Suddenly, everything around me felt weird. My hands got warmer, my breath got heavier, and everything got brighter. Then, when I opened my eyes, we were falling to the ground. Elita threw me in the air, wrapped her wings around me, just before we fell on the surface.

When she opened her wings again, I realized we were in a field. No sign of a mountain, no sign of dragons, no idea where we were or how we got here.

Only the moon shining brightly above us.