

THE RAGNAROK CHRONICLES

THE  
**GOD**  
TOURNAMENT

FATE IS ONLY THE FIRST PROBLEM

**Dylan McManis**

**YAS** YOUNG AUTHOR SERIES

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*To all those that said  
I am crazy,  
because that crazy  
wrote this.*



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*“If this story is a  
parable, perhaps everyone  
takes his own meaning from it and  
reads his own life into it.”*

– John Steinbeck, *The Pearl*



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## PROLOGUE

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The air seemed to hum with energy on that warm summer's day. The school year was fast approaching and every kid in town seemed to know it, so they were trying to squeeze out every last drop of it before it was gone. But one kid lingering at the end of the crowd at the ever so luxurious local pool could not wait till school started.

Light Thomas was different from most kids. It always seemed like he was constantly changing his demeanor, like the crowd around him seemed to influence his actions and behavior. Not in the way you would think though, Light was no bandwagon groupie like everyone else. He was cast out by most of the people he knew, so more often than not he lingered at the edge of the crowd. He liked it better that way anyway, it was more suited to a person like him. He was an observer nothing more, nothing less.

A rumor passed through the crowd like wildfire and a boy called out to him.

“Hey, Thomas! Let's see what you can do.”

The boy was nothing more than a self-obsessed jock that was sent to the infirmary the day of the freshman swim meet and couldn't participate. So



Light's brother the swim captain plucked him out of the crowd and took him to the locker room forced him into a swimsuit and had him do the high dive and a 500 meter. Light had taken first in both and had been passed off as the boy. That was Light's ability—He could pass himself off as anyone else if he focused hard enough.

“Thomas? Who is Thomas? My names Duncan.”

The boy just smirked at him.

“Nice try Light. You're not fooling me.”

So Light sighed, admitting defeat, and headed toward the high dive. Some of the girls giggled, but his brother just stood there looking down at his feet. As he climbed the ladder for the high dive, he quietly prayed.

“I who am touched by the Light and kissed by the sea, ask of you great water, aid me so that I may continue on my journey.”

As he finished his prayer he reached the top, assumed the position, and jumped. And as he flew through the air the water turned black and froze to ice.

Light died instantaneously as another piece of hope left this world and went to the second realm of death.



# The Damned Therapist

“Hey you! Yah you, Calder!”

*Not another one.* Calder thought as he was on his way back to the dorms after school that day. This wasn't the first time some kid had tried calling him out to a fight here at Brim Rose Academy. This has been happening ever since he moved into Brim Rose less than two months ago. The academy was a special school on La Gross Roche Verde “big green rock,” a school on an island off the coast of California for the rich, the noteworthy, and the troubled. He had come here for the latter and it only seemed like he had got into more trouble since he had arrived.

The boy started walking toward him. He had a stocky build, usually the kind of one you'd find on one of those guys who ate a lot and joined the football team so that he had an excuse. Unfortunately, because of this, he was quite full of himself. Calder had met a ton of people like him, since Calder had

moved around from school to school every year since he was eight.

Having always been the new kid and the fact that not very many people particularly liked him, he'd learned how to protect himself and how to still do his job.

"So what do you want?" Calder replied not really caring what his reason was.

"I saw you talking to Anne earlier."

Anne, that rung a bell in Calder's head. Anne's real name was Anemone and she was Calder's latest case. "And your point is?"

"She's mine."

"Uh huh." *So he is one of those guys.*

"So you stay away!"

"Someone's a little touchy."

"What was that?" The boy charged at him.

"I wouldn't do that." Calder quickly side stepped and the boy charged right past him. *Amateur. Looks like its time to fight. Lupin it's your turn.* At that moment a fire seemed to ignite in Calder's eyes.

"What the!" The boy replied

"So you're the loser whose been annoying me."

The boy came at him again looking very enraged. *Don't kill, maim, or break him, ok. Fine. You're always ruining my fun.* The boy swung his hand at him in an attempt at a punch. Calder quickly countered; he grabbed the boys arm and swung it around him, holding it behind his back. Then he bent the boy over, kneed him in his gut, and he flung him away. *It's no fun when they go collapsing too soon; I like*

*to have fun with them. Don't go too wild, he's still human.*

The boy came rushing at him again, panting wildly. ***Wow this guy is stupid, well guess it's time, initiate scan.*** In a matter of seconds Calder had looked the boy up and down, figured out his muscle distribution, and found out the boy's weak points.

"You were warned."

Calder pivoted on his heel, turned, and kicked. The kick easily connected to the boy's stomach and winded him. He doubled over gasping for air, and crudely Calder had no pity for the boy. Calder kicked him in the side, so the boy was facing up, and then went down on his knee and whispered gently to the boy. "Stupid, stupid boy you should have gotten your facts straight, then this might have never happened."

Calder grabbed the boy's head and smashed it into the ground, knocking the boy unconscious. Then he got up and dusted himself off, walking back toward the dorms. ***There, happy? He's not dead or broken, just unconscious is all. Fine I'll take it. It's something at least. Now give me control again. It's all yours, Calder.*** The wildness in his eyes disappeared and he was back to normal again. And it seemed like he could go about his day as usual again. Then he looked to the corner of the building where someone could have easily seen the fight, and standing there where two students filled with shock. *Looks like no such luck.*



Ambrosia Jones's day was like any other, at least to her it was. Wake up to her roommate Nina lying in bed right next to her. Then trying to get a nice and hot shower before everyone woke up, no such luck. Next she would walk over to the cafeteria and get some food, which as usual was nothing less than fabulous, considering that her school Brim Rose Academy was for children of high social standing so the meals were always amazing. The next thing on her schedule was to go to the main school building for her classes; Biology, Algebra 2, Civics, English 9, as were required by the government for the freshmen attending Brim Rose. Along with the normal classes, she also had French, Foods, Newspaper, and Archery. That's right Archery, that's what happens when you attend a private school on a tropical island off the coast of California.

After school is when things started getting scary, freaky scary.

After school let out and the students were released for some free time before dinner, Amber met up with her friend Apollo, the only boy in this school that she thought wasn't a snob, a delinquent, or a stupid jock, and they started going around the school, just hanging out, wishing for something exciting to happen. And lo and behold their wish was granted.

As they made their way around a bend behind the school, they stumbled upon two boys having a sort of argument. One of them a large burly boy that looked as if he had just eaten one of the horses over at the

stables, yep she said stables. The other boy—the one with his back to them—had nice fair brown hair, he had a strong and simple stature, and as the burly boy charged she saw that he had a nice calm, gentle face, almost as if asking her to go over there and cry on his shoulder. But she restrained herself and kept her position.

Then the boy seemed to burst with power and energy, a gust of wind and a few drops of moisture flew at her. The boy had utterly changed in the one short moment, his eyes and hair where wild. The boy looked as if he was a lunatic that had escaped from an insane asylum. The wild boy grabbed the burly boy's arm, twisted it behind him, kned him in the gut, and pushed him away. The boy looked as if he was enjoying the other one's pain; Amber was in complete and total horror.

Then he turned and kicked the burly boy in the stomach and the boy went down gasping for air. Amber thought he must be a madman without mercy, but he only got worse. For the boy kicked the other one while he was on the ground flipping him over, and then he went down, whispered something to the boy, and smashed his head into the ground. The boy went limp as soon as his head hit the ground.

Amber stepped back in horror of the boy. She looked back to Apollo to provide comfort, but no such luck. And as she turned back around she saw that the boy was walking toward her. The boy seemed sane now, and as he walked toward her, her heart started to race.

She knew how it felt now to feel like you're going to faint after seeing an actor in a movie. The boy was indescribable in words. Everything about the boy drew her in, the way his hair shimmered in the light, the way that he walked with such grace and his eyes—they were the deepest of blues. Her heart began to race, only partially out of fear of the boy.

“Hi.” She stammered.

