

Spencer Smith

Age: 14, Grade: 9

School Name: Pelham High School, Pelham, AL

Educator: Connie Nolen

Category: Novel Writing

Are You a Good Guy?

Brief summary:

A story of a Boy, strayed from humanity, and Girl of the same. She, along with the other people he meets, open his eyes to the world that was hidden. He heats of entities endless and varied, and meets people that have been involved with these entities. He finds himself, along with the people he meets, fighting against, with, and for, the entities they encounter.

Excerpt:

A nice, small village, where all people are known to each other. In the land that is ruled by gods, hidden and protected by nature. Yokai, separate from demons, a species of their own, lurk around the village where samurai grow. A boy, born into a family residing in this village, grows into a samurai, noblest of warriors. Bravery sprouts in his heart, and the day he saw his fellow friends, of a young age just as his, perish from the hands of such crude and heartless creatures, he stand and watch, in utter fear and disgust, his body trembling, and eyes opened wide, resembling the wilting sunflowers that grow in abundance. The ear pulsing screeches and blood spilled from the claw struck children. The same blood from those children, pumped into his heart and mind alike, and on that day, without saying a word, he swore to protect all, as long as they are people he cared for, they would never see pain for as long as he thrived. The boy grows older, reaching the years of a young adult, and the horrid monsters would make their return. Not a stumbling, or a rare occurrence, but an organized rampage brought on by the entity with endless forms, not one alike another. The boy's soul itself enraged, along with the others, he murdered intensely to combat the creatures with tendencies of the same. The boy could not save any, his spirit alone was not enough to save others, let alone keep him well. He fell to his knees, in the carcass covered grounds of his village, with the same expression pulled from his childhood face. To the boy's knowledge, not another living being remained, but bloody steps got louder, closing in on the boy, proving him wrong. A yokai resembling a tall, humane woman, looked down at the boy, rotten, wilting sunflowers that hold the boy's sight, stare at the yokai. The yokai spoke, "For I have seen long ago, my children grazing on your people, and a young boy observing, only showing the existence of fear, but I smelled rage, coming from the furious boy that could not help his fellow people, helpless. From then on, I observed the boy, and took a liking, that has grown into a love, for the boy. And here you sit, the boy I hold dear to my heart, the boy I have shown the truth. I am the sole reason for this mass murder, but for that I have a reason. The scent picked up from you, showed the intent of saving all, disregarding reason, leaving your hope as a crutch to hold you. You, too, would have perished if not for me, but that is what I have done this for, to open your eyes, to blossom the sunflowers. You cannot save all, or any in cases like this, and I knew you would dig your own grave in the desperate attempt to try. So I show you, that valuing the concept of being the savior of all, will only lead to you as the first corpse. I have taught you a lesson, and whether you value it or not, it's out of the dearest of love for you. The boy that to me, is the embodiment of Namazu, from the legend of your own people. The catfish, praised as the avenger of injustice, but wrecked havoc along its way. The god, Takemikazuchi, stayed to defend it, keeping it from laying waste to the people. This story fascinates me, and I would like to act as the god who protects, while you are the colossal catfish that would lay waste to my heart, but even so, be praised by the people. So wipe the tears from your face, take the name of Namazu, draw your sword, and let it take the name of I, Takemikazuchi"