

Legend of the Winged Man

Ghost of Mariner High School in Everett District of Seattle.

Have you ever heard of a legend that was so outrageous that there was no way for it to be true? I have. It is the legend around my school. I can tell you that it is true.

Who am I? My name is Samuel Donaldsom, but my friends call me Sam. I am a human senior at Mariner High School, and I am going to tell you the story of why I know the legend is true, but first let me give you some backstory for the school.

Mariner High school was built originally in 1970 then rebuilt after the Night of Rage in 2045. The rebuild updated the tech in the school to include Matrix and 'other' technologies. The school has been funded to continually upgrade the tech through the Draco Foundation and NEONet, which probably only donates to rival the Draco Foundation after the fall of NovaTech.

Needless to say, we are a state of the art school. That is why I never took the legend of the winged man seriously, at least not until that night.

I am getting ahead of myself, let me first tell you about this urban legend and you will see why I never took it seriously.

Our school has a very long history, and has always kept the outside lights on for security reasons. The lights have never failed in the 100 year history of the school, except when power was out due to storms and the like. Every few nights, right around midnight, the lights will start to flicker and some of them inexplicably shut off. This shutoff is not registered with the school security computer or seen over cameras, it just happens.

Allegedly, if you get close enough to the school, you can see a pair of floating, glowing eyes. I heard that the eyes are sometimes red, other times white, and a rumor of blue as well. I don't know the significance of the eye colors as it never came up in the legend before. Some say that if you stare at the eyes long enough, you can begin to see the outline of the winged man. This winged man is thought to be a construction worker that died during the construction of the school back in 1970.

I heard he was an angel who looks after the school and all the students from one source, another says that it is a malevolent spirit who wants to wreak havoc on the school and the students for dying on the property, yet another says that he is an angel who passes by his place of death as a reminder to all mortals that there is life after death.

As I said before, I didn't put any stock in the story of our winged legend.

The day that I changed my mind I found myself running late for class, which was normal. I stayed up late that night, partying with some orcs that I know, drinking drinks humans have no reason to be drinking. I was drunk after only one drink. So the next morning I was running late, after casting a detox spell on myself, and resting a little to counter the drain that slammed me after accidentally overcasting my spell. So, that day I was late, and tired.

Knowing how tired I was, I played it safe, I set my comlink to record everything so I wouldn't miss anything in my lectures. No homework or tests. I was able to fumble through the day and, by lunch, was feeling better. I would be ready to meet up with my friends after school and go to the football game. It should be a good one, our quarterback has a smartlink causing him to almost never miss a throw.

The game went at was expected, we won easily, 31-3. My friends and I went back to the school, where we would spend the night drinking and carrying on. There was a place on campus that the cameras didn't have eyes on. We had partied here before, and we planned to continue doing it until graduation in a few short months.

That night though, things were different.

I was drinking and snorting NovaCoke with Betty, a pretty junior who just made the cheer squad. We were listening to this new band, Slashing Unicorns, dancing and swaying to the thumping beat. I was liking the girl and thinking she could be the one that I would ask out. But that wouldn't happen that night.

I was just getting drinks for me and Betty when the lights started flickering. The sound of buzzing electricity crackling across the lights and our speakers. The song was overpowered by the buzz of power. Then the lights went out.

There was screaming from a lot of the students. I noticed spells being thrown bringing an eerie light to the area. I noticed Betty cast a shield spell on herself, protecting herself from the unknown. I followed suit, casting a mystic armor in the hopes of protection.

I don't know why I did it, there was just something in the air. It was a cold, dark feeling. My gut was twisted, and not from the drugs or drink.

There was a dark tendrel that seemed to take all our faces and pulled us up to look at the school. Up on the second floor there was a set of eyes, red and glowing with anger. I was stuck there looking at these angry eyes, unable to pull away. It seemed to be looking through me, to my essence.

I stared at those eyes for what seemed forever, the glow starting to show the outline of the man who they belonged to. The man was roughly human in shape, stocky and strong, with large

wings spread out behind him. All I could see was a shadow from him, but the power radiating from him was real. It scared me beyond belief.

I shook my fear away, and finally looked around, realizing everyone was still frozen and staring at the eyes. Now I heard a voice, "Samual, only you can hear me. I am going to tell you this once. You are throwing your life away. You must find a way to change, give yourself up to the totem seeking you. If you don't you will never be able to withstand my power. Know I am coming for you, and I will take a lot from you."

I responded, "Huh?"

There was a flash of light and my head felt like it exploded, then everything was black.

I awoke a time later, the sun just starting to crest the hills to the east. I must have been out for hours. I shook the cobwebs out of my head and looked around. Everyone seemed to be waking up, whether from drugs, alcohol, or the winged man was anyone's guess. The pain and lack of energy making me dizzy.

I took Betty by the hand, helping her up. I asked her, "What happened?"

She responded, "I have no idea."

With that I thought long and hard about that night. Searching for a totem as I was told, always fearful of what may be coming. Was it just a drug induced dream or did this actually happen? That I don't know, but I wasn't going to take any chances.