

Fantasy Story(Writing Sample) by Vlada

The Crystal of Shalome 🌟

In the dying light of a blue sky, Shalome moved through the Whispering Pines, each step crunching snow beneath his boots. Tales of the Crystal of Verdahn, buried in the heart of the Silent Cliffs, had echoed through his village for generations—but none had returned to confirm its existence.

Cloaked in a mantle of emerald runes, Shalome tightened his grip on his obsidian blade. The air crackled, not with cold, but with magic—thick and pulsing. He found the mouth of a cave, marked by a spiral etched into stone, identical to the one in his dreams.



Inside, shadows twisted unnaturally. A voice whispered, "Turn back." But Shalome pressed on, heart thudding, until he reached a hollow chamber lit by a soft blue glow.

Suspended in the air—untouched, unmarred—was the Crystal of Verdahn. The moment he reached out, the earth trembled. A beast formed from ash and wind surged forward. Shalome didn't retreat. Instead, he sang the melody his mother had taught him—a lullaby with no known origin. The beast paused. Then faded.

As he clutched the crystal, warmth surged into his chest. The curse was broken. Outside, the sky bled gold, and for the first time in a century, spring broke through the mountains.

Shalome returned not just with proof, but with healing.