



The Morning Star

by MATTHEW BRIEDE

“You were the model of perfection, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty.”

“Sir.”

His cold staring eyes, locked away at some distant point, snapped back into focus and turned towards the lesser creature before him, kneeling with his head bowed.

“What is it? Are we ready?” was the dark voice that emanated from the black onyx helmet. It fit over the general’s head snugly, with only small slits for his burning eyes to glare from. His eyes alone were fascinating in a terrifying way. They were a dark, flaring, crimson color, and they shone with such a malevolent force that the creature before him bowed his head more out of fear of meeting those horrible eyes than from respect.

“Yes, sir. The enemy prepares for our advance. This is the time to strike. However they do outnumber us,” The creature said, his voice fading towards the end.

The general turned his dark eyes on the creature, and then shot out his hand, grasping the creature around the throat and with crushing, but undeniable force, held him up at eye level, forcing him to meet his glaring eyes.

“We will win. Begin the attack,” the general ordered, throwing the pitiful soul to the ground, where he scrambled to his feet, muttered a choked, “Yes, sir,” then scurried off to begin the march.

“So it begins,” said the general to himself. He could see his entire force spread out in front of him. They were well-equipped and ready to fight. Past his advance guard was the enemy. They waited silently, with a confidence that infuriated the general. He stood on a cleft of rock overseeing his forces and indeed they were

outnumbered. But the general was confident that he was invincible; confident, or corrupted because of his pride. He was a terrible marvel to behold. His armor gleamed a polished black that was as dark as the abyss that was sure to claim him. It was constructed of the hardest onyx, with topaz and sapphires adorning the crest of his breastplate. In a scabbard hanging from his golden belt was a lethal sword. Its hilt was encrusted with emeralds and jasper. It was a suit of armor once created to inspire others with its magnificence, but was now a symbol of the hatred and fear it struck into those who laid eyes upon it. He drew the blade out, revealing a blade that matched the color of his armor.

Suddenly the war trumpets blared and the march had begun. His host of demons charged the angels with ferocious abandon. The angels held their lines and waited for the wave to reach them. Like a wave breaking over a rock, the black host crashed into the angels. Intense fighting began, and the general made his way towards the front lines. He broke through the line of angels with a single deft slash of his mighty blade. Three fell before him as he broke into the white army. He cut a path through the angels, felling all who stood before him. His demons were being obliterated, but the general cared not. He was invincible. He was wise. He was perfect. He was doomed.

Where the general cut a path too, a solitary figure stood waiting. His armor was a gleaming white so bright that no mortal could look directly at it. His sword was trimmed with a deep gold, the blade of the same shining brilliance as his armor. Through the slits in his helmet, bright blue eyes watched the general approach him. The eyes were not cold or angry, but full of sorrow. Slowly, the figure withdrew his blade and stood ready for the general’s attack.

“Michael. You cannot hope to stand before me. Stand aside and let me approach Him.” The general snarled, accosting the white leader before him.

“What have you done, Lucifer? You were blameless in your ways from the day you were created until wickedness was found in you,” Michael said with sadness. His words enraged Lucifer into action. The fallen angel lunged at Michael, stabbing with his black sword. Michael parried the blow away and their fight began. The battle around them seemed to fade away, all



the sounds of the demon's screams of agony at the hands of the angels fell on Lucifer's deaf or uncaring ears. Everything around them seemed to grow quiet. There was no other disturbance but the flurry of blades attacking each other. Micheal's form shone so brilliantly that anyone watching would be blinded by the glory of the Creator strengthening him. Yet it was an inspiration. Lucifer's armor seemed to absorb this light, viciously attacking and trying to beat it back. It was truly a thing of terror to behold, this black void. Lucifer attacked with vengeance, each blow making Michael's hand numb from the ring of the blades. Nothing but the clang of the blades and the heavy breathing could be heard. Micheal kept up with every malicious strike. He pushed Lucifer's attack back, and put him on the defense. The Spirit of the Lord came upon him in power, and Michael's pure white blade finally hit the dark onyx sword with such force that the carefully and beautifully crafted piece shattered into a thousand infinitesimal pieces. Lucifer was left breathless. As the Dark Prince stared into Michael's bright blue eyes, he could see his own doom drawing near speedily. The white blade stabbed forward and Lucifer watched it, in slow-motion, utterly pierce his black armor and enter his body. White light poured from his wound. It was in this way that Michael, through the power of the Lord, struck Lucifer down.

He fell to his knees, the ground crumbling around him, a gaping hole opening to swallow him. His army was banished, and he would share the same fate. A voice that Lucifer knew and had now come to fear spoke, stabbing his heart with a pain more unbearable than the gaping wound in his chest now. Up on the mountain, a robed figure watched, and spoke.

"Your heart became proud on account of your beauty, and you corrupted your wisdom because of your splendor," He said, turning His eyes away from the Father of Lies.

Lucifer, his helmet and armor stripped from him, threw his head back and roared. His beauty left him and he was left a despicable creature before all. Worms and carrion surrounded him and he fell. He fell past his demons, past his loyal servants down into the Abyss, into Hell. There he landed, separated from God and the holy mountain. There he would reside for eternity with

much wailing and gnashing of teeth. So was the Prince of Evil born. So was born the bane of all mankind.

So was hope born. For none of us need to be Michael to defeat the devil and his schemes. Take up your blade, the Word of God, and let the Spirit of the Lord come unto you in power.

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