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A pen that Awakened Discord.

"Tick-Tock, Tick Tock." A heavy sigh. Dark room, looking blunt and messy, a small apartment. "Debt, rent, hospital bills, daily expenditure and a small salary to feed all these monsters. They won't approve of my loan either." He cried with annoyance. It was clear ^{that} he was in desperate need of money.

This is the life of William. An ordinary ~~30~~-thirty-year old living an ordinary man life in Florida. As a child he would ask God to give him a life full of adventure. To be frank, it is an adventure of money hunt as of now. Even in his current state he wishes he was some Aladdin with a Genie to grant him all his wishes. He never had a time to think or look for his Jasmine let alone live a life that he's satisfied of. But is his life going to be so ordinary? We can't say unless we see what he would do for



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the plot!

It was 11:11pm, an angelic time to wish upon stars. William was a creative minded child by heart but he didn't notice the time. In the rush to go to bed he went to bed and muttered to himself "If only I had a pen or pet which grants me of my needs." The sunlight hitting through the curtains of the window, our protagonist was fighting a great battle to gravity and confinement of his bed. "Atleast I don't have work today" he said to console himself. He decided to visit his friend, who's son got into an accident and lost his hearing.

He was welcomed by warm hug by a child, who seemed about ~~to~~ twelve, as he arrived there. He would visit the child & play with him ever since ~~at~~ his birth. As he got in his friend left to buy snack having William babysit the child. Now that he was deaf, it was sad William couldn't play 'Simon says' with the kid. He decided to play the game by writing down instead of

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commanding through speech. Both excited, William grabs a pen from his pocket. Strangely he hears a loud thud. He asked the kid with his limited knowledge of sign language "Did you hear that, Charlie?". He understood only he heard it. Ignoring that he began to write. He noticed that he nevered owned that antique looking pen he had got from his pocket. It had 'opal' written in bold golden letters. Seeing the excited kid before him, he wrote "Simon says: touch your nose" they both did that. After few more giggles and difficult tasks of obeying "simon says" he wrote impossible this to spice things such as "Simon says: Fly". They both waved their hands ~~sto~~ as if they are wings but William actually flew. He was confused. How in the world was he levitating. He wrote "Simon says: Stop flying" He came back to ground. The news struck him. Was he dreaming? Did that Simon says just turn out to be true. He told the child its a magic trick, still confused. Unable to think

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straight he went about & returned to his house. While his inner child was excited he still couldn't believe it. Next he tested the pen took a paper out. He began cooking up some commands. He ~~was~~ wrote "I can fly" nothing happened. "Simon says: I can fly" "It was real?!" He screamed. He couldn't believe what he was experiencing. He threw the pen in horror after ~~cancel~~ writing to stop it. After few minutes of horror, the devil inside him started brewing different ideas. "If not a genie or a lamp I got a magic pen!! My life is going to be epic as for I am the chosen one". He screamed to world ~~as~~ standing on top of a table with the pen in his hand. He checked the time "Oh shoot. I'm late".

William consumed by the joy of his inner child forgot about his bedridden mother who he visits during the weekend. As William was the only child ~~and~~ ^{his} single mother was his only hope but she fell ill with an unknown disease and is in coma. His aunt took care and gave shelter

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to them when he was young. He had never seen his dad but never heard something bad about his dad from his mother. So him simply stopped caring. He had come to Florida after finding a job there.

He got on the ~~train~~^{bus} and reached the nearby town. talked with aunt. "She's still not awake?" He said hopelessly. Aunt consoled him and gave him hope telling him to focus on his job and life for now. With tears he ~~also~~ glanced at his mother. She ~~lie~~ lied down like a white swan, pale body but she had this calm aura as if she was in peace. He returned back not standing there even for a second more.

He thought of ways he could use the pen of how far it could reach about its full potential. He told himself he wouldn't be too greedy as he does not know the source of this ~~he~~ otherworldly power. ~~be~~

"Let's see. To start off let's get a bike, I could do delivery jobs with that." He exclaimed

As he wrote what he wished in the Simon says format

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He was not longer suprised he did get all that. He wanted to earn money not magically get it. Or was it a bluff will?

Greed is devilish power. With great power and success, greed will follow & hunt you down. William was its prey, brutally hunted down. He slowly realised there small things were good but ... not good 'ENOUGH'. He wanted more & more & more. With each & every time he woke he was thinking of something greater. He wished for trillions of dollars he got it. He took his mother to various hospitals. Did many checkups. None of that worked. In grief he spent the money in luxury. In cars, houses and much more. He nevered wished for something that was otherworldly or mythical as it will ~~not~~ be too odd to keep hidden from others. In the sudden increase in money he began going out of control. The devil inside him danced out of

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joy it was getting. At this point he had finished writing a whole 8 diaries of wishes. He couldn't stop himself. He was addicted. Even if he wanted a simple thing he would use the pen. If anything had not changed inside this new William, it was his love for his mother. One day as he drove to his mother's house. He was stopped by few cars: ~~cars~~ He stood there like an innocent man.

Until that moment he had told everyone that he had won a lottery but it was so suspicious. Upon the heavy expenditure of money someone like him had possessed in the matter of weeks was like a world record. So it was nothing new that even the government had been suspicious. They had been tracking him for a while.

Two officers came out of the car and walked in front of him calmly. 'This is the FBI we need you to come with us sir'. William smiled



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"Yes, Surely". He took a book and wrote "Simon says: Two people infant of me must obey simon." and again wrote "Simon says: Die" ~~the~~ Officers were confused on what william was doing. A scene of horror.

Both the officers fell dead. Both under heart attack. "How interesting. If not specified the cause; its heart attack" William said ~~thinking~~ with an expression of that of a sane man and drove off. He was a fully fledged psychopath by now. Appointing himself as the greatest and realising his true potential. As he reached his location he went running to room his mother was at. Hopelessly he took a book and wrote "Simon says: Wake up from coma" He stood there with glowing eyes as if he'd expected his mother to wake up & hug him. But Alas, he fell to his knees. He wrote a couple more times. "Damn it" he shouted. He was beyond control. Like a spoiled child he stormed



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off. Got onto his car. Speeding as if drunk. He crashed the car. He had minor injuries. He wrote "Simon says: Heal". He was perfectly healthy. He wondered why that it didn't work. Having no way of transport. He walked aimlessly. After all he was not contented in a world without his mother.

"Why? Good Why?!. You gave me everything that I want but what about this one thing I need. I'd die for her. But you gave me false hopes." he went on like a mad man. Grief acted like an alcohol and he was a creature of no identity now. Soon in the dark silence few flashes were upon him. He could hear police ~~cars~~^{sirens} and noise. He was still not ready to kneel in front of his defeat.

"Sir. You are under arrest- for murder and other unforgivable crimes. We commend you to surrender."

A sound from the microphone went through his ears. Now the adrenaline rush of survival got over.



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him. ~~He~~ Only one thing went over his mind.

"Survive, Survive, Survive" he chanted as he wrote on the paper. Wishing upon death but he didn't know how many people. Upon the sudden horror he got a devilish idea. It was no longer him. He fell silent. He chanted again.

"Dre, Dre.. DIE!! Hahaha". It wasn't William a spec of devil was visible inside his eyes. It

was a satanic act. "SIMON SAYS: DIE BEFORE THE

DISCORD DEMONS". He'd never wrote something so fantastical but he saw a portal before him.

Various blood-thirsty demons came out. Blood covered him. As he heard the sound of horror and screams he soon came to his senses.

"What have I done?... What am I?"

His ears went deaf. He was dying. Even if we he called the demons back, the blood in his hands will never fade. Another thing he noticed the pen was almost



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out of ink. What could he do now. Was it death?
Is there any point in life.

He suddenly got an idea. He took the pen and wrote. "SIMON SAYS: GO BACK TO PAST"
He closed his eyes. He felt as if his bones breaking, skin stretched a million times as if he entered a black hole. He was suddenly shook by the scene in front of him.

He was back in the apartment he used to visit the child. He was in the balcony. He smiled seeing himself hugging the child. William staring panicking realising this was the scene where he first used the pen. Another thing he noticed is that those two couldn't see him. Which was great. His old self would be traumatised seeing himself covered in blood & scratches. As his old self took the pen, Williams was banging on the window like crazy, hoping he would stop. But it was of



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no use. Damage was done. The ink of the pen in his hand ran out. He couldn't even return back. He was dead inside. He didn't want to feel anymore. He couldn't even stop himself. Giving up he stood there full of regret like a warrior who had betrayed everyone.

Sudden rush of anger he broke the pen. Suddenly he was transported into a different realm. It was empty. There was nothing. The colour there was not comprehensible to human eye. A dark angel stood before him. It was horrifying in looks but an calm aura. "Hello! I'm opal demon creator of the pen". A deep voice told him. He was not fazed by anything at that point. "Do you wish to save everyone?" This thought brought William back to his senses. "Yes! Please How can I??" He screamed like he would die. "A sacrifice" the demon's voice said. "What.. do you mean". "I'll return everything

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back to how it was supposed to be.", "You will be back to your world and place where it would have been normal. ~~None~~ one will remember anything."

"That's perfect. Where's the ^{the} sacrifice part?" ~~He~~ ^{He} asked

"You. You will slowly go insane as I strip your soul away. And you will reach your mother's stage. Coma", he demanded.

"If that is what needs to be done... I shall accept it. I will pay back for the damage with my soul" he exclaimed.

"Very well. Your wish is granted"... & everything went blank.

After few decades, time ticked away to the present. "And that's how your grandpa's journal ends." a female voice said.

"Whaat! I need more" a young child replied.

"No way I'd believe that's why he is in coma"

An older child remarked.

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"Believe what you want. I chose to believe my father. If that's the only thing that gave him sanity" she said.

"Do you have the pen?" the youngest asked.

"Well I have something I found in your grandfather's room!" she said excitedly.

"Show us!!" Both said excitedly.

The woman who seemed to be William's daughter brings the children to his old room. In the future he records everything in journal before going into coma. He puts the broken pieces of the pen in a box.

"Here this box. This. I want to open it but never got time until ~~you~~ that day you opened it."

she reclaimed. The grandchildren, two boys, smiled at their mother. "When I searched the room to put this back I found this pen." she showed them an antique pen. "Wow!"



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The kids were excited. "It fits the description" Older one said. The room fell silent. They all looked at each other. "I'll be back don't touch anything" As the mom went out, an idea struck in the children's mind. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" the youngest asked to the oldest. They smiled cunningly. The room was silent. Only sound in the room was "Tick-Tok Tick-Tok!.."