The first crash of thunder silenced the crowd. Then, chaos began; everyone was shouting and panicking, trying to get to shelter. James froze, clear and vivid memories swirling in his mind like a hurricane. The image of a sword, shrivelled and decayed flashed through his mind, and then it was gone. Another one, a temple as bright as the sun, and on the tallest mountain peak ever. Overhead, the storm raged on, slowly morphing into the shape of a circle, leaving a clear space in the middle.

He looked down, at the thing that sat in his lap, a crystal pendant. He had found it on his bed the night before, glowing with power, and now, it was glowing even brighter. He raised it high in the air, and it flashed, an electric line connected the pendant to the middle of the storm. The crystal began to pulse wildly, shaking and trying to zoom into the storm’s lap. James inhaled sharply, as memories started to flash more rapidly than ever in his mind.

James focused, desperate to catch one image, but they only whirled faster, avoiding his grasp. Now, the crystal was pulsing harder than before, and James could practically feel his legs trying to lift off into the air. Two choices hung before him---- let go, or try to see what is about to happen.

He drifted back and forth before the two options, as the crystal reached its breaking point, James finally decided to hang on. Not because of the fact that it might be interesting, but because of that he wanted the memories in his head to become clear, and he sensed this is how he’s supposed to do it. Walking to the centre of the stadium, he jumped up as high as he could, trying to let the crystal take control.

And it did. The line connecting the two became thicker and stronger, no longer flickering, but shining with a lightning-like glow. The people huddled in the safety of the shelters whispered in alarm, and two policemen stepped forward, looking like they wanted to do something. But it was too late now. The storm was slowing down; meaning the pendant only had a few moments. It jerked hard, and with James’s hand still clutched on it, flew upwards at maximum speed. He rose to the same level of the storm, and as lightning flashed once again, a blindingly white light illuminated his vision. When he opened his eyes, he was no longer in the stadium.