

HALL BROTHERS ENTERTAINMENT
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The Summoner's Final Flag

By Phillip Hall

"Good morning John. It's time," Agent Jones said as he tapped on the glass.

Inside the glass chamber a silvery mist began to rise and take on a human like form. After only a brief moment it was done and John F. Kennedy now stood in the middle of the room.

"Good morning Agent Jones. I'm very excited to finish this and finally move on," Kennedy said.

"I'm excited too. It's been a long road but we've finally located the last of the rogue units.

We're going to open the chamber now, so step back a bit and concentrate," Jones said.

Jones turned around and signaled to a camera in the corner of the room. There was a loud humming noise, then a click. The glass door popped open and air rushed in. The mist that made up Kennedy's body struggled to stay together but soon the air equalized and he was fine.

"I won't miss that part of process," Kennedy said.

"You've gotten quite good at keeping your form, sir."

"We've been doing this for about ten years now so I've had lots of practice. Also what was the mist made out of today? I feel heavier and stronger,"

"It's something we've been holding back on using until now. Since it's the final and most

perilous mission it was approved to use MA2789."

"What is MA2789? And don't give me the classified bit, Jones. You know the loop hole I've got," Kennedy said with a smile.

"I know, I know. You still have your top secret classification because there are no laws in regards to dealing with the spirits of presidents. I wasn't going to use the classified line on you," Jones said as he smiled back.

"Good. So what is this MA2789 of yours?"

"It's a super alloy made from lunar metal that was extracted from the Apollo landings and titanium. It's the strongest alloy known to man. They basically made it into flakes and then loaded it into the mist system in your chamber."

"Wow. I'm impressed that this was authorized. This last unit must be pretty bad."

"It's worse than bad. This is the actual group that masterminded the opening of the chaos doors fifteen years ago," Jones said.

Kennedy stepped out of the chamber and put his hand on Jones' shoulder.

"We're gonna have to bring out more than just our regular battle flags this time," Kennedy stated.

"Yes. We've been authorized to bring out the most powerful flag this nation has, but we're only to use it as a last resource. No one really knows what will happen when we use it," Jones replied.

Jones turned and headed out of the room, followed closely by Kennedy. They entered into the weapons holding area and Jones headed for the left side of the room where a table was covered with assault rifles, pistols, explosives and knives. He began to clip

weapons to his combat webbing and look over the variety of assault rifles.

Kennedy headed to a large table on the right side of the room that was covered with old tattered flags. Almost all of them were old military flags carried by troops into battle but there at the end of the table sat a large black case with a combination lock on it. After selecting three different military unit flags he walked to the case. He placed his hand on the case then withdrew it quickly. He had felt a power contained within that was wild and potent. He turned to Jones.

"Jones, you better carry the case because I'm afraid that even locked in the box I could not stop the summoning," Kennedy said.

Jones walked over and looked at the case. He was loaded down with weapons and had to

set down one of his three assault rifles in order to pick the case up.

"Hopefully this will be over before I would need that third gun. Now let's get a move on, our plane leaves in fifteen minutes," Jones said.

Jones and Kennedy walked down a long dirt road flanked by trees on either side. They were headed towards an old run down plantation home. They knew that sneaking up on a place guarded by spirits was a waste of time so they chose the more direct approach. It wasn't long before the first warning came.

An odd figure walked onto the road ahead of them and as they drew closer they could see it was a zombie. The creature was missing

both of his arms and stood before them, unmoving.

"Go back or die," the zombie slurred.

Jones set the case down and leveled his assault rifle at the zombie.

"Go back or die," the zombie repeated.

Jones looked over and Kennedy nodded to him. He turned back and squeezed the trigger. The zombie's head exploded and its armless body dropped to the ground. Suddenly a large group of zombies rushed them from behind the trees on either side. Jones fired controlled bursts and was able to take down the entire group before they got too close.

"We better get a move on. This group was probably just meant to delay us while they summon up something nastier. Hopefully you can put that alloy form of yours to good use," Jones said.

"Seeing as most spirits use dirt or small rocks to form up, I think the alloy will work just fine," Kennedy responded.

Jones picked up the case and started sprinting down the road. After making it a little closer to the large rundown house there was a loud rumbling noise.

"Jones, stop!" Kennedy yelled.

Jones immediately stopped. After working with Kennedy for the past ten years he'd come to completely trust his partner's instincts.

"What are you sensing?" Jones asked.

"They've used a battle flag to summon something," Kennedy said.

"What do you mean 'something'? I thought the flags summoned the spirits of the dead who served under it?" Jones asked.

"I don't know for sure. It just feels different. Wait..."

"What is it?"

"They've used two more flags. These were regular ones. I can sense two large groups of spirits rallying to the flags. That means they've got at least..." Kennedy said then trailed off as he turned to Jones.

"Three spirit summoners," Jones finished.

"Let's try and finish this before that first thing is fully summoned," Kennedy stated.

"I agree. Which flags do you want to start off with, John?"

"Okay stand back, Jones," Kennedy said.

Jones stepped back and watched as Kennedy unfolded the first flag and held it above his head. He listened as Kennedy spoke in some unrecognizable language known only to the spirits. The flag began to glow and the ground shook a bit. The dirt and small rocks started to rise up all around them, then the dirt

and rocks began to form into men. With a loud crack of thunder there were sixty soldiers around them. Jones figured they must've been soldiers from the world war two or Korean era because of the helmets they wore.

Kennedy lowered the flag and pointed ahead at the two enemy armies that were forming in front of the plantation. All of the spirit soldiers turned to see where he was pointing.

"We've got to clear the way to that house at the end of the road men. So move out!" Kennedy shouted.

The ghostly warriors gave up a shout and charged ahead down the road. The two enemy armies didn't move. They had obviously been given orders to defend the house until the final, more vile monster had been brought to its flag.

Kennedy pulled the second flag out and unfolded it. He followed the same ritual and brought forth a big group of medieval knights. Instead of swords the dirt and rock formed spirits pulled large tree branches off and used them. Kennedy sent them charging right behind the other group.

"We'll see what those two can do and we'll hold onto this third flag in case we need it. I'm also itching to try out this alloy body so I'm gonna go lead the units from within the fight," Kennedy said.

"Knock yourself out, just don't get knocked around too much because you know all it takes is one good hit to disperse the dirt, rocks or alloy that bind the spirit to the physical world and then it's back through the chaos gates for the spirit," Jones aid.

"I know, Jones. You've told me plenty of times how lucky I am that we have the glass spirit chamber that has kept me here."

Jones watched as Kennedy sprinted down the road towards the skirmish. He bent down to pick up the case when an arrow slammed into his shoulder hard. He dove to the ground and twisted enough to see a small group of ninjas sprinting from the tree line. He fired two short bursts. The first one missed but his second found its target. One ninja fell to the ground and shouted out. He was pulled back into the tree line by the others.

"Living, breathing men. Now this is my type of fight," Jones said to himself.

He stood up and pulled the arrow from his shoulder. Luckily his body armor took the hit and the tip of the arrow barely entered his flesh. He threw the arrow down, then set his

assault rifle down as well. He removed his combat webbing and pulled a katana blade from a holder on his back. He took a deep breathe and waited. He tuned out the sounds of battle from near the house and focused on the trees around him. Then he heard it. A soft twang from his left. Jones swiftly moved his katana and cut the arrow in half two feet away from him. There were several more arrows fired from hidden places among the trees and each one was cut down by Jones' blade.

"You are good but we are better," a voice from the trees called out.

"If you're so much better then stop hiding and come kill me," Jones yelled.

"As you wish," the voice said.

There was a loud explosion at Jones' feet and he was temporarily blinded. He relied solely on his sense of hearing and smell to

defend himself until the white flash disappeared from his eyes. He fended off several attacks and when his vision returned he saw that he had cut down two of the six ninjas.

"You can not stop the summoners, American. They will summon the destroyer and it will kill your entire nation," the voice stated.

Jones ducked under a blade and stabbed a third ninja, killing him. Then he jumped over a swipe and slashed the fourth ninja's throat.

"Somehow I just don't think you're right," Jones shouted.

The remaining two ninjas attacked in unison and Jones dodged one but was caught in the back by the other. He fell to the ground and quickly turned over to see both ninja bringing their swords down upon him. He closed his eyes and awaited death but it didn't

come. He opened his eyes and standing over him was Kennedy, who held each ninja by the throat. There was a sharp crack as each of the ninja's necks were snapped and tossed aside.

"Jones, I think we're gonna need the case opened," Kennedy said in a serious tone.

"We only have one more battle flag left, should we use it before..." Jones started to say.

Kennedy didn't let him finish. He reached down and roughly pulled Jones to his feet, then pointed towards the plantation home.

"We don't have time to discuss it. Open the case now!" Kennedy shouted.

Jones stared in horror as a horrid beast towered two hundred feet over the plantation house. It pulsed a sickening green and blood red. It had large fangs that were stained with blood and a red fire blazed in its eyes.

"Oh crap," Jones muttered.

He dropped to the ground and began sliding the combination locks into place as quickly as he could. Kennedy stood, watching the beast.

"I know what it is," Kennedy said.

"What?" Jones asked.

"That is the spirit of communism itself. It's not formed of dirt, rocks or metal alloys," Kennedy said.

"What's it made of then?" Jones questioned as he fumbled with the locks.

"It formed itself from all the spirits of those who died under the communist flag."

"How is that even possible?"

"I could only guess they must've had the original flag that flew over communist Russia and the spirits that most fervently believed in it were summoned to form a physical representation of the idea," Kennedy said.

Kennedy watched the vile beast raise its front leg and bring it down on the plantation home. The house exploded under the heavy weight.

Then there was a loud click. Kennedy turned to see Jones peering into the unlocked case with a smile on his face.

"I think this just might work after all," Jones said.

He pulled from the case an old and tattered American flag. He gently handed it to Kennedy who unfolded it all the way. Both of them stood and stared for a moment.

"It's the original stars and stripes that was used during the Revolutionary war!" Jones said.

"Stand back. I'm not sure how this works but we're going to find out," Kennedy said.

He held the flag high above his head and began the ritual speaking. The flag began to glow, then bright blue flames shot from around it. Kennedy had to hold on tighter as the flag began to move around violently in his grip.

Then there was a horrific roar and Jones turned to see the beast staring directly down at them. It was only a few hundred yards away. He ran over and picked up his combat webbing and weapons. He put it on and readied both assault rifles.

"Mr. Kennedy, it's been an honor serving with you these past ten years. I hope to see you again on the other side. Right now I'm gonna go buy you some more time to finish that. God bless and God speed, John," Jones said.

He turned and ran off towards the giant monster. Flames shot from the monster's eyes and Jones rolled out of the way. He fired

round after round into it with no effect. He lobbed grenades and drew the beast a little ways from Kennedy. He didn't want to die but he would gladly give up his life to protect his country and his friend. He looked up to see the flames shooting at him and he knew it was the end.

Kennedy watched as his partner and only friend from the past ten years ran to certain death in order to buy him the time he needed. There was no way to stop the summoning to say goodbye. He didn't want Jones to do it but he knew it was the only way. So he concentrated all his energy into the flag and it responded. A blue column of flame shot into the sky. The clouds above parted and lightning shot down. The spirits of all the patriots new and old began to come forth. Soldiers from the Revolutionary war all the way up to those who

have died in Afghanistan began to appear in front of Kennedy. There were so many it was impossible to count. Then the blue flames shot out over all the patriots and a shout rose up to the heavens. There was something among them.

"What is that?" Kennedy inquired.

"That my friend is freedom," a voice from behind replied.

Kennedy turned quickly to see the spirit of Agent Jones. He laughed.

"Let's finish this," Jones said.

They both turned towards the giant blue flame that was pulling the spirits of America into it. They ran towards the light and jumped into it.

After a few seconds thunder rumbled across the land and standing before the beast was the

physical embodiment of freedom. A titan of blue flames.

The two behemoths squared off and stared at one another. There were no words to be said. Only a battle to be fought and only one would walk away the victor this day.

Communism charged and let out an unholy roar, while Freedom stood tall and watched him come. Before they collided, Freedom reached into the sky and pulled down a fist full of lightning. He reared back and let loose with a powerful haymaker that collided just as the beast was about to spear him. An explosion rocked the countryside and trees were knocked down for miles in every direction. The beast stood up but was bleeding from the side of its head.

The battle carried on, each titan matching one another blow for blow. The land around

them was blackened and charred. Tornadoes swirled around them and fires raged.

Communism was ripped open and bleeding profusely now but was still full of rage. Freedom was hurt but managed to stand up tall. They both began to charge. Earthquakes shot from their feet each time they touched down. The air was charged with electricity and suddenly they collided. A white flash went out and exploded. The entire Earth trembled for a brief moment.

When the smoke and dirt finally settled, Communism lay dead on the ground. Its final spirits bled into the dirt and it vanished. Freedom was down on one knee, hurt badly but still alive. A tremendous shout of joy rang out and filled the air. Then a strong breeze began to blow and with it all the spirits of Freedom were swept away, out of the physical realm.

The only thing left behind was the tattered American flag, hanging from a bent pole, waving gently in the cool breeze.

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