

Child of Legend

By scififan25

Submitted: October 6, 2004

Updated: October 11, 2006

This is a story I wrote some time ago... It takes elements of my favourite stories and creates a new story with it... Its not complete but I will try to add more as ideas come to me... so if you have ideas that could add to my story please let me kno

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/scififan25/7803/Child-of-Legend>

Chapter 1 - prologue	2
Chapter 2 - Kira remembers the past	4
Chapter 3 - attack on the village	8
Chapter 4 - Nadira receives news	11
Chapter 5 - Fleeing the village	13
Chapter 6 - friends lost and found	17
Chapter 7 - A view of the past	22

1 - prologue

Prologue

Night was falling over the great castle of King Thenedar. The followers of the Sun King had left their stations after a long day of work and were heading back to the kingdom of Solaris as the workers of the moon began working on the stars, lighting them up for another beautiful starry night. But this night, the stars had refused to shine their usual strength and the night was dark, mourning some great catastrophe. The only light to be seen were the shooting stars, tears coming from the moon who, like many members of the elements, were grieving the loss of the royal family of Legend. Over the night she wept and her tears fell, light jewels in the Ocean, where Legend once stood. For every inhabitants lost, she wept. When her tears hit the ground they changed to moonstones. That is why we can still find them today.

The land below was quiet as the grave. Walking silently, the remaining children of the Earth, dwarves, gnomes, rock people tried to rid their mother of all the blood shed over the years. Like the moon, she wept as she opened herself to receive the bodies of creatures and men from the kingdom of the elements or otherwise. Her children now and forever.

The night was well underway when, on the battlefield, appeared a strange creature. Quietly it made its way through the many corpses lying around. Looking at each decaying face, he walked, silencing his pain and his shame of surviving such an ordeal. He walked for a long time until he saw a glimpse of light emanating from what seemed to be a small mountain. Approaching it, he saw that it was, in fact, the decaying body of a great dragon. Lying near it was the corpse of a man. He wore a battle armour representing a dragon and a fairy. A great sword representing two intertwined dragons emanated from his chest.

The creature fell down near the body and began to sob, releasing the many years of suffering and imprisonment he had endured.

-Alas, said he, "I have come too late, my lord! I failed to protect your life and that of your kin. I failed to

protect Legend.” Quietly stroking the man's remaining hair, he saw that man no longer wore the pendant of Legend. He looked around, still the pendant was nowhere to be found.

From far away he heard the cruel laugh of his jailer. He got up and cried out to the Wind:

“I will find you. I will make you pay”. But only the echo responded. Releasing the sword from his bodily sheath, he placed it in his empty scabbard and, taking a last glimpse behind him, he began to walk towards the moon and the palace of the sky.

2 - Kira remembers the past

1)

-Come along Korran... Hurry up and get your chores done. We are leaving for the village.

It was a beautiful day in Faywood village. The Sun was shining bright announcing a beautiful day, and good merchandising. As usual Lyra Heartaxe had to pry Korran from his daily dreaming. The boy, although lean and strong, was a loner who often spent time in the cavern near the farm. After a moment she called again: Come along Lazybones... and do not forget to feed Orion...

After a moment she heard a growl coming from the cavern. This always made nervous.. And yet, as she saw Korran immerge from the Cavern, she knew that her fears were unfounded. The boy grinned at her and made his way to the front of the house to meet the carriage that would take him to the Harper's house of learning. Soon, the boy was leaving with the boys of the village. Glancing back at the cave, she went back to the house to get the hears she would sell during the day.

It wasn't long before she heard the musical tone of the village square reminding the villagers that business would open soon. Looking once again, in her basket of herbs she made her way in the village reaching her stall. As she entered , she gasped: two eyes glared back from underneath the counter. Kneeling down she looked under the counter to find Orion staring back at her. She cursed Korran for allowing the creature to follow. At this moment, she heard the horn of the village announcing the market's opening. Looking down again she saw that Orion had disappeared.

The day passed by and no villagers seemed to acknowledge the presence of dragonet. As the bell sounded announcing midday, Korran appeared in the stall to eat with her. Chatting happily, Korran told of the day's lesson. He seemed unaware that Orion followed the conversation closely from the corner of the shop. After the midday meal, Korran went out too join the other boys in a game of hay ball.

Lyra grinned and smiled as she watched the five boys playing on the market place. How long had it been since that fateful night? Centuries it seemed, yet time had passed quickly since Korran and Orion had arrived in her life. After the death of her husband, they had been her main reason to cling to life. But Korran had shown wisdom from a very young age and saw that he was different from the others, but for a reason he could yet not understand.

As she watched she wondered how she would tell the boy. "How can I tell him he is not from this land, that he is not of these people?" Orion looked at her, a puzzled look on his face. "And what about Orion?" It was clear that Orion was still growing. Soon it would be too difficult to hide him much longer from the Chancellor's wrath. Then what would she do?

As she cleaned up the shop, her mind wandered back to the night she found them. It had been a dreadful season of high wind and rain, Third season of the year of the war of Legend. The sky seemed to cry the numerous creatures and men who had been slain by the chancellor's evil patrols. That night,

Lyra was sewing a new tunic for her husband, gone to fight.

Back then, creatures and humans were linked together at birth, sharing each others lives, making one. Lyra wondered what creatures would have been her half if she had been a member of Legend. "Maybe a fairy-maid or a female gnome" she thought. But she would never know for she was a member of the Wholes, people who were friends with magical creatures but not bonded with them as the people from Legend were, which meant they lived shorter lives and has to rely on themselves when in trouble. She snapped back to see that her finger had been pricked by her needle and her husband's tunic was now decorated with tiny droplets of blood. At that moment she heard it. It first sounded like the wind singing in the trees, but as she listened, she noticed that the sound was coming from somewhere near the village. Wolves would not enter the village at night for the watchers looked out for them, and there was no dog that could howl that loud or that long. "Hydra hounds" she realised, horrified.

The howling became louder. Knowing the hounds left no survivors on their paths, Lyra quickly ran out of her small house and headed for the forest.. Unable to stand the fairies`s tricks for there magic confused them, the hounds rarely came in the forest. Lyra continued her course through the forest until she reached the great willow. For people who did not believe in magic or were from far away the tree looked all crooked but for friends of the fairies it was the most beautiful of all trees.

As she stopped and calmed herself, she began praying that the hounds had not made too many victims (for it is said that hydra hound's bite is deadly). Exhausted and praying for her husband's return, she fell into a deep slumber. She dreamt of: High walls decorated with banners showing a dragon and a fairy, royal emblems of Legend" " A temple hidden, magicians, mages, sorceresses, witches casting a spell" "a young woman and her court, one carrying a bundle, the cry of an infant" "The young woman and her half looking sad, the woman wearing a crown" One of her aid calling her: Lady Nira?"

She suddenly woke up, recalling the dream. Over the years, she had often heard of the Lady of Legend, Heir to the Horizon family but never had the privilege of meeting neither her nor her husband. As she fell back asleep the dream continued:

" Then swords clashing, war cries on a battle field" "Mages trying to make a spell" "Screams of women mixed with the cries of an infant" "A giant bird carrying a basket" "a great splash of water, the howling of dark hounds" "The laughter of a mad man, and blood, so much blood". " Then a woman, lying dead somewhere"

As if stricken by some imaginary hot iron, Lyra woke up in sweat. She then walked to the stream and began splashing her face with water, determined to rid herself of the bloody images from her dream. But why did it look so real? She thought. AS far as she could remember, she had never had such a vivid and frightening dream.

Then she heard it, a baby's cry and the howl of dark hounds. As she searched for it, she saw a bright light coming to her. It first looked as if the sun had come up in the forest but it suddenly diminished to the state of a tiny light. As she watched, she saw that the light was heading for her and that it was guiding a huge basket the way a navigator controls and guides a ship. As it passed near, Lyra took the basket and gently landed it.

In it, lay a baby boy asleep, covered by a red and gold cloak, sign of royalty. Puzzled, she saw that he

was wearing a pendant around his neck, bearing the form of a dragon carrying a sword. The boy looked like he had been born a few seasons ago. Crouching near him, lay a tiny creature that looked like a lizard with wings, born maybe one or two seasons earlier. As Lyra examined the child, the dragon awoke and gave a few cries that sounded somewhere between the song of a summer bird and the hissing of a reptile as a warning he was protecting the boy.

AS she attempted to touch the small creature's head, it flew close to her. Caressing him , she found that it's skin was soft as leather but very fragile for a couple a scales stayed in her hand. Responding to her touch, the small dragon let out a loud purring sound . She then picked up the baby. As she did, the dragon dived and gave Lyra a bump on the shoulder. She turned to it, trying to protect the baby, and for her action, she was rewarded by a stronger bump on the side. Trying to protect herself, she addressed the small creature:

“ Easy young one. I won't hurt neither you nor him.”

Not understanding her words ,the small dragon continued his game, bumping her harder still. At that moment , a soft but firm voice was heard addressing the dragon whelp:

“Orion, that is enough.”

Surprised, the dragon stopped and letting out a piercing sound, hid itself in the basket. Lyra turned around facing the direction from which voice came from. She then saw a bright light that was soon followed by the arrival of fairy queen Nadira. Ever since there first meeting, Lyra was always breath taken by the queen's beauty. She had long coppered hair with streaks of gold. Her ivory skin ,her painted lips and fingernails,of amethyst and her pair eyes made her long emerald dress and her wings dazzling.

“Welcome Lyra Heartaxe” said the queen , looking calmly at Lyra.

Lyra bowed to her , but the queen stopped her and made her stand up:

“The time is not to bowing, Young friend, but to fighting. “

“I don't understand, your highness.

“As we speak, dark forces are searching high and low for the heir of Legend. You Lyra, were chosen for a special task, to guide the prince in life so that he might restore Legend one day.”

“Your highness, when will I meet this great monarch? when will he come?” asked Lyra, sounding very surprised.

The queen continued ,as if she had not heard the question: “Young friend ,know that prince Sollan is in great danger, and does not yet know of his destiny. You must protect him. As for the moment of your meeting , know that you have already met him.”

“I don't understand, your highness, if we have met, where is he now?”

Instead of the queen's answer, Lyra heard a great shriek coming from the queen's voice, which made her snap back to the present. Soon, she realised that the villagers were running away as 3 dark hounds began chasing the villagers.

3 - attack on the village

2

Far from the village, a dark man cloaked in a long battle cape was watching the carnage and desolation produced by the dogs. Mounted on a black stallion, the man was pondering as what village to destroy if this was not the one whom hid the child he had so long sought. His name was Captain Valor Strife. When his men, looked at him, they could see that he was not a man to take lightly. Strife was one of those men who carry a mission to its end, even if it took him all his life. He was a tall, broad man, with long grey hair, attached in a long braid. His face was the one of man who is not afraid to destroy anyone or anything that stand in his way. The reason that his soldiers did not mess with him was the fact that he had a piercing glare in his right eye. The left one was closed because of a long scar that went from the forehead to his cheek. He looked like one of those knights who forgot their honour to follow the ways of the mercenaries. For some years now, he had been ordered by his master, to seek a child whom, he said could bring his destruction. The child he said was one of the last member of an important family. HE was to find the child and bring him back to his master dead or alive...dead preferably.

As the dark hounds began their attacks in the villagers home, Korran quickly ducked under a cart full of hay. "Who are those guys and what do they want? did he ask himself. He suddenly felt a reassuring presence by his side. As he looked around he saw two big blue eyes looking at him from a near lump of hay. There was no doubt about it: Orion had followed him to the village this morning. Normally, Korran would have scolded the young dragon for his disobedience, but not now.

- Orion, boy am I glad to see you!

In his head he suddenly heard the soft voice of his friend:

- Hush, young master ,something is very wrong here.I am glad I have found you, we must get away from here...
- I won't go away, I must help my aunt, she needs me
- Young Master you must get away to somewhere safe. How will you help your aunt if you are hurt?

- I don't care she's all I've got left besides you...

The young dragon snuffed as if he was angry at something, but calmly he continued:

- We are One you and I. I will always be there for you, you know that.... But if something happens to you, I will never forgive myself. Your aunt knows it, she told me, so I ...

Suddenly he stopped and lifting up his head to the sky, his eyes changing colours and became yellow, a colour Korran had never seen in the eyes of his friend.

- Orion, what is wrong?

Ignoring his friend's question, The dragon began sniffing the air

- Something is wrong,... evil creatures..."He then covered his nose, groaning: "Oh! what a stench!"

Puzzled Korran sniffed the air. There was a strong smell of burning wood mixed with the stench of burning flesh, like some meat that had burned in a cooking pit. The odour was poignant and made Korran a little sick. Stirring through the hay, he made his way to his friend seeking for comfort.

- "*No, Do not Move!*" was Orion's response as his master approached him.

But the reply came too late. At that moment a fiery arrow made his way to the top of the cart, soon followed by two others. The hay began flaming as Korran rushed to Orion trying to escape the fire that slowly began burning its way through the rushes of hay. Trying not to panic, Korran, coughing and gasping for air, reached his friend whose eyes were now full of anguish and fright. The fire was becoming dangerously hot and the boy was wheezing. He touched his dragon medallion, praying for a miracle to happen. For no apparent reason he began chanting the Fire song used by children to thank the fire element for his aid around the house:

Fire that burns bright,

Fire that burns high,

I thank thee for thy help.

You cook the food,

You warm us good.

You give us light,

That makes night bright.

Fire my friend, help me!

Please just don't burn me!

“A little silly”, Korran thought, “for I will surely die in it”. Then curiously, as if it understood the boy's plea, the fire became less aggressive and less hot. Before falling in unconsciousness, Korran saw curious creatures looking at him from the still burning hay. Recognising the pendant, one of them ,a young fire fairy signalled to her fairy-sisters and the other creatures: the red and orange fire salamanders, to the fire dancing pixies dressed in flashing tones of yellow, orange, red, to the little phoenixes and other creatures to quiet down. Soon, the fire died down and, as the creatures turned toward him, respectfully bowed and disappeared, the young boy fainted.

4 - Nadira receives news

Queen Nadira awoke from slumber as the smell of the burning village came to her. It was a strong smell. She was quickly aware that a young servant maid was standing by and calling out to her:

-Milady, there are people to see you, they say it is important.

Nadira left her room and made her way to the throne room. In the chamber decorated with small jewels and illuminated by the fire of small insects, she found the many different house spirits from the village, brownies, dwarves, domovois, spae wives, waiting anxiously for her. The brownies and domovois all chattered anxiously, the dwarves asked to fight, the spae wives sang thrillingly. It took a while for the queen to untangle all the questions of the house spirits. From what she caught, it seemed that giant beasts and armed men had made their way in the village, this morning, and using their weapons, had broken into houses, searching for something.

As the turmoil continued, the queen cried out for silence. This was grave news indeed. Many reports were coming from other parts of the land about this and the queen could only stand and watch. After long minutes of silence, the queen stood up and called up her messengers. Five creatures representing the five races of fairy helpers appeared near her. "Go through the lands and tell the others of this. Tell the others to be on their guards for intruders. The time is soon at hand where the child will appear to lead the people."

A Dwarf stood up: "Rubbish!" did he cry, "the child was prophesied ages ago. Legend believed in this and it is no more, you all know that! Then why should we wait for a miracle? People believe us to be stories, that is what I think this child to be: no more than a story."

A number of voices became murmuring between them, exclaiming their surprise at the young dwarf's daring. Then the queen stood up. And looking deep in the eyes of the dwarf, she read his heart.

- "Long have you suffered, Olric Roughbeard to the care of a bad family. Your faith has webbed

away and it is your despair that now speaks those words. But I say: the child is real and will come to this place soon"... Then turning to the others she told them what she knew of the child.

As she was speaking, young fairies arrived in the room accompanied by their friends. They seemed excited about something, for their amber eyes were gleaming with delight. They chattered wildly and arriving in front the queen, one of the sisters made a sign to the others insisting they calmed down. Then turning to the queen, she bowed low, and saluted her:

-May your beauty and grace never fade, Queen Nadira. I am Fiera, kin of the fire king, at your service. These are my sisters Amber, Blaze, and Flare. We bare news concerning the child, as was bidden by our kin and your Grace. We met the Child and his half, though we could not do much to help...

At these words, the crowd gasped and exclaimed itself. It took quite a few minutes for the crowd to calm down. By that time Fiera had told the queen the entire story: A few hours ago, men attacked a village not far from here. As they used fire, my kind appeared. Hungry, we followed some arrows that landed in a cart of hay. As we devoured the hay, we heard the coughing of a child trapped under it. He was quickly fading, and, through his wheezing he beckoned us, not to burn him. My companions took no heed of this child of men, but around his neck he wore a pendant. It is how we knew him.

At these words: the Queen was taken ill, and was taken away to her room, while in the council debated what to do.

5 - Fleeing the village

Dusk was falling, when part of the troops finally gathered up at the centre of the village. All around them lay the slain bodies of the villagers and some of the dead hounds and men. Strife looked around the remains of the village. The child was not in this village either. The master had told him that child would probably hide somewhere and that every boy between twelve and fifteen were to be killed and searched for the mark of Legend. All places had been searched, carts turned over, their contents burned to the ground, houses invaded, their owners killed. Many children he saw and none bore the sign.

- Move out! Bellowed the captain.

Camouflaged nearby, Orion watched the troops move out of the village. Dogs sniffed out where he was, but were soon yanked away by fierce impatient soldiers carrying whips. “*Just a little longer*” did the young dragon think, trying desperately to hold on to the camouflage surrounding him and his unconscious master. Soon the troops disappeared over the hills leaving the village, the image of burnt straw slowly faded to reveal the dragon, which had taken the grey shade of the sky. Near by, he found a blanket held by a post. Taking it, he discovered the body of a young child. The young boy seemed to be six or seven years of age. He had brown hair, wore the grey and blue peasant clothes and his hand limply held to the blanket. His dead eyes were open and an arrow stood in the middle of his back. Orion took the blanket and draped it over the boy's head. He then went to look for something to shield his young master from the cold of the coming night. Leaving the boy behind, he continued his way in the market place, not far from his master's position. What awaited him was a scene of pure slaughter.

As the night fell the main place lay quiet, like a cemetery. Everywhere Orion looked, he saw burnt objects as if the entire Fire Kingdom had come down from the castle in the sun to play with the villagers, not realising the danger they were putting the people in. Everywhere he looked, he saw remnants of houses burned black. Sneezing, the dragon brought the house down to a pile of sticks. Although he knew that fire was dangerous when handled with bad intentions, the young dragon could not understand the meaning of this destruction. Was there a curse on the village? Were the elements mad at them for some secret reason? Going through the remnants of the houses, Orion arrived at a hard surface: the remnants of a door. Pushing it aside, he arrived in the remnants of a room, containing many small bodies. “This must have been a school” Orion thought. Korran had often talked about school, what he did there. “All ashes now” he thought. Walking between the rows of burnt desks, he made his way to the master's desk.

The desk was burned like the others but there was no body lying seated in the chair. Looking up he saw it. Hanging from the crumbling ceiling was the remains of a man. A rope, tied around his now broken neck, restrained his body, rigid in death, balanced by the wind. His feet pointing to the ground seemed to be in a strange angle, as if the man had been tortured in front of his students before being hanged. The hands were what attracted Orion's gaze. They were not the big, lanky hands of a farmer or a merchant but the long and thin hand of a musician and artist. Although the face was burned black, Orion recognised the body of the village Harper. With a stroke of a paw, he cut the body down. It fell on the desk with a sickening crack. Seeing that none could be saved, Orion stretched his wings and flew out this room of death.

Not far from the village, The commander looked down at the ravages his men had made. Not this village either, did he think. And yet there was something about that village which made the commander think to stay a little longer. As he watched the last flames consume the village he saw a dark form arise from one of the burned houses and fly around the village, crying out in rage or sorrow, he could not have told which. A sneer of victory appeared on his face as he gazed at the flying creature: "I have you now" he said as he saw the creature move down again. Signaling to one of his men, he led the rest of his men to the remnants of the village.

888

From the sky, Orion saw the movements of torches heading straight for the village. It would not be long before they found him so he had to act quickly. He flew down to the ground and landed in the town square near Nira's shop. The shop was torn apart, vegetables lay scattered everywhere yet there seemed no traces of Nira. As he turned to leave, he heard the quiet sob of a woman nearby. Searching for the sound he found Nira hidden in a crouched position in a far corner of the shop. Her dresses were torn and her arms were badly bruised as if she had been laid aside. Her eyes were full of fear and confusion. Carefully he approached her. She was still in shock. In the village he could hear the hounds beginning their approach. He had to act quick. Gently he approached her, and nuzzled her. Recognizing the touch, Nira allowed the dragon to lead her out of the shop.

At that moment, the torches approached and Orion had to flee. Throwing Nira on his back, Orion climbed in the air. Unfortunately, Korran was still in danger, and Orion knew he had to save his young master. He saw the cloth in which he had laid his young friend and, hoping to scare the enemy, he dived to the

ground and grabbing the cloth in his claws he flew away.

I took a while for Orion to know where he was going , The sky was a new territory to him and although he was overwhelmed by the air in his wings he had to think of a safe place to hide the two humans he cared for. Continuing his flight, he suddenly heard the cry of other flying creatures coming towards him. These forms, grew clearer as he approached them. Suddenly Orion heard the cry of a creature flying towards him. This cry he had once heard it at night years ago, while he lay in his cave . And while he yearned to respond to it, Lyra had always forbidden it, fearing the reactions of the peasants.

After a while, Orion began to tire hoping to rest soon. He then heard in his head a soft voice:

Orion If you wish to save your friends you must make your way to the woods you see in front of you. I will protect you as best I can.” Understanding her words he began to head for the forest. In front of him he saw three dragons appear.

The creatures were standing still as if they were pinned to the sky. They were dark and their yellow eyes gleamed in a malevolent way. They awaited him and two of them flew away to block his way to the forest. In his mane, he felt the tight grip of Nira who despaired to hang on. His claws were growing numb as he tried to keep hold of his unconscious master. In his head he suddenly heard the voice of the lady telling to drop the boy.

Incredulous, he could not bring himself to let go, but the voice became more and more insistent. Struggling between the dragons and the lady's words he was not aware that his mater was slipping out of his grasp. He realised he had dropped him when he heard Lyra scream. Looking down, he saw Korran's form becoming smaller as the boy continued his descent at high speed with seemingly nothing to slow him down. The dragons seemed to take no more care of the young dragon as they flew after down to reach the falling boy. The first dragon almost reached him, but was stopped by a seemingly invisible barrier as Korran continued to fall.

If this continues, Orion thought, *he will die before I can reach him*. As he was uttering those words in his mind, a group of fairies and other flying creatures grabbed hold of the cloth where Korran lay and softly landed him on a bed of moss. Overhead, a group of branches began intertwining hiding the boy from unfriendly eyes. Sighing in relief , Orion turned to take care of the dragons but found they had quickly disappeared. Searching for Lyra's presence on his back he found a blank spot, as though she was no longer there even though he felt her weight at the base of his shoulders.

“She is in shock” she heard Nadira say, “Lean down and land in the clearing beneath you, my people will meet you there” Orion wanted to ask questions but the tone of Queen was direct, there would be time for questions later.”

6 - friends lost and found

The soft songs of women awaked Korran. Although he could not see them, he could hear their voices retelling the end of the land of Legend and its disappearance. Those stories, he had heard before, on those nights long ago when his aunt taken by grief, told him of his uncle. The softness of those lyrics, the sorrow of the loss of such a beautiful land touched him more then usual. Looking around he saw that he was lying on a soft bed of moss and grass, surrounded by flowers. Looking at the ceiling, he saw that the bed seemed to be part of a beautiful willow tree. Little fairies flew between the branches, which were intertwined in a pattern of moons and antlers, looking down at him. One of them saw he was awake and flew away.

The little lights continued their strange dances and, as Korran watched them, memories of the past events began flowing back to him: The fire, the hounds, and the smell of the burning village. It was too much. He sat up and called out: "Orion! Aunt Lyra!" But only the darkness and silence responded, the fairies having flown away. It was not long before a dim light appeared at he end of the bed and made its way towards him. A beautiful lady dressed in a pale green robe appeared in the light. As he looked at her, he heard her voice ringing in his head, like crystal bells:

"Welcome to my land, dragon child. Do not worry for your friend Orion,

he has gone to find food. My friends the salamanders are looking out for him.

They are part of his kin and will care for him. Your aunt rests nearby, do not

worry she is fine."

Although her words meant to soothe him, there was something in her voice that made Korran uneasy. He again heard the song and a longing to see his aunt, to hold her again, came over him and he leaped from the bed, ready to run back to her. But his legs, still weak, gave way as he stood and he fell down on the bed. Two elves warrior quietly approached the boy, and helped him up. Realising her words would not calm his fears; she quietly beckoned the two elves to help Korran move to the near room where Lyra lied. As they passed in a long hall way they soon arrived to a room bathed in moonlight. The room was small but warmth came from it as a caress. His longing gave him the strength to approach the bed and draw its heavy curtains aside.

In it laid a woman. Her arms, covered by bandages, were partly hidden by the long sleeves of a white gown. Her hair was cut short and smelled of burnt wood. He turned to the Lady of the Wood, puzzled. She beckoned him to look at the woman again. Only when he looked at her face did he recognised his aunt. She looked older, as if the sands of time had run their course in an accelerated way. Her face was gaunt, haunted by the recent events. She seemed to be in an enchanted sleep but as he called to the woman, her eyes opened and looked at him with fear. Seeing this, he tried to calm her with soothing words. It took some time for Lyra to remember the events and yet this boy seemed a stranger to her.

Taking a breath she asked him: "Who are you? "

Her answer came as a slap in the face for Korran. "This has to be a nightmare" he thought as he fell back to floor. Nira repeated her question and he pinched himself to be sure he was not dreaming. He slowly began walking away from the bed, his face still fixed on her as she asked his name again. As he turned to run, he saw that the Lady's eyes were full of tears. He tried to leave the room, torn between anger and sadness, but the elves gently stopped him. He punched their armor but they did not move aside. After a moment, he calmed himself and as the elves moved aside to let him pass, he slowly walked towards the wood. As he passed The Lady, he heard her say in a calm but sad voice: "She has forgotten us as well." As he walked away he could still hear Lyra's voice demanding information that he could not tell her.

For a long time Korran walked, unaware of his destination feeling that the enemy, whoever it was had, had robbed him of his only link to the village. Now Orion and him were alone. He arrived in the clearing where Orion rested. The Dragon was now as big as horse but twice as large. Lying in a circle around him, were the salamanders, joyfully playing in little balls of fire. The dragon didn't seem to mind too much. But his attention soon turned to Korran as he entered the clearing. The boy looked at him and quietly sat under a tree. There was great sadness in his eyes, and also a great pain, a thing he could not understand in humans. His knees brought up , Korran stared in emptiness as Orion approached and

nuzzled his cheek. Slowly, the boy began absent mindedly to strike his friends head. Orion read the pain that his friend carried in his mind, his many efforts over the years to keep his aunt from sinking in grief and madness. This time unfortunately there would be no coming back for Lyra. Seeing the latest events, great pearly tears rolled down his cheek to wet the pale blue flowers beneath.

An eternity seemed to pass before Korran came back to his senses. Meanwhile a group of young sprites and fairies had gathered in the bushes near that tree. They looked at this young stranger from the village with great wonder. None spoke as they witnessed the sadness in the eyes of those young ones.

The boy was soon aware that was being watched. Annoyed to be disturbed Korran called out : Whoever you are show yourself or leave me alone! The bushes moved and several little creatures showed themselves. Many seemed ashamed to have disturbed him and with a movement she beckoned her friends to go back to their games.

Soon the young domovoi leader approached Korran and in a movement of sympathy she hugged his leg, before making her up to his knee where she sat. Then taking a flute from her pcket she began playing a song. This lullaby , Korran had heard it before. It was the song she played when he was sick or sad. As the lullaby ended, The domovoi looked up into Korran's face and began to speak:

You have never seen us before but know that we were never far away from you. You once saw Lexa(she pointed to a small fairy) in school once. Her task was to attend the class at night. You tried to tell the others but they laughed at you. She told us how you suffered that day. She stayed away until all were gone. Orion know Torc well for when you were away, he looked after him. It was him that told us that Orion had gone this morning... We sent fairies to look out for you. But Ariel(she pointed to a young nymph) knows you best. She has looked over you at night for many years. Your aunt knew of her and always left something for her. Now she weeps for you. We all do.

A young dwarf, who had followed the conversation, looked and sneered at them. He was quite happy to see this child of men suffer for he had suffered a lot as a house spirit to an evil man. Talking loud enough to be heard by all, he began to mock them:

Look at them! They are such a sappy pair. A banshee would do a better job to save Legend than them. He is not the child! He said angrily, "He is but another stupid boy who happens to be friend with a

dragonet. The Prophecy lied! There is no heir to Legend. It is gone!

The creatures around him gasped at this boldness. For a long time, the child had been searched for. The leader approached the bold dwarf and slapped him. Since she was a fire fairy, her slap left a red mark. She then pointed to Korran: How dare you say those words! The child has never hurt you! Your bitterness is over lacking your judgment. Whip out your hate of men elsewhere and let him be! As for the other matter, we were strictly told not to speak of it.

Tired to be seen as a specimen, Korran got up and left the clearing. As he walked away he could hear the creature's argument and bickering. He was tired to be seen as a child, tired to be protected against events he did not comprehend. As he made his way to his chamber, he became aware he was followed. The steps were light and hesitant. Believing the presence to be a nymph, Korran, turned around ready to shout at the creature. Yet when he saw Lyra, he froze. She still wore her long white dress and her bandages but the wildness of her eyes was gone. He softly spoke to her: "Hello Lyra, How are you today?"

Lyra's eyes narrowed trying to recall this young man, with sad green eyes. Soon her gaze turned to fear, when she saw Orion slowly approach and lean his head on the boy's shoulder. She fell back and began to recoil on herself, fearing the dragon's next move. Seeing this, Korran spoke to his friend:

"Orion, leave her with me. She does know you. I will lead her back to her room. Go back to my room I will join you shortly."

Orion bowed his head and flew away to join the other creatures in the forest. Korran kneeled near her and got her to stand. @\$\$ they walked, a fairy nurse appeared and beckoning to Korran she took Lyra's hand. Gently, Korran let her go and, with one last glance to the boy, Lyra was led away.

When she disappeared from sight, Korran ran in the other direction to reach his room. As he entered he was surprised to see Ariel awaiting him. The young nymph sat on his bed, humming a song. She soon acknowledged his presence, and bowing to him she delivered her quarry:

- My lady, Queen Nadira, requests your presence in the council hall early tomorrow morning. It is

very important that you attend for much is to be explained.

Korran smiled as he saw her bow to him. She was always so polite it was embarrassing. Yet her presence was painful for it brought back memories of the village. Seeing his sadness, Ariel's heart throbbed. Her little man, her young prince was hurt and yet she could not soothe this pain. A tear rolled down her cheek and she found herself wishing to hold him and console him. Forgetting all the etiquette of the court she opened her arms and Korran ran to her.

Time seemed to stop, all his grief flowed out as he remembered the events of the last few hours. Ariel, close by, Orion was looking at this child of man, trying to understand why men's hearts were so fragile, and yet so full of hatred and anger towards creatures of magical birth.

Soon Ariel arose, leaving Korran to rest. Before leaving she approached Orion and gently

scratched his eye ridge. She then left the room, leaving Orion to wonder about the events of the next day.

7 - A view of the past

Child of Legend

By Melissa Busque

The potion began to take effect and Korran slowly fell asleep. For a time it seemed that darkness was all around him. He called out for Orion but no longer felt the dragon's reassuring presence. Then sound came back and he heard a woman crying out in pain. Around him he heard women encouraging her to push. The vision came back to him and he saw that he was in the apartments of a noble, maybe the apartment of a queen. He then heard the first cry of the newborn. Nearby a servant was examining the baby. When she turned to face the queen, he saw that she was holding a bundle of gold and red drapes from which a baby's little arm came out.

The wizard had told him to be silent.

It's a boy, your ladyship!

Nira looked around her as she heard the cry of the new-born. A boy! A beautiful little prince! Nira thanked the heavens for giving her this beautiful gift and answering her prayers. An heir for the land, and what a king he would be. This awaited child was everything she had wished for and even more. For a long while she prayed the ancestors and the departed beast for a chance to be mother. And now, not far away from her bed, she heard the cry diminished as her ladies-in-waiting examined the new-born and took care of him. The sound died away and soon after her half, the fairy Kay, appeared quietly beside the bed carrying a bundle of clothes from which she saw a tiny arm looking for something to grab. Nira slowly sat up and in an instant, she felt her new-born son reach for her. As she gave him her finger to take, she began to cry of joy. What a beautiful boy. His skin was pale as the moon, and the little hairs revealed that the child would have blond hair turning white just like his father. Ignoring the reason of his mother's crying the baby yawned and went to sleep after this moving trip. Then fatigue took Nira and, after handing the baby back to Kay, she lay down and, exhausted from the work of childbirth, fell into a deep sleep.

Korran approached the bed and admired the sleeping lady. She had beautiful long red hair, the colour of dawn. She was slender and her face was flawless, almost glowing with the first rays of the sun. He stood near the bed. Then he heard some singing and saw that a fairy was singing a lullaby. It seemed familiar to him somehow. He wanted to go to her but retreated to a corner as he heard steps approaching the door.

As she slept, Kay took the baby and began feeding it ambrosia, to assure his long life as any elf baby received at birth. As the baby drank, the door near by opened to reveal the baron Falcon Mist. The lord looked pale and nervous, in spite of his strong will and body, almost as if he was expecting the worse. What he saw brought tears to his eyes. In the bed asleep, looking peaceful, slept the love of his life, his

queen, with a smile on her face. Near her sat her half Kay, softly singing in the high tongue of elves, looking down on an infant. The baron slowly approached the bed and kneeled down, taking infinite care not to disturb Nira. As if she understood the turmoil of emotions he felt, Kay slowly rose and with infinite care, gave the baby to him. He took the tiny infant and sat on the bed near his lovely wife. Cradling the child in his strong arms, he laughed and wept tears of joy as looked at his newborn son s wrinkled face. Outside the window, his dragon s half was emitting a small light as if he was reacting to the emotions of Falcon. The child moved in his sleep and a moment later, opened his eyes, revealing deep pools of blue water. Blind, the child spread his little arms wide, trying to reach for his father s face. Seeing this, his father took the little one s hand and carefully guided it to his cheek.

Korran also came near the bed and for a while looked down on those two beings. Dracius had told him about this strong man. Seeing him holding the baby he saw that this man was not as cold as people said. His heart pinched as he saw the love in this man s face. He then saw the woman in the bed stir.

It was in this moment that Nira awoke to find the two persons she loved the most together. As she looked at him, she saw he was beaming; a rare sight in this strong man, out of long battles. Her heart softened as she looked at them. There was this strong prince of Legend guiding the hand of his new-born son. She let out a sigh. Suddenly the Baron s head turned and seeing that his wife had awoken, he approached and, giving the baby to her, he leaned and kissed her forehead. Demanding the attention that was his due, the infant let out a cry of hunger, which made both parents laugh. The young prince would live a plentiful life and plans would be made to guarantee him a beautiful future.

Korran prepared to leave the room. As he was invisible, he easily passed through the wall. Looking around the hallway he saw a figure approach the door and crouch in front of the door to see what was going on in the room.

Looking through the keyhole of the room, another figure was smiling, a cruel cold smile. The news was good, very good indeed. His patron would pay him well for this information. He had finally found the weakness of the son of the Wind King. Suddenly feeling someone approaching the room, he became metamorphosing. His small crooked legs became long and elegant, his chubby body changed to the slim waste of a maid, his grey hair became a long braid of brown hair and his wrinkled face changed to the graceful features of Vynia, one of the lady servant s. The visitor approached the corner as Vynia finished arranging her clothes. Luckily he did for Lord Falcon s bodyguard suddenly approached. Bowing to him, Vynia quickly marched away as the bodyguard approached the Lady s chamber and with a couple of knocks on the door, gained entrance to the room. Turning the corner, Vynia struggled not to laugh& That oaf might be good at protecting but what a poor eye sight! she thought. Then gracefully running away, Vynia made her way to the stables and there she changed back to a little crooked figure dressed in a long grey cloak. Taking a small pony he rode away to tell his master the news.

Seeing this transformation, Korran gasped in surprise. For a while he followed the maid and when he saw her transform back and leave, he returned to the room. A new character was standing near the bed. He seemed familiar to Korran. As he came near the creature, he saw that it was none other than Dracius. He looked younger his hair were pale brown and his face although serious, did not have the sad look he remembered seeing in the centaur s face.

The Baron and his lady were still deep in admiration of their newborn son when Dracius entered the room. Bowing low, the bodyguard awaited for the Baron s attention. After some times, the Baron looked up and noticed his bodyguard.

Ah! Dracius, Come, come and see.

As the bodyguard moved closer, a queer expression appeared on his face as if he was worried about something. None of the less, obeying his Master he approached the crib where the baby was lying. What he saw was a tiny child asleep in a bundle of clothes of gold and red. Taking his hand to a pocket at his belt, Dracius drew out a small pendant hanging from a golden chain, that he then put around the infant's neck. Wondering what his trusted servant was doing, the Baron approached and looking down at the boy, he saw the tiny round pendant bearing the shape of a dragon. Then smiling, he reached for the inside of his shirt and drew out another pendant similar to the one his son was wearing. On this one, the dragon was enrolled around a sword as if he was carrying it. As if he knew the pendant was taken out, Dorg gave a great cry from his cavern and flew to the roof near the lady's balcony. Then shouts began as the people of Legend realised that their new prince was finally here. Great cheers erupted from the crowd as Dorg announced the news to all the mystical halves of the Land.

Korran brought his hand to touch the pendant that lay around his neck. It looked identical to the one Dracius had put around the baby's neck. Except this dragon was on top of the sword and it was not as round as the other ones. But then he remembered Dracius's telling him that the pendant would change as he grew up. A few seconds after, he felt the wind bearing him away and he found himself outside the castle looking at the balcony where the couple would appear.

The Baron soon appeared on the balcony bearing the newborn child to show him the land that would be his heritage. Nira held by Kay followed behind, looking at them. Although she looked exhausted from labour, her beauty was only increased by it. In her gown of silk, she looked radiant and a glow seemed to come from her, or above her, from the sun. Shouts began to erupt from the crowd below like a great wave produced by the horses of the King of the sea: Hurrah, hurrah for the Baron! Long live the heirs of Legend & Long live lady Nira! Hurrah Hurrah! Tears of joy glistened on Nira's cheeks at this sight. *For a moment, tears glistened on his cheeks as well. As he touched them he realised that her tears mingled with his loneliness, as if they made one source. As he approached to touch her, the events began to go faster and he could only watch.*

It was decided that the boy's would be Sollan after the name of Nira's homeland Solaris, the kingdom of the sun. Thus the name suited him well, for the boy soon developed hairs that were the colour of the zenith sun, a bright yellow that turned to white at nightfall. His eyes were changing colour, going from a soft green to steel blue, depending on his mood. From his mother, he also inherited the beauty of the angels and the love of music.

Soon after the birth of the child, the search for the child half began. Ambassadors were sent to all the kingdoms and through the lands to find the creature that would share the life of the heir of Legend. Invitations began pouring out to the many Lords and nobles and the preparation for the bondage celebration began. The Elements were invited to bless this child and to give him presents. Many gifts were brought forward but the greatest gift came from Nira and Falcon's parents. Soon after Sollan's birth, a golden sack brought by two dragons, a Sun Dragon and a Sky Crystal Dragon, arrived at the palace. The package, once opened, revealed a rainbow egg the size of a small boulder. Attached to it was a note indicating the provenance of the gift:

A child was Born from Sun and Wind
With much beauty and strength of mind

To you this gift is made O child
To share your life for quite a while
When rain and sun combine thys said
A rainbow dragon shall be made
So this egg contains your half
a gift, O child, on our behalf.

When he saw the egg, Korran realised that this young one would be the happiest creature around. He would live in a beautiful land with a wonderful family and would bring the baby great comfort. And yet as he looked at the egg, he felt he had seen it before. As the egg was placed in a nest he retired, confused.

To protect it, the egg was placed in the care of dragons to be kept warm until the Bonding ceremony under the protective eye of Falcon s half , the dragon Dorg and Unea, the nurse of Dragons. This would be a day to remember.

Korran heard Page s voice in his head: we come to it at last&The last days of Legend&Then Korran felt the world moving and the floor crumble. He felt himself falling and quickly landed in the anti chamber of the Baron.

Preparations were well under way when the Baron began to notice some strange occurrences in the kingdom and its environment. First of all was his trusted friend Dracius who seemed to be less and less visible in the castle and more absent-minded. The Baron first thought he was worried about something as was his habit in protecting him, but he soon noticed that he became more and more cold to the man he had sworn to protect. A thought came to his mind: Could it be, was it possible that Dracius was& then he shook his head as if to negate such a ridiculous thought: no impossible he thought& Jealous of the baby? What a silly notion! he thought and yet there was something in his friend s mood that might indicate otherwise.

Korran also realised that something wrong with Dracius. He was not the same. He was cold and there was something in him that made him wonder. He then remembered the strange creature he had seen standing near the lady s room. He had changed in a maid, could he changed in some other creature? Looking back on the Baron, he turned around and as he was leaving the room, he heard the strange reports.

For some time now, the Baron received reports of a strange group of rogue creatures and people who entered towns and destroyed everything that was on their way. Some of the creatures resembled the great Hell dog himself, but in many examples. They bit and killed with their venomous teeth any people in their way. Misshapen creatures attacked the villagers and left desolation after they had gone. One report troubled him more then anything.

A young man from the survivors of Frowil village gave a precise description of one of his attackers: He was tall with long brown hair and on his back he had a sword bearing the symbol of Legend. He wore nothing on his upper body but his lower body was not that of a man but the legs of an animal. He had piercing eyes and he laughed like a mad man as he attacked my father. Then he ordered his troops of creature to destroy the entire village. Many villagers from other attacked town gave the same speech and description. And they also said that the creature had given orders to his troops to continue burning

everything until they had found where the hatching grounds were hidden and Legend destroyed. As much as he hated to admit it, The Baron had discovered that the mysterious leader was no other than his faithful Dracius and after finding him drunk in the cellars the Baron had no choice then to pronounce judgement.

Leaving the room, Korran began running in the castle. He had to find Dracius before the baron made a very big mistake. But the problem remained: where to look? He then heard a woman scream. A few guards approached and looked in the cellar. There lied Dracius. He was gaunt and looked as if he was under a spell. Behind him, he felt the Baron approach and tell the guard to wake him and bring him the audience room. He could do nothing to save him and was forced to watch as he was judged.

Dracius was splashed with water and escorted to the main audience room where Falcon passed judgement on the evildoers of his land. The Baron .sat in his chair, looking gravely at him. He wore a dark blue tunic and on his forehead rested a circlet of gold with in its centre a shield representing a hissing dragon. Dracius knew from these clothes that the Baron was to pass judgement on some grave matters. Seeing himself surrounded, he understood that he was the one being judged. Looking around not understanding, Dracius learned his faith.

Grave reports came to me, Dracius, about things happening over the land. But one thing, one report came to me that gravely disturbed me. Can you guess what it was?

My lord , answered the Bodyguard, I have no idea what you are referring to. I have always been your faithful servant. I am yours to command as was my seer before me&

Quiet! Dracius, ordered the Baron in a voice that tolerated no excuses, I have received many reports of people who described you destroying their lands&

At this Korran almost cried out: It s not him! You have the wrong person. But the warning from wizard came back to his mind and torn between his desire to save his friend and obey the wizard, he continued to watch helplessly as his friend tried to explain.

At this the bodyguard tried to speak but was interrupted by the Baron s hand.

- Although I do not think you did such a thing, I am relieving you of your duties for a while and letting you go back to your family. You are suspended for the time and I will call you back to my service when those reports have calmed down. You are to depart at sundown. I do not like to be parted from you but you leave me no other choice.

Seeing that it was useless to debate the matter once the Baron had spoken, Dracius bowed and exited the room. As he was leaving, he heard the Baron called: Dracius&

Turning back to the Baron, Dracius replied hopefully: My Lord?

-I will require your sword back. Give it to the smith before leaving.

Disappointment showed on Dracius face as he turned back. As you wish my Lord. Then escorted by the guards he trained, Dracius went back to his room and began packing.

Watching the centaur leave, Korran felt defeated. It was so unfair. He then turned to the Baron, and as he watched him leave the room, he saw that he was grim. When the door of the chamber closed, Korran fell on his knee and looking at the ceiling , he cried out: Why? Why must I see this? What do you want from me? But only the silence responded. Soon the wizard s voice resounded in the room: You must learn what befell Legend before I send you on your way. I warned you to keep silent. Now you have disobeyed. I wanted you to see all that happened but you leave me no other choice then to send you directly to the end of Legend, at the end of this day. Korran hurried out of the room and easily found

Dracius s room.

Rumours of Dracius departing spread like wildfire through the castle. People were debating the news and many decided to ignore it. The people who were most happy of this were the survivors of the small villages. As the day passed, many people came to see Dracius to see if the rumour was true. The evening was coming as Dracius picked his bag and headed for the gates of the city. As he was walking, a voice interrupted his thoughts of revenge. - Dracius?

Korran followed closely behind. He wanted to see him. When he heard the lady, he turned to see her standing with her fairy and the baby. He hid in the shadow, waiting to see what happened next.

Returning he saw Nira and Kay coming towards him. How beautiful Nira looked. Her hair had taken the auburn hue of the setting sun. Her eyes clearly showed concern for the man who had protected her husband so long. She was dressed in a long robe of lilac colour. Behind her came Kay holding Sollan. The baby was asleep. Looking down in kindness, the bodyguard silently asked to take the baby one last time. Nira and Kay acknowledged and Kay handed Sollan. As he took the baby, Dracius looked grim. How long would this exile last? he wondered. As if she read his mind, Kay acknowledged the concern on the centaur s face.

I dread the idea of seeing you go, my friend, Kay replied, but fear not, exile will not last. Until we meet again.

I also hate to see you go, answered Nira, but fear not, you will soon return. We will miss you greatly. Please to not bear my husband ill will. He cares much for you, as much Sollan does to us.

The named startled Korran. Was that not the name Dracius called him? The name of the baby. His name! Waves of understanding began to unfurl on him. This was his home. He wanted to run to the lady, but was stopped by an invisible wall. The wizard s voice echoed:. You now know the truth about your past but knowledge is not enough, you must see how Legend fell.

The baby opened his eyes and smiled at him. Seizing a finger of his right hand, the baby looked at this man as if saving this man s face in his memory. Looking in those blue eyes, Dracius hoped he would return one day to see them all again. Then seeing that the sun was setting, he regretfully broke the baby s grasp and gave the baby back to Nira. Before he left, he fell Nira s hand on his shoulder As a token of our friendship, I give you this. Then Dracius felt a chain settle around his neck. Looking down at his chest he saw a pendant representing the sun. Turning around he looked at her. And as if he was engraving their faces in his memory, he left the Palace. From the top of the tower, a black form waved a flag and gave the signal&

Korran saw the pendant change hands. He reached for his pouch and found the same pendant. Then he heard a strange bird singing and saw the flag. He had to help him. But as he tried to move he found himself unable to. He cried to the wizard to let him go then felt himself go numb. He heard the evil coarse voice again, the darkness he felt since the death of Dracius, whispering in his ear: Watch and see the End of your Land and your precious friend s fate.

Dracius continued his way, passing through the silent city, acknowledged by few peasants going home until he arrived at the forest gates. The gates were made of intertwined branches protecting both town and forest from surprise attacks. Before passing the gate he glanced back. Then, taking one last good look at the castle of Legend, he turned and continued his way. It was not long before he felt a presence behind him. Hoping it would be his enemy; he turned around ready to attack his follower. What he saw

was not the enemy he had expected or imagined but The Lord Chancellor Ivan, and his escort. As usual, the Chancellor was dressed in his official robe of emissary and chancellor. Seeing such a guest in these parts, Dracius bowed in respect. The chancellor looked at him with what looked like a smirk or a half smile.

Good evening Dracius! Where might you be going at this time of night?

I am going back home to my family, Lord Chancellor. But pray tell: What might be doing here at such a dangerous hour? Evil beasts are said to be lurking around Legend. It is not a safe time to travel.

The Chancellor smiled looking amused: Always the protector, I see. But if I am here, it is because I have heard some strange reports about attacks in villages near to Legend. What surprised and alarmed me is that you Dracius, would commit such horrible acts&

I am innocent. replied Dracius not liking where the conversation was going.

Of course, I doubt it was you& no it could not have been you. But I had to see. And from the looks of it, it seems some of it was true for you are leaving Legend. In that case, I have a proposition for you.

Dracius looked suspicious: What kind of proposition exactly?

My army needs a captain of your skills and aptitudes to battle against the enemy, in battle. And since The Baron has no more use for you, someone with inside information on Legend would be most helpful. Dracius listened to the conversation and the offer but at the moment he heard the chancellor talk of Legend, a thought came to his head. Why would one so powerful as the Chancellor need inside information of the land The Great King was allied with? And how did the Chancellor know he was leaving Legend? Unless&

An idea came to Dracius s mind. A notion he needed to test. Turning to the Chancellor he saw that his escort had made a circle around him and the chancellor cutting all way to escape except for a small space behind the chancellor. Then making up his decision, he faced Ivan.

My lord Chancellor, although your proposition seems interesting, I must decline it. True, Lord Mist let me out of his service, but like my sire before him, I am and will stay his humble servant. Also my lord, the land is at peace, and no enemy was cited. What need would you have of me? I must decline.

This said, Dracius picked up his bag and after bowing to the Chancellor, he made his way out the circle, as he passed the Chancellor, he heard him says: Are you sure I cannot convince you otherwise?

Continuing his way he replied: My heart and conscience are my guides. I must decline.

He had only made a few steps when felt a tiny needle prick his neck. Feeling the narcotic taking effect, Dracius was not aware of Ivan s guards chaining him. Just before darkness claimed him, he heard the chancellor hiss in his ear: Wrong Answer . Then darkness came.

Korran heard the cold voice in his ear. One has gone, many more to go! Then the time accelerated.

The day of the Bonding was imminent as reports continued rushing in: troops of renegades and soldiers were attacking the villages surrounding Legend, destroying anything that stood in their way. Thus the number of homeless people and victims of these mysterious attackers increased rapidly. But there were no more reports of Dracius presence in these attacks. The bodyguard had disappeared and now a dark shadow was overseeing the attacks.

To help those family, part of the castle of Legend was transformed into shelters for the women and children who could not help in the battle. The men and soldiers were preparing their weapons and defences against an invisible enemy. The magical halves of the people sensed the battle and prepared in their own way. All the young ones and their humans were put in shelters in the dungeons.

Messengers from distant land sent word of arriving troops and support to help defend the Land of Legend. Nira, her court and Sollan were sent into hiding to perform the Bonding Ceremony. The

ceremony could not be delayed any longer, for the Child already showed the first signs of Tie fever, a sickness that appeared a few months after the birth of a child. The only known cure was to bond the child with a magical creature. Unfortunately, time was running out for young Sollan who was growing weaker as time passed.

Korran also felt weak. He felt drained. The voice whispered in his ear: Sleep, Sleep the eternal rest! Sleep forever, my little one. Let darkness take you. Slowly, Korran's eyes began to droop. The creature was about to give the final kiss when a strong voice was heard. Awake Korran, Orion awaits you, Awake! Korran awoke to find himself in the middle of a battle. Around him he saw, many creatures battling evil hounds similar to the ones he had seen in his own village. AS he looked towards the castle he saw that many creatures armed with a battle ram, were attempting to gain access to the city. He tried to help but since he could not be seen he could only watch as the carnage progressed. And yet&

No one had expected it, but the war for Legend had begun... Now, as troops entered the gates, the Baron hoped he would be able to hide his new born son Sollan. Looking around, The Baron saw mythical creatures were fighting Ivan's dark troops: the black squadron and the dark hounds. What he didn't know is that each man of the squadron was worth two dragons and that the weapons were almost equal to the power of the elements. This strong combination was the result of an intertwinement of dark magic and years of experiments on both creatures and human slaves. Some of the poor creatures, now brainwashed by Ivan, had gone through a terrible ordeal for some of them no longer retained a discernible form and only fought in desperation.

Standing on a hill, Korran saw a group of riders overlooking the scene. One of them was wearing rich clothes and stood in the middle of this group. He seemed quite happy of his troops. Soon he saw him riding towards the Baron and in an instant, the baron was pinned down.

Following closely behind was the Chancellor, surrounded by his hydra hounds, supervising his numerous troops. On his face was a grin of pure evil as he watched around triumphant as his goal was almost in his grasp. At this sight, the Baron understood the situation as a feeling of defeat was threatening to overcome him, but his pride soon took over as he glanced at his enemy. Suddenly, the baron felt as if a spear or dagger had entered his heart. He realised that his other half, the great dragon Dronag, lay wounded somewhere and that he would not be able to get to him in time. The chancellor advanced to contemplate the fall of his rival and the end of the line of The Mist of the land of Legend. As he gazed down on Falcon, his face became a mask of rage as he asked the Baron:

Where is the child? , asked Ivan in a menacing voice.

To hell with you! , answered the Baron now gasping for air.

Now, now, Baron, , said the chancellor in a mocking voice, what would the king say if he heard you?

Probably the same thing than me, you devil! gasped the Baron

Ah! But what the king doesn't know can't hurt him, can it? sheepishly answered Ivan

You demon! , answered the Baron, he knows what you are&

Chancellor Ivan came down on his knee and, in a soft but enraged way, confessed in the Baron's ear:

He thinks he knows& The old fool! But when I am done, the king won't have Legend to protect him& will he? I'll just tell him that you tried to betray him& After all, my importance in the kingdom is well known and will have more influence.. And without Legend, the world is not complete& There is not much hope& And whom will the people turn to? Science&and me. Now! asked the chancellor menacingly, For

the last time, where is the child ?

The Baron looked up to Ivan, a look of triumph on his face as a beam of light arose in the sky. The Baron knew then, that his son s future was assured, for the bonding between the magical creature and his son was complete.

Korran also saw the beam of light emerge from far away. Startled he looked down in his father s face and saw that his father was laughing:

You are too late, Ivan, the bonding is made. Soon, my son will be out of your reach and the land of Legend will have a ray of hope and the king, a new ally. The future of this land is safe!

Ivan s face became a mask of rage as he realised the meaning of the Baron s words. As long as the creature lived, the child would live and he would not be able to control the land. A minor setback, easily taken care of he thought; for the child was but an infant and the creature an egg . I still have a chance of destroying the Myst family . Getting up, he looked as his main dark hound, a hydra-hound, with multiple heads, and commanded:

Kill him and let s get that child!

As the chancellor left, one of the numerous heads of the Hydra-hound plunged at the Baron s chest and, with his powerful jaws, extinguished the life of it s victim like a wind blowing off a candle. Turning around , the chancellor picked up the Baron s long runic double-edge sword, decorated with a dragon at his hilt in such a matter that it held the blade, symbol of the family s rank and honour, and approached the fallen monarch ready to strike if need be. As the hydra hound retired, Ivan heard:

Long live the king& murmured the Baron, then his head fell back and he was still.

Not for long& muttered the Chancellor. To be sure of his death, the Baron plunged the sword through its victim, ending whatever life was left in his rival.

Not far from there, the baron s dragon let out a final cry then was no more.

Korran cried out in disbelief. No, father! Then seeing that there was no way to bring this great warrior back, he fell down and cried. He felt the ground shake. Then everything went black and he awoke, crying out the name of his father.

Standing by his bed was Alara and the wizard. She looked exhausted and sad as she understood what he went through. The wizard was frowning as he looked down on him. Korran could not decide if he was angry or just preoccupied. Then the wizard spoke: you have disobeyed me. Normally, I would have let you sleep forever with those memories for your actions. But I understand your turmoil and wish to help Legend s rebirth . Looking sadly on both children, he continued: Legend s people were like a family to me. Now all my children sleep, while I sadly look upon them, unable to awake them from their slumber . Korran was startled by the wizard s words. If what the man had said was true, he was a very old being and knew much. He approached the wizard and put his hand on the man s shoulder. he then saw the disappearance of Legend. *Far from there, the four Elemental families, the Fairies, the Goblins and all the magical creatures began hurling, crying, screaming their pain as they all felt the end of the royal lineage of Legend.*

Korran took his hands away and put his hands on his ears, trying to stop the many shouting he heard. After what seemed an eternity, the voices stopped. He turned to Alara, she did not seem to have heard all those voices. He then turned to the wizard. Quietly, the old man took out a scroll on which was written the beginning of a story. Approaching, he read: *The ancient books tells of a great storm that engulfed the land of Legend with the promise of being reborn only if a warrior bearing the mark of Legend was brave and able enough to bring peace to it.*

