

# The Beginning of Change

By lupinsmyman

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*What happens when you have a crazy war-going grandmother? Nothing good. The first "adventure" for Milandar, Igonity, and Katrim. (sorry for the spacing issues. I do have good grammar. Its the sites fault everything is mushed into one)*

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# 1 - A Visitor

"C'mon, Mil! The caves are only around the corner. Mum and Dad will never even know." The African sun shone hot over the plain and two sister cubs were pestering their brother. The three cubs were as different as could be. The oldest, Milandar was black as night but tufts on his head and chest promised a white mane. He was smart and strong for his age and size. The middle cub's proper name was Igonity. Though she preferred Iggy. She was the opposite of her brother, being completely snow white. Her pink-red eyes stated the fact that she was born albino. She was adventurous and a trouble maker. The third, Katrim, was the youngest, quietest, and smallest of the three. Taking after her mother she was a golden brown with permanent black spots down her back. "Please? We promise we won't stay long!" Kat continued for her sister. She pulled at her brother's tail playfully. "Oh, all right. But when we get caught I'm not taking any of the blame," Milandar said, stretching his forepaws. He rolled his eyes and followed his sisters in the direction of the caves. As always, the desert sun beat down in a hot rage. Before long the cubs were panting. But they found relief in the caves. They were taller than any of the trees around their home and strange pictures of two-footed animals were etched on the walls.

Milandar rolled his head around, eyeing the drawings. They were odd yet somehow fascinating. He came to rest upon a picture he had never seen before. It showed a large male lion, bearing striking resemblance to himself, facing off with an equally large lioness. She had three long scars on the left side of her face. Above them was the symbol of destiny: a half sun-half moon. He recognized it from his parents' tales. A shadow moved across the entrance to the caves. Kat shuddered and leaped against her older brother. She let out a relieved sigh when their mother appeared. "Come now, quickly. We have to run. Your father's already gone ahead to ward her off," she whispered urgently. Her pale blue eyes showed fear and sadness. She picked up the sisters by the scruff of the neck leaving Milandar to run alongside. She would not provide any answers. Elion ushered her cubs into an inconspicuous hole at the base of a tree. She dragged the carcass of a three-day-old antelope kill in front of the hole to make the cubs' scent. In the den, Milandar and his sisters waited, barely daring to breathe. Outside they could hear their mother's anxious growl. Then there was an unfamiliar voice. "Hello, Elion. It seems you have denied me the pleasure of seeing my grandcubs." The voice was that of an aging, but not yet old, lioness. Her voice was scratched and had a tone of malice. "You nearly killed your own cubs, Poyga, why do you have such a keen interest in mine?" Elion snapped back. She eyed the other lioness angrily and the two others behind her grinned. "Because, foolish one, when you entered my territory you swept my heir off his paws. Love, you called it. But nonetheless you turned him against me. If anyone's a cub killer it's you!" "I showed him the truth! That you're just as horrible as your father was." "No! You took him away! You took my only son! That's why I've come for yours. Now step aside so justice can be served," the maturing Poyga demanded. "Justice! Over my dead body," Elion roared. She bared her teeth, preparing for a fight. Hiding in the dark hole, Milandar, Igonity, and Katrim could only listen as the battle for their and their mother's lives took place outside. Vicious snarls and roars sounded and with three to one it didn't stand much of a chance. Their mother was losing. There was a gasp of pain and then it all stopped. Light pierced the darkness as the antelope was dragged away. "Hello," said that malicious voice. The head of a gay-brown lioness appeared. Through the blood on her face, Milandar could see three long scars on the left side of her face.