

# On the Wings of an Owl

By Akrita

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*What would you do if you awoke on the back of a great Snowy? What would you do if she asked you to save the owls? Diana and Jule must make their decision...*

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# 1 - Prologue

"Mystery, you say that only humans can help us," growled the grizzled Whiskered Screech, poking at her white wing feathers with a twisted claw. He peered at her, squinting his dark yellow eyes. Rolu's eyesight was poor, partly due to old age and partly because he had taken a dare in his youth to emerge in the day and fly into the sun. He had taken it, and nearly died. Mystery had saved him, and he considered himself indebted to her.

The Snowy nodded, pulling away a bit. "Humans understand humans. I promise you, Rolu, the youths I saw in the Crystal shall save us." She blinked her pale yellow eyes, before closing them again, allowing them to disappear into the black spots that dotted her head.

"I hope your judgement is good," the Screech snapped back.

"It is!" she hooted loudly. "Remember, you are in my debt! I may command you as I wish!"

"Oh, so you're bringing it up again?"

"Ah, love!" sighed Surlius, the mischevious Pygmy Owl. He wasn't even a member of the Council, but he enjoyed passing by to eavesdrop. And he had just been. As the other two turned to glare angrily at him, he quickened his steps and hightailed it out of there.

"YOU COME BACK HERE!" roared Rolu. "DIE, INSOLENT YOUTH!"

"Rolu, he's just a kid..."

"So? He must be respectful of his elders!"

Mystery sighed.