

# **The Legend of the Five**

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*It is about these five charecters from five different races that are fighting to get control of the world. But only the "darkness". The five disapeard taking the "darkness with them. A new generation of new five.*

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# 1 - The Begging

## The Begging

Anger. . . . .love. . . . .sadness. . . . .happiness. . . . . These are emotions mixed into this war. Among those to die in this war were not only men but women, children, and elders. Humans, elves, demons, dwarves, and dragons are the different sides of the war, divided by race. All races trying to rule where only one may reside. Between the five warring nations, who would have thought that one person from each of the five nations would join as friends? Five elements, five heroes, five rules, one goal; equal peace, hopefully. The plan was good, until they disappeared, and taking the darkness as it was called, went with the five. Along with the two went the separation and boundaries between the races. Those who agreed with the joining lived in peace. Those who disagreed withdrew and hid from the world. But now a new danger threatens the nations. Now with five new heroes, the Legend returns. But two of the five have no idea about what danger is ahead of them. Nor do they know about their hidden powers

Field trip to the Museum! Great!! Extremely boring!! Why did I have to come again? A young girl whispered the question to one of her friends as she follows the class through the huge museum, heading to the last room of the day. Her name is Ember Shadowfire. She is wearing black pants with black boots that have silver lining. Her pants have flames with a bit of gold, and her top is red tank top with black flames that shows her midriff. Over her tank top is a sleeveless trench coat. Her hair is black with strains of blood red. Her eyes have a pupil of light red and the iris is deep red. Ember has no jewelry except for the black dagger earrings that has a blood red tear drop on the hilt of the daggers, and a deep red choker with a crystal red stone with a flame inside it.

Because your mom said she would ground you from your swords, hangouts, malls, friends, computer, games and many more reasons. Said the boy on Embers right side. His name is Zakovia Dagger. He is wearing a white t-shirt that you can see his well built body through and he is wearing blue pants with black shoes. His hair is silver with black strains and his eyes are emerald green. On the other side of Ember is another boy who is always quite, but extremely well at fighting and has a lot of patience, unlike Zakovia who is a hot head, and always ready to get into a fight without thinking. Ember has an unnaturally long patience and calmness. She also has an equally unnatural ability to fight extremely well and not get touched by the attacker.

History isn't so bad. Said the boy to the right of Ember unexpectedly. His name is Eric Dekall. He is wearing light brown shorts with brown shoes. His top is dark green t-shirt that also shows his well built body. His hair is dark green and his eyes are green. He also has small gold wire glasses. Zakovia looked at Eric because he is still not used to him talking when he is always so quite.

What ever. You love history. I don't mind it when your help me with homework, but I really don't care for it. Couldn't they make it more interesting? Stated Ember as they slowly walked after the class, trying to snick away, but their teacher, Mr. Holorou turned around. Then he spotted them and knew why they are walking so slowly. As a teacher, and a very proud one too, he walked over to them to make sure that they wouldn't leave.

I know what you three are up to. I also know that you are bored, Ember. But in the next room will interest you and your two friends too. Said Mr. Holorou.

Yeah . . . . . sure. . . . . What ever you say old man. Retorted Ember in an extremely bored voice.

Very reluctantly she and her two friends followed their teacher. Mr. Holorou is huge and very buff. With very short blond hair and yellow eyes. His pants are black and are like a Chinese fighter pants, with matching shoes. He has no shirt and has wrist guards on.

Once the trio got into the room Mr. Holorou followed and closed the door behind him. Ember looked around the room the first thing that caught her eye is a huge red black dragon. At first glance you think its real, but after a bit you realize its not. The dragon is well crafted, almost like the real thing. The eyes are black with blood red pupil. The whole body is red except for the black blotches. The dragon is on its hind legs and the front legs are stretch forward, like its going to strike with its claws (silver with blood stains on them). Then Ember as she gets closer sees the tail. The tail looks like it could be used as a whip. The head of the dragon looks fearsome with its mouth open and fire is coming our of its mouth. The scales are perfectly detailed as every part of the body was detailed.

It looks like its taken centuries to do that dragon so perfectly. That has to have to be difficult to do. It must be a Draco flameus. In other words a fire dragon. As she said that, a man came out of no where.

That s correct young lady. Y must be interested in dragons. Not many can tell the difference of the dragon breeds anymore. As the spoke everyone but Ember jumped. Hey, Holorou, did you jump just now? Just when that man came out of no where? asked Ember, and once she said that the whole class looks at Mr. Holorou.

I did not. You must have imagined it. I do not jump at anything. Said Mr. Holorou trying to keep his reputation from falling apart.

Really? Fine then. . . . . Oh!! Holorou!!! Look down!!! Is that a mouse at your feet?!?!?!?!? exclaimed Ember with an evil grin.

MOUSE?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?! WHERE?!?!?!?!?!? GET IT AWAY!!!!!!! GET THE EVIL THING AWAY!!!!!!! exclaimed Mr. Holorou as he jumped up and down in panic. Everyone just looked at their teacher with a look that says Is this really our teacher? on their faces, except for Ember and her two friends who are on the ground laughing at Mr. Holorou. After a few minutes, with the help from one of his students, Mr. Holorou finally realizes what had happened.

Miss. Shadowfire, Mr. Dagger, and Mr. Dekall, after the field trip is over you three will clean the whole museum! exclaimed Mr. Holorou. He was well known for his punishments, and his students learned from the first time. However only three students dare to disobey him, and they are not afraid of him. Actually, they never do the punishments that they are supposed to do.

Ahem. . . . . Without any more interruptions, I would like to get on with the tour. Said the man who had appeared out of no where.

Oh. . . . .Sure, sorry about that Mr. Taginoral. Said Mr. Holorou.