

The Elemants Story

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Submitted: November 11, 2004

Updated: November 11, 2004

A story about a dead guy and his witch girlfriend and her sister(Who comes later)

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1 - Irin Dies

A voice was yelling.

"Get back to work you filthy Illans! The only thing you're good for is slave work!"

A loud booming voice shouted these words that echoed through the cave's walls. The one shouting these commands was the evil god of stone Golgar. He was one of the most foul creatures to walk the Earth. Throughout the years of his chaotic reign of the underground mines, the Illans he captured slaved thanklessly for his profit. With his whip of stone, he watched over his slaves with a grin. One fell. The slave was a boy named Irin, around the age of 18 and in poor shape from his merciless work.

"You there! Fallen one come up here!" Golgar shouted to Irin. Irin slowly limped up the steps to Golgar's watch post.

"Whats your problem, boy?" Golgar asked.

"Well sir.."Irin began, "I haven't eaten in two weeks so I am very weak..."

He trailed off. He didn't even have enough strength to speak.

"I see what is happening here..." Golgar said with a large smile on his face. He threw Irin to the ground below him and pulled out his dreaded whip of stone. Irin was watching him pull the horrible weapon from his belt. He stood aghast in fear and horror of what would happen next. There was a loud snap and pain surged through Irin's chest and he looked down at his abdomen to see a large stone gray spot where the pain had been. He realized that the pain no longer burdened him. He felt the numbness go through his chest quickly and soon all he could feel was his face> He was having trouble breathing. Soon Irin was nothing more than a stone statue of his former self.

"Mwa ha ha ha!" Golgar laughed as he took a hammer from one of the mining Illans and smashed Irin's body to pieces. Irin saw. He saw Golgar smash his body to tiny bits, and saw the Illans who were gathered around and saw his friends and what was left of his diminishing family. Among the few he knew, was Lori, a weeping girl Irin's age with wavy brown hair and an usually cheerful disposition. His death obviously stopped her cheerfulness, for she was crying like the world was coming to an end, and for her, it was.