

Avatar Mountain

By M-dawg

Submitted: March 16, 2005

Updated: April 9, 2007

Aang, Sokka, and Katara have to cross one last small country to get to the North Pole. Problem is, they are stuck on the mountain covered country.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/M-dawg/12383/Avatar-Mountain>

Chapter 1 - The Dream	2
Chapter 2 - 1,000 leagues under the Avatar	8
Chapter 3 - No is the answer	12
Chapter 4 - Mountain Training	18
Chapter 5 - Hansel and Gretel and Aang	21
Chapter 6 - No is incorrect	27
Chapter 7 - Off to sea	29
Chapter 8 - Follow the yellow sand desert	32
Chapter 9 - Yo ho ho!	34

1 - The Dream

Part One

THE BEGGINING

A crowd of frightened people ran towards a colossal mountain in Tarantula Dessert.

The crowd was full of people from the water tribes (both North and South Pole), Earth kingdoms, Air nomads, and even people from the Fire nation. These people were about to face a war of their time.

A young lady, thirty-five of age, was running with her mother, Aunt, and little sister. Her name was Katara, a water bender.

She and the rest of the crowd were told not to look back at campsite they had just been at this morning. Scouts had seen what they all feared coming their way.

The crowd was at least three miles from the campsite but the dessert ground was so flat, you could still see the campsite.

Katara glanced back, only to see giant flames.

Katara felt a jerk from the back of her coat. She had been pulled onto a wagon up by a man from the Earth kingdom. Katara looked around the wagon, She saw a young boy, an elderly woman with two babies, her sister, an Earth woman, A fire nation man, and her Aunt.

Her mother was missing! Katara crawled up to the front of the wagon where the Earth kingdom man was steering two red dragon horses.

"Excuse me," Katara began. The man turned his head around. ", My mother, she's not on here."

"I'm sorry ma'am; there is no more room on this wagon. And even if we turn around the enemy will get us." The man had replied. Katara looked down.

"Your mother is probably on another wagon." The man said, trying to cheer Katara up.

Katara crawled to the back of the wagon and stared out. All she saw was flames, flames.

The flames, she could feel them licking her body burning, but leaving scars. Burning her, the burning of

war.

Aang eyes busted open. Aang sat up straight. He rubbed his hands up and down his arms.

No flames. All Aang felt was his palms sweaty. That's when he realized he was covered in sweat.

Aang looked around, it was still night. Katara and Sokka were both still sleeping on the earth in sleeping-bags.

Aang jumped down from Appa's saddle. Then Aang took in all the feelings of the night. It was freezing. Aang hugged himself to keep warm.

The air was clean and silent, not to mention cold. Aang could see his breath every time he breathed.

He looked down at Sokka and smiled. Sokka was talking in between snores.

“ Take... that...you...stinkin' ...fire...benders.”

Then, Aang looked down at Katara. Aang frowned, she reminded him of his dream. He had had similar ones before, but this, this was different.

The lady in his dream had never said her name, but he knew it was Katara. The lady also looked a lot like Katara. But it couldn't be, unless it was a future sight. But Katara had already lost her mother. Wait; maybe Katara's mom had only been captured.

But he wasn't in there. If was a future sight and people were running, then he must've been...dead.

Aang sat by Appa, this couldn't be true. Aang looked up at the stars.

When he was with Gyatso, he was taught looking at the stars would help him calm down. And after that you take a walk to clear your mind.

Prince Zuko sat by his uncle, Iroh.

“Uncle, do you remember that time I dueled with Commander Zhao?”

“The first or second time.”

“The second of course.”

“Yes, it was quiet a long time ago. Don't let that victory go to your head.”

“It hasn't! But do you think he is training? Training to get the Avatar and I?”

“Like mad”

“Then why aren't I training as well, Uncle?”

“Because, you are lazy and stubborn. Not to mention you are sitting here next to me talking.”

“Then let us get to work, Uncle.”

“Indeed.”

Aang went walking through a nearby wood, looking for firewood. It was still dark and eerie. Aang had three large logs and a few stems in his arms. He figured it was time to head back.

When he turned around he saw Momo, his little lemur friend, holding some twigs and grass.

“Hey Momo! Ready to go back to camp?” Aang asked. Momo nodded and quickly leaped onto Aang's shoulder.

Aang headed back to the camp, where he saw the sun coming up.

He lay the logs down on the ground, and Momo lay the twigs down in a similar way.

Katara started to wake up when she saw Aang.

“What are you doing Aang?” Katara asked softly.

“I got fire wood.”

“But we're about to leave.”

“So?”

“Katara, let the guy have his fun.” Sokka grumbled sleepily.

“Well Sokka, what are we going to do with all the wood?” Katara asked.

“Make breakfast. You're a girl, you can do that.” Sokka replied.

“Have you learned nothing?!” Katara said getting up. She stared at Sokka waiting for an answer. All she got was snoring.

“That's it.” Katara said under her breath.

“Hey, Sokka breakfast is made!” Katara said loudly. Sokka sat straight up in his sac.

"Alright!" Sokka said with excitement. He saw Katara in front of him holding the logs Aang had brought in.

"Today's special, dry wood!" Katara said sarcastically throwing the logs in Sokka's chest. Then Momo came up to him holding the twigs.

"Hey Momo, a little help here." Sokka asked. The lemur just threw the twigs on Sokka's face, and then dusted off his paws.

"Then I guess we're all set to leave?" Aang said.

"Thanks Aang." Sokka said sarcastically.

Aang, Katara, and Sokka sat on the saddle of Appa. Aang rolled out the map.

"Allrighty then, we are right here," Aang said pointing to the Ocean close to a small Island, "We just left Shein Hui, and now were off to the great mountains," Aang pointed to a small country with triangles for mountains ", which should leave us nine or ten days from the north pole."

"That's great!" Katara said blissfully. "We can water-bending together!"

"Whatever, just keep your weirdness to yourself." Sokka said.

"For the last time, Sokka, It's not weird!" Katara said angrily.

Katara turned around from facing Sokka, back to Aang. She noticed him carefully observing the map.

"Is there something wrong, Aang?" Katara asked.

"No, it's just I've never noticed this mountain before." Aang replied pointing at the small country they were headed for.

The mountain seemed to be so large that clouds were drawn around it.

"Hey, did you hear that?" Sokka asked interrupting the silence.

"What is it?" Katara asked.

"I'm not sure." Sokka replied, leaning over Appa's back. What Sokka saw was a large shadow in the water for a split second. After that it was gone.

"What is it, Sokka?" Aang asked leaning toward Sokka.

“Just my imagination.” Sokka replied.

Zuko knelt at around twenty candles. The flames rose and fell constantly.

The steel door in the dark room opened. Zuko opened his eyes and all the flames went out.

“News from the Fire Lord, Sir” A soldier said to the young prince. Zuko stood up and headed out the door. He headed up to the top of the small war ship. He knew that his uncle would be there.

Zuko opened a large steel door, and entered the room.

There was a wooden table in the middle. Sitting at it were, his uncle the hounds man, and a few high ranking soldiers.

“Uncle, what is this all about?” Zuko asked.

“Your father, Fire Lord, has requested that you return home.” his uncle responded.

“My father is a fool, thinking I will return when I am so close to having the Avatar!”

“The Fire Lord does not even know you got close to the Avatar.” Uncle said.

“No, Commander Zhoa has most likely told the Fire Lord.” Zuko replied.

“I highly doubt that.” Uncle responded calmly.

“Tell the Fire Lord I'm turning down his offer.” Zuko said looking at the council.

“Nephew, do not turn down your father.”

“Sorry, Uncle.” Zuko said walking away.

Sokka lay on his back, “Are we there yet?”

“For the third time, Sokka, No!” Katara yelled.

“Hey I see land!” Aang said from the head of Appa. Momo jumped on top of Aang's head to get a good look.

“Wow!” Katara said.

“There better be food there.” Sokka said. Katara frowned at him.

“Only nine or ten days till we get to the North Pole.” Katara said

“Oh, did I say nine or ten days? I meant nine or days after we get across this country,” Aang said.

“Great, more days of traveling. Just what I needed.” Sokka said glumly. “Hey, did you guys hear that?” Sokka said. Aang and Katara turned around at him.

“Never mind it was probably my imagination again.”

“No Sokka, I heard it two.” Katara said. She and Sokka both looked at Aang. “What,” Aang said, “I make the noise.”

“So you heard it too?” Katara asked.

“Well yeah.” Aang replied. The three of them looked down to the ocean. All of them saw the same thing, a giant shadow.

2 - 1,000 leagues under the Avatar

“Um, guys...” Sokka began.

“I hear ya,” Aang said, “Yip, Yip!” Appa flew up higher and faster.

The shadow in the ocean began to grow larger.

“Aang, can't you make this thing go any faster?!” Sokka yelled.

“Appa's flying as fast as he can.” Aang replied.

“It's not fast enough!” Sokka said, “Yip, yip!!” Sokka yelled.

Appa flew faster and faster until he started to slow down.

“Hey, what gives?” Sokka asked.

“Great Sokka, you tired him out.” Katara said.

Just then Appa began to fall.

“What's happening now?” Sokka asked

“I don't know. This, this never happened before.” Aang replied frightfully.

All of a sudden a giant serpent head appeared out of the ocean.

“It's the Unagi!” Sokka screamed.

“That's not the Unagi.” Aang said.

“Than what is it?” Sokka asked. Appa began to fall rapidly now.

“I'm not sure.” Aang said. Appa began to turn over and Katara slid off.

“Aaaaaaaah!!!!” Katara screamed as she began to fall off. But Aang caught her just in time.

“Sokka, help!” Aang said as he too began to fall. Sokka grabbed Aang by the ankle before he fell.

“Hold on you guys!” Sokka said trying to pull the two back on to Appa. But just then Appa turned a little bit and Sokka fell off.

The three began hurdling toward the water but they all saw Appa regain his flight pattern and head off to the country.

The three plunged head first into the ice-cold ocean. Aang, Katara, and Sokka sank into the water. Aang swam straight for the top. Once he came up he inhaled fresh air.

He saw that the sea serpent or whatever it was, was chasing Appa. Just then Sokka came up from the water to take in a breath. He saw the same thing Aang did.

"Do you think he will be okay?" Aang asked Sokka.

"Forget him, what about us? Hey where is Katara?"

"Katara!" They both said as they plunged back into the water. They swam lower and lower, until they saw her, unconscious.

They both swam to her, as Sokka pointed upward. Aang nodded.

They pulled her up to the top of the ocean.

As they reached the top of the ocean Katara opened her eyes.

"Over there!" Sokka said pointing at a large piece of metal. The three of them swam towards the large debris.

"What do you think it is?" Sokka asked as they sat on the metal.

"I think it's part of a Fire Navy ship." Katara said coughing out sea water.

"What was that thing?!" Sokka yelled "He destroyed a whole ship."

"No," Aang said, "he destroyed a lot of ships." Aang said pointing to scattered ship parts all over the ocean.

"We have to get to shore." Sokka said.

"But we don't have a row." Aang said. Aang and Sokka both turned around to Katara.

"He don't look at me I nearly drowned." Katara said.

"She's right, Katara needs some rest." Aang agreed.

"All right, just take too long." Sokka said, "We don't want to let that thing find us."

Zuko lay on his back looking up at the metal ceiling.

Many thoughts ran through his mind. *Why did Father want me to return, why did I say no? The Fire Lord does not take no for an answer.*

Zuko sat up, he was expecting company.

“Hey Sokka, I found more rope!” Aang yelled from another piece metal.

Aang and Sokka were trying to build a raft to get to shore.

“Great Aang, bring it over here!” Sokka yelled back. Aang hopped from debris to debris back to the mane debris.

Sokka took the rope and made a sail out of a long wooden pole and some cloth he found and dried.

“Ready?” Sokka asked Aang.

“Ready.” Aang replied. They took two long pieces of wood and started to paddle.

“Which way is land?” Sokka asked.

“Over there with all the mountains.” Aang replied.

“Alright! Were closer than I thought” Sokka said. “This should give Katara lots of rest.”

They both looked back to see Katara asleep in the back of the raft.

Aang and Sokka have been paddling for about two hours nonstop.

“Man, I feel like my arms are going to fall off.” Sokka said miserably.

“And the sun is starting to set.” Aang said.

“Lucky Katara, She gets to sleep all...” Sokka was interrupted by the sound rushing water.

“What's that?” Aang said.

“It's that thing!” Sokka yelled.

“Katara!” Sokka screamed. “Wake up!”

Katara sat straight up looking around until she saw Aang and Sokka pointing at the ocean.

Katara knew what was happening. She put her hands together for water-bend.

Katara let out a loud grunt and the raft moved closer to shore.

“We're almost there!” Sokka yelled.

But the giant serpent's head came out of the water and breathed a long trail of fire at the raft.

The fire had missed the three leaving lot of steam.

“That's new!” Sokka said.

The serpent tried for another attack but this time he used his head, literally. The serpent's head dropped right next to the end of the boat. When the serpent's head touched the water a large wave appeared destroying the raft.

The three had been washed up on shore but the serpent didn't stop there.

Katara and Sokka were unconscious. The last thing Aang saw was the large serpent head coming towards him.

Then everything went black.

3 - No is the answer

Prince Zuko walked through the ship ordering that the ship be cleaned.

“Prince Zuko,” Uncle Iroh yelled at him from another side of the corridor.

“Yes, Uncle?” Zuko asked.

“I see that you have predicted the same thing as I.” Iroh responded

“Yes Uncle, my father is arrogant and will send men to try to talk me into going back.”

“So what do you propose to do?” Iroh asked

“I'm not going back until I capture the Avatar, or I decide on my own” Zuko responded.

“Your father is not the only one, who is arrogant, is he?” Iroh asked

“I guess it runs in the family.” Zuko said.

“Oh really?” Iroh said.

“Well, I'm sure some in the family don't.” Zuko responded quickly.

“When do you think they will get here?” Iroh asked.

“The council? A day or two at the latest.” Zuko said.

“Then I suggest we prepare.” Iroh responded.

Zuko walked outside to get some fresh air and to clear his mind. He still was wandering why his father wanted him back. His father had told him never to return unless he brought the Avatar. It didn't make any sense. Unless, unless that his father was expecting an attack, or was planning an attack. Maybe his father knew where the Avatar was.

“Hounds man!” Zuko yelled out. “ Set a course for Tahso Port.”

It was the closest place from where they were. If they had reached Tahso City they could keep hidden and maybe get supplies.

Uncle Iroh walked out to Zuko.

“What is it, Uncle?”

"The council will beat us to Tahso." Iroh said.

"Yes, but we may get there before the reinforcements get come." Zuko replied.

"Reinforcements?" Iroh asked.

"Of course, my father most likely told the council not to take No for an answer. And my answer is No." Zuko replied.

"I see. We have this day to prepare, why not waste it sailing?" Iroh asked.

"My point exactly." Zuko replied.

Senti sat on his chair reading an old scroll. He sat on a small metal Fire Nation traveling ship. He put the scroll up and walked out the metal door.

Outside stood two guards with white masks.

"Are we almost there yet?" Senti asked one of the guards. He did not respond. "Typical."

Senti walked up into a concil room.

Senti was one of the two councilmen sent to meet Zuko.

Senti sat next to partner, Frol.

"I don't even know how the Fire lord would know that the Prince would respond in a negative way?" Frol asked Senti.

"Well the Fire lord should know his son." Senti replied

"Well how could he? The Prince has been out on sea for nearly three years now." Frol said.

"Let's get back to more important things, shall we?" Senti said unrolling a cloth map. "From the Fire Lords knowledge, the Prince should be around here." Senti said pointing near a small island.

"Yes, and the Prince should be expecting us, so he would go to the nearest land port." Frol said. "So he would want to go to Tahso City. It is the only place that would hide him."

"But the one of the Earth Kings is there." Senti said.

"Then it's decided. We go block him off around the Gulf of Tahso." Frol said without listening to Senti. "The militia is a day behind us so if Zuko prevaes they will stop him."

Frol walked out of the room holding a steaming cup of tea.

A young council member of the Earth Kingdom Tahso was running towards the Tahso Castle.

His name wasn't important, but mission most certainly was.

He ran towards the entrance of the castle where he was blocked off from two Earth guards.

"Important news for the king!" the man shouted out. The two guards looked at each other and nodded. The councilman continued.

A tall, old man saw the thing from a stone window not high above. The old man ran to a large wooden lever allowing the door to open. The man cranked the door open, but before he could finish the council member hopped in and took off.

The councilman ran up five flights of stairs until he rushed inside the king's diner. Inside the king was eating a small feast.

"Why has thee interrupted my dinning?" The king asked. He did feel pleasant about a man bursting into his diner.

"Please your majesty, I bring important news from the coast scouts." The councilman said with no hesitations. The councilman handed the king a small scroll. The king took the scroll as the councilman headed off.

The king's eyes scanned the parchment.

"What is it?" the king's finest servant, Jon said.

"Prepare my daughter; the prince is on his way."

Frol looked over sea. And what he saw was a small Fire Nation metal warship coming straight towards him.

"Put down the anchors!" Frol ordered. Senti walked up next to Frol.

"Are you sure anchoring here is such a good idea?" Senti asked.

"Prince Zuko will stop hear. I'm sure of it." Frol replied.

Frol wasn't the kind if guy who changed his mind. Sometimes that was good, although it was mostly bad.

"Prepare a place the prince and I can talk." Frol, again, ordered.

Zuko was looking at the traveling ship in front of them.

“What do you propose to do Prince Zuko?” his uncle Iroh asked once again.

“I am going to humor them.” Zuko responded, “I will see what they want first, then I shall destroy them.”

“Whatever, just wake me when it is over.” Iroh responded.

Sandra sat on a small velvet chair having her brushed. Sandra was the King's daughter.

Servants were all around her, making her as beautiful as possible.

Mrs. Vatra walked in, she always chose what Sandra wore on special occasions. This time Mrs. Vatra chose a long, silky, scarlet dress.

The hair stylists were debating on what Sandra's hair style should be.

“Let us put it up in a bun. One had said.

“No, let's leave it down.” Another said.

“Perhaps we shall give her pig tails.” the last said.

Finally every thing was put in correctly.

Senti was not eager to go up to see the Prince. No, he wasn't but Frol was not about to pass this up.

Frol had always wanted to teach that brat of a child his place, and looks like he is going to get his chance. Soldiers gathered from behind him. They also wanted to see the Prince, but for a very different reason. They wanted to see how much the prince had changed, for better or worse.

Zuko sat on a wooden chair thinking, something didn't usually do, but had been doing it a lot lately. Zuko stood up, he had changed since he had left at sea, and he was about to prove just that.

Iroh walked down towards his room where he was met by a soldier.

“Is something on your mind, General?” The soldier asked.

“Please do not call me general,” Replied Iroh, “Yes I do wonder. I wonder what Zuko will do if the councilmen don't let him go.”

“What are going to do?” the soldier asked with much curiosity.

“I am going to sleep.” Iroh said as he walked in his small metal room.

“Prepare to stop.” Zuko ordered the hounds-man.

“Lower the anchors.” the hounds-man assistant said. The small, metal warship began to slow.

“Prepare the plank.” Frol said as the small warship that Zuko was on, approached his traveling ship.

Two men carried a long wooden plank towards the edge of the ship.

Zuko saw the men preparing a plank. They wanted him to come aboard their ship, *fools*.

Zuko had gathered eight men to go over board with him.

“See their positions,” Zuko instructed, “I want you all to be ready to take down every man at any time.”

Frol saw that Zuko had prepared eight men to come aboard with him. *Exactly what I had thought, to confidant.*

“Let them board.” Frol commanded. The men dropped the giant plank, so that it was safely accessible on both ships. Frol watched as Zuko and his men walked across.

Zuko was walking across the plank eyeing each of the men as his eight soldiers followed behind him.

Zuko walked on top of the ship knowing what was already going to do. Although Frol had no idea what he was going to do but he had to speak first.

Senti stood behind Frol with his hands folded in his sleeves.

“What is your **real** dissention on the Fire Lords question?” Frol asked in a calm voice.

“The answer is NO.” Zuko replied staying just as calm.

“I'm sure we can talk this over.” Frol said a little more cautious now.

“I'm sure we can't.” Zuko said coolly as fire blazed out of his hands.

-NOTE---

This story does not connect with the show after The King of Omashu. So if you find that some things don't connect, it's because they don't. Although I will use characters from later episodes.

4 - Mountain Training

Paltor City was covered in the apricot glow of the setting sun. The city was filled with people working, preparing for the coming holiday. Paltor City celebrated two holidays more than any other, the Summer Solstice, and the Winter Solstice.

The Winter Solstice is a holiday because mysterious things happen then.

Paltor City has never even heard of the war, as well as ignorant to the bending arts. Only one known man on Paltor Island knows of the war, and how to firebend.

South East of the large city lay the Paltor Mountains. Among these mountains is one of the largest and most legendary mountain ever, Tosano Mountain.

It is said that a young man, Draco Suzan, had trained for years inside Tosano. One year after the training he defeated the present Fire Lord. Draco was kind and adopted a young boy, but soon Draco had become a mad man. He drafted in men from all over the Fire Nation to take the word as his own in a giant war. But Draco didn't get a chance to raid, dying of old age. But he left the war to his adopted son, Ozia.

Now a man, an ex-commander, was training as well on that mountain.

Halfway up the mountain was a large cave. The cave light up every now-and-then, as though a living fire was angry at the walls.

Inside, was a man with black hair that reached his shoulders. His bangs drooped sadly over his eyes. His body was covered in scratches and burns even though it was winter,

The man shot flames out of his fists, throwing them furiously at cave walls.

This man's name is Zhao.

Emily was with her mother decorating their house for the big day.

"Emily dear," Her mother called, "please pick up some fruits from the market. "

Emily skipped down the dirt path to the town market.

She looked around to see a young man selling nuts and berries. And to her left walked three men in solid black cloaks with straw hats.

Emily neared the market as she couldn't be more joyful.

Zhao sat on a rock, rubbing his bare feet that were covered in blisters. He needed water, to drink and bathe.

Zhao walked downhill, looking for a lake, a pond, anything that could quench his thirst.

Zhao heard the screech of an eagle from behind him. He turned around barely seeing the eagle fly, not an inch, above his head.

The eagle's surprise attack was too much for Zhao. He lost his footing and fell downhill.

His body rolled down through the pebbles, snow, and patches of grass here and there.

Zhao's body came to a complete halt by a giant rock that stood in his way.

The unconscious body of the ex-commander lay there as the night crept forward.

The sun was setting and Emily had to come in for the night.

Only six weeks were left until the Winter Solstice. Even though the Winter Solstice is the shortest day of the year, it's also celebrated on the day before the solstice.

An old man lay in a dark scarlet bed. His mind had been strained from the war he had been in. But his loved ones still surrounded him, comforting him. A man stood next to bed, with his little boy next to him. Across from the man stood his wife, who was pregnant.

In the shadows, a young man leaned against the wall. His eyes were drawn on the little boy. This young man smiled an eerie smile.

Zhao's eyes opened. His back was in pain. He looked up into the sky, it was morning. But some clouds were heading in from the east. He needed to head back to the cave. He stood up, his whole body ached and was bruised.

"What do you want us to do?" said an echoing voice from the shadows of the trees behind Zhao. Zhao's eyes widened with surprise. He turned around to trees. Nothing was there.

"We await your orders commander." The voice same voice said.

"Leave me alone!" Zhao said, "I have no more power over you! I've been fired!"

"We were commanded to take orders from you, not the fire nation commander."

A grin stretched out across Zhao's face. "Go, and find that spoiled `prince'."

There was no replier. Zhao had guessed they went to do there mission.

The voices had given Zhao hope. He now had what needed to finish his training, control.

Thunder capped over the mountains.

In Zhao's cave a small fire provided light for the man. His head rested on a nearby rock. What if the voices were in his head? They did sound like echoes. But they were trained that way, in the way of the D.B.

Zhao fell asleep, dreaming of the little boy being trained by fire-bending masters.

5 - Hansel and Gretel and Aang

An air monk meditated on a bright red cushion. He was sitting in a large hollow room lit golden and orange by burning flames outside. The monk opened his eyes as a large door in front of him swung open. An earth kingdom soldier and water tribe warrior walked in holding a young fire nation man.

The fire nation prisoner dangled his head low. His body seemed limp and broken of spirit. His hands and feet were chained with solid rock.

His armor was covered in a series of burns and slashes.

The monk stood up as the young man lifted his head. His face gave sharp memories of the boy trained by a wicked man. The prisoner's face was like that of Zuko's.

"Why do thee bring thy wicked captive to this hidden sanctuary?", asked the wise old monk.

"We need a prison." the water tribe man said.

"I have a prison for you not." The monk replied.

"A frozen prison", the earth soldier henced.

"Ah, yes" the monk agreed," one that shall not melt."

The monk led the men and the prisoner to a chamber underground.

The burning light had disappeared when they reached the cellar stairs. Candle lights glowed from the wall to keep the light.

Once the four reached the bottom, an elder in a dark brown robe sat in the middle of the dirt ground.

"Break his chains." The elder barked.

The earth soldier swung his arms in the air as the rock shattered.

"Free at last!" exclaimed the Zuko figure.

"No!" The elder shouted as he released palm in the air causing the Zuko figure to freeze instantly.

The prisoners face was frozen with fear and so it shall be for all eternity.

"How is he going to stay in that?! He is a firebender he'll thaw himself out!" the earth soldier cried out.

"Only a master of this elders bending can break the ice." The monk explained.

The elder and the monk left the room followed by the soldier, but the water warrior stayed a little longer.

He rubbed his hand against the smooth ice. It was not cold, but cooler than the room itself.

"Soon my prince, soon." The water warrior left the room after saying this.

Water, no, they can't be traders. Can they?

Endless thoughts rolled around in

Aang's head. He had never thought that water would trade.

Aang shot up in bed. His eyes wide open.

"Who was that- that prisoner?" Aang said to himself as he lay back in bed.

Aang closed his eyes.

"It looked like Zuko, but he had no burn. Is- is it possible that it was before he had gotten the scar.

"Maybe he was frozen then got the scar." A lot of questions needed to be answered, or were they just dreams.

Aang rubbed his fingers against the air symbol stitched inside the pillow he rested his head on.

He rolled on his side turning his back to the bright sun light coming from the window.

"Gyatso will wake me up." Aang said to himself.

Then Aang shot up in bed again.

He looked around in the room he was in.

It looked like an air temple room.

Denial stuck in Aang's head. Could Katara and Sokka- the chase away from Zuko be a - a dream?

Aang snuck out of his and out the door.

The hallway was much different from the room that he was just in.

Wood covered the floor and walls. Trophies hung from the walls.

Aang crept slowly down the hall as he heard knives sharpening.

He saw the shadow of a knife being raised and Sokka screaming.

"I'll save you Sokka!" Aang screamed as he ran down the hall.

"I love that meet!" Sokka exclaimed from the other room.

"What?" Aang said as he came to a halt.

Katara and Sokka sat at a table with a man cutting up some sort of meat.

"Would like some meat?" The elderly man asked in soft voice.

"No thanks," Aang said with great confusion, "I'm a vegetarian."

"What's going on Aang asked he walked up to the man. He put down his knives,

"Well, it's a long story. Okay I'll tell you." The man sat down stoking his grey beard.

"Last night I went fishing for today's breakfast, when I saw one of those big ones attack you and your friends.

"Orochi I think they call `em. Any who, I rushed to save you, I can't kill them. Can't say any one's even harmed them.

"I can't do any magic, so I just had run and get ya."

"Wait," Aang said, "You said magic, like bending."

"Yhea, that thing." The old man agreed.

"Once I saw your glider I knew you were a, what wasit?"

"A bender?" Sokka said uninterested.

"Yessir. That's it.

"Any ways, I put you each in a room from the nation your from. I used to travel a lot, that's how I know the nations.

"But know I just settled here."

"You poor man," Katara comforted, "You must be lonely."

"Only a little"

"Can we get back to breakfast?" Sokka said impatiently.

"Of course and how about you?" The old man asked.

"no thanks," Aang said shyly, " I'm not hungry."

Aang left the small house.

When Aang reached outside he felt free.

He breathed in the salty air and looked out over the ocean. It made him happy, just thinking about how far he and his friends have made it.

Almost to the North Pole, and soon, waterbending.

Aang took out his map the mountain was right behind him.

Aang turned inland to see a large area of mountains only a few miles away.

With Appa- Aang suddn;ly remembered, Appa and Momo were lost. Maybe in the mountains?

"The sooner we get to the mountains, the better." Aang sighed.

The day past as the three helped the old man with chores.

Soon dinner came as the four gathered around the table.

"What's for dinner?" Sokka asked hungrily.

"Fresh meat." Said the man with an equal amount of hunger in his own voice.

"But, we didn't go fishing at all today." Sokka said.

"I'm having you for dinner." Replied the man.

"Well thanks for having us over for-"

"Sokka, I don't think that's what he meant!" Katara said quickly gattng up from her chair.

Aang shot out a burst of air at the man sending back wards.

"Common, lets get out of here!" Aang said pointing towards the door.

The man crashed into the wall sending dusts every where. Sokka ran past the dust towards the door.

"Augh!!" Sokka screamed running back.

“What's wrong?” Katara asked.

“That!” Sokka pointed at the man, much larger than he just was crouched in front of the door.

“Follow me!” Aang shouted going through a back “door”. Aang shot out another blast of air, this time at the wall itself. The three rushed through the opening.

Aang stopped. They had reached the edge of a cliff.

“Aang, the staff!!” Sokka yelled.

“It's with Appa!” Aang yelled back. He didn't like looking down towards the rocks in the water at bottom of the cliff with a giant mad man behind him.

The man charged the three. The Avatar spirit swelled inside of Aang

Earth.

Aang shot two giant boulders at the mad man.

Crash! The boulders were balls of dirt at the man's fists.

Aang fell back of exhaustion. He had never seen any one as strong as this mad man.

Water shot up behind the three inside was the fire breathing snake- the orichi. It went straight for the man.

Pow! The man punched the orichi's head, but the man was sent flying back words. The orichi turned its head towards the trio.

“Hurry Aang! Let's get out!” Sokka screamed. The three ran as fast inland away from the snake and the man.

“Hurry,” Aang said pointing, “to the mountains!”

Sokka and Katara ran past him.

“I hope that's where we will find Appa and Momo.” Aang said to himself. Then he heard snarling from behind him. That man- no, beast was still chasing them.

Aang used airbending to make a thirty-foot wide trench to block the beast.

“I'd like to see him jump over that.” Aang said. Well, he got his wish. The beast jumped over the trench, over Aang's head and landed on all fours.

The beast turned towards Aang, it was much hairier now. He really did look like a beast now.

He ran up to Aang on all fours, snarling. Aang used his airbending to send the creature flying up. Aang quickly ran past him. The beast soon touched ground again, chasing Aang towards the mountains. But soon the beast stopped and whimpered. Aang stopped too when he heard the whimpering.

He turned around in time see the beast slowly walking away.

“What's wrong with him?” Katara asked from behind.

“I don't know,” aang replied,” But what ever is in those mountains has to be worse than the orichi.”

6 - No is incorrect

The blaze of fire went past Frol and blew Senti into the ocean.

“No!” Frol screamed. Seeing his old partner destroyed in front of his own eyes infuriated Frol.

“Attack!” Frol yelled. The fire soldiers ran towards each other. Flames flew everywhere as the firebenders attacked.

The skirmish didn't last long for Frol's men were soon defeated.

“You fool!” Frol yelled running towards the back of the ship, “A small army is less than two days sailing from here!”

That's when Zuko realized that he had been tricked. These counselors had not been here to persuade him, but to delay him.

“Quick! Back on the ship!” Zuko ordered his men. Zuko was the last to cross, but when he did he kicked off the boarding plank.

“Hounds man, set sail for Tahso!” Zuko shouted.

“But Prince Zuko.” Iroh started, “they will be expecting you.”

“I know.” Zuko said starring into the sea.

Even though Zuko was planning his escape from the Fire Navy, he had forgotten one small detail.

Frol set out on sea inside a small boat, for his own nearly destroyed.

Zuko's small fire nation ship was racing towards the large city of Tahso.

“Come on!” Zuko yelled in the air. A horn blew out over the seas.

“No.” Zuko whispered. A large fire navy ship was headed right toward him.

Iroh ran up to Zuko, “I am sorry, but this ship can not go any faster.” But Zuko was not paying attention to his uncle. His gaze was upon the navy ship, large catapults rose from inside the ships.

“They wouldn't.” Zuko said to himself.

"Wouldn't what?" Iroh asked turning around in time to see the giant fire balls head towards their ship.

"Zuko," Iroh started, "we have to use our firebending skills together, now!"

"One," Zuko and Iroh said together, "two, three!" A giant flame shot into the air destroying two of the fire balls. Even though their attempts were amazing, it did not stop the fire balls from hitting the ship.

Pieces flew off the ship everywhere with a large bang.

"Uncle!" Zuko cried. The ship was on its side, sinking slowly. Iroh's body was slipping down towards the water. Zuko reached for his uncle, but failed. He rapped his legs against the ship's railing to keep from falling. His grip was slipping and he would fall in, with the same fate as his uncle.

Before Zuko had realized what happened, he had fallen into the water and woke on a different ship.

His clothes drenched with the icy water. Ever since he started chasing the Avatar, the ocean water has been getting colder. Zuko looked around, his uncle sat in front of a fire drinking tea.

"Where are we?" Zuko asked his uncle softly.

"We are prisoners of the Fire Navy." Iroh said calmly. Zuko banged his head against the steel wall. He had been captured. How could his uncle be so calm. After all he had through, he was not about to give up. Zuko tried to stand up, but he couldn't.

"You are sore." Iroh said, still looking into the blazing fire.

"How much? How much longer?" Zuko said staring at the ceiling.

"Not much." Iroh responded, "Tahso is close, and my old bones are telling me you are going to get there safely."

"Thank you," Zuko said softly, "now my mind is at ease." Then the prince fell to his side asleep.

Even though this was not at all like Zuko, Iroh was not appalled by his behavior.

His nephew was becoming disciplined.

7 - Off to sea

Zhao woke up with his entire body aching. His training was complete. Soon he could capture the Avatar.

Inside the cave, Zhao put on as little Fire Nation clothes as possible. If he went into the city with his old captain clothes there would be suspicion.

"I do have to go to the city." Zhao said to himself.

Going down the mountain, Zhao could only think about his apprentice. He had remained a secret to all except the Fire Lord himself. But Zhao no longer respected Ozia. He had released Zhao from duty. That put a major dent in his plans. If Zhao wanted his plans to succeed he will have to Zuko away from him, and kill the Fire Lord himself.

Zhao neared the small city of Paltor. He reached into his belt searching for money, three copper coins. He could not even a small boat with that. But he could get a job.

For the next four hours Zhao walked through the village looking for a job. Finally someone had accepted him.

"Please sir, I need a job." Zhao begged on his knees.

"Well," the old man said, "you look strong enough to handle the job. How long do you plan on being here?"

"Just as long to earn enough money to go to sea." Zhao replied still on his knees.

"Okay, then." The old man said holding his hand out to help Zhao up.

Zhao took it. He was staying wise, he had proved himself honorable. He if Zhao had the chance, he would steal the mans money and take off with it.

Zhao rose to see his new boss. He wore dirty, green overalls with a poor straw hat. His white beard stuck out wildly and uncombed. A little more than half the size of Zhao, this man looked kind and confident.

"Where do I start?" Zhao asked, walking in front of the man.

When Zhao's back was turned, an evil look entered the man's eyes. He kicked Zhao the ground and swung shut a wooden door.

Zhao was trapped inside a small room. He cursed at himself for letting his guard down.

“What do you want from me?” Zhao asked trying not to sound strong. He still had to stay wise. If he beat the man now, he would not get paid.

“You're my new slave!” the old man said through the door. “Remember, slave don't get paid.”

The man had pulled the same nasty trick as Zhao, but quicker.

Zhao tried not to rage yet. If he could keep the man's guard down, then he could get him when he least expected it. Plus it wouldn't be wise to use firebending here. Zhao hated waiting, but it was all he could do, for now.

Zhao smelled something extremely disgusting next to face like-

“Manure!” Zhao shouted out as he jumped away from the ground.

Zhao rubbed his eyes, he must have fallen asleep at some point. He fell back against the wooden wall behind him.

He had not eaten since yesterday morning, and that was just a few berries.

“Wake up!” The old man shouted kicking open the door. “It's time for breakfast.”

Zhao was losing his patience; he couldn't stand this guy anymore.

“Here is some breakfast!” Zhao shouted blasting flames out of his hands.

The old man was lost in the flames, most likely dead.

“I don't even know why I asked for a job, when I can steal everything.” Zhao said to the flames. He walked past the burning house towards the larger part of the city.

Zhao walked up two the port. Next to it was a small cabin. He walked over where a man stood inside.

“What can I do you for?” The man asked.

“A ship.” Zhao said looking to the skies.

”That will be three gold pieces.”

“It,” Zhao said with flames in his forming in his hands,” will be free.”

The man saw the flames growing.

“This one is on me though.” He said backing off.

“Good.” Zhao said walking to the largest ship they had.

“Maybe a temper is a good thing to have after all.” Zhao said to himself as he set off to sea.

8 - Follow the yellow sand desert

Aang fell back on the sand. He and his friends had been walking for miles and it didn't seem as though they were getting any farther. He looked towards the mountains, it seemed just as far as it did when they ran away from the beast.

Sokka fell down too, but on his face. He was too tired to feel the pain.

Aang rubbed his head against the cool sand, they had been walking for hours.

"It's getting late, Aang." Katara said, "We should get some rest."

She had read Aang's mind, he had never felt this tired in his life.

"I wish Appa and Mommo were here." Aang said open mindedly.

The three settled down on the sand, Appa had their stuff.

Aang woke up, it was the first time he didn't have a dream in a long time.

It was cold, colder than Aang thought a desert could be.

"It must still be night." Aang said, but he realized he was no longer on sand.

He quickly got up; there was no sign of Sokka or Katara.

"Where am I?" Aang thought out loud. In front of him was a burned wasteland.

Armor was burned, lying on the ground, flags still on fire.

There had been a war here, not too long ago.

"Wait," Aang said, "Is this another dream?" He walked around, trying not to step on the burned remains of warriors. There was a flag on the ground, it wasn't burned, so Aang picked up.

The symbol on it was different than any other Aang had seen. It was almost like another nation. But Aang didn't have any time to think about it; he heard crying not too far off.

A little boy was crying over a dead body. The boy had bright blue hair; Aang had never seen anybody with that color hair before.

The boy was crying over the body of a dead young girl. She looked only a little older than Aang himself.

Aang wasn't sure what was going on, but he leaned in to comfort the boy.

As he reached the boy's shoulder, the boy faded away.

"That was weird." Aang said outloud.

Coldness surrounded him once again. Aang took a single blink and he was back at the desert.

He standing up right where he was sleeping, Sokka and Katara were still asleep. So Aang decided to look ahead. When he took his first step, he realized that it *was* really cold.

He used his air bending powers to run ahead of his friends. He quickly reache the foot of the mountains.

They weren't far, less than a mile. But Aang couldn't shake the boy off his mind.

He looked so sad, was this thing like one of earlier dreams (Ch.1) where he saw the future.

He, the Avatar, should be there to stop that kind of thing. Aang hugged himself to keep warm.

He had to get back to his friends.

Aang walked back, keeping that boy on his mind.

Aang promised himself that he would not let a thing like that to happen as long as he was alive.

When he got back he cried himself to sleep, feeling all the pain the boy did.

"Wake up!" Sokka screamed at Aang.

"I'm up." Aang replied sleepily, rubbing his eyes. He had a restkess sleep last night and was completely out of it.

"How much longer do you think it will be?" Katara asked starring into the mountains.

"Not much." Aang said, still rubbing his eyes.

"What's wrong with you?" Sokka asked.

"I didn't get any sleep last night." He replied still half asleep. "But let's not worry about that, let's go to the mountains!"

9 - Yo ho ho!

Cracks of thunder softly jumped through midnight skies as Aang lay sleepily under the clouds. He and his two allies had traveled for an entire day up the mountains, but it seemed as though they hardly got any further up them. They had set up camp and were ready to sleep.

Aang knew he would've gotten a lot further without Sokka and Katara, but he didn't want to leave them behind. Right now, all Aang was hoping for was a dry night.

Aang? Katara's voice sounded off. Aang didn't turn towards Katara,

Yeah, He replied

About when we first met,

Yeah, Aang said still gazing at the sky.

Why didn't you ever want to be the Avatar?

Aang turned away from Katara,

Nightmares, Aang whispered to himself. Then he looked back to the sky answering Katara's question.

All this power, not knowing how to use it, and the responsibility is frustrating at times.

That's completely understandable. Katara replied, and then she turned over again to sleep.

Aang sat up, looking at Katara. Even though he said everything, he didn't say the most important loud enough, it felt like lying. He lay back down and stared at the clouds.

For once, Aang wished he could sleep without some terrible dream taking over his head.

But he still had a nightmare once he fell asleep.

Zuko walked down an eerie hallway. He soon came to the end; He turned around and stood in horror of what he saw: a frozen statue of him stared into his eyes. The frozen statue's lips began to move.

Although no sound came from them, Zuko could hear the words whispering throughout his head.

Water, Earth, It was reciting the elements, Fire, Air, but it didn't stop there, relatives-continuation-, its sentence was cut off.

What is wrong Zuko? Iroh asked quietly, his voice broke Zuko away from the eerie hallway.

Zuko opened his eyes, it was just a nightmare.

It's okay Uncle. Zuko said, trying to comfort his uncle. But still Iroh looked uneasy. What's wrong, Uncle?

There are some troubled storms. Iroh replies softly.

What does that mean Zuko yelled. Zuko was already frustrated with his confusing dream, now his uncle didn't make any sense. Seeing him frozen made Zuko extremely uneasy, You sound like a babbling fool!

BOOM!

The entire ship shook. The ship must have been struck by something hard.

BOOM!

This time the doors lock broke allowing the steel between the two fire benders out of their prison.

Let's go! Zuko shouted at the open door.

BOOM! It sounded as though something in ship was exploding.

Dust and debris fell from the ceiling clouding the vision Iroh and Zuko.

Quick, Iroh shouted, before the ceiling falls on our heads. The two covered their eyes, rushing out of

the room.

BOOM! The ship flung off balance, causing the two to tumble in the hallway.

Zuko could here the boots of Fire Nation soldiers running through the hall.

Hurry!, said one soldier.

We re under attack! said another soldier.

Zuko, Iroh said, Now may just be our time to escape this ship. The two headed towards the surface of the ship. When they came onto the deck, the dark sky was filled with fireballs.

Pirates!!!! The captain screamed towards the heavens.

Let s get to that escape boat. Iroh said, pointing to a small wooden row-boat.

The prisoners! , Ten guards circle the two. As they began to charge, a fireball exploded between Iroh and Zuko.

Darkness, Cold, Death, Feelings- relatives- feelings- continuation-

Zuko opened his eye underwater, feeling the air escape his lungs. He quickly swam to the top of the water.

Zuko searched his surroundings; he was in the middle of the ocean. There was no one around, he was all alone, and his uncle must still be on that navy ship. He swam towards a floating piece of steel. He had to get back to his uncle.

Zuko could feel reality slipping. His exhaustion overtook him as he passed out.

Benders, Creation, Destruction, Death, Time, Space, Fate-

Zuko tried to move but he couldn t. Something was pulling him down and he felt heavy. Something struck him, the sting lasted more than usual due to his wet skin.

No! Zuko thought, Not here, I will no die here! His strength returned to him and he broke free of whatever was holding him down. Around him were some low-life peasants, he didn t really care who they were.

Die! Zuko yelled. He shot fire blasts from his palms knocking down two of the men. The fire blasts were a lot weaker than normal; the water must be affecting him. One of the men began to yell at Zuko but he couldn t understand him. The all took out swords and charged. Zuko quickly dodged the first attack but was caught off guard by a second from behind. It barely grazed him but it still stung. He used fire bending to attack another man and steal his sword. Zuko was a little bit more aware but still covered in confusion. He remembered his uncle and the Fire Navy, and this must be the pirates that attacked.

These were the fiends that separated him and his uncle.

His odds were still at a disadvantage. He may have remembered he was separated by someone special, he forgot who. Now the more that he was thinking about it the more he started to forget. He had also forgotten most of his combat skills, but he was angry. That was good enough reason to fight.

BAM!

Zuko woke up again, lying on the floor.

You caused us quite a bit of trouble, and I bet you don t even remember. A voice was talking and Zuko could understand him. Who knows how long you ve been adrift, could ve been a month or even just a few hours. I m betting on the month though. At your current condition, that s the obvious choice.

Zuko sat there, listening. He didn t move an inch, but was constantly thinking. *The man, who was talking, he had to of been lying.* Zuko thought more than ever while he sat there.

Here, The man said. Zuko didn t even look up, eat, or you will die. We wouldn t want that, would we?

He doesn t want me to die? What could he want with me? Zuko thought on floor thinking when an apple

core rolled up in front of him.

What s this? Is it food? Zuko reached for the apple core and took it. He put up near his mouth and bit it. It tasted bitter and old, but Zuko ate it.

Two day passed like this each like the last. Zuko didn t move from the spot he sat in.

What do you think he s thinking about? A voice could be heard from outside the door. Another voice replied, but Zuko couldn t understand. Zuko reached into his boot. He was sure about this, he had thought on the subject for days. This was it! Zuko pulled a small blade out of his boot. Clearly the pirates didn t search his armor.

He used a fire ball to knock down the door at his cell. Once he got out he grabbed the nearest man and ran to the deck of the ship. He got outside and put the blade against the man s neck.

Please! The man begged, Please don t kill me! All the other pirates backed off, avoiding the scene.

Go ahead, a voice said, Go ahead and kill him. It was the same man who talked to Zuko the first day he was onboard, he must be the captain. Zuko pushed the man he was holding away and shot a fire blast at the captain. He then ran to the side of the ship and jumped.

He ll ne er survive that. One of the pirates said.

He s dead! another pirate said.

But Zuko was not dead. He landed safely into the water and swam underneath the ship. With all of his strength he made several small hole into the bottom of the ship and blasted fire onto the sides.

He saw the ship sink from a beach a few miles off. That was the last he saw, before he blacked out.