

Artemis Fowl: Legend of Annwyn

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1 - Prologue

Artemis Fowl: Legend of Annwyvn

~ Silver Charm ~

Disclaimer: If I was Eoin Colfer, I'd be short, grey-haired and an Irish male. Uh..I'm not. Oh, and I'm not God, but he is. *worships* I only own any original characters, the plot and random ideas and plot points. So nyah. Steal if you want to be mercilessly laughed at.

Summary: Artemis Fowl is a genius. He needs serious help, too, and in more ways than you might think. The People are demoralised, for an unknown reason. And then the Old Country reawakens, bringing with it the Old Ways, which, in their full power, could destroy all life to solidifying the Rainbow...

Author's notes: Okay, so the summary is odd. Of course it is! I wrote it, duh. Anyway, this has been up for ages up at FFN, but yeah. Please comment, dudes; endless praise is great!, ConCrit is heartily welcome, and even flames are cause for joy. ^__^ And here it is...

Prologue

Passages found from the Irish Legacy of Druids

The Druids are dying out. So are the People. The cause for this couldn't be more clear--the surface dwellers, the Mud Men. The conditions--the *geis*--they force upon us, the carnation of magic, are getting harsher and harder. The People, with no wish for death, have allowed themselves to be pushed back into the ground into *duns*, the fairy forts. As for the Druids, the People and humans alike are turning on us, with treachery in their actions, betrayal in their thoughts, wishing to...*dispose* of those who once helped them. Gods help us - Christianity is coming, and the time of the fae is ending.

And in order to stay alive we have advised the fairies to not only retreat to the *duns* underground, but to come home with us as we have long planned to do--home to Tír na nÓg. Our advice has fallen on deaf ears. If they are lucky, though, they will get there before the Battle.

The Battle! It has been predicted that a great battle will come and the fae will suffer like they did once, a long time ago. But the Mud Men will suffer too, and the mud they live in. It is strange how it has been predicted- for its place in time is neither here nor there, now or then. It is ever constant, always trying to break out, for it is in the future, but the People are dead. In the past, but the soldiers are being summoned still. It is now and forever. It is danger. Armageddon, to use the Mud Men's words. And we have had our Apocalypse.

So that the People who stay beneath the surface survive to return, the Druids have formed a band to present them with three sets of presents, once given from Tír na nÓg and returned. Now they are given once more, with newer offerings; it is too obvious we are overly generous in our last days. First, we give a spell, and not one of the original gifts. It will invade the blood of all in a certain family. It is a blessing, of sorts, although it could be called a curse. The People will be forewarned for the rest of eternity--a family of pixies, loyal to their king and race, volunteered for a gift that we Druids have yet to bestow on another--the gift of prophecy. It is fitting that they are pixies; a pixie is among those who commence the Battle. It is even ironic, that they and their gift will perish in this fight, but it is too late now--and more good will be done than bad. Secondly, the memorabilia from the homeland, taken to help with the first conquest. The Cauldron of Dagda; it will forever feed the children of Eire. Lía Fáil, the Stone of Destiny. Answerer, the sword of Nuada. The Spear of Lugh; and another new gift among the old - a set of keys to the realm of fae--the bearer can return to Tír na nÓg whenever they wish.

Lastly, a warning and a messenger. The warning is about the Battle - for it will come about when the Mud Men rediscover the fae. Twice. It will come about when we send a child to do an adult's work. When the guilty are innocent, the impossible is realised to be possible. The one we have sent is there already, unknowing. Not unwilling, just unknowing.

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A pale boy sat at a computer. His dark blue eyes narrowed as he suspiciously scrutinised the e-mail in front of him. *Damn you, Po.* Miles away, another child sat at another computer, doing the same; analysing an e-mail. *Damn you, Po.* However, this story concerns mainly with the first juvenile mentioned. His name is Artemis Fowl the Second. He is an Irish boy genius, and a criminal mastermind. He has one of the highest tested IQs. He has a family and bodyguards. He has gold, therefore power. Yet none of this makes him happy. Artemis Fowl is never 'happy'. He feels it is a far too juvenile a term to have his emotions compared to such a simple word.

But he is still not happy.

Author's notes: Okay. Okay. That was very short. Now, tell me what you think? *waddles off to HTMLize the first chapter, you lucky, lucky things*