

The Legend of Tai'Mazria

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A poem type story I created a while ago because my character needed a background. It's about a disgraced half-elf who becomes a heroine.

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/TaiMazria_HalfElven/1064/The-Legend-of-TaiMazria

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1 - Savior of the Land

In a magical land where myths gather and dwell,
An elven city named Hytris wakes at the coming of dawn.
One solitary creature roams the hushed, green forest,
Her long hair the color of pine, her almond eyes amber,
Tai'Mazria the Half-elf is her name.

Shunned by humans who despise elven kind,
She slowly makes her way to the great city Hytris,
In hopes of finding kindness among the beautiful beings.

But the elves mimic their enemys the humans
And disgrace Tai'Mazria, for she is Half-human to their eyes.
Carrying only her blue-flamed katana upon her back,
The Half-elf leaves the cruel, harsh land.

After years of wandering and hopes and dreams,
She discovers a large gold-plated palace and is shocked to find
That it houses the legendary army of angelic dragons.

Screams and battle cries of those we call specters
Rose over the valleys and hills, claiming war against the dragons,
Though the dragons did not know.
A specter can fight even the deadliest of things,
For it can eat your soul alive, no matter whom you are.
And one is helpless to fight back, for specters have already met death.

All this Tai'Mazria knew as she raced to the gold-plated palace,
Crying as she flew into the room, "Listen to me!"
And all activities were stopped.

She told of the specters, angry and wild
Coming to eat them alive.
The dragons had naught an idea or plan,
For only dragons, as they are, cannot fight death.

Tai'Mazria the Half-elf was the one to save
The dragons from the specters, using
Her great magic and blue-flamed katana, for her power can send even the dead away.

As the heroine of the dragons, Tai'Mazria was made Eminence and lived in bliss,
Until one day when the humans marched against the elves.
One race must conquer the other, was the excuse to make war.

The Dean of Dragons took her army to the air
To stop the needless killing and bloodshed.

When the army of angelic dragons emerged on the horizon,
All fighting was ceased to gaze in wonder.
Upon the back of Arawing the silver and gold rode Tai'Mazria
With her blue-flamed katana held high,
And a fearless, commanding look held on her face.

Calling out to those who once hated her so,
Tai'Mazria the Half-elf spoke proudly the words,
"Listen to me!" and all eyes turned to her.
She told of the wonders the land could be
If only the humans and elves would unite,
And unstoppable against enemys and war they would be.

The fate of war paid her no heed
And continued on its will.
Screaming the words no one forgot,
Tai'Mazria hurled herself into the fight,
Was stabbed and slaughtered needlessly trying to stop the attacks.
She lay motionless on the red-drenched hill as dawn broke.

Realizing what they had done, the humans and elves stopped.
Turning to each other for comfort, they cried in the arms of the once-enemy,
For what Tai'Mazria the Half-elf had spoken was true.
They fought and argued for no reason at all,
And united they would be immortal.

Just when they thought all hope was lost,
Arawing the silver and gold performed a secret known only to dragons,
And gave Tai'Mazria life again.
Wiping the blood from her amber eyes,
The Half-elf rose, and was asked to claim leadership.

Claim leadership she did not,
For she was Eminence of the dragons.
Tai'Mazria took her army and flew off into the sky,
Back to the gold-plated palace.
Left behind where the humans and elves,
Who declared democracy.

In the now-peaceful lands, nobody can say,
Where Tai'Mazria the Half-elf dwells with her army of angelic dragons.
One thing everyone can say is,
She is the savior of the land.