

# lost souls

By axemsir

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*even demons die*

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# 1 - demons don't die

The demon that was Goldeneye

A rainy day, demonic figures gather round a great fire. Silence overcomes and swallows everything. Until one of the dark creatures begins to speak in a strange tongue: "We've all gathered here for one reason, to say our goodbyes to Goldeneye, tribe-elder, chief, father, brother and beloved friend.

With him we should also say farewell to Ell, who was Goldeneyes friend of soul. The hellhound couldn't exist without the demon.

This fire is for both of them, they had a long and hard life and now have what they wanted most, their rest. Thus... I am confronted with my greatest task. I must honor my father's wishes by taking his crown and living on.

I am no longer prince Kaneda, son of Goldeneye, I am now lord Kaneda, king of the elemental demons."

Kaneda seemed to be searching for words, but apparently found none, for he decided to end the meeting.

A tall, black furred and brown winged demon named Seth, started a conversation with a female demon, she was very pleasant to look at, had grey fur, purple hair and purple with pink butterfly wings.

"Hello Blizzard," Seth started. "long time no see."

"Not long enough I fear." she answered. Seth pretended not to hear. He stood silently watching the fire: "I miss him already." He sighed.

Blizzard turned to face him, surprise was written all over her face: "You? Miss Goldeneye?"

"Well of course," Seth replied. "We were half-brothers after all." Blizzard had to think about Seths answer: "Seth there is one thing I never understood."

"What's that, love?"

"What did Goldeneye ever do to you? What could he have done for you to hate him this much?"

"He existed!" It was obvious Seth didn't want to talk about the matter, and he attempted to walk away from Blizzard. Unfortunately for him this girl wasn't so easily gotten rid of. His aggressive way of

answering only made her more curious. She made him face her.

Her clear eyes pierced into his soul, he knew she was using her magic on him. "What could possibly be so secret that you won't even tell li'll ol' me?"

"None of your business!" Seth persisted, but Blizzard knew her charm had taken its effect. She decided to make her spell even harder to resist: "C'mon Seth, I seemed to have stumbled upon something... why not?...be a man." Seth didn't like this: "are you assaulting my manhood?"

"I didn't say that Seth, that's what you make of it. You know how `highly' I think of you." She said it with a sneaky smile. Seth could not resist anymore

"... Very well, if you must know, he took something from me, something that was rightfully mine. My crown!"

A familiar voice responded from behind the angered demon: "That's not true Seth and you know it!"

"And what would you know of that Raiko?!" growled Seth, he didn't like people eavesdropping.

"A lot Seth, I was goldeneye's sister remember?"

"And mine!"

Raiko sat down with the two others: "Half-sister, but don't remind me of that!" She growled: "Your father killed mine for his throne and took our mother to be his queen. So Goldeneye didn't take anything from you."

"That's true Raiko, but my father was still king when he died, that makes me prince back then, so I should have been made king after the war, instead of that cloud headed hellhound lover."

Blizzard wasn't used to being ignored for over 30 seconds, so she decided to butt in: "Goldeneye was somewhat older than me and no-one ever talks about those days. Please tell me what happened back when there were enough demons to form a true kingdom. Why were we nearly wiped out? Why didn't we just hide from the humans?"

As you should know by now there are little things Seth likes, being interrupted was not one of them. "Curious brat" he mumbled.

"Stop it Seth I'm not a child anymore and you know it!" although Blizzard looked and acted small and childish, she was everything but a child.

Her tree of life had over one million branches. One branch for every year she had lived.

"I will call you whatever I want girl! Besides if you want to know about the old days you'd better be nice to me, or I won't tell you anything!"

Blizzard glared at Seth: "You nasty being."

“Much better. Still want me to tell you about the old days?”

Still glaring at Seth, Blizzard nodded: “do tell.”

Raiko laughed loudly: “This, I need to hear!”

A growl escaped Seth's lips, Blizzard noticed: “You had better calm down Seth, before you get too angry to tell the tale.” Seth calmed down a little and started to speak:

“It all began back when I was prince and Goldeneye was nothing but my slave...”

“I think we need to go back a little bit more than that.”

“Stop interfering woman! If you know this story better than I do Raiko, then why don't you tell it?”

Raiko sat up and looked Seth straight in the eyes. “Perhaps I will Seth, after all you weren't born back then.” Blizzard was getting impatient: “well someone had better start telling before I fall asleep.”

Raiko looked at Seth and took over: “As you know Blizzard, Goldeneye had one brother and two sisters. Oh... and two half-brothers of course. Of all of us Ramses was oldest, then Goldeneye, then came Unkara and me, youngest were Seth and Tigosh. Seth and Tigosh were born after the revolution, but I'll get to that later.”

“Why don't you talk about the revolution now?” Seth asked.

“Why don't you shut up before I get angry?” Raiko resumed her story. “As you know, the demonic race had a prophecy about a boy that would be separated from himself, this boy would be the most powerful demon of all and he would save the remains of our race. But he would only be able to do so if he could unite himself.”

“You two always believed that boy was Goldeneye didn't you Raiko? Blizzard?” this time it was Blizzard that answered: “Who didn't Seth? He did save us and he united with Silverstream.”

“Yes Blizzard, that he did, but think about this. The prophecy was very clear about it. The boy in question would be born separated from his other self. Goldeneye separated from Silverstream later on in his life.”

“I was getting to that Seth.” Raiko smiled but it was not clear if it was meant or not. She continued:

“When Goldeneye was born no-one believed him to be the so called T'Call (the demon saviour) although he did look unusual with his golden hair and eyes, brown fur and fiery wings. Do you remember how bright his eyes were?”

“You make it sound as if Goldeneye was born with a crown on his head!” Seth had waited for an opening: “I'll tell you why no-one believed he was the T'Call!”

“Sigh.... Very well Seth tell Blizzard why no-one believed it.”

“It was because he was weak that's why. He almost died while being born... hah! How pathetic is that? But wait there's more, Gold wasn't heir to the throne, the only reason he got the crown is because that idiot Ramses didn't want it!”

this was too much for Raiko what was Seth thinking, insulting Goldeneye and Ramses like that?

“Ramses gave the crown to Goldeneye because he knew Goldeneye was stronger and smarter than him! Ramses knew Goldeneye would make a better king than he ever could!”

Swift was Seth's reply “Phah! The only thing Goldeneye was good at was running, running away from anything that scared him that is!” he stopped for a moment and lighted a cigarette. Raiko looked at him with disgust: “That's something I'll never get used to, a demon that smokes.”

“Goldeneye smoked and you didn't hold that against him.”

“Goldeneye was a fire demon and besides, his body was almost indestructible, he couldn't die of disease, someday you will Seth!”

Blizzard's face suddenly saddened: “unbelievable isn't it? Goldeneye died because someone merely slit his throat...” suddenly even Seth was quiet “But you were telling a story Seth, Raiko?” Raiko nodded: “I think this might work better if we brimmed.” (telepathic communication) Blizzard's face lighted right up: “now that's the first good idea I've heard in ages! I'll project the image okay?”

“Who else Blizzard? Earth demons can't project thoughts.” They had done this for ages, exchanging images and thoughts by soul and it was a lot easier now than their first time, because back then they were all used to talking. Now this seemed a lot easier to them, although one of them apparently still had her difficulties. “Blizz! Get those dirty thoughts out of your head and focus!”

“Sorry Raiko, it's just... Kaneda never looked this good!”

“Shut up!” Blizzard growled a bit, glared at Raiko, straightened her back and projected the image the other two sent her.



## 2 - memories

### Memories

A twelve-year-old boy in a darkened room, it was Goldeneye, reading a book. He was all curled up in a corner. A tall demon walked in: "Are you reading that junk again boy?"

"It isn't junk father, it's human literature."

"If you like that human rubbish that much, then why don't you go live with them?"

Goldeneye looked up from his book: "Maybe someday I will."

As a response his father hissed something like: "As if you aren't the laughing stock of our race already." Then he left Goldeneye to his book. After a while Goldeneye sighed: "I'm afraid you'll never understand father." He put his book down, stood up and stretched, then he also left the room.

He entered a great hallway, blue flaming torches gave of a dim light. Goldeneye started to hum something. Suddenly Raiko's voice echoed in the dark, Goldeneye couldn't hear it for he was but a memory: "What was that song again?" it was Blizzards voice that answered Raiko's question: "It's Odin's tears now be quiet!" Goldeneye's humming became a soft singing:

*The Gods are always weeping*

*Up there in the sky*

*They are never sleeping*

*Forever by our side*

*But it pains them to see us*

*Working on our land*

*Odin's tears*

*Us crawling through our sand*

*They aid us in our time of need*

*As we walk in darkness*

*Through times of hate and greed*

*With us even at our hardest*

*Odin's tears*

*Odin's tears*

Goldeneye's singing faded as he walked on in the hallway. He heard a loud discussion and stopped to listen. One voice, he heard, was his father's, the other belonged to Trinock a demon from his father's council. Goldeneye stepped closer towards the throne-room, so that he could make out what the two arguing elders were saying. Trinock was obviously angry about something: "We should advance now sire! Those apes have gone far enough!"

"What reasons do we have to assault the humans? They cannot harm us, we are immortal! Their kind is too far below us, below me!"

"That's exactly your problem father, you think you are superior but the humans are not as dumb they seem." Goldeneye had entered the throne-room and totally surprised the two frustrated adults. The king looked at his youngest son: "Are you saying we should attack? Then I'm happy Ramses will be the one with the crown and not you!"

"I'm not saying that father, all I'm saying is that you should stop acting like you're on top of the hill, or must I remind you that our highest room is 10 feet under the surface?" Goldeneye paused for a moment, but then felt he had to add something to his little speech. "It doesn't matter what I say, you never listen to me anyway" Trinock got angry: "Maybe he would if you'd make some sense for a change!" Goldeneye sat down next to his father "I don't need to take that from you Sir Trinock."

"Spoken like a true prince little brother." Ramses a blue-winged and black-furred demon had also entered the room. Ramses was eldest of all princes and thus he was said to be his father's successor. Raiko however, remembered how Ramses had always told her he would pass his birthright on to Goldeneye. As soon as the king saw that Ramses had come in, he turned to Trinock. "Leave us, I wish to discuss this matter with my son."

"But sire they aren't even fully grown yet, Ramses is barely 19! Not to mention Goldeneye!"



“Trinock...”

“As you wish sire.” Thus Trinock left the room. King Aberdeen looked at Goldeneye: “The same goes for you Gold.” Just as Goldeneye was getting up, Ramses turned to his father: “Let him stay father, he might have some good idea's and if not, he might learn something.” Aberdeen looked at his youngest son as he considered Ramses' idea “Perhaps you are right Ramses,” He smiled “maybe we can form him into a proper demon yet.”

Goldeneye sat down again, Aberdeen looked back at Ramses: “I assume you overheard my little disagreement with Sir Trinock? What do you propose we do?” Ramses had long fine blue hair and it often got in his way, he toyed with it while he thought. “Well, I do think something needs to be done about the matter, Goldeneye is right they aren't as dumb as their appearance suggests. We have one advantage however... they don't know we exist.” Goldeneye looked at his older brother. “You're right Ramses, my thoughts were to keep it that way. Father, we should delve deeper and block more entrances to the surface.”

“Why should we hide from them? I'm sorry Goldeneye but I think Trinock was right. We need to do something about those destructive apes now!” Ramses looked worried hearing those words: “Even start a war? There are too many of them father, for every human we slay there will be ten others to replace it. Even if the magical demons aid us, we just won't stand a chance. The mortals breed like rats!”

“Maybe you're right Ramses, but I'm not in the mood for a game of hide and seek with the mortals.” Goldeneye looked at his brother, then at his father, both seemed concerned and in deep thoughts. Goldeneye hesitated but then forced himself to tell his conclusion to his father: “It's your choice father. Either sacrifice our race to extinguish the humans, or risk our reputation by hiding.” Aberdeen still wasn't convinced and looked at Ramses for guidance. However Goldeneye wasn't finished yet. “I can assure you father, it won't be `just another war'. It will be a bloodbath and it will be our own blood we'll bathe in, not the humans'.” Goldeneye had pulled the plug by pronouncing Aberdeens worst fear: the entire destruction of his race. “You may have brains after all, my son. I will lose my reputation as a fierce king by doing this, but... I will order our people to be on guard and our diggers to delve deeper.”

*“A wise decision father, you will not regret it.” Goldeneye had his ways to get what he wanted or in this case, to manipulate people to do as he pleased. He knew it was some form of magic, but at this point of his life he didn't know what kind. There had been no fire demons before him that were able to cast such spells. When Goldeneye discovered his gift, he decided he would only use it when he was absolutely certain of himself. Right now, he was sure he didn't want a war between the two races. Not just because the demons underestimated the average human intelligence, but mostly because the humans are obsessed with fighting, it's all they do and they love it. Goldeneye knew that if the demons would attack, they would suffer great losses, if they wouldn't lose the entire war in the first place. Gold suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder: “Daydreaming again? Go to your room, your brother and I will work out the details.”*

“Yes father, right away father.” Goldeneye bowed, left the throne-room and once again entered the hallway.

When Goldeneye came back to his room, his five-year-old sister (Raiko) was sitting on the floor, around her she had gathered a pile of shredded paper. Just as Goldeneye was about to make a comment about

the mess she had made in his room, he saw that the paper shreds were originally the beloved human book he had been reading and that Raiko had plans to add even more shreds to her collection as she opened yet another book about the history of Gothic Demons. "Mother Earth! Raiko put that down!" his sister looked at him, then at the book lying in her lap, then back at her brother again. She laughed as she started to shred the gothic demon tale. "Raiko, you pesky child! Put that down! I told you to put that down, NOW!" Goldeneye started to shout but Raiko wouldn't listen. "You curly pile of hellhoundshoot! Put, that, down!" The image started to fade, so Blizzard and Seth couldn't hear what else Goldeneye said. Raiko however, remembered it all to well and blushed in embarrassment.

Blizzard giggled as she saw Raiko's face turn red. "Was that you Raiko? I can't believe you did that... and I thought Blacklock was a dog."

Seth smiled: "What I can't believe is that Goldeneye said that."

"Well no-one asked you Seth! So shut up!"

"I will speak whenever I feel the need to do so, Blizzard!"

Blizzard hardly ever growled, but Seth was really getting on her nerves: "fine Seth, as long as you keep your trap shut about Goldeneye." Luckily Seth wasn't looking for a fight. "Whatever you say love." He said absently. Goldeneye's `passing on' had taken it's toll on every demon, but Blizzard couldn't handle it and no matter how hard the little air demon tried, she couldn't hide that. She had spent many years at his side and many dark creatures said she was nearly as powerful as he was. Blizzard herself, liked to joke about how strong she was but she had never made it a secret that she had once challenged Goldeneye's authority and lost on every scale. Raiko looked at Blizzard: "maybe we should let Seth tell the rest." Blizzard objected: "No Raiko, Seth wasn't born in the revolution. Can't you tell me about it?"

Raiko closed her eyes. It had been a long time since the demonic revolution, but she still hated to talk about it. Blizzard wouldn't give up: "Please Raiko, pretty pretty pretty please" she put on her cutest face. Raiko stared at her for a while, but finally smiled. "If it makes you happy Blizz, I might have to disappoint you tough... I don't remember much, it all happened so fast."

"Just tell us what you remember Raiko. We'll listen Blizzard and I." Seth's voice sounded unnaturally friendly to Blizzard but Raiko didn't seem to notice, she just smiled, played with her long curly hair and thought about her past.



### 3 - bloodshed

"I was seven, no, eight years old when it happened. Father told me the lower demons had gone berserk and that Unkara and I had to look after each other. I didn't understand much of it, but we ran anyway. That's when we noticed, chaos all around us, angry faces... we wanted to run but they wouldn't let us. I had never seen so many demons together, they started to curse, spit and claw at us. All I was aware of was the hitting, the screams and the pain. I had never felt so much pain in my life, I heard Unkara cry but I refused to show my weakness, I'd keep my dignity, I wouldn't, no couldn't cry!"

Raiko paused and closed her eyes again, it seemed her emotions had caught up with her. Blizzard wanted to comfort her friend but Raiko looked up, her eyes were dry and she continued: "that's when Gold appeared, the rest of the crowd just seemed to vanish, all I could see was him. He grabbed my sister and me and ran off, he dragged us away from the chaos, or so we thought. However, it seemed to follow us.

Later people explained to me, that we had been recognised as children of the king and the lower demons wanted the royal ones to die. They also told me the revolution was led by your father, Seth. Sir Trinock had been furious about Aberdeens decision to withdraw and hide from the humans... sigh ... if only they had listened to Goldeneye. Anyway I'm drifting off, where was I? Oh yes... Goldeneye had brought us to the highest building in the demon shelter. When we reached the top we could see a small cavern halfway into the opposite wall... unreachable. Gold tightened his grip on me and my sister and then did what none of us could," Blizzard leaned forward in curiosity. "He flew." Seth jumped up: "What?! No way!" He yelled. Blizzard was disappointed: "That's it? Big furry deal! Sheez! Even you can fly Raiko!"

Raiko had a strange look in her eye, as if she was dreaming. "What Blizz? Fly? Back then I couldn't, no one could. Our kind had been underground for so long that our wings had become useless." Seth didn't believe it: "Goldeneye couldn't fly Raiko! He learned to fly after the demons had fallen, after me!"

"Trust me Seth, he flew" Raiko closed her eyes "but we were too heavy, Unkara and I. Goldeneye barely made it, he must have been exhausted, but I was too afraid to care. He told me we'd be safe here, we were too high up for the other demons to reach us. He also said he had to go get mother and Ramses and that he had to defend father.

He left, Unkara and I just sat there. She couldn't stop crying and I slipped away in some sort of waking sleep. After a while I decided to go see what was happening down below, an almost fatal mistake.

As I walked toward the edge the rebels spotted me and started to throw things. Something hit me on the head and I began to bleed. As I screamed Unkara seemed to get her senses back, she pulled me deeper into the cave and then crawled back towards the edge to get something I had dropped.

A spear was thrown, it hit her side ... she lost balance and fell into the depths. Although my head still hurt, I jumped up, stumbled forward and looked down. I knew she had hit the ground, I had felt it, but I

couldn't see her and I was afraid I would never look upon her again. I screamed, yelled and cried so loud, they could've heard me above ground. After that everything went black.

When I woke up I found myself in prison with my mother, Ramses and Goldeneye. Only to find out my father had perished and that I would probably spend the rest of my life in that cell."

Raiko opened her eyes and took a deep breath, Seth didn't wait if there was more: "But you didn't, did you? My father had some mercy after all." Raiko didn't look up "you're somewhat right Seth, but it wasn't mercy that saved us. Sir Trinock's eye had fallen on my mother, but she wouldn't marry him unless he'd release Ramses, Gold and me. And so Ramses was sent to the building site to work and I would become Trinock's personal slave. Goldeneye was too young to become a builder, so trinock had him work in the kitchens.

After a short time you came along Seth. I helped deliver you and from that first moment I wanted to push you back, squealing the way you were.

Trinock spoiled you and wanted you to have a playmate and servant in one, so he `gave' Goldeneye to you."

Seth rejoiced, it was finally his turn: "HA! And a lot of fun we had! He was my sparring partner and I was a better fighter than he was, so I'd always win. Goldeneye didn't like that so he would start to argue with me, hahahaha!"

Raiko jumped up: "You arrogant warthog! He let you win you snivelling swine! If he hadn't let you win, you're daddy would have had him killed."

*"And that would have been a shame now, wouldn't it?" Seth smiled with sarcasm: "Come on Raiko if Goldeneye had died then and there, you wouldn't care! Or at least you wouldn't be talking like this."*

"If Goldeneye had died, we wouldn't be talking at all. We'd be dead as well!" as the discussion worsens, Blizzard was piling up her frustration. The other two weren't paying attention to her at all.

"Could we not have this conversation?" it was no use, Blizzard couldn't get their attention no matter what she tried. Seth and Raiko just couldn't agree with each other. Seth held his ground, but so did Raiko. Blizzard was losing her patience: "Will you notice me?!" she shouted. "Geez! Listening to a story is one thing but..." speaking of stories she thought "hey aren't you guys gonna finish your story?"

"Shut up Blizz, you stay out of this!" Seth shouted but that made Raiko even angrier: "Hey that's no way to treat my niece! Apologise NOW!" for Blizzard this was the last straw: "SHUT UP!" a blue flash blinded the two arguing demons, but Blizzard wasn't finished yet: "Just shut up! Both of you! Can't we get along? For crying out loud! We're at my uncle's funeral, at least show some respect! He was your brother. Now shut up!" Seth wanted to object but Blizzard gave him the evil eye, so he decided it was best to obey her by being quiet. "Very good Raiko, Seth. Do you think you can keep this up for, say, half an hour?"

... no response

“Raiko it's Seth's turn to speak because you were finished. Can you handle that?”

Raiko nodded

“Good. Go ahead Seth, what's your side of the story?”

Seth took a deep breath: “first I'd like to make a comment about you treating us like demon pups.”

“You make it impossible for me to treat you like adults! Now clear your mind and Brim! I'll project the image so it will be easier for you and Raiko to remember.”

The three demons closed their eyes and, after mumbling something like: “The things I do to hear a story.” Blizzard projected the image Seth sent to her. The air crackled with magic as a purple glow emerged, the glow changed into an image of goldeneye. 10 years had passed since the revolution and Trinock had not yet attacked the humans.

## 4 - dawn

Goldeneye was asleep, a big black hellhound was resting his head on Goldeneye's lap. The hound's name was Ell and he seemed to be pleased in this lone moment with his so-called friend of soul.

Suddenly a door opened, Ell jumped up, ready to assault the person that had dared to enter. It was Seth, barely ten years old but, according to many demons, already a real pain. Goldeneye had made it crystal clear to Ell that, should he ever attack a royal demon, the punishment would be severe. Ell didn't know what to do about this tress-passing demon, so he decided to see what Seth was up to first.

Goldeneye himself didn't wake up, "Gold are you asleep?" Seth waited for an answer, but there was none. "This is too good to be true." He grinned, his eyes were twinkling. Seth pushed a growling Ell into Goldeneye's closet and locked it. The closet door was made of thick metal and it was impossible to hear the noise Ell was making. After that he walked into the hallway again and when he came back, he had a bucket filled with water.

Seth grinned, it was a large bucket and he could hardly lift it because it was filled to the top. As Seth closed in on the snoozing Goldeneye, he double-checked if Goldeneye was still sleeping, after that he looked at the closet... it was still locked.

Seth took a deep breath, lifted the bucket high above him and then... emptied it above Goldeneye's head. For a moment it was as if time had stopped, but, not for long. Suddenly Goldeneye jumped up, his eyes filled with fear. In his terror Goldeneye threw the ten year old Seth against the wall and ran away on all fours.

The image was torn.

*Blizzard was furious, She jumped on top of Seth and started to grind his skull with her knuckles. "YOU JERK," she shouted "HOW COULD YOU? YOU KNEW HE WAS AFRAID OF WATER! HE WAS A FIRE DEMON!" Seth pushed her off and rubbed his sore head: "How was I supposed to know that Blizz?! I was ten and I hardly even knew what the elements meant back then! It was a joke!" Just as Blizzard wanted to attack him again, Raiko stopped her: "That's enough! Seth can't help that he's a jerk Blizzard, that's just the way he is!" Seth rolled his eyes: "Why thank you Raiko, you're too kind."*

"You're welcome Seth, but shouldn't we tell her about the war?"

*"What war?"*

"The war your father started, and lost."

Seth defended his Father: "It wasn't my father's fault Raiko, if there'd been more of us we would have

won!”

“If your father hadn't revolted there WOULD have been more of us!”

“Well if YOUR father had attacked the humans MY father wouldn't have had to revolt!”

Blizzard was getting tired of it, not again, she thought: “Stop it already! Will someone just tell me about the bloody war?! Who cares who's fault it was? I don't! We all make mistakes, if we had hidden or started a guerrilla war, none of this would have happened. At least we wouldn't be sitting here. Come to think of it, I may not even have been born! Anyway, Seth you can tell me about the war.” Seth looked at her, shrugged and began to tell

“After my father had attacked the humans, it took them a very short time to recover. When they stroke back, we were forced to withdraw into the stronghold of Dragonscales.

It had been built back in the days that dragons still roamed the underworld. The stronghold had never been overtaken, not by dragon, nor by God.

Within the stronghold, there was a place named the teleportation plateau. The ancients made it as an emergency escape route. But it had never been used and the knowledge to operate it had been lost in time. Our glorious race had been reduced to forty demons or so. Hundreds had been whiped out by the mortals. My father had perished and mother was missing, as were so many others.

We were trapped within Dragonscales and the humans were about to breach the gates. Do you remember that dreadful moment Raiko?”

Seth had noticed that Raiko was unusually quiet. She stared at the wake: “I couldn't forget it if I tried Seth. It was Goldeneye that saved us that day, he figured out how to use the plateau. He also found out that it had a price, someone had to stay behind to operate it,”

she looked at Blizzard, “he stayed and by doing so he risked his life. Goldeneye told everyone to step onto the plateau, Ell wouldn't leave Goldeneye so he stayed as well. When we were all on the platform, Goldeneye activated it.

It was as if the world had turned black, as if all light had vanished, a freighting moment. When I woke up, I was lying on a bed in what seemed to be a hospital. Something was wrong tough, humans surrounded me and suddenly I realised; it was a human hospital! I was so frightened that I jumped up and ran. The humans followed me, they were shouting things, but I didn't understand them. All these new things scared me so, daylight, fresh air, the smell of trees and grass.

I ran into the woods where I knew I'd be safe. Running was difficult, later when I rested at a pond, I found out why. The plateau had not just transported me, it had also transformed me. My wings and tail had disappeared, my ears were small and round and my fur was gone. Looking in the water I didn't see



myself, the reflection staring back at me was of a human girl.

I was no longer a demon and suddenly I understood why the humans hadn't killed me. They had thought I was one of them. I was very frightened, it was all so new. I don't know how long I sat there, alone, crying, seemed like an eternity. Hunger forced me to search for food.

I didn't find any.

What I did find though, was a pack of wolves. As you know the wolves are descended from our helhounds, and the pack's collective memory still remembered the demon kindness. They took me in, cared for me, hunted for me and kept me warm. I was happy, for a little while. They were very kind, but still, questions roamed my mind.

Where was I? Where were the others? Had they transformed as well? How would I ever find them? And:

What had happened to Goldeneye?"

Raiko wanted to go on, but something startled her. It was Kaneda, he looked very tired. Suddenly Blizzard noticed that the dawn had approached unannounced and the rain had stopped. "I'm sorry to disturb you Raiko, but morning has come," Kaneda sounded tired as well, "it's been a long night, let's go home." All around them there was activity, the other demons gathered their things and left. Seth stood up: "you're right Kaneda," he yawned, "maybe it would be best to finish this story some other time."

As Raiko and Seth left, Blizzard remained behind, unwilling to leave Goldeneye's fire. A tear flickered in her eye. "Good-bye dear friends." She whispered.

She looked toward her tree-village, once more at the fire, then left. "Draco and Trapper are waiting for me." She sighed.

