

a warriors dream- the other side

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Submitted: December 27, 2005

Updated: December 27, 2005

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A Warrior's Dream- The other side

By Drex and Gandar_the_brave

Prince Shakron. Wake up! Prince Shakron, arise! These words rang in young Shakron's head. at the age of 13, the youngest of three brothers.

He was having a dream. He dreamed he was much taller, wearing the armor his brother shakoron had. Bright, shimmering scale mail, with scale legs, made by dragon scales of the dragon Ithulil. But instead of a scimitar, he was wielding a Halbred, long and made of mithril, a dwarven ore. He was much, much taller, and beside him, though the vision of the dream seemed very blurry, a burly short man with a long black beard. He assumed it was a dwarf. The dwarf turned to him and smiled. He was wearing a red traveler's robe, with a dragon claw bassard. He had a pack on his back, with two sleeping bags and a bag of supplies and food. He was wielding a dwarven battle axe. Then shakron turned his attention to his environment. He was in a desert, and there were many warrior's and wizard's. not much to see but sand and a black sky. The warrior's faces were alighted by a camp fire. Some had great beards, other bald. Short and tall, fat and skinny, elves and dwarves, humans and orcs. But his attention turned to a human. Tall, strong, but he couldn't make out his face. By him were two half orcs. He was about to say some thing when he woke up. It was just a dream. But why did he have a dream like that? It felt so real! He was thinking about about playin with his friends before he fell to slumber, why did not he dream that? With many questions rising within him, he went toward his brother Samaron to learn the art of magic.