

Zayli's Nogard Retsop

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Many years ago, there was an elegant, mysterious dragon. This dragon could mold any clay, so he made a rare race that appeared every thousand years... And the poster... appears before the next mage is ready. Zayli... the mage... a poster, from a dear friend...

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1 - Chapter One

"Ah?!" I screeched, "A dragon poster?"

"Yup!" my best friend said proudly, "It's the only one like it in the world."

"How much did you pay for it?" I questioned.

"Um...around \$200..." she whispered to me. "I saved my whole allowance to get it..."

"Mayu!"

"What? ...You're that great of a friend to me..."

I sighed. 'And all I got her was a little leopard plush...She shouldn't have spent that much money on me...'

"You don't like it?"

"No! It's not that... I just think you spent a little too much money on me... And that this present beats what I gave you..."

"Oh, that's fine. I love what you gave me." she said nicely, holding the tiny feline to her chest, "Your present there is a huge 'thank you' for being with me through everything..."

"Mayu..." I said happily, "You're one of the few people who understand me... I should be the one saying thank you..."

"It's okay though, Zayli..."

"Ah?" I said involuntarily as I looked out the window, "Your mom's here."

"Oh," Mayu said sadly, gathering her belongings and headed out the door. "Bye! See you in a few weeks!"

"Yeah! At school!" I shouted depressingly, then I smiled warmly, "Bye!"

And with that, I waved goodbye to her until I couldn't see her anymore.

I retreated back into my house, setting the tube that held the expensive poster on a nearby chair. I walked into the room that was a combination of a kitchen and an office. I went through there, ignoring the mean remarks Tom, my younger brother, threw at me, and went into the indoor entry. I slipped my shoes on and went down the stairs to the entry outside. I shivered slightly and took about 2 feet of tape from its dispenser. I went back inside the house, still a little cold from the wintry temperature and went

up the stairs. As I went through the indoor entry, I kicked off my shoes and proceeded to the kitchen/office. I laughed at Tom as he looses on one of his games and picked the tube up from where I had left it. I passed through the cluttered living room and into the slim hallway.

All of a sudden, my older brother Alan opens his door. He has shaggy, dark brown, wet hair, wearing a black Marilyn Manson shirt, and baggy jeans with duct tape here and there. In his arms, were a warm coat and a towel.

"What?" he said to me.

"Nothing..." I murmured.

"Zayli!" cried Jo, another brother of mine from down the hall, "Come into the bathroom and see my-"

"I'm not interested at the moment, Josiah." I interrupted him. "I have a poster to put up..."

"But, it's so cool!"

I was getting a little annoyed at this point. "I'm not interested..."

"Aw, come and see my submarine! I can make it flip over, too!"

I went into my room, ignoring the pleads from Josiah. I sat down on my bed and stuck the strip of tape to the side of the desk by my bed. I took the cap off of the tube and tilted it so the poster slid out, unraveling itself.

"Wow..." I said to myself.

What I saw was a beautiful, red-eyed, horned dragon. It was black and green, its underbelly looked similar to armor, and it had blood red wings. The dragon was sitting on a small cliff with its tail curled around a rock. In the background, was the ocean, dark and eerie, a partly cloudy sky, a flock of some type of birds, and in the horizon, it looked as if a storm were brewing with the lightning streaking the sky. Along the rocky shore, there were six bulky men, half of them with tools or weapons, and two thirds of the men were on a Vikings-like boat.

"This is amazing..."

I took a piece of the tape off and stuck it neatly on the back of the poster. I continued doing so until there was no tape left.

I looked around my room until I spotted a large blank area on one wall next to a jewelry wearing gecko. I smiled, picking up the poster and carefully fitted it to its new spot. I sat back down onto my bed, admiring the poster. Then, I peered across my shoulder to my clock that said it was 8:53 pm. I yawned, shut off my light, and slowly drifted off to sleep on my bed.

2 - Chapter Two

I was half asleep when I heard a few knocks on my door. I unknowingly groaned to tell whomever was at the door that I could hear them.

"I'm going to work now, Zayli. Josiah's pills are on the table. Make sure he takes them. Mom'll be here at 9... 'Til then, please watch him. If he misbehaves, call my cell." my dad called through the door. "He'll make his own breakfast."

I groaned again loudly. "Ze wake 'et?"

"What?"

"Is he awake yet?" I said a little more clearly.

"Yeah."

"Kay..."

I clumsily got out of bed, and walked to my door, into the hallway. I closed the door behind me and walked through the living room and into the kitchen/office. I grabbed a bowl from a cupboard, a spoon from a drawer, the milk from the fridge, the box of Frosted Cheerios, and made myself a bowl of cereal. After that, I yawned and started the computer up.

"Josiah... go take your pills..."

Josiah was silent, watching TV as if I hadn't said a thing.

"Josiah!"

"What?"

"Take your pills."

"Ppbt!" he said, sticking out his tongue.

"You know... I can call... Dad if you... don't take them..."

"Fine," With that, he took his pills, made his own breakfast, and watched even more TV.

I went on the Internet to watch some episodes of a few different animes. After some episodes, I checked my e-mails. When my mom came in, I exited out of my programs on the computer and went back into my room.

I sat there on my bed, looking at, admiring the poster I had gotten the other night. Suddenly, I caught a flicker of movement. What I had saw move, was the dragon's tail.

"Huh? I must still... be half asleep..." I told myself.

I said that to myself, yet I didn't believe it.

"Just to be sure..." I gently touched the seemingly flat surfaced poster.

"HUH?!" I said aloud, because the picture on poster had rippled and my finger went into the picture. I was horror struck! "N-no wonder it costed so much!"

To make things even stranger, a voice rang out quietly in my room, "Emoc... Emoc, gnuoy egam..."

Without even thinking, and a bit against my will, I stood up, and climbed into the rippling poster.

3 - Chapter Three

I could hear and feel the cool salty air rush past my face. So, I was falling. My eyes were clamped shut. I would either hit the water, hit rocks, or doubtfully, be caught by someone or something. My chest was silent, as if held in a chokehold. Otherwise, I would've screamed. Worse yet, I was in my pajamas, without any shoes. 'I'm gunna die!'

"Ton no ym hctaw! Gnah ni ereht, gnuoy egam!" This came from something above me. It was the same voice that had called me here.

A green, black, silver, and red blur swooped by my side and that was all the more I could see before I had to close my eyes once more. I felt something touch my back, tenderly at first. But then I felt something sharp scrape me and then clamp onto my shirt.

I wasn't falling anymore. More like rising, so I opened my eyes. I looked down and saw the rigid, jagged, pointed rocks below me, with the violent oceanic waves crashing against them.

"Ha...uoy od ton evah ot yarrow tuoba meht eromyna. Uoy era efas htiw em, gnuoy egam..." spoke the voice again.

I looked up to whatever was holding a tight grip onto my pajama top.

"Ah?!" I gawked, looking up to the same exact dragon from the poster, "D-dragon?!"

"E-esaelp... od ton elggurts... ro uoy gniog ot llaf, gnuoy egam..."

"P-please! Let go of me! At least don't hurt me!" I whimpered loudly, clamping my eyes shut.

"Huh? Yhw dluow I truh uoy?" questioned the dragon in the strange language.

Without even realizing how far we had ascended, it moved aside and put me down slowly at the heart of the ledge.

The dragon yet again spoke in the unfamiliar tongue and this time, I paid no attention to what it had said. I was trying to get away. But... I couldn't move.

I was still quite startled from what had happened. That was probably why I couldn't move. The dragon was barely hovering an inch off the ground. With an unexpected flash of light, the place where the massive, elegant creature was, was replaced with... a boy. His hair had been blown upward when he appeared. With the dim light, it made the very dark color of his hair emit a wondrous black. His currently closed eyes gently opened, and I could see the same dragon's eyes looking at me. What surprised me the most, was that he was wearing denim jeans and a dark blue shirt. He gently smiled at me and opened his mouth.

"Sorry for scaring you like that, young mage." he said with a calm, cool voice.

"Um... sorry... but... mage?"

"Huh?" he said, looking startled, which he probably shouldn't have been, "I guess Old Man never bothered to search for you... too bad... I found you first.. Now he owes me lunch..."

"Old man?"

"Oh, the previous mage. I worked with him a while back... Probably when I was... 10,000 years old... around then..."

"How old would that make you now?" I questioned.

"Uh... 14,007... I think I just had my birthday last month..."

"But... you look like you're 14...my age."

"Yeah, that's how it goes... looks go by thousands..." He pondered off, "That reminds me..."

4 - Chapter Four

He turned away from me, and faced toward the raging ocean. He moved his right arm up to his face and whistled very loudly. Moments afterward, a small, golden bird came from nowhere. He whispered something to it and it disappeared just as it had arrived. He turned back to me, walking forward, and held his hand out to me.

"Come on, I'll show you around here."

"O-okay..." I said, taking his hand.

"By the way, my name's Zephro," he said coolly. We walked together away from the cliff, inland, towards a jungle. "You're probably wondering why you fell into this world... er, poster... If I remember correctly..."

"Yeah..." I murmured.

"And the reason I called you a mage."

"That too..." I added.

"Alright... Many years ago, before even I was born, there was an elegant, mysterious dragon. This dragon could mold any clay to make living animals. Of course, humans already existed so he couldn't recreate them. So he made a rare race of creatures - very similar to humans- that appeared every thousand years. That was about their lifespan, too. He placed this child within the human society so they could raise it. The mind of the child would develop years before an average human's would. The child could speak, and understand, numerous languages, without necessarily trying. There are other powers, but I'd rather have the old man tell you... Anyway, he named them mages. And you, are one of them..... And the poster... appears about a year before the next mage is ready." he concluded.

"A-" I stuttered, "Me?"

"Yes, you."

"Me. A clumsy, immature, quiet, invisible person?" I said, not walking anymore.

"Aw, come on. Don't be so negative. I'm sure you'll be great at your job."

"Job?"

"Yeah. Job. This world is constantly at war. The population of humans is about a million here. Every day, a thousand die. This is recently, though. It's mainly the dragon population that is causing this... Almost makes me wish I wasn't dragon..."

"So, you're really a dragon? You seem kinda out of place here, though... when you're human."

"Hmm? Oh, I suppose so..." Zephro said, as if he were deep in thought. "Wait a sec, how come you're taking this so coolly? It seemed to me that someone like you would be freaking out by now."

"Ah, you just met me, so you wouldn't really know that." I retorted.

"By first impression, though. And past experience. Every mage I've worked with never really took finding out their abilities so lightly."

I raised my finger up to head level, "That's because I'm both, a manga, and anime addict!"

"A-a-a what?" he uttered.

I giggled, 'I love totally confusing people!' "Okay, you have heard of Japan, yes? And TV cartoons? And comic strips?"

"Yeah, I'm not that out of date..."

"Okay, to put it simple, manga is a Japanese kind of comic strip. And anime is mostly based off of manga, and is a more emotional projected cartoon aired on television."

"Oh... Okay..." he said with a hint of "All rightie then, this person is really, really weird" tone in his voice.

"You think I'm strange, don't you?"

"Ah? ... Uh, back to the question I asked you, please... And I thought you said you were 'quiet'..."

"Not when I get talking about my interests... Anyway... I guess the way I was raised plays a bit of a role in it... And the manga and anime that I watch has so much fantasy in it, I started to daydream, and kind of imagined what I would do if I were within the manga or anime... Ha, I guess that shows how bored I get during the summer."

"Alright, here we are." he said as we arrived at a clearing.

While that little conversation was happening, Zephro and I had scaled down a hill, passed through a dense forest. We had come to what seemed the heart of the forest and the island. Right in the middle of the clearing, was a small, roughly built hut.

"Ah... yeah... this is where I normally stay... sorry if it looks bad... Huh?" he said with a worried expression on his face, "It's going to storm.. Hurry, get inside..."

I rushed inside, with Zephro trailing behind me. He set up some kind of strange protection on the door and two windows as I sat on his bed.

With a blinding flash, the storm made its presence known. And with lightning, comes thunder. With its growl, I started shaking in fear at once. I clamped my eyes shut and sort of curled up with my knees to my chest.

"You're afraid of thunder?" Zephro breathed, with surprise wedged into his voice.

"Isn't it i-ironic? The daughter of an electrician a-afraid of th-thunder..." I stuttered quietly.

Another flash, and another crack of thunder. I whimpered and curled tighter, biting back a squeal of fear. I opened my eyes slightly to see Zephro standing there, with a sympathetic look on his face. He came over to his makeshift straw bed on the ground that I was sitting on. He sat down right beside me, and wrapped his arms around me, as if I were a small child. Pressing me close to him, he held me in a calming way the whole night, through every bang and snarl that the storm threw...

5 - Translation

DO NOT READ THIS UNLESS YOU HAVE READ ALL 4 CHAPTERS!!!

Ok, since I know there are people out there who can't translate very well, I'm posting translations for the dialog throughout the first 4 chapters.

Emoc... Emoc, gnuoy egam...
Come... Come, young mage...

Ton no ym hctaw! Gnah ni ereht, gnuoy egam!
Not on my watch! Hang in there, young mage!

Ha...uoy od ton evah ot yrrow tuoba meht eromyna. Uoy era efas htiw em, gnuoy egam...
Ah... you don't have to worry about them anymore. You're safe with me, young mage...

E-esaelp... od ton elggurts... ro uoy era gniog ot llaf, gnuoy egam...
P-please... don't struggle... or you're going to fall, young mage...

Huh? Yhw dluow I truh uoy?
Huh? Why would I hurt you?

BTW, I know that he says young mage a lot... I kinda used it as an effect... >> hope I didn't overdo it...

Yeah, I know it says she can understand/speak different languages without really thinking 'bout it, but the power needs to be 'awakened' first. That and she needs to be trained.