

Hero's Legacy

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Submitted: July 20, 2005

Updated: April 25, 2007

The epic story of Hero and his quest to define true power.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/rpgmaster280/17667/Heros-Legacy>

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1 - Introduction

Introduction

The dynamics of the world

All matter is manipulated through the use of the ether, a sub matter which exists inside of the voids between matter particles. By regulating the flow of this ether, one can thus tame matter itself. If one can effectively use this substance, one will be able to use a form of power known to the masses as magic. Magic is a mixture of ether and ki (spiritual energy). Therefore, ether cannot be manipulated without ki. The sub forms of magic can be defined into 3 sub categories: anima, dark, and holy. The properties of these forms can be found in greater details below:

Anima: By altering the flow of ether in the air, one can control the common elements. The common element are fire, water, wind, and earth as well as their sub forms such as lighting and ice. These "common elements" help maintain the balance and harmony between creatures in the world. In addition, it is the most widely known magic form around, perhaps because the cocepts used in channeling anima magic are tangeble and user friendly. Without this form of magic none of the life forms in this world could survivie. This is why this category of magic is known as anima, or the animated magic.

Dark: Before I explain the dark arts to you, please understand the name for this form of magic originates not in its nature, but in its complextion. This magic is very dark. Sunlight does not escape the surface of it once the rays come into contact with its dark film. The world uses this dark energy to control the position of the various objects in the universe, such as planets and stars. It is by no means "evil". However, superstitions amoungst nobility degraded the purity of its stature, in turn making the people at the time believe that whomever studied the art was a heretic. Even today it is seen as an unholy art. Dark magic can be created by compressing the ether particles in the air and maintaining this compression over a period of time, therefore it is by no means created through use of demonic power.

Holy: A mysterious art that seems to have no fuction in the universe as a whole. To explain its purpose is beyond even the most devoted of scholars. However, we do know how it is created and some of its core functions. Holy magic can be created by splicing ether particles. In order for one to splice ether particles, one must use another ether particle to create a sort of friction between the two particles. The energy released from the two particles creates a billiant burst of light that can negate matter. Why the universe would need such a control mechcanism is unconceivable. In nature, holy magic does not even exist. No one in history has ever seen holy magic created without someone channeling a spell. Therefore, it is easy for one to believe that it can only be fabricated by man. In addition, if one simply causes mild friction between the particles so that the particles do not splice, it actually stimulates molecules in the area. While the molecules are stimulated, natural healing in organisms is accelerated violently. This allows one to heal any wounded person rapidly. Be advised though if the creature is dead and has its molecules stimulated, it will cause the creature to rot faster.

2 - Chapter One

Chapter One

Enter Ross: an Arrogant Child with High Potential

(A boy stands alone in the hall. The boy is short and young, probably no older than twelve. His hair is spiky and blue. He wears a brown headband across his forehead and is dressed in light cloth, most likely to increase his mobility. Underneath the cloth, however, is heavy chain mail. It is most likely worn for training purposes. The hall itself is elegant. There are various pots and portraits decorating the hall. A tall man enters the hall and approaches the youth. He is dressed fully in plating. Only his face is visible. The plating is rusty and covered in dents and dirt. It is silver colored with gold lining the rims of each plate. He has short, blue hair. It is messy and appears as though it hasn't been combed in ages. He also has lots of facial hair. This man is the Mage General, Lord Pent. He just arrived back from the war. He begins to walk toward the youth. They begin to stare at each other. There is a long pause, as though they each know what the other is thinking.)

???:

I'm not weak like you. I am striving to perfect my skill. Isn't that good enough for you? I don't need any cheap parlor tricks to defeat anyone in combat!

Pent:

Now boy, you are my legacy. If you even hope to one-day hold the title of Mage General, you need to at least KNOW some combat magic!

???:

What if I don't want to be Mage General? I don't have to be like you. What if I want to be a mercenary? Hell, Guy can always succeed you. Why does it have to be me?

Pent:

You know very well that Guy is still far too young to take arms. It has to be you. It isn't like you are not fully capable of doing the job. I have never seen anyone at your age handle a blade with such skill. If you could only learn a few...

???:

Spells? No, I refuse to learn any form of magic.

Pent:

Ross, tell me boy. Why do you hold such a grudge against the arcane arts?

Ross:

Magic does not show the true strength of a person. Besides, knowing magic will only dull my blade.

Pent:
You truly do enjoy handling a sword, don't you Ross?

Ross:
Yes, I do. And I do not wish to be known as a Mage General. I want to be a Swordmaster. True heroes use swords. Any fool can chant a spell.

Pent:
Even if that were true, all soldiers of Renais are required to know how to use numerous different types of weapons, including magic. That is why I got you a tutor who will train you how to use basic magic. Who knows, maybe you will grow to like it.

(Ross looks down to the ground, as though pained by the idea.)

Ross:
I don't even want to be a soldier. However, if I hope to be stronger, then maybe I do need a taste of real combat.

Pent:
That's the spirit! Go to sleep and rest well. Your training begins tomorrow.

Ross:
Alright, take it easy pops.

Pent:
Good night, boy.

(Ross enters his bedroom and falls asleep. Once asleep, a mysterious figure greets Pent. He is dressed in leather hides, most likely a royal scout. He has black hair and appears rather young, perhaps eighteen.)

Messenger:
How are you, my lord?

Pent:
I am fine. I assume you are here for the usual message. I feel it in the air. You have no need to tell me, I am a warrior at heart. I smelt the putrid stench of blood long before you even arrived. It has been a long war, hasn't it?

Messenger:
Yes it has, my lord. How is your son doing? You are getting old, I don't believe you will be able to fight much longer.

Pent:
I know. I am weary of the battlefield. I am aware that I am Mage General and not God. I hope to one day lay my sword down and hand it to my son so he can secure our families future. However, he is arrogant and wishes to waste his life as a two-bit mercenary. Maybe with time he will understand the blight of our

country and decide to do the right thing and take my place in the battlefield.

Messenger:

We do hope so, my lord. The king wishes you to arrive at the capital in one week. It is urgent.

Pent:

I am aware how dire the situation is.

Messenger:

Then I have no more to tell you.

Pent:

Thank you.

Messenger:

My pleasure.

(The messenger leaves the castle. Pent goes to bed along with his wife, who is already asleep. A storm begins to form outside. Ross awakens to the sound of thunder. His room is not the best place in the castle. It is dull, with only a lone, weathered bed and an old dresser to hold his clothes. There is also a sword rack, with numerous blades holding each spot on the rack. The only appeal the room has is a lone window with a clear view of the eastern sky.)

Ross:

It sure is violent out there. It is a bad omen. Tomorrow doesn't seem too good...

(He looks down on the ground and realizes that his sword fell. He picks it up and falls back to sleep.)

3 - Chapter Two

Chapter Two

Enter Kent: I'm on salary, you know!

(Ross is asleep in his bed. He is grasping his sword. It is half the size of Ross himself. The sword is worn, chipped in numerous places, and covered in dirt. However, it is obvious that someone took special care to sharpen the blade. It is razor sharp. At the hilt of the blade is an engraving. The words "Training Sword" can barely be seen under the layer of dirt. A tall man enters the room. He has dark, green hair, and is dressing in a blue robe with golden etching. His hair is combed back. He backhands Ross hard across the face.)

???:
Get up boy. I'm not paid by the hour.

Ross:
Huh?

(Ross rests his sword on the side of his bed. He yawns, then gets up and begins to stretch.)

???:
You heard me right. I have other clients, you know.

Ross:
You sure are harsh for an old man, you know.

???:
Are you mocking me?

Ross:
You know, I'm not too sure what you are getting at.

???:
I have no time to be playing any juvenile games with you.

(The man begins to walk in circles around Ross's room, taking an occasional stop to make a comment.)

Ross:
You know, I think you are right.

(He stops stretching.)

???:

I can't believe you are his son.

Ross:

Why? Because I am not enjoying this?

???:

I'll make sure I whip you into good shape.

Ross:

I'm sure you will.

???:

Sarcasm is an epidemic amongst the youth.

Ross:

You are harsh with me yet you haven't even given me your name. That isn't very proper.

(The man stops and clears his throat. Both of them are now facing each other. The atmosphere inside the room begins to thicken, like a hot, humid, summer day. The sun begins to rise. It can clearly be seen from the window inside the room.)

Kent:

You are not exactly noble yourself. My name is Kent. I am in charge of training promising cadets in the ways of arcane combat, but I now see you are not exactly "promising".

Ross:

You sure are old. I bet you even trained my father.

Kent:

Yes, as a matter of fact, I did. He was a very skillful child. At the age of nine he surpassed me.

Ross:

Which goes to show how skillful you are.

Kent:

THAT IS ENOUGH! I was not summoned here to debate with a mere child. Training begins now. Get dressed, and make sure you bring some "durable" clothing. We are going on a little hiking trip to the Felled Woods. There, your peers await us.

Ross:

You mean, I am going to work with other students?

Kent:

Yes, I train numerous pupils at once. I find it to be more "efficient" to do it that way. I will wait for you in front of the forest. Do not keep me waiting.

(Kent leaves the room)

Ross:

Pops, why did you pick this weirdo out of all the teachers in this country?

(A gentle woman enters the room. She is short, barely bigger than Ross. She has long, light brown hair and is wearing a snow-white gown. She has soft, ocean blue eyes. The woman sneaks up behind Ross and gives him a hug. A tear lingers at the corner of her eye.)

???:

What would you like to eat today?

Ross:

Ma, I am not hungry. Why do you have to baby me so?

Meryl:

Because you are my son and my strong little warrior.

Ross:

Shouldn't you be looking after Guy?

Meryl:

He is at the academy. He says he wants to learn how to use a sword, just like his big brother.

Ross:

...

(She rests her head on his shoulder)

Meryl:

Spend some time with him every now and then. He truly does look up to you. And spend some time with me. I don't want you to rush yourself off into this war. Enjoy your family while you are here.

Ross:

Pancakes.

Meryl:

Pancakes?

(She releases him from her arms.)

Ross:

That is what I want for breakfast. Some milk too.

Meryl:

I see. Now probably isn't a good time to lecture you about this. You need to train, after all. And you can't train on an empty stomach, now can you?

Ross:

Sometimes I think you are the only one that understands me, mom.

Meryl:

I know you better than I know myself. After all, I am your mother.

Ross:

I love you, mom.

Meryl:

I love you too.

(She leaves the room. Ross sits on his bed and grasps his sword. He picks it off the ground with one hand and begins to stare at the engraving. After a long pause, he rests the sword on the bed. He sighs then starts to prepare for the big day.)

4 - Chapter Three

Chapter Three

Enter Erik: The Magic Encyclopedia

(Ross is wearing a backpack made of cloth, which holds rations for his trip to the Felled Woods. In addition, he is wearing his sword on his back. He is traveling on a dirt road, which passes through Crawlers Valley. The valley itself is littered with the skeletons of huge animals. It is a barren place, with only a few shrubs and dried up grass. The dirt appears tainted and black. The sky is cloudy, augmenting the gloomy appearance of the valley. This valley is the only way to get to the Felled Woods.)

Ross:
So this is Crawlers Valley. Not exactly kid friendly. Good thing I came prepared. I'm sure this place will not pose any threat.

(His stomach growls. He begins to look around, and picks out a dead tree. He pulls out his sword, then effortlessly hacks off several of the limbs. He uses these limbs along with flint, which he had in his backpack, to make a campfire. Ross then pulls out some meat and spices and begins to cook.)

Ross:
This place isn't so bad. I would rather be here than at home, that's for sure. (Sigh) Too bad I'm alone. It just isn't any fun.

(He picks some twigs off the ground and throws them in the fire.)

Ross:
I wonder what pops is doing. Now that I think about it, I didn't see him this morning. The King probably summoned him again. Why does he even bother coming home at all if the war is not over?

(He cuts a piece of meat off with a dagger. He stares at it carefully, then gnaws on it.)

Ross:
This sure is good. I'm glad mother packed food for this trip. I would have never thought to bring any spices for the trip...

???:
Yeah, Mommy sure does treat you good, now doesn't she?

(A young boy dressed in light plated armor approaches Ross. He has dark, brown hair and a scar that runs horizontally across his face and over his nose. His eyes are dark and cold. He is most likely the same age as Ross.)

Ross:
Erik, you haven't changed one bit.

Erik:
Neither have you.

(He walks towards the fire and sits down, across from Ross. He grabs a stick off the ground and begins to poke at the burnt logs.)

Erik:
So, what are you doing in a place like this?

Ross:
I'm not exactly on holiday.

Erik:
Of course your not.

Ross:
...

Erik:
So, you've come to train with Kent?

Ross:
How do you know?

Erik:
Well, no one ever travels through here unless they are going to train in the Felled Woods. I thought you hated magic?

Ross:
It was my father's idea.

Erik:
Did you ever stop to wonder why Kent picked the Felled Woods as a training place?

Ross:
Not really but I think you are going to tell me anyways.

Erik:
It has a dense miasma, which is full of magical energy. In other words, this miasma is perfect for novices who have trouble gathering ether from the air.

Ross:
Ether?

Erik:
Kent will tell you more about it later.

Ross:
Why do you know so much about magic?

Erik:
My uncle taught me the basics at a young age. I can show you. Do you want to see?

Ross:
Sure.

(Erik closes his eyes and grasps his hands. Streams of blue energy swirl into his hands like a blue vortex. His hands begin to glow. He releases his hands. A blue orb can be seen floating where his hands used to be. After a short pause, he quickly grabs the orb with one hand and runs to a nearby boulder, thrusting it with his fist. The boulder shatters and turns into a fine, grey dust.)

Ross:
Nice, what is that spell called?

Erik:
Tempest Thrust. I can even use that spell on my sword.

Ross:
Not bad. However, I don't even need a spell to do that. Watch me.

(He draws his sword and points to a bigger rock with his blade. He then charges at it and jumps high into the air. He descends towards the rock. He slashes at the rock in mid air and lands on the ground nearby.)

Erik:
That didn't do anything to the rock.

Ross:
Touch it.

(Erik walks up to the boulder and pokes it with his charred stick. The rock then splits down the middle and falls apart.)

Erik:
No kidding. You have always been on top of the class when it came to swordsmanship...

???:
HELP ME!

(A young girl can be seen farther down the trail, running from a giant spider. She has short, red hair that goes down to her shoulders and is dressed in what appears to be enchanted, blue garments. The spider

is huge, about the size of a horse, and is furry with a red hourglass design on its abdomen. The girl is throwing red orbs at the spider, which seem to have no effect on it.)

Erik:
I'll take care of this.

(He jumps in the air and attempts to land a Tempest Thrust on its head. The spider notices its new combatant in time and swings one of its legs at him. The leg hits him in his stomach, and flings him back.)

Erik:
Damn.

(The spider turns back towards the girl and tries to jab her with one of its legs. Ross intervenes and blocks with his sword.)

Ross:
Prepare yourself.

(He does a well-placed vertical slash underneath the spider's head, decapitating it.)

???:
Thank you.

Ross:
My pleasure. Say, what is a girl like you doing out in a place like this?

Amelia:
My name is Amelia, and I was going to see the great master Kent. But then that thing attacked me, and I was so scared. (Sniff) I didn't know what to do.

Ross:
What was that thing anyways?

Erik:
It was a crawler.

Ross:
I always thought crawlers would be, how should I say this, smaller.

Erik:
Well, my uncle says that crawlers are just normal spiders that were born in the miasma. They feed off the magical energy, and thus grow to be huge. Lucky for you that this one was still a baby.

Ross:
Baby, huh? (sigh)

Amelia:

I'm just glad you guys were there to save me.

Ross:

Say, if you are heading to the Felled Woods, then why not come with us? I cooked food.

(He points over to the campfire. However, the food is nowhere to be seen.)

Ross:

Hey, where did my food go?

Erik:

I think he has it.

(Eric points over to a wild dog, who is running off with the meat in its mouth.)

Ross:

DAMN YOU!

(Ross runs after the dog for a while, then collapses. His stomach begins to growl.)

Amelia:

Don't worry. As repayment I will gladly cook some food for you guys.

(She gives a warm, gentle smile, and reaches into her bag and pulls out steaks.)

Erik:

So, do you wish to stay with us? It will be safer if we travel as a group.

Amelia:

Of course!

Erik:

Ross, maybe you should set up camp for tonight.

Ross:

Pent will probably be mad at us for being late.

Erik:

Better late than dead. It's getting dark and the crawlers will begin to get more active.

Ross:

Do you think they will attack the campsite?

Erik:

No, they tend to stay away from fire.

Ross:

Why didn't that other crawler run from Amelia's fireballs.

Amelia:

Those weren't fireballs. They were rocks.

Ross & Erik:

...

(There is total silence for a few minutes.)

Amelia:

Well, foods done. Come and eat!

(The party eats then sets up camp. Amelia goes to sleep while Ross and Erik alternate guard duty throughout the night. The night is rather peaceful, with no events occurring the entire night.)

5 - Chapter Four

Chapter Four

----- Remembering a Prodigy -----

(Ross, Erik, and Amelia are walking down Crawler Valley. It is early in the morning, and the sun is barely visible over the horizon. Ross picks up a sharp, sliver rock off the ground.)

Erik:
Where's Ace? I thought you two were inseparable.

Amelia:
Ace?

Ross:
Well, he's dead.

Erik:
I don't believe you.

Ross:
...

Amelia:
Was he your best friend or something?

Ross:
Yeah, we were always hanging out together in the academy. My dad was never home, so I didn't have any money to get food. Ace always looked out for me.

Erik:
They were constantly sparring too. Ross never won, though. That kid was a prodigy. There was not one combat style taught at the academy that Ace didn't know. He was also highly skilled in the arcane arts. That kid could make meteors fall from the sky if he was mad enough.

Ross:
Ace and I are the same.

Erik:
In what ways?

Ross:

I don't want to talk about it.

Erik:
I see.

(There is total silence for a few seconds.)

Ross:
This rock reminds me of Ace's lance. He never left his home without his lance.

Erik:
Do you think he already joined the military?

Ross:
He hates the military. He ran off and became a mercenary.

Erik:
I bet you want to do the same thing.

Ross:
Sort of.

Erik:
...

(There is a brief pause)

Amelia:
What does he look like?

Ross:
He liked black. He used to dress in dark robes and wore a bamboo trunk on his back, which held his lance. He had dark hair and pale skin. Most of the kids in the academy never understood him. They always assumed he was a witch doctor or something. We used to always hang out together. We would eat, then spar, and afterwards talk about things. He is the kind of person that you can't figure out just by looking at him.

Amelia:
So why did he become a mercenary?

Ross:
He hated his dad. He always pushed Ace too much. His dad, like mine, is a vassal to the king. However, his dad was a lesser vassal so he wasn't always in the battlefield like my dad.

Erik:
I bet you feel the same way, don't you Ross?

Ross:
A little.

Amelia:
Hey, look! It's the end of the valley!

Erik:
We can talk about this later.

Ross:
...

(Ross stares at the rock he found on the ground, and then pockets it. Amelia and Erik sprint towards the end of the valley.)

Ross:
HEY! Wait for me!

(Ross sprints after them.)