

# Kantaria: The Begining

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*An orphan gets caught up in the Rebellion against the King. That orphan becomes a piece of the puzzle to find peace.*

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# 1 - Woods

The snow was cold. But I could barely feel it. I had been walking for hours. I felt like I could collapse right then from lack of sleep, water, food, and the fact that my legs were numb. I stopped and leaned against one of the many oaks in the woods. I pulled the blanket tighter around me as the snow gently fell.

Life was hard for me, Janet. You know being an orphan and all. I'd rather be on my own than at the orphanage. I doubt they'd miss me. There were almost twenty kids keep Lana and Kloe busy. But I was going to miss them. I don't know what I hoped to accomplish by leaving. Southern Kantaria was peaceful as far as I knew. So most likely I won't be a hero, a legend. Just another orphan. But I was wrong.

I was surprised when I woke up for two reasons. First, that I woke up at all since it was so cold. Second, I wasn't by my tree any more. I was in a cage mounted on a wagon. *I'm not an animal*, I thought. There were soldiers all around. *From the castle*. Their armor shined, not like the snow did but I had to stop myself from staring.

"Hey!", I yelled at one of them, "Why am I in here?". He looked at me with disgust, answered "Filthy urchin." and turned away. I thought about telling him to let me out, rudely. Luckily, I didn't have to.

Four men dressed in a dark gray pounced out from behind the trees. The wagon halted and the knights charged. I closed my eyes and heard some clanging, then screaming, then silence. I shivered because it was as if I saw it with my mind. One of the men looked at me, then smashed the cage. He pulled me out and ran back to the trees.

Being practically dragged full weight across the ground must have been too much for him. I was passed on to another man, a bigger one. Then I was tossed over his shoulder uncaringly. "Don't you know how to treat a guest?", the first man said, "And a lady guest at that?". I started to smile then I put my frown on and passed out for the second time that night.

I woke up on a cot in some kind of carved room in a cave. I sat up and looked around. There were a few chests along the wall and above it were some maps. At the end was a doorway with a tattered brown curtain over it. I looked through it and saw the people who attacked the wagon. Now there were more, and I saw other curtains hanging up. In the center of the large room 4 men, a boy and a girl were sitting around a table.

"What are we going to do about it?", one of the men asked, "They're so worried they took a took a girl of the street and threw her in a cage." Suddenly an old man in a torn uniform yelled out, "Fire the catapults!". "Shush Granddad. This isn't the same war," the young girl said. *A war?*, I thought, *How did a girl not even 9 years old get involved in a war? And the boy?* He was gone.

I took a step back and turned around. My eyes met blue ones and I jumped back through the curtain. I

landed with a thud on the floor. They were all staring at me.

“So you’re awake,” the boy said.

“Yeah,” I said weakly.

He helped me up and led me to another room. “Want some food?” he asked. I looked at him and shook my head. He handed me an apple and pulled up two chairs. “Before we tell you what’s going on or where you are,” he started, “tell me your name.”

“Janet.”

“Fantan, but everyone calls me Fan.”

Fan jumped up and took me to a map. “You are in the Shaloma Caverns under the protection of the Rebellion.” He took a short bow. “Rebellion?, ” I asked.

“You don’t know do you?” Fan said, “About how King Ladius took the Scepter of Palora?”.

“No I don’t know anything. I’m from an orphanage,” I answered.

“Oh well then,” he replied, “Cannon! You need to tell her the story!”.

Fan went into the other room and sat at the table. He motioned for me to come sit. The chair and table were made from rough wood. I put my elbows on the table with my head in my hands. *I always like a story*, I thought.