

# **i dunno what to call it yet**

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*ok so this is the begining of a new book im writing, tell me how you think, it hasnt been edited yet, so it will sound better in the future. (^-^)*

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# 1 - Beginning

it had just finished raining in the forest of attul, leaving a dense fog throughout the land. it was very silent in the hills, save for the occasional tallebri birds, hoots and hollers, and the roaring of the many rivers and water falls scattered across the land. among the fog and the forest lay a small village, one so small it did not have a name, and was known about by very few. but a cold wind blew across the land, and on it, was death.

a trio of hunters sprinted through the woods on a daily hunt for buck stags. the hunt had extended more than an hour's time then the usual hunt. the lead hunter suspected something was wrong, since they were coming upon the end of the known and into the unknown. one of his apprentices was complaining of cramps and aches and another was going on about over hunting. the hunt master was about to call it off when he spotted a dark figure up ahead.

he signaled for his accomplices to halt and take cover, as he slowed himself behind a large tree. peering from around the massive tree, he examined the figure intently. he did not recognize it, but he did recognize the stag it was hunched over. he suspected that it was another hunter; skinning and cleaning it.

"you there!" he called out to it, clinching his spear, "how goes the hunt!?". its head jolted up, slinging from side to side, searching for the source of the sound. then its dark head turned around, catching sight of the hunter, as it let out a horrific screech that echoed throughout the forest like an explosion of sound, as three other similar figures emerged from the shadows of trees and rocks.

"demons!" he exclaimed, as he ran back towards the other hunters in his party, "did you hear what I said!? demons! run you fools!!" he growled, as he took off running through the fog.

they both turned around to see the demons that he was speaking of, one of the hunters saw the three demons galloping at them, letting out grunts and squeals of fury. he let out his own pathetic shout and ran after his master. but the other hunter locked eyes with one of the demons, staring straight into pits of endless darkness, paralyzing him instantly as the demon came upon him, and decapitated him in one glancing blow of its claws. it screamed in the thrill of victory as the other two blew by it.

the other apprentice was running at full speed, trying to keep sight with his master, who was calling for him to run faster. but he could not, his side began to cramp again as he grasped his side.

"damnit!" he cried, his pace slowed, but he knew he had to keep going. he turned his head to see where the demons were, and to his dismay, they were no more than ten yards from him, practically breathing down his neck. he fell to the ground, tripping on a fallen tree trunk, tumbling over and over. he sprung up, clinching his spear, only to see the demons encircling him, grunting and huffing. one lunged forward as he raised his spear to defend. he let out a roar of his own as he plunged the spear into its chest, a shower of fiery blood pored out. the second demon took him by surprise and knocked him to the ground, he looked into the demon's eyes, paralyzed in fear as the demon screamed, raising a claw to strike.

"do it already!!" he yelled into its emotionless face. it went to strike-

"that's enough!" called a deep demonic voice, like two voices in one. the eyeless demon repelled off of the man and took a spot near the other demon who arose off the ground and pulled the spear out of its chest, as the third materialized out of the shadows.

"who's there?" the hunter called out, as he sat up. then, as from out of nowhere a large figure appeared behind the hunter, materializing from the air. only a pale white face shown from under its shadowy cloak, which rolled off of it like smoke. the hunter was too afraid to turn around to see this dark presence behind him. he didn't have to turn around, he felt it. the figure bent over and put his head so that it was adjacent to the hunters, eyes hidden by its hood, exposing only a long slender face and shining strands

of black hair.

"are you afraid?" it asked, its voice vibrating down the hunters spine. the hunter said nothing, "good." it said.

"what do you want from me?" the hunter said, trying to hide his fear.

"why... nothing from you, rather, from one of your own..." he said in a strange manipulative voice, "a young child... different from your own"

"no... not ye-" he was cut short, as a twisted blade ripped through his chest, his flesh began to disintegrate into the same shadowy consistency as the creatures standing across from him.

"thank you." the shadowy figure said, ripping the jagged blade from the hunter. he writhed in darkness as it consumed him, turning him into one of those wretched creatures.

it stood up, before its new master.

"well?" the shadowy figure said, "retrieve her!" it exclaimed. the beasts took off, thundering through the forest yelping and screaming along the way.

"you are almost mine my dear..." the figure said to itself, then faded into the shadows from which it came.