

# Tathar Swordsmaiden

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*An epic story about the revival of a legend, the death of a hero, and the love of two lopes, hopelessly caught in each others love*

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# 1 - Tathar

## The Prophecy...

In the beginning, evil beasts covered the lands... A prophecy was unfolded, one day a Lupine Sister would raise the sword that would light the evil forever... Many searched for her... Many died in an effort to... But the evil remained. It was on that fateful day that SirSereg was born, and how valiantly he fought! His name was "The River of Blood" and he killed many a beast. He was famous throughout the lands. In his final battle, with his army around him, he rose again his broad sword and fought what is now known as "The Beginning." Many fell to him, as well as his own to the Great Evil. It was in this great battle, that he fought the Dark Lord. He destroyed EruKelvar the Leopard on his mighty thrown. But in the battle, Sereg was wounded fatally... As the evil of the land began to rise again, the frantic wolves buried Sereg b'neath the soil of the last remaining village... It is said that in his place, a shrine was built, being strangely wrapped round by a Willow Tree. As the Dark Lord Kelvar rose once more from the very pits of hell, the wolves gathered together with a last force, praying that one day, the spirit of SirSereg would raise again and fulfill the prophecy through another...

## In The Beginning

My name I do not know. Where I am I do not know...But again I shall raise my sword 'gainst the evil...I opened my eyes for the first time, and in front of me was the troubles of the world. I sat 'pon a high podium, and in front of me was a river of tears, a lake of blood, and a whole world made of sadness, despair, and hatred. I knew what I had to do, natural instinct, you could say. I rose then, and vowed to help the people in their quest for health, happiness, and knowledge. A stone pillar stood in front of me. It looked like Coltzan's Shrine, but it was black as night. Willow leaves and fronds wrapped gracefully around the pillar. In awe, I stretched out my hand to grip it. In a burst of purple light, the room fell into shadows. The only light was the eery purple one. Sounds of screaming, crying, wailing, filled my soul and heart, and then the strangest thing happened. From the pillar, all the sadness and hatred in the world began to take shape and form. The spirit of a long gone lupe molded from the purple light. He stared at me for a few momentary seconds, then, with small sigh, he began to repeat some words I could not understand. They seemed to pierce through me, however, and I was being pulled into the pillar! Despair filled my heart like stones in a pitcher, and suddenly the lupe disappeared, with one final word to say. "Tathar..." I still couldn't understand, but all of a sudden, the old lupe was a part of me. I was Tathar, Lupe Goddess of Fear and Death. But that didn't mean I created it, no... I stopped it. I suddenly stood tall, proud, and walked through, completely into the Willow Shrine. MY shrine. For I also had learned that my name was meant as Willow. Willow, the pure and protective tree. I passed through the walls of the Willow Shrine and found myself at the top of a flight of stairs. The broad sword then appeared in my paws. Across the leather-bound hilt, engraved in the pommel stones and cross, Sirsereg stood out. I understand once more, the spirit lupe had once been the mighty warrior Sirsereg, and I was his kin, only heir to the Shrine and sword. And so I set out, to teach, learn, help... and eventually, fulfill my destiny, to make the world a better place... and rid it of the Dark ones...

## The First of 4...

I also knew about the enemies I faced. There were 4, ledged to be a Mutant, a Vampire, a White, and a Silver. Kelvar was the Silver, and he lead the 4. But there was one even higher than Kelvar... none knew of him, however, and so he was a considered nought but a rumor. As I held the sword in my paws, a sheath appeared strapped 'round my shoulder. Placing the weapon quickly in it's place, I began to descend into the depths of the staircase. I travelled for what seemed to be hours... finally seeing a pinprick of light. Upon reaching the light, I looked out at a world unknown, and yet strangely I knew. As I stared in wonder at the beach in front of me, I began to feel soft and grainy sand un'erneath my back paws. The waves made a gentle swish... sound as they lapped the shell strewn edge. It was then when he attacked. Indeed, the first of the four, the White. If you dont believe I was scared, then your crazy #NAME... But somewhere indide me, a rage stirred. I drew my broad sword with strength I never knew I had, and, with a clash, cold steel was laid 'pon cold steel.

### The Fight

As my sword sang with the force of the two beasts, the White swung again and I leapt high, feeling with surprise a set of wings carrying me to the Heavens... And with a soaring dive, I flew straight down on top of the White. Steel clashed 'gain and then 'gain. He swung up, I dove low, He dove low, I swung from 'bove. Teh battle raged for several minutes, until my blood was boiling and I swung at his head. I heard a horrid thud and believed it was over... until I opened my eyes from their snapped shut state and saw the sword of the lion deep in my chest. With a gasp, I swung once more, and beheaded the first of the Famous Four. Dizzy colors danced through my vision... My head swam with pain. Choking for breath, I staggered up to the point where the beach and a small forest behind connected. Then everything went black, and I knew no more...

### Kileeno and Kurkaki

When I awoke, I found myself in small, yet well-furnished cabin. A fire crackled merrily in the fireplace while snow gently coated the windowsills. Suddenly I did a double-take. Snow? How was that possible? I had been on a Sandy Beach... I tried to stand up, but fell back to the well cushioned bed in with a cry of pain. Oh yeah, duh you could say, I got stabbed with a sword! I sighed and looked around from my resting place. With a loud Bang the log door slammed in and 2 wolves came dancing merrily in. The male had a rose clenched in his teeth and had a strange lock of hair curling down his for'ead. His pelt was pure white and his eyes sparkled like twin cyclones in the deep. They were a dark blue, and resembled storms. He was doing some kind of dance to a bagpipe, whick the second was playing. This was the female, and she was all black. Raven wings sprouted from her back, and HER eyes were bright yellow, like the sun on Midsummer's day. She looked quite comical in a red plaid kilt and baggy Ivy Blouse. Her bagpipe continued joyiusly as her partner jigged back and forth. Finally the music stopped and the turned to me. The male bowed so low he accidently tripped over and fell on to the rug. The female burst out laughing, helped him up, and then faced me. "Howdy stranger! My name's Kurkaki, and this is my fiance Kileeno! Whom are you'm?" She grinned comically and waited for a reply. I stared dumbfounded at the two, but then began..."I am Tathar, descendant of Sirsereg. I have heard of you both, though not personally. You are Kileeno, Prince of the Sky, and you are Kurkaki, his beloved. Where am I and how did I get here?" The stopped their play and grew serious. Kileeno spoke then. "We are outcasts of the Warrior Lupe Pack, the last force against Kelvar..." Kurkak finished. "They fought and yet fight valiantly, but to no avail. If you are truly Tathar, the betrowthen one, then you have been waited on long... The Warrior Lupe Pack is falling. Many of its council has already been slain... StonePaw and Alba...One remains, and that is Genocide. He is the Warlord of the Pack, and Alphen Pergatori's good friend. For a long time, they have fough, but they have finally receded out of the Endless Plains... into

the Dark Forest. More and more are picked off each day there, under the tyrannical rule of Morkhelek, or "Dark Ice." He is the Mutant Kougra ruler of Dark Forest, and is very cruel and cunning." Kurk sighed in anguish, the bagpipe falling from her grasp and shattering on the floor. Kileeno's stormy eyes flashed. "We have tried helping them, but what can we do? We have no weapons, no provisions for making that far a journey..." He sighed unhappily. "We don't know what to do... Majin Lucifer has been contacting with us, giving us the latest news. He is a powerful one, with his brother Inferno. But even he is failing. The time has come for the final rebellion. It is taking place at Cosnov's Peak, near Terror Mountain. It is said that Genocide and Kelvar will fight there, their armies massacring each other around them. It will be a final stand...but we cannot win... we have no hope." Kil's eyes darkened sorrowfully. I nodded to him, and, my eyes blazing with hatred, unsheathed Sirsereg and glared into its depths. It was time... Cosnov's Peak would definitely be a place to go, but what worried me now was Morkhelek at Dark Forest. Once we conquered him, we would have a formidable army at our backs. Tears of rage flooded my face and froze. Four pure white streaks formed from where the fell. Charging out the door, I howled my warning to the night, Kil and Kurkak following, howling as well in blood-curdling cries of vengeance. Now was the time...

### The Journey

It was three days after we left the cabin that we met up with Majin and Inny. They were both blood-streaked and torn. Inn managed to gasp out from his torn muzzle 3 words, "Genocide...fallen...ambush..." And he fainted. Majin looked close to gone as well, but forced himself up. "It was the idea of Genocide that we should attack earlier than we had planned and quench the evil while it was still young... but...too late... Kelvar got word of our plan, dont...know how..." He coughed violently here, and we had to wait for him to recover his strength again. "Attacked us, midnight...Woke up...sentries dead...tried to warn..." And he too fainted. I could see the stuned look on Kil's face, and Kurkaki looked near tears. That night, we sat around the fire, waiting for the two to revive. When at last they began to stir, with haste we ran. The going was hard now. We were near Dark Forest. So... Genocide and his mighty reign had fallen. Was there any hope left for us?

### Skyerunner

It was nearly two in the morning when we finally reached Dark Forest. Upon arriving at the entrance, now heavily guarded, we met our first contact from inside the Forest. Mint was his name, and was a Foresteer, or guard of the forest. The pale green gelert was a large and tough looking bloke, and I thought he would defenitly be a formidable force if he was foe. But he was not. After holding a quick conference with him, he agreed to let us in and see SkyeRunner, Alphen of The Dark Forest Rebels. He tipped the Vampiric Kougra off with his badge and we followed him into the Dark Forest. After a good thirty minutes of trudging through the gloom, we came upon a particularly large Willow. I started in shock as Mint pulled aside its long tendril like leaves and a small door appeared in the trunk. Bold lettering shadowed the trunk... "In the dark, fear calls its friend death upon the wary. From the Willow, light shines its hope on the faithful... Be the light, Tathar... Be the light, my daughter..."