

# Attempt to Write a Story

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*Just something I thought of writing. It is mostly inspired by adventure novels and games including Dungeons and Dragons. Tell me what you think about it. This actually looks a lot better the way I formatted it on works word. If you want that copy jus*

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# 1 - The Reunion

## Chapter 1 The Reunion

It was a time of adventurers. An era of mythical creatures and beings with unbelievable amount of power available at their command. The world was at peace with no gain to either side on the scale of good and evil.

Nevaal traveled the northern forest of Topowa on his way to the Ryuken dojo in the high mountains. He was a man of average frame, still young at the age of nineteen. He was an adventurer by trade, traveling from town to town, working odd jobs here and there in order to support his travels. Nevaal had dark tan skin that accompanied his thick black hair that rustled with the wind. His eyes were deep, so dark that they were almost pitch black.

After venturing into the wilderness so many times, he had learned to keep the necessary equipment that he needed on his travels. Nevaal wore a white shirt, brown traveling pants and black, leather travel boots. He also wore leather bracers on his forearms and a leather vest. Above all this he donned a hooded lycan cloak which he had acquired as payment on one of his travels. This cloak reached down, almost to the ground, concealing most of Nevaal's weapons.

What Nevaal lacked in armor he made up for with weaponry. He kept a long sword on either side of his hips and was proficient in wielding two weapons at a time. In each boot he hid a small knife. On the back of his belt he kept a hunter's knife next to his coin bag. The only thing on top of his lycan cloak was his oak bow and a quiver of arrows.

Walking up the stone pathway leading to the temple entrance, he saw his childhood friend McGyle walking out of its doors. He had light brown hair and a paler complexion compared to that of his comrade. McGyle was taller than Nevaal, more muscular as well giving him the physique of a bruiser. He wore the traditional outfit of the Ryuken temple. White cotton pants, bands around the wrists, sandals and a white headband to keep the hair out of his eyes. His one little addition was a blue vest which he refused to get rid of.

He had been studying at the Ryuken temple for several years now, learning the fighting style of the warrior monks there.

"Hoy!" Nevaal shouted out, "How have you been old friend? Have they been treating you well?" He grasped McGyle's wrist in a strong handshake.

"Well enough Nevaal... well enough." he laughed.

The two have had a history together since they were young and living in the same village. As children, they played together, causing mischief everywhere. They watched as the village warriors trained every day and emulated their every move. As they grew older, they trained together and transformed their bodies into weapons.

At the age of thirteen, McGyle was sent to the Ryuken temple to study the methods of the fighting monks. Nevaal was not given the privilege of training with him due to his poor heritage. He instead, remained at the village until the age of eighteen, when he began traveling as an adventurer. Every new moon, he returned home to his village to give the money that he had earned to his family in order to pay for medicines and other supplies.

This time, when he visited the village, Nevaal was told that McGyle was to return. Being the only true traveler in the small community, he was given the chance to venture to the Ryuken temple and retrieve

his friend.

“How has everybody in the village been since I’ve left?” McGyle asked.

“Not bad actually.” Nevaal responded as he walked down the path leading his friend back home.

“Everything has been... the same as it has always been. We’re losing warriors though. The younger generations don’t see a point in training when we have never battled with anyone before.”

“I see. Well, it is true. Nobody out there wants to fight with a bunch of peasants anyway. There is no point for raiders, we have nothing of value, military factions won’t come because we are not a strategic point of attack to any major towns, and the government never bother us because they don’t really give a damn.”

Nevaal sighed, “Yeah, that’s true. Harsh, but true.”

“I’ve heard that you’ve become quite the adventurer.” McGyle mentioned, quickly changing the subject. “How have your travels been?”

“Not that bad actually. I usually work odd jobs, doing whatever is needed.”

“You mean you’re a mercenary. A sword for hire.”

He looked at his friend for a moment then turned away walking a bit faster, the tails of his cloak trailing behind him. “You could say that.” He muttered.

McGyle stopped in his tracks, “Have you killed anyone?”

Nevaal paused for a moment, then continued walking. “Come on, if we keep moving south we’ll be able to reach the village by nightfall.”

## 2 - Carnage

### Chapter 2 Carnage

The air became cold and crisp as the sky darkened overhead. "So what techniques did you learn at the temple?" Nevaal asked.

"I can't tell you that. You know I'm not allowed to teach techniques outside of the temple."

"Why not, what consequences could there be? It's not like you would have to kill me right?" McGyle stared at him eye to eye. His face was emotionless. "Uh, alright then. Forget I asked." He shifted his attention to the sunset in the southern horizon. The energetic colors of red and orange seemed to dance among the treetops.

McGyle stopped in his tracks sniffing the air around him, "Hey, do you smell that?"

"What?" Nevaal asked.

"It... it smells like smoke."

Nevaal's eyes widened in fear. He realized that the sunset was misplaced to the South instead of the West. "That's no sunset, the village's on fire!" He moved in a dead sprint down the forest path, his cloak was flying behind him in a spasmodic seizure. Not far behind was McGyle who caught up fairly quickly to Nevaal adapting to his pace.

The village was ablaze in a fiery inferno as puffs of ashes exploded from the top of the villager's homes. Nevaal fell to his knees shaking in horror and fury. "No." He whispered, "It... it can't be. Who would do this?"

The two stayed frozen staring at the disaster that fell upon their home town. The roar of the flames screamed louder than anything that night, deafening those it surrounded. Over the endless bellows of the flames reverberated a bloodcurdling cry for help.

The pupils in Nevaal's eyes telescoped as he quietly trembled the word, "Mother." In a blink, Nevaal jumped forward sprinting into hell that was his home. "Nevaal wait!" McGyle shouted as he pursued after.

Nevaal watched as he ran past burning homes and the dead bodies of his friends and neighbors. He stopped still in the middle of the village looking at the carnage around him. "Who would do such a thing?" He looked into the blinding light of the fire and saw raiders running here and there pillaging what was left of the village and killing those that got in their way.

At this point Nevaal lost all control. In a fit of rage he ran up to a group of five raiders, unsheathing both of his swords he ran up between all of them and cut through each of their torsos. "May God pity your souls!" He shouted as he ran on searching for more murderous cretins to smite.

Meanwhile McGyle wandered the town searching for his friend. "Nevaal! Nevaal where are you?" He shouted over and over as he searched the town. A mindless thug ran up behind him shouting a battle cry as he swung his axe upon McGyle's Shoulder.

"Futile." He said as he stepped backwards far enough so the blade would miss him. The attacker hit his hand upon McGyle's shoulder resulting in the disarmament of his weapon. McGyle in turn pushed the man back with his elbow, grabbing the axe he thrust the handle into the man's upper abdomen knocking him out. "I don't have time for this." He continued moving again shouting, "Nevaal!"

Soon after, Nevaal finds his once humble home has been transformed into a towering inferno. "No..." he whispered to himself as he ran inside, ignoring the searing heat that emanated from the dancing flames around him. The smoke clogged his lungs and blinded his vision into a dull blur. Every breath Nevaal took felt as if the fire had jumped into his chest. Coughing, he shouted for his family hoping to hear a response. He staggered along, walking blind inside the hellish formations of the razed building. It wasn't long before he felt his foot brush against something soft along the floor. His hands lost their strength and dropped the swords which they clasped.

Nevaal fell to his knees recognizing the bloody body of his father. Once a proud man, now smothered in his own blood. His body covered in series of bruises, slashes and stab marks His hand still gripping tightly onto the kitchen knife that was used as protection. The flesh now seared and burnt had melted onto the handle. His father's eyes were open and stared right into the core of Nevaal's being. Bringing his senses together Nevaal stood up once more and ran to the back of the house searching for his mother and his younger brother. He had found his mother, huddled in a corner, her body left bloody. Nevaal walked towards her, hoping that she was still alive. He heard the crackling of the fire as it ate through the wooden frame of the house. He continued moving toward her, his hand held out as if to touch her. The flames roared, his eyes widened as a thunderous clap sounded followed by the roof collapsing around the body of his mother. A support beam had broken and flaming pieces of wood crushed her body. Nevaal screamed for her and tried to reach her, but a wall of fire blocked his way. He wept, seeing his home ablaze, and his family murdered. Inside of him, a spark ignited. It lit his essence, flushing out the pity and sadness inside of him, and replacing that with anger and a bloodlust for those responsible for this wicked act. Nevaal swore to find, and kill those responsible for the death of his family.

Outside, over the roars of the flames, Nevaal heard a scream, a person pleading for mercy. Running to the doorway, he picked up his swords and jumped out into the streets. As soon as he had exited the house he saw a man holding on to a young woman, keeping a knife close to her throat. The woman screamed for the man to let go of her but to no avail. Sheathing his weapons he walked up behind them, grabbing the man's wrist he pulled the dagger away from the girl's throat. "Go on, get out of here." He told the woman watching her as she speedily scuttled away. Holding on to the man's throat with his bare fingers he whispered in his ear, "Get your leader, tell him that I'm here, and I'm waiting." He pushed the cowardly grunt forward and watched as he scurried off through the alleyways of the buildings.

Slowly, Nevaal traced the man's traveling path, hoping to encounter the maniacal bastard that lead this massacre. In a few moments, groups of men came charging him with various weapons.

The first to reach him lunged forward with a dagger only to be met with a charging fist that flipped him over. Spinning the other way, Nevaal ducked low, dodging a massive axe that brushed past his head. At the same time he brought his leg out hitting the attacker behind the knees causing him to lose balance and fall upon his back. Removing a dagger from out of his boot he stabbed the man in the chest springing forth a fountain of blood. Bounding back up he brought the knife into the abdomen of a charging thug, piercing the concave of the man's lungs he watched as the brute coughed a pool of blood. Pulling the bloody blade out of the man's flesh, Nevaal hurled the dagger into the forehead of a bowman further away. "Gotcha!" He announced triumphantly as he watched the archer's head jerk backwards just before the man fell.

More of the raiders gathered around Nevaal, creating a ring of fire to deport the fearless warrior off to the afterlife. His once gentle eyes turned to ice, piercing into the souls of his enemies. He turned, looking at every one of the fighters around him. Nevaal took in a breath and said, "If you want me, come and get me!" Throwing off his lycan cloak he unsheathed the two swords at his waist and held himself in the battle stance of his village. He coiled every muscle in his body, prepared to spring into action and

reaction at any second. Win or lose, this night was to end in a river of blood. The raiders were looking for a herd of sheep to slaughter, but found a horrifying demon hunting wolves instead.