

random story

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Um somethink i kinda mde up pon the holidays. its ok

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The dusty road sprawled out into the barren landscape, the only marker between civilisation and coarse land a line of stones marking the boundaries of the road.

Towering cliffs rose either side, the only plants small, brown things, half dead, and parched. In the distance there were the peaks of great cliffs, mere pins though in the sandy world before them. The hours passed, and night drew in with its jet-black cloak.

The storm raged across the gloomy landscape, the literal sheets of rain sweeping across the sky, pounding in a senseless tune on the barren land below.

The lightning arched through the air, its brief light illuminating the rocky plateau beneath. This was not a night to be out. However, if you were to look on the land below, you would see some lights, that weren't as natural as the flashes in the sky. Look harder, and you would see that those lights belonged to a caravan of horses with carts behind them. Look even harder, and you would see that the leader of the caravan was consulting some kind of map. But that map was of places you would never imagined existed. Look even harder, and you get sore eyes.

The map was old, its tattered and frayed edges showing the level of care it had been given before. Now it was probably the most treasured item in the whole of earth. The gaunt, black eyes, the kind that gave the impression they hoarded countless secrets in their depths, stared at the yellowing map, and lifting a weathered arm, pointed to the east. The rest of the caravan changed course, treading on an unbeaten road to an unknown destination. The horse's hooves stamping in the sodden ground underneath. Their hot breaths vaporising in the icy air, they trudged onwards. Suddenly, one of the horses snorted in fear, shaking its head as if in refusal to go on. One of the men went down, and spoke softly in it's ear "what's the matter, eh lass? Something make you scared? Look. There's nothing to frightened off girl, see?" so saying, he held his lantern, and waved it front of him, to show the horse there was nothing there. In that he failed. "What the...?" he whispered as the spectre descended on him. The horse shook free of its reins, turned, and started galloping back the way it had came, crying out in terror. By the glow of the dead mans lantern, the men could see the spectre coming forwards, a ghastly bringer of death. Crying in terror as the horse had, they swiftly turned, and urged their horses faster away. Only one man stood there. He alone knew what the spectre was, and he knew what must be done. Backing against the cliff, he started a prayer, whispering it quicker and quicker as the daemon came towards him. He stopped, standing in defiance at the unholy being. As the spectre descended, he allowed himself a smile of self-congratulation. Then his world shattered and ended.

In the land of Ulthuan, in the court of Anlec, the heavy stones yield great secrets if you know how to coax from them the Ways. If a person had succeeded in that task, then they would have been able to see two figures in the Barun caverns, seated at an oak table.

"So, Teclis has been killed. Now only five remain of what were once twelve. We should act soon, before the Chimarquis devours us all." Mused Alith.

"I agree," replied Belannaer. "We should give finding the map the utmost priority now. With out it, we shall not be able to win this battle."

"We should send for Eltharion Taerin, and the high knights of Baradun. We must defeat the Chimarquis."

“Are you sure we should bring Eltharion into this? It would mean telling him.”

“That is a risk that must be taken. If we do not, then Eltharion and our lives will be in danger.”

“Very well. We shall meet when it is decreed by fate”

“By fate, my friend. Remember the ancient prophecy. Have faith.”

The two figures rose from the table, and walked to the heavy oak door that receded into the vaulted roof, ornate carvings intricately decorating the stone ridges. The door opened, and the two figures swept down separate corridors, their intentions unknown by all but themselves.

As the world around us changes, so do the people in it. A child can go into the world a small, weak thing, but by the time they leave, they have become a man of stature within the ranks of society, not a single resemblance to what had first entered life. This was the story of Norsca. He had been raised a peasant, lived in the grubby huts that the minors of the kingdom were forced to live in. From his childhood he had known that he was destined to live the life of a farmer. There was only one way to get out of that life. Join the imperial guard. When he had set off, his mother had begged him not to go, to reconsider. But he knew in his heart that he should bring honour to the family. So he had risen through the ranks, survived battle, and after years of training, word was sent to the king of his legendary fighting skills. His enormous talent had been honed like a carpenter will shave off a molecule thin piece of wood, just to make a subtle difference, by living a life on the blade of the sword. What had started out a peasant was now a master tactician, hand-to-hand fighter, and swords master. And then one day, a letter was received, a letter requesting Norsca to join the high kings' escort. And so, after years of training, Norsca had reached the title of “Phoenix knight. He was the elite of the elite. And now, years later, he had received a letter from the high mages council, requesting his presence.

But there are some who wait until their time in the hourglass is at its end, and then, with a flick of the wrist, turn it back over, ready to have another life.

Archaon was one those. He was the best in the assassins' guild, feared by many, deadly to all. He was the master of deceit, and was able to construct a weapon from just about any thing. He had no past, just the future, and that was what made him dangerous. He had no thought on past friendships. If there was money in the deal, he would slit the throat of his best friend. But like the best assassins, he practised the skills of black magic. People say he could fly through walls. He couldn't. He made the walls fly through him. He despised being called an illusionist. Tricks were for novices, people wishing to show off to their friends, nothing more or less. Just tricks. Yet magic was something else. To ordinary people, crude illiterates in the world of arts, there was no distinction. In fact, to them, the more sparkle, the more lights, noise, effects a trick had, the better. Archaon despised them and pitied them in equal measure. The fools. The force of a night blade, a void in air like a sword, was beyond comparison to pulling a, a, bunny from a hat. Yet he didn't dwell on these thoughts for long. In his hard heart, he felt no emotion, just a slight satisfaction in achieving a satisfactory assassination. A clean cut, no body, no noise. He was a perfectionist, and like Norsca, had honed his skills by a life on the dagger.

And there is still one more type. There are those who are gifted, in different ways. Those who, unlike all others, have been chosen by fate to play a role in life. Known to some as prophets, haergers by others...the list goes on. They may have some obvious trait, such as walking on water, reading minds, and natural forms of magic. There are others, however, that may be just ordinary people, who just feel like they don't fit in, and unwittingly fulfil the piece of history they were destined to play. But there is one more. Like ordinary people, yet, unconsciously, they are effecting the surroundings, using powers to create occurrences without them knowing, seemingly unrelated events.

The important thing to remember is that there are no coincidences. There is only fate.

The mud covered stonewalls stank of horses. The floor was covered with a thin layer of straw, and in the corner was a pile of hay. Three horses stood, without saddle or reins, in the middle, their warm breath

steaming in the cold spring air. The wind blew silently, disturbing the floor's little bushels of coarse straw, and the thud of footsteps could be heard. Their pace was quick, and the dull sound of them was as if they were muffled by sandals, maybe leather. The thin door burst open, creaking on its rusted steel hinges. The horses turned, with an air of uncertainty. One of them stamped its hooves, and rustled its mane. This wasn't their owner. A boy stood panting in front of them, sweat and tears running down his face. For a moment he looked around, catching his breath, and then ran up to one of the horses. The horse, a large sleek one, with a black coat and a white stripe from its head to the tail, protested for a moment, but when it found that the unexpected rider seemed to know what to do, it stopped struggling. The rider slid over onto the horse, gripping the mane with one hand. Pushing his heels into the sinew covered side, he coaxed the animal forward, through the door, and into the open road. To the left of him, lights shimmered against the glass of the inns windows, the occupants of which didn't know that there would be one less horse in the morning. Dark clouds silhouetted the moon, sending thin rays down onto the dirt-strewn road. In the monochrome colours of the late evening, it was just able to see the boy. His hair was slightly longer than usual, free and un-kept. He had thick, brooding eyebrows, covered by strands of his blonde hair. His eyes were sunken in the way that comes to people that are older in mind than in physical age. His full lips contrasted with his ridged nose, and he still retained a slightly younger look around his cheeks. He was tall for his age, but walked like that of someone who has been crouching for most of their life. The boy, profiled by the faded light, recognised the feeling again- that something was wrong. There was a lingering taste in the air, like that of lightning when it has struck ground. He looked around. Nothing. But wait. There was a faint hiss, just on the edge of hearing, like thousands of grains of sand being poured into a wooden bowl. The sound became a torrent, pervading everywhere. And then the voices started. On the edge of hearing, disappearing when the boy strained to hear, they seemed indeterminate, sometimes like a murmuring, sometimes like chanting, but never a recognisable sound. The boy, moon light illuminating his long hair, seemed barely fourteen. His thick eyebrows, curved over like scimitars, overlooked dark brooding eyes, in contrast with his pale skin- his eyes were worried, a sense of nervousness and abject fear clear in the pupils. His newly acquired horse, sensing his nervousness, shook it's head, breathing heavily. He closed his eyes. They slowly lowered, bunching up. He stood still, eyes clenched, his face straining against something. He snapped open his eyes. The world was different. There were no shadows. The moon and inn windows were black, the forest dark blues and greys. Looking down, he saw himself and the horse were a myriad of reds, oranges and yellow, constantly flowing. If he could have seen himself in an even higher level of perception, like that of white mages, he would have seen that where his heart was, there was a glowing aurora of gold and silver, colours purer than white, in another spectrum altogether. His gaze narrowed. There was something else here. The dark blue and grey of it's outline rippled and shimmered, and it seemed not to have a distinct shape, just phases of being, like it was partly in a different plane of existence. Yet there was something about it... It turned its head towards the boy, and then the boy saw its eyes. They were a burning black, dark chasms to be drawn into. Like the body as well, they seemed insubstantial, and led into the body, flowing around, defying all boundaries. The boy shook his head, whispering under his breath, desperately looking for a way of escape. But the boy knew it was hopeless. This daemon would pursue him to the ends of the earth. The horse, blind to the danger, sensed the riders unease. It whinnied, backing away for the comfort of it's stable. The daemon sensed the boys indecision. It moved forward, not walking, but flowing, like it was just occupying different spaces. The result was beautiful and mesmerising, but evil, and seductive. The stench of fear was in the air, heavy like liqueur, spreading its tendrils and betraying the boys feelings. The daemon shot forward like a burst of black light, spreading out mandibles as it leapt unearthly against the boy. Yet as it touched him, it splintered off, dispersing in a flurry of wind and particles wherever it came in contact with him. The unholy voice shrieked in anger, in rage, in tortured pain as the daemon was ripped by a holy light, the

piercing winds carrying the echo of its screams. The boy fell back in terror, the dead corpse of his horse buckling to the ground. The boy's eyes were wild, his hands raised, flailing madly as he tried to get to his feet. His mouth made no sound, yet his face showed all he was feeling. He scrambled up, and ran down the path, his feet pounding, yelling to get away from that place. He never looked back.