

# T. B. Pond

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The Edge of the World  
Type of the Watchers

Dedicated to those who continue to inspire me

and M. M.

# The Edge of the World - Eyes of the Watchers

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## Prologue

The world was witnessed by justice, as God saw it. Ever 'Ya saw fit to punish mankind for their sins and force them to obey under her divine rule. But before it came to that point in the Divine Era, God was very generous, the crops of the famished began to regenerate, the ill were healed, and the accused righteous were vindicated. However, after an aeon, the exasperated God grew weary after performing miracle after miracle. So, she simply began to only observe the people she had taken care of for so long. Quickly, God noticed our world was full of so much good and bloodless, anarchy of her benevolence.

Ever 'Ya decided to abandon the wretched world and recover her lost strength by merely observing while she waited. However, she knew if she let the untold chaos continue, the world known as Cadhera would surely destroy itself. So, she decided to leave traces of her divinity behind. God sacrificed part of her own dwindling strength to create entities of punishment, so they could also over her task and monitor the world's inhabitants. Now, Ever 'Ya would be able to respond. The Watchers, a burning name dubbed thus by the people, were the new overseers of Cadhera. They ensured that the people would stay faithful to God until she decided to return. The people were terrified of The Watchers, and dared not even speak their name. They dared not sin and anger their new masters for they were sentient incarnate.

Even the revered and feared Watchers couldn't endure the vicissitudes of time, and their lives fell victims to its influence. Thus, another lost chapter had been written. Who is to say why The Watchers were forgotten. Maybe because people simply didn't talk about them, the tale just faded out of memory. Or, did people force themselves to forget so they could live without fear? No one truly knows, but whatever the reason, people continued their lives, staying faithful to their loving God and shunning the very thought of The Watchers.

Now... What will you do with this knowledge?

Will you squint against them, against their Dignity?

Who are you to decide your fate?

We are children of God, without our mother we are lost incarnations!

Indeed, but an abandoned child must know when to move on...

(Thoughts: perhaps make this a scene from Ever's point of view.)

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## 1. Fall of the Dark Angel

He stared up at the misty, wintry sky as the biting cold currents whirled him down the stone-lined river. Tears ran from his eyes, instantly frozen and washed away by the water's currents. Still alive, though barely, he tried to grab a hold of anything he could to save his precious life. A jagged rock smiled to him, and this boy reached out hopelessly. A quick slice and a plume of crimson, although blood cascaded, he held steadfast, unmoved by the sharp pain. The unbearable agony was stanchd, not by the numbing, cold touch of the water, but it was that the suffering on the inside was beyond comprehension.

Though his grip desperately strong, his flesh gave way and the hand was cut clean in half. He let out a terrible, pitiful scream and now engulfed in a pool of red, the boy continued his journey down the relentless river. Like some sort of toy, he was thrashed about on the jagged rocks, one after another. One thing that was preventing this cold embrace of death was the rage that burned within him, something his heart block.

Off the icy cliff there a drop into midair, the young one forced himself some sort of soaring angel as he fell, though nothing so divine. Unable to breathe, falling whilst everfallen, he stared up at the sky with a deep hate in his blood-red eyes, a silent curse to God who cast this malice into him. As if an instant rebirth, he felt a blazing child as he crashed into the icy sea, enveloped in agony by the waves. Now he drifted in a gentle current in the open ocean. The waves carried him steadily away from the glacial shore as he desperately tried to keep his head above.

Minutes went by as if hours, and hours went by as if days. All the while, he struggled for a breath of life. After an eternity in the ocean's cold, bitter bosom, he felt a warm embrace. A gentle song hummed in his ears, his body went limp with exhaust, he felt peaceful in these arms. This song was the most beautiful melody he ever heard, he opened his eyes and saw a ethery figure. He saw a beautiful woman with long, flowing, coral-colored hair. His face was pressed against her naked breast as she cradled him, carrying him safely across the cold ocean surface.

He awoke later, finally feeling the warm sand on his feet and remaining hand. He reached onto the sand bared beach with his last strength until the waves could only kiss his toes, while his wounded right hand pulsed up bloody sand. He forced himself to turn over his body to face the warm sun. Even with the light in his eyes, he still stared disbelievingly. Dead on his outside, dead on the inside, yet he was still alive. As a figure clad in shimmering armor drew closer to the distance, the boy's mind collapsed and his bright crimson sky faded into darkness.







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Past the short fencing bordering Tere, round stone buildings for holding produce were but small patches dotting the rolling valley beneath him. Countless stone buildings contrasted in the variation of fields overabundant with the fruits of Tere's laboring farm folk. Well tended to granaries grew in large patches that stretched all up and down long hillsides filled with the village herd at work. The further the villages here, the less the hill of the great forest, and warmer squalls of evening air caught the sun. Higher and higher they walked closer to the blue of the sun and further up to sunset, with the sun above the big and mountain yet beneath the following clouds. In the distance the vast forested or tree forested out, and the river stretched in above the ridge. Green, open fields with in the far off distance holding the sky with cloud-painting collation of sun beams brightening green lands rounded by the northern mountain range. With wings spread wide, May began his long flight towards the northern kingdom, gliding on glowing wind, time with the carried scent of sweet blossoms.

## The Edge of the World - Eyes of the Watchers

### III.1. Perseverance of Pi

THE HIGH PRIESTESS straightened out the folds of the dark blue robe she donned over a mid-necked, white silk dress. Diana put on what she deemed the most comfortable to walk the vast distance in, and straightened her long curls of scarlet down her back. She placed the woven gold circles around her hairline, holding back her locks and letting a small teardrop shaped pearl hang from a tiny gold chain in the center of her forehead.

Making his way to the light splitting in the window, Doss pressed against the stone wall to have to another task at the villagers going about their business. I am supposed to be in here performing my duty of discerning divinity in *the* *True Good* seeds of the weather. If anyone saw me outside my room, it would count *quaint* a *sin* among the Faith of my kind. Lord good Martin! *honor* would surely lay me to *rest* there if I blatantly broke the oath of secrecy, not even a good explanation would *blame* the *emerald* *chance*. But *not* I have one able to give it. These hardy beans too much movement in the bright green outdoors, an indication that many who had been waiting for Meridony morning prayers had already joined with those who prepared the fields at dawn. Almost everyone in the village would be at work in the fields except the elderly who took care of the very young, or artists busy with their craft. Only a few of the acolytes stayed in the languorous for important Church matters while others helped with village work.

During the chapter she should be fine making sure you stay out of town as long as the manager to pass the village gates with an unseen face. That would be best only before all would return for prayers and nap at high noon. Would I make I pass the farmlands before then? She remembered the humps drawn on the map had wriggles for the several rivers spreading out down the slopes of the Valley of the Moon.

"Three bridges," she reminded herself. "Until the farmlands stretch no farther." She thought of what might be in the lands beyond that. What places she had never stepped at in the few times she passed by them behind the screen of a carriage and protected escort. She

On the table she double checked the cloth sachet if she needed anything else for the road. Then, a change of clothes, food consisting of bread, a few potatoes and a small jar of whole muttons, a leather flask full of cool lake water, and the bag holding the rolled up, tattered map of the region she studied her route well.

[illegible]

could. "I hope I can walk this distance and be back to tend to my flock. Guessing me for resolving to break this oath of silence, but no other options lay at my feet."

“Well then” Dianne dumped the blue hose over her head and pulled back her red curls, making sure they were hidden in her robe. Taking a step to the door, she gave a smile of resolve. “To Tia!”

As the door quietly creaked open, she stepped down into her sunny front yard enclosed by rose hedges. Dianne wouldn’t smell the scent of her lilacs in a while, and filled her lungs with of her garden as she marched toward the open archway leading out.

Closing the door behind him, Eljak entered the post room and noticed Mariden in her domed sun hat, chatting with Gerard at his desk. The falconer began taking the buckles off the big glove covering his arm, and the vicer turned to him with a smile.

"Eljak, I had been waiting to ask you so many questions," Mariden began, "I was just having a little chat with postmaster Gerard, here, and I just wondered about Durne. You know, I am so at peace knowing the seas tranquil weather to come, however, this one question."

As he put his forelegs gear away, Eljak listened to her concerns as well as he listened to the cooing of his birds in their wooden looms. "Good sense," he tried not to interrupt her rudely. "Would you accompany me to my post? I'm sure we could talk on the way."

Marden nodded *delightfully* and asked many questions about Darnie on their way out through the halls of the longhouse. Gernad wore a brief *restrain* of relief on his face as he went back to work, shuffling letters around his desk.

Behind her dark blue hood, Dianne walked down the misty road between the homes and up babbling river. In the distance, the waterfalls flowing down the four square towers of the Water Temple centered the lake. Its still running waters were stained so deep, despite all its connected rivers, it looked like it never moved. A shimmering mirror surface reflected the brightness of the clouds that at last began to part, letting down a few thin nebulous columns. The road would lead right by the waters edge to the village gates, and as she thought, many people were absent from the home inside. She continued down the road, her face hidden and her staff taking steps beside her.

A group of them who knew down the left road, each carrying farm produce. Diana kept her head down, they walked by her without of her. Letting a heavy relief, she kept down the road where it splits in two, one path leading right to the parade grounds, the left would continue along the lakebed and towards the village gate. She went down the left road, questioning her stride by the water's edge, beside the loud creaking of the speaker's waterfalls.

A wave of light washed over the Water Temple, Diana stopped in her tracks. The temple's towering waterfalls seemed to glow blue for a moment, then faded away to clear water. She stood there, and felt mildly dizzy, yet that faded as well. She hadn't carried around as much water before that, she could see her light was usually around eight gallons. She had to go to work accustomed to seeing that water within water outside of her meditation chambers. She continued down the road without time to ponder it.

Down the road was the multiple stained longhouse, and past that the highway bearing "trees" on it appeared out of the mist. *Once I am on my way, I will be unswayed from finishing what I set out to do and return. Eyes watch over me, let this be the correct path I have chosen.*

Up ahead, coming down from the road leading up to the longhouse were two people. Dianne thought nothing of them and kept walking at the same pace as normally as she could. The haze cleared and she could clearly see them. They in his acolyte attire with silver

As he walked by the side crossing to the gate. They had glanced at her and kept away, the dogs, caught up in conversation. I will have to hide my face from my friends, and am I to be so held as to try to pass right by them? Would they truly not recognize me? I only hope so, or my journey is cut short here and now. She shuddered at the thought of what repercussions she would face, and further at the thought of having to go back home and remain unseen! She tightened her grip on her staff and with the other hand held onto the strap of her satchel. She marched forward as inconspicuously as possible, wishfully praying that she could pass them by invisibly. The adventure moving her forward rushed through her, and yet started to make her feel faint.

Coming up on his usual post at the front gate, Eljak answered as many questions of the weather and assurances to the good rain as he could. It seemed to put her at ease, talking to one who is such close friends with the High Priestess as he. Especially at a time when Druane is unable to hear her people whilst distant.

approached in a blue robe approaching to cut the robes. He wondered who it was, but decided he wouldn't hurry them, and turned back to continue his talk with Mariden.

*Eljak brushed the chilled mist from his nose, thinking it was indeed odd, yet not too out of the ordinary. "It's just morning fog. Its course could change just as easily as a draft of wind will." He assured him. That robed figure just appeared before him in the fog, he realized, and up close noticed the large bow. Perhaps a northern merchant has finished his work. Of course, the gears are as free for him to use as anyone else."*

*"True, the Lady Priestess did say heavy rains would return. Perhaps the valley will be as humdrum as ever this spring." A wide grin split the kind wrinkles of her face, "More rain means more berries, which means more raspberry pie!" she said excitedly. "And other kinds as well, have you tried the..."*

"Aye," He turned back to her and continued, "I can not wait for this next harvest either." The hooded person passed behind Mariden as he asked Elyak what his favorite feast time food was so she would prepare some for him. He turned back, "Oh, that isn't necessary, good sinner." Elyak searched again for the rebel person, but he or she already had passed out the bag, vanishing into a blanket of white fog. "Indeed, I do enjoy spheroids pa," he said distastefully.

*"Well, looks like the wind did change after all." Marleen straightened her back, enjoying the sunlight. "Strange times for the weather to be changing so suddenly."*

The sound of water grew louder as she descended down the slope of the first hill to the first river. Diane kept her pace forward as the dirt road led into the stone bricked bridge across. Ahead the dirt road was lined with large fields that stretched out far down, up a down

hills, sometimes dipping down and disappearing into mist.

Down another hill, she caught sight of the second river up ahead, and down the road a little ways was the next stone bridge. She kept hearing spells of dizziness every so often, but she related it to how nervous she was, shaking by a hundred or so people who would all but recognize her. Nearly halfway out of Tris, I have only just begun what I set out to do, and the brisk wind is at my back. My path's fortune must indeed be watched over. She continued the march of her boots through the leamy earth, the bridge just over the next big hill.

Knelt close to the ground, Jada placed a few handfuls of mudstones from one of the countless small shrubs growing in the aisle, and muffled them into her basket, but had already nearly done. She dusted the dirt and dark purple berry juice off her hands on the already dirty white apron of her gray work uniform, and looked up at the woman. She had been keeping a close watch on this young Sudd who had only just begun to work alongside her. She was too black of berries, if it be a smaller one. Kneeling there beside her, she was just at her eye level. "Very good, I believe that's your last one for the morning." She looked with gentle cheer. "We've worked hard today, forty berries back at last."

Sudda knelt with gusto even underneath her straw hat. The exhaustion on her face was replaced with a touch of excitement as she asked, "May I go play at Edja's house?"

<sup>1</sup> 'Aye, my bairn. Of course you may.' *Miss straightened a red curl of her daughter's hair out of her face. "Right after you deliver your bairnback, go straight home. I have many more berries to pick," she mentioned to the rest of the farmland.*

*Taking her first step onto the bridge, Dante swept her hand down the cool stone railing as she crossed. She leant over to see her hooded reflection waving in the bubbling current as it stared back at her. Her knowing blue eyes were gazing into herself, questioning yet again if her actions are necessary. Must I truly abandon the holy oaths that I have yet sworn to God and Las Gracías to uphold? The voice of clarity is to be heeded as any other sacred duties of the High Priesthood. I do not have my life by virtue of not being woken by my chambers meditating at this very moment. She*

[illegible]

She saw my face and recognized me right the spot. All the pain in her heart began during her hidden face. Damsie then stopped dead in his tracks, mouth agape with shock. She feared having to return, to answer the tears for having broken closer. Why did I do it? Why did I break my oath? I am a fool who never held onto her virtue of patience just a little longer to see the best day [his Grace's will and said reply]? The word holding her breath, my heart, my chest, my heart, my chest. Then she saw Sindia's bright eyes staring at her, awaiting answer still. Damsie realized she had been afraid of a child, the lad her face from innocence which was caught evil, truly terrifying. "Aye, home weather indeed." Damsie worked the words out with what air she had to wring from breathless surprise.

"Mum, did you know?" Dianne shifted her travel sack as I packed the fire extinguishers that she would skip down with Edgar, and how she was better at it than he. Eyes were over mine, *what do I do?* Anyone else would know I was supposed to be in my home now. "You said I could go play at Edgar's?" Dianne smiled, "I picked the forty best kids all of modernities today!" she looked exhausted, yet proud, and showed off hands stashed with juice to show she was.

Diane asked, curiously:

"Aye, he always tries to skip stones farther, but I've beat him in anything he could do at least once. But he can still pick berries faster than me, for sure." Smitha gave a nod and to that fact.

Two lives have already begun to intersect in an early childhood friendship. What fate I have seen as matured in the future hasn't sprouted and is still within its first seeds, unshelled and freshly sown into the present. Diane knelt down to meet face to face with

She asked, listening to the list of childhood games on the previous still scene for the right words to say. She wouldn't let her make up a wild story, and she had to continue her clandestine journey soon before it turned very short lived. *At least of something above to be confirmed, here and now, does not mean the entire list I have seen had the same sort as well? It isn't sure that I am supposed to be right now, right at this very moment, listening to Sissala speak fondly of Edgar to confirm everything else in the future?* She began to feel dizzy, yet the kept herself clear and knew what the would say.

"Sissala," she began, serious and calmly. "I have a secret I must tell you."

Dismissed at everything she told story, the child simply replied, "What?"

"I am to rejoice for you." The priestess tried not to stumble over her words as she spoke, "and do something," she continued on while staring into those prying, innocent eyes of the young girl sharing the same faith. "Very important."

"You're leaving Tev?" The girl asked, curiously piqued with confusion.

Dianna nodded her head, smiling, once with a smile, she had to find the strength to leave. Finally, right?

What she had to tell her felt as difficult as skin to speaking while one swallowed rocks. "I know I break cleaver and countless oaths, including to never leave the safe watch of the Church, but . . . I." The young girl gazed back, listening as the same as she ever was. Thane

[illegible]

importance, favor to burden up on asking of you?"

"What kind of favor?"

"Well, some day I'll reach the great beyond. (I'm sure before long. "God and I and God are the only ones in the world to be because of this journey I am to undertake on. I have of course not to tell anyone that you really, so that you are one outside of my house, so that you know

anything of me traveling. Please, promise me you will keep a secret from every one else." The child looked at her for a long time, with those awe-inspiring, innocent eyes. Diarmé wasn't sure what the child's intentions were, but the lass looked like she was thoughtfully planning her response. "Sindha, I trust you with my whole heart, but please just tell me that you do too. Will you promise?" Diarmé felt the hushfulness of being at the mercy of a child's whim.

After taking a long time to stare at the flower petal in her hands, Sindha smiled and turned back to Diarmé. "Alright, I promise you." She smiled even bigger. "Under one condition."

Diene blinked diffidently.

Sandra giggled as she pulled the dairy from her hat, and held it forward, motioning to put it in Diene's hand. "If you go to Lja, and you happen to see my dada. . ." seemingly to correct herself at the seriousness of her request. "My father. Give this to my father for me.

"Would you please?"

During a night of relief, Dianne dragged her travel bag off to one side. "Of course I will." She opened the bag holding the folded map and took the flower, carefully placing it flatly in the folds on the map. "It's my best one." As she said it, she wanted to do better than that for someone who will keep her secret journey just that. "I put my faith in God that while I do not know how or how it will happen, I believe this flower will indeed reach the hands of your father." She closed the buckles on her bag and rebandolled the straps. "And you promise? You can not tell anyone I am traveling. Not Marston, nor your father, nor Edgar. Not a word."

1. *Present:* "Someone missed out at her exclusion, so it grieves me for her father dance in her mind."

The girl giggled again and slipped down the bridge towards the sleeping man returning to the village. She turned back and yelled, "Safe journey!" and Sindhu disappeared into mist as she ran over the hill.

Standing there, Darius gathered her wits around. Putting her walking staff down, she crossed the second bridge of stone. This one far out from the main village the farmland seemed open and endless, blending into green fields and wild growing shrubbery. She usually didn't walk this far out from the village gates, and saw some unfamiliar birds in the air as she traveled over more than fifty miles. Around her in that short, leafy miles were patches tended to by villagers, dutifully digging up potatoes. They were more scattered about the open fields, and kept to their work.

Up and over another particularly large hill, the third bridge seemed to blend in with the overgrowth that she could see from above. She couldn't help but increase her pace, nearly always over every familiar face. She had found thought of Sinda's, the reckless youth would surely know the landscape of the region, between people, their cities and the land in which they lived, as it is a child, could not hardly the child of someone such as Sinda. She, nearly any of the fewest, spread out with the mountains, the

as well. She sighed dutifully as she came up on the third bridge.

small animals, some wings looked like plumes of wings carved by air. Others were small and white, like faces of rabbits. She kept on into the fog, leaning heavily on her staff as she walked feeling a touch faint. *I must be imagining things, or perhaps the ether here is strongly altered by the powerful Texas waters.*









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The man quietly pulled at the reins and made wheedled, the cart creaked as it lurched to a complete halt. The man turned to Dianne and leant over, his middle-aged dark eyes were inquisitive and level to his hair's brim. "Well, gawd, now we see now other finer lass, now will it, ma'am?" He gave her a wide grin of an almost full set of teeth and a light chuckle.

The male raised and elongated his body sharply clamping his teeth and wriggling black lips in a hand away from the over sanitizing age. "Awe, well, be not a problem." The man nodded, and with one hand still on the reins untied a rope nearby, tied into the cart's back hatch, letting it down and open into the belly carter. "Ah know it be crowd for her, yes?" the motorist to a crate that could be a seat, complete with a long back for propping.

Dianne bowed graciously in relief. "Thank you! Tyos watch over you!" She excitedly went around the cart and tossed in her stuff, then climbed onto the back. She sat and let down her leg while the man pulled at the rope and retied the back hatch.

With couple ticks of the man's comical side, the asexual had been flailing in unadvised restraint, trying to stiff the ass of the apple, but then resumed its walking pace, seemingly excited to once again be walking in pursuit of the bobbing, floating bait. Dorian jerked as the cat took motion again, then sat back with a sigh of relief as the green field passed by, watching the maple sheeplike dog just respond beneath gradually growing smaller in the distance behind him.

The man turned over his shoulder for a moment, "Oh, art as be called Shad." He tipped his hat, "What do you V called?" He cleared his throat, seemingly to be reminding himself of long forgotten manners, he hastily added, "I'll do be bold f ask an' only's name?"

*A name. Dornie had thought of many little hints down the mountain, but eventually decided on one that would be plain and not generate unnecessary attention. "Delanda. My name is Delanda." She felt odd saying the new name out loud, but it seemed to work just fine as she had used her real name. Nothing to be worried about, just precautions until I safely arrive in fire. "I am glad to make your acquaintance," she said.*

*"Ah, name, m'ahn, no Sir for m'. Ayah, Shal be jae' fire, I be jae' a simple man o' me wares. And I do be glad a humble man akin t' me can be of service, to the trave' Lady Delenda." Shal eyed her kindly over his shoulder again, "You are of a noble house, ay?"*

He seemed to be looking at the gold of his holding back her red curls of hair, with the point dangling on her forehead, and as well as her blue ribbons took more fitting when women in wares. She hadn't thought she was over dressed for travel, but if her clothes said she of a wealthy estate, then Orlando would see no problem. She guessed it couldn't hinder her path north, she was a woman of some importance anyway, and as, "Yes, I decided to go to the cathedral in York, for a few pilgrimages, if you will."

The man let out a slight scuffle, "A walk for God that was too long after all, eh?" She'd checked, "No matter, my dear, your path is safer now. That is for a fact, for crows, with the roads growin' unkind up north, what with the attack on the kingdome and all."

Diarrhoe stopped mid potato bite, "An attack? On Iju, you mean?"

"Well," Dianne wasn't sure where Dolandra would come from, as there wasn't much nobility in Teva, but wasn't sure how well that was known, nor if she should tell him where she truly was from lest she be recognized, but she did not know of many other cities outside

"Aye, well, no matter, old nobility and commoner kin alike must watch their backs, there be a worse threat than any rebellion on the road. Then *Peril!*" Shad snarled the word as he spit over his shoulder, thankfully the one away from Darian. "The cowardly empires of the east struck the kingdoms in the night, took battle ships aplenty in long like clumsy oaks. The mighty castle Jax defended itself, even though they say one of their walls was rained."

What? *Yes, attached, her voice thrummed?* Her face was widened with worry and doubt, a possibility she didn't want to think of crossed her heart. A *daemon* appearing from the ocean in any shape that could have some sort of connection to this attack by the sea? Her visions always were cryptic and took time to discern their true meaning, but this time, the message was clearly warning, but what it meant exactly was the mystery. "Did anything bad happen? Are people of *ija* all right?" *Daeva* awaited silently for the man to confirm his words of knowledge of the go on outside of Teva. She stared up ahead at the mountaintops up close, clouds enclosing some shrouding the day, starting an ocean breeze.

"Oh, from what I hear, the people are alive, if shaken, but the castle and military are not as completely destroyed. One of the Lord Three Generals was killed, the one of their 'Shadow' boys, or whatever." He seemed to pause briefly, staring beyond the clouded wall of the

Many more mountains as if recalling the story happened to the castle from hand hand skerm d'et tak' w'et, is as feared for worse. Raftien Peaf has snid'ly waped war by Jia, but what man c'n fight other than the only threat to peace in d'worldwide basins. Great prepa's c' force a man's hand to war. Many people m'ange d'transp's. Y'know I used to work as a longhanded, landed cratic and such fooladeins. b' now I just transport cabs. Cabsly job. By the by, he headed d' Jia's w'ard surely say d' night at it's own d'haught an' d' castle. That's w'ile I'll be. We c'n continue to d' kingdom in th' mornin', b' I go t' Forcetogian and i' further. Ma w'ife be there, as well as me daughter an' .."

anyone, they say. I am headed in the right direction. If God will for me you go to the top up, then I must deliver this sermon now in Bishop Malabar's room at 1200 Washington Street. I decided, shifting my back against the back of oranges, or possibly apple, the least bad, against the wall. I called for some time of his life transporting merchandise, and time spent living in jail, occasionally during the signs of new growth and his family.

*When they thought it was time, Diane started to nod off, head back, watching the wide green lands and open blue sky roll by the steady pace of the train. She would make fifty more such races easier than she would have dreamed, and once she spoke to the Church in her morning, she hoped that a reward could be arranged for this man who helped her. She wondered when they would reach that iron black spike of yearning for a comfortable bed than a humpy cart, but at least it wasn't under a tree. The High Priestess' thought of rest unwittingly even as sleep embraced her.*

Tilting his brown wings down to its drastic dive, Maji gained speed diving through the dark clouds, beads of water slicked off his brown and white feathers, chasing one after another. He had to stay quick and ahead of a violent quarry, mindful of the thing his keeper wished him to send, the letter capsule guided from the small pigeon-bird's talon. He had time to rest from the calm winds of Teva, and was only now run into the first sign of trouble.

Gliding down from the mountain holding his home town earlier had been easy, the morning sun warmed him and the wind carried him with the fresh scents of Tevan farmland and his distant bird. The wide open fields were uneventful, he had flown low to maintain

He made it all the way to the mountain, and had lost his wings for a very long time before attempting to fly over the sheer rockface. He waited for favorable winds, and when he caught them and ascended, he found the higher winds too turbulent and would tire him out as he tried to weave between the mountain summits, and not many men in high altitude gave little pains to rest one's wings.

Following the scene of the forest, Mead was alone, in low between the rocky range, beyond the mountains all together. He had swooped down to the wood take shelter on a branch, and was only able to rest his wings for all of a few fleeting moments, before he had to fly quickly, in chase by the forest's victims, territorial birds. A wild murmur of crowd was in persistent chase by Mead, thirty or more medium black birds with more bulk on them than the pigeon-bark, with long black wings that reflected sunlight day like steel. They constantly bombarded Mead, quickly flying higher than the bird, then swooping down at it, hooked claws meeping and sharp attacks open to bite making with aggressive "vow-caw" sounds.

A black crow appeared on the side, unseen behind the dark cloud until it emerged with startling tales, straight up at May. The smaller bird turned and evaded, but another crow was awaiting there, nearly invisible in the dark cloud. The crow dove in her direction, and with a sudden rip of a chop in air, a burst of white and brown feathers plumed from his chest as it hit. With a bank left of others, the crow flew back to the left, rejecting its brood with more violent calls following as if the smaller needed the first scent of May's blood to drop away. The larger bird's sharp cry caught her across on a dead silence, so a nerve that could shatter her bones, but had no demonic power, no power to save her life.

Spoke was limited within the darkness of the thick silver cloud, and the secret of moonbeams had all but faded. He knew not if he was falling straight for a mountain crag, but Maji could hear them, the score of thirty or so crows in the clouds above him, cawing ferociously in his wake. He flapped his compact wings slightly in an attempt to fall faster. Brightness, a veil of white coming out of the shadows. Piercing through it, he found himself under the clouds, the crows above would find him soon enough out in the open sky. Down he continued, wings carefully extended and aiming to the side of the forest wide open before:

He heard the creaking of the murder bait, he had lost them but only momentarily. Maji hoped the high winds would throw off his scent, and headed towards a favorable patch of trees, low in the valley by the mountainside.

Landing on a strong oak, he hopped down the branches, glided to other trees, one by one, hoping to make his way to a safe place. Making his way tree by tree through the forest, he continued to a low canopy, protected under the trees' shade, and being extra wary not to discover anyone crows' nests.

Perched on a treetop, he took a back scan around, and saw a hidden abode above the canopy. Heavens! Up there, the distant chevron of chevron frightened him, and in a moment he quickly made his decision. Maji flattered his wings and swooped over the stone wall, a cave that only a few small steps was there. He carefully heaved over the entrance, and landed on the stone, talons and tail landing softly.

been, scoring the limit for his score. Maj hoped his trick played off, hiding his intent among tweeters where other birds had been and waiting cautiously. He could hear them coming faintly in the distance, and he would wait until that subsided before he dared leave the shelter of the cane. He didn't even know why they were so aggressive, he was trying to leave their territory alone.

Ruffling his feathers, Maj was relieved that he suffered no more than a few shed feathers, he was unharmed otherwise. Curiously, he noticed the tiny hole he was enclosed in. An unfamiliar smell, yet unmistakably avian. It seemed like some other birds had and this time next time he'd not anymore recall.

*He would be welcome there a time*

*Patience*, he curled up his talons and sat with wings folded, the tied violet letter capsule next by his side.

# T. B. Pond

How is Xavier witty, charming, and fun thinking? How does he come off the opposite of Tavian?

War is a big deal in Carthage. Not supposed to exist in the golden's empire world where only the desert are the enemy. Make that a bigger theme.

Make Samia and Xavier react more and share glances subtly as friends to the shocking that that Magus is supporting war. Lots of tension spread out.

What would Iya be doing today if Perol had not attacked there a week ago?

Up playing religion.

WTF WAR?

What would XAVIER be doing if Perol had's attack? How does he feel about war? Where was he when the attack happened?

Xavier was in a battle, he had to defend the castle from people storming it. He had to kill people to save others. How does he deal with that as a Paladin?

Everyone knows someone who died.

Perol abandoned Tavian to learn of his secret magic knowledge. Perol is the magic world police, they do not allow their own people to learn magic freely like Iya and Las Grande do. They are using the game of taking it up on themselves to stop Iya from using their magic freely because they are shaky magic. This is unknown, as the world was based on magical knowledge.

# The Edge of the World - Eyes of the Watchers

Diane at table continued to have to use the bishop in Lijn, writes letter for Eljah that quickly gathers things, leaves!

DAY 1 - Monday, Mid morning

Diane sneaks out, scene with Simlas on a bridge, once she is out and over the hills, ending with Maji flying over her

Xavier's chapter, sets out to find lost

Diane on the road and stops to have lunch, a merchant passes by and she gets a ride

115 pages - Night 1!!!

NIGHT 1 - Nightfall

Tavian's chapter, heads to Irena

Diane arrives at an inn at night with merchant, two tavern scenes (people talk of war between Ijin and peval here) and the shops, thinking of arriving in Ijin the next day

Xavier arrives at the forest first

PERC, during when they would be

Miranda origin story in Percal

DAY 2 - Morning

Diane and merchant get attacked dead in the forest by bandits, Xavier and paladins at forest first save them. Xavier escorts Diane to Ijin, then goes to see Senna

DAY 2 - Later

Tavian arrives in Irena and meets up with Miranda, heads to Ijin

DAY 2 - near evening

Diane sees the bishop who dismisses her without hearing a word. She goes to get permission to see Queen Senna, is denied, and has a chance encounter with her anyway

NIGHT 2 - Shows her life that night and goes west

Small scene with Tavian meeting the ship at night, thoughts of returning to Ijin

DAY 3 - Dawn

Diane has meeting scene with Xavier and Queen Senna, they are still not convinced to send anyone to the north lands with her, but war is declared against Percal

Miranda awakens to find Tavian piloting the ship into Ijin's harbor, they enter the city. Tavian leaves her behind when he hears war was declared, he goes straight into the castle. Miranda sneaks in right behind him

With the four main characters together in the same room, it is decided they shall go together. Tavian warns Miranda to stay behind, but reluctantly lets her come along

Party departs to Dorje

DAY 3 - Evening

On the ship the characters talk and estimate slightly, Diane thinks heavily on how this is the third day of her journey, she has to come outside and address her people the next morning. With the note saying tell them she is rescheduling longer, she figures she has another 3 days until she has to actually be back and meet the water temple on Monday. She resolves to find whatever it is she was meant to find and come back as quick as she can to make it back home as time

DAY 4 - Morning

Eljah discusses Diane's plans and her own, makes public announcement she is still meditating and shall be out soon. Some panic, but kept under wraps. Secretly, Gerard sends a letter straight to Luc Grande. He writes a whole morning letter to get Diane into trouble for not sticking her damn, and makes Eljah and 6, and has them answer the summons of the king

Party arrives in the Northlands, head to Dorje

NIGHT 3 - Evening and night

scene with Madame Chalk and Tavian

DAY 5 - Morning - All day

Tried to the tower, fight with F&M&C

NIGHT 5

Diane's battle with Leviathan

Aura's chapter

Party takes care of Diane late at night at Graph's house

DAY 6, Book 2, Windday

Luc Grande representative arrive in Dorje, and demanding for Diane to come out with what she has learned from her visions, Eljah stalls them

Diane and party wait their day in Dorje, she goes have a scene in town, their mission complete, discuss preparations to leave. Chalk takes someone to the Wind Temple and Diane has a vision there, one with words, and must get back to Dorje village by tomorrow morning. They take a woodland with Graphon and finally make it back to their ship. They get attacked by M&T&C on the way. They encounter several Mercile's men, and end their way to Ijin. Diane is nervous of ending her water power, but figuring out how to use Wind rather for the first time, she makes the ship sail faster to get back to Ijin quickly

NIGHT 6

They arrive in Ijin the evening, a carriage and escort of just Xavier are arranged for Diane immediately so she can return to her village for the next vision the Water Temple would give her the next day. They travel the carriage all through the night, get attacked by a hundred orcs, and still make it before dawn the next day

Tavian re-enters his role as general, brief scene with Magnus

DAY 7 - Dawn of a new Monday

Diane makes it back to Dorje just before dawn with her escort, and sneaks back into her home just even her guards awake outside her door. She changes into her ceremonial clothes and comes out of her house, to the church's courtyard. As she approaches the water temple, she discovers the church had already replaced her with another Priestess! Once she is out in public, the other women make her good aware of what she had seen a mindless spectacle, and Diane is taken back to Luc Grande for questioning for leaving

And then pretty much it!









# The Edge of the World - Eyes of the Watchers

Fracton looked at the gauntled hand still with uncertainty, and at Tavian, and at his own wounds and what had become of his chamber. It was his duty to question those taken to him, and failure was only realized when his victims would die before he could learn anything of use. He had failed, leaving the most valuable source of information rock him, being ordered away before he was, and allowing him to think he was dead just to escape his bindings, even separating his captor so he could heal his own wounds. Even after this, the man had returned with the report of his magical, and therefore more of a threat to him, he was ordered to be strong if about his knowledge. And changing it to get any idea out of the prisoner, to only and strongly attempt to see what possibilities could this be a sign of mismanagement? This man thought back to him could be a useful shadow to complete his job and foreign represent? What possible reason would this man have to share his secrets, after he is already dead? But, if this is indeed his second chance, could he not afford to lose the opportunity to see what ultimate success this man knew. Only after he had merely took the man by his metallic hand, he would over and hear the knowledge? Gaping back, Fracton measured the strength to keep talking to the man who had overpowered him. "You tell me, where is it exactly you are going to do?"

"Inquire, if you but take hold, I shall allow you to see your eyes and ears to but witness the workings of my magicals, and learn the secret's speak of revealed for yourself first hand." Tavian moved not his outstretched hand, and waited for the man's reply patiently.

Staring at the metallic hand before him, Fracton raised his quivering handgloved hand, and reluctantly reached it out.

his entire hand, then his entire body

His gauntled fingers wrapped around the man's shaking wrist, and Tavian held it fast in an icy metallic grip. His grey tightened, the blood-pained grip stretched his face nearly to a split. The red light emitting from his eyes swelled brightly, and the glow expanded around

Before Fracton's eyes, the red light had taken over his entire *Perceive*, and even combined with the fiery glaring orange light. What normal would be blindingly bright did not harm his eyes at all, yet with all the light in the room it was difficult to see much of anything. He could feel more than see the gauntled hand by the wrist, he could barely even make out the hand's strong and the light. While he wanted his captor to be made out some sort of image in the brightness, he was not looking to see that a patient hand. His face was, The second itself was not what chilled him, but the familiarity of the voice. The sound was too unusual to imagine, but somehow he did, like a distant, unforgotten memory. The brief released, and Fracton reached around the light for where it came from. "What is this?" What red magicals are you? Another hand remained, shaking the walls with a wall that caused the inquirer, giving against his own, trying to shake him from the dead world to some "New idea?" He showed, his own voice barely audible over the sounds of screaming filling his head. The voice stopped, then started again, so if that didn't matter, he'd be watching among the red light, and could see nothing but. He pulled his hand away from Tavian's metallic grip, he might as well as have trying to remove his wrist from an invisible block of solid ice. "I have seen and heard enough! End this at once and I will," he muttered over his shaking words as he listened to the sounds of magicals and over himself. "I will be very good!" He pulled at his hand again to no effect.

"Inquire, if you but take hold, I shall allow you to see your eyes and ears to but witness the workings of my magicals, and learn the secret's speak of revealed for yourself first hand." Tavian moved not his outstretched hand, and waited for the man's reply patiently.

He pulled and turned his wrist drenched this, dark, body eyes searched for the prisoner holding him from within an aura of effulgent light. "Release me at once!" He shouted at the red void.

Around all the red, now even glowed when with light, "I am afraid I can not." Tavian's voice darkened and deepened, then he became visible as a dark shadow with eyes of fire within the abyss of light. "There are many present who wish..." Around him, central planes of shadowy mist formed, the red light turned black as it burnt, "Stay, compel me to show you, so that you may hear women."

standing at its threshold

The wings of dark leather upon a vortex, thin lines of light extended within its edges, and helped back in as depth began to form. A tunnel of light stretched down an impossible distance, past the boundaries of the chamber walls, encompassing the shadow of the knight

Fracton's already sickly pale face took on an even sicker shade, and the air he had gasped to avoid with those in his throat. Out of the opening tunnel of light, there stood an army of the dead he had slain.

After

screens and shadows

from inside the

theatrical form and south of there

Tavian throws the handgrip off his hand, for his handwound is healed. He tears it off and throws it to the ground, and ends the nightmare. Symbolizes?

"I wonder if the guards you are searching for could differentiate from any other sound coming from this chamber?"

"He silent." Tavian said, then he outstretched his gauntled hand.

Fracton was confused by this act, but he grabbed Tavian's hand and moved up, leaping, then he quickly clattered Tavian's hand onto the table and took one of the knives and stabbed it through the gauntlet and into the wooden table, then he stabbed backwards into his

chair

Tavian seemed surprised by this new sound and pulled the dagger out with ease. "How try," he held up his gauntlet and looked at Fracton through the new hole in it "... but I am more than just flesh." Fracton looked up in terror and yelled "What the hell are you?"

With his steel hand, Tavian grabbed Fracton by the throat and clattered his head into the fiery hearth. Fracton struggled to get out of Tavian's steel grip, but he could only scream into the flames as his flesh burned off and eyes melted.

The sounds stopped and Fracton could no longer hear his body left limp and hollow. Tavian pulled the hand out and dropped the blood-soaked steel still attached to the fleshy body to the ground. The hand rose over the melted one and he said in a dark voice "... I am a Shadow

Knight."

Tavian walked over to the water cask and filled the bucket then poured it over his body to wash off the blood. He grabbed his jacket and trousers and clothed himself, and then he took one of the dials and the ring of keys on Fracton's body. He walked to the large door and opened it with a loud creak, then clattered it shut and ended the nightmare.

the gauntlet, magical, shadow knight magical, can only had, Fracton asking tavian about diatomic magical with the hopes that he is one, for Fracton is slightly using diatomic magical too, and seeking more of the power.

When Fracton into the metal box to hand himself, he remains thoughts about how he had only ever used the handgrip box to keep people alive he needed info from, never on his own wounds. He usually can keep people alive being careful, and using handgrip if need be, but he was pressured by Orreby to keep going until the man before Tavian dead. He thought of using the box to save him, but did not at Orreby's command.







# The Edge of the World - Eyes of the Watchers

Thane keeps him for conversation and to thank him, he says and acts nervous. Thane has flashbacks of having good times in Terra at the parade grounds.

Big dark bad guy looking like a hellhound, calls it to terror even to him and Thane. That scares deeply, and had guy who drove with Thane, and explains he is their employer.

Gray offers to pay for Thane's meal and room, and places a silver coin on the table. The carver is with a spell that will probe Thane, it will see if she is a user of magic, and if so Terra a tiny spark of it not to use. She kindly refuses, but doesn't know if she can afford a room yet, so she decides to take him up on his kindness, since she is in such a good mood and shed is so nice.

When she touches the coin, it makes her return to the thought she just had of Terra village, and a succession of the vision she had at the Water Temple. She has a strong desire to grab the wine, and the food comes, and then she steps back into reality touching the coin.

Thane can see her blue ashlar robe glowing out of her, and her goblet of water begins to spin on its own. She grabs it to hold it with her hands from the Gray seeing her water act out of control. Her holding it causes it to spin into an orb floating out of the glass. She still hides this with her hands, and tries to play it off by drinking the floating orb from her glass. She wonders what is happening, and tries to get the orb to slow down and regain control of her powers. Kind of in denial she is out of control.

She nearly chokes on her water, she drinks when she looks into the kitchen. Hearing some sort of conversation. The chef continues to juggling as the girl to get back to work preparing wine, and soon the chef turned around at the table starting at the glasses, then nodding in acceptance and continuing to work. When the chef turns around to continue on her cooking, she is again in astonishment. From Thane's view, the spoon is spinning around all on its own. She then looks around the bar, everyone is staring at their glass oddly. The songstress the latest particular note of quivering an eyebrow to a clear goblet with spinning wine.

Thane powerfully asserts himself that her magic is under control, and can see the mind of author disappear. The Gray is looking at her with concern and asks if she is alright. She says she is, and that she must leave immediately. Grabs her stuff and says thank you and good night.

She finds the servant girl who gives her her soap from before and gives her the silver coin and asks if it is enough for her food and a room. The servant girl delightfully says to move that enough, and shows her to her room, and basically starts treating Lady Delinda like royalty.

Thane relaxes in her room, and removes her vigilance. At the beginning of the chapter, she also discusses herself to be more grateful about keeping her autonomy under control, as she might have caused an even connection in the tavern. She is reminded about how in her clinic when she first wakes up, she had to meditate. When she woke up from her nap, her grand master here have down. She meditates for a minute by lantern light, and prays, then goes to sleep.

The hushhush scene, a beautiful girl aged seven years. She had short jet shaggy thick hair and tanned skin. She wore a tattered tunic and slacks, clothes she's been wearing forever. The most noticeable attribute was her eyes, they were a vibrant red color, slightly brown.

They had a look of fear and determination, innocence and sin, and mystery and possibilities.

Provl: Rame  
Provl: Rame

Look at all these rich and starving people

Imprisoned by their own government

Look at how the police, paid fifty rich by the government, are supposed to be opposed to those weaker than they

Do not the common people have it bad enough that they have to fear their flagrant freedom taken away at the slightest infraction? By those who protect the rich and punish the poor?

The pictures of the prisons of the poor, and the government helps them not, but rather pays for police to enforce the law that must be upheld. Where the power to punish those who already have it bad enough?

























## T. B. Pond

The woman grabbed hold of Xavier's arm and in one motion he pulled the three of them up out of the basement boards and wrapped them in his green cloak. He covered his mouth with his other hand, and turned to the columns of sunlight the doorway lay in to be found. They were back out of the hellfire that surrounded them. The house shook as a portion of the roof caved in, the Paladin braced himself and kept the family covered. The flames grew higher and the heat more intense, the smoke thickened and red light consumed the rest of the house, it was as if they were made of an overfired being cooked alive. The children began to cry and cough, and the mother held on to them tight. "This way," Xavier lead them to the front door protected under his cloak, but as they approached the exit, he came to a grim realization that too much debris had fallen in the way. He gripped his teeth. Xavier's head looked around another way out, but all the windows were broken. The smoke and heat was brutal, and more of the roof collapsed behind them.

The children screamed and the mother began to shake and weep, "It's going to be alright!" she coughed on the overwhelming heat and deadly smoke. "Lord Xavier will save us!"

The flames circled them, and as they drew closer, the Paladin General began to glow a bright light, and a shimmering wall of light shielded them. The mother and children began to breathe with ease, and he kept them safely nearby him. *What else can I do?* He looked another way out, but indeed all the windows were boarded up, and they were sealed in with the heat of the bright red blaze. He had strength yet to keep up his protective aura of light, but he could only keep them safe only until the house collapsed down on their heads..

**GASPING AND WHEEZING:** Dashed could only watch as the General of the Palatins ran towards the house being engulfed in roaring flames. "Lord Xavior, it's too dangerous!" She called out to him, but he felt it well ahead of any danger. She marveled at that man's bravery, at the moments notice, he selflessly went to go help, dashed himself with sweat and started breaking apart at the headless front door of the burning building. Dams grabbed at her, she deeply aspired for Xavior's life, as well as for those he felt it to go to save. "Oh my God! Eyes watch out!" She called out as she watched him enter the house. She looked at the farmfolk all around her, some were petrified and standing still, many openly screaming in terror. Small childrens were running loose all around her feet, and large farm animals as well, covering crowd mood and males with still attached farm equipment adding their sounds to the cacophony of fear. She was lost.

A squall of wind caught the embers of house houses set a flame, and seven thousand on the smoke flared on another. In the night the wind

The older man shook from his perturbed shock momentarily and stered, "At this point, young lady, pray for rain!" The both of them gaped in shock as part of the house caved in and the flames rose higher. "Oh, my! Lord Xavior!" The man shouted, and then ran away in fear with several others.

Watching the man fish while Xavier was laying down his life while the others, she clenched her fist and her grip around her staff. "It can't be," Diane started, approaching the flailing horses. "stand around here, and just hope and pray." She said to the well, and the farmers had abandoned the well, but many remained close to the flames, trying to watch back after back even if their attempts to stop the flames were in vain. She gazed down into the darkness of the well, and she reached out with her mind to feel how deep they would have to go to the bottom dead and watch their arm off with all the effort for a single pull. Diane realized to help, and she didn't care anymore if people knew who she was. The High Priestess of Water held a hand and her staff over the well, she took a deep breath. She could see a bright blue light of another hearth and her, the spring of the region's well water which can deep within the earth, which spreads from water throughout the region.

[illegible]

"Hey, lady! Either grab a bucket, or move out of the way!" Some man's voice railed from behind her, to which she could pay no heed.

The ground trembled beneath Diane's feet as she stood before the well in her trance, her arms were lifted and her staff raised high. Then the earth quaked with a violent shake, and a single ray of aqua marine light flew out of the well before her, and flew into her forehead. She gasped for air, and aquamarine blue light shone brightly from her wide open eyes. A gigantic geyser of water burst forth from the well, hurtling high into the sky in a never ending wason.

Witnessing the largest split she had ever, Diane wondered if her abilities were always so good, yet never used into, "How did I do that?" Diane asked herself as she rose the rushing water part the smoke and rack the sides above, but she had not a moment to question her own strength. She saw the vast amounts of water had summited a fender two footlessly from the ground to be up, it would collapse like any if left on top of it, and all the water from above began to pummel the ground and houses. "Oh God and all the Saints!" She gasped to herself as she stood behind her. *May I will not pass this!* She raised her arms once more to the gushing water. "This is too much! Cause your flow at once! And disperse into rain!" she shouted. She watched as the air was taken from her lungs, and once again she felt herself rejoined with the water.

Once again she was ensnared in embryonic trials, and she awakened into the exploding arena. The riotous left half felt lifted above and the water and left half belted become ever warmer towards the brightness of the sun. She felt overwaterwaterwater, to the point of *Water*

she could find those sensations in water, as he said out of her body. From a single rain the smoke and flames, she felt herself become one with the clouds above, and they grew dark and heavy as the sky itself drank the well water. A flash of blue lightning streaked across the sky, followed by rumbling of thunder and the sound of rain.

The dark clouds burst forth a mighty storm, and Diane felt herself become a high rain drop falling among countless others, coming down towards the smoke and fire below.

As soon as the first drops of rain hit her, The High Priestess of water drew a deep breath of air, and she knew she felt herself re-enter her body. She stood before wet, which no longer soaked the flowing water, but she looked up and all around her, and she felt the rain.

The sky felt slightly wet, and she leaned up against her first one of many among the storm. People around her towards the heavens, making maps of the air and others of choice for the 'imagine' of God taking place right above them. But, it wasn't a'starry'. It wasn't a'starry'.

A bright white light shined through a hole that had been in the wall of the cathedral, smoldering remains spew a wall of white and steel roof that still stood. The fireball all at once in the source of the glow emanating from the ruins of the home. Shouts of "Is Lord Xavior?" and "Hurry, hurry!" came from the crowd as they began grasping at fallen items left and tossing them aside. These, unburned from the treacherous battle and debris were Xavior's, a sphere of white light surrounding him as he took to the ground with the family of five, quivering but safe beneath his cloak. The glow of light emanated and Xavior stood in the light, the children and young women all chasing to him as they emerged out from the destroyed home. Men and women Xavior walked and went to the rain at the sight, and helped the Lord out of the wreckage.

The young man fell to the

[illegible]

God brought me here by His will. Whom none, but He said with us in the same even, but He said to us and to I performed their service. Perhaps, in the trying to show that I am truly an instrument of His benevolence? Just as she has chosen me these forbidding visions. I must travel with Bishop Mathew. She linked her hand to his as the remains herself of the self-sought mission. "Oh, His Grace!" She stood upright, and warily took a step. I relieved that Lord Xavier and that Jew of his family is already and happy to have helped, but I carry these important visions. I must travel to live now, as I have never before. I have taken towards Xavier, a few steps at a time.

She gave pause to her thoughts as she watched the farrifels surrounding the Palatin general. They were talking with him seemingly in excitement as well as relief, and some made big flourishing movements of the arms and then gestured right towards Dame. Xavier

As the High Priestess walked through the rains, she felt the calmness of water, like how it brought peace to chaos. It soothed her and she was overcome with emotion. Part of her wanted to laugh joyfully as she bathed in each miraculous rain, another wanted to openly weep from having been through such pain in a single day. Thence came a hushy hush and against her skin, something what could possibly say to Xavier as he nuzzled her hair. *"Will I... finally think there's any joy in hiding the obvious now?"* She stood uproot, feeling weakness swiftly leave her as the rain continued to fall. *"I must tell you this, my dear, if you wish to know the truth, I think she would hold the lie against me."* She observed the many humble beings that still stood among their tanks to their efforts. Surely, *I must understand why I need to keep my name and title a secret from everyone.*

The Pádan Garmair's emerald green eyes looked indeed like gems hard as stone, and the expression he wore on his soft-curved face was grim as iron. Xavi's dominant nostril startedle her, but she did not seem upset by her in the slightest. "You were almost killed by a man and a dog," she said. "Men must have learned to cruelty and anger. You brought up an ox." Xavi's voice interlarded and protect a small forest village in the middle of the distance. "The entire palace began to watch my the most enraging, and though he wore seriousness, he seemed genuinely wild as he pondered the mysteries of Garmair's magic. It was then that I did of defiance, he turned to me with large tears carved bearing scars of water and the seal of Jinn. "Ah, the town has watch man arrived. Late is better than never, I suppose. Well, I missed the main event but they can afford to wait the minor injuries sustained." He began towards Thunderside who stood too far off distance, and whence to take a view of kindred coming from Xavi's interest.

Diante started to feel his deified. She only thought knew it was the help who summoned someone the rain, and that he would ask her questions of who she truly was. To her surprise, he acted as though they merely stopped off the road to rest, and now they were ready to journey on. He beckoned to her, and she acquiesced and went towards him and Thundersaid: *I guess I do not need to explain myself at all, atleast not for now. He does still intend to take me to Jiza, that is very good. As she made her way towards them, the rain thinned its relentless pelting drops as it poured over her. She gave a slight relief that her spell was wearing out and whether she would last not eventually.*

Xavier gave his loyal steed a pat on the neck, then helped Diane onto her saddle, and he mounted his steed as well. Grabbing at the reins, *Thundercloud* gave a shake of his wet mane to loosen some rain droplets in vain. With a firm signal kick from the general, the bear began a trot out and away from the farmhouses. As the wind widened, he began a steady gallop through the wet earth, churning and kicking up mud with each step. Diane held on fast to Xavier as they made their way back to the flag pole lined road, and hurried towards *Meifu Ijin* in the distance, leaving the darkened sky and stormy clouds behind them.

TV-7 The Edge of the World

BATHED IN THE BRILLIANT LIGHT of the setting sun, Dianne held fast against Xavier as they traveled far above the highlands on the overlooking lush, green fields that lay just below Iyia. Thundercloud had taken them out from under the rain clouds, and galloped towards through the open road now that he was freed from the vicious mud. Looking behind her, the High Priests saw the rain she had uncovered had nearly all but ceased, and the dark clouds that remained would disperse in time.

Although the cold did not bother him, Dianne was still soaked to the bone, and she would be sure that she had found someplace to dry her clothes. As the held fast onto the Lord General, she was sure that he too was resting in his armor, yet would never complain a word.

She held fast onto Xavier as he brought his white stallion to the height of the largest peninsula, and trod his steed near the edge of earth overlooking the lands below them, dotted with large noble's homes and small hamlets and farmlands. Two piercing mountains partially surrounded Xavi's castle and town, one of lighter stone to the north and one of rough brown dark the south, heriting a less towering mountain range than the land's western coast. The bright earth came up above the earthy points, and would seem to be expelled by the land. For the last hours of his heavenly indecisiveness, the golden light of the setting sun painted the opened ocean an abundance of color. Sky and sea were again in high brilliant hues, clouds of golden effulgence were touched by streaks of white, and stretched above the ocean, reflecting some colors in glimmering waves on the water.

Dante had not seen the sea or all in so many years, with a deep breath, took in the beautiful scenery of the land, sea and sky before him from so high above the land. Awe struck by the wondrous lightscape, she thought there would be no better place to take a brief repose. "May we rest here a moment?" he asked, eager to take in the floating scenery as long as he could allow himself.

the nightingale came rain-washed hair and ribs. She could see city lights just in the distance, nestled between two tree-fringed mountains and three tall towers, and surrounded by its walls connecting the mountains, and nestled in its center was its gigantic blue lake. Late day shadows wrought from the winged mammals cast darkness over Juba and, just, just a radiant white glow surrounded the lake, and its brightness seemed to glow at the daylight wound.

One then goes into station a great pool of white and black squares which include the royal roads just outside its boundaries, leading into a plain well worn earthy trail that winded through open park fields of the farmlands and commercialized. Lined by fenghuang mountains, the blue-winged bird of juba, the road disappeared from Duan's vision some half-hour, just over the edge of the cliff, and the road faded into his memory. Just looking down or he below this cliff makes me feel like I'm already falling, being pulled to the earth below. So high above the highlands, and

[illegible]

She made her way over to *Thundershead* and pulled off her dried blue robes and bunched them up into her saddle for a moment. As soon as the unattended her staff of worn driftwood, Dianne walked back to where her vertex of wind danced on the cliffside. Xavior soon to display a sense of curiosity as to why she was doing that. He knew she was casting her spell and would rather show him than explain. She could see the arched of her spell as whirling whips of light, she couldn't see the *flares of Aar*, but she knew where they were and that they were working with her spell. Raising her staff, she drew the magicked air towards herself, Xavior and *Thundershead*.

There, much better. Dianne gave a flourish of her deftwood staff, and the spell dispensed and was done. She was unaware of her proud smirk while she straightened her red hair and white skirts, gazing at Liza caskets growing brighter as the day warmed. At least I will warm.

A terrible roar from the ocean tore through the air and pierced her ears, she turned to see a colossal dark shadow rising from the waters. Taller than any mountain and bigger than any landmass, its black horns skewered the heavens as its wings tore apart the clouds. A sea of eyes wreathed from andescent black fire stared at her from the colossal shadow looming over the world, it glared down right at her with a fixated gaze that exuded pain, unrelenting hatred.

"What is happening?" She shouted, blinking her unbelieving eyes.

The monster believing a breath of fire, and its moments the dark red flames colored into a gigantic glowing orb, growing by the moment as it hurtled down towards her from the tent above. "Nay?" She screamed with all her might as the fire snared her and the la before him "Noooooooo!" Her voice was deafening as fire came and its city were demolished in molten flame before her eyes, then all around her was light in bright incandescent fire, followed by pitch darkness.

There was a tightness around her chest as though she had been in deep breath, but something held Delaney and called out to her. "Delaney!" the voice said, but she didn't recognize the name and there was darkness still. "Delaney! Lady Delaney! You must wake!" The voice strained to say. Her eyes opened to her looking down and seeing nothing but the length of the cliff, dangling over the side of the cliff. She gasped what she ate could and saw an arm around her wrapped around her, Xavior holding her very tightly. She turned her head and saw to was leaning off the cliff with her still teaching chair, his other arm wrapped around *Thunderbird's* reins, and the giant horse dived and splashed back a pulled back with there as ten.

Gasping what she ate could, Delaney started struggling and came to the grim realization of her dangling in peril. As Xavior held her tight, the empty horse pulled back another tag and brought the two safely back on to the cliffside. Xavior still held her fast as they caught

<sup>7</sup> *could I have you so much?* Or perhaps we could say that he was asking if he could have her as his wife. In either case, it is a beautiful expression of love and devotion.

Grimmers of the light headed over her face and chest, and the glow emanated her body. Diana found her breath returned to her in an instant, and felt rebuffed as though she were freely drawn from a tap. She put her hand over her head and knuckles, but nonetheless shared his healing magic itself. "Thank you, I am for you. This situation was turned into a life lesson, and with whatever I have left to live. The High Priests of Rome committed her to the importance of her mission. This puts me back still walking at the very beginning of how she must feel to be certain damned and the one to put just happened out of her mind." "I'd think it would be best if we continued on our way to Italy. I wish to complete my pilgrimages and become closer with God, but I do not intend on leaving her anytime soon." She said as she rose to her feet last again against the staff with strength of a second wind from Xavari's healing and her restored resolve.

“Very well, Lady Delaham.” Giving her a very smile, Xavier helped her back into the double saddle atop Thunderside, then climbed atop the mighty steed as well. “Hold fast, we near Jin.” He said as he gave Thunderside a signal kick, and led him towards the descending sloped path down the mountainside.

she had seen in her mind and will that had happened to her, it was clear to her that she was under some sort of divine guidance. She felt refreshed from his spell of healing, and had the strength to hold onto him ever fast as they descended into the lowlands.

# The Edge of the World - Eyes of the Watchers

1. The Arrival

AT A SWIFT CALL-UP the mighty sand Thundercloud comes down from the mountains, safely carrying Dianne and Xavier onto the flat lowlands. Straight away, they were on the start of the Royal Road lined with flagpoles bearing the blue winged bird of Iyn. It had gullflying home as Dianne had fear as they flew by.

Keeping a steady grip, Dianne held her arms tightly around Xavier. He seemed to have her hand returned strength enough that she could even hold onto him, as he was ready to let her go. I think he must mean to keep his word and have us reach Iyn before conditions. The General must think I don't see, and he's not wrong. She was confused by the thought, yet she had no time for her own worry. She thought of what she could possibly say to Bishop Melbourn to explain why she had broken an oath. Being away from Iyn in the first place, and then the had to break up another oath by breaking yours, and telling him what she had seen in the vision. My reasons are sacred and divine, so what I have witnessed is anything but. I will explain that I just simply could not hold on to what I have seen without asking Ily Delenda if she did not agree that those I have seen were of course. Ily said she understood the child I found in corner this, and just I hope he can forgive me. He will if I can call it progress. She held back a shudder with the assurance she would know the certain were enough. She could nearly count the remaining miles being the road to the castle proper as Xavier's horse bounded up the winding coastal road.

They passed a river with small villages and people hanging from the banks clear, and watchtowers lined with armed guards, yet none heard them as they sped by. The magnificent scale of Iyn with its three towers grew nearer to the distance, and it so open brought in a white glow as the sun continued to set behind the mountains. "First breakthrough." Dianne whispered. "First breakthrough." She was aware of the three tall towers, one bright white and set at the opposing angle, one pitch black that still glowed even though the light seemed not to reach it. The middle was grey, below the top it was surrounded by gigantic, some with streets with massive banners of the dark and light blue bird of Iyn. In its center was a part of gigantic that gave that also were the control of the city with one wing on each side, and each one done so highly in the light of the setting sun. Before them was a great pathway of marble black and white squares that lined the outside walls, and began a route that lead to the Royal Road. They continued past the castle, and down the flag lined road which lead to the coastal city built between the ocean walls and the sea.

At the entrance, The Royal City of Iyn could be seen in all its splendor. It had multiple rows of square, rounded buildings and homes, the ones being the largest near the city, and from smaller ones in the larger shape that swept them from the castle to the sea. Every building that was touched by the sun was painted golden, and gleamed by the shining sun. Xavier brought Thundercloud down to a river, and maneuvered towards the guards at the walls of the small city gates. They stayed open as they passed them by, and the rough dirt of the road became well laid cobblestone streets of the common middle. There was a fair amount of merchants with horses and carts moving through the streets, as well as the soldiers which were families as they did in the way. Probably they would have been and it of a healing day in the Iyn harbor. Many were seen up to light cities along the road to welcome weary travelers, and bankers decided to sail their towns, from modest and poverty to getting fish on decks cooking over open fires.

As he passed them by, making sure they heard that there is a greeting welcome. Xavier closed off the white horse and then helped Dianne down as well. "Is everything alright?" He asked her.

Wiping persr her sweat with her robe, she nodded. "Yes, it's just... Dianne stood before the holy shrine of colored glass and light, and high atop the hill she started out at the twilight setting in from the open sea. "I had no idea that arriving here would ever be as anxious." She turned to the truly vibrant knight who stood before that reflected the light of the sunset. The banker of the Palace, a chivalrous man who had sworn to a code of honor in the name of God. "You are a truly noble man, Lord General. Thank you for everything." She inclined a deep bow. Truly heartfelt.

He bowed a bow, only to motion her to rise. "Please, Lady Delenda. It was only my duty. I take great pride in knowing I came to your aid when you needed it the most. And since I did, we were able to save the lives of many, and we even have witness a miracle." The general's emerald green eyes looked at the sky, the glowing sunset, and it gleaming the city. "Ah, how your offspring he helped witness your Faith. I have sworn to protect that oath." He closed his eyes and clasped his hands, and uttered a prayer before the cathedral. "You wish over us." He said quietly.

Dianne could not help but smile and said a prayer into her hand as she stood with her still. "You watch over us." As soon as she opened her eyes, she caught a glimpse of something bright. She looked down to see a shining star, which sped across the twilight sky over the ocean in a shimmering white stream, and then disappeared just as quickly as it appeared. She knew she was where she needed to be, and was helped along the way. It is time to use this through, I must go and spend my Ily Delenda at once. Knowing the strength of her mother, she turned to the banker of the Palace, and watched for the words to express her heartfeltness. A final one. "Now that I am here and I, I can not wait to begin to show you all my appreciation. Have walked inside, just know you have my eternal gratitude. Lord General?" She added a bowing, the formally was the last she could do as she has her immense respect for the vibrant knight.

Placing his hand to his heart in a fine, he responded with the royal salute. "Please do not hesitate to ask for help again, it was my honor, Lady Delenda." He said with an intent nod. "And if I may, just 'Xavier' will do." He flashed a smile at her, a handsome, perfect grin across the composed, money exterior of the city's flag gleaming sunset, and it gleaming the city. "Ah, how your offspring he helped witness your Faith. I have sworn to protect that oath." He closed his eyes and clasped his hands, and uttered a prayer before the cathedral. "You wish over us." He said quietly.

Going deeply into those two bright moments, Dianne saw a beautiful scene of thoughts and feelings swirling within the infinite light that made her heart beat. His eyes nearly glowed with the brightness of conviction, and as she stared into them, she knew she was in the sunlight, it seemed to be gently guiding her home. She was amazed how her vision that light to lead within him that took her a moment to realize her mouth was half open. She took a deep breath and composed herself as she put the unexpected vision aside from her thoughts with an effort. She returned the nod. "Thank you, Xavier. I will wait for I had more to give you my immense appreciation."

"You think it's all said, my Lady Delenda." He said with the same answering smile. "Should you ever require my assistance in the future, do not seek me out. I would be honored to have the opportunity to help someone so pure as you."

"Fare!" He they rode slowly in disbelief of his kindness.

"You may say good, Lady Delenda." He said with an answering gesture to his voice.

As they moved behind the cathedral in the setting sun, Dianne was reluctant to leave the company of such a dazzling man of the Faith, but she was where she needed to be, and hadn't a moment more to lose. "You wish over us, Lord Xavier." She said to the one and took her eyes off him, he had her caught, and she was not.

She turned to the sacred horse of glass silver in the dying fire of the sunsetlight, and marched herself down its golden lined pathway.

# T. B. Pond

s. The Confession

TWO GILDED DOORS stood in the apse, and seemed to grow silent as she approached them. They were two halves to an ornate divine depiction of the gates of Heaven, finely crafted in goldleaf. Above them was a beautifully carved scene of multicolored angels soaring in the sky, some standing heralding her, and the rest beckoning to any who approached the sacred golden gates to enter. As she approached them, Diane took a final glance up above at the mural of sky-colored Eusebia, surrounded by all the saints, emboldened in their blazing sun-ophanes of glowing glass.

The High Priestess of Heaven looked her step to her path in the middle of the mural gables to meet praying with the multicolored icons of God just before her. She knew indeed her system for life, for she was about to explore everything, and apologize for it: she had broken an oath to her duty for starters. As she clasped her hands together over her staff, she realized she was shaking, and her own nervousness threatened her. "I have traveled far to be dominated by a mere sense of Italian nerves." "She took a deep breath as she stood in the colorful garden. The first scent of roses, lavender and peony filled her as ground her. She was reminded of her own garden at home, how its chains always kept her in awe, and she felt her entire count. "You have been." She told herself. "And for the experience of the morning I bring. I shall be welcomed and improve for any act or transgression by His Holiness." She took a breath to reflect on the sacred hand. "There nothing to fear within the house of God, as a High Priestess. The good bishop will lead me." Gathering her thoughts and prayers, she approached the two massive doors of wrought gold, and she reached out to the details of Eusebia's diamond in the sun light. She placed her hand on one of the gilt handles, they were carved and resembled an elongated pair of angel wings. With a deep breath, she pulled open one of the massive doors, and she passed the massive middle of a single pipe upon solemnly playing within the same sanctuary.

Colorful stained glass depicted colorful halos of light in concentric circles, shining down onto the many people within. Most of the pews seemed to be occupied, although there did not seem to be anyone praying at the moment. The bellows was full of Senses of the Faith, some with hands held in prayer and others from pushing out of their weight in white cloth, topped with blue draped hair. Some pined around in a fervent hush, with barely enough for their own sake and a blessing as they nearly sat by their hands in full of an abundance.

Diane wondered what could be the matter, but remembered hearing of the recent attacks on him from the folk at the sea and from Lord Xerxes. She did recall the massive hole in the wall around his castle as well, and a sense of unease hung in the air. *I can only imagine what they have seen and carried through.* The High Priestess of Heaven looked at the golden light through. *I never saw anything like this before.* She felt a sense of awe and wonder. *I do not know how much more I can see of the morning. I have seen. Looking out the massive gates of the faith the sky, she saw them, standing up to the day, but she knew to be a large mass of Eusebia. His Holiness, the bishop is just before me.* "She could at last take a breath of relief, having gone through such a previous journey, just to sit in silence with him. She tightened her robes around her head to keep her face covered, assuming it was recognized by a Saint. The High Priestess of Heaven did not even give a moment of life to the vastness of the village and visiting her guests. She had come here to see the Church of the many virtues that she had seen in the past.

Keeping her face covered, Diane shuffled on the walked by the Senses, noticing the people lying in the pews, many headbowed and blindfolded. Only one the grey cloth could she hear their groans of pain, the pipe organ playing gently to soothe the souls of the wounded. The Senses tended dutifully to them, supplying medicinal waters and others held the vibrant light of healing rays in their hands over them. She felt the heaviness in the air and wished the could do something to help them, but she had no power to prevent further calamity.

Just before she was the blue was a blue step to a circular patch of white marble, with a golden cross painted on it and the Eusebia in the center. In the center pews was a small ornamental table with a golden Eusebia in a cross, surrounded by the cords of bearing masses and candles lit in gold and in glowing glass jars of many colors. Diane gazed upward at a scene at the great mural made of stained glass that covered most the entire wall. It depicted the glowing golden sun shining in light down from above, depicting the seven Senses as angels, warriors, all with great wings and down to various other and others as natural of angels against a white sky. Clinging to the ceiling just below the shimmering glass was a large statue of Eusebia, made of their polished dark violet like marble, reflecting the color of the many lights radiated by the glass. The Sun God's head was on her face, with wings extended, cupped in a flowing robe if he was flying through the air. This tall one reached up to hold the sun above her, and the other reached down with an ornate pipe to welcome all. Diane knew the meaning behind the depiction, symbolic of how the sun itself is the light of many. She listened up on everyone on calluses.

Diane visited this cathedral way briefly years ago, but she never forgot how this night made her feel the connection to God and her people. Just the thought of the artisans who had made this, taken the time to create such a testimony to the blessing of life that Eusebia has given everyone. She took in the moment of awe, she felt within the walls of glowing glass in this sacred sanctuary. *I am within the house of God. She remembered herself. I am sure the end of my journey, or long life. She breathed deep of the morning masses, a refreshing blend of flesh and silk similar to the same scene she heard in her sacred chambers reminded her of home.*

Approaching the altar, Diane recalled the story of white, and entered the gables on her blue cloth carrying behind her as she approached the altar. Moments of great music danced into the many different colorful glass pipes, candles. Shining down on a safe deep blue light, and taking them from one candle to with an incense stick, the blue votives lit brightly. She snuffed the flame and put the smoking stick in with the many others in a holder, and watched the smoke spread into the colorful light. Holding her hands together, she closed her eyes and took a moment to reflect a prayer to Eusebia. *I give thanks to You, for giving me the ability to see these visions, and for giving me strength to see through to my journey's end. She opened her eyes to the altar of Eusebia, watching the massive icons around her and dance in the stained glass pipes. She saw and over. She gave the divine statue a sacred nod.*

She turned from the altar, and as she moved in the center of the day, Diane turned her gaze to the crowd of sacred saints. "Now, where could the good bishop be?" She wondered as she searched for the holy man among them.

As if to answer the High Priestess's question, she heard over to her left a small burst of a pair of doors opening and others and many entering movement. "The Holyman's whereabouts is the highest respect. Looking over a pair of polished ornate doors without hardly with gold depicting like angel wings has burst open, and almost immediately, two men held the doors open for a large man in brown or white sacred vestments, walked in gold and silver robes, gowns and pail. Wearing a cross-like icona jewel on the same fashion, he carried a golden scepter, topped with a large sphere of a crystal central inside a cross of Eusebia. He made his bow, but his hands he gestured at each one of them, spright with two fingers crossed and his thumb hair. A small headpiece, he bowed each one as they passed his way, and he walked straight through the door.

Watching him make his bow, greeting each one with his blessing, they felt his countenance and covered themselves while whispering. *They watch over us to return the blessing. As he turned to the gilt towards her, the saints to hold him to their knees about too much, but her eyes did well up nonetheless in the held them. His Holiness is coming right towards me! Now I have a good person to speak with his right over mine.*

She felt as though she was suddenly falling, downed and out of breath. Falling to her hands and knees up, her knees on the gilded marble floor, and her eyes bowed. Pure devotion entered her sight, all she knew was silence. Her thoughts escaped her within a sudden void, yet she felt her own consciousness, trying desperately to reach out around her. The life everything else in her, a body of stone here, a soul as well as her. Then she saw a blue, made of red and blue that shined in the dark, and two dark spheres the eyes that were neither black nor white. The flesh burst was, and the growth from still radiated in before a sun through flaming walls. Diane wanted to cry out but she was afraid to tell her lungs. She straightened her body against a cold, unforgiving force and it trapped within her. A single thought entered her mind. *Eusebia is one of me. The gem shall illuminate Eusebia, and entered into the darkness. As reflected her bow, and the hand bowed with twisting hands against the door. "What just happened?" Diane could barely make the words in her mind as she tried to make of the dark.*

Looking up through her, Diane thought remembered the first day of the date, and was staring right at her with his Eusebia cross, draped by the darkness. It looked as though he was about to give Diane the blessing of benediction, then realized she was married. He hurried over to her side, and laid hands on crown of their hair, before his, causing a set of whispers from among the saints. "Now, he you in good health?" He spoke gently yet as a volume that all could hear his tone, and instead his white glowing hand to her to help Eusebia to her last.

"Aye." Diane said with barely able to speak her truth, but she was on the edge and with his hand, she was to stand in his eyes, who was almost had a hand taller than she. The Airborne with her was a calm most rest, and the second thoughts entered around his body. Nonetheless, he was highly content and that depicted he knew to help her in so much of his flesh, a small wonder every other was a chance with concern. He smiled at her, before he looked at her as intently as a eye, with those eyes that belonged to "His Holiness, I offer my humble thanks, but I must speak with you."

"That cross." Bishop Malachi turned out his candle, took enough to be heard by his flock. "Multicolored Eusebia opens her doors to all, and the Church gives to help all who seek it." He announced at his to be quiet or hear the curious voices of the saints. "You must be told that your travels, dear child. Any you are on pilgrimages?" he put his hand at her back with some spiritual force, and then continued toward the decorated doors with his gilt scepter. "You must have many questions. Child. Let us over some truly brewed rose tea and mulberry wines."

They walked through the crowd of praying people, and some along the gilt doors in his chambers were opened for him, respectful bows and blessings included. The large doors to his inner sanctum swung open fully, revealing a room of seven ornate and gilded arched objects that she had seen in her entire life. Against the back of the room was a smaller statue of Eusebia's made of glowing gold and behind it were purple carvings that lined the marble walls. An altar table held a marble statue of the Eusebia of Eusebia, the crossed sword rose stem flanked against its gilt cushions on golden circles to sides.

Diane was quickly ushered into the room by the bishop and the huge doors began closing behind them. Realizing to his right was an open window made of large panels of clear glass that let in the golden glow of the setting sun. There was a large, high backed chair, lined with multicolored gilded cushions, next to it was his holiness's desk made of rosewood with its corners worked with gold topped with scrolls of parchment and little gilded trinkets in the depths of crosses and angels. A smaller, simpler cushioned chair faced the decorated desk, and Malachirose turned toward it as the doors closed behind them as he took a load.

"Oh... the Bishop entered coldly, the north of the rays spilling through the transparency in his voice. He strode past her to his seat. "Now..." He added impudently.

"Oh... a good looks your goodness, your grace?" A middle aged man's kindly voice to Diane's took her attention to her left. Wearing a white robe and a small velvet cap, he arose from a small table, and then he began setting up a cart with a tapers and opened a metal dome covering an arrangement of berry tarts.

"Leave us, my child. The bishop gestured in a way as if he would have been a great from a wild animal.

As he went, the bishop's secretary left by the way out.

And nearly ran to the double doors, using his robe as he helped them to close. He opened a gilt door and slipped out without saying a word as it closed behind him.

As the door shut behind closed, Diane turned to the bishop who was clearly playing at her from his desk. She made her way to the small chair and sat before him carefully. *I suspected an actual map may have very well upon him.*

# The Edge of the World - Eyes of the Watchers

Scenes of them on the horse

diane getting used to being on horseback, and accounting to relieve tension from her trip and this new experience of going very very fast

after a while they come across farmlands, when they start getting to the outer edges of jin

one of them was not afraid by some random an handles as they thought the knights were gone for a while into the forest fortress and were away

fin, partially saves the house and helps xavier

xavier saves a median family and they are all dejected

d explains she was magically trained to a grateful x as they continue to jin

chronologically, xavier and minnie's chapter would happen about right now simultaneously, before sundown. they make their way to jin via acquired pirate ship

xavier and diane have a beautifully scenic scene, riding through a slightly empty sunset along the perimeter of jin

"edge of the world scene, where xavier tells diane about the actual edge of the world (or the way she feels like she is on the edge of the world being next to the perimeter"

the knights on watch at the outer gate are surprised to see him return as he shows down once they close in on the kingdom gates

more scenic scenes of the castle city of jin covered in sunlight, and mainly of him dropping her off just before the cathedral of the light on horseback, in sunset light,

and diane thinking him and sending him along his way, and then her line (she following as she runs into the cathedral

scenes with her being dismissed by the bishop, and connecting



# The Edge of the World - Eyes of the Watchers

"What is it?" the guests shouted and stood up towards the door.

"Archdemons are entering right!" the voice shouted.

"What?" Xavier stood up and dashed to the window. Countless glints of armor gleaming in moonlight were seen all lined up on the mountainside. They let fly, like a sea of shooting stars, advancing closer to him. "Retreat!" Xavier shouted and with lightning like celerity rushed the guests down. As they fell, the window's glass shards cascaded, and a thousand arrows whizzed through their hair and one after another dived into the rose-path with volitional concentricities. Infinite facets reflecting of fire's effulgence fell idly, filling the lamplight flat. The tumble resound as last terminated, leaving figures of felines as all but a line of the five lineations. With the ceased clattering sounds, the audible sound of silence was a sort of omniscience. Xavier lay over there, paralytic, behind a glass.



# The Edge of the World - Eyes of the Watchers

"A dammer?" Miranda exclaimed.

Marshall walked closer to the eyes, and closer up he was able to see Tarvin's face, breathing heavily. "No, it's a boy... at least I think it is."

Tarvin stared back at them and the light in his eyes faded back to his regular whiten. He began to breathe more slowly and steadily.

"Boy, did you do that?" asked Marshall.

"I... think so..." replied Tarvin.

The boy under peeped his head up over the counter. "Oh, thank god, Marshall! This boy is a monster! he's scary!"

Tarvin stood up and *shouted* his loud *disgust*. He then walked around Marshall towards the door. Marshall kept his eyes on him, he was going to let him get away with this detestable violence. "Hold it, kid!" he said.

"Oh, right, no talk!" Tarvin said as he lifted up the nearest head of Albarin and tossed it onto the big table towards the boy beside. "Keep it up!" he said conclusively as he walked to the door.

Marshall turned to the people behind the counter. "Are you both alright?"

The boy under nodded "Yes, I mean I'm not fine, but we made sure that they don't harm anyone else!"

Marshall walked and then heard one of the kids talking back to the other, followed by Marshall and Miranda. The two teenagers looked at him as Tarvin calmly walked to the outer corner of the main hallway. He could hear himself being asked if some people turned out, others watched nervously. He glanced over to be about to see one being followed by the two's's guardians. He thought and kept walking to the docks. There was a longish dark road, the name "Black Nigpae" on the side. He started to walk up the ramp leading into the dock.

So you just punched an entire town that hate?" Marshall said to him and Miranda walked up to him, but keeping some distance.

Tarvin turned around. "They chose their fate, and I have no desire to stay here any longer."

Miranda stepped ahead of Marshall. "What the hell you problem? Why did you kill-"

Tarvin was obviously proud. There was a beauty on the leader, and after he realized I had no choice. The rest of the crew joined him in half-sneer also." Tarvin then turned towards the ship. "And here's a ship with no crew, so I'll be taking it." He then cocked his head towards them, "Sound like?"

Miranda turned to Marshall. "Well, what'll we do?" she said.

Marshall thought hard for a moment, then he said, "We'll let him go. But one he killed and killed him a death-sentence hereby. If he's getting the reward for the crew, so they'll be able to recover from the damage caused. And he's knowing so we won't disturb the village anymore. I can't refuse to arrest him. He's changed!"... But I mean and you..." he then looked up to Tarvin, "Who are you? Why does a boy as young as you have the eyes of a monster?"

Tarvin looked down at him, "I am Tarvin Dekker of Sir's Shadow Knights." his eyes flared out for a moment, "I am simply returning to him."

Marshall felt a chill run up his spine, and looked a little worried. "Wait... you're... General Tarvin?"

Miranda looked back and forth at both of them, confused. "... Do you know him somehow?"

Marshall turned to Miranda. "He is the leader of half of Sir's army." He then looked back at Tarvin. "What are you doing here?"

Tarvin gave impatient. "I'm not waiting anymore time with you. Goodbye!" He then continued walking up the ramp and went onto the ship. He then began to prepare the ship for departure.

Marshall, seeing that it was pointless to bother the startled boy further, turned away and started walking towards his house.

Miranda, confused, followed behind. "Was just... he has got angry?"

His master looked back, but gave her a stare as if he was left to be quiet. She understood and just sighed. "Whatever..." she mumbled.

They walked through the town and the people looked relieved that the terrifying boy was gone. Marshall opened the door to his house, and Miranda and he went inside. They sat down at the table and Marshall got some schoolbooks and placed them in front of Miranda.

"Let's practice your studies for today and..."

Miranda eyed him and suggested. "After what happened, you 'spare me to just... do school and study?' Come on, I know something's bothering you!"

Marshall sighed and turned back in his chair. "I see his evil eyes, they were creepy, yet so full of hate. How he killed those people simply handily with just a dagger..." he then fell silent and thought deeply.

Miranda stared at him for a moment, then she smiled at him, then began to chuckle uncontrollably.

Marshall looked at her angrily. "What's so funny?"

She was smiling with him? "Miranda said while laughing. "He was just a young kid like me! Don't tell me something like I scare you now?"

Marshall rolled his eyes when she shook his head. "That boy... Tarvin... He frightened me a little. After all that I've seen in the world, I'm rarely had seen something like that..."

Like what else?" questioned Miranda.

"I met the former leader of the shadow knights many years ago when I went to Sir's... General Azara."

"Pretty name..."

Marshall nodded, then continued. "Yes, but she was terrifying, just as Tarvin... She had those exact same demonic glowing eyes... Seeing them again really gets me off guard."

Oh, so why you were able to..." he said then... what else you see in Sir's?"

Marshall smiled at her "Well, you always live to hear stories of my travels... Ages ago I met King Marikha and Queen Aylah of Sir, General Olwyn of the Paladins and General Azara of the Shadow Knights on the eve of the Night of Lights."

Night of Lights?"

"It happens once a year at the same time, the season that begins your twenty night expands into the night day and it's visible from Sir's. It signifies the beginning of the New Year. The whole sky turns into a prism of many beautiful, bright colors. There's so much celebration and feasting... I should take you some year, but all the people I just mentioned are no longer there. Sir is currently run by Queen Selenia, Naxos of the Paladins and Tarvin of the Shadow Knights..."

Miranda listened to him, fascinated and fixated.

Marshall continued. "Miranda, when you have the chance, you should travel around... See new things, experience the world's wonders as I have. You'll have the time of your life. Remember, opportunity comes but once and I'm glad I traveled around at my young age when I took the chance."

Miranda thought to herself, then nodded. "Then... You've never told me young I will do that when I am, Master." She then smiled at him.

Marshall smiled back. "Well, go ahead and study, I'll bring up lunch in a minute."

Miranda got up and took her books, then nodded to Marshall as if to say thanks. She went upstairs to her room.

Marshall opened up the door and the room of a small maid named Lili had been slowly running all day passed out. He carefully took it out and grabbed the nearby kitchen knife then carved off some generous pieces and placed them on a plate. He filled up a glass from a nearby water cask, placed some bread on the plate and got a cup of milk, he knew enough of a secret once Miranda was.

Marshall felt strongly content. This girl he's been caring for like a father all these years... she had become more than just a daughter to him. Closer than a sister or friend, she had become a part of his life. He had learned so much just by teaching her the ways of the world.

He was happy to see her learning and being so much, knowing more than she could ever be as a child in the streets of Pella. The instant he first saw her, there was a connection, someone else from beyond. How she even got to Pella was still a mystery to him, and he still wondered about it. Maybe it was a strange twist of fate how she came into his life, he pondered. Or perhaps it was just a strange coincidence? Regardless, he was happy to look on her influence as someone who's life, especially a father figure.

Marshall walked up the stairs with those thoughts through his mind, building food for her. He smiled as he remembered, then opened the door to Miranda's room.

The window was open, and her books were laid back, but a single sheet of paper lay on her desk. Miranda was nowhere to be seen. He put the plate down and quickly went over to the desk and saw the parchment.

Thank you for everything! We'll meet again, promises!" he said. The words of Miranda standing next to Marshall was scribbled on it.

He was caught completely by surprise. He went over to the window and looked out, watching desperately for her among people. He saw Miranda running towards the ocean in the far off distance, and then he faded into a blue into the crowd near the docks and vanished. Marshall felt a pit in his stomach and a lump in his throat. He couldn't stand... He sat down in her bed and silently cried at the thought. He sighed and was sure to hear. He then looked back and stared at the ceiling. Such an important piece of his life was gone... but he was comforted by the fact she took his advice and he was going to travel around the world. Then to finish for a moment... realizing who she was going to be traveling with. His little physically tall, and he feared her, but she clearly played for her safety.

Miranda stepped out and walked through the marketplace, as she was so used to doing. She arrived to the docks and the Black Nigpae was barely a stone's throw away. She oriented her legs and ran across the rocky wooden planks and reached the very edge. Miranda looked at her as she stood on the edge of the pier and kept through as she realized her arms out and caught one hand onto the ledge of the ship. She hung off, high above the water as the ship left the harbor completely. Miranda put her other hand on and struggled to pull herself up. A big wave hit the ship and water splashed up onto her. She gripped and the two hand against the ship's wooden surface. She pulled herself up as hard as she could, then her hand slipped off and she began to fall. She helplessly looked down and closed her eyes. Suddenly a small hand reached out and grabbed her firmly by the wrist. She slowly opened her eyes and it was the look up, and saw Tarvin staring down at her with his wide, glowing seawater eyes.

Miranda was the same Marshall was asking about, as those eyes of Tarvin's... She seemed so happy. He knew he had to go just to escape that disgusting gaze. But she was lifted up by the small hand, she climbed up onto the dock and was on her hands and knees, then she looked up at Tarvin, and crawled before him. Tarvin looked down at her, and she started up at him into his demonic eyes. The gaze seemed to become her angry and actually, somewhat gentle. The light faded and his eyes were back to his usual black.

Tarvin stared at her. "Through..." he mumbled, then walked back to the front of the ship and took control of the wheel.

Miranda stood up and walked towards Tarvin, cautiously. Then she remembered that for as much as his eyes showed an inkling of compassion. In an odd way, that made her feel safe. She approached Tarvin. "Sir... No... He, my names Miranda!"

Miranda walked away and looked around the ship at all the intricate pipes, ropes, levers and rolled up sails.

She turned towards Tarvin and he was looking at her in his red hooded eyes.

"That last wave, would you?" he said.

She saw a wave come to her and pulled it underneath of what it did. All of a sudden the pathway turned, three waves walked through the air and all the sails opened. The ship went at full mast, and the wind propelled them and pushed the ship forward, almost knocking Miranda over by the force. She was shocked, this was her first time on a ship and she had never traveled this far before. She ran to the edge of the back of the ship and watched as her, the only real home she ever had, shrivel smaller and smaller in the distance.

She was scared to leave but thought of the future, and she turned around and saw Tarvin at the wheel steering them to the unknown. She relaxed and closed her eyes. The cold sea breeze blowing her short black hair, and the bright sunlight warming her back. She sighed and smiled to herself. With that excitement, opened her eyes and carefully stared at the open ocean in front of her.





# The Edge of the World - Eyes of the Watchers

"Long story short, captured by Pella, interrogated and escaped, led the prison captain Abramo Nepesin and his crew, took his ship and sailed back here..." Tavian then turned his head towards Miranda standing in the doorway. "And this girl tagged along with me..." he turned back towards Senna. "Now, what's the business about the Northlands and Pella's involvement?"

Dianne walked up to Tavian and bowed. "I am Princess Dianne Scargh. You must be General Tavian?"

Former general, I'm afraid." Magnus stepped forward.

Tavian faced Magnus and smiled. "Oh, you think he's just because I took a little 'vacation', you're to continue keeping my seat warm for me?"

Magnus smiled doubtfully and shook his head. "Tavian, Tavian, Tavian... You really don't understand, do you?" he looked at Tavian and eyed him smugly. "You are no longer in command of the Shadow Knights. Her Majesty officially gave me the title of General herself!"

"Oh! Because everyone thought I had been dead, which is a very foolish thing to even imagine," Tavian retorted. "And as you can see, I am... very much alive, Lieutenant General." he then shyly smiled. "I know how badly you covered the title of General, Magnus, however now you can go back to your petty games with the dogs you call your 'Elite force'."

Magnus placed his hand on the hilt of his blade, ready to draw it. "You'd best mind my tongue, but I reserve it."

"Such behavior is akin to any dog that does not understand its owner's challenge. 'Hah!' I wish to draw into a thousand times more difficult than you wish a blade. If you wish to involve whom should lead the Shadow Knights, make the first move." "Confession, enough..." said the Queen.

Tavian nodded then eyed Magnus. He put his dagger away and faced back to Dianne. "As you were saying?"

"Yes..." Dianne said, startled. She paused for a moment, and continued "...I've had having nightmares about a terrible disaster... and visions about a tower in the Northlands..."

Magnus retold his story. "So, a few bad dreams warns us having you take you to the Northlands?"

Some eyed Magnus. "Oh Magnus, you know full well that it was Dianne's vision of the attack that saved my life. It's very possible that her power of clairvoyance could be seeing the future again, and if it is a disaster like the one in her visions, I don't want to returned into the world."

Tavian felt the need to interrogate Magnus further. "Perhaps following your words and watching your own tongue would be wise, Lieutenant General."

"You happened!" must know," Magnus angrily interrupted. "Do you plan on returning Tavian as General?"

Senna nodded to Magnus. "He isn't dead and is able to perform his duties, I see no reason why not."

Magnus grunted, obviously displeased. "You happened. I must protest. I really don't like..."

I have an idea..." interrupted Tavian. Tavian stared at him. "What if I accompanied Lady Dianne to the Northlands? Magnus would then stop his scheming and can be a general until I return, then we'll take his throne away."

"Tavian you little..." Retorted Magnus, then he paused and thought for a moment. "... Fine. I have no problem with that."

"Very well," said Queen Senna.

Tavian looked back to Dianne. "As you were saying?"

"... So I would like to go to the Northlands and find out what this tower is and what it has to do with the disaster from my nightmares as soon as possible." Dianne finally finished.

"So Tavian," said Senna, "you want to take Dianne to the Northlands?"

Tavian nodded. "Yes, I have the Black Neptune so you don't have to spare any ships. But I'll need some food supplies and warm clothing for the Northlands."

"Of course, consider it done," replied Senna.

Xavier felt a bit uneasy and spoke up. "With a moment, will just the two of you be able to travel through the Northlands? And you're to search of a disaster, to what end?"

Tavian smiled at Xavier. "Hah, well are you offering to join us?"

"Yes," replied Xavier.

Senna gave Xavier a surprised look. "Xavier? What say you?"

Xavier turned to the queen, and in his pale eyes was a look begging for understanding from a lover. He sighed and said, "My Queen, my family does full upon protecting life, but to ensure the safety of the world from this disaster for outweighs it. I only wish to keep Lady Dianne safe."

Senna realized she'd be apart from her love and accepted it. "Alright, just be safe and come back soon. Lieutenant General Maseux will be in charge until you return."

Xavier nodded. "Yes, my Queen," he then respectfully left the room.

Begin preparing the Black Neptune. Tavian said to a knight, "Take all of the grain's lot on the ship and put it in the treasury." the knight nodded and they both left the room and saw Miranda who was patiently standing in the hallway. "Oh, and take care of this girl too."

The shadow knight looked at Tavian puzzled. "What do you want?"

Who you call it, a quest?" Miranda replied angrily. "I don't want any more, I'd rather see you in the Northlands."

"Hah, fine," said Tavian, then he faced the knight. "Give the order to leave the ship prepared before noon."

"Yes, sir."

Xavier gave his command to Maseux and instructed him of his orders. He knew not how long he would be gone, so he said his loving goodbyes to Senna in private. He wore his battle armor made of polished white steel chest plates, chainmail and pauldrons. On his back, he wore his dark green cape and his long blonde hair in a ponytail. The Palace was now ready to protect Dianne and lead all to Tavian and Miranda.

Tavian, after allowing Magnus to see General for a bit longer, backed off all the blood from his enemies. He kept the battle he took from Pella as a memento after he sharpened and polished it, then bestowed it to his aide. Although he did properly arm himself with his dark-stal chainmail he donned on his back and pinned to his side. Fortunately, they were recovered from the battlefield after he was captured. He wore his Shadow Knight battle armor made of dark steel plates on his torso and legs. He went through his belongings and found some dried squashes he took with him. Also, he had enough time for the guards on his right hand to be repaired. Now, the Shadow Knight was ready to demolish any obstacles in their path.

Dianne pulled her necklace and finished preparing herself for what awaited her in the Northlands. She spent the rest of the morning meditating, but no more visions would come to her. She prayed that she was not wasting their time, and hoped that the gods have shown her the true path. She wore her ceremonial white robe still, and armed with her staff. The Princes were now ready to search for the truth.

Miranda, the young child with a burning heart of wonder never tag along with them. She knew they were doing something important and simply longed to understand the ways of the world. She wore her orange cloth robe and armed herself with faith. The disciplined girl trained in the fighting arts of Jigard was ready to explore the distant lands.

The last of them, after making their preparations, loaded the Black Neptune. The clouds had parted, and it was a beautiful sunny day. The sky and the ocean reached the same blue hue and stretched on endlessly. The sea was calm and the wind was blowing to the north, perfect conditions for their journey. Dianne thought to herself that the path truly did will this Maseux, Magnus, and Senna along with other soldiers and townspeople but their interests in the ship departed to the Northlands.

# T. B. Pond

VIII: Memories and Scurv

It was still early in the evening and the sun had just begun to set. The ocean was bright orange in the dying sunlight, and the ship still sailed northward, nearing their destination. The heavy muzzes had been removed so the ship was travelling much faster. The four of them did not know about each other, so they finally decided all of them at the same time to go ashore. They had explored the ship beforehand and found a hole of wine that was hidden away, so they decided to have some. The light was dim from the setting sun and nearby lamps lit the deck with a pale orange light.

So, was I trying to undertake 'is' and Miranda, 'why are we going to this place?' did overtake some talks 'about diamonds and visions, so I'm really confused.'

Tarvin dragged, "You're little more than everything else, so as if you are Tarvin, and you're Miranda, please enlighten us." He said to the people some of the vision.

I'm one of the Seven High Priests, "said Tarvin. "My people who are chosen by Las Gracías for exceptional spiritual powers. Ever since I was young, I've had premonitions of the future," she paused and took a sip from her wine. "So, I started spiritual training, and eventually I was able to master outgrowing and even had visions of the future that drove me here. Now after I had become a Priestess, the previous Divine Andromeda had died. And she said, 'The Priestess was aware of my abilities and made me the next Divine Andromeda to keep the Goddess of Water. The dream is in the Village which is where I have lived and prepared for eight years. I've even had any visions of diamonds hidden, and I have had a recurring one about every night. Finally, then I showed you the Northwest is a vision, so I thought it was Queen Scurv for us to go and see and what the problem was trying to show me, so here we are."

Miranda looked out the window, and she began to add about herself. "I said 'I'm a thief when I was younger, studies to survive so I never told a family.'"

Diane felt sympathetic. "I'm sorry, you should not suffer like this."

Miranda thought, "It's fine, I don't really think about it much of it anyway. When my mother found me, he took me under 'us cars.' So I taught me how to defend at night and treated me like I was his own kid, it's always talked 'bout how he was the whole world and I should go explore it, so I can see where I'm going to go." Tarvin said, "I put the past behind me. I'm really not that interested in a past." There was a long pause, and they all expected him to continue, but he said nothing.

Xavier stated at him anxiously, "That's not."

Tarvin took another gulp of wine and mumbled, "Men-hem."

"I thought I knew or at least one thing about you tonight, Tarvin. You're always kept to yourself," said Tarvin.

"What is there to tell?" started Tarvin. "I truly don't remember anything from my childhood. My first memories are of being trained as a Shadow Knight by Lady Astar."

Miranda interrupted, "Oh yeah? My mother told me about her, he said he met Astaria once... and he said you both have the same old glow in your eyes."

"The eyes... are a scar," mirrored Tarvin. "Astaria had the same eyes because she watched the Riverward, a sword infused with powerful magic, maybe. If a Shadow Knight arms himself with it, their strength increases drastically. She allowed me to use it once when she had finished training me, the sword's magic overcame me, and... Tarvin left alone. "Never mind. It's a boring tale," he looked off to the side of the wine as a single sip. "Tarvin was Proud."

Tarvin dragged, "True, if you don't want to continue... When I was young, I joined the Lion Army. I became a Paladin and worked my way up to ranks and eventually became the general. That's about it."

"I wish... said Tarvin."

Tarvin checked a table and the wine was left, and the other three joined in. They talked a while longer, and then Xavier, Miranda and Dione grew tired and they slept in the back below.

Tarvin navigated the ship, knowing ships as always did. The talk they had tonight did perturb him. He truly did not remember anything from his past, but he never believed him up until now. He tried to put it out of his mind, but the questions that remained unsettled plagued his thoughts as he piloted the ship through the darkness.

The night passed, and the morning dawn broke in the horizon. They returned their ship to an old abandoned port and disembarked. With the money paid by before them, they began their task.

The four walked through the swampy landscape, breaking the silence only with the sound of their footprints cracking through the moss. To prevent from the biting shifts, they wore warm coats made of thick fur and kept moving ever forward. The clouds were illuminated by the morning sun and gently cast down the rain and the sun was up for the first time of the year, but the sun was still very early. The sun nothing but the forest reminiscent to the future. Succeeded by the empty sky, they felt and lost in the land of pain white.

Diane began to worry and dishearten. "There was nothing here, no trees, no diamonds... were you victims here? Did she make these generals come so much time in their nation's most desperate hour? She stepped in her tracks and fell to her knees. She stared at the snowflakes falling to the ground before her."

The three stopped and turned back, confused. Xavier approached her, "Lady Dione? Are you alright?" The most desperate finally, was returned from the vision and came as they thought they did. She had heard the cruel sound of their landing in the snow.

He had been in front of her, "Diane?" he looked into her eyes as they gazed down, "What's wrong?"

"I'm...," mirrored the question, "I'm so sorry..."

"Lady Dione... Why are you apologizing?"

She closed her eyes and shook her head. "It's... It's that I've dragged you out here for nothing... I must have misinterpreted something in the vision... I took it too literally... I never thought about it until now... so I was wrong..."

Tarvin grew impatient. "What are you saying? Just tell me what you're going to do."

"Go on ahead, we'll catch up in a moment," said Xavier.

Tarvin dragged and turned up his hands, confused. He did continue walking with Miranda following.

Xavier sat down before Dione. "I want you to hear something... I have faith in you. Dione stayed silent and wiped a stream of tears from her face. Xavier continued, "Why do you not have faith in yourself?" She wiped the tears, but her words escaped her. She just wept quietly. Xavier stared at her with gentle, compassionate eyes. "Dione... I have faith in you because you're a child of your parents. If I can't see the year vision of the future, you would not have come to this. After all of this, we have a choice and I stand with it."

"Stop... please...," she lifted herself the strength to say.

"You know it is to the north, the lowest most region. We haven't even begun to search for it yet. I don't give up hope before you've even tried for God's sake," he smirked at her.

Diane smiled and closed her mouth. "It's just a hole... I said the path has returned me with a burden sometimes with these visions."

"I said... said Xavier. "Well, nothing says you're problem over us either them... Trying to believe that your visions are like just any other dream. That's not very becoming of such a high priestess," he put his hand on the side of her head. "We'll get caught... but you're not alone... we're here to help you."

Diane smiled, and took a deep breath. "Thank you... Xavier." He smiled at her and then moved up and extended his hand. She grabbed it and he pulled her hand back up.

"We do so you think they're done?" asked Miranda.

"Well, I know," mirrored Tarvin, frustrated. "I want to get this mission done as fast as we can so we can make the war preparations. The more we delay, the more vulnerable life will be." He continued walking steadfast through the snow.

"Look, well, the looked really open, it could've been something important bothering her," responded Miranda.

"So?" mirrored Tarvin. "She said for the High Priest's help and it's genuinely going to be her, and then in argument she cries like this? This is how a Priestess acts... It's pretty understandable."

"Oh please, look at it already," Miranda walked, degraded. "It wouldn't kill you to think about someone else yourself."

Tarvin eyed her. "By the way you will, I tell this child is a waste of time. I'm only helping because life's not called to be for Xavier."

Miranda turned back and saw Xavier look up Dione, and they continued walking. "There, no?" They only needed a bloody murder... Tarvin ignored her and proceed onward. "For truly believe, Tarvin," mirrored Miranda.

He ignored the snow once. Tarvin sat a brief covered eyes tightly. "Here?" he approached and wiped the ice and snow from his. Carol it was a warm pointing wet saying "These Village" and a warm pointing moist saying "Misses Glacia." As he laid the eggs, it looked a familiar manner. He heard his mind heard against the current of Dione's Village and continued a very slowly, without even knowing what he was doing.

"Oh... Well," Tarvin said as he looked away from the eggs. "Yes... Nothing... Oh! There's a village in the snow."

Xavier turned an eyebrow at him. "You are doing things, indeed."

Tarvin repeated himself, "We... should go to that village, they might have a thing or two about the future."

Xavier nodded. "Alright. Sounds like a plan. But you are sure you're fine?"

"Yes," responded Tarvin, "Just random diggs vs."

"Oh, then... He took a glance at the eggs, and then the three of them continued onward.

The day past and the sun was beginning to set. After traveling through the cold, the longed-for sun planes of black smoke rising steadily into the wintry sky, contrasting the pure white.

"Is that... the village?" said Miranda, relieved.

Xavier smiled. "I was hoping so."

Tarvin spun his eyes and stopped a little farther ahead than everyone else, trying to make out the image of the village. He shook his head in disbelief and then ran as fast as he could towards the village gates.

"What the hell...?" Tarvin exclaimed Tarvin. He had been to go down.

Diane and Miranda looked at each other and ran after them.

There was a collection of trees or so big like palm trees built along the base of a steep hillside, each with a chimney pointing out the black smoke. Dividing the village was a river that flowed from a waterfall cascading off the sheer hill's edge. An old bridge spanned over the three rivers of the river. The houses were made of brick and stone but were really enclosed under the snow. Both into the hillside seemed to be entrance to some sort of tunnel. These were very warm and seemed almost as well as a few candles both entrance. A sign hung overhead saying simply "Dione."

Tarvin ran into the village and entered at all of the houses. "No... No..." he kept saying to himself. "What the... why...?"

Diane approached Tarvin and reached out to touch him. "Tarvin, calm down. You can tell us..."

Tarvin spun around, eyes wide and violently glowing red. "Get the hell away from me!" he screamed angrily as he backed away from her.

Diane, startled, fell backwards and began to shake in fear.

Xavier grabbed the hilt of his blade and stood between Tarvin and Dione, protecting her. "Go to hell of yourself or I'll stab you!"

The Jester looked back and grabbed his head, pulling it to his face, and lost at a piercing shriek. He then panicked and ran through the village on the other end. Xavier watched him fade into the distance's shroud of snow. Xavier was so shocked, he never saw Tarvin smile and control himself like this. Miranda took Dione back and grabbed his hand, pulling it to his face, and lost at a piercing shriek. The current on the houses were pulled back on. To see and every part of your-god-god-god through the window to see what all the confusion was about. A few strong eyes and a pointed old woman stepped out of her house, the looked very angry.

The Jester's appearance, a suspicious look, was over a century of visions. She stood very short, holding a long wooden walking staff. A necklace was worn on her neck, a small stone with a string curled around it hanging from this chain. Her chain hair was tied back behind her head in a ponytail. She had long, thin, straight, black hair that was translucent. One of her eyes was the color of earth, the other was completely white and covered. Both eyes had a diameter of vision, numbers and numbers. She approached them calmly but with a determined look. "What are you doing here? I don't want you to disturb my vision, so I don't want you to disturb my vision."

"I'm sorry," said Xavier, releasing his grip on his hilt. "A man in our group went mad. We meant no disturbance."

The old lady nodded her head. "Them... Well, what are you doing here?" she asked. People still stared out of the windows lining in.

"We're looking for the man who was anything about it."

The old lady gave them a long stare, but she said a look of confusion. She nodded her head once more. "Come inside," she said, as she turned around and walked back into her house.

Diane was startled. Dione had regained herself but was still a bit shaken up. Miranda helped her to the door and then the three entered the old lady's house.

There was a large fire in the fireplace, giving warmth, light and a homely atmosphere. "Make yourselves at home," she said as she sat down in a rocking chair on the right side of the fireplace. "Please have a seat," she mentioned towards the couch on the other side of the fireplace, facing her.

The three moved toward the seats and down the couch, facing the old lady. There was a silence as they stared at her, and as she stared back with her deadly white eyes.

"So... Miranda looks the silence. "Who are you?" she asked anxiously.

"Ah, you wish to know who I am? I don't wish to know who you are, and I think after the disturbance you caused, you're obligated to introduce yourselves first," she whispered.

Xavier found himself at first not so deeply, as if he was, "I'm Xavier, I'm Xavier, General of the Lion's Paladins."

Miranda dragged, "I'm Miranda Hume, a student and I'm a member of the Lion's Paladins."

"I'm Dione Smith. Dione, Priestess of Water," she shook off the last of her shaken nerves. "That's a moment, you're Lady Brieche, aren't you?"

The old lady looked at "Aye, Brieche, Oshk, Madame Oshk. I've been called many names, you take your pick," she said as she smirked. "Well, I thought I missed something important about you, Dione."

Miranda that her head. "You know her, Dione?"

Diane looked at "Priestess of Water, Lady Brieche, Oshk."

Oshk chuckled slightly. "Indeed, I haven't been called a 'Lady' in nearly a century, anyone just calls me 'Madame Oshk'."

"Ah, I see... Madame Oshk then," said Dione.

"Wait, you 'have old any year?' Miranda blurted out.

"That's... incredibly rude!" Dione smiled despite at the child for her sleepiness.

# The Edge of the World - Eyes of the Watchers

"And how are you?"

Madsen Oshah simply let out a hearty or hoarse chuckle, "Osh-ah-hah-hah! Child, do you wish to know my age?" Madsen nodded with curiosity, Oshah continued, "This year, I am one-hundred, forty-one years old, my young friend." she smiled at Mimsda kindly,

"Seventeen." Mimsda responded shyly, off put by the old lady's chiding.

"Yes, Madsen Oshah," said Xavior

"Quiet! Don't interrupt her!" she snapped back.

Xavior was speechless he talked down to like that, and he muttered to himself, "That I must ask about something important..."

"So? Young lady," said Oshah, "You're student of Marshall Harts, I must have a long time ago! How is he? Oh! Tell me, what are you and your friends doing here?"

"Uh... It's fine... We're looking for a tower somewhere around here," said Mimsda.

Oshah passed a moment, "... A moment?" she said, with a more serious cadence.

Xavior spoke up, "Diane had come!"

"Think?" interrupted Oshah glancing at Xavior as he sighed and shrugged, "Tell me about this tower, then."

"Diane had vision about daimons and a tower, I think," said Madsen.

Oshah looked out to Diane, with a deeply disturbed look in her eyes, "You had them too?"

Diane stared back at Oshah, withdrawing of what she heard, "... No?"

Oshah nodded, "No, dear? You're sure that's the memory as well, my?"

Diane nodded, "There. That's why we came."

"You must leave and forget what you saw?" yelled Oshah.

The three stared back at her in complete silence.

"We, why?" asked Diane, confused.

Oshah shook her head, "I apologize... But you have no idea what these daimons are or what they are capable of... When I was young... I met it... with my own eyes."

Xavior spoke up, "What are they? That's what we've been meaning to know..."

Oshah stared at the three, then began to speak, "A long time ago... The world was constructed by magic, as God saw it. Ever So close it to punishment for their sins and forces them to obey under his divine rule. But before it came to that point in the Divine Era, God was very generous, the cities of the farthest began to overgrow, the ill were healed, and the second lightness were vindicated. However, after a season, the constructed God grew weary after performing miracle after miracle... So, she simply began to only observe the people she had been care of in her long life. Quickly, God noticed our world was full of so much good and kindness, universality of our benevolence."

"We heard of your holy before..." said Diane, "What did they do to the people?"

Oshah continued, "That's the dilemma the overworld world and overworld her by strength by merely observing while she roiled. However, she knew if she let the unbelieved chaos continue, the world known as Caladonia would slowly drain itself. So, she decided to leave traces of her divine being. God sacrificed part of her overworld strength to create entities of punishment, as they could take over her task and monitor the world's inhabitants. Now, Diane had to be able to speak."

Oshah spoke, "That's what you're doing, you're trying to bring about the same as then. The Watchers, a long time ago, failed to be the people, were the new overworlds of Caladonia. They assumed that the people would stay faithful to God until she decided to return. The people were overworlding and overworlding their souls. They tried not to let anger drive away their souls for they were unbelieved humans."

"These daimons..." they called The Watchers?" said Xavior, "I've never heard anything about them."

Oshah nodded thoughtfully, then she said, "The Watchers couldn't contain the overworlds of time, and that they felt certain to contain them, another bad chapter had been written. Who is to say why the Watchers were forgotten. Maybe because people simply didn't talk about them, the tale they told of memory. Or, did people force themselves to forget so they could live without fear?" No one truly knew, but whenever the world, anyone continued their lives, staying faithful to their loving God and shunning the very thought of The Watchers."

"Wait, wait, wait," said Mimsda, "How did people just forget about them? They're supposed to be the new rulers of the world?"

"Who is to say why the Watchers were forgotten?" said Xavior, "Maybe because people simply didn't talk about them, the tale they told of memory. Or, did people force themselves to forget so they could live without fear?" No one truly knew, but whenever the world, anyone continued their lives, staying faithful to their loving God and shunning the very thought of The Watchers."

Xavior moved up, "We will do what we must, we can't allow them to pose a threat to the world."

Oshah stood up as well, "I will cooperate against them, against that Daimon? Who are you to decide your fate?"

Xavior grabbed her coat and went out for the door, Diane and Mimsda moved up as well and looked for their coats.

Oshah helpfully watched them leave, "We are children of God, without our parents we are lost forevermore!" she said in anger.

Xavior looked back at her, "Indeed, but an abandoned child must learn when to move on..." he turned away and grabbed the door handle, "And that's what we must do."

Stop... It's eerily insightful, what do you hope to do?" asked Oshah as she stepped towards them.

Xavior turned back to her, "We have that Daimon, who we off the hands."

Oshah passed, completely off guard, "... Did you say... Terrence?"

... Do you know him?" Xavior stepped towards her, "Please tell me!"

"No... that man who once, he couldn't possibly have been that boy..." Oshah murmured to herself.

"You know something about him..." Diane said, approaching Oshah, "We just want to help him."

Oshah can't even move and look back at her, "Terrence was a man who once lived... The dead... and that other kid..." she sighed and looked back up at them, "You wish to help him, but you know nothing about his past..."

Who came?" interrupted Mimsda, "... Is purely out in the middle of nowhere? Is he dead?"

The sea had finally met the land of white faded to black, Terrence staggered through the snow and darkness, spotting the cold wintry wind stinging his face. He strained his eyes to see through the void, but he saw nothing. His body was frozen numb, his mind numb and mindless. Countless and empty, lost and directionless, he stumbled his frozen limbs through the snow, unaware when he was going, only helplessly moving forward.

"Oh god..." Terrence said, fighting back tears, "What damn processes me to do such misery..." he was dazed and desperately holding the thick fog in front of him, but he saw nothing. The night's cold was truly unbearable and it began to take its toll. "You Gods, pity me, not I don't beg, but I am knowing who I am... I never knew anything... I was born in the darkness and I was born to be known and not to be known, no longer able to stand. He groined and looked up at the cold, pitch black sky. Gathering the words from his last breath, he muttered through his lips, "He... If it is not here, my only hope is... not knowing who I am... I see all..."

He tried to breathe again, but could not see the world was frozen that, the felt the his hands and desperately tried to grasp, but could not. His eyes began to glow that same ancient red, lighting the snow under him. Tears rolled up to the back of his eyes and he began to cry, but he felt nothing and nothing was there. He groined and the darkness beyond of what he could see from the snow illuminated by his eyes. He remembered the darkness as if it were a familiar friend, and somehow felt continued. Some one thought lived in his mind, "You gods... This is the extent of your kindness..." he was aware... The world goes in his own mind, and all faded to nothing.

Diane, Mimsda, Xavior and Oshah all sat together once more in front of the main fence.

It's not right of me to talk about Terrence's past..." said Oshah, "That if you truly do care about him, you must wait to look for him. The cold in the Northlands at night is deadly if you have no shelter... But, it's the same Terrence who grew up here... he'll die the light."

"How can you be sure?" said Xavior.

"That boy..." muttered Oshah, as if it was a necessary she wished to be forgotten. She averted her eyes and gazed into the fire, "Well, I must say, I suppose... But still..." her mind seemed to have wandered off. She just nodded to the fire, listening to the ambience of it, lost, as if the unbelieved a hidden essence he held."

Xavior stared patiently at her, but his confusion overcame him, "... What?"

"The boy..." said Xavior, "I wish to speak to the girl who made me so happy once he was supposed to be here. But she..." she turned to Mimsda and gazed at the primitive city, "he called Mimsda?" she smiled and felt comforted by these lights, "One thing he always did..." she let out a nostalgic giggle, "Where was he, he would always say, 'These are my lights?' Oh, he would get so angry when I'd think him and say, 'They, Oshah, Xavior, and I are made' to us together."

"You alright?" said Mimsda, concerned.

"Aye..." she lowered her head back into her hair, and continued, "Just, what happened in the past... trying to remember what we all desperately want to never think of again..." Oshah sighed again and swallowed a lump in her throat.

"Madsen Oshah," said Xavior, "What is the world happened here?"

"I feel remorse..." said Oshah, her eyes once again focused on the fire, "The world of the world... the night of his blood... and... and... and..." she began to shake and tears streamed from her eyes, she grabbed a handkerchief and wiped them away, and walked out to it. Diane went over to her and knelt down in the snow and put her hand on Oshah's back to comfort her, "It's alright, we can always have a talk about the past."

I'm here..." said Oshah, moving the cloth from her face, "I just need to clear my thoughts on those scars of the past... We will talk about it sometime... You may say my night has..."

"Madsen Oshah," said Xavior, "Thank you... But I have one final question..."

Terrence raised his head and stared into the black sky.

How can you sure that Terrence will be the?" continued Xavior.

Up above, a long constellation, gentle blue beams of light began to glow.

My life..." said Oshah, "His eyes up here and he'll still bring alive a vision enough to me to survive anything..." she passed for a moment, "Oh... and..."

Other colored lights appeared, both past and present, vibrant orange and red lights, they lit up the night sky and cast down a glorious array of colors upon the land. The clouds were illuminated and glowed in ever changing directions. Terrence watched in awe, childhood memories began to flood his mind of his sitting beneath the stars, watching them vary some lights every night.

Oshah looked out the window, "Ah, it's midnight already?"

The three looked to the window and saw the light began to brighten the whole land in a sea of beauty. Mimsda jumped out of the couch and ran up to the window. "This must be..." she said in excitement.

"This is our nostalgic giggle..." she let out a nostalgic giggle, "Where was he, he would always say, 'These are my lights?' Oh, he would get so angry when I'd think him and say, 'They, Oshah, Xavior, and I are made' to us together."

Terrence looked at the dancing stars of celestial light and smiled contently. The light began to rise, watching the lights and clouds go by, the light circles the same as he did as a child, watching its cycles move. Sometimes, the cold didn't seem so bad after all.

"... Terrence smiled, his childhood memories that's welcome?" Xavior heard her, "Xavior smiled once he knew her face..." Xavior, only to have me bound by some twisted chains of fate..." He found his eyes pulled to close and looked, his hands began to twitch, and his lungs began to choke. He closed his eyes and he knew that these moments to look himself at to struggle. He stood up at the stairs and felt a tingling sensation in his frozen limbs as the numbers faded away. "Alright..." He's aware of your gaze a bit longer than..." Terrence felt surprised and found even enough, he was aware of it as he knew her face, a direct feeling from the gods. Either way, Xavior smiled to his face.

He remembered the night, "Remember his face, the gods, gods and..." he felt clearly. The time of light faded and faded continuously in a simple direction, as if to answer his plea. He followed the light's flow with his eyes, but he could not sleep, the light made in the distance standing out in the light. "He..." he continued to himself as he slowly walked towards it, following the glowing light. "It's alright, we can always have a talk about the past..."

Time passed, Terrence watched through the snow, his spirit uplifted by the magnificent sea of light. The streaks he saw glow above him, the log houses' windows' aglow from the fireplace beside his path. The light of the stars and candles, he had noticed.

I'd have to go back through many more pages in my diary first..." said Oshah, "Thank if I'd be able to remember every detail about Terrence and what happened here..."

"That's understandable... do we really have to?" said Xavior.

"The place will tell... What do you know about that? They had to go to [just] how is now a great?" said Oshah.

Xavior, I want to know him..." said Mimsda.

Xavior concentrated and thought clearly, "I remember the day he arrived in life... I believe that was... six years ago... I remember because that was about the time of Terrence's... I mean, the Queen's birthday. She had just turned Twenty-five... He had walked alone..."

What..." he eyes opened to the vibrant light shining from the window. Xavior was staring down, "That..." he was up and walked down to the window. "It's that..."

The others entered and looked out the window and saw Terrence walking towards the house. The door creaked open and he stepped in. They all stood in amazement with their mouths open. For the first time in a very long time, he had been back welcomed home in a way.

His... Hello then..." Terrence said to respond to their stares.

Xavior walked cautiously over to Terrence, eyesing him with a serious demeanor. He stopped just before him, his green eyes' gaze burning at the Shadow Knight's eyes and back.

What's the matter, Terrence?" Terrence was looked around the room and the familiar faces by the warm fire, "I see you're made miserable..."

Xavior gazed and gazed Terrence in the middle of his eyes, "There must be something about you..."

Diane, Mimsda and Oshah jumped up. Surprised, Terrence heard his head away from Xavior and covered where he was struck with his steel hand. Oshah quickly stood up from her seat and began to talk towards them, she wanted to end their fighting. Diane was her close to Terrence and she was reminded of his unbelieved once earlier. She looked up at his head of Oshah, "Please, you might get hurt..."

Oh, my dear..." continued Terrence as he looked down into Diane's eyes, "... any idea..." he took his left hand and placed it on top of the right hand, feeling from the other side, "... what do you could have done..."

Terrence raised his jaw with his hand and looked at Xavior and Oshah's side, "I guess not..." Diane's own memory of what happened..." he turned his head back and looked at Terrence, "What do you apologize me?"

# T. B. Pond

You are off into the lands on your own, you could have been killed by doing something so dangerous. . . . Wanted so much time, we're so close to finding the tower because of that. . . . "Xavier looked over to Damaré, "and you threatened Damaré, I really thought you would harm her, the one we must protect at all costs. . . . "He looked back to Tavian and met with his red-hand eyes. "What did he tell happened to you?" "I was sure you were you're so uncomfortable. But that only it was worse during the heat of the battle, her voice in such a sudden, apprehensive breath. Tavian can be eyes downward and stopped just Xavier, who was still staring at him. He gently pushed Oshk and Damaré out of the way as he walked over to the fire and sat down on his knees close to the flames. The near unbearable heat melted his bones body. The others looked at him, as if waiting for an answer or explanation. He simply closed his eyes and felt the heat across his skin.

"Well, Oshk said, breaking the silence. She looking at everyone else. "Tavian is alive and well, that's all that matters, right?" there another silence, Damaré nodded to Oshk. Mirinda stared at Tavian and Xavier turned away. Oshk continued, "That's a great room up alive with these back."

"I'll stay down here," mumbled Tavian as he looked in the fireplace.

Xavier walked freely up the stairs, controlling his anger towards Tavian just making it blunt he was doing so. The other three followed him, leaving Tavian in front of the fire.

Oshk steps in her room while Xavier, Mirinda and Damaré went to the guest room. Mirinda, Damaré and Xavier, tried from the risk through the lands, they felt asleep quickly. However, Mirinda was restless tonight and tossed around in her sleep. She woke up and the first image was the dancing lights outside her window. She stood in bed, trying to relax. Thoughts rolled through her mind, maybe she was excited about exploring new places to sleep recently. A part of her seemed by home in Paris, and thoughts of Michael continued. She heard footsteps from downstairs, and realized it was probably Tavian. Mirinda was thinking about what he could possibly be doing still awake, and then she heard the front door creak open and close.

The air it is done?" Mirinda mumbled to herself. She pulled the covers off and put on her thick fur robe case. Down the stairs into the living room she went. It was dark by the fire remaining flickering embers, and Tavian was not in sight. She opened up the front door and went outside. She saw thick footprints from the doorway leading to around the house, she followed them. "Tavian," she called in a loud whisper. The footprints ended at the base of a tall tree growing right next to the house. The tree was thick with moss except for one part that looked like the moss had been pulled off. "Up there." "He mumbled. While looking up, she grabbed onto the tree and began to climb. Up at the top she saw Tavian lying on the roof in a thick jacket and a thick blanket staring up at the stars. "What are you doing, ah?" said Mirinda as she dropped off the branches of the tree on top of the roof beside him.

Tavian looked over to her and mumbled, "Oshk can't take you eyes off the autumn either, huh?"

Mirinda walked over to him and sat down beside him. "I couldn't sleep. I heard you leave." She looked up at the night sky at the calling, flowing colors, "did you come out here to try to sleep?"

"No longer," Tavian looked over to Mirinda. "I told you before, I don't sleep."

She pressed and remembered, "Ah, right. But, you never told me why you don't sleep."

I did tell you, Mirinda," he said, "I have terrible nightmares. . . . I'd go to never see them again."

"Come on, a few nightmares couldn't be that bad!" Mirinda said to try to uplift him, instead he felt slightly offended.

Tavian stared calmly at Mirinda, for a moment, but he didn't feel threatened. He leaned back and gazed up at the stars under the very sky. "It's just. . . . I've had the same nightmare every night. . . . for as long as I could remember. . . . It's. . . . I'm in a burning house and there's no doors or windows. . . . I tripped inside. . . . I felt the heat of the flames burning my skin. . . . I take a deep breath to scream, but I choke on the smoke. . . . He raised his hand in the air, fingertips stretched as if to touch the stars. "That's wake up to my own horrible screaming. . . . for the sake of not alarming anyone, I usually just read or play my piano instead of sleep."

Mirinda looked at Tavian, purred, "So. . . you don't sleep?" "Yes?"

Tavian sighed shook his head as he continued to observe the skylights. Wintery clouds flew by, illuminated into a million soft colors by the moon's brilliant light. "I nodded off in front of the fireplace for a short while. . . . he pressed and continued to observe the beautiful sky, "and. . . . I had a different dream tonight?"

He slowly moved his hand in the air, following the clouds. "I had a dream that I could fly. . . . I was diving down over this same lands, falling through the mists. . . . I could feel the cold air biting my face and freezing my hair. . . . But then I realized I wasn't flying. . . . just falling. . . . falling badly, but I could never reach the ground." He stopped and put his arms back down. "For some reason, I felt so. . . . but at the same time, in a way, liberated. . . . I woke up with tears in my eyes. . . . I cried, Mirinda. . . . I have had any emotion besides rage in as long as I can remember."

Mirinda turned toward him "Is it because you're too big to fly?" she asked.

Maybe. . . . First since we came here, I felt so lonely. . . . and at the same time, nostalgic. . . . Old memories forced themselves to the surface at a glance of the village. . . . memories that I had completely forgotten."

"How could you 'lose' forget everything about yourself?" Mirinda questioned.

"I don't know. . . . I never could remember anything about myself before I came to this. . . . "Tavian felt calm for a moment. . . . "Wait, how did I even get to this in the first place? . . . If this is where I came from, why did I leave control over myself like that. . . . " Why does everything here make me feel nostalgic and happy at at the same time, I feel so terrified?" He sat up and looked around him. "What are I doing here?"

Mirinda sat up as well and faced him, then shook his shoulder "Hey! Stop the hell out of it!"

"I'm sorry. . . . But I've never thought about WHY I couldn't remember anything. . . . "He raised at his hands. . . . then his gaze became fixated on his artificial one. "This. . . . Here did I even get that? I've always had this cursed hand. . . . I never knew why I wanted it," his gaze wandered around the village and extended toward his glasses. He then returned his eyes with a short look at them. . . . The river."

Tavian stared at his hand and gazed in more than "I was in the river because of. . . . cage of logic clicked in his mind. "Wait. . . ."

"What?"

"The fire. . . . then my nightmare. . . ."

Mirinda looked at him and raised an eyebrow.

Tavian looked back at her, a look of epiphany in his eyes, "Think about it. . . . what if the nightmare is really a memory? What if that really happened to me?"

You and something about a river too. . . ."

"If I managed to escape a house full of fire. . . ."

Mirinda began to follow his logic. . . . "If you were asleep, the first place you'd go to is a river. . . . I see. . . ."

Tavian paused and realized he might be jumping to conclusions. "I guess it makes sense. but. . . why can't I remember any of this. . . . "Tavian sighed and continued staring into the sky.

"Well, I figured out something about your past. . . . "Mirinda then smiled at him, "who would have that taking a small step in the past would have been such a big step forward too, eh?"

"Oshk. . . . guess you're right," and Tavian, starting to feel a bit optimistic about his realization.

"What if you remember about yourself?" "Waiting at all?"

Tavian searched his mind. . . . "The very first memories I have begin in this. . . . I cannot remember anything before that so matter how hard I try."

"Well then. . . what do you remember? What's the earliest thing you can remember clearly?" asked Mirinda curiously.

Tavian felt that down on the roof and closed his eyes, thinking hard. "The very first thing I can remember. . . . is waking up in this's infirmary."

And then, Tavian's story began to unfold. He had sat and read about himself to anyone, just he felt like he could trust this red-eyed girl with his dark past.



# T. B. Pond

"The mind is now your flesh, bending to your will until your blood carries no more... and as for the wound..." Aetara tightly grafted Tavian's wrist where he was cut, she tensed when he looked at though she was concentrating. Suddenly, blood began to trickle from her eyes, wetter like raindrops, she let go of Tavian's wrist, revealing that his wound was gone. She then lay back in a trances, eyes wide open, silver red. Her arms were long and full drawn to her side, her blood began to flow back into her wound and disappeared, leaving a small scar. The glow in her eyes faded and she seemed to snap back to her senses. Aetara then moved up as if nothing had happened. "... Your training begins at dawn tomorrow" she then moved from her seat and left the room leaving Tavian to shock and awe.

This woman... Aetara, the General of the Shadow Knights... how could she have such power? Was she going to train Tavian to be able to work this magic as well? Many thoughts raced through his mind, all of them filled with uncertainty. He had no idea what would unfold and further change his life forever.

"It's so strange..." Tavian said, looking back over to Miranda, "I haven't thought of any of that in such a long time, yet I can remember that to the very last detail..." He looked up at the stars had fading away with dawn's light. The rising morning sun illuminated the clouds like polished silver. Once again, it was the land of pure vision.

"What else happened? What was your training like?" Miranda asked in her inquisitive curiosity.

"That..." Tavian said as he stood up and tossed his blanket at Miranda, "In a story for another time..." he ran to the edge of the roof and jumped off into the soft snow below.

Huh, just as well..." she took the blanket and recklessly jumped off the roof as well, landing gracefully and unharmed. Tavian pushed open his creaky door and left it open as Miranda walked in after him.

Oddly was in the kitchen and a lovely aroma wafted through the air. She walked into the living room to see what the sounds were and was most surprised to see Tavian and Miranda walking in, "And here I thought you both were asleep asleep upstairs!" she said while snickering.

"Huh, we passed at the Aetara until in her breath," Tavian said, snickering.

"You never could take your curious eyes off of it, Tavian," she walked back into the kitchen, "Breakfast will be ready soon, why don't you both go wake up Dante and Xavier?"











## The Edge of the World - Eyes of the Watchers

Diana's eyes could not see deeper or her head tried. She treaded in the deep waters, the fear beginning to take hold of her. She couldn't go further, her instincts were keening of some unspeakable imminent threat. A sharp pang of danger pricked her mind, a moment of lucidity returned. Awake and awake, the vivid portrait her mind had painted for her was now a lucid dream. She became conscious she was within her own dream, and she had never been able to be lucid in a vision, usually they were beyond her control. But this is no lucid dream. It made no sense for her. A lucid vision?

The priest took to the sides of the ship's deck. She couldn't walk, but the *coif* hid the water, she could breathe deep beneath the sun, the mermen alternating their stayed very close by to her. Spurred, on guard, searching. Diana faced one of them and her kind eyes met with the hardened warrior's. This merfolk was tall and dark blonde hair, interwoven with small, seaweed and coral. He waited facing her as if awaiting command, his battle-worn coral trident angled at the ready. She opened her mouth to speak, seawater rushed in and the took a deep breath of it. She was surprised by the sensation of waterbreathing, but needed to talk to this merman warrior.

As Diana spoke, whatever she said she didn't know, but he understood with a nod, he gave a hard look straight forward and pointed his spear pointed to strike. Diana looked ahead, there was a faint glow in the waters deep. The merman rose to two and all pointed spears, their servos were steady and ready to death-blow it! The faint glowing figure was drifting across the ocean depths, chasing the waters unerringly. A voice, low growls reverberated throughout the ocean floor, it thudded from every direction at once and halted until the entire was resonated with the mere sound of the creature's voice. Diana's eyes widened and she shuddered at a realization, there are many thousands of mermen, and just this one's voice! Diana's mind raced *more* than *less* daunting than Ty-Me.

The beam of light stretched down from above, extending itself down below, a column cascading before Diarm. The deep dark ocean depths became engulfed in illumination, all could be seen for a few fleeting moments. There before Diarm was the colossus of an enormous serpentine sea beast. The vast void of water depths were filled by a single long serpentine tail, writhing and strutting on endlessly. Swimmer upwards from beneath the sea creature emerged a swarm of foreboding fish. Hundreds of schools of Remora, the vicious, jagged-toothed piranha-creatures that reside within the deepest, darkest regions of the sea.

[illegible]

Diane let out a long loud scream of waterbush that chilled all the ocean's eurs with her distressful tone. Her shriek provoked the three mighty Mer to action, sudden flashes of quacksilver scales darted they to meet the left daimon of her dream. One of the Mer warriors lunged directly to the ocean in search for help, the might of a whale in his trident. Another moved around the boat, his spear at the ready to flank the daimon. The third mer warrior sailed with Diane, his tongueque eyes wide open. He leaped forward, doing all he could to the wrapped in his arms, around Diane's waist. He pulled her back shielding his life, swimming away from the boat with desperate force. Diane held her in his mighty grip looking back and watched scale reflections of the dancing light. The woman swam on the two Mer warriors, the school of the closest fish opens nearby throng the directly.

The sharp coral edges of the spears pained the eyes and heads of the Ramones, the Mar had faced many of these few times before, but, not in this number. The traders of the Mar stabbed and slew the Ramones one by one, and their blackened cruze and entrails spilt out, darkening the waters. But the masses of blood could not all be spilled. One of the two Mar continued his angry battle through five fish entrails, until he was reaching the very tip, the ichneumon was making water in his dark glowing eyes. His tongue was dry, his body slowly to the dawning. A Ramones lashed its scudley arms onto his shoulder. But Mar threw them up into the air. He was yuffed in pain, then, desperately batted his spear backwards into the fish's face, breaking the heart's flesh, forcing blood. He speared his pain and swim over close to his target.

[illegible]

He had lost it all in a week, in a night, so close to the ocean depths. Huge gas and streams of blood drained from the top of Dharma's group to sharks. His colossal hand turned from Dharma to the bloody mortal. Mer who dived made the Dharma bleed. The Dharma lost the heart in the dharma's flesh. The crocodile-like mouth opened revealing rows of black, jagged, white teeth like a shark. The man was easily big enough to swallow a boat, he engulfed in the waters surrounding the Mer. He showed no and faced his death. He walked motionless in the water as he entered the cavernous mouth of the serpent.

Dharma felt a strange sense of mortality, as if the were the one who met with death. She felt a pang of tightness in her chest, met with the unmistakable high of adventure, her heart beat to a thunderous drum. It inspired, the heart thoughts of pure emotion. They were

The Mer closed his eyes, the mouth of the Sea Serpent stopped shut, the sound of the seifless Mer's death was the crunch of bones within infinite tooth.

Diamo shuddered and tried to close her eyes, but she was unable to. She watched the death of the Mer kin, her vision focused on the crescentlike maw of the Sea Serpent. The Mer's death and a satisfied glow in the two spheres of the daemnon was a sight she was forced to see.

The remaining injured Mar slew the remaining few Ramerecs immediately near him, deathly aware of the fate of his friend, and how soon he would share it. He had no time to hold his wounds, many more feet closed in on him from the deep. He swam leaving a trail of blue blood, he made his path for the Sea Daemons surrounded by the schools of waiting Ramerecs.

was to / in? The other continued to bravely defend the Damsone and the Remorse as she carried to safety. Even though he hesitated to take her as quickly away from the heats of the desert, they remained within distance. Damsone tried to speak to the warrior, but he would not respond as he had spent so much time, making himself with all the strength he could muster. His rescue was weakening, the snapping moment! Remorse followed by the Sea Serpent was quickly drawing close and close.

The pre-sha-ooten's countless men poured to subdue water and propelled them into it as jet from their guns. The glants of countless toothed eels then enveloped that in a clamor that echoed louder than they enclosed up on the remaining Mar warrior. The scent of their enemy's war-blood drew the pre-sha-ooten's further beyond madness. The rattling sounds from bits of sharp tooth mixed with mar's and grunts became more chaotic like, and all their only life-eyed relied to a hazy. A huge, aught of schooler's scales loomed in the water, the scales of ramses poured

The Mer charged forward, staring into the snapping piranha maws. He thrust and evaded his spear, piercing the bodies of two or so Ramurus at a time. They were quickly up on him, and surrounded him on all sides. He swiftly leaped through the water a

There were tendles of light from her above extending down in three rays that enfolded with the water. Daine looked up, she could see a point above that the darkened waters where she was dragged down. In fact, she could see the very tall silhouettes of Meridia the watery glow. But the Remorse were closer, and the Daemons was just behind them.

She felt the current of the sea course around her as she lurched through the water. She couldn't look back, only forward to the faint glimmers of light and life far above. But then, Dianne began to sense her savories thoughts even more so, and could even see through his eyes.

She saw herself as the way carned her, speeding through the torrents into the light. He charged triad first with a loud battle cry, leaving this preponderance of prandies. The coral of his trident met with the teeth that would have met with his kar's neck. Without time to react, they fought together through the Ramenae as they as long as they could. Though they are rarely unanimous, we will give our lives to fight for you. You must hurry, beyond the top of the light! He continued to fight as the samurai enclosed on them. He stopped for a moment and look up. Damsu saw herself through his eyes, then felt herself return to her body, looking down at him from above.

Disoriented she looked around her, the darkness of the water was closing in on her, the light above growing darker. Oh, my queen? Swim! She heard his voice a final time. She swam up and up, kicking her legs against the currents. The pursuit to enter the light

The merman dashed towards the Ramorne, the wounded one helped through strength. His movements were slower, a Ramorne sank its teeth into his fin, the merman took his armor. Another one bit and latched on his arm. He yelled and tried to push them off with his spear. Tanquevis-eyes grabbed the Ramorne with the points of his trident and pulled them off. That it was all in vain, his comrade had no strength left in him. He stayed in front of his kin, using his trident with all his strength he could muster to protect him and slow their advance.

[illegible][illegible]

As dancing lights spread in random directions as the daemon's horns pulsed and arched with more lightning. The price of idleness for those who defy my master's will... Its mouth gaped open, every tooth pained with a bolt of lightning. The energy between its horns arched bigger and brighter and lit up the air in dark blue light.

The long serpentine tail-like body of the daemon could be seen extending up to the light it originated from in the ocean floor. A surge of blue energy coiled up the beast from the beneath the underworld itself. In a moment it traveled up to the head of the daemon and swirled around it. Then like a cannon, the horns and mouth fired a thundering burst of blue lightning that rampled the entire sea 2 poked forward in a column of light aimed directly at the two war makers. The beam widened and engulfed the mer, webbing nicks on lightning extended in every

the dragon before the eye could see. The two Mer were instantaneously disoriented in this claim of lightning. The flashes of lightning from the horns and teeth ceased in an instant, and the last random bolts fired from the Sea Serpent's head. The light stopped, but the clamor of thunder laid yet to cause unease and confusion. The dragon had echoed and rambled through the entire sea of Cadabranes.

The gem like eyes focused yet again on Damsel. They drew closer to her as the dragon differed through the sea of Kermesse grape. The snail's head swayed side to side as it churned the waters, growing ever nearer. The glowing eyes darted in a hypnotic dance, as if asking the question, *how a cobra might mesmerize in prey.* Those precious little *hounds in his diadem*,... his horns began to pulse and arch with lightning yet again, *I shall coax it out.* Its mouth puffed open and it drew closer with instant fervor.

<sup>10</sup> "Ah hah! Nothin' to it, I guess!" Miranda said as she sat flat on the floor close to the warm flames.

Everyone blinked. Miranda gave an upside down grin.

A bell? Ohhh look up as if seeing the ceiling boards, "Oh, you did drop that. That's alright, I would have ran her myself if you had asked..." she blinks again, "Wait, now... how did you get the water, much less heat?" she asked although already on the move:

The old and wise priest(s) called her thus purposefully, but it was met with the unanimous silence of deep thought. "Well then..." she waited to hear hers. She gave over to Travin and he stared at the floor, cross armed and brooding as usual. *Though I have many words for him, but he will never listen. He can't read and accept the smaller part of his soul, he may try...* Her heart and eyes came out Miranda, her heart was still hovering, feeling the flames as if her hand was inside the hands. She was completely flustered, her attention not staying from him. *The first I told her, the second to her own of the couldn't see, I told him what her before she passed. He cries, the stars of the earth around her without effort. A blessed child with improper training... dangerous...* At it, for as anyone who can not control the author they would. Her attention turned to Susan, pacing by the door.

She scanned the room once more, her eyes cast on each person there. Oshin looked up at the ceiling boards above her, *Lady Death*. *You were called here. Ayie, You were your three guardians. All of your purposes, sacred space here to be preserved. The victims would be preserved.*

There was a loud splash heard upstairs followed by the dull sound of water heavily dripping against the ceiling. Then water droplets began to trickle steadily from above, the affluence of a rainstorm in Oshkō's living room turned Xaxira, Mitrada and Tavani's attention.

The quaking of the words with the immediate accompanying roar of electricity chilled her, if she could have felt it.

There was a faint warmth in the distance behind her. Darius could sense another, yet distant, presence in her sea of thoughts. His mind began to feel lighter, as if stones were falling out her ears. Her limbs and face began to twitch with involuntary motions as she struggled to regain full control. The seaweeds, *it* the buoy's main function to hold? Her eyes could now move like if the suddenly had a full night's recovery. She slowly turned her head in the waves of water, her long hair flowing freely behind her in long flows. From her away and above, tiny glint of light pierced the darkness like a spirit. The light was hurtling down through the sea, the glow giving shape as it drew closer.

There was a shocked stillness on Madame Odén's face as water droplets fell one by one throughout her home. As Tavian and Xavier jumped to their feet, Miranda twisted and leapt backwards over a short table. The two could only stand and watch as the bad made a dash across the living room and began ascending the stairs.

"A lady is not you. . . . Tavian muttered to himself, crossing his arms and tapping his fingers impatiently. Then the men eyed each other, and stood stupid with uncertainty.

There was a slow wrapping at the door upstairs, "Diana?" Miranda called melodically. The cautious knocks were followed by a pause.

Xavier eyed the two of them, "I can't just stand here!" he took a step towards the stairs. There had to be something he could do to help.

Madame Oakh raised a hand to assure him, "Let the girl check on her," she said grandmotherly. "It wouldn't do any good for a man to burst into the lady's bath." She wanted to say more, but she took pause when the mat with the concern swelling in Xavier's deep-green eyes. *He is truly beside himself. The poor man.*

“But, I...” Xavier knew well he couldn’t just stand here, yet there must be some way he could be helping. The air was heavy with vibes of wrongness, he glanced at Trivan for a moment, he nodded a mutual acknowledgement that something was firstly amiss.

Orbly sighed and cleared her throat, “I’ve then,” she snuffed the floor with all her weight with her hands, “I’ll check on her too.” she said with a much too sweet smile. She tried to stand humbly, then she chided with a sharp gasp and her eyes widened, “I feel... a presence? A malevolent spirit is in my house!” she fell back into her chair she began to shake, “It... it sucks Trivan!”

A loud, slow creak came from the upstairs door followed by Miranda softly calling out "Diane?" then a sharp creak and a hard slam. "Yi-oo!" Miranda screamed with all the strain in her voice. Xavier darted for the stairs with Tavian at his heels.

Without time to think, Diane had regained some control over herself and swam up towards the light that was drawing closer. The small glint of light was now the size of the sun in the sky. As it drew closer, more and more light pillars cascaded down above, stretching all their might to reach Diane. The distance was vast, but the light was closing it moment by moment.

*Feelers, you act too late.* With that, a new lightning scouring through the horns and teeth of the sea snake broke forth, all that was seen was a flash of dark blue elsewhere in the sea. The snake tongue flicked and dithered and a ferocious hiss was let from its mouth. The lightning beam discharged, riving the water as it hurled towards Diane.

There came to the top of the mat first Miranda lying on the floor in the hall, the door wide open. She was on her back, hands and feet staring straight into the room, eyes wide peeled and mouth agape. Xavier stepped over her and ran through the bedroom's threshold.

There came to the top of the air within a sphere of vapour haze. The huge stone-globe vapour came charmed away, some made invisible in the water dropping off onto the floor. Bright white moonlight eerily glided in from the window, the floor pervaded through the room in a flood of blinding illumination. The watery orb whirled and tumbled off like a crystal ball around the piousness. Showers of unfurling hand carved around Xavier in dark blue figures as moments at a time. Damsel floated with her back arched, her arms outstretched and her legs wiggled.

They stepped around themselves. Her arms were loosely engaged in the waters and changed, and he and Red failed with the rapid movements of her aquatic course. Her eyes were closed, and her face was serene yet massive.

Tyrian also hepped over the mounds and struck the head Xavior, also standing beside him unknowing what to do. *A demonic pressure presses her instead? D'illys her to meet the waters as she has surrounded her freely?* How can this be? The clanked steel fist pounded it against the wall once in frustration. "What holds her grips with immense malice? Even she couldn't withstand..." he cut himself off, for he knew the complete disdain and disregard demons have for human life. He needed not to reiterate the obvious danger she was in, so he just crossed his arms.

Xavier stepped forward, looking up at the ceiling, the light spinning around the room. *A way to combat this malevolence ensnaring him? . . . Unintentionally, Xavier began to dance the magic himself! The light in the room, the overabundance of his affinity began to draw itself within him. His bare feet stepped across the wet floor up and moved just before he*

"Can magic be done?" Miranda asked him as she leaned in on her staff. Miranda was behind her, hiding yet helping her stand. She entered and stood between Xavier and Tavrin. She had seen spells used in many ways, and in her time dealt with the use of black magic. But this, she hadn't felt a presence like this in many years. It came to her. "The light, the black hands, the chill in her bones. That'des was filled, was he not?" Why?" She shuddered, sick with fear. "How can its vile magicks yet still seek her?"











# T. B. Pond

The calico cracked on his back and handless limbs, black-paul eyes wincing up at the dim glow of the moon above.

Astoria stood over the pitfall, staring motionless, and the shadowed her lantern. Before the action could be completed with mystery, she drove the *Reynard* from her back. The heavy, curved black string in a long swoop and stopped at the calico's neck. The last that belonged to a man slumped in time, but Astoria knew the thing was incapable of knowing human emotions. Even so, she had planned on controlling him. Swinging the second back, she was it downward to one hand, then leaped and grabbed the calico by the throat and held it down against the same ground. The dark grey inside the *Reynard* pulsed brightly with brilliant orange light, and Astoria's hand produced a dark colored flame. The calico's cracked teeth opened releasing a heavy puff of air as black eyes rolled. She could feel herself floating on the thing's fire like, dark, dark, with energy flowed warmly up through the veins in her arm. Soon, her whole body was glowing in dark purple energy. The wound in her side closed in an instant, she felt the stitches mending her mortal flesh whole. *She should die.*

Gashing out of the calico's robes was a fountain of black error. The wounds she returned to him would more than match the ones she had, and he would keep them. The once-human man made more errant action sounds, and laid on the ground, paralyzed by the wrath of Astoria.

She perceived red gaps into his black pupil eyes. "Now then, I have something I want to ask you." The calico's face turned away, she bumped it back with the steel rib of the *Reynard* "Stop. I think I know you can hear me."

The calico met Astoria's gaze gently, eyes locked but head still wary and slumping back.

"They're right, now. " she bumped his face with the fist again to point it towards making use the glow of the blue star reflected in his vacant eyes. "What is that? How was your last able to withstand the moon's glow?"

The calico rolled in black eyes away from the sky, cooked in heat to cliffs, making escape.

"Return tonight."

He looked. "No?" ...finally?"

"Place your hand on me."

Taking a step towards the cliff, the sharp pain reminded him of his wound. Kargo leapt and reached through her hair, putting his hand on her shoulder, the skin near her neck was wet with sweat and mist. The violet energy flowed up through his fingertips and warms until the blood in his hand. Up his arm and down to his wound, the warm life after mended his flesh. He let go and stood with pain completely soothed, and lightning energy returned to him as if he breathed a second wind.

"Think black that have itself found the field of the calico's robes. I made some jumping sound, then turned to head back fearfully to Astoria. It made an something huge grin on its pale face, channel it a snicker the clicks and harsh guttural sounds of the ancient tongue.

"I heard another thought. 'Tonight light caught out, never to be heard'."

"The chanting echoed from the forest, Astoria and her thoughts turned to see shadowy figures standing in the black branches.

"Upon the *Four Cliffs*, the people's eyes were lit, the calico on the ground continued the words of the ancient tongue, and the words resonated in nature from the trees.

"Tonight, the forest!" Astoria shouted.

The sudden response was apparent on her face. "W-what?"

Astoria let out a great of frustration, "This this now and without hesitation, my Crown?"

The chanting of hundreds of voices came closer, and heads stepped one by one out of the branches. "The night's blood, the flutters escape their wounds!"

Heaving her escape, Delina continued the night to be the end.

There was a tug on the blade of the *Reynard*, and Astoria turned back to the ground, the once-human's pale hand had wrapped around the blade and had pulled it through his own neck. The hand burst into black fire, quickly spreading to consume the rest of the body as well.

Now? "Then yes, I had wanted" Astoria pulled the sword black away, but the black flames continued to consume the night. The robes remained, but the body had it had been burnt to ash. What was left was a thread-black pulchre, it had the last of a *piece of man*.

"There is not a moment to waste for this!" she grabbed the small gemstone and placed it within a headle, then the *Reynard* put back in her holster on her back.

Coming out of the forest were calico with vibrant colors and this swagging long enough to be visible. They were moving in quick dash like an angry hive of fire beetles. Delina among the heavy robes half of her torso and a series of bright flames spread forth. The dry bark of the dead forest had ignited a deep glow of fire, then against the darkness in the heart of *Forest Fire*. Within the forest, all was lit up and confusion calico's faces were seen jumping to witness. But all that was heard was the roaring of fire.

Kargo had been kneeling with the hands still in place at the side of the shore cliff. He and Astoria leaped rope through climbing knots and thick metal rope attached to their belts. The sudden explosion provided them some well needed light. Astoria looked back to the mesmerizing mass of white light that was now a wildfire spreading across the whole island.

"That another lot of you back," Kargo shouted, and he had just returned the last of his climbing gear when Delina came trotting back so fast he thought she would collide with him.

"I have. " she took a deep breath, "determined. . .". Delina was about to go on, then Kargo began tying her into her climbing gear.

Astoria smiled by the cliffside while Delina lowered herself down, followed by Kargo. None also escaped from the inferno, and she watched as thick, black smoke billowed endlessly towards the sky. Hunched upon an ancient to her earliest memories kept him rooted, she shookled even more at the fire on the sky. Placating the voice, she shall answer voices. She was her hand over the handle containing the small gem she carried. They sought around even better to see the same answer. The brightness above was a stark contrast to the dark, empty crag of the black rocks far below at the shore of the cliff. She had calicoes but really descended and headed, Kargo stood over the edge of the boat, grabbing at the knots tying the boat down as Delina sat after preparing to raise the small boat. Astoria smiled her gaze kindly out across the black-green forest. The confusion of the many eyes granted her her rope crunched across the rough brown sand.

"Zeeah, do make haste!" Kargo muttered for her to hurry, then went back to working the huge knot holding the rocking boat ashore.

She ran faster, *I'd like to be off this side as far as ever* than she could. Astoria leaped on the boat and gave a sharp heave. Kargo nearly toppled over, yet he regained his balance and continued to fumble with the thick knots keeping the boat docked.

"Zeeah, stay. I'd like to be here here." Astoria pushed him back with only a little force, then she drove the *Reynard*. In a back of the corner/blank against rope and rock, both were hunched quiet. The pulchre scattered across the beach, and the waves of the sea carried the small boat off. They both sat back and breathed a heated sigh of relief.

With the pull of a rope, Delina let out the black sail, and a quickly caught the strong gale of night air. The boat sat away from the craggy shoals, the Crow sat her yellow eyes up high on the burning island. She turned towards the ancient darkness of the horizon, putting away thoughts of how many from the boat could. She was grateful to be gone.

The island was an eternal torch in the middle of the sea, Astoria watched it burn. It unravelled her that she had no idea how much the dark had grown, and she and her thoughts barely occupied with their lives. *An army of darkness. If I kept an army. She chuckled at herself.*

Letting thoughts of what they could be fighting get ahead of her. What could possibly allow an unbelievable, *damnable* dark land to reach knowledge? And ever, *endless* from living matter as far as in the dark fire? Her mind and other eyes turned upwards, the blue sea saluted high above the brightness of the island. They were a considerable distance away into the open sea, but she could see figures moving around in the water in the brightness around the island. Tall ships bearing huge sails confronted with the four black, and white bird working a sword and shield on a blue crest. *The first one/that can handle things out from here. If other Shadow dragons have any power at all. The island the white one, the strong crash following them scattered back to their hidden home. Chained tightly in her grasp, it is a used and gemstone.*

How many ships arrive?

Make it clear she and Kargo are fully healed

Odinquea both fighting between the Lark and Astoria.

Fix equipment layout at the beginning