**Chapter 1**

**The Origin of This Myth and Lie**

“In a parallel universe different than ours, two gods, Creed of Creation and Nulliva of Destruction, were at war. The Creator, who gives birth to time as different worlds **live** on, was once brothers and balance keepers with the Destroyer, who devours space when things' energy **is** lost. The two could not agree on whose power was greater, but Creed's natural gentleness caused his will to falter against Nulliva's. Afterwards, the Destroyer took advantage and struck his own brother to claim supremacy, and the Creator had no other choice but to retaliate. Time and space were heavily distorted in the war. In the end, Creed was trapped in Nulliva's body but just in time confined his brother in the Cage of Eternity where all surroundings were frozen. Neither could hear the voice of the other.

Yet, they still lived. Eons later after both have quelled, the two's hearts began beating simultaneously. The phenomenon was called, amongst gods, Feel Sync, which allow life forms to communicate through telepathy as long as their hearts resonate. Creed and Nulliva heeded each other's call and agreed to cease war by releasing the spells they had cast upon one another. Little did they know that, during their confinement, the balance of their world wasn't maintained; remnants of war remained. Pieces of different worlds drifting from various time and space emerged from nowhere. Oblivious of where or when those had come from, both gods decided to assemble the pieces, hoping the wandering lands can come to live in harmony as an atonement for the foolish actions they've made. Nevertheless, the Gods of Creation and Destruction agreed to call the final form of the fragments Planet Chaoz. The name would forever remind the two of the war, for another quarrel to occur should they never get another chance to Feel Sync.

Planet Chaoz was molded to the utmost of balance. Land and water divided the world in two. The gods raised the terrains of the eastern hemisphere and let the land carve in further at the south to call it Terranea, while the water of the great west takes over part of the northernmost area to form Aquaya. To compensate for the confusion the gods had caused for the people, they granted them special powers that would support them in life. People of the east, the Terraneans, had different clans who now possessed ancient elemental abilities of Fire, Wood, Earth, and Spirit, and those of the west, the Aquayans, controlled Water, Metal, Wind, and Lightning. Each clan had its own name to indicate its element.

The gods, however, turned themselves into two bodies of equally giant masses of air  evolving around planet Chaoz. Creed became a burning star called the Sun, and Nulliva a dark sphere with a gleaming aura called the Moon. Two gods opted to avoid conflict, so they stayed as far as half the world away from each other. Henceforward, the Sun would never meet the Moon.”

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“**The story was but what the people believed: their worlds merged; they were granted powers; and there were gods. Yet no one questioned.**

The Terraneans until now have been embracing the nature. Flame Blazers of the Fire surround a volcano at the south, Leaf Reapers of the Wood live in forests across the rest of the continent, and Land Wreckers dwell the underground but share territories with both the other clans. Ghost Whisperers, though, are mysteriously different. It is told that they live in a giant temple hovering above the volcano summit. Both they and the temple do not materialize but stay in their spiritual forms until nighttime. Leaf Reapers work as essential food providers and medics for their affinity with the nature. The Fire and Earth clans are blacksmiths and honorable fighters of the east. And lastly, the Ghost Whisperers often perform rituals in beliefs that they will sustain their magical power the strongest across the planet.

The Aquayans, however, enjoy a more modern lifestyle and cluster mostly in the north. Because the majority of the Rain Crashers can breathe underwater, they have advanced battleships and a small fort deep at the ocean floors with the help of Steel Renders, and provide all of the planet’s aquatic food supplies. The Metal clan appears to be the infrastructure of the western hemisphere, although the materials are originated from the east. They, along with the Thunder Sparkers, built and lived in a floating aircraft generated by the Lightning clan’s electrical power and partially from the natural thunderclouds. The Gale Drifters, as their name suggested, has been wandering aimlessly around Aquaya. Flying creatures are sometimes the Wind’s preys, but other times they are friends and transporters for the injured.

Then one day, among the clans uprose iron-willed men leading large rebel groups who believed in a sole leader should rule the world. They would use force to recruit members for their 'guilds'. A guild is led by a single master whose knowledge and power promise a strong position to stand amongst the clan leaders. What the masters strived for was obvious, and for that reason, they had to convert others to serve under their reigns. The majority of those who did not concur with dictatorship formed an alliance to suppress the rebels, resulting in paramount of people getting killed in the wars. The effort lasted for ten years, and just when everyone thought it was over, rumors about the surviving guilds causing riots spreaded. Struggling ideals came back to surface. Once again, brothers under the same roof, whose beliefs differed, would slaughter each other.

Dictators changed the clan leader system to monarchy. The first one to establish his own Empire was the Fire’s ruthless emperor Zaron, who overthrew the previous clan leader. Guardians protecting the imperial palace were elite warriors, some with the power to enchant their weapons and clad their armors with flames.

Meanwhile, the Water clan saw this as a threat and expanded the underwater fort under the rule of the eldest warlock Flinn. They, the masters of summoning and magic Artz, created around the Kingdom misty barriers and prevented any intruder by changing flows of whirlpools and trapping them in hollow bubbles. Thereafter, the center regions, where the Fire and Water fought, became the world’s biggest battlefield; wherever tsunamis crashed the shore, the volcano’s heat vaporized them.

The rest of planet Chaoz, however, did not follow the creation of nations. Those clans lack excellent leaders that can take control of vast advantageous territories, they and had made themselves inferior to the southwestern feudal lords’ armies. Instead, fractions of them were obligated to partake in the war, including the Land Wrecker blacksmiths joining the Fire and the Steel Render craftsmen siding the Water. While clearly expressing distaste, they chose to stay quiet rather than to break the silence that prevented another bloodshed among themselves. Then suddenly, the Flame Blazers and Rain Crashers ceased wars. They knew the stalemate would only bring about complete downfall to one another, so they shifted their focus to developing the nations. Others hoped that it was done for good. Nonetheless, all but hatred remained...”

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**Chapter 2**

**Lost**

The kid got up.

*Urgh, it’s so loud in the morning.*

He slowly reached for the bowl of fresh water, washed his face, and turned towards the plain wooden door. Through its gap he could see the bright sun casting shadows of those rushing on the street. *Where’s my father?* The sluggish mood he just had earlier took a U-turn.

He darted to the window to see the crowded neighborhood. There were many faces of children and adults alike, so vivacious the kid could actually feel what he missed for not waking up any earlier. Everyone was preparing for the New Year’s festival. He put on his shirt, dashed away to look for his father, but left the door unlocked.

While pushing through the crowd, he could hear his stomach growling. He reached for the pocket to see if he could even afford a bread. There was a spare of money earned from running Mr. Kaemon’s errand. 10 *retz* on his hand it was.

“Yukimura, you sneaky ‘lil twerp!” A voice called out to him. “What are you up to today?”

Yukimura prepared himself for a nice, long scolding from a merchant whose apple he stole yesterday, but it was actually the gentle old geezer Kaemon greeting him. *Phew*. The kid strided quickly to the old man, but before he could make it halfway, horse neighs were approaching him swiftly from afar. People suddenly began to move away from the main street, as if a huge lion was about to storm the village.

It wasn’t a lion, and it wasn’t attacking the village either. Rather, “it” was just a group of the imperial soldiers riding by. The villagers started to return to their previous activities, though Yukimura was still worried since the army hadn’t gone passed his house yet. Those guys only hung around when serious matters happened. Who would know what could have happened. He blended in the crowd again, completely forgotten about Mr. Kaemon.

Old concrete houses on the street had lanterns above wooden doors. The lanterns were elegant, probably because of the patterns on them. But somehow Yukimura never enjoyed that kind of elegance. He preferred edgy things, unlike how things in this entire country were portrayed. “The shapes.” He asked himself. “What’s with those writhing stuff? They all look like they got snakes all over them.” And it was hot outside. Soon he looked east, and squinted his eyes to see the volcano. The sight was beautiful; it was as if the sun rose from inside the hot heap of rocks. But he didn’t like it. He only felt like the giant fire ball ganged up with that hot brownish mountain to burn his eyes. He turned his back at the sun and looked for something to eat. That was when his stomach started acting like such a spoiled child. It was always filled with food once every 5 hours. Yukimura thought some loaves of breads would soothe the crying baby. There must be merchants taking advantage of this jamming of people to earn some retz. “Gotcha.” The tiger breads cart he meant. Whatever he didn’t like, this kind of meat was always an exception.

“How much’s a loaf, sir?” He asked the merchant.

“9 retz, little one. I hope your pocket didn’t have some holes in it,” answered the witty old man.

“It was only 6 yesterday. Aren’t you making thousands a day? I would have picked up some coins on the ground and have two of these.”

“New year, kid, is when I make money out of people. Not so many lazy bums like to wake up at midnight to marinate food on these days. And I tell you what, tigers aren’t that cheap anymore. You’re fortunate enough to even sniff my bread. You buying? If that’s a no-no then you can cross the street and buy some of those odd bird drumsticks for 5 retz each. My store’s like the noblest around here.”

“Oh thank you mister. I prefer quality over quantity, but my stomach empties fast. See ya around when everything else’s cheaper than your stuff.”

Yukimura was slightly, and just slightly, notorious around town for his running mouth, but he couldn’t even be a match for this guy. Later, he evaded the mob behind him and dashed off across the street. Skewered eagles were no less luxurious than the tiger bread, but there were an abundance of those birds, unlike the increasing rarity of tigers. In fact, the avians usually clustered here in the south. Little animals came for the luscious fruit trees provided by soil fertilized from volcano ash’s mulching effects. The airborne predators simply followed preys to this area. “Wa hah! I’m gonna taste those delicious birds that ate other delicious animals that ate delicious fruits!” Exclaimed Yukimura on behalf of his stomach.

“How much’s a skewer, mister?” Approached the little boy.

“5 re--”

*BOOOOM!*

Something happened in the direction Yukimura first came from. His house. He immediately purchased his food and head back home. Just like he anticipated, the noise really did come from his house. Effortfully, he shoved away the crowd. The front door, half-opened, had a big hole on it, and a woman was weeping inside.

“Mother!” Shouted Yukimura.

“Oh my child,” said the surprised woman, tears all over her face, “where have you been?”

“I went outside to look for something to eat. What happened here?

“Please, hurry! You must...run away from here! As far as you can, plea--”

THUD! THUD!

Suddenly, someone behind Yukimura picked him up by the head and said in a low-pitched, calm voice, “By orders of the Emperor, we are here to escort this boy to the palace. This household’s members are under arrest for adopting an outsider to the Empire, hiding from His Majesty, and nurturing a potential threat to the nation. All had been considered treasons to the Lord.” He sounded slow and vile for someone reading the consecration. Yukimura resisted as his feet lifted higher and higher from the ground. His head slipped away from the grasp of the man, and he turned around, only to see a giant, armored, and dangerous-looking warrior. The demon was 9-foot tall and muscular as though he could lift a bull with a finger, equipped with scaled gloves and breastplates and a horned helm, and had hair color fiery as vermillion phoenix feathers, and two big axes hung on the back. *This* thing *is no human!* Yukimura was dead silent. The big “messenger” approached to now tie the kid up and carry him on his shoulder. This situation was of no escape.

The giant marched towards the door, making noises like war drums each footstep. Escorting him were two lesser soldiers who looked similar to the leader but only different in size. No one dared to stay and look any longer. Instead, they pretended to have already returned to their normal activities. Their eyes, however, couldn’t stop following the warriors. Some villagers walked into Yukimura’s house, trying to soothe his mother.