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***Lionheart:  
An  
Unexpected  
Hero***

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*First edition*

ONE

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# *Shadow Walkers*

It was the last day of Freezefall so the snow and frost had mostly melted and the animals and creatures none wanted too much to do with were beginning to roam along the outskirts of the small village of Pence. Tomorrow would be the first day of Lent and the second season of the year. The land of Ulera has four seasons not including Highglow, which is a three week period of the year where the sun's heat is hotter than any other season and a rare species of plant, the highglow flower blooms and is highly sought after in the highest inset cliffs of the northern mountains. There was Freezefall, which was a cold and harsh season although the dwarves were very fond of it for some reason even though if you met one, the only thing you'd hear from them would be grumbling and complaining about the seasons harsh

temperature but gain quite the amount of coin off the slaughtering of ivory seals who migrate to the beaches' edge that they seemed to forget to mention. Lent is what most consider the most peaceful season seeing as how it was not too hot nor too cold with trees beginning to grow their leaves back and fauna springing into bloom. There was also Midsun, the hottest season and Harvestfall similar to Lent however the leaves begin to fall and all prepare for Freezefall coming not long after. Flynn Stonevale was your average halfling, physically he stood about 3 feet 3 inches which was about the average for a halfling in the eastern regions and he was built just average for his size not being too oversized like his mother but had quite the upper arm strength being a woodcutter and all. Throughout his life Flynn hadn't been much of anything but average really, becoming a woodcutter as his father did, and his father before his father did also. "Tomorrow I will have to make a choice", Flynn thought to himself as he sat eating his morning meal of a small egg and fried potatoes which he hadn't seasoned too well that day. Tomorrow was the first day of Lent, and by most halfling tradition on the first day of Lent during their 20th birth year they would need to choose their profession. This choice is typically final and secures what life will be like for someone such as Flynn. Flynn however was not all too fond of this tradition because he had always been

adventurous outside of woodcutting, learning about the laws and functions of nature, foraging ingredients to throw into his bland but consistent meals, and reading the history of Ulera in his free hours. "They just expect me to decide my fate tomorrow don't they?" he asked himself as if he didn't know the answer already. As he finished the final bite of his meal a raucous sound of knocking came at the door. "FLYYN", the voice on the other side of the door yelled. Flynn knew exactly who was knocking, "Haldon", he muttered to himself as he rolled his eyes and opened the door. "Flynn, praise Gylfie you answered! I was afraid you wouldn't answer and I'd have to keep knocking for ages and have you mad at me again." Flynn loathed Haldon and for some reason Haldon refused to see that. "On with it Haldon", Flynn grumbled. Haldon was the magistrate's messenger and particularly annoying to Flynn always interrupting him with his unorganized thoughts that he seemed to blurt out every time he came to deliver a message. Unfortunately for him Haldon was the only messenger in Pence and often came knocking with orders from the magistrate to deliver wood on a regular basis. "Okay, well...well, I forgot. Oh wait I remember! I was sent by the magistrate to remind you of the festivities tonight to celebrate tomorrows' ceremony". Flynn knew he really had no choice as if he didn't go people would probably see

him as odd or rude, so he agreed and quickly rushed Haldon off of his doorstep.