The Academy Saga

Book One: The Beginning

By Kristopher Green

N.B If a phrase is not translated then it is because there is no English translation or it is unbearably obscene (Most likely to come from Radon)

Prologue: The Reaping

**IP3 29, Day 208**

**18:07 TCT**

Thoron looked down at the message he had just written. It consisted of two simple words: *Magmare dekuínit* (Magmare has fallen). It was short and concise but demanded more. This message would be sent to all the high ranking politicians on Skarrapraesh. But the unsanctioned defection of a major county was not the crux of the matter. After fleshing out the letter and sending it, he sent another message, this time to the Sectinate, outlining an event that threatened all of Skarrapraesh and the thirteen billion Drakanae it was home to. All of the major trading cities, Kiln, New Khaíla, Ifras, Kulína and Thíuplin, had been attacked by Shargaromalum. This posed a massive danger to the populous as Skarrapraesh relied on trade from the rest of The Triad and conversely The Triad relied on them. Just as Thoron sent the message, the doors burst open. Thoron did not turn from his desk.

“My Lord, the Shargaromalum are making a press for Sedilla,” The king shifted slightly, as if the news was physically rubbing his scales the wrong way.

“What of the children?” He replied.

“The Kaíos and the half-breed have both been reported as safe, although the Kaíos is now an orphan.”

“Thank you, now tell Haethrin to gather his forces by the gates. Sedilla must not fall,”

“Yes my Lord,” The messenger left, leaving Thoron to dwell on the news.

Chapter one: The Academy

**IP3 35, Day 257**

**14:57 TCT**

**6 years after the Reaping**

The shuttle approached Triad HQ and I prepared myself for the following experience. I hadn’t been rooted in one place for a few years, so I was mildly apprehensive. I looked to my mentor to find he wasn’t there, only an empty seat.

“Sorry my child, but I will not be accompanying you as I am no longer your mentor,” He had said at the docks. I looked down at the staff lain across my lap. It was a long cedar rod clad in black metal with a set of rotating rings encapsulating a green crystal on the top. This was my mentor’s last gift to me and I had promised to keep it safe as it had been passed down mentor to student for many millennia.

“We’ll be landing in about three minutes,” The pilot said.

“Ok.” The shuttle started shaking as we hit the atmosphere.

The entrance hall of the Academy was filled with students and teachers preparing for a new year. I was waved over by a guy a couple of years older than me and a girl about my age with dark, curly hair. I walked over to them and we proceeded to introductions.

“Radon right?” The guy asked.

“Yeah, is this your first year here?” I replied. He nodded.

“I’m Ras and this is Alayna, we’ll be your roommates for the next three years.”

“How do you know that?” I asked, slightly paranoid.

“*M’ehrta mens’vthahí….*” The last part of the statement was mumbled. I could tell he was trying to speak Drakanian, but he had a problem getting the words out.

“*Menz’dvathíth,*”

“That’s what I said.”

“Right. I’ll just go with ‘the receptionist told you’. I don’t know of any psychic Fairans.”

“All grade three initiates please report to the conference hall for your inauguration. Now!” Said a loud, rather gruff voice from the tannoy system.

“Conference hall?” I asked.

“I think we follow the herd,” Ras replied.

We followed the other students to a large room located just down the corridor from the arrival hall. A stage headed the room, upon which stood a Shargaroth. He was tall with a humanoid torso and goat-like legs. Black horns sprouted from his forehead and curled below his ears and his red eyes pierced the souls of everyone in the room. Most if not all of the students sat tense in their seats, not wanting to meet his gaze. Ras looked calm but Alayna was on the verge of a panic attack.

“Never seen a Shargaroth before?” I asked.

“No,” Alayna replied quietly. “You?”

“Nope, but I have seen what they created. This guy’s tame in comparison.” Once everyone had sat down, the Shargaroth addressed the room in a low voice that sent an audible shiver through the room and silenced any stray whispers.

“Welcome, initiates, to The Academy. My name is Thanatos and I am the Director of this facility. For most of you, this will be one of very few meetings we have. The rest will learn that I am not as tame as I may first appear.” I shivered slightly. Some part of me knew who Thanatos was directing that last part at. “The first year will consist of an equal mix of purely academic days and mission days, where you will shadow a Seltrun and submit a mission report. Assessment for the first two years will be based on the mission reports you submit whereas the third year assessments will be written examinations. Now, you shall all retire to your dorms where you will find uniforms, timetables and provisional weaponry.”

There were three dorm blocks, or Messes, within the Academy; Red, Blue and Green. We were assigned to Blue Mess, which was located in Southern Complex. As the Complex was about 200 kilometrae south of the Central Complex, we had to take a shuttle, which gave us time to break the proverbial ice.

“So, who are you and where are you from?” I asked, setting things off.

“You first,” Alayna replied, “In Drakanian.”

“*Fírlot. Haílo, m’ehrta Radon Temporum-Drakus. M’ehrta aulí Morro, dannen Skarrapraesh. M’ehrta Kaíosage m’jaí kí kilk’leer ørtfí Aezjtak Haethrin. Kíehrta tau?*”

”What?” Ras said, thoroughly confused.

“He’s a mage from Morro.” Alayna replied.

“*Tau sprekna Drakanage?*”

“I know enough to get by.”

“Well, I don’t,” Ras complained.

“You’ll pick it up, it’s not hard.” I replied