Long ago, Xadia was one land...  
  
rich in magic and wonder.  
  
In the old times, there were only  
the six Primal Sources of magic...  
  
The Sun. The Moon.  
  
The Stars.  
  
The Earth.  
  
The Sky.  
  
And the Ocean.  
  
But a thousand years ago,  
a human mage discovered new magic...  
  
the seventh source.  
  
  
  
Dark Magic.  
  
It used the essence  
within magical creatures themselves  
  
to unleash dark power.  
  
Horrified by what they saw,  
  
the elves and the dragons  
put a stop to the madness.  
  
They drove every last human to the west.  
  
And so, the continent  
was divided in two.  
  
In the east, the magical lands of Xadia.  
  
And in the west, the human kingdoms.  
  
For centuries, the King of the Dragons  
himself defended the border.  
  
- Forward!  
- Forward!  
  
The humans called him Thunder,  
for when he spoke,  
  
his voice shook the Earth and the sky.  
  
But on the eve of last Winter's Turn,  
  
  
  
the humans used unspeakable Dark Magic  
to slay Thunder.  
  
Then, without mercy,  
they destroyed his only egg, his heir...  
  
the Dragon Prince.  
  
Now the world stands on the edge  
of all-out war.  
  
Take that, marshmallow monster.  
  
Callum!  
  
It's okay, Ezran.  
  
It's just a thunderstorm.  
Nothing to be afraid of.  
  
Go back to sleep.  
  
I wasn't scared...  
  
Bait was scared.  
  
Who's there?  
  
Declare yourself,  
in the name of King Harrow!  
  
Please!  
  
Who are you?  
  
High Mage! Please, it's urgent!  
  
Lord Viren! I've seen something.  
  
Lord Viren, uh...  
King Harrow hasn't risen yet.  
  
Viren, didn't I tell you if you ever  
woke me up this early again...  
  
I'd have you executed?  
  
I'll give you a moment.  
  
So, what's so important that you come into  
my bedroom risking your life like this?  
  
Assassins.  
  
I see.  
  
A scout on patrol discovered them  
just before dawn.  
  
Well, don't look so grim.  
We've fought off plenty of assassins.  
  
Haven't we, Pip?  
  
It's different this time.  
  
We believe they're Moonshadow elves.  
  
Moonshadow elves?  
Then how did the scout escape?  
  
I don't know. It was muddy, wet, dark...  
  
Somehow he got very lucky.  
  
The Crown Guard won't be enough  
to hold them off.  
  
Send for General Amaya  
and the Standing Battalion.  
  
The Breach is too far.  
They'll never make it back in time.  
  
What's tonight's moon?  
  
Full.  
  
Of course it is...  
  
With the Moonshadow elves  
at the height of their power,  
  
no defense will stand against them.  
  
Then we won't defend. We will attack.  
  
We must find them today,  
in the light of the sun,  
  
and stop them before it's too late.  
  
Well done, Rayla.  
  
Yeah. I used both of them.  
  
I can see that.  
  
Bait, shh.  
  
Prince Ezran!  
I caught you!  
  
I was just... admiring them.  
  
Oh. With your hands?  
  
Yeah. They look amazing.  
  
Well, they are amazing,  
and they're not for you!  
  
Or your little monster, Bait.  
  
Did you just...  
  
You can tell by his eyes he's innocent.  
  
Are you kidding me?  
I'm standing right here.  
  
Hey!  
  
Prince Callum.  
Today we focus on the art of...  
  
Art! Finally something I'm good at.  
  
Sorry, sorry. Won't interrupt again.  
  
Please... continue, Soren.  
  
The art of defense  
is critical in sword-fighting.  
  
Parrying is about angle, motion,  
anticipation...  
  
Misjudge your opponent,  
and it's over. You ready?  
  
Uh, I'm gonna have to say no.  
  
Great. Let's do this.  
  
Parry, parry, parry... You're dead.  
  
Parry, parry... You're dead.  
  
Parry... Dead.  
  
Really? Are you sure?  
Even if I was wearing armor?  
  
Even if you were wearing  
the rarest legendary armor,  
  
forged by Sunfire elves...  
  
Super dead.  
  
- I'm terrible at this!  
- Yep.  
  
But you have to practice anyway,  
  
because that's what's expected  
of a prince.  
  
- Or a step-prince, actually.  
- What?  
  
What?  
  
Hey, your sister.  
  
- She's gonna walk right into that...  
- Shh.  
  
Claudia!  
  
Oh. Hi, Callum!  
  
You're no fun.  
  
- Is this new?  
- Relatively new.  
  
It's only been there for 300 years.  
  
Hey, uh, can we try again?  
I think I can do it now.  
  
- What was that?  
- I don't know.  
  
Uh, I was trying to "sweep the leg"?  
  
That's not a thing in sword-fighting.  
  
Oh.  
  
I see what's going on here.  
  
Don't worry, I'll help.  
  
You come at me this time.  
  
Oh, I am stabbed!  
By the stab-prince!  
  
Lord Stabbington! Why? Spurt!  
  
Spurt!  
  
Nice work, Callum.  
  
He deserves it.  
  
Prince Callum. The King needs  
to speak with you urgently.  
  
He didn't really stab me.  
  
Boys!  
  
You're going on a trip.  
  
To the Banther Lodge!  
  
But... it's spring.  
That's the winter lodge.  
  
Eh. Winter is coming... eventually.  
  
What will we do? Everything fun there  
has to do with snow or ice.  
  
Maybe you can invent new versions  
using... dirt and rocks.  
  
You could build a dirt man! Or...  
  
what about mud-sledding?  
  
That could be a thing!  
  
Look, this is something  
I need you to do.  
  
- Dad...  
- It's decided.  
  
You'll leave before sundown,  
so go get packed up.  
  
Yes, sir. Come on, Ez.  
  
Why's he sending us away?  
Something's wrong.  
  
Everything's going to be fine.  
All right? I'm sure of it.  
  
What's going on, Father?  
  
We have visitors from Xadia...  
  
Unwanted visitors.  
  
What are they, minstrels or something?  
  
- Assassins.  
- I know! What do you think, I'm an idiot?  
  
They've set up a secret camp  
somewhere near the base of the cliffs.  
  
Soren, you will lead an attack.  
  
Right. Their secret camp.  
  
How am I supposed to find it  
if it's secret?  
  
These assassins are Moonshadow elves.  
  
They draw power from the Moon.  
  
Inside this box is an Archangel  
Lunaris... a giant moon moth.  
  
It will be drawn to their energy.  
  
Follow it, and you will find them.  
  
And what happens if I can't find them?  
  
Then we may be  
on the brink of changing times.  
  
You're saying they'll kill the king?  
  
Discretion, boy!  
  
- Do you want to cause a panic?  
- I'm sorry...  
  
Just get out there and find them.  
Before sundown!  
  
So, if these are really Moonshadow  
elves, then once the moon rises...  
  
They'll be unstoppable.  
  
Well, I'm going to find a way  
to stop them.  
  
After all, "unstoppable"  
is just another kind of "stoppable."  
  
No. That's not really right.  
  
Yeah, it made more sense in my head.  
  
Wait, I'm coming with you!  
  
You look terrific.  
  
But, just so you know,  
that's ceremonial armor.  
  
It's three times as heavy  
and half as strong. Oh, but so shiny!  
  
I don't care. I know what's going on  
and I'm coming with you.  
  
- You're just a kid, Callum.  
- I'll be 15 in two months.  
  
Ooh, fourteen and three quarters! Wow!  
  
Five-sixths. Soren, he's our king.  
  
And he's my father.  
It's my duty to help him.  
  
Well, technically he is your step-dad.  
  
But I'm sure it's similar. Think fast!  
  
You were supposed to catch it.  
  
Four full moons past,  
on the eve of the Winter's Turn,  
  
the humans crossed into Xadia  
and murdered the King of the Dragons.  
  
Then they destroyed his only egg,  
the Dragon Prince.  
  
Tonight we bind our lives to justice!  
  
- My breath for freedom!  
- My eyes for truth!  
  
- My strength for honor!  
- My blood for justice!  
  
My heart for Xadia!  
  
Life is precious. Life is valuable.  
  
We take it, but we do  
not take it lightly.  
  
Moon reflects sun, as  
death reflects life!  
  
When it is done, I  
will send a shadowhawk  
  
with a blood ribbon message  
to the Queen of the Dragons.  
  
We strike when the moon is highest!  
  
- Uh, Runaan?  
- What is it, Rayla?  
  
I was wondering...  
what if they know we're coming?  
  
We have the advantage of surprise.  
  
If we act fast, we will accomplish  
our goals without sacrifice.  
  
Oh, Bait, you're terrible  
at hide and seek.  
  
- Ez! What are you doing?  
- Hi, Callum. Do you want a...  
  
No, I don't want a stupid jelly tart!  
  
Why aren't you packed?  
You know we have to get going soon.  
  
But... you're not packed.  
  
What do you think I'm doing?  
  
Ezran! You don't get it, do you?  
  
Why do you think they're  
sending us away?  
  
Because they're coming to kill him!  
  
Let's see if this magic moon moth can find  
more than a closet full of moon sweaters.  
  
- You know, 'cause moths eat clothes?  
- Yes, sir.  
  
Let's go!  
  
They know we're here!  
  
Mystica-Arbora!  
  
Nothing!  
  
Surprising no one, a magic moth  
is just as worthless as a regular moth.  
  
We'll have to wait for the elves  
to come to us.  
  
You lied to me.  
  
- You let him go!  
- Runaan, I'm sorry!  
  
The human... he looked up at me  
and I saw the fear in his eyes.  
  
Of course he was afraid.  
But you had a job to do!  
  
He didn't do anything to me!  
How could I take his life?  
  
You let him live...  
  
but you've killed us all!