Premise of the first book of ‘Path of Ascension’

Eyes of the Storm

(working title)

In a land known by many but visited by few, the Tribes rule. They call it the Alshala, the promised land, and consider themselves its tenders and protectors. They do so by hunting Demon.

The tribes have only ever briefly been united in anything but their goal of protecting the promised land and their devotion to the Eternal Hunt, but they have still managed to sequester off into vague groups. The southern tribes, eastern tribes, northern tribes, and western tribes have gathered in their respective quadrants contently over the years, inter-marrying in the tribes amongst and squabbling with the other tribes – sometimes more than squabbling. However, they have always managed to work together in times of strife – the 1st and 2nd Scourge, namely. But many years have passed since the last Scourge, and the tribes of the promised land have permitted themselves to commit one costly sin – they’ve become complacent.

Five years since Sig Sorno vacated the seat, the Wisemen of the southern tribes have finally chosen a new Huntlord – Harren Stoutrider. He is the scion of a well-respected tribe, amenable, has many feats to his name and strong enough. More importantly, he is willing – if begrudgingly. Not many seemed to want to follow in the footsteps of the legendary Sig Sorno. And though Harren is wary of the responsibilities he now must shoulder – or, more specifically, wary of how much power and respect he truly wields among the tribe heads – he is even more fearful of the Tribes falling apart. Because there is talk of the North – talk that they have been venturing too far south, and west… talk of raids of unsuspecting villages outside the promise lands… talk of Demon Friends.

At the same time, the Hunting Tribe is ready to welcome new young warriors. Acceptance into the Hunting Tribe is almost every young tribesman’s dream – only the brave, undaunting, clever and strong are allowed in after all. And you can accrue much glory serving in the Hunting Tribe, which extends past Tribe boundaries. But one boy once dreamed much bigger – he once dreamed of not just serving in the tribe and fighting among them, not just leading his own branch, but becoming Huntlord of the southern tribes, the most respected and powerful warrior out there.

Kipparon Kinless is well known among his young contemporaries, but not for good reason. He is a poor at best hunter. When they do rounds, his often among the first knocked out. And he has always been a little slow to understand speech, or at least he was one when he was little. But worst of all, he was *kinless* – not a sin, far from it, but a pitiable title. It was almost certain that he was Kipparon Treewhisper, a young boy who was lost when the tribes Treewhispers and Knifebears were wiped out tragically by a demon pack, with him being the only survivor. But no one can be completely certain if he is not some unnamed Knifebear child for example. Since he can claim no kin for sure, he is *kinless.* So it was no surprise that when Kipparon claimed that he would one day be Huntlord when older tribesmen asked the children their dreams and goals, he was laughed at and ridiculed. Looking back, Kipparon can’t blame them.

Still, when it is time for the Choosing, Kipparon stands up along with the rest of his contemporaries despite the snickers. Ten years after he made that ridiculous remark, he is still dreaming, if a little smaller. He wants to be amongst the Hunt, and is desperate to make it so. And maybe, just maybe, if he is lucky during the choosing, he’ll become one of them.

These two stories intertwine during a series of major events of the time, as the southern (and eastern and western tribes) are force to deal with a stunning declaration from the northern tribe – that they are leaving the promised land to cleanse the outer world of demon friends. And that afterwards, they will conquer it.