Infamy

based the imagINAtion of the author

sandrine alouidor

(please say it right)

LIST OF ALIENS

Avsets –fanged birds of prey

BRAINBLASTER- multicoloured foxes with feathered wings. Brain-blasters can drill, or blast holes into the skull or brain to get to the soul and eat the soul.

Demons 1 creatures of any type with horns

Demons2- evil spirits from hell

Demons - bipedal humanoid creatures the size of ten years old. Body is slanted with 3 feet long legs and two feet long arms. hind claws are 3 inches long, foreclaws are 6 inches long. Head is box-shaped with crescent-shaped horns emerging from the side. The tail is 7 inches long with a pointed tip. Bat-like wings are on the back.

Chezzo- Furred Centaurs with egg-shaped heads. The Mouth is at the point. Teeth are straight or curved. The hooves are clawed. The tails are six feet to thirteen feet long. They have scythes on the ends of their tails. Knife-like blades are on their elbows and wrists.

Myrons- legged snakes with arms{communciates by thought}

Vampirea- centaurs, but with the lower body of wolves. Can turn into wolves during battle

Vancoys –Vancoys are lizard-like warriors. Some are barrel-shaped, and others are tree-shaped. Vanocys are either scaled or furred. They can camualoge their scales/fur to different colors. Their snouts are short and curved. they're 10-17 long and about 6 ft in height(not including tail) Their necks are three Feet. The wings are seven feet long at adulthood and are batlike. The tail is prehensile. All Vancoys have deadly, foldable, Fangs which can spit up the seven feet. The venom can also be injected. There are four types of fire that vancoys use, which will be described throughout the book. Barrel-shaped vancoys have Four feet longnecks.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

Narrators

Barkbark –young Doberman/lab mix

Overjaw- pale green Vancoy

Other Important Characters

Earth

Jazzo- black- and white Chezzo

Isis-flame-red fox

Rachel – black wolf

Slavia

Queen

(leader of Slavia)

Jenna-pink brain-blaster with gray wings

Prime Minister

(heir to the throne)

Tabitha- dog with red horns, green eyes, and a green, forked tongue

Parliament

Adriamal Zok- yellow brainblaster with pink wings

Dr. Cassandra-pink brainblaster with yellow wings

VANCOYIA

Monkey- pale brown furred, tree-shaped, green eyes

Booger-dark brown furred, barrel-shaped, Monkey’s brother, hazel-eyed

Destiny-pale white greyhound with all her fur sticking out Barkabrk aunt

Queen Islandzi-Pale green scaled, tree-shaped Vancoy

Spider-Sliver Vancoy, gray wing, barrel-shaped, scaled

Slave owners:

Glee”30 Rock” West Wing- blue-gray wolf vampirea

Yucatan – White wolf vampirea

Table of Contents

[Proluge 6](#_Toc510538126)

[India 6](#_Toc510538127)

[Temple of Shadf 6](#_Toc510538128)

[CHAPTER ONE: 8](#_Toc510538129)

[MEET JAZZO 8](#_Toc510538130)

[BARKBARK 8](#_Toc510538131)

[Overjaw 10](#_Toc510538132)

[THE SUGARCANE AND RICE FIELDS OF 10](#_Toc510538133)

[HAERI, VANCOYIA 10](#_Toc510538134)

[(VALOR’S MINION) 10](#_Toc510538135)

# Proluge

# India

# temple of Shadf

The hive-shaped Temple was a mini-market with monks in black robes and farmers praying in front of a statue of a giant bat. And in the middle of the huge mess is an Indian man with a dirty black robe sitting on a carpet. Next to him stood an attendant.

The man began rocking from foot to foot, thinking carefully with eyes closed.

“Goodmy, come with the parchment,” he said.

The attendant raced over with quill and parchment.

“Goodmy, this will be the last time I see you alive.

Goodmy looked shocked and said, ”Good sir, you must be mistaken.”

The man looked up.

“Goodmy, you will die on the way delivering this prophecy to the great king.

The man closed his eyes.

“I’m ready”

The attendant started writing as fast as possible.

*“THERE WILL BE SOME*

*WHO DEFEAT THE ONE*

*THE FREEZING BARK, THE HEART OF DIAMON*

*WILL DEFEAT THE ONE*

*CREAGON WILL GROW STRONG*

*A BATTLE WILL GO ON*

*AND A UNION WILL DEFEAT THE ONE*

*EVIL*

*WICKED*

*THE ONE WILL KILL FOR LOVE.*

*XENOPHOBIC, EVIL*

*-NOT ONE WORD WILL DESCRIBE HER.*

*SHE KILLS,*

*EATS SOULS*

*TEARS FAMILIES APART*

*FOR FUN.*

*SHE*

*MUST BE STOPPED.*

*WAR WILL COMMENCE*

*ONE WILL DIE*

*OTHERS WILL FALL*

*THE FREEZING BARK, THE HEART OF DIAMON WILL BATTLE TO THE END*

*AND DEFEAT THE ONE.*

# CHAPTER ONE:

# MEET JAZZO

# BARKBARK

“Just great,” I muttered under my breath.

I paused and looked up.

On the long, dirt forest path, four Myrons –three brown, one blue-gray- stood in front of me, blocking my way home from a rather tiring day of school.

The leader was a blue-gray Myron who stared him down with walnut colored and peanut sized eyes.

*His brain is the size of a peanut. I thought. If they make me late getting home, I will kill someone.*

I gritted my teeth angrily.

“What is it?” I growled I had enough of any living being’s tricks.

The leader squared his shoulders and stared.

∴Barkbark Strongjaw Alouidor, you are under arrest for being in a potentially dangerous seer, decreed by Queen Jenna.∴

Who the hell is Queen Jenna? Well, anyways, she sounds like a bitch. “

∴How dare you?∴

“I wouldn’t do that if I was you. “

I spun around.

A black-and-white Chezzo stood there, staring off into space. Dark brown eyes look at the Myrons in the eye, then glanced at me.

∴Jazzo. How nice. You know this boy? Jenna had no knowledge. ∴

The Chezzo leaped forward to stand next to me.

“Get out!’ he growled.

The Myrons stepped back but stayed where they were.

The Chezzo roared and leaped. Clawed hooves raked down the Myrons. His tails swung in a blur.

The Myrons fled.

The Chezzo sauntered up to me and said, “Nice to meet you. Name’s Jazzo. Jazzo Sadr, king of Chezzoia”

CHAPTER TWO

# Overjaw

# THE SUGARCANE AND RICE FIELDS OF

# HAERI, VANCOYIA

# (VALOR’S MINION)

I stand, looking back and forth to make sure no one is watching.

Carefully, I pull out a cigarette and smoke a couple rings raising in the air, praying some alien ship would see and free us. *It is my only escape, but smoking is bad for humans. It poisons them. Different for Vancoys.*

Hearing footsteps, I pick up the ax, drop and crush the cigarette, and crouch and pretend to drop the ax on my foot.

“God damn it!” I cried.

My dark green scales bristled as I rose, ducking sugarcane leaves as a couple scratched my head. Picking my ax, I stretched my lizard-like body and dropped to all fours. My short snout curled back in shock.

“Overjaw!” I spun around.

Bews (Spider) tugged the plant off me.

The pale gray Vancoy was decades old, probably centuries. Cataracts clouded her baby-blue eyes.

“The master wants to see you.”

I pick up the ax and start to trudge out of the field, towards the field. The master of the field, Yucatan, sat on the stairs of the Big House.

The Big House was a brick house with white marble columns and three white marble steps. Red double doors stood at the

The vampirea’s white wolf body stood taut. Blood red skin stretched over the taut muscle. One foreleg rested on the top steps. The other foreleg supported his weight. The other legs were curled in. His upper body stretched. The skin was white with red patches His red eyes, full of malicious glee, glowed.

I bowed.

“Yes, Master?”

*Uh-oh*

The master turned towards my voice. A smile lit his features but it didn’t quite reach his eyes.

“Overjaw! Go find this old croon, name’s Destiny. White Greyhound, fur sticking out everywhere. She’s wasting land that I bought. All the other residents moved out, but that stubborn idiot won’t budge. Eventually, I kill her myself. And go visit your siblings. I don’t care. “

I sighed and walked towards the forest, then sprinted. Leaping in the air, I feel my skinny body sag with the weight of my wings. I kick out and flapped and came out soaring.

I flew for about three hours, ducking and occasionally falling, then I came to the land.

Dirt stretched for as far as an eagle can see. A small thatched house stood right in the middle of what was a dirt road. Debris was flung back and forth across the sides of the house. Blood dripped down the roof.

I landed and knocked on the door.

A white greyhound swung open the door. Her fur was everywhere, floating in the air like it was some kind of hovercraft. Pale green eyes looked back at my blue ones.

“Madame, I-“the dog grabbed me by the throat.

Carkema, *save me the humiliation from beating up by an old woman and save me the possibility of death*

I writhed like a snake and kicked outward, hitting her in the spot. She roared and leaped on me. The fact that I have fangs that can fire venom didn’t deter her from biting my hind leg. I kicked her in the throat and tried to get her neck.

She punched me in the jaw. I kicked her shoulder.

Using my wings I knocked her off me. Staggering back I look up.

The fur still floated on the air.

“Why the hell are you here?”

I staggered to the wall and leaned against. My lungs burned as if someone set me on fire.

“Please,” I wheezed, “don’t kill the messenger. I came to tell you to get off this land, or the owner will send me to kill you.”

She looked me up and down, then grabbed a gun.

I leaped back, trying to make a move for the woods.

She fired right over my head.

*Lord helps me*

“Go in the house or I‘ll kill you.”

She stepped out of the door frame and kept the shotgun trained on me.

I stepped in.

The walls seemed to be covered in gold, jade, and agate. In the middle stood a throne. Next to it was a stove.

Destiny walked in front of me, aimed, and fired.

The dart seemed to fly as it crashed into my chest.

*Sjut (Shit)*

Chapter Three

Barkbark

Isis

I was still in a large state of shock, so of course, my reaction just plain rude.

Who the motherfucking hell are you?”

Jazzo laughed.

“Nice to meet you too.”

I narrowed my eyes. Something seemed wrong about him. Dead wrong.

“Come on, we have to go kidnap someone. Isis, to be exact, in order to stop her from being devoured.”

You can’t joke.”

Jazzo frowns.

“That wasn’t a joke.”

I spun around, skidding to a stop.

“You want me to go kidnap someone with you even though I don‘t even know you, without a plan, an idea, with me of all people?”

Jazzo spoke for the first time with more awkwardness than Bill Clinton when he was caught sleeping with his aide by his wife.

“Yes?”

“I love it!”

We started walking, him telling about the supposed prophecy that designated births with special powers and how Isis was instrumental in with it.

It sounded like a load of crap, which in a couple of years I would regret thinking.

“We’re here,” Jazzo spoke with a terrified conviction.

I stared at the little cottage in front of me. Short, small, thatched-this thing made London’s slums look like the White House.

In front of the house stood Isis.

A medium-sized flame-red fox stared across the river at a pink fox with gray wings.

“Jenna.” Jazzo growls with hatred and contempt.

*I looked at Jazzo and see him dying, saying*

*“No matter what, March on, for you are a soldier. Forge on, even I die. Keep marching. “*

I jerk back like I just doused with ice water.

“No matter, March on, for you are a soldier. Forge on, even if we don’t get Isis.Keep marching.”

Jazzo looks at me as if to make sure I’m still there.

“Let’s kidnap someone.”

Chapter Four

Overjaw

Future Reference

I woke up ten hours later, standing in a room with a throne made of jade. Destiny sat in it, her white fur glowing and flowing like a river.

“What do you want?”

Destiny looks me directly in the eye.

I held her gaze, even though I could feel my eyes smoldering.

“You are going to meet my nephew, Barkbark, and eventually will try to kill someone. Use this name to stop it. Leave me.”

EVERYTHING

WENT

BLACK

CHAPTER FIVE

Barkbark

BATTLE

The pink fox was audacious all right because she sauntered up to the edge of the river.

“Jazzo, Jazzo. I’m so sorry for the recent ‘tragedy’ of your family. Oh, wait. I ordered that!”

“Man, you really are a massive bitch,” I said.

“Excuse me?”

Jenna walked closer, teeth bared.

“Go to hell, you motherfucker.”

She jumped at me, claws tearing into the shoulder. I screeched and slashed, my claws crashing down her belly.

“Keep your mouth shut kid.”

She stood up and walked away.

I lunged, grabbing her hind leg. The taste of engine oil filled my mouth, but I refused to loosen my grip. Jenna trampled around like an elephant, screeching in pain and swinging me against trees. I hooked my claws into the ground and pulled. Tendons and bones broke, and soon, her leg was hanging by a string. She roared and snapped, ripping my ear wide open. I roared, and lunged at her, knocking her over. She kicked my stomach, I bit down on her shoulder. We rolled, claws and teeth meeting in flesh.

Finally, Jenna jumps back, and howls, pink fur bristling. She disappears.

A red fox starting walking, faster and faster towards us.

“Are you Barkbark? Can you help? Oh my, why did my parents try to that? Help, help!”

Chapter Six

Overjaw

10 hours later

I woke up in Monkey’s cabin all I reminded was Killerslaw (Vancoyian for brave One). I rose on an elbow.

“Overjaw!!!”

My brother Monkey crashed into me. He hugged me so tight my ribs cracked.

“You’re alive, you’re alive!”

I glanced at my younger brother, who was typically a glass of pure happiness. But something was wrong.

“What’s wrong?”

Monkey’s green eyes widened.

“They sold Mother! To a work camp. And they killed the Chezzo’s royal family.”

Work camps are the equivalent of concertation camps for the Jews.

Monkey spun on his feet. A burlap bag filled with grain in the lower right corner. He lunges at it. Claws crash down the bag and flips, wing sprawled. Flapping, he swings and kicks. Baring his teeth he snaps at the bag and smacks the bag so hard. It knocks him out of the air. Crashing to the ground, he leaps on the bag, eyes green flame.

“Moneky! Stop that!”

He stops and glares.

Booger opened the door of the tiny cottage and walked in.

“Booger, you need to keep working! We‘re going to get caught! Do you want to end with Mom? You are going to get killed! Is your lunch break? Then I should be working…”

“It’s not my break yet.”

“Get out!’

Monkey was the angriest I have ever seen him. Bared teeth, and his eyes like chunks of beautiful but deadly ice-fire, he lunged for my brother, extending his short wings (4 ‘wingspan, adult size, 7’) His claws smashed Booger’s face.

“Leave!’

Booger laughs and sidesteps him. Monkey twists and spits fire into my brother’s face.

Booger falls back, his fur singed. He opens the door and quickly exits. Monkey pants, shaking his pelt.

“Was that about? ‘

‘He never works. One hour switches hands sits down, drinks some lemonade, comes in here, lounges around. He got lazy. Glee-“

“Glee?! They got him?’

Glee “30 Rock” West Wing was named after his mother’s favorite TV shows. They called “ 30 Rock” because he was known for whipping slaves into work, and being extraordinary in the eyes of critics, like the critically acclaimed show.

“He’ll get killed! Monkey, make sure he works!”

I opened the door.

“Goodbye, good day!’

I shut the door.

I open my wing, showing off pale green scales. I leap, wings out. I soar home. No, not home. I soar to hell.

Chapter Seven

Barkbark

I walk Isis home, while Jazzo galloped ahead. I managed to calm her and get her to be quiet for more than a second.   
“What happened to my parents?’ Isis frets.

“I don’t know. “

I finally got home, hid Jazzo and Isis somewhere in the woods, and opened the door. Exhausted, I flung my bag on the floor. I stared at the math, did my English homework. I opened the computer and just stared at it.

*Life is moving too fast! Why can’t I be normal! And why does Jenna hate me-*

*I saw red claws caress my neck. A smoky form grabbed me. Black irises with red pupils stared back. I could feel it wrapping claws around my neck. It snapped my windpipe. I picked up a knife and raised it high…*

I dropped and leaped back. A butcher knife laid on the floor. I walked around the kitchen counter, and picked up the knife. Trembling, I dropped it in the sink and opened a book- *Lists of Medical Issues and how to solve them*

*What was that? Why do I keep getting these visions? Am I hallucinating? Lord, take pity on me!*

I opened to page 120(hallucinations) and began to read.

Chapter Eight

Rebellion

I dove slow and landed on my roof. Yucatan was surrounded by three blue, Vancoys The middle was named (Waerst -edaeir) Tsunami. She is a tree-shaped Vancoy and had a scar down her slightly long snout. The one on the right was barrel-shaped and had a straight snout. He was (Waerst) Ocean. The last was (Ada-Maio-edaeir) Guerrilla. She was a barrel-shaped Vancoy had a pale blue strip over her right eye.

The sugar crop was burning. Dead Vancoys were everywhere. Spider leaped up out of nowhere. She growled.

All three spun. Guerilla jumped first and flew at us. Spider fell off, and shot up like a bullet. Guerilla’s tail smacked Spider so hard, she fell on the ground. Guerilla walked over to her and prepared to kill her.

I lunged at Guerilla, wings out. Lashing my tail, I knocked Guerilla over and raked claws down her wings. My body twisted as she lashed out with a hind leg. My claws raked down her wing.

A brown shape knocks me back. I twisted quickly as teeth nipped my neck

“Overjaw!’

*Booger?!*

I bared my teeth.   
“What are you thinking? You’re the heir apparent!’

‘Not anymore, heir apparent.’

I pull free.

“You’re a slave!’

“This isn’t the way!’

“You’re been enslaved since 5! Don’t you want to be free?’

‘I’ll be freed at 21. ‘

‘That’s a lie and you know it’

‘What‘s your real motive for this?’

‘Excuse me, Overjaw?’

“Well, until now, you never had an anything-“

Booger lunged, wings out. He spat venom at my head, while I leaned back and let loose ice-fire.

Ice-fire is a blue-white fire that causes extreme pain combined with third-degree burns.

Booger dodges and shots up like a bullet. He dives, rather quickly. His mouth open and out comes frostfire.

Frostfire causes extreme gangrene in less than an hour.

I sidestepped than took to the air. I roared angrily.

“Coward!”, Booger cries,” Only those people take to the air in battle!’

I cry,” Then chase me down, evil-doer!’

We circled each other.

A great Vancoyian skill is the ability to look like you were walking on air. While circling Booger, I put one foot in front of the other.

Booger did the same.

I lunged, twisting suddenly as Booger raked claws down my shoulder. He hooked his bottom, venomless fangs into the tip of my tail. I swung his body into a tree. He roared and let go. Twisting, he shot up and fell behind me. He grabbed my hind leg and bit down with all his might. I screeched and shot fire at him. He growled in pain. He let go suddenly and dove for Yucatan.

Yucatan was a white wolf with red eyes. His eyes looked weakened, shoulders hunched. He looked like one of those gargoyles that crouch on churches.

“Yucatan, run!’

Yucatan glances at me.

“I’m tired of running young one. Now, I will die a happy man.”

*He wants to die fighting?*

I gave a military salute, like what those humans do.

*Yucatan, may Crakema bless you. May you join and protectVancoys*

Yucatan reared his head. Now the eyes that Vancoyians planet wide dread were defiant. He leaped at Booger, who sidestepped, and hooked the venomous fangs into Yucatan’s neck. But he kept going. He snapped down on Booger’s shoulder, opening up a scar from battle. He punctured the membrane of Tsunami’s left wing. She cried and sprayed his hind legs with icefire.

Booger glanced at me.

“Brother, come with me. You can rule over a new nation, of Vancoys. Submit to your greatest ambition, brother. Submit.’

‘Booger, these isn’t the way. I ‘m not you. No Vancoy should wade through blood to get through goals. No Vancoy should kill their own kind to achieve this. You’ll have to drag my dead, cold body there. I’ll go to hell before I join you, Gadrt!’

Gardt/Gadrt is Vancoyian for murderer.

‘Overjaw Faredt Edaeir, be a warrior’

‘Being a warrior is never following you! You deserve to die! You should never be king! Now get out!’

Booger stepped back. Shock lingered in his eyes which searched in vain for some sign of pride other than fury.

I spat icefire straight at his leg. It struck.

All three ran for the woods, Booger limping after.

I walked up to Yucatan, who was shaking.

‘Burn..my family’s bodies. End their and my suffering’

Yucatan’s family was inside. He had four wives(I don’t agree with polygamy). The first was in the kitchen. Her eyes showed the whites. Her body was a red wolf.

I set her on fire.

She smiled right before I did.

The other two, black wolves, laid there. I set them on fire.

The last two were gray wolves. One was his wife. The other was his daughter. I set them on fire, exited and did the same to Yucatan.

Spider came over.

I stood there, while destruction raged around me.

Chapter Nine

Barkbark

The Next Day

Training

I ‘m standing in the middle of a clearing, on a log. My thoughts on yesterday resurfaced.

A sword came out of nowhere, pressing me and dropping me to my knees.

I twisted, dodging the sword, and rolled underneath my assailant.

“You’re good” Jazzo laughed.

He flung a broadsword.

Chapter Ten

Waiting

Spider and I found a cabin to sit down in. I called 345(the equivalent of 911). It was in their hands now.

“Did you-‘

“No. But I did hit him with ice fire.’

‘We should bury the bodies.’

‘It’s genocide. Counts as a crime. Police would want the bodies.’

‘That disgusting’

It’s life.’

Spider glanced to the side.

“We should leave.’

‘Why?’

Fire-‘

Her next words were drowned out by hovercraft’s sirens from about two feet above the ground. The sirens flashed purple lights, and the lights nearly blinded me.

A blue demon approached us, pointing a clawedsax ( a laser gun with bullets the color of icefire) gun at us.

‘We called the police, sir. The owners and all other slaves are dead. We set their bodies on fire. They asked us to’ Spider spoke

“Who are you, Vancoy?’

His gun swung to me.

“Overjaw Kardt Edaeir, heir apparent of Vancoyia before the conquest.”

“Did you see the crimes?’

“I tried to apprehend them, but they fought well.’

I shifted so he could see my leg bite.

“Change your scales to leaf-green’

I looked down and saw massive amounts of red Vancoy blood slide down my leg.

“I’m taking you both to the hospital.”

He piled us into the craft and drove quickly. He checked into the hospital, where we put in the same ward.

*What the fuck have I done? My brother might be dead, I just tried to kill me. Am a Vancoy? A true Vancoy stands at his brothers? Did I really just do that? Why?*   
  
I looked up, stared at Crakema, and asked to save Booger’s soul.

Chapter Eleven

Rachel

I ‘d failed miserably at fencing. According to Jazzo, it’s a fake battle and my instincts wouldn’t kick in. He gave me the broadsword to protect myself.

I decided to take the long walk home, through the woods. Nursing my wounds, I walked down the well-trodden path. It was 90 degrees out. I still was shivering. Clutching the sword, I walked forward.

“Help! Help! I’ve fallen and there’s a bear nearby! Help!’

Loud whimpering came from an overgrown path. It ran to a small ledge. A massive black bear was watching a small wolf black pup. Her leg was gashed. Blood flowed freely. Her forepaw was bloodied. Cuts marred her flank. She was whimpering , barking and snarling at the bear in front of her.

I shoved through the brambles.

The bear looked at me.

*That’s not a bear*.

1. It had a black bear’s body and face, but instead of it had wine-red horns and red claws. Blood red claws, so red that looked like blood-soaked red roses.
2. It was smoky gray.
3. It had wings. Smoky, gray, and feather wings that rose from its shoulder.

It watched me. Baring its teeth at me, it smiled. Literally smiled.

*My god1 Those fangs are longer than Jazzo’s tails!*

It charged.

My mind screamed to run, to move, but my body just sat there.

It was nearly there. Its paw was three-quarters of the way through its swing.

I moved faster than possible, dodging the paw. My broadsword was out and it was slicing that that thing’s arm? Leg? I don’t know. The paw missed. My broadsword swung again and struck