

Takahoma Rising

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Submitted: January 30, 2006

Updated: January 30, 2006

When a mysterious man appears in Takahoma village, he causes mayhem. He seems to know everyone's desires and is incredibly powerful. It will take all Arth has to stop him from destroying Takahoma.

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Chapter 1 - Spur of the Battle	2
Chapter 2 - Battle Spurred	4

1 - Spur of the Battle

Chapter:1

Trachoma is a small fishing village that held no importance to anything. It was just irrelevant and that's all there's been to it. That's all there ever will be. Everyone thinks.

At the dusk of one normal day, a visitor. There has never been a visitor for two years.

“Why?” That is the question on everyone's mind. “Who is he”? Arth Bukkshair's father was one of the villagers' who was unhappy about this sudden change in the village's economic patterns.

“He probably doesn't have a care in the world about what will happen to this village. Cadok Fordread and me are going to tell him off tonight if he doesn't leave”.

They were sitting in the Bukkshair's living room as the fire spread a warm, soft glow around the room. Gorge, Arth's father Kearian, Arth's mother Sarcia, Kerlink, and Arth. The last ones being Arth's sister and brother.

“Can I come too”? Asked Kerlink eagerly.

“ No, I don't want you to see this things could get...Difficult.” Gorge replied harshly.

“ May I come with you”? Asked Arth politely while casting steely glances at his younger brother.

“ No, as I said before to Kerlink, things could get difficult”. Replied Gorge with just as much steeliness in his voice as when he told Kerlink.

“ You shouldn't be meddling in such matters anyway, both of you”! Scolded Kearian.

“ He is staying at the forest's edge, so it is a hour's journey anyway. I don't think you are up to it. I think it's about time for Sarcia and Kerlink to go to bed anyway, don't you think Kearian”? Gorge reasoned. Kearian agreed.

When Sarcia and Kerlink went to bed, Gorge whispered into Arth's ear: “Would you really want to come with me. You realize that things could get bloody don't you”?

“Why are we forcefully going to drive him out of town, when all he's done is camp”? Asked Arth.

“ He has stolen some of our best ships, nets, fish, pigs, chickens, cows, bread, cheese, and other village goods”.

Arth agreed and they set off.

It was a starry night and the moon was in a thin crescent. They passed underbrush that snagged at their breeches; with came upon a cool, blue pond. It had growth all around it. Cadok and his eldest son were already there. Torchlight illuminated the area. Gorge had brought a sword and Cadok had brought an ax.

Cadok's eldest son (Kondala) nodded to Arth. Setting off and a brisk walk, they went into the underbrush. Arth took a deep breath. The night air was crisp and cool it was like a re-energizer. After an hour walk they came to the forest's border.

A lone tent was pitched and smoke drifted up from a dieing fire. The group silently walked up to the tent. Gorge drew his sword. As they advanced there was the tent pitched, nothing eerie about it. As they drew back the folds they found nothing in the tent.

“Hello Gents” A voice said from behind.

2 - Battle Spurred

Chapter: 2

Arth wheeled around in surprise. Likewise, everyone else did the same. There HE was. He was dressed with a bowler hat on and a long tailcoat. He had a white shirt that went along with the black. A skinny frame supported the fact that he looked agile and quick. He wore white gloves and polished black shoes. Somehow he managed to look sinister and intimidating in this odd outfit. His face was handsome, except for random scars. Deep gray eyes peered out from his face. His skin was almost stretched across his face, but he retained a humanly look. Shiny black hair hung to shoulder length. An elegant, slim sword hung from a burnished belt scabbard.

“I greeted you, is it not customary for you to greet me back”? He said. The voice was writhing and oily.

“Shut up thief, you are going to leave this village and never return”! Spat Gorge viciously.

“ I am? Wow I didn't you could predict the future petty villager. Sorry, tsk, tsk, tsk... Wrong. I am not going to leave the village, however you will shortly. Now can't we just be friends for the last few minutes of your life? Really, I don't see the matter if you all will die momentarily”. He said with a smirk.

“No WE'RE the ones who won't die, four against one. Who are you anyway bozo”? Cadok roared drawing his ax as Gorge drew his Claymore Sword.

“ Terribly sorry that I didn't introduce myself earlier. My name is Kavorvihar Dublin. Or Kavohr. It is still irrelevant that you should know being about to die. I am not mad, I am perfectly aware that is four against one, I will win. Now let's stop the idle chitchat”. Kavorvihar said.

Promptly, he put his hand out in front of Kondala and a huge shockwave erupted vertically in the middle of them. Kondala flew back from the shockwave as if a giant had thrown him. He riveted the rock with a sizable crater. The cliff that he hit shook and bulged about to fall. But first fell Kondala. No one, probably not even Kavorvihar with all his wired power, could have survived a fall like that.

“You next big--- Arggg!!” Kavorvihar was cut off by a savage scream from Cadok. With his ax raised high he charged Kavorvihar with inhuman speed.

But for no matter how fast Cadok was Kavorvihar was faster. Kavorvihar just seemed to melt away from the ax's path. Gorge joined the assault and that seemed to make little difference, as he continued to dodge faster.

“Konkasvhir' Davix Sahlamvh!” uttered. An electric blue ball of energy flew from his fingertips. It hit Arth Square in the chest. All was black.

