

Chase the Skye

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Kinda like Eragon only its really really not. This is my story of Hadrian, an outcast in a world that utterly SUCKS! Two Gods duked it out 700 years ago and now the world is godless and in turmoil. While the Demon Lord of the Earth stomps around in his new home, the people of the land are suffering. The sky is always black and the stars have disappeared. PG Minor MINOR swearing and i'm not sure about sexual stuff yet. maybe later :P Please read and review! Rating may be upped

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1 - Prologue: Starless Sky

AN: Alright all, this is my first fantasy adventure type story so if it sucks tell me and I'll A) Stop, B) Make it better, or C) Kill you Genjo Sanzo style ^_^ . Enjoy

Disclaimer: HAHAAH ITS ALL MINE!

Chase the Skye

I saw them once. I saw them in the sky. I saw the lights twinkle and dance like fire flies in a midsummer field. I knew not what they were but I know I saw them. Like heavenly little sprites, cosmic ballerinas twirling around in the vast black nothing. But that was many years ago. Now the sky is always black. Now all I see is fear.

Prologue: Starless Skies

Hadrian. Wake up boy. An old man with a hard face and grey eyes stood above Hadrian. I am not a boy any longer Father. He rolled onto his side stuffing his face under the pillow. Really? Why then do you still live in your father s house? Why then haven t you gotten yourself a family? Why then are you

The voice was cut short but a sharp tearing, ripping sound. It was as if someone had ripped a burlap sack in two and torn out the seams. His father s face was gone replaced by gleaming Crimson completely shrouded by the black mist that crept in from the sides of Hadrian s mind. The Crimson flickered and swirled in midair. It bounced back and forth making Hadrian sick to his stomach and sick to his dignity. The Crimson was mocking him, tempting his scared and frail mind to attack, to rush into the mist. More tearing, more ripping, more shredding. This time however, the Crimson took over and the black was replaced by the jeering red. Pain surged up through Hadrian s belly and up into his eyes and head. With the pain he was brought back into the world of the living and into the world of the real. Hadrian sat up in his bed sweat trickling down his face. The dreams of his father and the Crimson plagued his mind at Nox and the visions of his face burned his eyes during the Wake. He wiped his face clear of the sweat and swung his feet over the side of his bed. The floor was cold but that was to be expected for the fifth week in the season of Harboring. This was the season where

trading slowed down significantly and the ships were tethered to the harbours and the docks. This year though the fabled Great Ice had arrived a full month earlier than stories foretold, locking many vessels at sea with cargo and crew still aboard. This bitter cold was never expected however, even with the absence of the sun for such a long time.

Skye pray to thee& Hadrian walked to the dirty mirror hanging on the far wall of his room. Though it was morning there was no light from the absent sun and strange moonlit shadows cast his face in an awkward relief. He pushed back his wavy brown hair and placed his hands over his eyes.

Why was I cursed with these& he paused has he stared more intently into the mirror. These damned eyes.

One eye blue and one eye brown. Hadrian s eyes were those of imperfection.

Imperfection is the scar of the Earth. The Book of Skye told the world of what it was meant to be, though lately nothing was perfect. All of the ancient texts had long since been destroyed since the rise of the Crimson and now all that was left were fragmented and twisted stories. Those who knew them seldom spoke their words for fear of punishment or death. The fact was that any way you looked at it the people of the land were damned if they did and damned if they didn t.

Once the people held the powers of the Book of Skye. Lady Skye, though a benevolent god known for her kindness to man, was short tempered and rash. She had always demanded obedience from her subjects and until recent centuries, had received it. Her book was written in an ancient tongue as old as the cosmos itself and the stories it told held secrets to spells and curses strong enough to move the Heavens. But Lady Skye s great blue wings fell off, so they say, and the winds never again rushed with the touch of her warmth.

The Crimson on the other hand still held with him the knowledge of the Book of Terrahn. Terrahn, Lord of the Bowels of the Earth wielded the power to move rock and fire alike. The anger and hatred of Terrahn came through the cracks of the ground as lava and ash. His power had reached its height more than seven years ago but after the Praelium Magnum he faded like a shadow at high noon.

Skye, pray to thee, Hadrian repeated as he shook his head. Maybe they should change it to Skye, *prey* on us. Maybe then some other god will see us suffer.

Hadrian left the mirror and turned to the door. With his hand on the knob a fleeting thought came into his mind. Seven words of a legend he once heard. Seven words of what many who knew it believed to be a prophecy. Seven words that meant absolutely nothing to Hadrian. But seven words that made him stop.

He who encompasses both Heaven and Earth.

Those seven words meant all the world.

End Prologue: Starless Skies

AN: Hope you liked it. If there s a decent response I ll post more! With a relative amount of compassion, Rae.