

The Battle of the Summons

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I made this as a creative writing assignment in my Language Arts class. I like the way it turned out, so I thought I could see how others like it. Please don't copy and paste this.

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The Battle of the Summons

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Light strikes the deck as Captain Chris Fox of the pirate vessel Myriad stands on the deck, surveying the scene. They said "Fox is as clever as his namesake." [br]

But this time he has been too clever by half. His "home base" was on a island in a small archipelago in the southwestern area of the Caribbean sea. The entrance to his cove was now blockaded by 3 vessels of King George the II. "Come dawn," he uttered, "they will open fire and we will be-" [br]

The ship suddenly rocked under the impact of a 15 inch cannonball at the base of the mizzenmast. "ALL HANDS, BEAT TO QUARTERS!!!" hollered the Captain over the sudden din of battle. To the first the first mate, a swarthy man named Crabbe, he quietly asks, "Did you stow the spoils in the hold?" [br]

"Aye. Myself and the quartermaster saw to it last night. Nothing was left." [br]

"Good." [br]

Now shouting he said " Sail her straight towards the frigate in the center! Fire the fore cannon into her powder store!" [br]

Suddenly a strange mist fell over the ship and everything goes black. [br]

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The Captain wakes with a start and takes a look around. "We've run aground?!" he hollers. The mate and a single gunnery crew are roused by the shout from the strange sleep the entire crew seems to be in. Gradually the pirates wake. Soon the entire force is up and begins to clamber off the ship onto solid ground that they then see is a large circular field about a kilometer in diameter. Over to on side of this field there is an ornate door. Curious, they approach and enter. They find themselves in a large, observatory like building with a huge circular tile in the center and 13 doors identical to the one they have just come out off. 1, no 2, now dozens of strange looking people in strange garb, with strange weapons are emerging from these doors. One with odd armor (rather smooth with crests) drew a bow, strung it, knocked an arrow and aimed at a bald orange robed man and his companions faster than an eye could blink.

"Were ye the one whose foul magic brought us hither?!" [br]

“No.”[br]

Hold it mates. If you and your friends suddenly appeared for no known reason, raise a hand.”[br]

Of the 14 groups, 13 raised their hands. One of those groups was made of huge, biped cats, who raised a paw. The 14th group was 5 in number, with ornate robes and flanged armor. The leader of these people stepped forward and said in a easy, melodic voice “We can use magic, but anything like this is beyond our art and skill.” [br]

“We can vouch.” The bow wielder stepped up and said “They are the leaders of our people. The Council of Warders is beyond suspicion!”[br]

“True. But I am not.” This voice seemed to come from nobody.[br]

“Oh,I am sorry. I ought to make myself known.”[br]

And with that a circle-shaped tile in the center of the floor vanished and a set of spiraling stairs wound down the gaping hole where the tile had been. Out of the gap sprang a great majestic dragon within shining turquoise scales that seemed like a pure, shimmering lake and a crest like a sea horses, bur curving back and fading into a line of spikes running down along the length of the body and tail, seeming decorative in nature. [br]

“I am Scydar. I have summoned you for a purpose. If you would follow, all will be explained.” And with that, the dragon walked over to a blank part of the wall and made a small, uttered, incantation and a door appeared. Then all in the room glanced about and then followed the dragon into the great, ornate, door. A long white hall with doors and offshoots scattered all over. The group came to a single door and went through. The mass found themselves upon a large battlement of a great castle or fortress of a sort. By staring down they saw guards on the battlements standing a watchful ward. Down on the plains below, the remnants of a great battle lay. Fires were still smoldering. A dark cloud line was approaching from the south.[br]

Back in the hall, seats had been placed and all and sundry sat down in a great arc. Scydar began, “This is the realm of Tarinia, inhabited by dragons. Various classes apply, such as lesser dragon, Archdragon, and so on. We used to be a peaceful artful culture. Butt then came it. Miners had delved too far under a volcano and awakened a nameless fear. My father was the prime minister at the time. He and an orphaned dragon named Cronar set out to investigate the vanishment of the miners in that area. When Cronar returned alone, we suspected foul play. But he brought with him the skull of it. He was praised and worshiped by some, some who would do whatever he asked. Soon he took his followers to a ruined town in the southern continent and for years, nobody hear or saw anything of the place. Four years ago a strange creature was found thieving anything related to war. We tracked it to a cave next to the sea. A member of our party went after it to find out where it went. A month passed and then we sighted him again. Upon finding him, we learned that he had followed the creature to the Southern continent. A vast fortress had been erected and a army of creatures, Vampires, Orcs, Vipers, Saracens, Mutants, Giants, Aliens and other strange things. Cronar had apparently found a artifact that gave visions and abilities to the holder. Our scout had managed to say all this and then collapsed, dead. Since then war was declared by Cronar against us. Saying we had violated his home where he and his followers lived

peacefully, in meditation. We were forced to fight back. For years this war has dragged on. Last week I found an artifact similar to Cronars. But it had not been tainted. We call it Dhawer. It gave me visions of all of you. Then I figured out how to summon you all. You have been asleep since then, regaining your strength.”[br]

Suddenly another dragon burst in through the battlements door, smaller than Scydar though.[br]

“What is it Vandis?”[br]

“The enemy is upon us! In 3 hours time, they will stand before the gate!”[br]

There was a lake, covered by mist on one side of the battle plain. Fifty minutes after mad rush caused by Vandis’s news, the Myriad and her crew were sitting in the mist with another ship, the Star Sapphire, captained by a privateer who served under John Paul Jones, by the name of Fredrick LeTour. Fox thought back to the scene in the armory a half hour ago when all were introduced. LeTour and his crew, some Crusader by the name of Sir Sarnes. The group of giant biped cats led by Shug’s ratal. An officer who claimed he (Srgt. F. Lawrence) and his 181st Airborne Division had served in “World War 2”. A group of Viking warriors from Finland. A H. Johnston, wearing a “business suit” and carrying a “tommy gun” who claimed to belong to the “Chicago Mafia”. 4 armored men at 7 feet tall calling themselves “Gamma Squad, Division 29 Commando Battalion of the United Earth Armies”. Some Ninjas” from the far east, clothed in skin tight matte black suits carrying swords, small knives and “shuriken”, accompanied by a group of 3 dozen sword, spear, and bow wielding samurai in bamboo armor. The 10 bald orange robed men were from “Tibet” and were practitioners of some martial art called Shoalin. Great turtles with tough shells and quick limbs led by one they called “The Sanin”. The Council of Warders and their contingent of bow wielding “elves”, who were supposedly incredibly accurate. And rounding out the army was 1 gross (pardon the expression) of dragons armed to the teeth. The entire army was now in position and ready for battle. When the forces of Cronar came, they would be ready. At least, that was the hope.[br]

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About a quarter of an hour later the opposing mass approached. The ground shook from the sheer number of combatants marching in proud array toward the bastion of the defense. The Armies of Cronar halted before the field of battle. A single hideous orc with long hairy arms came forward and called out “We come to claim this castle in the name of our lords. Surrender and a few may go free.” [br]

A sudden sharp crack echoed across the plain and the orc crumpled to the ground. A second orc ran up to look at his comrade. Again the crack was heard. Now three run up to see and the 3 responding cracks came and went. A small metallic thing came walking forth. The cracks resounded, but it showed no sign of slowing down. A symphony of retorts were heard, but that thing didn’t even flinch. It reached the orc bodies and examined them. Finally it stood and recited in a monotone “ALL DEAD. CAUSED BY BULLETS TO THE FOREHEAD.” At this the whitish skinned, fanged man at the head of the Armies of Cronar (a vampire) (this is about 2100 hours, so the night creatures are not cowering in the sunlight) was furious. “WHO KILLED MY MOST TRUSTED MINIONS?!?!” he screeched, making wild gesticulations with one armored claw. “I SHALL HAVE THEIR HEAD!”. Taking a deep breath he yelled “Since you do not present yourself to me, I will just punish you all. Men, Mutants, and Denizens of Darkness!! ATTACK!!”[br]

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And with that the battle began. The Orcs and Saracens and Dark Knights charge head long into the first trap. The Vikings, 181st Airborne Division, Samurai of the Southern Mist, and Knights Templar part of Scydars army closed in upon the flanks of the assault and within minutes the first detachment of the enemy was destroyed and the second wave (made up of wolves, giants, mutants, and vipers closed in and the Knights, 181st, and Vikings were soon beaten. But the samurai held the line and were assisted by the Gamma Squad and the Northern Ninjas. Though losing a significant amount, the line was held. Now there came the majority of the forces of Cronar. But due to the timely barrage of elvish arrows and magic, the assault was greatly thinned. The rest of the army flung themselves against the defenders and succeeded in stopping a large force of Dragons. Now the Sanin and the Shaolin Monks made a good size dent in a platoon of armored metal walkers. But alas! The enemy has played their trump card and a tough one it is, too! A great host of small raptors, some Dark Sorcerers and a pair of giants began to advance on the side of the field near the lake. Now the trump is trumped! The Myriad and the Star Sapphire emerged from the misty recesses and began to hail cannon fire along with pistol and musket shot into the enemy new assault. Fox yelled encouragement to his men from the fore deck but then was hit a good one on the back of his head by an unknown border. Then he fell and everything went black.[br]

Upon waking, Fox saw that the battle was over! They had won! When he and all the survivors went over to the gate, they were let in by Johnson, who was wounded in the shoulder. Going to Scydars hall, they found him wounded in the side and breathing heavily. After all had been fed and rested, all those summoned went into the doors they had come from, to find a living space much like the individual homes of all. Living happily, things in the realm went as they always had. Eventually, Cronar was hunted down and sealed into a book which Scydar personally burned to a small sniveling crisp. Upon hearing this, the survivors of Cronars former army gave themselves up and were sent to a certain volcano and were never seen again.