

Over the Land and into the Unknown

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Well after the raging of a war between two of the most powerful birds species(Prologue), two Red-tailedhawks who are on their very first migration get lost in the north. Their main objective is to return home to their nests, but what other events wil

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1 - The War to Live (Prologue)

Prologue(II)

In the distant regions of the country raged a battle for freedom in the northern skies. Battle cries erupted from the throats of many brave warriors attempting to guard their precious homeland. Beaks tore the feathers from other birds and talons pierced through the wings of the enemy. Many fighters lost their lives even as the war had just begun.

The pressure forced against the defenders was almost overwhelming. An endless stream of enemies forced their way through the front lines of the defenders, crushing them as if they were only the prey these predators hunted. All but the back flanks were being invaded by the enemy. The defending hawks withered under the immense difficulty. Even the best warriors began faltering as a sign of exhaustion. The ratio of enemies to defenders was three to one, and it increased as more hawks were taken at the talons of the opposing Great Horned Owls. Every hawk fought bravely to defend its home, but even with motivation of such great power would help achieve their goal. Little time was left until the owls would break through the front lines.

The brutality of the great-horns was incredible. They would use dirty techniques to gain advantage over the hawks, many of which were unspeakably evil. Their distractions were gruesome and their methods despicable. Many times they would succeed in mobbing a single hawk and torture its lifeless body, an act of which was disapproved by any civil creature. Their minds seemed to be controlled by the lust for power over each and every one of their enemies.

As soon as the front lines of the hawks were completely washed away by the flood of owls, the owl forces split into three groups, each taking their positions at either the left, centre or right flank. The hawks tried to interfere with their formation by dispersing troops to come head-to-head with the mobilizing owl forces, but were brought to shame just as easily as the front lines were.

At the defeat of the resistance, the owls continued their formation. Their massive wings beat strongly in the cool night sky. At this point of battle, motivation for the hawks was slim. They all knew that being surrounded gave the enemy a great advantage. Moving freely would be more difficult for the defenders because they would all be pushed together in a tight space from the pressure the owls applied. With this happening, they would be unable to initiate immediate attacks against the opposing force.

However, hope was still possible for them. If they focussed greatly at attacking at both their left and right flanks, they would be able to force back the owls easier than if they focussed battling at the centre where the owls were strongest. It would be difficult for the owls to reinforce their ranks with such a large distance between that battle and the main force.

With new energy and motivation, the hawks set out to fulfil the task set before them. Some of their greatest warriors such as Blade Beak and Heaven's Tear, two legends in the hawk army, were dispatched to overcome this test. Their accomplishments in other battles were phenomenal, some of which had been impossible to believe were true without seeing the events with a hawk's own eyes. Both of these fighters had great courage and power, and with these two characteristics in a single body, were deadly to any opponent they faced.

Both Blade Beak and Heaven's Tear were sent to the opposite flanks along with the well battle-trained troops under their command. Every warrior was determined to give to this upcoming battle

every ounce of their strength to defeat these owls. As proof of this, each hawk's eyes were glazed with a special gift. The gift of hatred. Their once hazel eye colour now turned to a dark red, the same colour of the fluid they wished to spill from the bodies of the enemy.

Their anxiety was well beyond what they had felt beforehand. Never had they felt such a desperate need to fight in any war fought in the past. All was at stake with this battle: Their homes, their families and even their very lives would evaporate before their eyes if this battle was lost. This battle was the most important thing to them at this moment in time, for this battle held the key to all their happiness, and if it was lost, the key would be swallowed by the enemy, never to be seen again.

The fear these defenders were fighting was incredible. It was like a magnet repelling them from the forces of the owls. Still, even with the knowledge that tonight could possibly be the last night they would live, the two legends in accompany with their squads stared their fear in the eye and overcame it.

Finally the time had come for them to prove their loyalty and strength for their entire species. They now hovered in mid-air, hanging in the sky and staring at their foe with hatred and anger.

The owls, however, did not heed the warning the hawks were broadcasting to them, but hovered slightly above them in pride. Their pride masked their fear and led them to a careless approach closer to the determined hawks. This foolish act costed them greatly, for when the hawks used their agility and speed against the owls, they had no time to defend themselves.

This swift attack caught the owls by surprise, which rose the hawk's sense of motivation significantly. They were now in the perfect position for battle. Now all they needed to do was hold their defences and push back the enemy.

The two most important battles in the entire history of the hawk kingdom had begun. The battles that would influence the future of every hawk after these great warriors' lives would be changed at the outcome of this battle.

Sharp talons intertwined with each other, teeth snapped at the necks of the enemies, and beaks jabbed into the feathers of the opposing force. The heat of battle increased rapidly as time passed and the battle continued. With both forces fighting for the thing they wanted most, the battle was raging with violent behaviour never seen from any of these warriors until now.

Sweat soaked the feathers of the hawks and dripped down off their beaks. Fatigue was tearing their bodies apart, along with the natural weapons the owls used to tear through the air in front of them, trying to inflict some damage on the hawk's bodies.

To every hawk's surprise, the owls seemed not to have lost much energy compared to what they themselves have used. Rarely did a drop of sweat fall from their bodies, and they moved as if they had only begun fighting, with great swiftness and strength. This worried the defenders greatly, for if they lost sufficient amounts of energy and the owls did not lose equal to what they had, the advantage would be given to the owls.

Unfortunately, that was exactly what had happened. Somehow the owls were able to maintain a steady pace of battle and still were able to conserve their energy for later in the battle. There was no explanation for this event. It seemed almost impossible for the owls to lose not even a single ounce of energy.

Eventually the hawks would lose the ability to match the owls in power and agility and would be forced back. Once again their lines crumbled under the pressure of the owls' attacks, but this time they were forced into retreat. At the order of their leaders, both squadrons of troops, from the right and left flanks, were commanded to return to the main force. No hope was left for victory, so there was no sense in killing warriors that may help them to victory in other chances they may find.

So the defenders turned their scarred bodies toward the main force and fled. Many struggle to keep

themselves airborne, for deep wounds had penetrated their wing muscles which seared with pain as they flew. Fortunately, the owls stayed at their assigned positions and refrained from following them to their force, striking them as their backs were turned.

Now that all possible threats were defeated, the attackers pressed closer to the hawks main force, eliminating the empty space between the two sides. Their wings beat with great power as they enclosed the gap between them and their enemy.

Grins of pride sprouted on the faces of the owls, for they knew that they had the hawks squirming beneath their grasp, begging for the mercy they would never receive. They were merciless creatures fighting only for power over every species of bird on the planet. They wanted to be known and feared as the lords of the sky and commander of every beast that touches its wings to the lower and upper atmosphere. And, to do this, they needed to eliminate all resistance brought against them to ensure a safe position as king.

Under the Great Horned Owls, the Red-tailed Hawks were the most powerful and the creatures that gave them most grief. If this powerful group of the northern hawks were not defeated with ease, the owls risked the entire bird kingdom to rise up against them in revolt and be overthrown and taken from the seat of power. This is the motivation they carried on their wings for this battle, and it seemed to be powerful enough to keep them strong.

The fearful faces of the Red-tails now could be seen clearly and the empty space between the owls and the hawks was gone. Vile comments shot from many of the owls' mouths, raising a hint of anger in the minds of the hawks, but they only grunted in response.

Below the battlefield, in the trees below, movement was taking place. Numerous figures rose from the night-stricken canopies like pigeons scattering from a predator. As they rose higher and the moonlight caught in their feathers, the figure of these birds were more. To every hawks' horror, the risen figures were another owl army.

These figures rose to the hawk's rear flank, sealing off any means of escape. The hawks were now completely surrounded. Now, with the hawks completely pinned, the owls pressed closer, forcing the hawks to tighten closer together. With the hawks surrounded, hope of a victory was far in the distance. Before the owls struck against the hawks for the last time, a single figure rose from their ranks. It halted in mid-air, its silhouette contrasting against the bright full moon. This figure wasn't as broad and muscular as that of an owl, but it was a fair size smaller than most owls. As the moonlight danced across its dark body, the shape of a hawk could be seen.

Its eyes were reddened with fury and its feathers charred with an unusual blackness. Its facial features proved that its heart had been tainted by evil and drawn to betrayal of its own kind. Deep gashes ran throughout its entire body; from the very tips of its wings to the very top of its head.

A deep, threatening voice erupted from its beak, "Tonight is the night where the owls triumph and the hawks fall to the ground pitifully. Tonight we shall forevermore command the skies of the north, doing what we see fit in our own eyes. We no longer will be seen as the cruel creatures fighting for power, but the creatures who have become the rightful leaders of that position of power!

"And, to be witness to that power, you hawks will be under our watch. We will see everything you do will be within our sight. Also, new rules will be decreed. For example, your nests will only be built of material from our own bodies. Yes, the pellets the owls regurgitate will be in what your young will be raised in, and nothing more. Not even a single twig is to be seen in the nests you build."

Harsh laughter rang through the unwelcoming night sky. The mocks the owls issued to the hawks were

unforgivable, but what could be done about it? The seat of power was taken right from under their talons and secured in the hands of evil. Would life really become a hell in which misery and sadness could be formed?

A single feminine voice from a hawk hiding down in the forest could be heard over the rough breathing of the warriors as they entered the final battle of the war, singing this very hymn of hope:
May this be the final stretch of blood shed on this night of fear,
May these cries of pain be the last we shall ever hear,
Fight to be safe, fight to be free,
Fight for what the chain of life was meant to be,
We can live in harmony, live in peace,
What is to be lost, for what we will gain is only the least,
Fight, my friends, for tonight will determine the entire future of coming generations.

The fate of all bird kind was thrown into the sky only waiting to be snatched by the most devilish creatures known to exist.