

Hunter Of Red Robes

By Nanaki_Pyro

Submitted: September 30, 2005

Updated: September 30, 2005

A little something I was set as homework. thought I would post the results. When a ambush takes a friends sister away, the hunt begins.

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Nanaki_Pyro/21018/Hunter-Of-Red-Robes

Chapter 1 - The Hunt Begins

2

1 - The Hunt Begins

Just a little something I did for english homework and felt I should post

Hunter Of Red Robes

A knee smashed into my chest, knocking me to the ground. The red robed attackers circled around my prone form - striking out occasionally. A scream of horror brought me back to my senses and I slowly rose to my feet; their screeches of hatred ringing in my ears. I reached down to my belt and swiftly unsheathed a small dagger, its blade a sapphire blue, and slashed at the closest of the robed figures. As it leapt back to dodge my swing, I caught sight of a hooked beak within it's hood. A whistling sound made me turn around as a club descended - then all went black.

I looked down from the mountain top as the memory faded, the fields below measuring up into the heavens. I turned and saw the same sight all around me. There were only two directions I could possible go; I could either fall or fly. Thinking it over a little, I bent down and grasped a brass handle. With a slight tug, the hatch opened and I took hold of the uppermost rung. I started my descent into the darkness, stopping only to reach up and pull the hatch closed. It blocked out the view of the endless sky.

I had made this trip endless times since the attack. My grip strengthened by the long and perilous climb. I descended until breaking point. My arms straining to hold onto the ladder; the ladder straining to hold my weight.

I glanced down, my eyesight just piercing the darkness, the ground only meters below me. With my determination renewed, I continued my painstakingly slow descent. When my feet finally touched the ground I released the ladder and let out a sigh of relief.

“Any sign of them?” My partner, Talas asked. He was referring to the red robed figures that had captured Jesse, his only living relative.

They had also taken something very important from me, a small emerald bracelet that my mother gave me before she died. I shook my head in answer to his question, then - an image of Jesse being dragged along a dirt track flashed in front of me.

Her tawny hair fluttered over her shoulders as she strained to escape the ropes that bound her arms. Someone cursed in a hoarse, rasping voice and a leathery whip brought itself down upon her back. She cried out as her back was lashed again, baring the flesh and causing a few drops of blood to run down her back..

The startling image slowly faded and I regained my awareness of my surroundings. I realised I was laying on the hard stone floor. Talas was looking down at me, his worry shown in his stare.

“You just suddenly passed out,” he told me as he wiped the sweat off his brow. As I told him about what I saw, his face registered originally fear then, when I told him about the whip, he showed worry about her.

“Do you think that it was a vision of what is happening right now, or just a nightmare?” He asked.

“I honestly do not know” I sighed, as I sat up and watched Talas pace around the small, dimly lit room. “All I do know is, those fiends are not coming back for anything. They wanted her,” I told him. He stopped pacing and looked up at me with rage burning in his eyes.

“Then we go after them. No one takes my sister. She is all the family I have left in the world. I refuse to let them take her away,” he spoke. I rose to my feet, staggering slightly as I was still a bit dizzy from my earlier faint.

“Its simple then, we gear up and get moving. Those kidnappers will never know what hit them” I said, clenching my fist as I pictured them with my bracelet. A few minutes later, I strapped on my silver short sword and checked my trusty sapphire dagger was sharp. After packing some essentials into our rucksacks we bid our mountain home goodbye and set out on the hunt.

We walked across the plains, barely talking to each other. The silence grew so irritating that I removed a block of wood from a pouch and began carving it using my dagger. He looked at me as I worked but never questioned what I was doing. I often carved wooden figures and they always looked perfectly like the creature I was modelling. Often they were foxes or wolves, but sometimes a stag or even a magpie.

As the sun fell I finished my carving. I had carved without really paying much attention to what I was actually whittling out of the wood, that when I looked it over I was surprised at what I had done. He asked to see it and after a few moments deliberation I held it up.

It was a perfect replica of Jesse, even the model's hair seemed real. It's ears where the right shape, even it's nose was in the right place. I thought I saw it's eyes move, so realistic was the craftsmanship. He looked over the entire model and handed it back to me.

"Very good. When we get Jesse back I'll paint it for you," he sighed. He was a master painter and was also a very good writer, although my limited reading abilities meant I was never really too sure.

We stopped and pitched camp under the stars. The moonlight shining down upon us as I struggled to light a fire. Talas came back from a walk, carrying a score of slain rabbits. As I finally got the fire going, he pulled out a small pot from his pack and began preparing the rabbits for cooking.

After his very satisfying rabbit stew, we lay down under the moon and gazed upwards.

"Well. Where do you think they are going?" Talas asked, voicing my own concern.

"No idea, but I'll hunt them even through hell itself if I have to," was my reply as I slowly drifted off into slumber.