

Doesnt have a name yet

By Tallin

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Tallin, and elf that has to bear the sin that his father made. He stolde the sword of the elements. The four gods of the elements are not statisfied, and wish him dead. Tallin must travel to the four gods, and resolve this misconseption. Or is he too

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Prologue

Responsibility of Power

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Once in time there was a great Elven city, known as Lothiel. The city was of white stone, having walls high enough to keep the great city safe from outsiders. The city also acted as a lighthouse over the land, for it seemed to glow as the sun or even the moon radiated off the white stone. Inside it was very calm, no one rushed, and very little guards needed to be placed inside the walls, for in this city there was no other but elves. Small rivers flowed through the city, mixing with the various kinds of foliage. Many flowers could be seen all through the city, giving a fragrant smell everywhere. The city seemed like a small hill; buildings nearest the walls are at the lowest point. Towards the center of the city the buildings are raised little higher until you get to the center, where the castle is. The reason for this small hill in the city was a strategic reason. If the city was overrun, the people could retreat to the castle always having the higher ground.

Castle Thialin is a magnificent castle. The castle has many spires, not more than two the same, (the reason for two the same is that anything built on one side was mirrored on the other side, the dividing point for this was the rise of the wall directly above the front door) giving the feeling of safety, as if you are watched. On the four corners of the castle there are four large spires (one to each god of the elements) and the largest in the center. The door to the castle was a large, heavy door, guarded by four warriors.

The city was led by King Ellitherisom (he had no wife), a mighty king, having been through countless battles, and learned important strategies for defending a city. (Note the city on a hill) King Ellitherisom's family had ruled for ages (elves can live up to ten-thousand years), nothing crippling the strength in the city, and not a weak link to be found. And in his three thousand year reign, nothing that would disgrace his family had happened. Yet with the city so large, Ellitherisom had more power in his hands than his father before him, putting a great burden on his shoulders. For power has its own responsibility.

In Ellitherisom's reign the city had grown more than ten percent more than the normal rate, giving Ellitherisom a great distance to keep under the watch of his eye. But he felt that it was under control, for in the tallest spire he had a "crows nest". And with his elven magics he could see for miles, all around his city.

The four gods of the elements: Nehotep, God of Wind; Karatash, God of Earth; Hatarun, God of Fire;

and Asuall, God of Water. These gods ultimately rule this realm, having the power to give or take what they please. Yet the gods are righteous, never taking out of greed, and never letting anything out from their control. To discuss these matters, the gods had formed a meeting place, The Temple of the Elements. This creation was one of the wonders of the world. The greatest creation of the gods, with an exception of one sword; the Sword of the Elements. (its real name is Frostburn, because of its elemental powers) This sword is said to have the power of all four gods. Striking as swift as the wind, crushing like the power of earth, slicing with the burn of fire, and movements as fluid as water. This acted as a sort of Holy Grail to the people that worshiped these gods. This sword was kind of like the portal for the gods to come to the material plane in these parts, the only other place this is possible is in their own temple. (on the four sides of this world: north, south, east, west) The ability to travel to the material plane meant the power over the denizens in Carthian. Without this ability they had no control over anything but their own lands.

Ellitherisom's power had grown to its limits. Yet with the power he already had, he still wanted more. He could not take the elves to war without reason. And he could not expand the city any more. One item seemed to stick out. The Sword of the Elements. Stealing this sword was against his religion, his whole way of life, and he knew it. Yet there was an urge to have it. Ellitherisom had great responsibility which is not always handled correctly by the weak minded. And the weak minded do not always realize their weakness.

One night when the sky was calm and the streets were still, Ellitherisom quietly slipped out of his large room in the castle. He walked down the spiral stairs that left him in the corridor that led to the front door. But that door is always monitored, so he went to the stables, at the back of the castle. He followed the corridor the opposite way, leading through a few twists and turns. Finally he came to a wooden door with a bar across it. He quietly removed the bar, and headed through the stalls. He walked as silently as he could, struggling not to wake the horses. All was soundless, with the exception of the crunch under his feet from the hay on the dirt floor. When he arrived at the end of the stable he awoke one horse, to help him with his journey. He strapped on the leather saddle on, but only fastening the few straps that needed to be secured. For he had little time, and he was aware. His job must be done before daybreak, so that he had time to get back to the castle without anyone noticing. Swiftly he rode northwest toward the Temple of the Elements. His plan; to retrieve the Sword of the Elements. On his ride there he thought about the power over everything he was about to gain.

Frostburn,, the Sword of the Elements, he thought to himself, The power of the Gods in my hands. I will be able to control the elements, the mains source of fear in everyone. The burn of fire, the lack of air in water.... I will be afraid of nothing! The largest ocean could not stand in my way!

With this thought in his head, he pushed the horse to go faster; and in no time he arrived at the temple of the elements. The Temple of the Elements is a sight to never be forgotten, the wall surrounding it is no ordinary wall; it is a wall of fire. The wall was at least ten feet high and on the four corners the fire rose to even height acting as spires. Near the center of the wall on one side the fire rose like a gate. The heat was immense but there was no sound. (The heat kept away all that did not know the words of passage. But all the elves were taught it from birth so they knew it was safe.) The tower itself is indescribable; but the one feature everyone noticed about the tower is that it is complete marble, with exquisite detail in on every inch. The sight of the tower could catch your eye from miles off because of the size; the tower was so tall that it seemed to disappear into the sky even on a cloudless day!

Ellithersom shook the awe from his eyes and rode forward speaking the words of passage in the language of the Gods, "Eskanel hrontorn Estero!"

Then the gate-like fire in the middle split and the heat dissipated yet the walls remained. Ellitherisom dismounted from his horse and boldly stepped through the gate of fire. Once inside the gate closed behind him, and a strong wind knocked him down pressing him against the ground. But he had been here before, and felt no fear (this is a defensive trap for any outsiders that might have learned the word of passage through the gate. If the person under the pressure of the wind tried to stand up, the wind would launch him into the air and over the wall, never to return.) He lay relaxed under the push of the wind and whispered, "Tawn hrontorn Duzzarr." The wind calmed and he was able to stand up, then he came upon a stone door that had neither handle nor crack. Again he whispered the words of passage, "Hestragen ravo Hantala." The stone door turned to sand and blew away in a swift breeze. Then the entrance to the temple lay before him, with one more gate. The entrance was arched, with detailed drawings all the way around of the four elements. From the top of the entrance, water fell from nothing, and when it hit the ground went nowhere. There was no puddle and no pump; or any source of water. Just a continuing cycle of flowing water, but when you tried to pass the water was as hard as steel. He placed his hand on the invisible barrier and said, "Kittal ni Rajal." The water separated like two drapes. He calmly walked inside.

He was greeted by the two elders (or priests) that never slept nor ate, (the reason unknown) they gave a great smile and walked back to their seat.

The room was large and on each side of the room were great stairs that led to the next level. Down the center was the altar. He walked on the velvet red rug that led strait through the room to the sword. On each side were pillars that held up the stairs and an occasional bench lining the walls behind them. Near the altar were four scrying pools (meant for communicating with the gods in their own realm and many candles were about that never seemed to go out. Behind the altar there were four banisters hanging from the wall with the symbol of each element on them. Then he was upon it, the sword had a yellowish glow that seemed to bring life to whatever had sight of it. He could feel the warmth radiating from the sword. The sword was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, the handle had a comfortable leather grasp, and the hilt was simple but elegant. The sword's slender figure (it is a one sided blade) gave it the power of speed, and with its mighty magic it was the unstoppable sword. He put one hand out to grab the sword. Time itself seemed to stop, this was his time, the great highlight in his life, the thing that would be remembered for ages to come. And at that moment every law and restriction of touching the sword left his mind..... He took hold of the handle. The smile on his face slowly left when he could feel the cool icy feeling of the sword burn his hands. (Hinting its name) He quickly dropped it and looked at the scar embellished in his hand. The scrying pools rippled twice then became as still as glass and the faces of the four gods appeared on each of them, letting out a screeching scream that seemed to shake the whole plane. Knowing what had happened, the elders rose from their seat and walked toward him with their arms extended telling him to back away. With the lust of power already in him, Ellitherisom pulled out the miniature crossbow he had concealed in his robe and shot both of them between the eyes. They fell to the floor dead.

He turned back to the sword with his eyes wide open, not heeding the stares of the four Gods at him. He tried to pick it up again, and again it burned him. He turned to look at the Gods for an answer; they said nothing just watched him. He was too close to turn back now he had to get it! He looked at the banner of water above the altar. And it came to him. Even the banners had their own share of power. He tore the

banner down and rapped the sword in it. As he turned around to leave the stares of the Gods seemed to pop out at him, in a mad rage he knocked all four pools over and left for the door. When he arrived at the falling water he said all four words of passage, inverted. He sprinted out to his horse, and jumped on the back kicking its sides to run. He ran for a time until he came upon a cliff that overlooked the Orrock River and Lothiel. As he came to look over his city with a smile, it left him immediately. The city was burning to ashes as flaming balls of death rained down from the skies and crashed into the city. He sat on the horse awestruck. Then he turned his eyes to the sword.

Is this the price?

Then one of the balls of death hit the side of the cliff, causing his horse to rear back, the few straps snapped, and he fell to the ground hitting his head on a rock, and was then enshrouded in darkness.

When he awoke some hours later, his city was in ruins. A tear of sorrow rolled down his face. He now knew the responsibility of power, even though he had failed to admit it before. He knew that Gods had cursed him, and he could not stay here, too much was lost. He decided that he should live among humans, because he was well known to the elves. But then he thought about it; he couldn't do that, his ears would certainly give him away; he must be known as a human not an elf. What could he do, he could cut some of them off he thought. But he wished no more pain and sought another option. He pondered over this for some time, and nothing came to him. It was his only choice. The next decision to be made was where he could go. The closest human cities were Braken, to the north, and Pri to the east.

Braken was northwest about 500 miles. Living there meant cold snow storms and constant goblin raids from Jike. But he could be well hidden there since the people wore lots of clothes. Or, he could go to Pri, about 450 miles to the west. A larger town by the Kazzan Forest, where it's very humid but if need be he could hide in the forest. Then he thought he could hide his face much more adequately if he had a scarf and more clothing. It was decided, he will travel to Bracken. But his horse had run off, how would he get there? He then looked to the river. If he could get a boat he could ride down to Lake Kodel then up the Tone River. It was a large detour, and would take much longer, but he could not go near the temple of the elements again.

When he had arrived at what were once the docks, he started to search for a boat or something he could use as a raft, not daring to look around at the destroyed city. After a couple hours of searching he found a small canoe farther down the river on the opposite side. Luckily for him there was a double-sided paddle inside. He laid the sword under the seat and began to row. Not turning around, no looking back

It took him most of the day to paddle down to lake Kodel, and sun was dipping below the surface and he was tired. He hauled his small boat to the north shore of the lake, and then relaxed; slowly falling into sleep.

He woke up the next morn with the sun just above the horizon. He washed away the sleep from his eyes with some cool lake water, and continued out again. This time he had to paddle upstream, which would prove challenging. But considering the losses of the day before; it was nothing. And up the river he went. The journey about halfway up the river took about four days. When he came to the section of the river where he must depart and start walking, he could see a small goblin band. (About four)

Probably scouts from Jike, he thought.

Goblins are nasty little creatures, that could do some damage in numbers. But that is there only strength. Their long pointed noses and their green skin didn't seem to scare anyone; and the fact that they were from 2 to 4 feet high didn't help their cause. There town (more like camp) of Jike is just a large gathering of goblins, that had made a camp and didn't move for sometime. This somehow gave the small camp the liberty of being put as a city on regular maps. (Because they didn't have near the intelligence to build a city, or even a town)

Ellitherisom quickly hopped out of the boat grabbing the sword, and putting the oar back in. Then he pushed the boat back into the current and let the river do the rest. He walked over to as small hill that obscured his sight of them; he lay on his belly and peeked over the small hill at the goblins. They were feasting over a buck that they had taken down. He then realized, he had no weapon except for the sword. But the sword would not permit him to use it. So he had to think of a way to kill the four goblins. He had one bolt left, which would take down one; but what of the other three? Then he looked to the cloth that wrapped the sword. He ripped enough of it just to cover the handle so that he could hold it. He loaded the crossbow and glimpsed over the hill again to make sure his targets were there. Then with the sword in his left hand (yes, he is left handed) and the crossbow in the other. He crept to the top of the hill shot one of the goblins, felling it dead, and sprang on the other three. Even before the goblin closest to him had even picked up his short sword from the ground, the blade had already assured his death. With that first strike down the first goblin, Ellitherisom had felt no resistance of the goblins tough skin or even the leather armor it was wearing, just a clean cut. Almost like a hot butter knife through butter. This just assured his choice in taking the sword and continued on. The other two picked up their axes, and, in rage, charged in. This was and easy battle for Ellitherisom; the first one to get to him had his axe above his head and swung down. Ellitherisom sidestepped to his right and tripped the goblin. The second jumped into the air with his shield and small axe, hoping to catch the high elf off guard. Ellitherisom put his sword between him and the flying goblin then thrust through. The goblin fell limp on the sword and dropped his weapons Ellitherisom swung his sword to the side letting the dead goblin slide off. He turned to the goblin he had tripped and saw him fleeing for his life. Ellitherisom picked up the axe of the dead goblin he had just slain and hurled the axe toward the goblin, catching it in the back of the head. The goblin fell dead, and a grim smile came over Ellitherisom's face as he looked to the blood covered sword. He looked at it in silence, until he heard a small noise. It sounded like sizzling, he looked around hoping to find the source, but found none. It grew louder and louder; he looked to the sword. Steam was rising from the sword as it sizzled and the blood slowly disappeared. He wrapped the sword up in the rest of the cloth and started off. towards Bracken. But he had one more stop to make, just for fun.

When he finally came upon the goblin camp of Jike, he pulled the cloth off of Frostburn, and could feel the cold heat starting to bite through the cloth he had wrapped on the handle. He replaced it with new cloth and wrapped the rest around his waist. Then boldly stepped out into the open and watched the slowly developing scene he was making. The female goblin gave him stares, and the smaller goblins ran. The guards, on the other hand, readied their weapons and slowly start to close in on him. He readied his sword, and then spun on the goblin trying to sneak up on him; launching himself in the air over the goblin. He landed behind the stunned goblin and thrust his sword through the back of the goblin, taking the mace from the limp hand he flung the goblin off the sword and rushed the others. Arriving upon the first goblin he whacked the left side of the goblins face with the mace and the opposite side of his legs with Frostburn. The goblin fell with the bottom half of his legs taken off and fell to the ground. Ellitherisom blocked the couple of swings from his left side, and smashed the felled goblins face

to the ground, splattering blood everywhere. He then turned to the attacking goblins on his left and brought the mace down on one of their heads cracking the skull, having no time to pull it out, he left it. He spun around swinging his sword, taking two heads off some other goblins. But they seemed to keep coming, from behind the tents, behind the trees; maybe he had underestimated the size of Jike. More came out and more he killed, with the graceful swings and jabs of his sword seemed to be as if he was dancing. Spinning around, cutting some in half, jumping over and behind some, bringing his sword in a vertical line straight through them. As graceful as he fought, it could not compare to the sight of the couple dozen bodies and blood covered grass, which he was making. And for what, what reason did he have in doing this. To show he had the power. As he was fighting off the goblins, he could see that the numbers that they came began to slow. A wicked smile overcame his face, and the bloodlust of power ran through his veins, only giving him the strength to complete this task.

From behind some tents and out of Ellitherisom's sight, some goblin archers readied their arrows and bows. (Or crossbows) The first goblin, in an eruption of hate hopped out from behind the tent losing his first arrow.

Ellitherisom felt a sharp pain on his backside.

"You little demons!" He yelled, cutting down the goblin in front of him, and then he looked behind him expecting to see a bolt in his rear. But it lay on the ground, it was the magical cloth! The cloth had protected him from the arrow! He turned to face the goblin archer, who was readying his weapon. First he flipped his sword around in his hand and back stepped into the goblin behind him, pushing his sword through the creature. He then used his free hand to take the axe from its hand. Then he pulled his sword out spun around and cut its head off, causing a fountain of blood to shoot up. Quickly he slid the axe into his belt and caught the falling corpse of the headless goblin and used it as a shield as he ran towards the archer. Ellitherisom was not in a battle, but he was playing, this fight posed no threat to him, so not even his adrenaline rushed. He just enjoyed the playtime with his new weapon. The archer let out a couple rounds before the elf was upon him, when Ellitherisom was there he threw the corpse onto the goblin shoving him to the ground. He then thrust Frostburn through the corpse and the archer.

"No one can stand up to me!" he said conceitedly.

With a *thwump* and arrow protruded into his arm, with a cry of pain he looked in the direction of the arrow; only to find five other archers ready. They all let loose at the same time, Ellitherisom dodged quickly but still three hit home. One pinching his leg but falling off, (for it hit the magical cloth) the second caught him in the shoulder, and the third at his right forearm, directly above his bracers. He pulled the axe out of his belt and flung it at the first goblin catching him in the forehead.

"Enough!" he roared striking the sword to the ground. A crack was heard, then another, and subsequently a crack opened in the ground where he had struck, opening a great gate to the abyss below. The archers tried to flee but in the great rumble they had all fallen into the chasm. The fracture in the surface continued all through the camp, tearing it literally in half, taking goblins and tents alike, into the ravine.

Ellitherisom felt he was finished here, looking at the gorge he had made. It stretched at least 12 feet wide, and how long it was, he did not know; but it was big enough to be named, by the goblins and others. Elf's Crevacce.

When he was done looking at the power he had, he set off into the camp to get some food. He walked into the largest tent, (still bending over) and found a family of goblins staring at him in horror.

“Out!” he demanded, gesturing with his arm.

Not daring to go near the god-like elf he tore a hole in the back of the tent and fled. Ellitherisom feasted on the fawn that the goblins had started to roast, and put the other, already roasted, meat into a bag that he slung over his shoulder. Next he left the town with dozens of pairs of eyes staring at him.

The journey up to Braken was hard; the pain from the arrows only worsened as the days became colder. The farther he walked the more frost on the ground, new white flakes on the trees, and the splintering bite of the wind. With the numbing of his whole body he thought it might be a good time to hide his identity. He looked at the sword and slowly put it closer to his ear. Instantly he had cut off the top of his ear giving him a smaller, more human-like ear. But he felt the burn, and his ear was numb no longer, he let out a bone shaking shriek of pain. Hurriedly he brought some cloth to his ear to stop the bleeding. He sat there until the pain had somewhat died away. Then he started on the other ear, giving another pain-filled scream that scared the birds off from the nearest trees. And again he stopped the bleeding with some cloth. With a great load of pain in his ears he pulled out some meat and began to eat slowly, as a tear dropped from his eye, as he looked at the read snow around him. When the pain had all but mostly withered away he pulled the cloth (what remained of it) over his torso, which kept the biting wind away, but not the cold. It took him almost two weeks to get to Braken, under the uninvited influence of the chill; even though for him, it seemed like an eternity of torture. He arrived in the city one dark night on an especially cold day. His feet were soaked and frostbitten, his hands were so cold he could not feel them, and his ears were still ringing from his own scream. He fell face first in the snow, and darkness became his closest friend.

He awoke one morn, in a comfortable bed, next to a nightstand that held a low burning candle. The wounds on his arm and torso were bandaged; he lifted up the covers to see his feet wrapped also. He then realized he was naked! He pulled the covers close to him out of embarrassment and looked around. He saw a beautiful woman, with strait brown hair, and gorgeous, hazelnut eyes, sitting across the room knitting not even noticing that he had awakened.

He looked around the room to get as to some reference of where he was. It was a small cabin, with a cozy feeling to it. A warm fire burned at the opposite end of the house (where his clothes hung, and a couple windows dotted here and there.

“Why am I here? Where is my sword?”

The woman looked up at him and said with a smile, “No need to be alarmed, I found you outside in the snow drenched. So I brought you in. I bandaged your wounds and I am trying to dry your clothes. You are a very muscular and slender man, and you have wondrous hair, if I might say so, “she said as she turned away blushing.

Ellitherisom smiled a good-hearted smile for the first time in some while, and blushed also.

“And your sword is next to you on the floor.”

Ellitherisom quickly glanced at his sword to make sure that his journey wasn't for nothing.

"I thank you for your kindness Miss...."

"Oh, um, Atria, Miss Atria. May I be so bold as to, ask, your name?"

"Then thank you Miss Atria. I am...uh..." He thought for a moment, *I cannot tell her my true name, I must think of one, or tell her I don't recall.*

"I'm sorry but I don't recall my name. Do you know any that I could use?"

She quickly replied, "Arkan! I'm sorry, I was just wondering what your name was as you slept, and that name seemed to fit you." She smiled as she fluttered her eyes.

"Then my name shall be Arkan!" he declared. "This is the town of Bracken is it not?"

"Why, yes it is."

"Then do you know of an inn or somewhere I can stay?"

"You are welcome to stay here if you wish," she said with a smile that just screamed for him to stay.

"Then I will stay here with you for a time, Miss Atria."

The two soon knew each other very well and even had plans for marriage. Ellitherisom, or, Arkan, had finally found true love. But he often looked back at Frostburn that was placed over the fireplace as a piece of art, and remembered the power he had with it. But what he had now was more than he could ever get from the sword.

After the two were happily married, they had two children. (Two males) One, (the older by three years) was named Tallin, the younger, named Arkan (after his father). The family lived as any other would; with the sibling fights, and the family dinners. Arkan loved his boys, and taught them, how to hunt, and fight with a sword. (More for fun at their age but he knew there would be a time, and this would help somewhat) Their mother showed them love and affection all through their lives along with their father. This life was perfect for Ellitherisom, it was the void in his heart that needed to be filled.

After the great day of destruction in the great city of Lothiel had passed, the elves had split, some ran west into the Kazzan Forest, where they learned to talk with the trees and animals.

Their homes, were the inside of the large trees the abundantly filled the forest. But still these trees were not big enough for a normal elf, so this minimized their size to not much taller than a Halfling. But their size should not give away their ways; they are a good race, and better fighters. The forest is their weapon. With their numbers growing they formed a great city; they named it Thile.

Other elves fled to the north into the Aston Mountains, going deep into the depths of the crust of the planet. Their eyesight became attuned to the dark, so that they could see in complete darkness. They gained the ability to see in infrared. Their skin turned black, and hair white or gray. They started dark magics, and made allies with demons and monsters of all sorts, that lurked beneath the surface. This race became evil, and feared from the entire surface. They went on killing sprees at night just because they felt the need to kill. The city that was made here is named, Tarthan.

And the elves that wished not to go to the depths of the earth, and the heart of the forest, either rebuilt what they could of Lothiel, or built a small elf village just north east of Lothiel, in the northwestern part of the Kazzan Forest. That was named Liel.

This is how the world became the way it is in this time, all because of a power seeking elf placing his hands on things that weren't his. And the owners are the most powerful beings on the plane, and he knew it.

Responsibility is not easily handled, even though some do not wish to admit it.

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Language of the Gods

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Eskanel hrontorn estero - passage through fire

Tawn hrontorn duzzarr - swift through wind

Hestrigen ravo hantala - strength over earth

Kittal ni Rajal - walk on water

