

The Avendesora Chronicle

By aquaevee

Submitted: October 25, 2010

Updated: December 29, 2010

The origins of Silver of Silver Way, and Risenbahn of the Hollow blade

Provided by Fanart Central.

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Chapter 1 - Shattered Life

2

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Shattered Life

A wind blew down from the Lightbane Mountains and traveled over the plains. It blew across many nations before it found a small crevasse in the surface and bore itself down into the depths of despair. Feeling this wind, the demons residing there raised their mighty frames, raised their eyes, and set forth to a slaughter. This same wind blew across the oceans and seas, raising them to foaming white crests, and sending them slamming into the sunkissed isles of the Du Hydala Dovondera. This wind whipped the clouds and the skies into tempestual furies, from which were hurled down thunderbolts. This wind was not the beginning, nor was it the end; rather it was both an end and a beginning.

In the mighty castle of Sterling Rainbow, presided over by the wise King Auran, Silver and Risenbahn played together in the castle gardens. Silver was a small girl of but eight years old but she had a build that hinted at the beauty she would become when mature. With her silvery white hair, streaked with a pale blue she had finally convinced her mother to let her put in her hair, and green eyes, people often found themselves just giving in to many of her simple requests. Her ears were fox-like in their appearance and mounted on her head in like fashion, the soft supple fur which covered them and around her ankles and wrists was of a light tan, with a few flecks of white at the tips of her ears. Her tail was quite attractive as it was not only fox-like, but rather long as well; a good inch longer than most of the other children's tails and again flecked with white at the tip of its tan length. Dressed in a pale blue t-shirt and black skirt, she felt perfectly at home out in the garden and had absolutely nothing to complain about. At least that is until she had a basket of raspberries dumped on her by her brother and closest friend, Risenbahn. Risenbahn was actually quite attractive looking despite being a tender age of nine. His dark fur tipped with white on his fox-like ears and tail, combined with a lean muscular build and his blue gray hair and gentle purple eyes, simply eased your mind and heart into a happy place of existence. As a result, he often got away with the equivalent of murder for doing some exceedingly risky and outright dangerous shenanigans. The people knew if they saw a gleam in his eye, to avoid getting in his way, and to have the healers on hand. Despite his prankster daredevil side, he had a gentler side that often made up for his other behaviors and eased aggravations.

"That was so totally not cool! I'm gonna get you for that!" Silver shouted at him as he took off. "That's only if you can catch me sis!" he called over his shoulder laughingly. "You think I can't? Just watch me!" she shot back. "Then why are you still eating my dust?" came the reply.

While the two were busy chasing each other, a small rift appeared in a nearby tree and from it peaked the glinting tip of a gun muzzle. A sharp crack rang out across the island and the rift closed, leaving no traces except the sound still ringing across the island. Silver and her brother jumped at the sound, and like the rest of the island inhabitants, dismissed it as the rocks splitting like they so often do. Silver resumed the chase of her brother with renewed vigour. Unbeknownst to all of the islands and their inhabitants, this gunshot triggered a chain of events that spelled the doom of the of the last Avendesora, the last Tree of Life, and the scattering of the trees caretakers to the four corners of the world. On top of the highest hill most distant from the castle, in the middle of the stone slab, sprouted a rosebush. This particular rosebush grew tall and mighty in a matter of minutes and burst into bloom, a bloom of blood

black buds, and a mat of mighty thorns covered the ground in a perfect circle a yard in any direction. The Kiss of Death, had been set, quite literally, in stone.

Back in the Castle Garden, Silver was still chasing Risenbahn, but not getting anywhere. She sat down in frustration and wished that, sometimes, he would just freeze on the spot when she was trying to catch him. Suddenly her hands felt cold. She looked down and saw to her very great surprise that there were two patches of solid ice under her hands. She looked down at it in bewilderment. "Ice shouldn't be able to form in the middle of summer!" she whispered quietly. Suddenly, she had an idea. "If I could freeze the surroundings under Risenbahn, he'd slide straight into the pool and I'd have gotten him back at the same time." Silver grinned with delight at this idea as she got back up and resumed the chase. Running as hard as she could, she managed to get within a couple feet of her brother. "Now's my chance to freeze the ground" she thought. Turning all of the focus she could at the ground, she willed it to freeze.

When Risenbahn began to slide, he looked down in shock. "What the hell?! Ice in summer? What's going on here? there is absolutely no way in hell there should be ice in the summer!" He spun on the ice so that he was facing backwards and saw his sister smiling delightedly. "Crap, if I didn't know better I'd say she just figured out how to manipulate air and water." he thought. Looking over his shoulder, he saw the fast approaching pool and sighed. "This is so not fair!" he yelled at her before he went in with a satisfactory splash. "It was more than fair brother, it was deserved!" she laughed as she hauled him out of the pool. Grasping her hand, he pulled her into the pool with him.

"Aww! Now im soaked too! You didn't need to do that!" she whimpered, close to tears. "First you get my new cloths all dirty and stained and now you got me all wet". Hearing his sister this miserable, Risenbahn immediatly felt bad. "Come on, let's get inside and dry off. I'll make it up to you somehow." Silver nodded, looking a little happier then she had been.

Far below the Isles and far to the south from there, danger brewed in the form of a swelling army of shadows bent on death. It's leader was known only as the Peaceblighter and for him this day was to be a day of death and carnage, with no enslaving of prisoners. From his twisted throne of shadows, his voice rang ominously through his underworld halls, giving the order that would doom the Du Hydala Dovondera, "The time has come, go now, and reap destruction upon the world of Kinasara wherever you please, take no prisoners, and leave only destruction in your wake." Deep below, the Peaceblighters enslaved captives felt their hearts sink even further into despair, for they knew exactly what was going to happen to the inhabitants. They knew that today, that world would die.

The attack on the planet was swift and silent, the rivers, lakes, and oceans ran red with the blood of millions, save for one place, the sunkissed Isles of Shamorra. The mighty mists encircling the isles that had once been the savior of the Du Hydala Dovondera, now had become their curse. The army of shades, now swelled in numbers by those whos hearts had been so thoroughly tainted by evil that when they were killed that they instead became a shade themselves, swarmed through the mist, and the true massacre began.

Inside the protective walls of Sterling Rainbow, Silver and Risenbahn had just finished drying their clothing, and Risenbahn was looking through his room to give something to his sister, when the first eerie screams reached their ears. Risenbahn suddenly tensed, a hidden warrior within him sensing the

danger to come. Making a snap decision he grabbed the most precious thing he owned and pressed it into his sister's hand. She looked at it in delight, not grasping the danger they were in yet. "A silver and shadow moonopal pendant? It's so pretty!" she hugged him happily and had just put it on when the first blows of the advancing armies shook the castle roots. It was then that the screaming began. Risenbahn grabbed his sister's hand and the two leaped out of the window just as the spire fell to pieces. The adrenaline kicked in right then and there as he and his sister raced down the rapidly crumbling tower walls, not even realising that the blossom of magic that they had was actively at work and protecting them. Meanwhile their sister Amythesta was defending the Avendesora with her very life, driving off the advancing shades with her magic. Suddenly pierced from behind and left for dead, she fell to the floor, close to death. Despite this, she was not yet done with her plans. She waited a time for the shades to pass, and then pressed herself into the tree, becoming at one with it so that the tree would not die, as she did, her mind split off from her body into an astral projection. In this state she saw what was happening, and her heart sank. The isles were engulfed in flames, water ran red with the blood of her people, and bodies strewn everywhere. Her heart leapt as she saw her sister and brother moving at a breakneck pace towards the mist and safety. Suddenly she saw her brother trip, shoving his sister ahead of him as the shades descended. Taking her sister's hand, she spirited her sister to the mist and whispered in her ear but a single command, "Run!" With this her grasp dissolved this close to the mist and her mind returned to her body, where it would sleep for many long years as the Avendesora and the sentient castle of Sterling Rainbow healed and rebuilt themselves.

Silver and Risenbahn made it to the ground safely, barely making it to the edge of the fall zone for the debris as they began to slam into the ground behind them. Suddenly from behind them, shades poured out of the now ruined castle and streamed towards them, their eyes red with bloodlust. Silver squeaked with terror and ran faster as her brother did the same, though without squeaking. They ran for the protective mist between the worlds as though the Chi'ti'itao had granted them wings. Suddenly Risenbahn tripped, shoving his sister ahead of him into the unseen waiting arms of her sister who continued to speed her on her way. Risenbahn rose and turned to face his assailants, desperately trying to buy time for his sister to get away. Summoning the magic within him he created, for the first time in the history of his people, a blade.

This blade glowed blackly with a radiant purple aura the length of its five and a half foot span. Its hilt glittering with blood opals shone darkly in the smoke-filled day. Risenbahn smiled darkly, the warrior fire in his heart raging, "I... don't...think...so...." were his final words before he leapt into the fray and began to slow the advance to help his sister. As he slashed and parried away blows, he steadily retreated towards the mists. As the last enemy fell to his blade, he turned and staggered into the mists, his tattered body streaming blood. As he did, he issued the final words he would speak in his own world for centuries. "If you're still here, run!" Then the mists carried him far into time, depositing him on a shore yet to be in a world not unlike his own, where he would hone his skills as he searched for many years for the rest of his people.

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Silver continued on unaware that anything had changed, merely trying to get away into the mist. Her face touched the mist and in that instant she heard the soft but urgent command of her sister, "Run!" a split second before she did, she looked back and saw that her brother was not at her side as she had thought but instead stepping into the mists a tattered and bloody mess speaking a barely distinguishable command before she lost sight of him entirely "If your still here, run!". Finally heeding the commands she ran deeper into the mists, where they eventually deposited her within a dark forested area, within sight of a stately yet majestic castle. She looked around, not knowing where she was, but something familiar from inside the castle tugged at her heartstrings. It was then that Silver of the Du Hydala Dovondera, sat down against a tree, and cried out her heart.