

The Sword

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this is just the start of my story, idk if I'll finish it. Leave a comment if you like it, plz and thank you.

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0 - Prologue

She gazed out at the trees even though it was too dark for any human to see. Her dark green eyes acted as though they could see everything in the woods. Her long brown hair was in a single braid over her left shoulder. Her small ears could hear every word and sound made by the people around her. She could feel every one's eyes on her; she was tired of it.

"Master Re when can we leave," She put her hands on the sides of the stump she was sitting on and looked at him.

"Maria you should never ask me that. These people are kind enough to share their fire and food with us," His boney hand came up and slapped her across the face.

"Master Re, never hit me," She looked at the ground still keeping her voice calm. He smiled and brought his hand across her face once more. "Master Re, when time comes you will be ruler. In that time, everyone will suffer and many will come after you. A young girl approximately the age of 16 will destroy you," She smirked showing her pointed teeth.

"A child couldn't even look at me without dying.

"This child is no ordinary child. She is a girl with both light and dark magic. She can wield the sword of the underworld. She will kill you, and that I know," Maria smiled even larger.

"Drop dead Maria!" Master Re yelled as loud as possible. Everyone around them was watching only to see what would happen next.

Maria stood up, "You are getting weak my lord."

"I said drop dead," Master Re looked Maria in the eyes. Maria felt her heart stop. She fell to the ground coughing.

"Master Re I know your future," She said with her final breath.

"Maria, you should have just kept your mouth shut," He picked up her slender body and ripped her head off. Her blood sprayed all over him. He sat her head down on the stump and threw her body into the woods. He looked to where he set the head, but it has disappeared. He looked at all the people around the fire and saw a little boy around the age of seven holding Maria's head in his chubby arms. "Do you wish to keep her head boy?" Master Re said in a friendly voice.

The little boy nodded, "Ma and Pa use to tell me that one who holds the head of a person who can see into the future will have good luck forever."

"Then you may keep that head young one," Master Re said as he disappeared into the woods.

1 - Southern Lands

She arose from her small bed made of leaves and looked around the forest. She felt as though something was wrong, but she didn't know what. She heard a sudden noise in the distance that sounded like a dying wolf. She glanced around checking the area better than before.

"Fang, Fang are you there. Fang answer me!" She said with a worried look on her face. She heard the loud moan of pain again. She sprinted off to where she was hearing the noise. When she reached her destination, she saw a wolf laying on the ground almost dead and a big creature of some type leaning over it. The creature looked to have a mane made of quills and the body was one of a flying horse. It had claws instead of hooves making it seem more dangerous. "Fang hold on baby," She grabbed her knife and came after the creature. The creature turned around showing the biggest fangs she had ever seen. She stumbled back but looked at her wolf again and charged after the creature. The creature brought its huge claws to her throat, "This wolf must belong to you."

"Yes it does! Now leave it alone! Wait, did you just talk?"

"This wolf came at me, but I see why, it was trying to protect you. Yes, I can talk I am Jet. I am from the South Islands. I flew here in search of a girl named Misty.

"Misty is my mother, but she died last year. How did you get past the mountains that are around this island? They touch the sky. No one can get past them," She was holding her breath because the creature still had its huge claws to her throat.

"No creature from the north can, but like I said, I am a creature from the south. For us it is easy, but we never needed to come here until now," The creature brought its claws

down and looked at the wolf.

"So, why are you looking for my mother?"

"She never told you I see. Do you have any relatives here that know where your mother was born?"

"Yes my grandma, but she wouldn't tell you. She'd be scared to even look at you," The girl bent down by her wolf, "And she won't like what you have done to my wolf."

"I'll half to risk it my child, please take me to her as fast as possible."

"You'll half to go on your own. This wolf is the only thing keeping me alive. I cannot leave it. My grandma lives just up that small dirt path over there." She pointed, "She lives in the only green house over there so it shouldn t be hard to miss."

"What do you mean by the wolf is the only thing keeping you alive my dear?"

"This wolf and I have both had a spell on us and we are bound. If the wolf dies, I die."

"I m so sorry my child. Take these," the creature laid a few of her quills on the ground,

"these quills aren t like the others on my mane. These have a healing powder in them.

They should be enough to help it stand. Fang, I believe that is what you called her, will need a few days rest to recover, but she ll be fine."

"You better be going, grandma often leaves her house when the sun reaches the middle of the sky."

"Yes, yes you are right. I will be back here soon. I thank you kindly," the creature said running down the path. The girl looked at the wolf and started to smash the quills into a powder. She grabbed her bowl and water then made a paste out of the ingredients. She smeared the paste over the wolf's wounds and sat there.

She picked the creature up and started walking down the small dirt path to her grandma's house. Fang was barely breathing. The girl started running making sure not to move the

wolf much. She reached her grandmother's house and banged her head against the door waiting for someone to open it.

The door slowly creaked open and the girl ran in and laid the wolf on a small bed made of hay. She heard her grandmother talking to the creature out back. She walked out back and saw her grandmother holding a sword to the creature.

"Helena please, you and I both know she is destined for this," Jet yelled.

"She is my only family left," the girl's grandmother yelled back.

"She's not really your family! Her father was King Ethan and her mother was Queen Isabeau. She has to come to the southern lands to claim her spot as queen since her mother and father died! Helena, you must let her come with me!"

"I will not let you take her!" Helena yelled and thrust the sword forward. The young girl stepped out of hiding. "Kira what are you doing. I mean, how is Fang?"

"Fang is doing a little better. Helena I wish to go with Jet," Kira said and looked away from her grandmother.