

1 NEW AWAKENINGS

It's been a few years now, since Simanill brought us from the first Realm through the star gate above our house, to live at Believe in the second realm, our little nine square farmhouse, mirrored in the second realm, sitting quietly on open country side.

Whisked away early one morning by Simanill our dragon brother, this we thought would be a quieter life, living like ancestors of old. This was until the discovery, that we were Twin Realm Lords (Law and Order of the Rightful Dragons), ancient blood relatives of the dragon clan known as the Anilltres.

Silvanill, Orumkin, and I, were brought over to help protect the second realm from the growing evil. That evil was due to the current ruler of Bournenite city at the time, 'Mistluran.'

Mistluran was a Gand (Greed and Anarchy of the Nite (evil) Dragon) an evil ruling Lord. He was an Evil Lord, because of his blood alliance to Black Wing his Gradon. Gradon, is a name which is given to any Dragon who gives themselves over to evil, and like the egallivs who give themselves to evil, they turn to a black or dark brown coal looking human form, this same evil, will also turn the scales of the dragon black or Dark brown with the shine look of coal.

This all lead to the war in the second realm all those years ago.

Thankfully since defeated the evil at the base of Angel Wing Mountain, this, our new realm and home has been for several years, quiet and prosperous.

Silvanill, my wife, and Orumkin, our beautiful little black pug, along with myself enjoy the friendliness, and welcoming of our egallivs on our visit which are taken as often as we can, to all the patches in Vitorna, which we found out was the name of our land, Vitorna,

contains all our patches, wastelands and Fire Thorn hill. To the north of all our land is called Old Notwals, and this land has the Ektrey Line of Dragons, and to the east is East Ostrina their line of dragons are called Olkcen.

The Anilltres are the Elder and Oldest in the line of all dragons in the land mass called Ustraleen. There are other dragons over the water, they are thought to be distant relatives of the Anilltres, but as to who were the first dragons, well, this account is lost in the history of time its self.

Along with the our other duties in this realm, we hold monthly meetings in the Lords Hall, this is to check with the warriors and dragons of all patches, on the progress of how everything is going in the land. This time also allows any egallivs who has a need, to air any ideas, grievances or ill feelings to come fourth, a chance to be listened to fairly by the Lords.

Afterwards Silvanill, Orumkin, and myself usually enjoy visiting the houses in the surrounding areas of the patches, this ensures we keep in constant touch with all the Egallivs's.

Egallivs, this is what our people are called in the second realm.

The Dragons also stay at their patches daily, due to the new Ory, (Leader of the Anilltres Dragon Clan at Fire Thorn Hill) Simanill the brave.

Simanill and myself have shown by example, to all the dragons and warriors that before, during and after the war, there is an importance of maintaining a strong bond with the each other, also for the need for the dragons and warriors to interacting with the egallivs in their Patches daily.

The patch warriors also visit their patches town often, to ensure law and order is kept, leaving everyone free to live a quiet and happy life.

Believe our farm is going well, Old Grumps and I are getting on as well as when we first met, we have eight new calves to look after, while the vegie garden and fruit trees, thanks to Silvanill's and Gurt's care have given us bumper crops this year, which is good as last year's yield was a little poor.

But, over the last few weeks I have started to worry, because the wound in my left forearm where Mistluran's sword pieced me, has started to get this uncomfortable pain, this pain also reaches down to my stomach leaving a nauseating feeling, and each passing day the pain is getting worse.

Wilorn, are patches healer in the second realm has not shown up, so I know it's not an illness. I have been left to pondering about what it might be.

Silvanill and Simanill have not mentioned anything, surprisingly; since this began, no one has even shown a concern about much at all, they seem to be just going around blindly without a care in the world, so I know I'm the only one affected.

Now even in my dreams over the past week, I've been getting dark clouds covering pieces of my dreams, these cloud are blocking something from my view, but is it something I should be worried about or not? In those dreams, or what I can sense, they seem so real, so real that when I wake, I feel I was actually there.

Silvanill does not seem to notice the nights are getting worse for me; both in my sleep and my waking with fright either. Though often I find Orumkin our black pug sitting up and looking at me in my startled start, with her bright eyes and licks on the cheek to help sooth away the fright, she is the only one that knows what I'm going through.

'Come on Ted,' I said to myself, while getting ready for another night, and hopefully a peaceful night, with restful sleep.

‘Come on Ted lift Orumkin up. it’s going to be another cold night, did you remember to remove the bed warmers?’ asked a sleepy Silvanill, yawning as she climbed under the covers and pulling them tight around her neck.

I heard a muffled, ‘Ohh,’ looking over I saw that Silvanill had forgotten to blow out her bedside candle.

‘Would you like me to get that,’ I enquired as I stood to walk around to her bedside table.

‘Silvanill’s sweet face popped out from the covers with a huge smile saying, ‘Thanks Ted you are the sweetest, Night sweetheart,’ then she was gone.

The covers shimmered as she shook and wiggled about under them, so they hugged her tight in preparation of the colds on sought during the night.

‘Night beautiful,’ I answered as I chuckled while watching her cold night maneuvers.

I walked back around the bed, to see Orumkin cuddling up in the middle between the pillows, her favorite spot on the cold nights. She usually wound up between us just under the covers, thankfully, it was a large bed otherwise one of us would wind up on the floor, and no points for guessing who that would have been.

Reluctantly I got into bed, resting my head on the pillow.

Startled I looked over my shoulder to see three people running away from me down the street, they were looking over their shoulders laughing and mocking me as they ran away, I saw a body lying on the ground not far from them. Turning I raced down the street my hand ready to draw my sword, but they ran so fast, while my legs were moving so heavily and slowly, I lumbered down the road and finally reached the body on the ground.

As I reached it my vision started to blur and darken so I couldn’t see anything, I was filled with an evil dreading drawing my sword, I swung around to see the outline of a cloaked figure standing over me. Then without warning, I felt the sting of his sword blade in my

chest, I stood frozenly impaled on the sword's blade, my eyes painfully lifted while I was grabbing at the blade. I felt the warm blood spilling from my body, my glazed eyes saw nothing but a dark cloud filled cloak, then pain and burning from within my chest and back grew in intensity when the figure twisted the blade before pulling it.

Slowly sinking to my knees, clutching desperately at my chest, I was trying to catch the blood that was oozing from the wound, while I felt my life ebbing away, I heard the figure say, 'You can't win, I am shall rule all.'

I thrust my hand in his direction trying to grab his cloak, missing him and while falling forwards, it was then I felt a warm glow upon my cheek, turning my eyes flickered open to see Orumkin standing over me, her little head tilted to one side, seeing I was now awake a flurry of puggy kisses were to follow.

Lying in bed early that morning, after lying awaking from that dream, I thought to myself, I must talk first to Wilorn, then if needs be to Silvanill or Simanill this can't go on unheeded anymore.

Orumkin now settled back down and asleep, I decided to get up, going quietly to the kitchen I started to get the milking Buckets and udder wash ready, then I made a small pot of tea for myself while stoking up the kitchen wood stove. Sitting at the kitchen table, I thought, well there is no time like the present.

So closing my eyes I asked Wilorn to visit me, as I was concerned about what was happening to me over the last few days, the Union ring, which was given to me by Wilorn after I was tested and found to be a Lord, gently warmed on my finger letting me know that Wilorn had received my message. This ring is my union and bonding ring not only to the second Realm and to the Anilltres clan, but also to my Wife, Silvanill.

Looking out the kitchen window, the morning was clearing from the mist, while looking cool and fresh as the sun started to rise. His fiery glow stretched up behind the mountains and scatted clouds to the east, making the horizon glow a burnt orange blending across to the blue sky overhead.

I don't know why, but my thoughts went to a similar morning all those years ago, just before the war were I awoke out the front of Believe, where we all were awaiting news from the war front about Misluran's army and I said to Simanill, red sky in the morning sailors warning.

Shaking off this feeling, I finished my cuppa, then getting up I walked out and got the shed all set up for milking. I walked out through the dairy to the holding yard's gate, were I started calling the cow's in for their morning milking, I could feel the light breeze had a very icy edge to it, it blew right through my cloths and straight to my bones core. Shrugging my shoulders and trying to shake the cold off. 'Brrr,' I said out loud, while watching the girls as they came towards the gate to the holding yard. Taking the bully boys morning feed of oats, wheat, corn and tagasaste leaves, I tipped it into his trough as he slowly led the girls over. Walking back to the gate I waited for the cow's, then giving each one a pat as they passed I said to them, 'It's a nice fresh spring morning isn't it girls.'

There was of course no reply, they just looked at me and kept on chewing their cud, as they huddled close together in the corner under the roofed area of the yard. 'Won't be long girls,' I said, as I heard the familiar sound of Grump's and Gurt's cart rolling over the top of the small hill to Believe.

I walked around the side of Believe to the front, readying myself to greet Grumps and Gurt, but to my surprise; I was instead, pleasantly greeted first at the front door by Orumkin who had just come out her doggy door. She was dressed in her special Realm cloths, that

when willed, will change to suit three occasions, casual, ceremony and battle to protect, this of course is with the help of the Dragons and the Realms magic.

I have started to make sure Orumkin is wearing her cloths daily, and not just for our outing as she was used to, all this was due to my bad feelings of late, and with her acceptance I knew that I was right, thing aren't as they should be.

Silvanill and I also have these special cloths, which we wear each day along with our swords, but I have not carried the arrow set around the paddocks for many a year.

I have now thou, started to carry the arrow set lately, even if I go out into the front yard, again this is all due to my ill feelings. Reaching down I picked up Orumkin, and we both waited for Grumps and Gurt to come in through the gate.

'G'day you two,' I said as they came in the gate, 'nice to see you both this morning, did you have a nice trip over?

Gurt smiled and replied, 'Morning dears, yes a pleasant trip, but I'm glad the cloud lifted before we left, you know Glen hates driving in the mist.'

Grumps just rolled his eyes and gave Gurt a small push in her back, 'Come on you two, idle chat comes later.' He snapped

'It's a bit cold and chilly isn't it,' I said, then looking at Orumkin, I continued, ' It makes you realise that your alive,' with a small laugh I glanced back at Grumps, seeing his face glow as red as the sky did this morning I had to laugh.

Gurt now being ushered passed me by Grumps, replied, 'Yes, it's very chilly.' Gurt looked at me as Grumps kept pushing her passed and said with a queried look, 'You're look tired my Lord?' Then just before Grumps dragged her through the front door, Gurt looked back over her shoulder and said quickly, ' Anyway, best keep moving, as I know everything is all ready

for us. Oh don't forget, we are off to Gran's and Gramp's this morning after morning mids.'

Then the front wire door slammed behind them.

Common times like today's, is where everyone gives up time to go and help the elderly and the sick to complete their chores and have a clean house, this is a great time to spend with friends and we all sit and have a special lunch with those we are helping.

'No, I haven't forgotten Gurt,' I yelled after them in reply smiling, then looking at Orumkin, as she stared back at me, we heard from just inside the front door as coats were removed.

'You're good at stating the obvious, an't ya Lord Lad,' I heard Grump's mutter, 'it's the start of spring, so of course it's going to be fresh and chilly, he's so annoying when he's in one of these moods Gurt.'

"Lord Lad" was my new name when Grumps was grumpy at anything or everything,

I've got used to his grumpy moods and attitude over the years, I take nothing to heart as it's just him and how he is. Orumkin and I then followed them inside, and found Silvanill in the kitchen waiting for us, with a fresh pot of tea from a kettle boiled on a wood stove, which also heats the hot water which is hand pumped through the pipes from the water tank, we all sat and drank our cuppa's before starting our morning chores.

While drinking my tea this morning I thought to myself, it's amazing how well Silvanill and I have adapted to no electricity and modern appliances around the house. Equipment like cars and power tools, phones, computers and the like, we have not missed one bit. The most marvelous thing about this realm is the absence of money, all you need well, it's just given, that is as long as you are fair, work hard and show no sign of greed. You don't have much, thou you want for nothing. If you need a break others, will gladly look after your farm duties

or replace you in what job you do. It is wonderful doing something for someone else; everyone looks out and after everyone else here, without any greed or jealousy.

Grumps and I, finishing up at the table, excusing ourselves, we both walked out the back to start the milking of the eight cows. I am usually very quick at milking and Grumps is usually just starting his last cow, as I'm completing my milking. Lately though during milking my left arm has been aching so much, this made my milking's slow, especially this morning, milking was seemingly taking forever.

Grumps stood up after finishing his milking, he stretched his back, when hearing I was still milking, he bent over and glanced under the cow, and said, 'You're getting old lad, if I start to beat you at milking. I must say you're not yourself, is everything ok? You've been off for a few days, don't think I haven't noticed your slow milking's and favoring that left arm of yours, still none of my business.'

'Thanks Grumps, I am ok,' I replied squeezing the last of the milk from Little Lillie's teats, 'Yes, I have been as you say off now for a few days,' I replied rubbing the cream on Lillie's teats and udder, 'please don't mention it to the girls. If I don't feel better in a few days, then I'll call for Wilorn to visit and look me over.'

'Ok lad, but if you need anything, I am always here for you,' Grumps said with a caring smile, as I stood up and faced him, 'Go on you take this lot inside,' Grump's said, 'I'll feed the calves this morning while you start inside.'

After finishing up our chores and later that morning, once everything was neatly stacked on the verandah, we covered it with the damp tarp. This is to help keep all the produce, fruit and veg that is excess from our orchard and gardens, and also to keep the milk and butter pots cool, while it was waiting for collection by Del who drove the collection cart.

There is also a delivery cart that brings all sorts of things from pots and pans to bread and meat to our door, all friendly delivered by Col, Del's brother, they are twins and it's only the colour of their eye brows and Del having a moustache that you can tell them apart.

We all went in for breakfast; the girls were very chatty that morning which suited me fine, as I could hide the pain I felt in my arm.

Orumkin's little head looked up, and towards the front door, her little curly tail wobbling back and forth.

Moving my chair back I said, 'Simanill is here, I'm just going out to have a chat with him.' As I walked off following Orumkin out towards the front door, the girls just kept on chatting about what they will take over to Gran and Gramps.

Walking out through the front door, I saw Orumkin playing playfully, with one of Simanill's front toes. Simanill moved his toe back and forth as Orumkin tried to grab it with her paws and teeth. The wondrous site of a dragon sitting in your front yard playing with a small pug dog, it never lets you forget this realms reality and all the beauty and magic that it holds.

'Welcome my brother,' I said as I walked out through the front gate, 'what brings you here so early?'

'Good morning Tedanill,' replied Simanill, carefully watching Orumkin while he moved his toe around. Letting Orumkin catch his toe finally, Simanill looked up at me with his large emerald eyes as he said, 'I'm here to take you to Wilorn. It was the strangest thing, Wilorn called on me this morning; he asked me if I could feel anything wrong with you. When I told him, I have not sensed anything lately; he touched my foot while whispering a few words, everything went hazy and I felt dizzy, once I had regained my senses again, this was then Wilorn told me there was a mask of evil at work.'

Concerned he then left through his mist, but before he completely vanished, he asked me to bring you to the Lords Hall, now.'

Meanwhile in the first Realm, Ticodeh, he was a well-dressed man with medium length dark hair, there was a beard covering most of his face. This man stood one hundred and eighty three centimeters tall and had a medium build, stepped over to Edward and said, 'Now, is the time Master Edward, time to start our revenge on that Evil Lord. That Lord, who came to this realm, to kidnapped your wife. He took Valerie by force, back to his realm to enslave her as his lover.

We left your house near on three years ago, to save and protect you from being slaughtered by him. You do not remember much as he partly erased your mind before we saved you, and you know from what we told you about that day that you can never return to that house, till the time was right.

Well, they have finally sent Valarie back to find and kill you, after years of brain washing her to their ways.

Misluran never returned so they have killed a good man and the honorable dragon called Black Wing, all this to instilled their evil ways over the Second Realm; it's up to you to save Valerie, and the Second Realm from the evil Lord Tedanill's deception and his band of blood thirsty Dragons at Fire Thorn Hill.

Then you can help rule and govern over all those Egallivs, Misluran left me here to train you in our ways, and look how you have prospered and advanced in your Realm here.

Imagine instead of ruling over a few business and its people, Ruling your own Empire, to do with as you please with no one to stop you.

The Egallivs in the Second Realm, they are simple, easily swayed pathetic fools in need of proper Rule and Order, now you can give it to them once you have killed the Ruling Lord. I have trained you well in the dark way of control and deception called Chafka-facist, or Dead Gradon face.

Take your place in the Second Realm, as the Ruler and Master; I name you “Jeduran” keeper of the Dark.’

I just stood there for a minute looking at Simanill, my mind raced with a thousand thoughts, my expression was blank, thou my brow showed all the sings of my concern.

Simanill turning his large hand over allowed Orumkin to jump onto his palm, as Orumkin sat in the middle of his hand Simanill said, ‘Tedanill, are you alright. We need to go!’

Realizing I was off with the fairies in a world of my own, I shook my head and brought my thoughts back to the here and now. Smiling at Simanill I replied, ‘Just let me tell the others, then I will go with you.’

Turning I went back inside to the kitchen, ‘excuse me everyone,’ I said to gain attention, ‘I was just talking to Simanill. He has just asked me to go with him this morning, nothing’s wrong just a little overdue visit.’

Silvanill stood up and looked at me for a second then said, ‘Ok Ted, will we see you later at Gran’s or shall we meet you back here.’

‘I shall return for afternoon chores,’ I replied smiling the best I could, walking over I kissed Silvanill and said, ‘have a great day, and please send my apologies to Gran and Gramps for my absence won’t you.’

‘We will,’ said Gurt, as she watched Silvanill and my eyes locked together, I was trying to gaze deep into her beautiful rich brown eyes.

The ring on my finger warmed, as I looked into Silvanill's eyes. I felt the golden thread move softly on the back of my hand, it was then that I noticed the dense cloudiness blocking my view. As I stared into Silvanill's eyes, I tried to look past the cloudiness and deep into her eyes, I desperately tried to see into the depth of the eyes I once knew.

Sadly, Silvanill seemed vague, her eyes still dull and clouded as she smiled at me and said, 'Anything wrong Ted?'

Hugging Silvanill tight to my chest, I whispered back, 'nothing to worry about sweetheart just go to Grans and I'll be back this afternoon, keep Orumkin dressed and your weapons close.'

With that, I turned and walked off, stopping at the kitchen door, I looked back towards the table and said, 'till this afternoon Gurt and old Grumps, hope you don't miss me too much.' I then hurried through to the front door before Grumps had a chance to reply, while having a little chuckle to myself on the way out.

Picking Orumkin up, I kissed her on the top of her head, then checking her cloths I placed her on her mat on the front verandah and said, 'wait here, dad has to go for a little while, bye sweetie.'

Orumkin just tilted her head and looked at me, with her big black round eyes smiling back, with a look of "Ok" on her little face.

Going back out the front gate, I got on to Simanill's back and said, 'Ready when you are brother.'

With that, Simanill took off into the air and we flew towards the Lords Hall, which is situated about two kilometers away from Fire Thorn Hill in Arraway, this is one of the patches to the east of the Burra shone.

Simanill flew up high, above the light clouds that raced from the west to meet the sun, Simanill then started to circle.

Turning his head back to me, Simanill spoke, 'Tedanill what is going on here, I feel I am missing something that I am supposed to be seeing or feeling.'

'Simanill,' I said, shaking my head back and forth while lifting up my arms, 'I don't know, everything lately is changing. Bonds are being cloaked; my left arm where Mistluran's sword stabbed me is aching. I am getting pains in my stomach and I am having dark covered dreams. Both you and Silvanill, have not seemed to sense anything or even cared, you are both just going about your days as normal. This morning I tried to get through to Silvanill, but I couldn't, her eyes seem dull. Thankfully, Wilorn seems to have got through to you, this is why I summoned Wilorn to meet me, any more I cannot tell you as I do not know myself.'

Simanill Lowered his head a little while closing his eyes, then suddenly his eyelids shot open in a shock of remembrance, looking back at me he concernedly said, 'Tedanill I do not remember anything, the last thing I remember clearly is? No wait it was about a week ago, it was having lunch in the food hall at Fire Thorn Hill.

Simanill's concerned face turned away from me, as his neck straightened and we dived down through the clouds, and straight for the Lords Hall. The magnificent building was always a wonderful site, especially from the sky with its roman looking structure, white marble pillars standing holding the perimeter of the roof, further in under the eaves was an external wall made of swirling red and brown marble that glinted with flecks of gold and silver. The roof was high-pitched and the terracotta tiles, had a brass look to them. Landing gently at the Dragons entrance, I climbed down off Simanill's back, then walking around to face him.

I smiled and said, 'Thank you my brother, now let us go and see Wilorn together, let's try and work this one out.'

Turning away from Simanill, I walked over to the large redwood dragon doors, I smiled as I looked at the doors with the gilded crest of the Anilltres, with pride I asked, ‘To the Lords Hall, please open the doors and allow Simanill and myself in to enter, we are here for a meeting with Wilorn.’

The doors archway was framed with white crystal; the crystal was a peaked, semi-circle shape, while down the centre from one end to the other ran veins of silver and gold. The veins around the doors filled and flickered in the sunlight entwining and moving giving the impression of blood pulsing, giving the veins the appearance of looking alive. Along the vein’s length were six triangle forms, which represented Fire Thorn Hill. The triangles held a Dragons eye shape in the middle, the Triangle eyes on either side of the doors shone as the doors opened up.

Simanill and I walked into the huge, yet grand open structure the size of about three football fields. The entire ceiling and roof structure held up by four frosted crystal pillars. These pillars also provided the light for the hall; each pillar was made up of about forty separate rose-shaped crystals, the outer petals sending their light up to a crystal lined roof, so the reflected light could evenly illuminate the whole room. I still can’t get over the expanse of roof, and how it is held in place by all the large black wood beams. Such inter-joining of arched and straight timber beams, the immense size of the roof, that the timbers and four pillars were holding up, you would expect it to be and it is, such a grand piece of architecture.

The walls were a mixture of light and dark blue marble with splashes of green, the marble also had flecks of yellow and thin rivers of maroon, we walked across to the now raising crystal pedestal, and as the quietness took the hall. Simanill and I both sat and narrowed our brows and went deep in thought, when Wilorn suddenly appeared through his white mist.

‘Tedanill,’ Wilorn said, ‘sorry to be late, what is the matter, how can I help you.’

‘Wilorn,’ I replied, looking up with surprise, ‘The pains in my arm and in my stomach of late, I gather they are a warning, not an illness.’

‘Yes you are right Tedanill,’ said Wilorn, turning his attentions to Simanill,

‘And now Simanill, how are you feeling since I released your mind’?

Simanill who was still looking worried and confused said, ‘Wilorn, I feel how I look, worried and muddled, I am also concerned that I didn’t see, or feel anything wrong in this Realm, what is wrong with me.’

Wilorn came and sat on the edge of the pedestal. Wilorn’s face, which also showed the signs of trouble, said, ‘I’m not sure,’ he clasped his hands together, he looked down at his clenched hands and said, ‘so I travelled firstly to the guardian’s and sentinel’s, to see how they were. They all appeared, to be under the same spell as you were this morning.

Simanill, I have of course released them from it, though they are capable of falling back under the spell at any time. We must find out how they are doing it, the difficult part is I have never seen this kind of thing before, so cannot help you until we know how they are doing it.’

‘I must call on the Lords Aids again in this time of need,’ I said standing up and walking around behind my chair. ‘They are my secret, every day egallivs chosen by Silvanill and myself and given special marks of the Lords, they can be summoned and help us when needed, and so they will not be suspected and put under the spell.

‘Wilorn, do you think they are getting information from my warriors and egallivs, or are they just putting a spell on them?’

‘This kind of spell,’ said Wilorn, ‘I’m guessing only dulls their senses, it would be cast over a small distance, or they would have to drink a potion.’

Wilorn stood and with a small gesture of his hands said, 'I will go and check the warriors, and ask the Rumkin and Loomar animals, and see if they have seen or heard anything,' and with that, the mist took Wilorn away.

'So now I know,' hanging my head down and drawing a long and deep breath, I continued, 'there is evil working in the two realms, my dreams shows me the first realm now this confirms the second realm.' Sitting back down and pinching the bridge of my nose again in both thought and stress.

Halve thinking to myself, but at the same time from my mouth came the words, 'I wonder if they talk to each other, or if the two evils are separate?'

Simanill looking at me pondered before he said, 'When I go back to Fire Thorn Hill Tedanill, I will watch the dragons closely, and see which dragons are under the spell. There may be one or two that aren't and them I shall keep a watch on.' As Simanill started to move away towards the door he turned and asked me, 'should we keep this our secret Tedanill, or can I tell Roseanill and others to help me?'

'For the time being Simanill, till we catch the culprit, we should keep it a secret, but before you go; I want to ask the crystals something.'

Turning to the pillars in the center of the room I asked, 'To Fire Thorn Hill and the crystals of the Lords Hall, can you tell us if there is another way, other than a dragon, that the evil would be able to communicating between the Realms.'

The crystals glinted and flickered with many a colour before we heard their answer,

The pillars vibrated and the usual tune mixed with the voices came floating to our ears, 'There is only two ways for them to communicate, one is to have a Dragon carry messages between the Realms for them, or a realm shifter. To answer your next question, there is only you, lord Tedanill who is a realm shifter in this realm, this we do know.'

‘Another Dragon gone wrong,’ said Simanill, ‘just as I thought, is this why are senses were dulled, so we cannot see who it is.’ Simanill turned and slammed his hands together in a small fit of rage.

Lifting my hands up I said to Simanill, ‘Hang on a second, do not be hasty in condemning one of our brothers or sisters, as I said, there are lies and deception at work. This maybe what they want us to believe, it may be doubt in each other, they are also trying to make us feel. Simanill my friend and brother stay calm and relaxed, we must say and do nothing, yet secretly we must watch everything.

Let us meet up here later tonight at about three dragons after dark, then we can discuss things further, hopefully then we will know a little more.’

Simanill turned and said, ‘Yes you are right Tedanill, we can find more things out if we are calm and observant. I had better go now Tedanill, and I hope your right.’ with that Simanill walked to the door of the hall, as he got there the door opened for him, Simanill walked out and flew off to Fire Thorn Hill.

After Simanill flew off the inside of the Hall started to fill with a yellow mist, I walked a few paces from the pedestal, then heard, but could not see the dragons door close, the hall creaked and groaned in the way, I have not heard since the last war.

It was then, I heard just in front of me a voice says, ‘To my crystal friends thank you for securing this hall while I talk to Lord Tedanill,’

Then the mist started to clear, and out stepped to my surprise, “Wilorn.”

Wilorn stepped over to me, he took my hand in his, and waited for the ring on my finger to glow and warm. Wilorn smiled at me, then stepping to my side, he placed his hand in the middle of my back. Wilorn started to lead me over to the Lords pedestal and to my chair,

rising next to my chair instead of Lord Silvanill's chair, there was a small simple crystal stool, with a little back rest.

We both took our seats, as Wilorn looked straight into my eyes and I heard.

‘My Lord Tedanill, I had to wait for this meeting with you after Simanill had left, because as you are aware, there is some strange awakenings happening in our Realm. Our people are losing sight of what is good, their eyes have been cloaked by evil. This is worrying us in the Third Realm, as we cannot see who or what is doing this evil. You are the only one, who can see it and feel it. There is a strong bond between you, and all the Four Realms, which will not let you fall under this cloak of evil. This also puts you in the greatest of danger, as they will need to remove you from this realm, well, any realm if their plan is to succeed. Now make sure you keep your weapons safe,’ Wilorn said with the sternest of looks, ‘tell Silvanill's to keep her weapons safe, and keep them at hand at all times. They are part of your strength and bond to the realms. We are not sure if they know this or not. Next, I am sorry to tell you that, we of the Third Realm cannot help you.

You must search out this evil then try to destroy it, Choose Egallivs, Warriors and Dragons to help you wisely and take all precautions. Good luck my Lord, and may the Great Man of all Realms help and protect you in your endeavors. Importantly, you must never tell anyone about are meeting here, as the “Lorns” are the people of the Third Realm. This is our secret, not even Vycanill knows this, being your Realms healers is the only way, the Third Realm is allowed to help those living in the Second Realm. With that, Wilorn stood then smiled as the yellow mist appeared around him and he was gone. I was sitting there alone in the Lord's hall, with the crystals above me sparkling like a beautiful fine spring day. The walls of the Hall were like it was ready for battle, with the 3D map of the Realm on the wall, while the floor looked like I was on an island surrounded by water.

A table had replaced Wilorn's chair. Lifting my right arm, I rested my elbow on the table, and pinched the bridge of my nose with my forefinger and thumb. I closed my eyes to try and make sense of what was happening to us all.

Instead, I suddenly saw grey mist rush up from the back of my eyes to the front like water rushing down a tube.