

"Dragon Friend "

The glows of *Erve* in fane (rough)

The confrontations of Diades, after his twin brother, Vledus, became enraged with Diades' fervor of humans. Diades' survival weaved into the human race, as he was forced to stand abandonment by the fiendish death of their erriloks, fated by Vledus; Diades, fettered with his slain erriloks, gazed for their love and resurgence. Throughout glow and lak, Diades kept waiting, but their errilen made escape into other erve. Their freedom left, Diades to encounters with Vledus, they left him alone.

Vledus, angry in the womb and through his birth, was hateful—deadly; he bloamt his mother and father upon his becoming, because they fated him rebirth in erve on earth. Vledus's anger was not with earth-life, so much, but with human-kind; a bloody history and evil carry was his pain with humans. Diades, shy, lived, as Vledus spewed angrily and scurried long into laken, recursive solitude. The bloam of Vledus, his willed dissonance, could not be defended, and it left no one, there, alive—save, Diades. In the favor of Vledus, he felt love for Diades; in the spare of him, Diades could resist the bloam of Vledus. Spared to him, still, Vledus may not have been so intending, as he cast out his hatred and anger.

The tragedy, their fated erriloks (erriloks = keepers of the inner-soul, or parents),

served a continuing struggle in erve to Vledus and Diades. Vledus foiled late, of them; while Vledus stayed, combating descent, Diades was flying around his new world, clumsily and happily, looking for Vledus to join him. Into erve, so naked, Diades' eyes, anticipating the erloksen (a soul-friendship) of Vledus, glistened of adventures seen fore. Ny dim erveflowen.

~ Erflowen ~

(soul-story)

(rough)

Lylm:

Diades—my hair is bloamt—kaksi ny di! (kak - kaksi = breath – breathe; bloam - bloamt = fire - fired or fiery) I know you did not mean to harm, but it has happened! Appeal this! Sak nom errit bloamt! (“Sak nom errit bloamt!” = two count outer-soul fire, or burns of the skin) I need to heal, soon, friend! Take me shy the mourning towers! Fate, not, close—the towers will fury to incite legions at your death, for they suffer the smolder of Idiaden faven! Over and continually, glows and laks, they are said to murmur, curl, and contort—mortified, ever, because they did not sayof the mortikaksi onslaught soon enough to save Idiaden. Theyso fate, di lok. It would have been useless, either way, sayof those gazed—nevertheless, they ache for vengeance; dragons, now,

have mark in this realm! Sayof others, Vledus, befallen to anger, strung a lengthy force to fate diami erri. He would not recess the mortikaksi attack—the inhabitants lie bloamt, still, he bloamkakst the faven diami glows—diami! Diam favens tchakil! (“diam - diami” = many - excessive times; “glow – glows” = day -light – suns; “tchakil” = tremble)

I am sorry, Diades, Vledus has made ruin nyorn erfaven, nyorn erloks, nyorn diam loks. I know you are felt heart; nyo ny dim mortikaksi—I know that, they won't. Let me onto the lilting grasses—fate nyo ny nerr! Scurry, quickly, opposite the Idiaden hunters!

I will sayof you, Diades.

I will not let them scourge your passion;

I will not let them try—ever!

(kydai = to speak ?)

The glows of *Erve* in fane (rough)

Out of Idiaden Forest

Idiaden, is the begotten faven of Diades (pronounced – dja-dess), after the love of children found him. Children of Idiaden, along with erloks from surrounding favens,

fuffled throughout the forests, and wandered freely throughout Idiaden Their erriloksen encouraged them to explore the fascinations of adventure, and to discover erve and erloksen. On a day long turning, the children were in the forest, and saw something gargantuan fly quickly by them; they all were very frightened, so neither one would gut the fear to see what it was that made them hostage. Wrapped securely together, pressed against a huge tree, and burrowing into the thick grasses, they all stared nervously until it came back. It was the playful Diades flapping happily, eagerly chasing dariniks. (Dariniks - a tiny angel being: dariniks are known to live solely; they are, somehow, exclusive to the woods of Si Nya; at least, no venturing traveler has ever spread words of such a being anywhere else in the sphere dim ma.)

The children fixed gaze to see their discoveries: the dariniks would land on Diades, and, being tickled by them doing this, he would chase the fleeing dariniks; he never intended to catch them—actually, he enjoyed having their company. To hear the dariniks' scream is something mixed of baby giggles—echoing sporadically throughout the forest; as the dariniks fled with screams, the children fumbled around in their pouring laughter. Diam glows, they would go, and hide somewhere close to watch Diades chasing dariniks; their minds were long troubled to wondering if Diades was friendly or not. Lack of bravery would leave them with no shoes, often, as Diades would, at times, flutter towards them unexpectedly. He advanced so quickly that they had to know they could not get away if he wanted to harm them. After many of their adventures to see Diades in the forest, they discovered Diades peacefully resting and shrouded with dariniks. The children could not believe how they were so afraid of him; Diades did not move, as the children approached nervously and whispered around him. After their fears abandon, the children fell in love with Diades; soon, Diades and the children were, all together, chasing dariniks. One of them, however, did not like them chasing the dariniks, and she would be very unhappy about it; she stayed alone—crying.

After some time, she cried enough that they would all stop, and the dariniks would sigh and come to rest on Diades, again. No more chasing—in fact, they would all become quietly communed; all of them, a pile of beings, happy together and peaceful. Some of the dariniks made friends with Diades and the children. Their bond became essential to their happiness, and much was about to change for all of them.

The children knew their parents would be afraid of Diades, so, they kept him in secret. Good enough, however, humans and the dragons had been peacefully avoiding one another; so, the children were able to hide Diades for a short time. One of them could not resist telling someone about their new dragon friend. Diades did not show malice, and this eased for majority of the faven to accept that he was not mortikaks (mortikaks = deadly breath or more accurately, “a death breather”). Dragons put humans up in fits, only guessing that they are a destructive being, and, because they seemed to appear out of nowhere. This haunted the whims of most because they never knew if the dragons would offend them or not. Because of these shreds of laken devotions, not many gave time to learning the actual habits of dragons; and, still, many could not shake the fear of them. Some people did compile small amounts understanding, but not enough to go around claiming that dragons were friendly to humans; doing so would spark rage within those who fear dragons, surely. Sense no one could fully understand or communicate with dragons, it labored a coarse existence between dragons, humans, and the multitudes of many other races. Of course, dariniks might have trifles to add to the pathologies of dragons, but, dariniks do not mingle with humans or others either—not, normally. Nevertheless, having a dragon flying around Idiaden would halt the impulsive intent of strangers and likely conquerors—it would be a strong link between humans and dragons, as well. However, with all said and accepted, the people of Idiaden would have no gather towards the solemn purpose of Diades' part in their lives—that which cannot and will not be kept veiled. Diades' lot in the faven moves upon the stalks to blooms

greater than Si Nya stretches—greater than the sphere dim ma. Glows glare sharply to, and so do the moments of redemption; occurrences fallow that will make human-kind see dragons differently.

Sylm:

Diades, hear me. If we never again taste one soil, give your life for good, only. Never let Vledus fate you his evil, or his wars against humans. You are their force before Vledus and his mortikaksi, but, they do not know it. I will not gaze your fall, Diades—live bravely and full with your heart; I love you as my own breath, di lok. For the tragedies befallen you and your family, I am troubled greatly. Let me here ... it is close enough, lok! Always, fate you, long of Idiaden faven, until, I send you passage—careful to hear me! Whoa—Idiaden faven! Even further than this, fold di lok!

The glows of *Erve* in fane (rough)

The watchful towers have been so occupied with the loss of their Idiaden companions that they do not see far anymore. Diades flew kessen, which comprises the northern spreads; they are forged with dense, high reaching, mountain ranges, and laken obscure forest—trading, back and forth, with abiding, murky waters. So many souls have been bound by the eerie lure of Kessen. Many have ventured into the lands of Kessen (extreme north Idiaden), carelessly, and have never returned. Erloks and erriloks journeyed to find them, but would also never return to the faven; after many

disappearances, their surviving families resisted the temptation to pursue their lost erloks who braved Kessen. Therein lies much mystery in the disappearances of their people. Kessen begot a laken soul somehow, and humans from every faven restrained their heart's curiosity regarding it, eventually.

For Diades, Kessen would be a place to rest, while he could still peer to the activities of Idiaden without conflict with humans. As Diades gazes, the faven smolders; inhabitants are continuing to return from long journeys. Idiaden faven, once an independent and thriving people, now, had an emergent appeal—turning livid. Although, Diades desired for the faven and his loks, he kept Lylm's words, as he tapered into memories of Idiaden.

Lull of Si Nya and Her Children

Approaching Idiaden (pronounced – eed-yah-din), the caustic wrenching of death and destruction, engulf everything. The mourning towers bellow a deluge of sounds, and seduce the soul of all who near them. How to quiet the towers came first in mind, as Lylm cautiously closed the soul-fated Idiaden.

The watching towers are turrets of a vast monarchy with many monarchies existing within it. It is something to behold; no other regions possess an established diversity like it. Why the monarchies did not protect the faven pains survivors; theyso,

survived having been away during the attacks.

Idiaden is one of elder settlements; it was formed long before the monarchies existed. Idiaden inhabitants have cherished and fought for independence for diami glows; eventually, the major and minor powers chose to not interfere. Wars have taken place over Idiaden and the monarchies remained dormant, in the face of those wars. When battles had shown a terrifying end to Idiaden, they called to near faven's for easing; somehow, this was always enough for Idiaden to oversee her victories. This time, however, the mortikaksi dragons were far too strong, and their count was too great. Such an enemy, Idiaden had never, fore, to face.

Wounds of Medus

Vledus, a commander of the souls of dragon-kind, is the epitome and eclipse of mortikaksi and to sands of dragon races. Vledus possesses, god-most devastating, fiendish whims of deadly offensiveness, bloamkak, and flight scurry of dragon-kind. He is worshiped by his forces, and the multiplex stitching of branches—branch-ling—to leaf—to leaflets—of dragon, and, not, merely respected. Sands sift and pile, and Vledus' deadly powers fate more—in glow or lak, he does not fall. Cursed that dragon-kind do not rest like humans or others; their rest is inactivity. Elder dragon-kind, who possess bloamkak, lose the power as they become elder, and as it is willed out. Their young have great destructive powers at birth; however, they cannot always commit fatal acts; this truth of dragon-kind is favor to other races and dragons; especially to their laboring errilok. The mortikaksi race of dragon-kind is the most definitive; they are diverse and

poised to fight or defend to death. Erri of the fallen, if contained by one other, befits them strengths and weakness of the fallen; this can be a most damning convergence, fated; thus, your life fate whims—pray in your fervor, and turn away from battle ... some do repent from their evil.

Si Nya 's Bosom

Lands embracing Idiaden are of a budding culmination of mountain, forest, and grassland; areas of marshland meander and push—growth-en, the expanse. Wildlife flourishes, and does support the monarchies and favens without foreseeable depletion of diam mout pleni (many food sources). These generate the culture grounds and beauties of Si Nya.

Si Nya, is a complex power; she fosters growth and change in surprising proliferation, and is well respected by near regions; much of the respect comes from fear and gleaming given to the many races inhabiting the region. Other regions fate elder, and have developed little. Si Nya glimmers of exotic and queenly earth; vegetation strives, thickly—richly, touched with living sunshine and favoring weathers. A place of eye's envy ... erri weep for.

Lylm:

'Diades ... friend ... so many dead ... their souls beg to fight back. So good you did not come here.'

Can I believe my senses! This hatred wielded against Erve is treachery!

'I have to find a way to calm the towers; their mourn is heavy. I can only fate to stand Idiaden—it should give the towers a comfort, and, the survivors of Idiaden. I will to stand nyorn errfaven, Diades, fold'

I fate to stand, over, this faven. Is there one of you willing to go on, in this life? You, of Idiaden, do not fall vacant! Let us to stand Idiaden—this new Idiaden faven! If one wills, we, together, fate its glimmer! Let us to crawl upon the back of God and snuff this bloam of hatred; and, with God, plunge a new seed. Come near, and take your own fate to churn—stand, fold, this faven!

The glows of *Erve* in fane (rough)

The survivors caution to Lylm; still, he chances, to inspire hope, more. He cannot stifle their wonder regarding his pains; the burns he suffers are not easy to ignore and they will not. They search curiously about him, as he wills to say of their own tragedy, fated. Their questions trample, dangerously and loudly, regarding Lylm's purpose and

persistence—urged to the truth that he cares for them, while having terrifying burns of his skin and hair.

Out of the gathered, a young girl called, Gyatha, pierces the growls with a truth that could devour the breath of Lylm:

Gyatha:

“He is Diades' friend! I have seen him! Where is, Diades! I want to see him! I am his friend, Gyatha!”

The glows of *Erve* in fane (rough)

Gyatha's father grabbed her, in a fit; with curses of his tongue, he lashes out:

“You cannot ever see him! He will die for what has happened—even if it takes my soul—my soul, fated! Go sit, and stay quiet—now!”

Gyatha fell to the ground, angry and crying, begging to see Diades again; but, her

father yelled out with clenched fists—his curled face:

“I will kill him! —where is he!”

Lylm could only suffer Gyatha's father; he knew the man had reason to flare; no matter, it was not a good time to say of Diades' good heart—he could not let a word for Diades. If he were to say of Diades, Lylm would be killed; if so fated, Lylm, was certain that Diades would act, but, not, how. In the spare of Lylm, there would be no one to entreat a viable defense against Vledus—no one to pursue peace with dragon-kind, ever again. Affected annihilation of the less powerful, and less fatal races, would occur. Lylm kept hope, ever, in the heart of Diades—that Diades would gather a force, loyal and strong enough, to subdue Vledus and his forces. His gaze long, yet, Lylm could see mankind fated before his eyes. The burning of Idiaden was not random; Vledus fated to destroy the love of Diades. Strangely, whatever restrains Vledus from his unbalance is with escape—this time is, this time—how he leans, from the massacre of Idiaden, lingers hard everyone's thoughts.

Long awaited, one other spoke; he was a man with good reason:

“This man says the truth! We must stand our faven—fold! Ny lok, erfated, lie vane ... !”

As he spoke and gained their focus, the aroma of death would lessen. However, the cries of children and their parents cursed wit, and made it tremendous to do anything, still. Hearing, Gyatha, begging to see Diades flailed Lylm's mind to work; he had to keep quiet about Diades, until he could be sure it was safe to say of him. His heart ached passion to relieve Gyatha's desire to hear for Diades. Most importantly, his wounds plead measures.

After much discussion and bangs of sorrow, the men and elder sons began to gather and stand shelter for everyone; and, the women gathered food, and led the younger children to help gather. Gyatha fuffed (fuffle = childish tantrums or activity) about Diades. Gyatha is the one who told of Diades, and she wanted him to become part with her family, but her father would not allow it. Her father hated dragons, and swore that dragons were evil. One of the other children asked that Diades become family; their parents resisted, for long, but eventually allowed Diades to become part with them. Then, the question of what to feed Diades was very disconcerting, yet, the children knew:

“We have never seen him eat—anything—ever!”

To the words of the children, the parents gestured and swallowed dry lumps; they could not believe that Diades does not eat, or how the children knew Diades so well. It would surely be an awkward development for the people of Idiaden, becoming accustomed to a dragon lingering about the faven. Diades looks to be very offensive by

appearance. It is a wonder that the children became so close to him, even after discovering how docile he was.

Lylm fated to gathering sources after willing his fervor, and seeing the one turn to many. It would take everyone to revitalize Idiaden; and, everyone lifted to stand, over, the faven. This way has always been the structure of Idiaden faven—ny glows ny laks vane fallen.

The gains of everyone working to stand Idiaden made relief to the towers. Lylm, feeling his cutting from erve, started towards the gates of Gilz to seek the saymai. Knowing they were able to affect life many ways, Lylm allowed his survival on the erri chant of the saymai. (sayma – saymai = speaking man - men – men who are clusters of cleric, wizard, sorcerer, alchemists, and more—mostly, they are channelers and practitioners of common rooted cures)

The *Monarchs* of *Gilz*

The gates have opened, and the gatherers' tears wet the blackened earth; wherewith, Idiaden's heart bleeds a relic smoke.

Fire of dragons corrode and flash like fiery venom; and, no measures, it takes flesh and bone until there is nothing left—Lylm is falling ill, and his need for devout enchantment is fated dire. The inhabitants of Gilz pour from the gates as a mess of

sorrow and cry. As Lylm touches and feels his way towards voices of weeping and creaking gates, his breath is sharp and heavy labor; and his vision is nearly gone. His chances fall vacant, as he, weakening, calls out for saymai; the people of Gilz matter on to pat the souls of Idiaden, fated. Their gaze is, not, on Lylm—is, not, on the living; keepers to selfish clambering, they briefly reach down to caress the ashen earth; they vaguely feel the costs of their apathy, and how it places noose around their necks; their weep is for their own erri. Seeing how they have let Idiaden suffer, having only the sorrow of Gilz' to her favor, attaches to them diam glows and laks of discontentment. Punished in erri, the people of Gilz stop and cry, and, only, cry.

Lylm lays to seed—his, unearthing, finger beckons a distant entity—a high yield in this season of death; no one gazes on him, and no tears moisten his severing body. As they taste the guilt of their careless hearts, Lylm is becoming invisible. The faint sound of Gyatha is all he has remaining near, in this world.

He seeks comfort, yet only finds a bed of earth; still, calling faintly. His breathy, diminished hope is resolving:

Lylm:

Diades

The glows of *Erve* in fane (rough)

She could not hear Lylm, though, Gyatha's soul accepted his words; as their souls embrace, it causes her distress and curiosity; she, suddenly, fell to the ground, as if she lost something, and began to search the earth for it; it appeared that she had become blind. Lylm was calling for Diades, yet, Gyatha's soul reacted to him. As Gyatha tends her struggle, the others were only mildly concerned with her actions. No one could understand her, so, they just gave up; they thought she was only upset about Diades. Because Gyatha had fussed so much, everyone went on working without giving her any attention. Lylm was treated the same, and the people of Gilz, also; no continued questions were asked the people of Gilz, as the survivors fated to stand Idiaden. It was clear the people of Gilz are people who have little or no heart for others; they are a selfish and uninterested people when hardship does not effect them directly. Not one of them stopped to offer help rebuilding Idiaden, or, to show a small gesture of good intent. Their possessions are in excess of everything to be had in Idiaden, yet, no one offered anything—no offer of food or drink for the survivors, or a place to lay and rest.

A shoot of existence fading, Lylm wills out his sayma fervor to Gyatha; she felt the stir in her soul—Lylm's beckon—his soul cry:

Lylm:

kessen

Gyatha:

The man, the man who came here, he is crying out to me. I don't Where ... ?

The glows of *Erve* in fane (rough)

The *Comforted Souls* of *Idiaden*

and *Mist* of *Kessen*

Gyatha's questions collide on filled ears—no one would tolerate her. Gyatha's senses would grow to great proportions, and her mature nature would fasten to her suddenly; in a speckle of time, she would begin to understand the meaning of what she was given, in her spirit. No one had reasoning of her speech, as she seemed to speak a broken language—to be lost. With Lylm, Gyatha entwines sayma, as Lylm sends his faint passage for Diades. Gyatha began chanting, in quiet; the chant lulls the roaming souls of Idiaden, and they feel the reassurance of the chant—their song of unfailing preservation. She could hear their cries, and see them as they continually approach her; they become more apparent, and closer. Without warning, Gyatha motioned, kessen, and did not gaze Idiaden while her feet carried her.

The roaming souls, they continue to scour the earth for something meaningful, and they never seem to find it. Without their flesh and bone, they do not know how to

conduct themselves; they have never truly embraced the essence of erri, so will wander indefinitely. Because they were not prepared to leave earth-life, they do not understand why they live, or why this way.

While Gyatha walked, the souls attempt to hold her down and pull her. Long out the gaze of Idiaden, Gyatha lifted from the earth; although, this had never before happened, she was not frightened by it. Gliding, and drawn to Diades, she could feel a great happiness; it was, for her, a strange joy. Laughter broke into her young heart's heaviness; she could feel freedom and relief, as, she had never. The wind whirled and wrapped her to relieve her worry, more. Diades appeared, and Gyatha's smiles and laughter flexed nearly out of control.

Gyatha:

Diades!

A—h ha ha ha ha ha h—a!

Diades!

The glows of *Erve* in fane (rough)

So excited, Gyatha jumped, happily into her freedom, and began to roll around on the air—laughing and fuffling with great enthusiasm. Diades flapped fast by her and

brushed her face with a subtle touch of his wing; it caused her to giggle, more, and fuffle. With laughter gushing from her presence , she begged to know about Diades. Diades was so happy that he could not stop moving long enough to know, or react to her words; combined tightly, this moment, they could only express happiness and freedom. Many glows and laks have come and gone between them.

Gyatha:

How did you get so big? We were gone for long, but it cannot be so long; you are big, big, big! Do you still chase the dariniks around the forest—they were so frightened? Ha ha ha! That was, so, funny ... watching you with them; I loved to see you there. I can remember when we first saw you, you came towards us; we thought you would eat us ... we ran so fast away! That was scary! But, you were never mean to us. Mytian was always afraid you would harm the dariniks—she always worried about them

The glows of *Erve* in fane (rough)

When, Gyatha, uttered Mytian's name, the omens took stand on different lights; Gyatha and Diades began to slow and count silence. After all the destruction she saw in Idiaden, Gyatha is suddenly shocked that her loks are fated; and, that they are not coming to join with her and Diades, as they once had done. Diades' mourn begins to show, too. Their tears began to drip the pains and desires, as Diades and Gyatha remember Mytian and the others who have been perished. Suffering the absence of their

loved loks and their loved faven, they come to rest—suspended in sky. Shown like a dying galaxy, the glow they cast appears laken; sowith, the bloamt Idaiden. Those tears plummet and sink into the soil, causing dispersed growth of erve in the latent dust; something becomes of their tears fallen—the mountains, once laken of erva, emerge an erveglow; it is a comfort, and all is drawn into its fluttering luster. There comes a rush of laughter of children, yet no one sees them; or the motions of their passing back and forth. No longer restrained in flesh, they flow as saturated wind through, and through Idiaden faven—banishing the soot—overlaying it with passionate green grasses and flower. This start of erve subdues the dooming lak of Kessen, and attaches its warm dispatch low and high. Even the small beings fate to emerge from their laken shelters to take in the rush, and brave their loss of solitude and protection. Gyatha and Diades continue to cry their beseeching tears. Their tears blanket them from seeing, but their god has put forth changes for them. The towers have stopped mourning, and the people of Gilz ponder without action. So many of them, and not one of them can believe it is happening; glow in lak, how can it happen this way, and their souls question. Lak becoming glow makes no sense to anyone, and many fear the next. Some have gone hiding themselves out of fear. Yet, the wildlife fuffle and happily move about the livened terrain and sky. Perhaps, this is a sign that peace will come and reside with earth-life for long. What toil could interrupt this peace.

Gyatha:

Oh ... look, Diades!

Our loks ... you see them?

Diam loks—over there, and—there!

Do you hear them laughing?

A—h ha ha h—a!

Jikkel, Shiama, Detce, you are all okay!

Ha ha h—a! Mytian—see Diades?

The glows of *Erve* in fane (rough)

Gyatha swirls about—swooping into and out of their souls; Diades attaches to Gyatha's happiness; he has seen them, all along, wandering. They always appeared to Diades, but there were very few of them who were happy. Joy digs into the erri of Diades, and Diades gives a thrill of sense.

Gyatha is out of presence as she touches erri of her loks. Only laughter is heard from the souls, as she flows through them.

Diades thrashes around and around, but slows again to realize that Lylm is not present. Gyatha can feel the change of his spirit; she stopped to gaze Diades' soul changing, and whispered to the others to quiet themselves. They listen, and become silent—still. They gaze, also, with Gyatha to understand Diades; although, Gyatha knows what Diades feels, she remains silent along with the others; the moments tender. Diades turns to gaze Idiaden; he is calling back Lylm and the last time he saw Lylm in erve. Gyatha approaches Diades, and knowledge, through her eyes, spills to him about how she knows he misses Lylm. Out of his spirit, Diades motions Gyatha to go with

him. Like mourning widow and child, they two fly slow to Idiaden. Looking to each other as though it would be their last time together, they go; as they move on, they speak spiritually to one another.

Gyatha:

'Our love for each other never ends, Diades—for us, or our loks, erfated. Everything will be fine, lok; don't be hurt by what your heart will find there.'

Diades:

...

Gyatha:

'No, Lylm said that he loves you like you are his child; I sense his erri echoing his love for you. I feel you are his only son—can you feel it, too? It is okay that you never told Lylm you love him—he knows you love him, Diades; I am sure Lylm knows that. I hear his erri speaking, too; he reminded me of you ... told me where you were, and I found you.'

Diades:

...

Gyatha:

'Yes, the people are angry with dragons, but no one will harm you ... I am with you.'

The glows of *Erve* in fane (rough)

Diades turns in happiness towards Idiaden, and begins to show the feel of warmth that Gyatha made for him. The glare of his eyes was new, and it caused Gyatha to smile also. She could not see that Diades was finally fated the love of Lylm. Diades' energy thickens to the coming of his purpose. The trail is invisible to Gyatha, though it is thinned and direct for Diades. Recover the seed of Lylm; nothing else could be more important than that, to Diades. They went on and their fixed flow softened, on the way, to calmness.

Kessen lies overflowing, and the souls, too, with relief and joy. Still becoming more and more beautiful, Kessen emits daylight, and its beings joy well together, in it. The way Kessen changes, now, is much the way it was when Idiaden was growing into a faven; few of Idiaden inhabitants would know anything about the past of Kessen, but it

is returning its beauty, more so. The laken mist of Kessen has long disintegrated, and all that was laden and laken has emerged aglow. Precious waters tingle and band together—hoarding the life that swims into lively curving and movement. It is so refreshing that the attractiveness of it draws many to its sparkle, and its living refresh of life-forces. Gigantic trees waver and toss softly, as though they engage a subtle dance of plain, humble music—leaves wriggle their facets to endearing movements; their bouncing light reflection is warmth and golden. The erve of those erfated have become savory, and they rise to mingle in their bestowed happiness. While Gyatha and Diades glide away to Idiaden, the feel of new erve is becoming; they feel the permeating essence of erve lift in them as they travel. More souls are lifted, also, out of their sadness and lak—encouraged out of their laken corridors that always led them to pain and suffering.

The *Seed of Lylm*

The staring eyes of Gilz, and the people of Idiaden see them coming; many of them think that Diades is coming to destroy the faven again, so they are trampling quickly away. Gyatha's father hears everyone talking and latches on to their attention. When he sees Gyatha flying next to Diades, he nearly loses his color; after he regains his awareness, he went looking for weapons to fight Diades. The Idiaden people are all getting ready for a fearsome battle; there is angriness twirling in fear about their faces. Their swell of battle cries consume the air, and force back anyone unknown. Diades hears them, and he slows to look. He gazes to Gyatha, and Gyatha gives him return that separates the concern in him; a motion to console him, she waves. Gyatha flew directly towards her father. So brave the people to stay their ground, and watch Gyatha barreling towards them. She wields a livened and unfamiliar power, and, too, emits shocking

flickers of sharp tangling rays. She did not speak immediately, and the defenders all held hostage many thoughts; the fright could be felt far from Idiaden, yet they kept hold their weapons; backing slowly away, they still focused on Gyatha. Her father, being so eager to tell her what to do, yells out to her:

“Get down, here, now!”

Gathering his courage to approach, Gyatha, he pushes and forces his way through the others. Gyatha, motioned to him to stop, but he kept on pushing through; she waved her hand towards him, and a sphere of light moves from her and evokes his stillness. Although he is caught, he struggles brashly to reach her. Gyatha, remaining silent, gazes to him without fail; into his eyes and further, she peers. Through his eyes, she could see his unjustifiable making of anger, so she waved him up above the others.

Gyatha:

Why are you fighting, father? Do you see that I am Gyatha, and that I am alright, here?

The glows of *Erve* in fane (rough)

Attempting violently to escape the sphere of power that Gyatha held him in, her father gets even angrier; but he cannot escape or proceed to act on his anguish. He kept on threatening to kill Diades:

“Let go of me! I will kill that treacherous fiend for killing our people! Get out of my way!”

Gyatha simply continues looking to her father, and so, without a change in her expression. Holding her hand steadily towards him, she stares. The defenders can see her intent, and began to relax; they let down their weapons. Diades kept distance—not because of fear, but because it was Gyatha's desire that he stay back until she gave the people a good understanding of their purpose. As she held her father, she listened to the questions from the others; they wanted to know why she was siding with the dragons, and why she was now floating and flying. She loosed a gayly smile, and took to telling the reason for her and Diades' visit to the faven. Now, the people would listen, after not paying attention to her when she was distressed. Some of them even smiled with her, and completely let go of their fears about them.

The people of Gilz have all returned to their normal hiding places; they certainly were not going to involve themselves with any part of this battle. So amazed to see a young girl floating and having so much power, they keep their distance. Gyatha begins to speak, and she tells them all to stop worrying about Diades.

Gyatha:

I will not stand you fighting my dragon friend without fighting me, also. I would die for him if you try to harm him. He has never harmed any of us, as long as we have known him. There were times when Diades defended our faven, and has chased enemies away, for us. Diades is not the one who destroyed our faven; it was another dragon and other forces. Not all dragons can be given the burden of our tragedies; so, why are you ready to kill him? It is sad to know that you are the people who raised me, and taught me things as I have grown. I believed your words and teachings, but now I feel that I have been tricked. For some reason, we have lost our peace with each other—why? You all have to understand that, Diades is far too powerful for you to fate; you will all be erfated if he defends himself against your attacks. I never want to see that; it would be for the wrong reasons that you perish, if that happens. Can you all see that we are erloks, and that I am lok with Diades? Let us pass here, and finish what we come for. We will leave soon; and, we will not fate to battle, unless you force one against us. Leave us to pass here; our erlok waits for us. Lylm fated to save Idiaden, and he lies erfated near the gates of Gilz. He gave erve to help us—to save us. Even though he was fading, he willed his erri to give us hope. Now, what is here, of Lylm, you all make walls between us. In the heart of Diades is passion, and his great love to erve; I have never peered nom lak desire with him. He has always shown a good heart. You all must understand: Diades will be the one who defends our faven, as he did before. He was not here to save Idiaden during those attacks, but he is our erloksen. He could have been erfated while defending Idiaden, if he was here—just as we all could have been erfated. Diades has grown beside us children, and he watched over us wherever we fuffed. We were not afraid while he stayed close with us—never afraid, as we came to know him.

The glows of *Erve* in fane (rough)

All who would defend against Diades, let down their weapons; although, Gyatha's father, still, fights his confinement. He continues to struggle, yet more quietly groaning and muscling about the sphere he is held in. Appearing foolish and tired, he puts his words to rest regarding Diades and Gyatha. The people move slowly out of the way as Gyatha carefully lowers her father back to the ground. She turns towards Diades, and motions him to come closer.

Gyatha:

Diades, we are no longer kept away, here; let's go to Lylm. I have seen the erri of Lylm bundled like a sphere of glows, and I have felt his need to see us since we came to the faven. Let's go see him.

The glows of *Erve* in fane (rough)

Diades wasted no actions going to the place of Lylm's seeding; all the time, seeing

Lylm's erri glowing brighter and brighter as he moved closer. It was a warm glow that few could see; Gyatha and Diades could see the light of Lylm clearly, along with the errifated inhabitants and their fated loks. The most devoted of saymai could see the glow of Lylm, but they were locked behind the towering gates of Gilz. Everyone's eyes were gazing Diades and Gyatha as if they were afraid, but they were not trying to hide. Gyatha had made them understand and accept that Diades would not harm anyone, and they seemed to believe what she told them. No one said a word about what they were seeing; they stared intently as curious children, consumed by the things they saw transpiring. Lylm's passionate orb, a bloamt sphere of stimulating joy, appeared to be held in a bloamt palm descended from sky; surely, this could be the arm of god reaching down to hand care to Lylm. Out from the forest came tiny glistening spectacles—many of them; they were the dariniks according with the comfort of Diades, Gyatha, and Lylm. As though the sensation of warm rain, the dariniks touched them quietly. Coming soon after the dariniks were the multitude of erve that are the wild erve of Si Nya; the moment was becoming greater, and more vivacious as the erloks of erve came more together.

Diades posed carefully over the light of Lylm. He was waiting for something to happen, when, suddenly, the bloamt hand tossed Lylm's seed far into the sky; it, then, shriveled back into the sky, and disappeared completely. Diades shot after Lylm, so quick, as lightning—right into the outer limit of earth, as though he was chasing dariniks. He had the greatest smile and a deep jovial laughter as he pursued Lylm. Gyatha, surprised and bewildered, forgot she could fly, and fell back onto her seat, palms down, stirring up a dust cloud. She quickly recovered, and shot off, too, to catch up to Lylm and Diades. Everyone was startled by the actions of Gyatha and Diades, and stumbled away from them. The people could not settle their understanding about all that was happening, and began to be frightened again. The people of Gilz hid in their places

and would not peep out. In faraway sky, Gyatha and Diades fuffed, and flew after Lylm all around the sphere dim ma. Erveglow etched into beautiful, bewildering variants, and strung across the sky—making the glow more lively with color's turbulent glimmer.

Wounds of Medus

Rituals of the Demsha Tribe

The erri of Vledus 250,000 glows before his rebirth near Idiaden, Vledus was given the form of human and forced to hunt dragons and kill for many glows and laks. He was born into a tribe called the Demsha; they were a treacherous tribe of warriors that stood as an offense to anyone outside of their circle. The Demsha warriors would capture and tame dragons, and train them for their whim of wars. This was not unusual for humans, as they are an insatiable race and are vigorous to fight for things they greed for. In general, humans fought to gain total control of the sphere dim ma, but the Demsha tribe was remarkably evil towards everything living—even against each other. Could dragons live free if not for the unrest and greed of human-kind—more specifically, without the Demsha; surely, they could because dragons keep to themselves, and are normally, not, involved with turmoil of any sort; dragons would likely turn away from many confrontations. They are not known to consume much to live; it is taken to heart that their disposition is highly spiritual—a being sustained in godlike aura. Still, many dragons were slain by the Demsha, and by those who, without reasons, feared dragons. If the warriors could not tame a certain dragon, then, that dragon became a marked dragon; the warriors would focus their hunting on them, until they killed them; and, if they could not kill them in their lifetime, the stories and desires

were pressed on their surviving young to carry out. It was a sickening ritual of unjustifiable death and destruction, what the tribe forced onto the face of diam mai. Sense Vledus was against the slaughtering rituals of the Demsha, he would disappear during their hunts; he would not give in to the tribes disregard for life. The tribe would often catch him and hold him hostage; they would torture, Vledus, and try to break his spirit. Fold, are the glows of Vledus' detentions, so bearing. Subsequently, Vledus became a slayer of his own tribe, in the dim of those evil practices he was made to be part of. However, the slaying of Vledus was forbidden by tribe leaders because they saw him as entertaining, and because Vledus' attack abilities would weed out the weaker warriors; or, it would make them stronger for the hunts. Vledus was bestowed the greatest Demsha warrior in erve—the greatest of all warriors, Demsha or any other. It was a good thing that the tribe's numbers were great, because Vledus would have surely slain them all. Vledus could never know the intentions of the tribe, so, each meeting with them started with Vledus taking the lives of many front warriors. The active leader of the tribe being attacked would yell out to Vledus, but this did not stop him. Vledus killed until he was so exhausted that he lay gasping and surrounded by bodies—piles of the slain lay. Supple and wane, after so much tiring carnage, Vledus would be taken to the tribe camp and wounded as a way to restrain him. For many glows and laks, Vledus was thrashed and taunted by the warriors who were forced to secure his ties; this task was formidable because the warriors could not be seen resting, or they would be fated. As though the tribe did not exist, Vledus cried into the sky; it appeared that he was calling directly with god. He begged for his freedom, but his freedom was not given until late in erve. Up to the age of 109,503 glows, Vledus was finally given the rest, as he was ceased by a jealous tribe leader who sacrificed his highest warriors to fate Vledus; the battle nearly cost the leader his own life, including his warriors. His jealousy had grown because Vledus was held as the most high warrior of the Demsha; of course, it was made clear when he pursued Vledus, and nearly lost his own life along with his clan. It was a long, bloody, unmaking battle, and the leader was left with strands, in the

end. No matter about his survival, because, once the other leaders found out about the murder of Vledus, they killed every warrior part to Vledus' death, and the ones who had any knowledge of Vledus' demise; this made for an indescribable silence and strangely contrived continuance, thereafter. The Demsha tribe became a strictly organized faction of secret killers, in and among themselves; their entirety of methods became an undermining acid effect—a curse to their ineluctable destruction.

Vledus' existence seemed to be the corner stone that kept the Demsha tribe together and striving, as they completely destructed the tribe by warring among themselves after Vledus' relieving fate. Rival tribes also began to subside; they became more focused on hunting; the survival of their families was all they seemed to have left. Why this all happened, after Vledus' death, could not be explained; however, because of the peace it brought, it was welcomed by those who have suffered diami glows and laks of wars and massacres. Elsewhere, there were more to continue the warring intentions, and other wickedness in erve.

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