

The Ancient Arts

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A story of 4 people, chosen to harness the four Elements to stop a new evil arisen in the world.

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Chapter 1 - *~1~*

2

1 - *~1~*

~1~

Xaosin sat relaxing in his backyard, staring up into the cloudless blue skies. Letting out a contented sigh, he stretched his limbs, the loose muscles tensing for a moment as his arms and legs reached skyward. Letting gravity pull his appendages back to the grass, he took a deep breath of autumn air. Life seemed perfect.

The door sliding open to his right caused his eyes to flick sideways. Seeing it was an elder, he started to rise. "No, don't strain yourself," the elder said. Laying back down, Xaosin stared up into his face, years softening his face, leaving wrinkles behind. They weren't pulled into the normal homely smile though. The smile that makes you feel warm and protected that all great leaders had mastered. Sensing the way the elder seemed so disturbed, Xaosin rose anyway.

His closed rustled in the slight breeze stirring the air, his spiked hair slowly drifting back and forth. "What is it Father?"

Sitting on a stone bench next to Xaosin, he related the situation. "Well, the world is going into turmoil as you know. An evil one has risen into power rapidly and unexpectedly. The Gods have forsaken this land, leaving us little of their power. Across the great seas they have gone, favoring those of faith over us." He paused a brief second, silently wishing the Gods had stayed with them, giving them any hope in the oncoming battle. "One lone power is all the have granted their people. They took pure elements and rippled space, inscribing them into the souls of our people."

Xaosin wished he would get to the point. He loved the elder dearly, but teaching him over again what he already knew wasn't helping anything.

"I have been given the power to resurrect this long dormant power within four people. Once I have done this, it is final. I cannot perform it over again. I am trusting you." Xaosin's eyes widened, HE was supposed to wield such a powerful force? "You would be granted the powers of earth. Amazing speeds and deadly in battle, earth can also heal minor wounds. They are a great asset in any battle, able to control their insane strength, yet able to unlock full potential. Will you accept your fate?"

Humbled by his elder's statement, Xaosin lowered his head and kissed his elder's hand. "I would be honored to be blessed with these strange powers Father. Your very belief in me reassures myself I can defeat the conqueror, Indred, and bring honor back to the lands."

Setting his hand upon the boy's head, the elder's arm glowed green, and drained energy into Xaosin. Silently weeping, the elder gave his blessings. "Then may the God's be with you." Removing his hand from Xaosin's head, he raised it by his chin and wiped a tear from his eye. Gently standing, the elder walked reverently into the home, leaving Xaosin to experience his newfound powers.

Trowlscut was Indred's main seer, telling him what the fates and omens laid upon his shoulders.

Walking carefully across the heaving deck, covered with sea foam, the magician slipped into the door of his master's residence. Grabbing the knob and up righting himself, he wrenched the knob in a clockwise direction and swung the door outward. Quickly scuttling in, he shut it tight.

"Sire, the first one has arisen." The seer laid prostrate upon the floorboards, nose twitching from the layer of dust carpeting the floor.

"You mean the prophesized warrior?" Indred asked, moving only a single eye to look down at his servant.

"One of four sire." He replied weakly, his body began to shake with fear even at his master's voice.

"What makes him so special?" He questioned, kicking the pathetic form in front of him.

"He has the powers of earth," The seer replied. "He can summon powers and spirits from the very soul of our world."

"That's what my dream meant." Indred thought to himself. A young boy had been staring fiercely at Indred, the souls of a thousand he had slain charging him. The earth began to tremble, move beneath his very feet- His body involuntarily shuddered, composing himself, he found his seer hiding in a corner. "You have done well, you may leave with your life."

Scrambling for the door, the seer quickly crawled out into the open. Closing the door he heard the a thud from the other side. An inch below his hand the edge of an axe protruded from the woodwork.