

The New Rider

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This is a story about the new hope for the Varden and elves, a new rider. will be a multiple chapter story.

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1 - New hope

Prologue

New Hope

An unhatched dragon egg had been discovered deep inside one of the ancient caves the dragons once nested in. The egg was in the most stunningly turquoise colour deep blue but still as bright as any candle. It was brought to the great queen Izlansadi and mounted on a great altar that had not been used for many a century. Now the great royal halls would once again be open for the elves in Du Weldenvarden to seek their chance to be able to touch such an amazing thing as an ancient dragon egg.

2 - Pressure

Pressure

-You will have to attend. That is my final decision. Your mother and I will be greatly disappointed with you if you do not try. Lindhren you belong to a family of great importance here in Du Weldenvarden. The queen expects all the great families to have a family member attending the dragon egg ceremony. If you were to become the one, it would be the greatest honour you could ever achieve here among the elves, her dad looked at her with a hoping yet stern expression. - But dad, I do not wish to attend. I am not likely to be chosen, since all other riders has been male. And I do not wish to leave my family, nor my responsibilities here in Du Weldenvarden. Please let me stay, I am positive that the queen does not mind if our family is absent at the ceremony, she shed a tear, but did not shed another since elves was to show none or little emotions. With that she left the room.

She needed a brake from the pressure at home and decided to visit her beautiful white stallion, Anziyan. - What would I have done if you weren't always there to listen to my sorrows and pleas.. Anzy I will have to travel to Ellesmera... To the dragon egg ceremony.. It is a short trip for, Kirtab, but if I get chosen I will have to leave my home for a long time.. And.. I must leave Vastril.. My love.. I think he is the one.. I am young, and I do not want to leave yet.. But the chance of me getting chosen is small.. There will be many hundred elves there.. That must be the thought I should focus on. That I will do. Thank you Anzi.. Yet again you have lessened my pains.. She gave him some food and sat for a long time with him making her consciousness one with the horses so that she would not have to ponder about her problems for the time being.

She returned home and entered the room where her father still sat. - When am I to travel to Ellesmera? she asked. Her father looked up from the book he was reading with a slightly surprised look. He had not assumed that she would willingly go. - You will have to leave in 4 days.. Thank you, you will honour our family by attending this great ceremony, he answered giving her a brief hug. - Will you and mum come with me? she asked hopefully. - No, we do not have the time at the moment. But we will attend to the tribute ceremony that is to be held for the new dragon and rider. If it is you or not does not matter we will be there, and we suggest that you stay in Ellesmera until then. It will be held in precisely six months after the egg hatches, so that the dragon and rider will have time to bond and to have their first months of training, he looked determined about his every word so she only made a short nod and made her way to her room.

She stopped in front her mirror. She was not the fairest of the elves but she was one of them. Her waist long hair had a dark brown cedar colour and her eyes were a stunning turquoise. She had a slim and graceful figure, but was strong both physically and mentally. But these facts concerned her even more.. A rider would have to be strong and persistent, and it bothered her that she was.. But no elf was weak and so she let this calming thought rewind in her mind. It was becoming late so she decided that she could use a good night's rest. Even though she seldom slept. So with that she went to bed and soon went in to the strange way of sleep the elves had. Asleep but yet awake..

3 - The Dragon Egg Seremony

The Dragon Egg Seremony

The few last days before she was to leave went by in a flash. The day was there, so she saddled Anziyan with the most luxurious elven sadel the family owned, her dad had given her strict commands about making the best inpression possible while staying in Ellesmera. Her clothes were simpel, but still gave a luxurious look considering them only to be traveling clothes. She said her goodbyes to her family and friends. She felt sad about living them but did not cry. The hardest goodbye was yet to come.. She had to say goodbye to Vastril... She was going to meet him and the edge of the forrest.

She could see Vastril standing at the place they had agreed on. It pained her too think of this being the last time she would see him for many a month.. She dismounted Anziyan, and put two fingers to her lips. - Atra esterni ono thelduin, she said in a sad tone. -Atra du evarinya ono varda, he lovingly replied. And because she felt like giving him a formal and proper greeting since it would be their last greeting in a long time she added - Un atra mor`ranr lifa unin hjarta onr. He smiled at her and gave her a loving kiss. - I will miss you deeply Lindhren, he said in a tender almost whispering tone. - And I you.... - Wiol ono, he said and opened his palm reveling a sparkling necklace shaped like a delicate silver rose. - Its beautiful.. she managed to silently whisper. - Just like you Lindhren. He fastened it around her neck and with that they gave each other one final kiss and she once again mounted Anziyan and galloped in to the forest.

All elves had a passion for nature, and she shared that passion deeply. The forest had a calming effect on her, especially now that it was only Anziyan and herself all alone amongst the creatures of the forest. She rode all day and did not stop..When evening came she silently whispered Garjzla so that she lit up her elven lantern. She didn` t feel tired since she had slept the day before so she continued galloping at a steady pace.

Five days past before she finally saw the great city of Ellesmera. Elves crowded the streets everywhere many just arriving like she herself was. She didn` t bother about trying to find a place to stay, the forest was inviting enough as it was. So she found a spare place near a little lake close to Ellesmera, it was late evening and the seremony was to be held the night after. She was not tired and decided to spend the night singing a little wooden flute out of a branch on a great brandy tree. When she was done with flute she decided to try it. So she started to peacefully play ``Du Silbena Datia``. She felt calm and relaxed and played for many hours...

Evening was nearing and therefore she decided to change into one of her more formal gowns. She loved the way the glowing turquoise colour of the linen fabric emphasized the colour of her eyes.

And so the evening came and she among with hundreds of other elves made their way down to the great elven castles main hall. There all the elves who was to join the ceremony wrote their name on to the honouring list, and after that joined a long queue leading towards the great pedestal the magical dragon egg had been placed upon. The sheer beauty of the egg puzzled her. It had the same turquoise glow as her eyes, but at the same time was a thousand times more amazing and beautifully sparkling. She had never before seen such absolute beauty. She saw that she had arrived later than most elves, but the ceremony hadn't started yet. And after a short while the doors to throne room opened and out stepped the great queen Izlansadi. Momentarily all the elves knelt before the great queen and made the first part of the elven greeting. She responded back and after that the last and most formal part of the greeting was uttered. - Thank you all for attending this great ceremony. It pleases my heart to see all of you here. It is a great honour to touch a dragon egg, and it might be the first and only time you will have the chance to do so. I will not hold a great long speech at the moment since this only would slow down the ceremony. So with that, please begin these honour actions. The queen clapped her hands twice and the first person went up to touch the egg. Nothing happened. This went on for several hours. Even days.. But no elf would leave the great hall before the last elf had touched the egg. The queue got shorter every minute, it would soon be her turn..

And the turn became hers.. She was nervous, so many thoughts and doubts ran through her head. Now or never was the last thing that ran through her mind before she climbed the few stairs up to the altar. A strong magical aura surrounded the egg. She softly laid her hand on the egg, nothing happened, she was almost confused about the disappointing feeling that filled her, she had never expected to feel disappointed about not being chosen.. She should have felt relieved, still confused she started walking back in to the hall.. when the egg suddenly started to slightly rumble. Everybody went quiet staring at the egg with astonishment. She couldn't believe it... Sorrow and glee tangled together deep inside her. She did not know if she was to cry or jubilate, she selected neither.. Just stopped dead and gazed at all the other elves, and with a quite so sudden move all the elves in the hall knelt before her. She was astonished.. The elves greeted her, she answered and she was even more astonished when they gave her a formal answer after hers.

The queen stepped in to the hall and once again the greeting was made. - The hatchling has chosen. A great feast will be held, but for now I think our chosen one has much on her mind.

4 - Translations (not a chapter)

Translations

When the elves communicate I will normally write it in normal English, but certain sentences and expressions will be in Elvish. Here I will write the translations from all the different languages to English.

The ancient language:

Elvish way of greeting: Putting to fingers to your lips uttering:

First part: Atra esterni ono thelduin

Reply: Atra du evarinya ono varda

Last reply (formal) : Un atra mor`ranr lifa unin hjarta onr.

In English I think it goes something like this:

May good fortune rule over you

The stars watch over you

And peace live in your heart

Words:

Wiol Ono - For you

Garzla - Light

Du Silbena Datia - Elvish song

Argetlam - Silver hand

Gedwey Ignasia

5 - Hatchling

Hatchling

She felt confused, happy and sad, and didn't know what to do.. The stroking heat and many gazes made her dizzy. The feeling tapped her body off energy. The people around her started to swirl around the room. The elves around her sensed her problem and concerned glances and screams surrounded her. She couldn't take it anymore, she had too many emotions trapped inside.. She felt drained of energy and then, she blacked out..

Where am I? She concentrated hard and soon managed to focus her sight. She was in a beautifully sunlit room, curious about her surroundings she got out of bed and started to explore the room. She decided to find the main hall first, since it was a quite big place. She entered a lovely circular vestibule. In the center of the room a great sculpture of two pale hands and forearms that was twined around each other without touching stood. Three screen doors led from the vestibule. One to a great dining room that might hold up to ten people at the most, one to a washing closet, and the last one to the bedroom where she had been sleeping. Looking around she noticed a huge teardrop shaped gape in the outer wall. Large enough for a full grown dragon she thought. There was also the bed, a beautiful fireplace, and a low rimmed bowl that was set into the floor and was lined with soft blankets. The egg was snuggled into the blankets. - Ahh.. You're finally awake young rider to be, the queen had just entered the room. - As you can see your dragon is safe, she pointed a finger towards the egg. - It is the dragon bed.. As you can see. Do you know what place this is Lindhren? the queen asked in a kind tone. - No I do not, she politely answered. - It is a great room. The leader of the riders used to live here. He and his dragon.. - I am honoured.. She couldn't believe the great kindness the queen granted her. - I will let you be alone for the moment. Your dragon will hatch this day if everything is as it should be. I sincerely hope it will, the queen smiled warmly at her before she turned around ready to leave. - And just so you know. New robes and clothes has been made for you, you can wear them if you'd like.

Once again she felt scared and nervous. She started crying. It helped greatly to let her emotions out. After a while she decided that she would be wise to do something instead of just sitting around staring at the egg. So she got up and had a shower, the water felt reviving against her silk smooth skin. The new dresses were amazing, royal. She put a lovely turquoise dress on, her favourite colour indeed. Feeling a lot better than earlier she headed back to her bedroom when she noticed a swirling staircase leading up to an upper floor. Curious about this she started climbing the stairs. When on top she saw that it was a cozy yet quite large study. It had a desk with quills, paper, and ink. Many a shelf with parchments in all sizes stood against the walls and another padded roost for a dragon to curl up on was placed close to the desk. There was also another one of the greywood fireplaces there. She loved

that the special wood had the same effect as the material the humans used. Humans fascinated her, she had never seen one and that made her even more curious.

Entering the bedroom again she noticed the rumbling being alot stronger than earlier that day. She eyed it curiously. Would it hatch soon? Nothing but happines and curiosity filled her now. She had managed to outcome her fears at the moment. And then.. a small crack formed at the topp of the smooth surface of the egg. She heard scratching sounds from the inside og the egg. And then.. another crack.. and another.. She stood there stunned. After several minutes of listening to the struggling sounds from inside the egg a perfectly shaped little turquoise paw struck out from the inside of the egg. And then a head. What a beautiful creature she thought. A laugh escaped her lips when the dragon made the cutest little coughing sound she had ever heard. And then the little stumbling dragon baby stood before her, eyeing her curiously. She walked carefully closer to it. Reached out a hand and just when touching it a shooting pain shot throug her body. She was shocked by the sudden wave of pain. And once again all went black.

Puzzled about the hard material she was lying at she carefully sat up. The sight she met was adorable.. The little hatchling was lying besides her sleeping soundly. A thought struck her and she opened her left palm towards her. - The Gedwey Ignasia, she whispered to herself. - Argetlam.. The baby dragon awoke and let out a tired yawn. Just at that moment the queen entered the room yet again. - Oh, what a warming sight. He is beautiful... - I agree.. But are you certain that it is a he? she asked curiously. - I am. That I saw at once. So what will you name youre little hatchling? - I do not know.. What do you think about Vastril? - You will have to ask him, the queen answered wavering her towards the dragon. So she turned towards her little hatchling and knelt to the floor so that she would get to the same level as the dragon. - Do you want to be named Vastril hatchling? The dragon made a snorting voice and turned his head away. - I guess not then.. What about Azhir? Once again the dragon disaproved. - I do not know then.. Maybe Cerite? The name of power.. This time the dragon made a happy growl.- Cerite it is then.