

SMR 2: Water Chronicle

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Submitted: February 18, 2006

Updated: February 21, 2006

The Fire Continent is covered in snow, and Sierra, Marth, and Roy think that the Water Continent is responsible. Can they get through this escapade? And Ariella's distant cousin? Find out in SMR 2!

Provided by Fanart Central.

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1 - An Icy Return

Chapter 1: An Icy Return

The sun rose over the kingdom of Jarus. Princess Sierra had just been up, training with her sword, as always. Suddenly, the open window let in a cold wind. Just when Sierra was about to close the glass, she saw the outside. Snow covered the entire landscape. "Boy, was the Jarusian weather sage wrong...." Sierra muttered under her breath. The weather sage, much like a weatherman in today's society, had said that the forecast for the whole week was ninety degrees, possibly higher. "This is insane!" Sierra said again, to herself, "Why would it snow in the summertime?" She bolted down stairs, for a commotion was heard at the front door.

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"We're here to see Sierra!" Roy pleaded, trying to make himself sound urgent. "I'm sorry, but she's in her room. As in, not open to public. And it's princess to you!" said Albert, the servant that was currently on morning guard duty. "But sir, we're of royal blood," Marth reasoned, "plus we're friends of the princess. Please, can we at least come in? It's freezing!" "Sorry, but no. And as for freezing, I agree. Strange how weather suddenly changes!" Albert replied. Roy chuckled sarcastically. "Yeah..." he said with a glare. ~ Lina, who was Sierra's head maid and the wife of Albert, bolted up to the princess suite. "Princess! Noble heiress!" she panted, almost collapsing at the doorway. "What is it, Lina?" Sierra asked, putting down her sword. "Dress warmly, dear. Two visitors are here to see you. One's red-haired, and the other is dressed like an Altean. I think it's prince Marth and lord Roy..." At Lina's words, Sierra bolted out the doorway, dressed in her usual garb, but instead of the cape, she had a long coat with fur trim.

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"Pleeeeeease?" Roy begged, "The princess is our friend!" Albert shook his head. "Sorry, but I can't--" "MARTH! ROY!" Sierra shoved Albert aside, and hugged-tackled Marth and Roy simultaneously. "You came! You guys actually accepted my invite!" "There was an invitation?" Albert asked. "Yeah. You held them up?" Sierra suddenly barked. "Um....I....yes?" Albert said, sheepishly, "If they had brought their card--" "I called them by magic....Albert, you're so hopeless...." Sierra said with a sigh. Lina bolted to the entrance just in time. "Why, hello there! Do come in!" she said with a smile, and motioning for Albert to get back inside. Immediately they all bolted into the main foyer.

Sierra took off her long coat, and hung it by the fire to dry. Although the snow wasn't melting, she could tell that the usual heat was trying to break through. It was if the ice was trying to fight back. She instantly thought that something was up. Roy sat on the couch, and so did Marth. Sierra settled for a couch across from them. "What's up?" she asked. "Nothing much..." Roy said, "but guess what happened? You remember the super-slide that opens in Pharae every summer? Well, I had to cut the ribbon today. It was frozen solid, not even the sword I use for cutting stuff like that couldn't even cut it halfway. So the council declared no super-slide until the snow goes away. Plus, I even tried the slide, bundled up of course, and I couldn't even slide down, the ice was that dense!" "Well, the ice I went through was

MUCH worse!” Marth replied, “I’m still learning about my ice powers, you see. I had to get Roy to melt the ice because I got stuck....twice!” Sierra laughed at her two best friends’ escapades. “You guys rock!” she said. Roy and Marth grinned. “Would anyone like hot tea?” Lina asked, bringing in a wood tray. “Yes, please,” Marth said, taking a mug. Sierra and Roy followed, taking mugs from the tray. Lina left the room, and left the SMR alone.

Sierra decided to start the conversation with “Something is definitely up. Look at my coat!” The coat she had worn earlier was being fought over by some sort of force. Ice was spreading, but the heat it was next to was trying to have an upper hand. Five minutes had passed, and the heat won out. The ice had melted completely. “Wierdness...” Marth said. Roy was astonished as well. “What’s up with the ice? It was all protective of what it had...” “I think that’s what’s happening,” Sierra said. Marth and Roy looked at her, interested. “See, we’re the guardians of the continents, trying to keep the elements balanced, right?” Sierra began. Marth and Roy nodded. “Well, I have a feeling that what’s causing this snow isn’t an ordinary source, like the frozen clouds. In fact, the clouds look fine. I think that the cause of this crazy weather.....” Sierra said, “.....is magic.” “Magic?” Roy asked, “how?” “Simple. One must have to be able to switch their weather with ours, so that the spellcaster can live,” Sierra continued, “Since the whole continent is covered in snow and ice....I bet that there’s another continent that has our perfect weather.” “Water continent,” Marth said, taking a sip of tea, “I’ve heard stories about it. They have snow and ice year-round.” “That’s it, then!” Roy said, “since we’re the element guardians or whatever, it’s OUR job to keep balance! So, we’re gonna march right over to that Water continent and take our weather back!” “How?” Marth asked, “The water continent is across the sea!” “We go to Port Sarim,” Sierra said, “but first, we have to go to Ebyon. They are the only ones who have the key to the doors of the harbor gate of the ship we need.” “Well, what are we waiting for? Let’s do it!” Roy said.

They spent the night in the Jarusian palace. The next morning, snow kept falling, yet there wasn’t any more snow on the ground than there was the day before. Bundled up in warm capes provided by Lina, and carrying their original clothes in a satchel, the SMR set out for Ebyon.

2 - City of Ebony

Chapter 2: City of Ebony

Surprisingly enough, the trip there didn't take long. Ebyon was approximately ten miles away from Jarus, making it only a day's walk. They reached the city after the sun had set. The castle itself was massive. It was entirely made of dark ebony, and had ivory trim on the turrets and the terrace. Sierra decided to tell them why Ebyon was so significant. "Well, besides the fact that we have to get the Sarim Key, my friend Kaira, the princess here, is a good friend of mine. However," Sierra said, looking towards a high black tower, "our friendship has such severe ups and downs, that Ebyon is basing their alliance with Jarus on our friendship. Silly, I know...Kaira wants peace, and I want peace too, but Kaira....she hates even the thought of battle." "That's crazy!" Roy said, "Although this continent has experienced a millenium of peace, we've had plenty of wars before!" Marth sighed, then said, "We should find Kaira and get the key. We need to leave sometime tomorrow."

The three started to the gates of Ebyon, but not without being held up by ebon-clad guards. "What's your business?" asked one guard. "I, Sierra of Jarus, came to see the princess. I also need a certain key to a certain ship in Sarim." "Well, okay," said the other guard, and the doors flung wide open. "Thank you!" Roy called from inside the city, once they got in. But before they even knew where they were, Sierra heard the gates fly shut. "Why are they so secretive about the barrier, Sierra?" Roy asked. "Kaira told me that they're really having doubts about this winter weather. Could bring attacks," Sierra replied, already feeling the chill of the secluded city.

They set to find princess Kaira, and sure enough, they found her in a snow-covered courtyard. Kaira had a black dress, and glistening silver hair. Her eyes were a piercing color of ebony. "Kaira? It's me, Sierra." "Sierra! Hi!" Kaira said, smiling, and giving Sierra a hug. "Who's with you?" she asked, having a slight grimace. "This is Roy, lord of Pharae, and this is Marth, prince of the late kingdom Altea." Sierra said, then asked Kaira, "What's wrong?" "You know I hate war, Sierra....they both look as if they've experienced it," said Kaira. "They have," Sierra said, "and I've experienced it too." "What? How could you?" Kaira asked. "There's what's right, and what's easy. Warfare and battle is definitely not easy, but Kaira, someone's gotta do it." "That's it," Kaira said, taking her staff and pointing it towards Sierra. "We're dueling." "How?" Sierra asked, "It's sword versus staff. An unfair deal!" "That's why I'm prepared!" Kaira said, and she pulled out a huge glistening silver sword, with a handle made of ebony. Sierra was speechless for a moment. "Kaira...." Sierra said, drawing her sword, "...you'll wish you'd never said that!" So the fight began. Before they knew it, magic was everywhere. Sierra's earth prowess was against the dark ebony magic of Kaira.

"Roy!" Marth whispered, "come with me. I have a plan." Roy nodded, taking one last glance at the battle Sierra was in, and followed Marth. They ran up the stairs of the courtyard and entered a hallway. It had the musty aroma of ebony, and it was impossible to see anything because it was well past dark. "Roy? A little help?" Marth whispered. Roy knew what to do; he created a small flame and set it above his hand. "Much better. Thanks," was Marth's reply. The flame proved itself worthy of being the best torch that ever existed. Not to mention perfect for the task that they were to pull off. Suddenly, they heard the clanking of armor. More guards.

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“You’re just jealous because I have unequaled magic skill!” Sierra cried. Kaira had knocked Sierra down with a blow from that sword. It hit the magic shield, but it caused Sierra to fall nonetheless. “Maybe,” Kaira said, calling a ball of shadow to her hand, “maybe not....”

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Marth and Roy were racing through the hallway, being pursued by ebon-clad guards. The musty air didn’t help much either, as Roy’s flame went out only seconds after they started running. “Where are we going??” Roy cried to Marth. “This door! Here!” said Marth as they slammed the ebony door behind them. “Now, what about that key....” Roy said, searching through some cabinets. “Found something!” Marth said, and he set the artifact on a table. It was a map of the Fire Continent. “It says here that Ebyon and Jarus never co-existed.....I wonder how come...” Roy thought aloud, “Wait...Sierra said that their friendship was the basis of Jarus’s alliance with Ebyon. I wonder if....they never were friends....I’ve got to find Sierra and save her!” Marth nodded, and they set out for the hall.

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Sierra managed to dodge the blows of Kaira’s heavy sword. It was definitely apparent that Kaira didn’t know how to use it, as she was near-collapsing under its weight half the time. Sierra took advantage of these moments and uprooted vines to trip Kaira, delaying her more. “Why haven’t you stopped?!” Sierra cried, “I thought you hated fighting!” “I’ll fight to destroy our alliance any day!” Kaira replied, raising her sword, “We never were friends anyway!” Sierra stopped, and tears began to percolate and fall down her face...

“SURPRISE!!!” Sierra turned, it was Roy, sliding down a railing of the palace gate. She glanced closer, and she saw that his sword was ablaze, grazing the ebony rail. “One thing I’ve learned about ebony is that it burns easily!” he said, grinning. “THAT’S IT!” Kaira cried, dropping her sword and raising her left hand. “Let them be devoid of light, let their thoughts be full of fright.....” She was clearly chanting a spell, but nothing happened. Not even the slightest manipulation of the atmosphere occurred. Sierra, not taking any more, burst into tears. “Kaira.....why? Why do you think we have evil hearts? Why....” she clutched the necklace she was wearing, and ripped it from her neck. Roy and Marth were silent, and rushed to Sierra’s side; Roy on her right, Marth on her left. “.....I’m sorry.....” she whispered, choked in sobs. Kaira, her mission complete, laughed. “Well, it’s over! I win!” “Think again!” Roy said, pointing in the distance. Kaira turned; the palace was in flames. “You.....Sierra, you won’t be seeing the last of me!” With that, a blinding light flashed, and she was gone. “Let’s go,” Marth said. Sierra nodded, put her hands in a special position; leaves surrounded them; they were gone.

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They camped out several miles away from Ebyon, towards Sarim. “Great,” Sierra said, “Kaira and I are eternal enemies, and we don’t have the key to Sarim....” “I don’t know about Kaira, but I can change the part about no key!” Marth said, smiling. He held out his hand, revealing a medium-sized silver key. “Thanks, Marth!” Sierra said, happiness faintly returning to her. “Sierra?” Roy said, “I have something for you.” He sat behind Sierra, and placed a chain with a small diamond pendant around her neck.

Sierra was almost speechless. “Roy....” “I know, it’s a bit rushed, but I knew that you and Kaira had a friendship. That’s why you had the necklace. I’m giving this to you....to represent our friendship.” Sierra was happier than ever. She turned and embraced Roy. “Thank you....” she said. Marth chimed, “Who’s up for nut soup?” Sierra and Roy nodded, and rushed for Marth’s amazing soup.

The next morning, they awoke, and set out for the port of Sarim. About an hour or so of walking, they saw a beautiful harbor, alive with ships. “Ready?” Sierra said. Her two best friends nodded. It was time to go to the Water Continent.

3 - Taking Leave

Sierra, Marth, and Roy walked into the town of Sarim exhausted. That walk seemed like an eternity. Marth decided to mention, "Guys, I have a hunch that the water natives won't like the clothes that we're wearing....." "Who's we?" Roy said. "You and Sierra. I'm fine because I'm wearing blue." Marth replied. Roy sighed. He loved the red tunic he wore, and he didn't want to change that. "I've heard of a spell that can change the color of fabric and metal...can I use it?" Sierra asked. "Sure," Roy sighed again. She simply poked Roy's shoulderpad, and like a flame licks a newspaper, a royal blue color raced across his body. His tunic was now blue, and his armor plates were now blue and silver. His leggings were a light denim instead of the reddish-blue denim they normally were, and his boots turned blue also. Sierra performed the same magic, and she got similar results.[p]Marth held the key up. "All I have to do is give the portman the key, and we'll be able to leave," he said. Unfortunately, the gates were frozen shut. No one was able to get in at this point. Everyone who was already in the snow-covered harbor couldn't get out either. No secret entrances or exits. "I figured this would happen," Sierra sighed. "I'll get us through!" Roy said, thrusting his fist into the block of ice locking the gates. "PYRRUS!" he cried, and the ice melted within seconds. "Guys, I also have something to mention," Sierra said. Roy and Marth turned to her. "Only water magic is allowed in the Water Continent....I checked in the archives of the sages who've been there," said Sierra. "We'll just have to see," Roy said, already worried that his prowess over flame would give way once they reached the continent's shores.They finally reached the pier where their ship was. The bridge to the gangway was locked shut. Marth got out his key, seeing that no portman was there, and opened the lock. Now all they needed was a captain to get them to the Water Continent. They decided to chat while they waited. "Did you know that each of the continents has a formal name?" Sierra randomly chimed. "No, I didn't know that," Roy said. "Well, our continent's formal name is Elibe, the Water continent's formal name is Aralon. Awesome, huh?" Sierra said. "I like Fire Continent better. It sounds cooler," Roy said. "Well, I think Elibe is more refined, but I honestly don't care either way," Marth stated. Finally, they heard footsteps up the wooden pier. Actually, it was a whole crew. How they managed to break through the melded gates, Roy didn't know. "You head'n for the Continent of Wa'er?" said the slightly scrawny captain, sending Roy on a mental goose chase as to where he was from, concerning the accent. "Sure, I guess," Sierra said. "Well, c'mon then! Let's get on wi' it!"[p]Instantly as pie, they were on the surprisingly nice cruiser that had "Water Continent Express" painted on it, worn with age. They were shown to three different rooms; one for sleepng, one for eating, and one for practicing magic. "The first cap'n that sailed this ship was formerly a wea'er sage," said the captain, "he used to prac'ice his magic and fencing 'ere." "Cool!" Roy said, "So, what's our meal for tonight?" "Patience, m'lord, patience...we haven't even set 'er sails! Hang on!" The captain bolted to the engine and cranked it with a wooden lever. He rushed to the steering wheel and began to drive the ship out of the port. "We're leaving," Marth informed. The ship, despite a little rocking at first, steadily glided the waves. Sierra, Marth, and Roy watched the port dissappear, and they left the Fire Continent. "Wha' you starin' at? The voyage has begun!" The captain asked, "but it may be your last...." Startled by the change of dialect, they turned to face the captain. "Tell us," Sierra said, "what's your name?" "My name is Boris, but don't tell anyone," said the captain in a hushed whisper, "I'm a spy of Ebyon, sent to destroy the princess of Jarus. If you see her, let me know." Sierra was horrified, but she bit her lip and took off her knight's crown before it was seen at all. "Ok, we will....." Roy said, hesitant.[p]The SMR retreated to the sleeping quarters to discuss what happened. "Why could Boris be after me? I thought Kaira wanted

nothing to do with me!” Sierra said. “I know, but she said that she’d get revenge, right? Why isn’t she fighting you now?” Roy asked. Sierra shrugged, small hints of tears percolating around her eyelids. “I guess that explains why we didn’t have a portman!” Marth said, “if there WAS a portman, this boat would have had an official hired sailor for a captain, not a spy of Ebyon.” Sierra, after wiping her eyes free of the small tears, put her knight’s crown back on. “If Boris wants a fight with the princess of Jarus and her friends, then that’s what he’ll get!” she said, determined. They reached the Captain’s Quarters, after some hall searching, and found Boris waiting for them. “Well?” he said. “I’m the princess of Jarus,” said Sierra. Boris got up, standing on what Sierra saw was a metallic peg leg. Rather than a hook attachment, his arm was a metal hook itself, as Roy noticed later. “You are? Why didn’t you say so!?” cried Boris, who charged towards Sierra. Suddenly, a wave of water came crashing onto Boris, knocking him down. “Thanks, Marth!” Sierra said, unsheathing her sword. Roy and Marth did the same. “You’re going down!” Roy cried, slashing his sword towards Boris’s hook arm. Quick as lightning, Boris’s hook turned into a sword, and blocked the attack. “You can’t defeat me! You’re wasting your time!” Sierra caused some wood planks to become un-nailed in certain places. When Boris stepped forward, WHACK! He was smacked by a plank. When he backed up, WHACK! Roy laughed, “Good one, Sierra!” “Boris! Since you have magic in that hook of yours, aren’t you the first captain of this ship?” Boris laughed. “Right you are, princess!” he said, “I just made that up as a lie. This boat isn’t going to the Water Continent!” “Or is it?” Marth said. Boris turned around. The ship’s steering wheel had a map to the continent stuck to the front, and the wheel was steering itself. “That’s just a charm I learned from a spellbook I got at Lyria a few months ago,” Sierra said, calling up some vines to tie up Boris. “How in the world!?” he cried, just before Roy tied a scarf around his mouth. “That’s what you get if you mess with us, pirate!” said Roy, grinning. [p]~[p]While the SMR were enjoying their victory, evil was brewing in an underground cave. A woman, about 20 or so, sat on a small throne made of moss-laden rocks. “How long must we wait, countess?” said a voice in the darkness, unrevealed in the shadows of the cave. “Not much longer, my servant. We’ll use all the magic of Akarus itself to cause this cave to rise and uproot the capital. It’s a brilliant plan!” said the countess. Suddenly, mass amounts of blue light and an almost smoky black raced around the walls of the cave. They sunk into the walls, leaving no trace of their existence. “RISE, MAGIC OF DARKNESS AND THE SEA!” the countess cried. An earthquake shook the walls and the damp floor, and the whole castle began to rise. Instead of uprooting a castle, like she had planned, they destroyed a modest village at the center of Akarus. Luckily, no one was hurt, but several fled. “The water continent will be ours!” said the countess, laughing.