

The Golden Stone Saga II

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Express Publishing

The Gavarus Slaughter

The village of Gavarus lay dying, having been recently attacked by an unknown army. Many had died during the fight, but many more died afterwards. Crops had mysteriously withered, and livestock had been dying inexplicably. There was little food to go round. Famine was the prime concern for the remaining villagers, no one had really thought much about the reason for the decay.



Merak placed his arm around his younger sister's shoulders; it had been another day of tears and confusion.

"Why, Merak? Why did Mother and Father have to die in that battle? Why did they have to die so soon? And in such pain?"

"I don't know, Lyssa. Why should any of us be harmed? This village is a threat to no one, and we have nothing worth taking."

"You're wrong about that."

The unfamiliar voice caught Merak and Lyssa by surprise. They looked up to see a robed figure—an elderly man with a white beard. He wore a band of shining gold around his bald head, and held a twisted wooden staff in his right hand.

"What do you know of our troubles, stranger?"

"I know that a great many of your people have died. And I know that unless you act quickly, this whole village will soon be no more."

“Whatever do you mean?”

“It would be best if I showed you.”

With that, the man led Merak and Lyssa to the statue at the centre of the village.

“What can you tell me about that statue?”

“It is a statue of Dayzan.”

“Dayzan is your god?”

“Of course – he’s everyone’s god. Do you not worship Dayzan?”

The stranger smiled.

“He and I have an understanding, but I wouldn’t exactly call it worship. Unfortunately, your enemy Ddraig worships only himself.”

“Ddraig?! But he was destroyed! Our parents said so!”

“Oh he’s very much alive. And he’s now the proud owner of the crystal from that statue’s forehead.”

“Why should we be worried about a crystal?”

The stranger shook his head and exclaimed,

“You children have obviously not been reading your history! That crystal controls the very life-force of this village – it protects and nourishes the land. And now that it’s been taken, the slow death has begun!”

“So that’s why the plants and animals died!”

“Exactly.”

There was a long silence before Merak finally asked the stranger for his name. The man smiled, then answered,

“I’m generally known as Kylan.”

“Kylan? The wizard?!”

Merak’s voice was a stunned whisper.

“But we thought you were a myth!”





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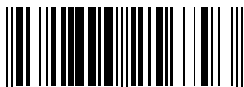
*...Ddraig's clothes were full of his dust,
Vira shattered the crystal
with a bolt of lightning, scattering fragments
that mixed with the dust.
The clothes glowed as dust turned to flesh...
Ddraig's awakening
had well and trully begun...*

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