

THE BOOKS OF ERIGIEND I

**VALYRZON
IN SEARCH OF MALORED**



MILA J. SAARINEN

THE BOOKS OF ERIGIEND

I

VALYRZON IN SEARCH OF
MALORED

MILA J. SAARINEN

TO:

My mother, who gave me the key of this realm.

And for all those people that without knowing inspire my world.

The Books of Erigiend I: Valyrzon in search of Malored.

I do not have faith in that you believe in what I will narrate. All I know is that it happened and I have irrefutable proof of this: I have the Malored.

Many years ago, in the city of Angeth (which is now buried under many layers of earth) a child was born. Their parents called him Siel, which means "server" in the ancient language of the Kingdom of Sadornia, since they wanted the child to serve the King when he was older.

Thus, at the age of twelve, Siel began receiving training to become a knight, and in five years he did it. Fulfilling the wish of their parents, Siel became a Royal Guard. One day, King Pendor walked in a carriage by a field, accompanied by the Royal Guard, when from behind nearby hills a great dragon appeared. Swiftly it flew to the chariot of the King, throwing fire by its mouth, and Siel quickly unsheathed his sword to fight against the dragon. So he did, and when the dragon dropped dead on the field, Siel returned to the King.

"No longer in danger, my Lord," Siel said, "although it would be better to come back to the Palace."

"I think that would be the best", the King was agreed. "You have fought bravely, Siel. I am honored that you are my Knight."

"Me too, my Lord", Siel said, with a bow.

When the feat of Siel was known in Angeth and its surroundings, people nicknamed him "Siel the Dragon slayer". The only one, as well as his own parents, who didn't name him like that, was Intelyon, the Adviser of King Pendor, who was his best friend. He called him Valyrzon, "courageous person" in the language of Sadornia.

One night, Valyrzon was assigned to perform the night round around the Palace. When he reached the library he was surprised to see a lighted lamp, and went to find out what it was. It was Intelyon, who was reading some of the older books of the city.

"Intelyon, it was you!" Valyrzon exclaimed to see him. "I thought it was a thief or something."

"I can't sleep," Intelyon replied. "Shouldn't you be sleeping?"

"I was assigned to the night round", Valyrzon explained. "What are you reading?"

"Well, this book appears to have many legends," Intelyon said, pointing to a large and very old book that was open down the middle.

"May I sit here with you?"

"Were not you watching the palace?"

"I already did".

“Alright”.

Valyrzon sat next to Intelyon and they read the story that was written on those pages:

“Once, a God called Odeon waged a battle with another God, called Malef, who was malignant. God Odeon possessed a very beautiful gemstone, to which he had named Malored; that was precisely what Malef wanted. Thus, the Malored, in the middle of the battle that took place on an unknown country, fell inside a mountain, the largest in that country, which had never been reached. It fell, within that mountain, for a long time, until it came to the base of the mountain, in which there was a valley, very large, full of large waterfalls, beautiful trees, beautiful plants and strange and beautiful houses. In the center of the valley, toward which all channels and waterfalls, and streams, flowed, there was a large crystal lake. This valley was called Eafterth, and many people say that in the center of the great Crislak Lake, lays the Malored, though they say that it is very deeply hidden, and no one has dared to go get it. A man named Sarcaran the Sarcastic has a short little credible history, due to his name. He says that the Malored simply fell into the icy sea belonging to that country. It is not yet known whether it exists or not.”

“It would be great that someone find the Malored”, Valyrzon said.

“If it is that exists” Intelyon said. “Remember that it is a legend.”

“I’d like to find it if this legend were real, and should be. Here is an illustration of the stone” Valyrzon said. “It is really beautiful” he added. “God Odeon must have it done. If he did it, it has to save some power.”

“You’re right” Intelyon said. “We could find it, just to make us sure that it does not exist.”

“Although we should abandon Sadornia” Valyrzon said. “Don’t you know which could be the unknown country?”

“I will write my cousins” Intelyon said. “They must know.”

Valyrzon and Intelyon were a few minutes in the library, and then they left and went to their rooms.

“Have they responded you?”

Valyrzon ate breakfast in the Hall of the servants of the Palace. Sitting in front of him was Intelyon. He took a letter from his pocket and gave it to Valyrzon. He unfolded it and read it.

Dear Intelyon:

A long ago that Ragon and I knew about the Malored. If you travel to the South, directly, by the ocean, you will reach after quite some time a land of snow. This is the country you are looking for. We don’t know more than that. Write me if you are going to the search, because we can give you a little help.

*With love, goodbye,
Niviana and Ragon.*

Valyrzon folded the letter as it was before and returned it to Intelyon.

"We must travel to the South, according to your cousins, through the ocean" he thoughtfully murmured.

"Quite so" Intelyon said. "We have to acquire a sufficiently strong boat. According to Niviana, it's a long trip."

Valyrzon said nothing more. He thought throughout the day, and at night went to see King Pendor.

"My King," he began, doing a reverence "I come to ask for permission to make a trip, either alone or accompanied."

"A trip?" the King repeated. "Where?"

"To the South, by the ocean, sir" Valyrzon replied. "I'll get a precious stone called Malored to return it to God Odeon."

King Pendor arched an eyebrow. Valyrzon knew that it seemed crazy, but stood his ground.

"You want to travel to the South, by the ocean, to find a stone called Madore and return it to God Odon" he recited. "Come on, boy, enter to reason. There is no god called Odon..."

"Odeon" Valyrzon corrected.

"Odeon" the King Pendor said. "There is only one god, Shinun, and all the Sadorns adore him. Stay here, with normal people, and don't go in search of adventures without sense. Now go."

Valyrzon bowed and quickly left the room. He went to see Intelyon, who was with Hanzui, the scribe of King Pendor, at the Observatory.

"Intelyon," Valyrzon said "tomorrow we start."

When he knew about the Malored, Hanzui immediately volunteered to go. Valyrzon told him to work on getting a boat, no too big as to attract the attention of the Angethians. Intelyon immediately wrote to Niviana and Ragon to inform them of his departure, and then Valyrzon and he took care of what they should carry. Toward dawn, Hanzui returned to the Observatory and told them that the boat was ready. The three loaded everything and after that Valyrzon and Intelyon boarded the boat. Hanzui stayed in the library to find a book written by an ancestor of him and which he liked very much, and when he was leaving to go to the port he met in the Hall with Princess Bribea.

"Are you going somewhere, Hanzui?" she softly asked. "You seem hasty."

"If you promise not to say anything, I can tell you that I will undertake a long journey" Hanzui said.

"Be very careful, Hanzui" Bribea said. "When you come back, I want to tell you something very important."

"Do not worry, Princess. I'll be back" Hanzui said, and ran to the port.

He boarded the boat and took off the ramp. Intelyon began to move the boat and they walked away more and more of the coast, until Angeth disappeared.

"We must go through Dulian Sea and Fabh Sea, sail by the coasts of Fhrik, in the waters of Songal Ocean, until we reach the sea of this unknown country, and from there to its shores. There, one of us will stay on the coast to take care of the boat. The others will undertake the journey by land."

Valyrzon and Hanzui nodded. Intelyon just received a message from their cousins that explained them the journey that they had to do to get to that unknown country.

"It says something more" Intelyon said, rereading the letter. "Shortly after this message arrives to your hands, Intelyon, it will make his appearance in the boat..."

Intelyon was interrupted by a beautiful song from sky. Valyrzon, Hanzui and the elder advisor looked up and saw the most beautiful creature that they had seen in their lives. It was a unicorn with big wings, and a pure white color, which was flying towards the boat. He stopped opposite Intelyon and looked at him.

"Niviana and Ragon, wizards of renown in Real City, from where I have come as their faithful pet and envoy, are eager to help in this great pursuit and expect me to be a useful tool for you. In addition to my services I must give you a map made by the elder advisor of our King, in which your journey is traced."

Valyrzon and Hanzui didn't say anything. They admired the soft fur of the animal, with their mouths open, because it was shining almost as the sun.

"Oh, well... thank you" Intelyon said. "When you come back to them, thank them very much on our side."

"Of course I'll do, sir. By the way, my name is Beawinhor."

After this surprise, they sailed quietly for some days. Intelyon consulted the map sometimes, but they did not have to do nothing more than keep sailing to the South.

One night, while a big storm threatened to make them wrecked, the boat shook terribly. Valyrzon went to see what was happening and was found with a horrible surprise: they were approaching at full speed to a whirlwind. Valyrzon warned

immediately to Intelyon and Hanzui and together they tried to divert the ship, but despite their efforts the ship was sucked into the whirlpool.

They fell by a vertical tunnel of water for a few minutes, after which the vessel shattered against a hard stone floor. Valyrzon stood with great effort, because he had several wounds, and looked up to his around. They were, apparently, in some kind of stone building in the bottom of the sea, where they could breathe perfectly because there was no water. Valyrzon walked through the building, apparently uninhabited, and came out of it by a great portal.

An entire city of stone stood in his eyes. Loads of people came and went among those buildings, talking, working, and living as normal people. But they were not normal. They had long dark green hair, and very fair complexion. The men were tall and strong, and women were tall and delicate. Their long legs ended in feet with membranes between fingers, allowing them to swim quickly. And, most amazing of all, they could be transformed into fish.

Valyrzon was watching those strange beings, absorbed, when a hand touched his shoulder. He turned and saw Intelyon and Hanzui.

"Where are we?" Hanzui asked. "The last thing I remember is being dropped by the whirlwind."

"At the bottom of the sea" Valyrzon replied. "It is a city of stone where you can breathe."

"What about that people?" Hanzui said. "They could help us if they are friendly. We don't know how to return to the surface and Beawinhor is wounded."

"Beawinhor is hurt?" Valyrzon repeated. "We should ask for help as soon as possible. I'll take it."

Valyrzon approached a group of women who spun on a loom of bronze on the sidewalk of a house.

"Sorry... I don't know if you speak my language" he said.

"Deh-Jilon!" one of the women said.

Valyrzon heard a movement in the water and turned. A young man approached swimming quickly. He stopped next to Valyrzon and straightened. He looked at the woman who had spoken.

"Meski? Gu eneu?" he asked.

"Suh maqu eman" the woman said, pointing to Valyrzon.

The boy looked at Valyrzon.

"What language do you speak, Terran?" he asked in Sadorn tongue.

"That one, precisely" Valyrzon answered. "I'm Siel Valyrzon of Unax, Knight of King Pendor in Angeth, capital of the noble Kingdom of Sadornia."

"I am Deh-Jilon, son of the general of the armies of Aquaban, the Kingdom of ocean waters. I'm the only Aquian who speaks Terran's languages and the only one able to help you at this time, so trust in me and let's go to my shelter."

Deh-Jilon and Valyrzon returned to the building where Hanzui and Intelyon were, near the remains of the ship, attending to Beawinhor. The unicorn had a large wound on one leg, which bled much. Deh-Jilon approached him.

"We must bandage this bikarn" he said, examining him. "When we are on the surface we can cure him. Now, I will go to find a boat to get out of here before they find us and kill us."

"How have you called Beawinhor?" Hanzui asked with curiosity.

"Bikarn" Deh-Jilon answered. "His specie is named like that. I remember it well because a whole army of bikarns helped us in the battle against God Malef for the waters of the Earth and, after beating Malef, my father ordered the death of the poor creatures. I was very angry with him and I ran away from Sagor, the capital of Aquaban. Since then all the Aquians hate me and I had to survive as a translator in small towns of Aquaban. Hey, take care of Beawinhor. I'll go looking for a boat to take us to the surface."

Intelyon found among the remains of the ship some bands and a medicinal substance, which temporarily healed Beawinhor. Deh-Jilon returned a few minutes after and told them to run as soon as possible following him or someone was going to murder them. The four obeyed and, once safe in a silver boat that Deh-Jilon had carried, came up to the surface.

It was dawning in the ocean, and waters dyed in red and orange gave a warm welcome to the five companions. Deh-Jilon healed Beawinhor and left him to rest, heading then to where the others were.

They spent some days in which several storms were unleashed, and after the most terrible (during which Valyrzon fell into the water and was saved by a healed Beawinhor), they arrived at a beach. Intelyon ensured the boat and left Deh-Jilon and Beawinhor in charge. The rest of the travelers toured the beach until entering a jungle. Valyrzon and Hanzui had to use of their swords to pass through the dense vegetation, and barely came to a clear where the sunlight did not arrive due to some kind of vegetation cover. Through that clear it passed a creek, large enough and deep as to be sailed by a canoe. And, precisely, when Valyrzon, Intelyon and Hanzui reached that stream, they heard a sound that seemed to be the movement of a few oars in the water. They waited a few seconds, until it appeared, effectively, a canoe, with a *ghost* in her. The ghost, that was silvery, stopped and looked at the three companions. He spoke in an unknown language, but Valyrzon, Intelyon and Hanzui knew that he was upset by the expression of the face of the ghost. The being stood, talking, and then sounded a horn that he carried hanging from the neck. Valyrzon, Intelyon and Hanzui then heard not just one, but at least twenty oars moving in the water, and then at the side of the ghost appeared other twenty

canoes with other twenty ghost sailors in them. Ghosts looked at the three companions and then got out of their canoes, went towards them and apprehended them, without none could defend himself. They carried them in canoes to a small village, populated by other ghosts, identical to those sailors, and drove them to the presence of which had to be the boss. This ghost was more corporeal than the others, for a reason that Valyrzon discovered much later. Valyrzon, Intelyon and Hanzui were cast into the ground in front of the leader. He looked at them and spoke in Sadorn language.

“What do three Sadorns from Angeth do in my island, besides disrupting the life of this people?”

“Excuse us, Sir, but we...”

“Shut up” the leader said. “I am Angel, the Governor of the Island of Thenagon, and I will order your beheading by breaking into this country. Fedo anukiaren, madag!”

When the boss gave this order, three ghosts moved and wanted to grab the travelers, but Valyrzon fought back and took a dagger which he had, cut the ropes that tied his hands and then cut those of Intelyon and Hanzui. All three ran through the jungle, pursued by those ghosts called Thenagon, and made their way to the coast, where an arrow overtook Hanzui in one of his legs and brought him down. Valyrzon called Beawinhor to take Hanzui to the boat while Intelyon collected the anchor, and then ran up to the ship. When all were in the boat they sailed quickly, seeing how about ten Thenagon came to the coast and were shooting arrows against them. The travelers only were reassured when the island disappeared from view.

Intelyon carefully took out the arrow from the bleeding leg of Hanzui, and then healed the wound. The boy had lost much blood, so after cure he fainted and Intelyon led him to his bed.

After the shock in the Island of Thenagon, they did not return to go through another danger. Into the early hours of a cold and rainy day, weeks after leaving Sadornia, they arrived to a completely white coast. Valyrzon, Intelyon, Hanzui, Beawinhor and Deh-Jilon observed that frozen land and wondered if they had arrived to their destiny. Leaving Beawinhor in charge of the ship, the other four walked through snow and did not found anything for a few hours, time after which they saw a city of white stone. They went to that city, wondering if there would be friendly people there, and upon entry they found a young man who was dragging a small boat through the snow. Inside the boat he had all kinds of fishing items: nets, buckets, fishing rods and other things. Valyrzon approached the young man and asked which country was that. The young man looked at him and smiled.

"You are in Agantyan, the White Land, in the city of Moderna" he replied. "It is the city of the Agantyan fishermen and sailors. My name is Ivhian. May I help you in anything?"

"Of course you can" Valyrzon answered. "We need lodging for a few hours. We have to go to Eafterth and do not know where it is, so we'll travel very much."

"Are you going to Eafterth?" Ivhian said. "Well, none of the Moderns could guide you there. Some have gone, but we know more about the waters of Agantyan than of their territories. As for lodging, continue along this road and you will arrive to the Ceahlor Inn. He will receive you stupendously. I must go fishing now; then I will come back and speak with you. By the way, you have come on a boat, truth?"

"Yes, we did."

"When you undertake the trip to Eafterth I shall take care of it, so don't you worry."

"Agree. Thanks a lot."

Ivhian left, dragging his boat, and Valyrzon, Intelyon, Hanzui and Deh-Jilon followed the road. At the Inn, Ceahlor kindly assigned them a spacious room with four beds and several furniture, where the colleagues stayed awhile. They slept a few hours, since they had been awake during the entire previous night, and in the morning they went to the dining room for breakfast. They left the Inn and walked through the city. They sat on a stone bank of the main square and there they talked. Around noon, when Valyrzon, Intelyon, Hanzui and Deh-Jilon returned to the Ceahlor Inn, they saw Ivhian reaching. He dragged the boat full of fish, toward them. The fisher stopped and said to them:

"I found a bikarn in your boat. He will come here when you take the journey, to accompany you."

Valyrzon nodded and they went to the Inn. Upon there, they had lunch and met later with Ivhian, who had already finished the job by that day and would be devoted to teach the three fellow things about Agantyan.

"Agantyan is not a country, is a Kingdom ruled by King Vaed and Queen Siana. Their daughter, the Princess Jadia, is the Governor of the city of Headumar, the City of the Eternal Ice. Gaspar, the captain of Agantyan's Army, comes from there. In fact, we only have an army for emergencies, as we are very peaceful and never go into war with anyone."

They continued speaking up to advanced overnight, and then Ivhian went to his home. Valyrzon, Intelyon, Hanzui and Deh-Jilon went to their bedroom, and in the morning following they made the luggage to go to Eafterth. They warned Ivhian that they were going to start, and the fisher went to the boat of the three companions to relieve Beawinhor. After saying goodbye to Ivhian and pay to Ceahlor, they left Moderna and walked under a pouring rain, just having any visibility. When they could not advance more by walking, Beawinhor told them to mount on him and he would fly them, at least for a while, so that the trip does not

stop. So they did, and when they took their flight, rain turned into a snowstorm, so they had to engage with their coats and wait to get to a place where the storm was not so intense.

After a few minutes, Valyrzon lost the notion of time. He had his eyes closed because they hurt due to the cold, and tried to hold on as much as possible to Beawinhor by fear to fall from that height. At one point, he opened his eyes and looked forward. Beawinhor had stopped in front to a great mountain. Apparently, they had arrived at destination and none of the four companions had noticed it; but when Valyrzon tried to tell Hanzui, the mountain began to fall. It was crumbling in large fragments of rocks, destroying it completely. Valyrzon shouted. "Shut up, Siel Valyrzon, or you will crack the ice. Why are you shouting? If I only have touched you."

Valyrzon opened his eyes. He was lying on the ground, wrapped in his cloak, and in front of him there was a young man of black long hair, dressed in a suit of leather and a thick layer, who looked at the boy smiling. Valyrzon stood up and looked around. Hanzui and Intelyon were not there, and Beawinhor shook his large wings close from there, cherished by Deh-Jilon.

"What happened?" Valyrzon asked. "Where are we?"

"We are close to the town of Doler-nitii, Siel Valyrzon. Your teammates have gone in search of help. If you haven't noticed, you are bleeding.

"What?"

"You fell down from the bikarn when you flew near here and they had to land to find you. I found you and stated them where they had to go to get to the next city. By the way, I am Smooanwish, Guardian of Eafterth.

"You are the Guardian of Eafterth?" Valyrzon said. "Hey, if you can do it, take us there."

"Of course, after they heal you."

Hanzui and Intelyon returned immediately. A beautiful girl accompanied them, and she was very similar to Smooanwish. In fact, she was called Eneba, and she was the younger sister of the Guardian.

Eneba healed Valyrzon's wounds and after wishing them bon voyage, returned alone to Doler-nitii. Smooanwish, Valyrzon, Intelyon, Hanzui, Beawinhor and Deh-Jilon long stepped up, until they finally got to a high mountain. It was so much cold in there. Smooanwish came and approached the base of the mountain. He extended a hand toward snow and said in a loud voice:

"Uath honeshel iunloc teh duor ien ohj stie."

A square of white light lit up the snow and a silver handle appeared in its center, which Smooanwish took and pulled it on, revealing a stone passageway lit by torches. Valyrzon entered, followed by Intelyon, Hanzui, Deh-Jilon and Beawinhor. Smooanwish went after them and closed the magical gate.

They fell by a stone stairway until they saw some light. They stepped towards it, and they got out through what looked like the entrance to a cave. What they saw was fascinating for them.

They were in a magnificent valley, which corresponded, as Valyrzon knew after a few seconds of observation, to the description of the book from the library in the Palace of Angeth. After admiring the beautiful hidden Valley, Smooanwish said:

“If you wish so, I can take you to King Vaed’s presence”.

“Of course, Smooanwish”, Valyrzon said.

They followed the guardian through a path of stone. They crossed a Grove, and then they skirted the Crislak Lake. They followed by a wider road and finally arrived to the gardens of the Eafertian Palace. Taking an extensive trail through which they went and came people, they arrived to the stairs, they went up by it and entered the Palace. Inside, the construction was much more wonderful than outside, and it was decorated with strange lights that gave her a magical appearance.

They crossed the main hall, which was deserted, and entered the throne room, where King Vaed and Queen Siana were sitting on their thrones, apparently waiting for someone. Smooanwish stepped forward.

“My Lords”, he said, and made a reverence, “I have found these men and this winged unicorn in our territories. They have come in peace, looking for the Malored to return it to God Odeon.”

“But, if you don’t want us to look for it, we’ll withdraw right away”, Hanzui shyly said.

King Vaed smiled.

“The Beings of Valley have long expected this moment, Hanzui of Joke”, he said.

“Look for the Malored, give it back to God Odeon and do what you want: return to your homeland or stay here to live, in this peaceful Kingdom.”

“We knew that God Odeon would send someone in search of his Divine Stone”, Queen Siana said. “And you are the chosen one for this purpose, Siel Valyrzon of Unax.”

Everyone in the Hall had a reverence for Valyrzon. Shocked, he said:

“Even if I had not been chosen, I had wanted to serve equally the God Odeon, Majesties. Thank you for this warm welcome, and I hope this doesn’t interrupt with your everyday life.”

“On the contrary, we are happy you’re here, Valyrzon”, King Vaed said. “Woolan, guide them to his room, please. Smooanwish, you can return to your guard. Goboar, lead the bikarn to the stables, and treat him as it deserves someone of his kind.”

While Smooanwish bowed and went away, two kids came out of the crowd; one of them guided Beawinhor by a door, and the other made the travelers a sign so they

follow him. They left through a side door and walked through a narrow corridor. They went up a spiral staircase and found in a round, very large room. There were several bright furniture and four prepared beds.

"Anything you may need, gentlemen, ask me for it and I will abide", Woolan said, and he took a bow and withdrew.

The four friends sat on their beds, quietly and thoughtfully.

"We will seek the Malored tomorrow", Valyrzon finally said. "Early in the morning."

"I will", Hanzui decided. "I've always been a good swimmer", he added smiling.

"Wouldn't be the most appropriate to assign the mission to me?" Deh-Jilon said.

"I'm an Aquian. I can breathe in the water and swim rapidly."

They agreed that the next day they would ask Woolan for a boat and go to the Crislak Lake. Deh-Jilon would plunge himself in the water and would swim to the deep, he would look for the Malored and then he would return to the surface.

Valyrzon could not sleep all night. He got up at dawn and went out to take a walk through Eafterth, which was silent and cool in the morning. He went to Crislak Lake and looked at the water for a few minutes. Right there, buried thousands of years ago, was the Malored, perhaps waiting to be found and returned to the hands of his master.

Silently, Deh-Jilon entered the water. His partners heard nothing for five minutes; then, Deh-Jilon emerged loud, and returned to the boat as fast as he could. He sat next to Intelyon, with frightened face and trembling.

"What has happened, Deh-Jilon?" Valyrzon asked him. "Did you find something?"

"Spectra", Deh-Jilon said, quavering. "I swam a few meters down to the bottom and then I felt something behind me. I turned and saw a green Thenagon, apparently an ancient spirit destroyed in a battle. I tried to swim to the surface, but it appeared more Thenagon and they wanted to take me to the bottom to kill me. Barely I escaped, and without finding anything."

"The life of any of us imports us more than the Malored, Deh-Jilon", Valyrzon said.

"Do not worry."

They didn't make another search for that day. They decided to walk along Eafterth and to know that beautiful people.

An Eafterthian man who was in a small port by which a river ran invited them to take a ride on a boat. The River was going through a Grove with exotic plants and strange animals, so the four partners accepted the invitation.

The river's travel through Eafterth was long, and colleagues enjoyed enough. They heard some kind of choir formed by violet birds, which emitted a beautiful sound.

They saw a tiny gold-colored rabbit running on the grass, as if it was an insect. Passing next to Eafterth's hospital the nurse offered them a glass of juice of fruit from Gaodia, the City of the Sun, which they accepted and which amazed them of its splendid taste. Then they passed through the fields of Eafterth, where habitants worked hard because the harvest was always so successful that fruits and vegetables super abounded. All workers greeted the travelers smiling, and then returned to their work.

At the end of the tour, they thanked the Eafterthian and returned to the Palace. They remained there the rest of the day, and after dinner went to bed. Valyrzon slept just a few hours, since he was worried about not being able to find the Malored and not carry out the Mission for God Odeon.

The next day, Valyrzon announced at breakfast that he would look for the Malored. They all agreed, although they shared the concern that something happens to him. However they did not try to dissuade him, and headed to the Lake to sail back towards its center.

When they came out of the Palace, they were arrested by Woolan. He wore an envelope in his hand, which handed over to Intelyon.

"It's for you, my Lord", Woolan said. "It has just arrived".

"Thanks, Woolan", Intelyon said, and the child went away. "It is a letter from Niviana", the counselor said to his companions.

Intelyon read the letter and looked at Valyrzon.

"King Pendor found out, somehow, the route we followed to get here, and some time ago he has undertaken the trip."

"It doesn't matter", Valyrzon said. "I don't see the reason to look for us and find us through a long journey, but..."

The expression of the face of Valyrzon changed. He looked at his three companions.

"I hope they not touch land in the Island of Thenagon", he said, and ran towards the stable of the Palace.

"What happens?" Hanzui asked.

"Oh, no", Deh-Jilon said. "We should warn your King about the Island of Thenagon, or otherwise they will kill him."

Valyrzon was opening the door of the stable and Beawinhor was coming out when Intelyon, Hanzui and Deh-Jilon arrived. Intelyon touched Beawinhor with one hand and a blue glow came out of it.

"You are fast like the wind, and now you'll be as light. Run!" the old man said.

Beawinhor left the stable running and ran towards the entrance to Eafterth, disappearing by it. Valyrzon, Hanzui and Deh-Jilon looked at Intelyon, surprised.

"I regret not having told you", Intelyon said. "Niviana, Ragon and I are magicians. The three of us are nobles in the magical community to which we belong."

"That's wonderful, Intelyon", Hanzui said, smiling.

Valyrzon and Deh-Jilon also smiled. If something happened, they would always have the help of Intelyon, and the four knew it.

They returned to the Palace, after deciding to wait for King Pendor to continue the search. They talked for a while in their room, and then left the Palace and went to Crislak Lake and sat on the shore. Then, it came out a white light in the center of the Lake, which went off and fell into the Lake again. It seemed to be a person, and Deh-Jilon dived into the water to rescue her. It came out seconds later and quickly swam to the shore. He came out of the Lake and deposited the person on the lawn. Some Eafterthians approached. It was a young woman, with not very long hair in black color, tied with a white ribbon. She wore a costume of fabric reinforced with leather, as a kind of white armor. In one hand she held a very strange object, silvered and metallic. On the other hand she held a thin silver sword, and in her back she had a big bow and a quiver full of arrows. By the wounds that she had on her face and arms, she seemed to have been struggling recently. Valyrzon touched her face carefully, and she opened her eyes. She looked at Valyrzon and sat down. She looked to her around and smiled.

"I did it", she said.

"What did you do?" Valyrzon asked.

"What do you care?" she said, and rising quickly went to the Palace. Valyrzon, Intelyon, Hanzui and Deh-Jilon followed her. The young woman entered the Palace and went to the throne room, where she bowed to the surprised Eafterthian King and Queen.

"My Lords", the girl said, "I come from a not-too-distant future in which Agantyan is passing through terrible moments. The great Kingdom has been reduced to a single large city, Kaleom, whose Governor is the great sage called the Whistling Elder, who has been in all the wars fought in the world and that with his whistle can narrate them in detail. King Vaed and Queen Siana have been killed by Angel, the King of the Thenagon on Earth, and Princess Jadia has been kidnapped months ago. We always fight defending Kaleom, my Lords, with the vague hope that the Malored is found by Siel Valyrzon of Unax and he guides us to an eternal victory."

"What?" Valyrzon said. "I haven't found the Malored yet?"

"Are you Valyrzon?" the lady asked, turning around.

"Yes, and you should reverence him", King Vaed said.

"Of course not", she said. "Because of you, the future is as it is."

"But, what happened?"

"Angel carried you to his presence and threatened to destroy Agantyan if you do not find the Malored and gave it to him. You, stupid cowardly, you found it the

next day and escape of Agantyan mounted on a horse, came to the coast and approached the boat that you've reached the White Land. You went to the Island of Thenagon and the Malored came to Angel. You flee the Island and then you hid in Sadornia; Angel went with his hosts to Agantyan and destroyed almost everything in his path. The Whistling Elder says that if you take away the Malored from Angel we will be free, but you are still hidden in Sadornia and you haven't done anything."

"I would never do that."

"Well, you did, stupid! I have come to warn you about this to make it not to happen again, and if you give the Malored to Angel again I'll cut you off your head."

"I will not, I promise you."

"You better. By the way, my name is Miladic."

When they all left the Palace they heard voices at the entrance of Eafterth's cave. Then Beawinhor came out of it, followed by King Pendor, three Knights and Smooanwish. Valyrzon, Hanzui, Intelyon and Deh-Jilon went to receive them.

"My Lord", Valyrzon said, while the four had a reverence. "I believed that you were more people.

"We were more people", King Pendor said. "This speaker Unicorn, Beawinhor, found us after leaving the Island of Thenagon. I hope that these wraiths have had enough to beheading five knights of mine. We four narrowly escape. And well, Siel Valyrzon, here we are. What brings you here?"

"The Malored, Sir", Valyrzon replied. "It exists and is a Divine Stone. We have tried to find it but the life of Deh-Jilon, our new friend, ran danger, and we decided to suspend the search until your arrival."

"Well, I would love to stay here for a while, so I will help with what I can, Valyrzon."

The group then went to the Palace, where King Pendor and his three knights were presented to the Eafterthian Kings. After leaving his things in a room, King Pendor accompanied the four companions to the Lake, where Valyrzon was dipped. He swam down the length, and when he had almost no more air he wanted to climb, but a spirit found him and grabbed him quickly from one leg, preventing him from escaping. Valyrzon fainted due to the lack of oxygen and felt that he was being transferred to a distant place.

He opened his eyes and was situated opposite to Angel. He took him as the neck and raised him in the air.

"I will be as brief as possible, Siel Valyrzon", he said. "You love very much Agantyan, truth? Well, you will see it destroyed if you do not bring me the Malored, and I do not want deceptions."

"You will not expire with your word, I know it", Valyrzon said. "In the future I have given you the Malored to save the White Land and you took its power to destroy it."

"I can do what I want with my possession", Angel said. "It is time to return to the sweet home, Valyrzon. And remember: the Malored or Agantyan."

"I choose to destroy you", Valyrzon said.

"That's not between the options!" Angel shouted, and threw Valyrzon to the soil. This one felt a great pain in the head and fainted away.

"Valyrzon, are you awake?"

Valyrzon opened his eyes. Miladic looked at him. He sat down on the bed and looked at his around.

"You are in the hospital", Miladic said, as if she had read the mind of the boy. "You were taking much time in the Lake, so Deh-Jilon dived and rescued you. You were unconscious and it seemed that you had drowned. You also had a wound in your head, so we brought you here. Angel kidnapped you, not true?"

"Yes, so?"

"Tell me that you refused to his order or I'll kill you."

"Of course I refused! Who do you think I am?"

"The Valyrzon I met was a coward and a traitor, and that is the image I have of you."

"I don't know who that Valyrzon is, but I'm not anything like that".

"Okay, I already understood."

Miladic left shortly after, and as she was leaving the nurse entered with a boy at her side, helping him to walk. She helped him to lie down on a bed next to Valyrzon, and she went talking aloud to an adjoining room.

"How many times should I tell you, Lavenow, that your mother has said that you cannot ride Suxniar?"

"My mother says many things, Anelow", the young man answered. "I am thirteen years old and she still not let me ride the horse in which my sister Azile rode when she was five years old."

"She does not let you do it because it is the third time that you fall off of it and break yourself the same leg", Anelow said, returning with a first aid-kit. "Let's see, lift up the leg. You okay, Valyrzon?"

Valyrzon, distracted listening to the conversation, was taken by surprise. He looked at Anelow.

"What?"

"Are you okay?"

"Yes, I am".

“Ouch!”

Lavenow seemed much hurt the leg because he was weeping without wanting to. Anelow strongly tied it with a bandage to a table and left Lavenow. Shortly after, she returned and gave Lavenow a little of water to drink. She left the vessel on a bedside table and left. Lavenow looked at Valyrzon.

“Who are you?” he asked.

“Siel Valyrzon of Unax, Knight of the Royal Guard of the King Pendor of Angeth and Sadornia.”

“Just wanted the name”, Lavenow said smiling. “I’m Lavenow Umarian, I am thirteen years old and when I leave here I will disobey my mother and I will go to Headumar to become a soldier of the army of Agantyan.”

“Apparently your mother is overprotective, right?” Valyrzon said.

“‘Apparently?’ Anyone would notice at miles away! She is the most annoying of all Agantyan mothers, and I say it knowing that in Zuda, there is a woman who has always lived bothering her son, not allowing him to do what he wanted, even now, when she is a hundred and ten years old and he is ninety. The son is a moron, by the way, because, how can you be with your mother for your whole life, and maybe die at the same time? She will continue bothering him in death, safe.

The manner of speaking of Lavenow made Valyrzon to laugh. However, he was somewhat agree with him, and so said it. The next day, when Valyrzon came out from the hospital, Lavenow and he already were great friends. Valyrzon promised to visit him every day until he left the hospital, and not to tell his mother that he planned to go to Headumar.

“It is fortunate that you've recovered”, Hanzui said. “We will continue with the search for the Malored. One of the Knights of King Pendor, Qanokaar of Olis, has offered himself to seek it.”

“It's okay”, Valyrzon said. “We will do so tonight.”

Valyrzon, Intelyon, Hanzui and Deh-Jilon were sitting in comfortable seats in the back garden of the Palace. When leaving the hospital Valyrzon that cold morning, he didn't think that it would do so unbearable heat in the afternoon. As a result, the Eafterthians had surrendered to a few hours of rest in the Crislak Lake, in rivers and streams or large waterfalls. Valyrzon, Intelyon, Hanzui and Deh-Jilon had opted to take some chairs and a small table to the back garden of the Palace and ask for some refreshing drink while enjoying the shade provided to them by the huge structure where the Kings dwelt. Enjoying that delicious and strange juice that Eafterthians produced, the four companions hardly spoke. Then Valyrzon was straightened.

“Where is Miladic?” he asked.

"I don't know", Hanzui replied, with his eyes closed. "Why would you like to see her?"

"I have to ask her something", Valyrzon said, and leaving his glass on the table he ran towards the nearest door and entered the Palace. He sought out Miladic by almost all of the building and finally found her in a room, alone, playing a beautiful song on a harp. She was sitting with her back to the door.

"Miladic", Valyrzon said.

"What?" Miladic answered, while playing.

"I need to ask you something."

"Well, ask."

"What happened in the battle between the Thenagon and Agantyan? Who among us has died?"

Miladic stopped. She leaved the harp on one side and turned.

"The battle between the Thenagon and Agantyan?" she repeated. "There was not anything that could be called battle between the White Land and the Spectra. After you gave him the Malored, Angel and his hosts lashed across the Kingdom and we did not have time to defend ourselves. He destroyed everything in his path, killed hundreds and hundreds of Agantyan. Only a thousand survivors could hardly escape to the great fortress of Kaleom, where we have been besieged since then. We then prepared for a unique and final battle, where I was the only woman who fought. During that terrible battle the Whistling Elder handed me the Watch of Return, with which I could get here to warn you."

"Alright, but who had died until you left?"

"Hanzui was seriously injured, King Pendor of Sadornia was very weak and he was not already battling and Intelyon... Oh, no, Intelyon had died!"

Valyrzon paled.

"Intelyon had died?" he repeated. "Who killed him?"

"His cousin, Ragon, who joined the Thenagon", Miladic explained. "Before traveling to the Island of Thenagon, he murdered his cousin Niviana. He was a part of the army of the Spectra: the winged beasts called fagonds."

"Who headed the army of Agantyan?" Valyrzon asked.

"Gaspar, its current captain, guided the Agantyan, and Deh-Jilon led the bikarns."

"Okay, thanks."

Valyrzon returned to the rather stunning courtyard. He sat in his chair and looked at Intelyon. In the not-too-distant future, the magician had been betrayed and murdered by his own cousin.

That night, in almost the same climate conditions (it was only slightly less heat), King Pendor, Valyrzon, Intelyon, Hanzui, Deh-Jilon, the three Knights of King

Pendor and a curious Miladic went to the Lake to look again for the Malored. Qanokaar took air several times and then dived into the Lake. He swam for a few minutes until he reached the bottom, where he began to search everywhere for the divine stone. Then he felt something holding him and turned. Two Thenagon were taking him by a leg, and a third was going at full speed toward him. He covered the Knights' face and Qanokaar fainted. He woke up just in time to see a sword go to his head and lost consciousness forever.

Qanokaar emerged from the Lake. Valyrzon and the others concerned that long that it had submerged, were happy to see him again.

"Deh-Jilon was about to go looking for you", Valyrzon said. "Have you seen or found something?"

"Excuse me, Sir, but I have not been able to find anything, despite my long search", Qanokaar replied. "Please forgive my inefficiency."

"Please, Qanokaar, do not say more", Valyrzon replied smiling. "It's not your fault; it must be buried very deeply. Well, I think that we should go back to the Palace. We will continue tomorrow morning. Does anyone of you want to look for the Malored?"

"I, Sir", replied a Knight named Corwalod of Anbos. "I want to be useful for you."

"Agree, Corwalod", Valyrzon accepted.

Back at the Palace, Qanokaar stayed behind to talk to Corwalod.

"Hey, Corwalod, would not you like to govern all of this Kingdom and more?" he asked. At that time his eyes mysteriously glistened, but Corwalod looked at the ground and did not notice it.

"I'd like to be a King, or at least one powerful Lord, yes", Corwalod replied.

"Well, now is your chance, next to me, to fulfill that desire", Qanokaar said.

"Tomorrow, when you are looking for the Malored, do the impossible to find it. If you make it, what I most want, bring it to the surface and together we will leave here to seize the power of the Divine Stone, we'll put together an army and come here to be Kings of this realm and then conquer others. If they refuse to give us the control, we will make a war. Are you agree?"

"Yes, of course", Corwalod replied, with a malicious smile, without suspecting, as others, that Qanokaar had been murdered by Angel and that this one now was occupying his body.

The next day, in the morning, the group left the Palace and went to Crislak Lake. Along the way they met Lavenow Umarian, which thanks to the magic of the

medicinal secrets of Anelow had healed completely and was going to the Palace to be carried to Headumar as he wished.

Corwalod imitated Qanokaar and, after breathing well one last time, he dived slowly into the water. He swam to the bottom, where he looked everywhere, and then began to look underground. Then he found it: the Malored, with their beautiful colors, shone between the mud. But when Corwalod, smiling, took it, threw a cry that was not heard and turned into large bubbles in the water, because the hand of Corwalod had burned. Leaving the Malored on view at the bottom of the Lake, Corwalod returned to the surface by hiding his burned hand.

He emerged a few meters from the boat where the others were. He swam towards them and the other two Knights helped him to aboard the boat. Corwalod sat next to Qanokaar and Valyrzon.

"I couldn't find anything, my Lord", he lied. "I deeply regret that my search has been futile."

"It is not life or death, Corwalod. It's okay", Valyrzon said, trying to comfort who didn't need it.

When they were in the Castle and alone, Corwalod told what happened to Qanokaar.

"It must have a spell or something so it does not allow that the enemies touch it", Qanokaar said, walking through the room thoughtfully.

"But, how do we destroy it?" Corwalod asked.

"We don't", Qanokaar said. "We must go and gather an army. The only option we have is to raze Agantyan."

The evil ambition of Corwalod had blinded him to the point that he did not know that Qanokaar was able to kill him, his accomplice, in order to get some power. Thus, in the evening of that same day, Qanokaar and Corwalod escaped from Eafterth without anyone knows and long walked the icy lands of Agantyan until they found two black bikarns, whose race was actually called fekarns and were the bikarns converted to evil by God Malef.

Qanokaar and Corwalod mounted in the fekarns and rallied flight. Those animals were very fast and soon came to the Island of Thenagon, where the provisional Governor had been killed by his own people. Qanokaar and Corwalod landed and got off from the fekarns. Some Thenagon approached them.

"Mio dera yh Saluti (I would like to see Saluti)", Qanokaar said.

"Saluti widato, Bu Angel (Saluti died, Lord Angel)", a very young Thenagon answered. "Goimad hel Vertok widat yh loe (Goimad and Vertok killed him)."

"Speak sadorn", Qanokaar ordered. "My colleague speaks only this language and I want him to understand what we say". He turned and looked at Corwalod. "They are telling me that Saluti, the Governor who was replacing me for a time, was killed by two traitors whom I will slay with taste. Bring the traitors!"

Two Thenagon led two other silver spectra immediately to their presence. Qanokaar ordered that they cast them to the ground and drew his sword, with which he aboveboard beheaded them. Corwalod was surprised, but he thought that he should get used to that kind of things if he wanted to be a great Lord.

Qanokaar kept his sword with silver blood and looked at Corwalod.

"I will order to prepare you a room with all the comforts", he said. "Come with me now, we have to bring together all possible Thenagon and to all the beasts that my father send to destroy the White Land once for all."

Meanwhile, in Eafterth, Valyrzon helped Lavenow Umarian to prepare his luggage to go to Headumar. When they were preparing a horse for transporting Lavenow, Intelyon went to Valyrzon.

"Niviana has written me", he said. "She wants you to urgently go to her abode. Use to Beawinhor."

Valyrzon said goodbye to Lavenow because he would not see the boy when he departed, and then went to the stable, where Intelyon had prepared Beawinhor. Valyrzon mounted in the bikarn and they departed quickly. Smooanwish opened the secret door and Beawinhor, beating their large wings, flew to his home.

The animal was very fast and only two hours later arrived at Real City, where all the magicians of the world lived. Valyrzon dismounted and together with the bikarn walked by a wide cobblestone street until they reached a large marble house. They went up the stairs and called with a silver knocker. The big door opened and they saw a beautiful woman, old, long white haired and deep blue eyes. The woman smiled to see Valyrzon and Beawinhor.

"Great is my joy to see you, Siel Valyrzon of Unax and Beawinhor", she said. "Come, I was expecting you."

She opened the door by entire and Valyrzon and the bikarn entered a great hall of marble, where there were two stairways that climbed to the top floor. Beawinhor rose by one of them and disappeared from view. The woman said Valyrzon a seat and sat down in front of him.

"My name is Niviana Doame and I am a witch cousin of Intelyon", she said. "I have called you because two Sadorns Knights are no longer what they were."

"Who are you speaking about?" Valyrzon asked intrigued.

"I'm talking about Corwalod of Anbos and Qanokaar of Olis", Niviana replied.

"Qanokaar of Olis has been murdered by Angel, the son of God Malef, and his body has been taken over by him to own the Malored. Corwalod, blinded by the ambition that prompted him Qanokaar-Angel, is his accomplice and wants the Malored almost as much as Angel wants it. Since the Malored has a very powerful

protection of the Beings of the Valley against the enemies, none of them has been able to have it so far, and a war is approaching to Agantyan."

Valyrzon was silent. That was something he wanted to avoid, because if what Miladic had said happened again, Agantyan would be destroyed and a lot of people would die.

"What we have to do is to fight against them", Niviana continued. "The bikarns will support us, surely, the magicians of Real City also and all the army of the White Land, of course."

"Deal with the Thenagon will be more difficult than we can imagine", Valyrzon said. "They are spectra; we can do nothing with our swords. In addition they will not be alone; God Malef will help them with terrible beasts, I guess.

"The Agantyan are powerful, they can deal with the Thenagon", Niviana said.

"Yes, but they can't resist life."

"They will stand until you find the Malored", Niviana said. "It is a weapon that you have and they do not."

"Everything depends on me, then", Valyrzon said. He fell silent a few seconds and then stood up. "If so, I have to go get it right now", he said. "Beawinhor!"

The bikarn appeared instantly by his side. Valyrzon mounted on it, came out of the house, fell the steps and they took their flight.

They arrived at Eafterth at noon. Beawinhor went alone to the stable and Valyrzon called for an urgent meeting at the Palace with everyone involved in the search for the Malored.

"What happens?" Hanzui asked once they were in the throne room.

"Niviana, the cousin of Intelyon, has told me that Qanokaar and Corwalod will fight for the Malored in a great battle", Valyrzon explained. "They will invade Agantyan and destroy all the Agantyan people in order to break the spell that protects the Malored.

"What?" they all exclaimed.

"I have to find the Malored before the Thenagon reach us", Valyrzon said. "Only with the Divine Stone we can kill them."

"Not possible, Valyrzon", Deh-Jilon said. "They are already coming."

Valyrzon was stunned. When he reacted, he ordered to find Gaspar, the captain of the army of Agantyan, and that they all were armed and prepared to battle it out. Miladic went to Valyrzon and said:

"Valyrzon, give me the authority to guide the Agantyan archers to defend our people from the top."

"You will not battle, Miladic", Valyrzon replied.

"The fact that I'm a woman does not mean that I'm weak", Miladic replied. "In the future I have lived even more than many Agantyan warriors. Let me fight."

"Agree", Valyrzon accepted. "Go to get ready. I will speak with Gaspar."

Valyrzon left the Palace and went to meet with Smooanwish. Gaspar entered at that time Eafterth, so the three went to the Palace to prepare for war.

"The Thenagon are with the Aquians, the people of the sea", Deh-Jilon reported when they entered the hall of arms of the Palace, where there was about two hundred Eafterthians were getting dressed with the armors. "They also have fekarns and a dozen sumaderious, dragons of four heads that cast ice by mouth."

"And what do we have?" Valyrzon asked, putting on his helmet.

"Some two thousand Agantyan, two hundred wizards and one hundred fifty bikarns", Intelyon said.

They finished preparing and came out of there. Valyrzon mounted on Beawinhor and flew to Headumar, where five hundred Knights of white armor, mounted on pure white horses, were getting out. The thousand three hundred Agantyan Knights remaining approached rapidly towards them, so Valyrzon led them to the outskirts of the mountain Vogandor, where was Eafterth, and organized the Agantyan army. Soon after Gaspar and two hundred men out of Eafterth and joined the other warriors. Valyrzon went to meet Miladic, who was preparing the Agantyan archers on the heights of Vogandor. Miladic needed no help, so Valyrzon went to where his friends were.

"We are almost ready, Valyrzon", Deh-Jilon said. "When the other bikarns next to the magicians arrive, we will be fully prepared."

"They come in their way", Intelyon said.

That climate of long wait, the tense atmosphere that precedes a battle that is almost hopeless defeat, flooded Eafterth. In the Valley, there were only one hundred men along with King Pendor, the only Knight remaining, Valyrzon, Intelyon, Hanzui, Deh-Jilon, King Vaed and Queen Siana. Valyrzon thought about all what had happened so far and all the lives that would end that day...

Then, at that moment, the bikarns and the wizards arrived, when the Thenagon were closer and closer to Eafterth. Deh-Jilon was given the task of leading the bikarns, while Intelyon sought Niviana and Ragon among their peers. One of the men approached him.

"Ragon has betrayed us, Intelyon", he said, sorry. "He has killed Niviana shortly after she spoke with Valyrzon and is commanding a part of the Thenagon army." Intelyon looked at Valyrzon. The boy thought about what Miladic had told him about it, and feared that Ragon kill Intelyon as had been the case in the future.

"Intelyon, take care of you", he said to his old friend when the other magician left.

"Ragon killed you in the future."

"This had already happened?" Intelyon asked amazed.

"Yes, so don't you give reasons to Ragon so he kills you", Valyrzon said. He didn't say anything for a long time.

The time finally arrived. The Thenagon arrived with fury and the battle began. In Eafterth, the terrible battle was heard, and the voice of Miladic ordering to the other archers to fire against the enemy. Valyrzon closed his eyes and prayed to not to repeat what had happened in the future. He opened his eyes just to see the Thenagon entering Eafterth, with the Agantyan army, and refer to the hundred men who were waiting to defend King Vaed. Valyrzon raised his sword and his companions also unsheathed.

“Attack!”

All of them fell from the top of the mountain, where they were, and lashed out at enemies. They fought tirelessly to defeat them, but the Thenagon and their allies were too many. Eafterth was soon covered with corpses, some destroyed Thenagon and Agantyan blood. The battle did not stop, but some were very weak and several bikarns who had fought against the fekarns were seriously injured.

Valyrzon was much bleeding, but anyway climbed a small mountain where Qanokaar (Angel, actually) was intact, having already killed several Agantyan. Angel turned and looked at him noticing that Valyrzon was willing to fight him.

“Look what we have here: Siel Valyrzon of Unax dares to confront the King of the Thenagon, apparently not realizing that I will kill him”, he said. He laughed after way such that Valyrzon was frightened, but stood up equally (had climbed the mount crawling) and brandished his sword.

“I have not another option that fight with you for Agantyan”, Valyrzon said. “I’ll do it, because all of this is happening due to me”.

“As you wish, Siel Valyrzon”, Angel said, laughing, and drawing his sword fought with Valyrzon. He was very fast, since he was the son of a God, and Valyrzon could barely defend himself. Then Angel skillfully moved his sword and injured Valyrzon, so the boy fell to the ground soaked in blood.

“Ha, ha, ha!” Angel cruelly laughed. “You thought you could beat me, Siel Valyrzon? Well, you were very wrong!”

At that time the Crislak Lake lit up completely and a column of light emerged from it. Everyone looked to that column, which went out weakly to reveal the Malored, which stood brightly in the air. Valyrzon thought for a split second and rode on Beawinhor, who flew to the Malored so that Valyrzon would take it. The boy grabbed him, flew with Beawinhor speed to the top of Eafterth, and strongly held the enlightened Malored, directing it towards Angel. A ray of white light came out of it and struck Angel in the chest, and he screamed and disappeared with a bang, whose shock wave knocked down all the Thenagon and their allies, destroying them. Valyrzon, very weak, fainted.

When he opened his eyes, he saw a totally white place. He did not know where he was until he blinked and saw that he was in the Eafterth's hospital, which was crowded. He sat down on the bed, with a sharp pain where he had been injured by Angel, and looked to his around.

All the beds in the room were occupied. Anelow attended a young man of very white skin and blue hair, who Valyrzon recognized as Ivhian, the young fisherman who lived in Moderna at that time. In the bed next to Valyrzon there was a young man with many bands, black complexion and brown hair tousled. It was Hanzui. Valyrzon leaned toward him and asked:

"Are you awake?"

"Yes", Hanzui answered. "I was thinking that surely Angel seriously injured you, judging from all the time you were unconscious."

"How much time has passed from the battle?" Valyrzon asked.

"Two days", Hanzui replied. "King Pendor is dead. Corwalod killed him."

"What happened to Corwalod? He died along with the others?"

"Lavenow wounded him before falling wounded. He was lying on the floor when the blast destroyed the Thenagon and their allies."

"And what about the others? Are they well?"

"Deh-Jilon was on the verge of death. In addition to defeating enough people of his own kingdom, he defended Intelyon when Ragon tried to kill him. The others are fine."

Anelow approached Valyrzon and he stopped talking with Hanzui.

"Are you better, Valyrzon?" she asked smiling. "When you fainted, according to your friends, you fell down about twenty meters. A bikarn rescued you before you crash on the ground. You almost break all of your bones."

"I have good luck", Valyrzon said. "I've been in circumstances of death many times and in all of them I escaped."

When all the wounded Agantyan recovered, held a ceremony in memory of King Pendor and other dead combatants, and a week later they celebrated the victory in Eafterth with all the survivors. Then it was time to go home, having finally found the Malored. Hanzui, Intelyon and the Knight of King Pendor made their luggage to return to Sadornia. Beawinhor and the other bikarns bid farewell to everyone and departed with the wizards to Real City, where they surrendered honors to Beawinhor and one of the witches, which was crowned the new Queen of Real City since the previous, sister of Niviana, had died in the battle.

Deh-Jilon lived for a while in Eafterth and during that period he and Miladic became very good friends. Three years later they got married and moved to the uninhabited realm of Aquaban, where an Aquian lady called Meski, the only friend of Deh-Jilon in Aquaban, was still alive. Deh-Jilon and Miladic had many

sons, one of whom married Meski, and thus gradually repopulated the bottom of the ocean.

Gaspar, the captain of the Agantyan army, married a year later Princess Jadia and when King Vaed and Queen Siana died, the two princes became the Kings of Agantyan.

Hanzui, returning to Sadornia, married the Princess Bribea, and both became Kings of Sadornia. Intelyon continued in his post as Royal Advisor and last King Pendor's Knight became the guard of Hanzui, a place once occupied by Valyrzon.

As for him, he also lived in Agantyan for quite some time. Shortly after most fellow travelers returned to their homes, the Malored, hanging from a silver chain that hung around the neck of Valyrzon, lit up and disappeared. It had been returned to God Odeon, his master, after thousands of years. Having done his duty, Valyrzon lived many years happily.

One hundred years later, Valyrzon left his house in Eafterth to take a walk next to the Crislak Lake. It was a beautiful spring night, and an evening breeze caressed the aged and wrinkled face of Valyrzon. He wasn't married nor had something more than friends, but that was not what he needed to be happy. Despite his age, he did not feel weakened, and he always worked with much energy making all kinds of work.

Valyrzon looked at the waters of the Lake. He blinked to better see the light that was becoming louder and louder. Then, a column of light came out of the center of the Lake, as a hundred years ago, and was quickly extinguished. A small object out of that column of light rapidly went towards Valyrzon, and he barely had time to catch him. He looked at him, since it was very dark, and was greatly amazed. He had on his hands the Malored, who had come back one hundred years after having been found by Valyrzon. The boy felt warmth stretched from the Divine Stone to his hand and from there to his whole body, and looked at himself. Unable to believe it, he saw the body he had when he was a young man of seventeen years old. He looked at his reflection in the waters of the Lake, and found that the Malored had rejuvenated him.

The Divine Stone lit again, and its light engulfed Valyrzon, blinding him. The boy seemed to float in the air, and then touched the ground again.

He looked to his around and found some kind of excavation. It was very dark, since it was at night, although the Moon faintly illuminated the place. Valyrzon escalated as he could out of the excavation, and walked a stretch to hear footsteps. He stopped and stood still to see who it was. Then he saw a young girl about fourteen years old, dressed in clothes that Valyrzon didn't know, silently walking

along a path next to the excavations. The girl slowly approached Valyrzon and finally saw him.

"Who are you?" the girl asked in a language that Valyrzon did not know but which he nevertheless understood.

"Siel Valyrzon of Unax is my name", Valyrzon replied. "Who are you? Where am I?"

"I am Mila Kotka, and you are in Egypt, in the archaeological excavations of my father", the young woman explained. The Moon illuminated her face and Valyrzon was amazed. She was identical to Miladic.

"Wow, you're too much like a friend of mine", he said. "What year are we?"

"Today it is July fourth, two thousand six", Mila said. "Where are you from? It may not be possible to not know what times you are living in."

Valyrzon sat on the edge of one of the excavations. Mila sat next to him and the boy began to tell her what happened. Mila was listening astonished.

"Take it", Valyrzon said the end. "It is yours. God Odeon has given me, and I give it to you."

He gave Mila the string with the Malored and she placed it in her neck. She smiled and looked at Valyrzon.

"You will need a guide to live in this time", she said. "I can be helpful."

Valyrzon and Mila were friends for a long time. It was not long until Mila knew about the ancient world of Valyrzon and was a part of the life and adventures of Siel Valyrzon of Unax.