Contents

[**Prologue** 2](#_Toc474948851)

[**Chapter 1 :The Games are Changing** 3](#_Toc474948852)

[**Chapter 2 : Something out there** 10](#_Toc474948853)

[**Chapter 3 : The Horsemen are coming** 16](#_Toc474948854)

[**Chapter 4 : What High School is all about** 20](#_Toc474948855)

[**Chapter 5 : A Learning Curve** 25](#_Toc474948856)

[**Chapter 6 : The Legend of The Monk** 28](#_Toc474948857)

[**Chapter 7 : Just Another Extraordinary Day** 30](#_Toc474948858)

# **Prologue**

well hello there, yes you, I’m talking to you. The one reading this book right now. I know why you are here. You want to know about what happened here, Why the world is the way it is. You want to find your place in this world, find peace and transcend reality itself. Well I am the one to turn to for such things, after all I know the legends better than anyone else. I guess I should tell you what happened, the whole story, so take a seat and get comfortable, this could take some time, but it will all be worth it. By the way, as you know I am perfectly comfortable with you reading my book, that is why I wrote this and left it here for everyone to read, although I did write this as a personal journal, but I guess someone has to document the events for the world, and no one is better suited to do so than I am. Well here is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Just don’t damage my covers reading it.

# **Chapter 1 :The Games are Changing**

*Legend talks of a morbee soul, singing songs of woe*

*Speaking words of the morbee land, raise to rank of old*

*Hidden evil in the land of us, unknown tales of worry*

*Return ancient legends now, the Relevite is coming.*

It was another simple day like any other. Mr. and Mrs.Shaw were just taking their new born son out for a walk by Gregory park. Mr.Shaw was a fair-skinned British man, tall and slim with rimless spectacles. Mrs.Shaw was a young elegant woman from India, with tawny skin as smooth as silk. A kind family with more love than they can handle.

Mr.Shaw was a professor of Mythology and Occultism, a new course offered in NYU. His two PHDs in ancient history and archeology made him the perfect person to teach this new course. Mrs.Shaw was also a professor in NYU, she taught English literature. she could have become a very famous martial artist mind you, multiple black-belts and years of training in Tai kwan do, qi gong, Ba ji boxing and even capoeira made her one of the strongest women of her time. She decided long back that fighting was not the path she wished to pursue but rather she fell in love with reading and her love for the literary world was only surpassed by that she felt for the handsome young professor who bumped into her in the cafeteria.

Mrs.Shaw says that was the moment she knew she had made the right choice. Thinking back, she can never seem to understand how perfectly the world had worked to get her to that moment. She was working in NYU for not more than a year at the time, when she decided to go to the cafeteria for some apple pie, usually she avoids the campus cafeteria, too much money for not enough food as her father used to say, but today she felt particularly lazy and didn’t feel like walking all the way to the bakery across campus. Just in the right moment, Mr.Shaw, a new professor of history was walking in on his first day, entering the cafeteria as he did not know many other places in New York. Scared and nervous as he was on his first day, Mr.Shaw didn’t notice the future Mrs.Shaw running to have some of the apple pie she was craving, and in a blink of an eye they both ran into each other and fell to the ground. Perhaps it’s one of those romantic moments read in books or seen in movies, but Mrs.Shaw Swears that the second he touched her hand to help her up, they felt something electric and then 3 years later here they were, with a wonderful son and not a care in the world.

“Aaron, isn’t this a lovely day to be taking little Reñe out for a walk” Mrs.Shaw said in a melodious voice

“ yeah, I must admit, I was skeptical but this is a nice day. Hmm, look at that…” Mr.Shaw stopped half way through to admire their son

Little Reñe (pronounced Ren-yey) began to laugh joyously, reaching out with his hands to grab something that wasn’t there.

“he looks happy doesn’t he? but I do wish you didn’t name him Reñe, Reñe Shaw just doesn’t sound right to me Rania”

“who said he was keeping your last name Aaron sweetie, you forget, back in India, all our names are somewhat unique, I named him Aaron Ahmed Reñe”

“alright, next time we have a child, I’m naming him… or her”

Mrs.Shaw just nodded politely, laughing on the inside, this kid might have broken the mold, there might not be another like him again she thought as they continued on with their walk pushing their stroller through the park and into the miniature zoo.

Mr.Shaw could not shake this uneasy feeling, he kept thinking that this was strange, the weather man is never wrong, and he swore there would be rain here, but it’s as sunny as a summer day. Mr.Shaw couldn’t quite put his finger on it, but this sunshine did not seem natural to him, but can anything truly change the weather itself? Not possible, just some over active thoughts from the heat he thought as they continued to explore the zoo.

Mr.Shaw was always fascinated with animals and from the look on little Reñe’s face it seemed he was too. He wasn’t quite sure why but Mr.Shaw believed the animals knew more than they let on, sometimes he would look at ancient legends and think about how it would be if those great creatures such as dragons and elves were real. He would wonder if the animals know something that people didn’t, every time he’d see a cat staring at blank space or notice a dog howling into the moon, he’d think perhaps, just perhaps they can see something that people can’t. and would spend hours trying to think of what that could be.

“Rania, come here quick” Mr.Shaw Beckoned as he looked at the Lizards exhibit

“look at that Rania, it’s a red-headed rock agma”

“oh wow, that IS pretty”

“do you see the bright orange tail and head and how his body is dark blue, it must be breeding season, maybe we should, ahm, celebrate”

Mrs.Shaw just laughed gently, gave mister shaw a friendly slap on the shoulder and continued to move around until they came to a stop at the primate exhibit.

A strange stubby old man wearing a blue Hawaiian shirt and cargo shorts just stood there staring at the lemurs almost as if he was listening to them talk, but how is that possible? animals can’t talk. When the Shaws got close to the cage, little Reñe began to play around grabbing the air as if he was trying to grab something that kept moving, and just for a split second as Mr.Shaw looked down it appeared as if little Reñe had grabbed a greyish tail with black stripes coming from the old man. Mr.Shaw quickly blinked and scratched his eyes and there was nothing there, but the old man did turn around.

“oh, it is a very beautiful kid you have here, Ho’omaika’i ‘ana, congratulations”

“ahm thank you, mister…” said Mr.Shaw fishing for a name

“Han, Mr.Han, it is very nice to meet you, now tell me, is he your Hiapo?”

The Shaws looked at the man confused, staring at his lace necklace and red rimmed rectangular shades, wondering what Hiapo could possibly mean, but somehow feeling a bit too embarrassed to ask, as if they were expected to understand. Mrs.Shaw pushed back her feelings of embarrassment and asked politely.

“ahm, I’m sorry Mr.Han, what does Hiapo mean”

“oh, Hiapo is first born in Hawaii, is that not where I still am?”

Why would this man think he was in Hawaii, as strange as this seemed, Reñe seemed to like this man greatly, as he just burst open with laughter whenever he saw Mr.Han’s face.

“ahm, no sir, this is New York” mr.Shaw said almost frightened

“ah, New York, that’s a pleasant name, well you Morbees have come far, and from the looks of this young man, I’d say maybe even further than I could imagine. This kid is very special. It seems the rules are changing once again” Mr. Han said as he laughed and walked away

“What a particular little man” said Mrs.Shaw as she confusingly watched him walk away, “ let’s go dear, I’m feeling a little hungry”

“me too sweetie, there is a diner just around the corner with the most amazing cronuts”

As the Shaws walked away, Mr.Han returned to the cage

“Leono Jenkins, come on out, the Morbees are gone” he said

As a particularly well-groomed lemur jumped up from behind the branches and walked up to the edge of the cage

“how didja know old man” said the lemur

“oh Leono, you can’t hide yourself from me even if you were a single strand of hay in a hay field”

“well what do you want old man, cause ahm, I’m busy he’re, you don’t see me struggin roun yo place messin with cho stuff does yeah”

“no, I suppose not young one, but I do have a very specific favor to ask of you, you saw that young couple who just left, I want to know who they are, who they REALLY are”

“yo pops, no worries, I get mah boys righ on dat, ps, stay away from my home got it chensu”

“Leo, I haven’t been a Chensu in almost a century, and you know that. The only difference between you and me right now, is that I am not RUNNING from the tribunal, but very well, contact me when you find out more” said mr.Han as he began to walk away

The leaves on the trees began to fall and fly towards Mr.Han and they slowly circled around him and fell to the ground, but as they fell, Mr.Han had disappeared.

“ptcha old man, always showin off, ev-ven en der no-body round to see it” said leono as he went on back behind his branch.

The next morning Mr.Shaw got up to another normal Monday, put on his best suit and tie and went off to work. Mrs.Shaw was taking a year off to spend some time reading to the baby, something about reading her favorite books to her son gave her pleasure that she could not explain. Perhaps that is parenthood.

As Mr.Shaw walked out into the driveway, he noticed a bird staring right at him, as usual mr.Shaw began to speculate his wild ideas and theories. Perhaps this bird is a spy watching him for information, and is now going to follow him around he thought, laughed it off and began to drive. As he pulled his car from the drive way he took a look on his mirrors hoping to catch the bird one more time but it had disappeared, just laughing at himself for his ridiculous notions he began to drive.

Mr.Shaw pulled up to his parking space and got out of his red mazda 6-Lucille as he would call it. A very comfortable and economic car that made him feel like he was driving a benz, what more can a professor need. As he closed the door and looked up he saw that bird again. At first Mr.Shaw thought he was imagining things, but it was definitely the same bird, he noticed a very unique marking on its left wing, shaped like a cup of some kind, and he was certain that it was the exact same bird from before, after all how many other birds can have such a unique marking.

Mr.Shaw had never paid much mind to his cockamamie ideas and theories, but this time he almost began to believe it

“I must be out of my mind for even considering this” he said to himself as he walked into the campus building for his class

“Thor was thought to be the God of thunder in Norse mythology, and many Vikings even used to wear his hammer as a symbol of their religion when Christians were trying to force them to convert. Now funnily enough Thor was never said to wield the power of thunder but rather that of lightning, and thunder was only a result of him using his hammer to battle,” Mr.Shaw explained to the class

Until a young man Mr.Shaw had never seen before lifted up his hand

“Yes you, young man in the stripped black and white shirt, what’s your name”

“oh yeah, mah frends call me Leo, so yeh, prof, I was wonderin, wha u think of thor like, bro, u think he could be a dude with powah ove lightning energy like, you know bend energy and shiz”

“ahm perhaps, mr.Leo but I’m not at liberty to say, that is a nice theory, and I find your interest in this class appreciative”

At the end of class Mr.Shaw tried to find Leo but could not find him anywhere, however strangely enough, he did see a lemur jumping off the window, what would a lemur be doing here? Perhaps it’s just dehydration, after all it is hot out today he thought.

Mrs.Shaw at this time was enjoying a quiet day at home until her appliances began to rattle and shake, was this an earthquake? But the ground doesn’t seem to be moving. Mrs.Shaw was terrified, but little Reñe didn’t even look worried, almost as if he knew everything was going to be okay. Mrs.Shaw ran outside with the baby in fear but noticed that nothing seemed to be out of the ordinary, other than the cat that was staring at them from the roof, which appeared to have a cup shaped mark on its tail.

Mrs.Shaw decided that maybe she was spending a bit too much time at home and was hallucinating so she decided to go shopping at the local Target.

Mr.Shaw having finished his class decided to stop by his office, but on his way he looked out the window of Janice’s office, his assistant professor, and noticed the same bird again. He knocked and entered the office.

Janice was a young professor in her mid 20s, blonde hair, and born and raised New Yorker. In fact she was an NYU alumni. She was currently in training to be a professor of Mythology and Occultism under Mr.Shaw. She gets a ‘mentor’ and he gets someone to get him coffee in the morning. Atleast thats what Mrs.Shaw always says for jest. But in reality Janice has been monitoring many of Mr.Shaw’s classes and has even taught a few herself, under his supervision of course.

“ahm Janice, that bird, how long has it been there?”

“oh Mr.Shaw, hi, how is the mrs. and the baby, what’s his name again, Reni was it?” she said handing mr.Shaw his morning coffee.

“Reñe , and the bird, how long has it been there?” he said taking the cup

“ahm, I don’t know, I think it just got here, why do you ask?”

“doesn’t matter, Janice, don’t let anyone disturb me, and take my 2 o’clock class will you, I think you’re ready for it”

“wait seriously, I get to take a class, alone??”

“yes, seriously”

“I won’t let you down sir” she said, excitedly as Mr.Shaw raised his cup of joe in approval and walked away to his office in a rush

Mr.shaw could not relax, he was unable to shake this feeling of being watched, but he knew that if he started to believe that birds were truly watching him, then he would be considered certifiably insane. At this point all he could think about was returning home to his loving wife and child, and that was exactly what he was going to do.

“Janice, I’m not feeling well, I’m gonna go home, cover for me for the day” he said as he walked past her office not even waiting for a reply.

When Mr.Shaw got home he noticed Mrs.Shaw parking the second car, a grey volvo. The Shaws could not understand what this weirdness was that they were facing, but they decided that perhaps they just needed a little rest and decided to just stay home and relax for a few days.

Two days went by and all the weird things happening around them appeared to have stopped and life was returning back to normal.

Or so they thought…

Mr.Han was making tea in a small hut by the beach, in what appeared to be Hawaii, but how did he get here?

“yo ol man, I did whatcha asks of me” said a familiar voice from behind Mr.Han, it was the same young man from Mr.Shaw’s classroom

“ah, Leono, welcome to my humble home, tea?”

“nah , nah pops, but ye gots any gogony soda, I miss that from home, that stuff legit homes”

“Gogony soda? Ah, yes, I do have a bottle, hold on, let me get it for you” Mr.Han said as he reached for a bottle of sparkling green beverage in a bottle shaped like a dumbbell

Leono drank the entire soda bottle in one gulp and exclaimed “MAN, I MISSED THAT! morbees make some good shiz, but ain’t notin beatin gorgony soda, know wha im sayin”

“now now leono, simmer down, and tell me what have you found out, are they Paikarvo?”

“nah pops, they morbee through en through, no sign of Legoleas blood in em anywheres, they don’t even know of Teino”

“hmm, as I suspected”

“whatcha talkin bout pops, I just said they ain’t no paikarvo, wha you mean as u suspected? U sayin me n the crew check em out fo no reason”

“ no young one, there is definitely something special about their son, I think he has Silto”

“Silto, the sight? Yo sure pops, Morbees can’t have the sight an you know it, only beings from Teino like the Paikarvo can have it”

“aah, but do you forget, there was the Monk”

“man, you trippin, the monk ain’t real, nowhere does it say he iz, that just story Moaks like you say to make yourselves feel special”

“young one, you too are a Moak, a proud race of primates, and don’t you forget it, and the Monk, he was as real as you and I, and it was our people that first made contact with him when he entered Teino, how else would you explain why almost all of us have some level of morbee blood in our veins?”

“cha I don’t know, but I still say it can’t be done, even IF the monk was real, he had years of training before he got Silto, you sayin this Morbee kid has it from birth?”

“maybe, young Moak, maybe…”

“shi, you talkin bout the prophecy huh, when u gonna stop with that, sprites don’t sing ol man, u were hearin things, even the Bardohs haven’t predicted such a prophecy, and you’re a Poshti, how you gonna say such things”

“you really should have stayed in Terendo, clearly you have much to learn. Yes the Bardohs have better connection to the spirits and are better at knowing the prophecies but anyone with Verla inside them can learn to use it for anything they wish. Whether they are Bardoh, Poshti or Qweshta, and also don’t forget, just as the Paikarvo have Verla inside them, so do the Morbee, infact so do all living AND non-living creatures”

“man, I left Terendo for a reason, it was so ol folks like u don’t keep blabbing like that, but just suppose, suppose you’re right, and this kid has learnt to use his Verla to get the Silto, what does that mean? if I remember right, that song of sprite you been spittin says we gots trouble back in Teino, and I ain’t hear of no such thin back home”

“maybe not, but there HAVE been some isolated incidents that have been considered ‘accidents’, which I am now beginning to doubt. I may not know of all the facts Leono, but I do know one thing. It appears I have now lived so long, I can see whether I was right or wrong. And it would appear he is here, and it is our job to wait untill he finds us.

“man whatchu on about waitin, if yea so sure he’s got Silto, why not take him now”

“young one, knowledge cannot be thrust into you, it must be seeked after, only then will one know its value, so we will wait for him to seek us out, and he will, after all, it is in our nature to seek the truth wherever we may find it”

“man this blows, I’m headin back to NYC” Leono said as he turned back into a lemur to leave “but hey pops, yo always been nice to us runtwus, so if yeah need anythins else, let me know, and pops, be careful alrights, if tins iz going down bad in Teino, then the great Redemption would be number one on the hit-list”

“I understand little one, and I appreciate it, and whatever happens next, one thing is certain, although it could be anyone, I have a strong feeling about this boy, after all the games ARE changing”

# **Chapter 2 : Something out there**

Eighteen years have passed since that fateful day at the zoo, the Shaws have all but forgotten about the incident and have returned to their daily suburban lives, but as the saying goes, the more things change, the more they stay the same.

The sun came up to mark another day, the light crept through the kitchen window reflecting on the sink and spreading all over the room. The light crept past the curtains and into the Shaw’s bedroom and slowly onto Mrs.Shaws face. Mrs.Shaw began to blink slowly and wake up, check the time as she always does and slowly seep out of bed and walk to the bathroom, careful as not to wake up her husband. She always hated the idea of him seeing her before she had a chance to freshen up, although this was just a common insecurity in her own mind.

Mr.Shaw also woke up, opening his eyes half way to catch a glimpse of his wife, he always thought she looked beautiful in the morning but knew she doesn’t like to be seen, so every morning he’d open his eyes halfway and look at her and tried not be noticed. When you’ve been together for 21 years, a few things become routine.

Mrs.shaw freshened up, got ready came out of the bathroom, she tossed her towel at Mr.Shaw and said

“wake up Aaron, it’s your turn to cook today, don’t think you can get away by pretending to be asleep”

“ok, ok, I’m up, I’m up. So what would you like for breakfast?” he said slowly getting closer and closer to his wife, “would you like some of this?” he asked in a sweet voice as he grabbed her hands and kissed her cheek, “or this?” he said as he hugged her from behind

All the while laughing with enjoyment, mrs.Shaw responded jokingly “stop” until she actually stopped and said “ok, seriously stop, we are going to be late for work, and Reñe isn’t even up yet, he is going to be graduating soon and that boy is still sleeping like a log!, I have half a mind to kick him in the tushie”

“relax, sweetie, we still have time, I’ll go get ready and make breakfast, you go get dressed and wake Reñe”

Mr.Shaw headed of into the bathroom to get ready, it doesn’t take him as long as mrs.Shaw and he knew it, all he needed was a 3 minute shower to put on some shampoo and rinse, a few seconds to brush his teeth, and a quick wipe with the towel and done. He got out and noticed Mrs.Shaw was still trying to decide on what outfit to wear

“sweetie, should I go with the red or the black today? I want to wear my new earrings but I also want to wear the black dress and they don’t go together, then again maybe the red dress is better….”

She wasn’t wrong, the earrings were fishhook danglers almost in the style Jumkas with ruby and sapphire studs on them, the black dress was short and formal with white stripes on bottom half and lace neckline, which Mrs.Shaw thought looked formal and elegant but the red dress which was actually crimson orange, but mr.Shaw would never understand that, so she always called it red. The red dress was a cotton Shalwar Kamees with beige lace center line with traditional Indian print as well as a beige bottom border, the Shalwar itself was black cotton, creating a graceful ensemble.

“Well sweetie, I’d say you look good in everything, but I still have the handprint on my cheek from the last time I said that, so I’ll say, go with the red, they make the earrings look better too” he said, as he reached for his clothes, a simple blue shirt, power red tie, black cotton pants and black coat to boot.

“thank you, now shoo, go get breakfast ready while I change” she said pushing him out the door.

Mr.Shaw began to walk downstairs to the kitchen, slowly walking on the wood pattern floors, trying not to wake his son, he has an exam soon, let him get a few extra minutes of sleep he thought. Mr.Shaw doesn’t usually stop to admire his own house, but today he felt like he needed a minute to let it all sink in, he had a beautiful wife, a tenured job, amazing house in the suburbs, and a kid about to graduate high school, what more can a man want he thought as he grabbed the frying pan. The cooking schedule was easy to understand, Mr and Mrs Shaw alternate cooking days, and on Fridays Reñe did the cooking. Yesterday Mrs.Shaw made Dosa for breakfast, which means today Mr.Shaw could enjoy some good old-fashioned baked beans and egg, with sausages on the side.

Reñe was sleeping at this time in his quint little room just beside the kitchen, right past the living room, or as the Shaws liked to call it, the game room. Their living room was filled with games ranging from Monopoly the classical edition all the way to a custom built pc with a giant a monitor. The shaws loved playing games at night, around 8 o’clock no matter how much work they had, everyone would get together and pick a game to play, whether it was Guild Wars two on the pc, or dungeons and dragons sitting around the small coffee table next to the electric fire place.

Normally Reñe likes to sleep in as long as possible, which usually meant until his mom came in with a giant bucket of water and just before she actually tossed it on his head. But today Reñe woke up a little earlier than usual, he took out his dream journal, which he got one day after he started dreaming about another world with dragons and beasts. His dad thought if he wrote all of this stuff down, it might make for a great book someday. Reñe began to write on his journal ‘ “the Morbee is back, he comes here so often I’m starting to wonder if he actually does it on purpose, I hate these shurthas” said the men sitting by the bar. “ Shira Verla Morbee, Morbee Shira Paikarvo, Nerthey Shurthas” said the dragon as he flew by’

“I don’t know why, but these dreams are starting to feel more and more realistic each day” Reñe said to himself, “guess I should stop reading dad’s books on ancient mythology, or better yet, I should stop playing skyrim so much hehehehe” he laughed

Reñe closed his journal, stretched his arms, and sat up on his bed, Reñe knew he was graduating soon and his parents wanted him to go for NYU, so they could be close together , but he didn’t want that for reasons he couldn’t explain. Not that anyone would really listen to the privileged kid. He felt as if he didn’t know who he was and that he had to find himself first, maybe take a few months off and travel a little ,find out what it is that he is missing out there, find out what it is he really wants to do. But there was still time for self-loathing later, now he had to get dressed and head to school, he jumped up out of bed and walked in to the rest room, washed his face, shaved his moustache, which he always hated having on his face, trimmed his beard which he loved to trim and style, and then took a quick shower. Reñe came out dried up, and combed his long curly hair

“darn, its getting a bit too curly again, I guess its almost time get another straightening” he said as he walked towards his closet, first giving a kiss to his poster of Emma Watson.

Reñe’s closet was similar to those you see on old cartoon shows, 10 outfits each one exactly the same as the other, except for some slight minor differences either around the collar or sleeve that only Reñe could spot. He took 5 minutes to decide between his plain black T-shirt with a navy blue color line or his plain black T-shirt with the DARK blue collar line, and finally after deciding navy, he got dressed, wore his EXTRA clean beige pants, and walked out.

“mom, dad, good morning” said Reñe from across the corner of the kitchen

“morning son, come on down for some breakfast”

“oh thanks dad, where’s mom?”

“upstairs, getting changed, what about you boy, excited about graduating”

“yeah dad, I guess”

“so what university have you decided on? National university of Singapore? Hong Kong university of science and technology? Hamburger university? Clown Collage? Or maybe something close to home like, ahm… I don’t know, New York University?

“well that clown college sounds like a fun idea”

“what, you think you can get in with jokes like that? Dream on kid. No seriously, what do you say about NYU?”

“honestly dad, I don’t know… its just…” Reñe was having a few doubts, but he felt it best not to mention it to his parents just yet. He wasn’t sure if they can really help, and besides he has no real reason for feeling what he was feeling anyways. “Its just that, I’m really hungry, and I HATE baked beans dad, mind if we talk about this after I eat some REAL food”

“hahaha, well I wasn’t so found of your new-fangled Japanese curry either, but I ate it didn’t I?, now shush up and eat!” Mr.Shaw remarked in a Jolly tone.

“sure dad” said Reñe as he began to eat his breakfast

Mrs.Shaw walked downstairs slowly, smelled the food and commented in jest “oh dear, baked beans again, are we being punished for something?”

“ha ha ha, lookey hear, a family of comedians , just sit down and eat you two, and if you promise not to make any more jokes about my cooking, I’ll take everyone out for pizza tonight”

Reñe, holding back his laughter said “I’m sorry, I don’t know if I can keep that promise”

It was a happy family moment, the kind seen in tv shows, so perfect in fact, its hard to believe someone can ever want something more, but that’s the way life works, there is always something more out there, and sometimes no matter what the world tells you, you have to find where your destiny truly lies.

After breakfast the Shaws took the Volvo to NYU, and Reñe got in his dad’s old Mazda and started to head for school. As he took his car out, he noticed something, just for a split second, he thought he saw a little girl walking by the middle of the road, with small pigtails and more peculiarly a fox tail, and in a blink of an eye, she was gone…

Thinking it was just a trick of the light or maybe the baked beans he had for breakfast, Reñe continued on with his drive. Reñe couldn’t help but keep thinking about his life, he knew he had no reason to be upset or unsatisfied but he felt as if there was something missing, as if there was a whole world out there just beyond his grasp. He couldn’t explain it, he knew so many people who didnt have it as good as he does, and anyway he looked at it, he should have been the happiest child in the world, but sometimes you just can’t shake these feelings.

While driving Reñe decided to stop by Gregory Park, his favorite diner was there, and he was craving some cronuts to wash down those baked beans he had. He parked his car by the park zoo, and got out, he saw a strange man walking there in an unsettling cloak of dark black and misty red. Reñe being as curious as he was decided to follow this man, the only thing stranger than this man was how people walked right past him without even taking a second look, it was almost as if no one could see him, but he is right there, its not possible, maybe this is a tv stunt, and these people are ignoring him, either way Reñe knew he had to get to the bottom of this.

The strange man stopped by the primate’s exhibit and more specifically the Lemur cage, the man raised his hand and flames poofed right out of them, he started tossing these almost mystic fireballs at the lemurs, and NOW people started to notice, no not the man, just the fire which according to one man running in a panic, just randomly appeared in the cage, can’t they see this man tossing fireballs, wait, that’s not possible either, what’s going on here?

Reñe knew what he had to do, he had been training in martial arts with his mother ever since he was a child, and he knew the right thing to do, but sometimes, Flight is a more natural option than fight, so Reñe ran, ran as fast as he could back towards his car, but not fast enough it seemed, because the man had noticed Reñe looking at him

“HOW CAN YOU SEE ME MORBEE?” he yelled as he began to toss fireballs at Reñe,

Reñe continued to run, trying to zig and zag his way around the crowd, trying not to get hit by the fireballs.

“YOU ARE A PAIKARVO AREN’T YOU, NAME YOUR CLAN!!!!!” he yelled as he tossed one last fireball at Reñe, this time hitting him straight in the back.

Reñe now caught on fire did the one thing he could remember, stop, drop and roll. He managed to put the fire out, but now he was on the ground and looming over him was this large frightening figure in a cloak.

“are you a chensu?” he asked Reñe

who just looked terrified, not knowing what to answer or even how to answer. Up until today, none of this could have been possible, even now he is unsure if this is reality or just a dream.

“wake up Reñe, wake up, wake up, wake up, oh god wake up wake up.” He said to himself, as she slowly crept backwards

“doesn’t matter, I can’t have you returning to the tribunal after seeing me” the stranger said as his hands caught on flame once more

“die die die” the stranger exclaimed as he began to move his hand back and thrust it forward to toss it towards Reñe

Reñe closed his eyes and awaited his ultimate fate,… but nothing happened. Reñe opened one eye slowly and noticed the Strangers hands put out

The stranger stopped, and looked at his unlit hand, and began to look around. “Leono, where are you, you little coward, show yourself”

The stranger began to walk away from Reñe and appeared to be searching for something

Reñe didn’t waste time thinking, he just got up and ran as fast as he could towards his car, got in it and zoomed over towards his school. There is a time and place to be a hero, and this wasn’t it – he thought.

Reñe couldn’t stop thinking about what had happened, this morning he wasn’t sure what he was going to do with his life, he had everything a boy could ask for and still felt as if something was missing, as if he had to find his destiny. People never seem to understand that even those who seem like they have it easy have to work hard to find their true place in life, and Reñe wasn’t sure what his was. Right now all of that seemed like a distant memory, all Reñe could remember was that strange man in a cloak, and the word he said “morbee” the same word Reñe had dreamt about, what could this all mean? Reñe didn’t know what was going on, but he knew one thing, he had to turn around and go back, find the answers for himself, if only he could build up the courage to turn the car around. After all, Reñe said he wanted to know where he belongs, and this maybe the best chance to find his answer.

Reñe put on some battle music to help build his courage, March of the Cambreadth by Alexander James Adams started playing, singing along to the song, Reñe began to turn the car around and return to the park,

*“Axes flash, broadsword swing,  
Shining armour's piercing ring  
Horses run with polished shield,  
Fight Those Bastards till They Yield  
Midnight mare and blood red roan,  
Fight to Keep this Land Your Own  
Sound the horn and call the cry,  
How Many of Them Can We Make Die!”*

Reñe quickly stopped the car at the Zoo parking again and ran inside straight towards the lemur cage, only to find the fire marshals blocking the place.

“please, please, there is nothing to see here, just move along” said a fire marshal with a strong Texan accent

“excuse me sir, what happened” asked Reñe

“we’re not sure kid, it would appear someone decided to toss matches around, either an early morning drunk or a little child, neither of whom should be allowed to play with fire”

“oh, thank you sir” Reñe said as he walked away, he knew what had really happened, but he also knew he could never say a word of this to anyone, but maybe he thought. “what if I was wrong” he said to himself, and started to wonder if the fire marshals explanation could have been true. he decided to forget about this for now, he was already running late for school, besides if there is something out there, he knew he’ll find it soon.

# **Chapter 3 : The Horsemen are coming**

Prior to the event at the zoo, Leono had gone to Hawaii to talk to Mr.Han about some troubling information.

He arrived outside of a simple Hawaiian hut by the beach, there didn’t seem to be any tourist’s in sight, which was strange as this was quite a popular destination, but Leono didn’t have much time to be pondering such trivial matters as he had urgent news for Mr.Han.

He began to knock on the wooden door only to realize it had been damaged as on the first knock the door fell off its hinges. Leono now cautious began to slowly enter the hut. He noticed that most of the paintings around the wall were now on the floor. The drawing of the blue teapot Mr.Han drew and had on top of the fireplace was broken and in pieces, the one drawn of the palm trees hanging opposite to the window was torn right down the middle, even Mr.Hans portrait of himself and his two best friends was not spared. most of the furniture was broken as well, including the bamboo bed and oak coffee table and even Mr.Han’s favourite Tiki Idol which he got as a gift when leaving Teino. The idol which inspired Mr.Han to settle down in Hawaii, there was no way he would allow this idol to be broken. Leono was now frightened, what kind of force could cause so much damage to The Great Redemption himself, he thought to himself as he continued to creep around the hut. He noticed a few scorch marks on the ground and on the ceilings, perhaps a great battle took place here he thought, and he knew he had to get to the bottom of this.

“hey old man!” he yelled, while still frightened that whatever it was that did this might still be around.

“Mr.Han, are you here!?” he said as he heard something fall and crash in the other side of the hut. Leone quickly built up his courage and turned around only to find nothing there except wind blowing from the window and a teapot which was previously unbroken now cracked on the ground “maybe the wind knocked it over, yeah that’s it, it wwas the wwind, nnnothing else, ryteyo Leo, be calm andu smart, I’m sure the ol man just messin withcha, yea, that’s it, heh heh heh” he said to himself while shivering in fear

“yo gramps this aint funny yo, I got important news”, Leono knew this couldn’t have been any joke, the paintings were precious enough to Mr.Han but the Tiki idol was irreplaceable, there was no way this could be a joke, but perhaps thinking the old man was of his rocker is better than the alternative he thought.

Leono slowly walked outside and noticed something extra peculiar.The wind chimes that Mr.Han hangs on his door were missing a pieces. Mr.Han’s wind chimes were specially made, they had 4 large chimes pointing towards North, East, South and West and had multiple little chimes and idols and figurines that Mr.Han found intriguing, including a horse, a dragon, a cat, and a cloak. Leono noticed the North Chime as well as the horse and cloak were missing, while the west chime and dragon both had scratches on it. Leono suddenly knew what had happened, and he now knew he wasn’t alone. “Well old man, play your stupid games if you want, but now I won’t tell you the secret recipe of Wing Tun’s special Ramen anymore,” he said aloud hoping to throw the assailant of his tracks, and he quickly closed his eyes, took a deep breath and disappeared.

Oh look at the time, I think I will take a quick break now and go grab myself a nice cup of coco. Oh right you are still reading aren’t you? I could just stop writing and continue this after I finish having my drink, but you know how the writing quills are. They are a pain to re-start once you stop them, and they just jot down everything I say and sometimes do, but I did warn you, that this would be a personal journal. I really love the coco here, fresh Jeogin chocolates straight from Mount Seyrun, truly delicious. Ok back to what happened, when Leono left Hawaii he knew what had happened. Mr.Han was warning him of an attacker, a Thraco-Dragon person hitting New York. That was where Leono went, and just in time to because the Thraco who mr.Han was warning about was the same one who was about to kill Reñe.

Leono appeared in New York, at Gregory park’s zoo and noticed the man in the cloak about to incinerate Reñe. He quickly lifted up his hand and within a split second formed a bubble of water around the hand, vanquishing the flames before they could be tossed at the boy all the while climbing up a tree in his lemur form. “old man, if you’re here, now would be a good time to show up” he whimpered to himself

The stranger turned around and began to look for Leono “Leono, where are you, you little coward, show yourself” he yelled

“Leono you rat, if you won’t show yourself I’ll just burn this entire place to a crisp” he continued as his hand caught on fire once more and he began to shoot the flames out as if his arms were flame throwers.

In that moment a large wall of water surrounded the man blocking his flames. Leno quickly jumped down from the tree and began to transform into his human form “I can’t let you hurt these people” he said as he stood there almost brave but his feet shaking uncontrollably

“you think YOU can actually stop ME you little runt!?, I will roast you and have barbequed Lemur for lunch!” the man said as his flames grew in viscosity and evaporated the wall around him

“Now, you’re going to tell me where the Redemption is, before I burn you alive”

“ya know, you’re not givin mey much on an incentive ere”

“you’re right, so how about this, tell me where he is and I’ll kill you painlessly, otherwise, I’ll burn small parts of over and over again, making you experience a thousand years of hell within a single hour, as you beg me to let you die”

“ell, that’s incentive for yous, and I’ll tell yes where he is now, et der ain no point en et”

“oh and why is that?”

“because I’m right here!” said a voice from behind the man, as he turns around to find a rather buff looking man with a stripped tail who has shockingly similar features to mr.Han including his iconic Hawaiian shirt and glasses.

“Ah The Great Redemption himse…” the man begins to exclaim prior to being tossed aside by what appeared to be a strong wind.

“Skeyaar Fullhouser if I’m not mistaken!” mr.Han says to the man now barely conscious after being thrust onto the wall leaving large cracks on them as large as ones made from meteors.

“get up!” he continues while lifting the man up almost telekinetically, although particularly enough all the dust and leaves and rocks around the man were also lifted. Mr.Han pushes his hand forward causing the man to be thrust back into the wall. The man struggles to move but is held back by an unseen force.

“Tell me Skeyaar, why have you come here?”

The man responds struggling to utter every word “to kill you”

“Only one of us is dying today, and it isn’t me”

“hehehe, that’s where you’re wrong old man” he says laughing although still barely able to do so

“Crimson stead to me!” he yells as a strange translucent horse appears wearing a black helmet with red borders on it, and rushes towards Mr.Han knocking him to the ground and forcing him to release the man. The man crawls up the horse and rides off, saying “another day Han” as he leaves.

Leono rushes to Mr.Han’s side and slowly lifts him up, “hey Han you okay?”

“Yes, yes I’m fine; the horse just caught me by surprise” Mr. Han replies as he returns to his old stubby form.

The air is filled with the sounds of fire sirens and the streets quickly turn red with trucks rushing in. “It seems the Morbees are as diligent as ever” Mr.Han remarks

“yeah, theyvs gotten pretty fast at this stuff”

The fire fighters rush the park putting out any remaining flames and making certain everyone is brought to safety

One of the fighters approaches Mr.Han and asks “sir, did you see what caused this?”

“Yes sir I did, I saw a lit match being tossed, I’m not sure who tossed them though, it was fairly crowded at the time, could have been a drunk or a child”

“Understood sir, well please come with us so we can care for you” the man said as he guided Mr.Han to the parking lot

Leno turning to Mr. Han whispers, “Han, I don’t know if that kid is the one you were talking about, he ran the second he saw Crimson, he ain’t notin but a coward”

“Leono you are missing the main point here, he SAW Crimson, he clearly has Silto, and look, he may have ran, but he rushed right back, now that shows potential” Mr.Han replied nodding his head towards Reñe’s red mazda which had just parked.

“and besides my young friend, if anything, this proves what I had been saying, there is trouble brewing in Teino, and we need all the help we can get, after all, the horsemen are coming”

# **Chapter 4 : What High School is all about**

Reñe arrives at school minutes before the morning bell, rushing into class “Oh I’m soooo going to be late, professor Baker is going to kill me!, hmm, Reñe why are you late again? Oh I don’t know professor I was attacked by a strange man who was shooting fire out of his arms and burned down the entire park, oh by the way, this could have just been my imagination and the fire could have started by an old drunkard tossing matches. yeah, that works” he said to himself sarcastically and frantically as he ran to his class

Reñe’s school was quite an exquisite one, they had some of the best equipment possible from high end nasa grade telescopes to state of the art laboratories: computer, chemistry and even robotics, but today was not a day of having fun with toys but rather that of his Math final in room 108, a dreary classroom if I have ever seen one.

Reñe ran through the hallway finally arriving outside of Mrs.Baker’s classroom, a loud monotonous voice was heard taking attendance”

“Albeus Dumstore”

“here”

“Jane-Lucas Piekard”

“here”

“Jimmy Kirko”

“Present”

“oh good, she hasn’t said my name yet” Reñe murmured to himself as he snuck a look inside. Professor Baker was at the front of the classroom her head down most of the time reading the list of names on her wooden desk. He saw bags on the floor blocking his way in, and noticed three empty seats. The first seat was the closest, it was in the second row, second column, but there were too many bags on the ground and it wouldn’t be easy to navigate through it. The second had a clear route but was in dead center of the professor’s view and there was no way he could sneak over there. That left the third in the back of the classroom, a somewhat unobscured route he could take. Now all that remained was to wait for her to look down on the list, and he could begin to move, and if he gets lucky her large round spectacle would slip which could buy him a few very valuable seconds to get to his seat.

“Anny Landrunner”

“check”

“Sylvia Sharihan”

“here”

She was getting close to Reñe’s name, he knew he had to move soon

Mrs.Baker looked down and took a second to read the next name on the list because her eyes were feeling slightly blurry and she needed to focus. This was Reñe’s chance, so he began to sneak in, tip toeing through the classroom towards the empty seat. Just before he could reach the chair he heard “Aaron Ahmed Reñe”. He quickly turned around and noticed mrs.Baker slowly lifting her head up, Reñe’s heart began to beat louder and louder, he knew this was it, he was going to be caught sneaking into class, and as sweet as the professor was, she was just as firm and strict and would never allow a tardy student to sit in class even if that meant the student would fail his final and not graduate. Mrs.Baker’s head began to look up and notice Reñe when suddenly there was a large sounding bump on the ground, she quickly turned around to see where the noise came from.

“ok, what was that?” she exclaimed

“oh sorry professor, that was me, I dropped my bag” said a soothing voice from the other end of the classroom, it was a young girl, blue hair and brown eyes with ponytail tied back wearing a white top with black bracelets and black skirt, she was an old friend of Reñe’s, probably the toughest person he knows.

The professor walked over to her “ms.Sharihan will you be more careful” she exclaimed

“I’m sorry professor, It was an accident I swear”

“very well, I’ll let it slip this time, but no more making such noise in my class, not that you lot will be in my class much longer anyways” she said jestingly as she walked back to her desk

“now where was I, ah yes, Aaron Ahmed Reñe!” she waited a second and looked up “Reñe?”

“here I am professor” Reñe replied, thankfully the incident with Sylvia had brought him enough time to get to his seat and sit down

“Reñe, were you always there?”

“of course professor, where else would I be, fighting fire shooting wizards at the park? Hahaha” he replied frantically

“Class was Mr.Reñe here on time?” she asked the class

“well yeah prof, he helped me unpack my bag” said a student

“yeah, we walked in together professor” said another

“he said hi to you this morning prof, don’t you remember” responded a third

“Perhaps you’re right, I guess I’m just a little tired, haven’t had my morning coffee yet after all” she stated before continuing down the list

Reñe breathed a sigh of relief before finally settling down.

“Okay class time for your exams; hope everyone has their number 2 pencils?” the professor stated having finished going through the list, as she got up and grabbed the papers

Reñe scavenged through his bag only to realize he had forgotten his pencil at home, he started frantically looking around the classroom hoping someone would lend him one, and to his good fortune, Sylvia just happened to have brought a spare, which she passed along over to him.

After two hours of grinding, the exam finally ended and the students walked out of the class

“Hey, thanks guys for backing me up,” said Reñe to the students

“hey man, we’ve got your back, after all its us against them right” responded the students laughing

“hey Sylvi, thanks for… everything” he said, as he handed her back her pencil

“keep it, I got it for you, you are STILL such a kid! I swear! I think I’ve seen you show up to class more times without a pencil than with!”

“well, it’s your fault for always having my back. When will I ever learn if you keep bailing me out all the time?”

“well you’re going to uni soon, I won’t be able to help you there, so be careful” she said slowly tearing up

Sylvia was the strongest and toughest person Reñe knew; she lost her father at a young age, and was raised by her mother, she had been working part-time to help pay for her education and is now going to UCLA on a full scholarship, but it was clear to him, that she was scared of being alone there.

“hey, its going to be ok, and you’re not that far of a drive away, we’ll meet up as much as you want, kay?” he said giving her a comforting hug

Mr.Han and Leono at this moment were waiting outside the Lucas high school grounds waiting for Reñe to come out.

“Han thiz iz annoyin, let me go get em” leno said

“that might not be a bad idea, have Kay go in, ask her to transform in front of him”

“Kay, you upfo it?” leono said to a blue jay sitting on the branch above them

“you got it old man” said the bird as she flew towards the school

Kay appeared by an open window and noticed Reñe hugging Sylvia. She flew inside catching Reñe’s eye as he excused himself to see this strange bird that flew inside.

Kay continued to fly into an empty classroom where she transformed into a young woman with indigo hair, stared directly at Reñe who inquired, “Wait, who you are?” to which she winked at him and opened a window and jumped of it.

Reñe now filled with curiosity went after this girl who mysteriously transformed from a bird repeated yelling at her, asking her wait and slow down.

Kay led Reñe into the bushes across the school grounds where he was greeted by mr.Han and Leono

“Greetings Reñe” said mr.Han

Frightened and astonished Reñe took a step back and exclaimed, “Who are you people?”

“I am Mr.Han, this is Leono”

“yo!”

“and that young lady there is Kay”

“heyya”

“ahm, hi-ya… so who are you?” Reñe inquired a little less defensive than before

“who we are is not important, only what we do matters, who we are comes only after that” mr.Han stated confusing Reñe even more

“ok, I’m a little freaked out, here, and I want some answers” Reñe demanded

“and you, you said your name is Leono, that’s the guy the big fire freak was looking for” Reñe realized

“yea, an I’m the one that saved ur sorry self too” Responded Leono

“oh thank you, I think, but I still don’t know who you are”

“hmm, perhaps you don’t or perhaps you do, but if its truly answers you seek then meet me at the zoo tomorrow, I believe you don’t have any classes then.” Said Mr.Han

“yeah, I don’t, but how did you…” the three disappeared before Reñe could finish his enquiry “hey, wait!”

“this is one Fraked up day. I see a guy shoot fire, a bird turn into a girl, a crazy old man who speaks in riddles and what’s worse, everyone keeps disappearing. Why the hell can everyone vanish, is there some magicians convention around that I don’t know about? and now I’m talking to myself, man I MUST be going crazy” He said to himself as he walked towards his car

“hey Reñe wait up” yelled Sylvia

“what happened, you just ran off?” she asked

“Sylv, I don’t even know what to say, come on I’ll give you a ride home”

Sylvia and Reñe both got into the car as Reñe began drive her home before going home himself

“So you going to tell me what’s up, or do I have to beat it out you?”

“sylvi, I’m just trying to figure myself out, in the strangest way possible, and tomorrow I might get a chance to find out a lot of things I never knew, not even sure I want to know”

Reñe came to a halt outside of Sylvia’s house, and as she steps of the car she says “hey, listen, I don’t know whats happening, and if you really can’t tell me that’s ok, but remember, learning about everything that’s out there, having as much information about yourself as possible and figuring out the world, well that’s just what High school is all about, good luck Reñe”

# **Chapter 5 : A Learning Curve**

The next day began like any other. It was Mrs.Shaw’s turn to cook and she made scrambled eggs and toast, just a simple dish, nothing too fancy. This might have been exactly what Reñe needed for after this day nothing in his life may ever be this simple again, for today he was going supposed to meet Mr.Han at the zoo and finally get the answers to questions plaguing his mind all night, perhaps even answers he’s been looking for all his life.

“ma, pa, I’m stepping out for a bit, ciao!”

“ok son, but remember to refuel the car on your way back” yelled mr.Shaw as Reñe ran off with a slice of toast in his hand and a spoonful of eggs in his mouth.

Reñe rushed over to the zoo, a little unnerved about what he was going to find out, but mostly excited. He even had his dream journal with him inside his backpack, perhaps there is a reason why he has been having these dreams, and maybe there is a meaning to those words he heard. Morbee, what could that mean, he thought as he drove over.

When he arrived at the zoo he noticed it was unusually empty today, not a single person in sight, he slowly walked in yelling “Hello, Anyone here, Hellooo!?, Mr.Han?, Leono?”

“n ere” said a voice from inside the lemur cage

Reñe cautiously walked towards the cage “Leono?”

“ye kid, im n ere, hold up, I’m coming out”

A small well-groomed lemur squeezed its way out of the cage and fully transformed into a young man.

“WHAT THE FRAK, YOU’RE A LEMUR, first the bird, now you, what the hell is going on here” Reñe exclaimed in shock

“hold on kid, it ain’t safe to talk here, close your eyes we’re going to Hawaii”

“wait, what?, Hawaii? but how?”

“jus close yo dam eyes and shutz up!”

Reñe closes his eyes “now what do I do? Click my heels three times?”

“yeah, three times, and then maybe do a twirl, or you know, you can open your eyes”

Reñe opened his eyes to find himself transported to the beaches of Hawaii, right next to a busted up old hut. Mr.Han slowly walks out of the hut

“ah, Reñe, you’re here, good, you want some tea?”

“ahm, yeah, tea sounds good, do you have some Oolong, or earl-grey?”

“ah yes, I have both, let me give you a mix”

“actually, do you have some hot coco, oh and by the way, would you mind I don’t know, TELLING ME HOW THE HELL I AM IN HAWAII AND HOW THE HELL YOU KNOW MY FLIPPIN NAME!?!?”

“ Coco it is then, would you like one marshmallow or two?”

“none, but I WOULD like some answers”

“ok, but first you answer me something?”

“Answer you something? I’m pretty sure Mr.Wells my English professor would have a field day with you for that one, hehehe”

Mr.Han hands Reñe the coco in an old tiki head cup, whose own fragrance enhanced that of the coco“ tell me, have you ever wondered if the world you see is all there is to be seen?”

Reñe took the cup from mr.Han “thank you, and I don’t really know what you mean”

“well look out into the sea, tell me what do you see?”

“oh I get it, I saw this in a movie once, you’re going all ancient master on me, I know the answer to this… I see the purity of nature, the fish in harmony, the seas singing to the sands, I see harmony”

“What no! do you see a giant building with a billboard in the middle of the sea?”

Reñe completely confused, “ofcourse not…” takes a sip of coco “oh wow, this is really good” takes a look out the window again, and notices a faint outline of a building with a large billboard on it “holy hell, what’s in that coco?”

“Jeogin chocolates and milk”

“ok, stop messing with me old man, I want some answers now!”

“he is an impatient one isn’t he Leono”

“dat he is han-san dat he is” Leono responds in a cynical tone

“ok you people are crazy, and you’ve clearly drugged me, this all just a hallucination right?, or atleast…. that’s what you want me to think! I’ve seen enough science-fiction to know that you’re trying to make me believe this is a hallucination or a lie, so stop MIBing me and tell me the truth, whats going on here, and also, can I get some more of this delicious coco please?”

“hahaha, sure, I’ll go get you another cup, and to be honest I do not know where to begin explaining young one”

Mr. Han takes the empty cup from Reñe and goes to the kitchen to pour another cup of coco. “I have never met a morbee with silto before, I doubt anyone ever has, atleast not since the monk.”

“ok start with that, whats a Morbee, and also, take a look at this journal of my dreams, I heard that word in my dreams aswell, what does it mean?”

“well a morbee is one without Silto, Silto means the sight”

“yeah that doesn’t really explain anything”

Mr.Han hands Reñe the cup of coco, “ firstly, you said you heard that word before in a dream, is that right”

Reñe takes the cup from mr.Han “yeah, here, read it for yourself”

“I saw a bunch of guys say something to me in my dreams, it was like the Morbee is back, he comes here so often I’m starting to wonder if he actually does it on purpose, I hate these shurthas, and whats weirder, I saw a dragon fly by, and it said…”

Both, Mr.Han and Reñe say this part together, as Mr.Han reads the words with surprise from the journal “Shira Verla Morbee, Morbee Shira Paikarvo, Nerthey Shurthas”

Mr.Han excitedly arises to his feet, “This proves it, you may be the one I have been looking for!”

Reñe confused, enquires “WHAT? When will you start explaining things to me”

“perhaps now, I will start with this, the tale of the monk…” this is the part when Mr.Han finishes telling the ancient legend of the Monk to Reñe, but I guess we can skip that part, you probably already know that right?

I see, well I guess you’re more morbee than Paikarvo at this point aren’t you my young friend, very well why don’t I tell you the legend myself, for in all honesty I do not remember the way Mr.Han told it, but I doubt it is any different to me.

Many millennia ago there lived an ancient monk on top of the mountains, he had Mastered the art of meditation which took him years to do so… you know what, on second thought why I don’t I just put up the entire legend for you to read on the next page, after all that would be easier than me having to say it, also I might make a mistake and end up embarrassing myself… hey don’t write that, hey, stupid quill… arrgh, I wish I could go back and edit this stupid thing, can’t be helped, its all but a learning curve after all.

# **Chapter 6 : The Legend of The Monk**

Hear the tale and open your soul to a world like never before. A tale too real for morbee eyes, one of truth not lies.

Long ago in a hidden temple above the clouds, mountains high, was a great monk whose entire life was dedicated to learning the truth about his world.

Trained to see the energies of life flowing through the universe, he believed the entire world was connected through this energy and everything we know and see is not all there is to know and see.

He kept on training day and night, meditating throughout his life, believing that he could change the laws of the world he knew, and learn the secrets hidden in the lie called truth.

Many moons passed and he continued to meditate, until one fateful day he noticed something strange. He saw a tree in the middle of the temple grounds one he had never seen before. He did not question this vision or even wonder of his sanity, he assumed this was a world he did not know of and now he can finally see.

He stood up slowly and approached this tree, he tried to touch it, but his hand just phased through it, but he refused to accept it. This was not a hallucination, nor was this a dream, he continued to try over and over, failing each time, again and again. Frustrated the monk walked away, he thought he needed a walk, perhaps the town under the mountains could give him enlightenment he thought.

He went down to the town from atop the mountain peak, he saw a young lad stealing an apple. This boy did not hide in the nooks nor in the crannies or corners, he stood not by the shadows or stuck upon the wall, he walked right up to the stall, grabbed an apple, and walked away, he stole in plain sight yet not a soul did see.

The monk puzzled by this incident walked upto the boy in query, but first what’s right must be done and as such he took the boy to pay for his crimes. The monk took the boy back to the vendor and told him of his theft, but paid for the apple that he took and bought him another two to boot and now the boy was free. He then sat next to the boy and asked in confusion “how did you steal that apple without being seen?”

“I know how the vendor behaves and what he sees, and I Became a part of the world he does not” a simple statement with true meaning, one the monk could ponder

The monk laughed and stated, “Such wisdom from one so young, do not do crimes with your gift, for enlightenment is for you to be found”

The monk returned confident, the solution to his obstacle found, he sat back down beside the tree and focused on changing the flow of his energy and becoming a part of its world. He saw and learnt the way it flows, the energy within the tree, and soon he tried to change his own to match it different to same.

Many months it took for this to occur but eventually he felt one, he soon stood up and tried once more and the tree, its touch he could feel. A strange sensation unfamiliar to him, unlike any in this world before, the tree was smooth not rough yet harder than any wood, he knew. He slowly walked around the tree admiring its grace and beauty when he noticed a tiny monkey like creature atop one of its branches. He had never seen such a creature before. It was small with grey skin, and it went after the fruit that grew inside the tree, hidden. “I did not know this tree bore fruit, what a wonderful surprise” the monk exclaimed as he slowly approached the creature, one single step at a time.

The creature now climbed down, stood at the base of the tree, lifted its head and noticed the monk approaching slowly, frightened it guarded itself, its arms shielding its eyes. The monk kneeled down, patted the creature on its head, and rubbed its cheeks. Its fur felt soft and warm to the touch, and perhaps it thought the same, for the creature soon looked up again, and offered its fruit to him. The monk declined knowing the creature was hungry, and it was as if the creature knew. so it climbed back up the tree once more, at this moment the monk felt upset. He thought he had frightened the creature away, but it knew of the monk’s pure intentions and grabbed another fruit, so it can share its food with the him.

“Thank you” he said graciously accepting this gift he knew meant much. As he began to bite into it he realized the fruit was bitter and sour. So much so in fact, his eyes began to tear. The monk wished not to offend the creature but he could not endure the taste and ended up spitting it out. He looked at the creature with apologetic eyes and noticed it was tearing through the fruit until it reached the core, which it then consumed. The monk feeling foolish did the same. He then cautiously took a bite of the core and discovered sweetness unworldly. He sat down next to his new friend and began to enjoy this taste and that was when he heard a laughter so strange and out of place.

“oheheheheheho” laughed a strange voice from up ahead, the monk looked up and noticed an old man-like being who appeared to be a human-like version of his creature friend. “Makto Ziaqu, morbeequ, morbee zia, li zia, morbee ler, morbee shiaraqu, lian morbee, lian shiaraqu” said being to the monk’s confusion.

Although unknown to the monk at the time, the being had wondered how a morbee such as the monk had arrived here on Teino, but knowing he was a friend of the Makto accepted him as a friend as well.

For some strange reason still unknown, the monk knew what the being meant to say. That being was an ancient Moak, but one with no morbee blood. Soon the monk learned the ways of Teino, he learned to speak our words. He learnt of the energy that he could now use, and he trained others from his world to do so as well as trained our own.

That is how our world came to be. our blood is that of the ancient Paikarvo and the people of the monk. those who possessed the silto, the sight to see our world, and learned to use the verla the energy in us all to do great things as never before.

This is the legend of how Teino came to be, never forget that a morbee is why the Paikarvo are what we are today.

# **Chapter 7 : Just Another Extraordinary Day**

So there you have it then, the legend of the monk. Now shall we continue with our tale?

Where did we leave off… ah yes, Mr.Han had just finished telling Reñe the legend of the monk, and his first question was

“ wait, what is a Moak, and Paikarvo?”

“well that is an easy one to answer, me and Leono here would be both”

“what?, please explain”

“well you see, the land of Teino, where we are from is home to a lot of unique and legendary creatures. Some great and powerful ones we call Legolias and their animal descendants we call the Makto. When the Makto evolved, they became humanoid, they were still pureblooded, holding nothing but legolias blood in their veins. Eventually with the arrival of the monk and his followers most of us became humans with legolias blood in us, the descendants of the Makto. There were a lot of different species of Makto and Moak is one descendent from what you morbees would call a monkey. In otherwords, me and Leono are monkey people. As for what a Paikarvo is, well that would be anyone with Silto and the ability to control Verla.

“you and Leono are monkey people? I mean him I get, he is a lemur who looks like a man, but you look just as human as me”

“oh you think so?” Mr.Han says as he begins to transform. Mr.Han begins to grown in height and becomes slender in stature, his muscles begin to tighten as he grows a tail with stripes, hair begins to grow from his wrists to the back of his palm, and he gains ape like sideburns on his face. “this my young friend is my true form” when we are in this world we take on new forms by reflecting the light around us, this human form allows us to blend in with your kind better, but it also constraints our powers, which is a good thing for it keeps us from unwillingly causing damage to this world. As for Leono’s lemur form, most of us can take on the shape of the Makto we are descendent from, it allows us the use of their abilities while keeping our intelligence and powers intact, although Leono uses his to hide in the Lemur exhibit and look at women as they walk by”

“hey ol man, I take offense to dat, I don’t be walkin roun lookin a chicks, I ahm, I also get free food… that may not ave been a good thin to say…” exclaims Leono

“now young one, do you understand?” asks Mr.Han to Reñe

“I think so, but here is a bigger question, why is this happening to me, what makes me so special?”

“Absolutely nothing!”

“ghee thanks” Reñe responds rolling his eyes

“I’m sorry Reñe, but its true. You are not some mystical chosen one, or a being with great power; but you do have the Silto. That is usually a privilege only given to those with Legolias’ blood in their veins: the decedents of the Makto. It is unheard of for a Morbee to be born with such a gift. That being said, all creatures have verla inside of them, and it would seem plausible that something like this would happen, it is the law of averages.”

“So you’re saying I just got lucky?”

“perhaps, perhaps not. A0fter all, you may have been born with silto, but it was your passion for finding more in this world, your desire to discover reality that has brought you to this moment. I had Leono watching over you ever since you were a child, and we were certain you would never become a Paikarvo, but your desire for discovery proved us wrong. Here you stand learning the secrets of Silto, now if you wish I can truly show you the ways of verla. Help you become Paikarvo, but the choice is yours. your Silto IS still weak after all”

“I DO, I mean I want to learn, but do you honestly think I can?”

“hmm, I didn’t. Not until this anyways” Mr.Han picks up Reñe’s journal.

“my dream journal, yes, the dream I had, what does it mean?”

“you see my son, morbees can sometimes enter Teino in a phantom like from while they are dreaming. They are not physically there but they can see the Teino world around them. most of these dream walkers go unnoticed even by us, but some have innately strong control over the Verla inside them, and they are clearly seen by the Paikarvo; we call these ghost travelers Shurthus. It is rare for a shurthu to appear, even rarer for one to appear multiple times. This alone is enough to make me believe in your potential to use your Verla, but it is what the dragon said that truly convinced me. The dragon said you were not a morbee but rather a paikarvo, you can’t have more convincing of an evidence than a Legolias saying you’re one of us now, can you?”

Reñe quickly convinced agreed to study with Mr.Han and learn the ways of Verla

“we will begin after your graduation next week”

“understood, but ahm, how do I get home?”

“just close your eyes, count to 5 and open them”

Reñe closes his eyes and does as instructed, he hears a familiar voice

“Reñe, is that you? I didn’t hear you come in?” said mrs.Shaw

Reñe opened his eyes to find himself sitting on his bed, if not for the cup of coco in his hand, he would have sworn this was a dream “yeah mom, It’s me, hey I need to talk to you and dad for a bit, could you guys come into the kitchen”

“Sure honey, we’ll be right down” replied mrs.Shaw

Reñe walked into the kitchen to talk to his parents

“mom, dad, I’ve been thinking a lot about what I want to do after highschool, and I’m not saying I’m going to skip university, but I feel like I need to do some traveling, and…”

“but son” interrupted mr.Shaw

“dad please, just let me finish” the shaws nodded in agreement “ mom, dad, I am going away next week after graduation. just for a couple of months, and I will join the spring semester. I’m not sure where I will join, but I will, all I know is, I need some time to figure things out a bit, if that’s ok?”

“son, I don’t know how I feel about this, but we have raised you well, and we trust you know whats best for you” mr.Shaw responds

“what, no!, I don’t want my baby going away to god knows where with god know who” mrs.Shaw exclaims

“mom, I’m going with some good friends, people I trust, please, I promise I’ll be ok”

“c’mon honey, he’s not our baby anymore, he is a man, and we should treat him like one. Reñe, you do what you have to do, but get back home to us, safe, you hear me!? SAFE!” stated Mr.Shaw

“yeah dad I promise” replied Reñe as he hugged his parents and returned to his room

As he lied down upon his bed, he said to himself “I guess this is just another extraordinary day”