

# Saycha and the Underworld of Drayne Sectis

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A NOVEL

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## Chapter 1

### The Evare and the Mos

On Hevely hill Saycha Mospet was ascending to the top in the hopes of finding a Fandy bush. The Fandy bush is 4 feet tall on average, and has glowing green flowers on every branch. Its bark is black and you typically smelled it before you saw it, and it smelled terrible. It literally smelled of week old remains of a departed soul.

Saycha Mospet is not much taller than the Fandy bush himself, only a hand or so. He has long curly blonde hair with silver stars braided into the tips. He also has a long red goatee with an emerald stone fashioned at the bottom. The stone pulses every other second and inside it is a blinking blue light. He has on gold rim, lightly tinted red sunglasses with a fist on either side holding the lenses in place. On each one of his eyelids there is the tattoo of an eagle grasping a pheasant.

His eyes are green in color and he is very handsome to look at. His mouth appeared to always be slightly smiling and he has a clef chin. He has broad shoulders, large hands, and feet even for a man much taller. His finger nails are each painted with a different moment of happiness that he had experienced in his life. Around each wrist there is a hand sewn bracelet that was made for him by his brother Jamce and sister Dorama. He is wearing his Palant hide jacket.

The Palant is an animal similar to a woolly mammoth but it has two heads and a face like a lion. They are golden in color and are extremely wise. They are loved by the Beba people like Saycha, but have to be hunted to keep their population under control.

As is Beba fashion he has a jacket with two hand pockets and the crest of Lord Beba (the ruler of the Evare Province). The crest has two Palants and three swords superimposed over the silhouette of Lord Beba and the Torme River. He has on black trousers with thin red stripes and a pair of black leather shoes with red laces.

Hevely hill is a gently sloping hill that is covered with green grass and flowers. It is also dotted with trees, bushes, and a few granite boulders. It is on the outskirts of the Evare province, and is much too far from town for many people to use it for much of anything.

Saycha climbed its slopes and scanned around for a Fandy bush. He wanted the Fandy bush not for its flowers, but for its roots. The roots are extremely delicious to eat and have many medicinal purposes. Saycha wants one because he is tired of potato and pickle soup (which his sister Dorama had taken a liking to making for 4 months straight).

After several hours of climbing and searching Saycha decides to sit and rest under an Amst tree. Amst trees are chalk white and filled with knots. The knots are invariably filled with Onols (which are a squirrel like creature with red fur and white faces). He sat under the Amst tree and took in a breath.

Suddenly he saw a door-which had been covered in grass-swing open and a green skinned man with giant bulging eyes poke his head out and shout, "Get in here, Get in here Now!"

Saycha was shocked at the man's appearance and didn't know what to do. The man waved a shiny silver blade in front of his teeth and said sternly, "Either you're comin' in or I'm comin' out. And if I come out you're getting the blade."

“Ok ok I’m coming in,” said Saycha as he hurried over to the door in the ground. Saycha stood at the door and looked in unsure. The man grabbed him by the feet and pulled him in violently. “Wait,” said Saycha as he struggled in vain.

Inside it was dark with only a single candle lighting the room. There were piles of books and several large chests, as well as a small bed and stove. There was also a dark hallway that ended in blackness.

“Listen to me and listen good!” snarled Mos as he played with his blade. “My name is Mos Harde and I found something down here not too long ago and it’s not of this world! I need you to take it to Fert Anvey, listen! He’ll know what to do with it, take this!” said Mos as he handed Saycha a medallion.

The medallion is blood red and inside of it there is a man running and shouting angrily. Saycha didn’t dare touch it, but when he looked at Mos he knew he had no choice. He grabbed it and felt a jolt go through his system and then his thoughts started to race. He knew something was wrong, but he also knew it made him feel good, strong and powerful. He looked at Mos, then the medallion and put it around his neck.

“How do I find Fert Anvey, where I mean?”

“I don’t care how you find him, but get the bells out of here,” said Mos as he pushed Saycha out of the door then said, “Fert can help you, I can’t. Last I saw of him it was in Marbou, but don’t ever come back here with that or it’s the blade!” said Mos as he slammed the door.

Saycha stood there on Hevely hill and was beside himself. He looked down at the medallion and was terrified at the screaming man inside. He looked away quickly and covered it with his coat. He started running back to his village of Consey. He flew down Hevely hill and tripped and fell on his face at the bottom.

He wasn't hurt, only a scratch on his knee. He jumped up and started sprinting for Consey. He ran faster than he ever had. His knees were pumping like a steam engine, fueled by terror he ran. He scurried across Luvame Bridge and into the center of Consey. It was midday and there was a flurry of activity. Consey was a humble village with a hundred small dark wood huts with grass roofs. There is also a two story town hall also made of dark wood, with four half moon windows, 1 per side. It also has a pair of 4 foot wide square brown doors with the crest of Lord Beba on each.

There are forty or so chickens running wild in the streets, as well as thirty Moso cats. The Moso have the face of a wild boar and the furry body of a cat and are orange and black striped. They have no depth perception and are constantly running into things. They also have the tendency to yawn and make a sound which could only be described as giggling.

The streets in Consey are cobblestone that has been rounded flat and each hut has a cobblestone path leading up to it. The grass and wild flowers went unattended and the streets and paths intersected the tall and ever growing hand of nature. Consey is filled with the smell of nature and baked goods. You'll find a bubble fountain where small children can dive in and be carried up several feet on a cushion of bubbles. The bubbles pop and they would fall to pool of water below or into the long thick grass beside the fountain.

There are also Palant drawn wagons, some of which are 3 stories high and have entire homes inside them. You can fit 30 Beba comfortably inside with all the amenities of home. They have bedrooms, bathrooms, kitchens and even a dancehall in some. The Beba love to dance and sing and they take every opportunity to do so, especially when they travel.

Saycha ran up the path to his home and quickly went inside and yelled, "Jamce, Dorama, Come Quick!"

Jamce came into the room from the kitchen with Dorama right behind. Jamce is half a hand taller than Saycha and has short curly red hair. His eyes are ocean blue and serious looking. His eyebrows are red, thick and curly like his hair. He wears diamond studded earrings in the shape of a hammer in one ear and an open book in the other. This signifies that he believes firmly in hard work and self enrichment. He is clean shaven and has 9 small tattoo's of Palant's doing tasks like pulling wagons, all along his jaw line. Around his neck is a leather necklace with the Beba credo," We'll help you when pride won't let you ask, because this is our task to break bread with the hurt and lonely." On each of his hands are black leather fingerless workman gloves, worn in around the palm. He has on a white button up shirt and a skinny yellow corduroy vest and brown corduroy pants. He also has on black crushed leather shoes with little red bows on the tips.

Dorama is slightly shorter than Saycha and has long wavy strawberry blonde hair with a braided crown on top and a widows peak. She is strikingly average with classic features, large cherry red lips and dark blue eyes. She has a kind face and thoughtful eyes with a nose like a kitten that turned up slightly at the end. Dangling from each of her ears are 2 white orbs with tiny black centers that carried current. She has a very ample bosom and full figure. She also has petite hands and feet. Around her neck is a necklace with four equidistant blood red hearts and glimmering gold and silver hands in between. She is wearing a frilly white lace dress and black slippers and has on a red diamond ring (a gift from her late father).

"What is it, Saycha, are you alright?" asked Jamce as he set down a silver flask.

"I don't know, I was given this medallion and told to go to Marbou and find this Fert Anvey and ask him about it. But I don't know where Marbou is or how to get there and I feel a little sick," said Saycha quickly as he paced back and forth.



“Wait, Wait, slow down what medallion?” asked Dorama.

Saycha stopped pacing and pulled the medallion up from under his shirt and as he did he felt another shock and lost his balance. He fell helplessly onto Dorama.

“Whoa easy, let’s have a look at this thing,” said Jamce as he took the medallion in his hand. Jamce said nervously, “I don’t know what or who that is but it’s trouble. We need to find this Fert Anvey and see if he can help us, but I think you should definitely not be wearing it for the time being.”

Saycha started to remove the medallion and felt a horrible pain all over his body causing him to shriek in pain.

“Maybe I have to do it, give it here,” said Dorama as she grabbed the medallion and as she did Saycha screamed in agony.

“It’s not working just leave it be, Please! Wow that really hurt!” said Saycha loudly as he doubled over in pain.

Jamce and Dorama looked at each other in disbelief. Then Jamce said, “That settles it, we’re going to Marbou and we’re going now. There is no telling how long you can wear that medallion before it’s too late.”

“I’ll pack our things and, Jamce, grab as much food as you can,” said Dorama as she hurried into the bedroom.

“Hold on, Saycha, everything will be fine I promise,” said Jamce warmly as he hugged Saycha and then started packing their belongings.

Saycha’s pain had stopped, but not his worry. He feared the medallion would kill him. He looked at the shouting man and felt uneasy. Who is this man and what was he angry about, he wondered.

“Alright we’re off. The wagon and the Palant should be fresh and ready to go I haven’t used them in a week. I’ve heard of this Marbou, it’s a 4 day ride from here, but we can make it in 3! Saycha don’t worry I’ll get you there,” said Jamce as he put his hands on Saycha’s shoulders.

“I know it, Brother, you won’t let me down,” said Saycha as he embraced Jamce.

Dorama gave Saycha a hug and kissed him on the cheek.

The three of them piled into the wagon and set out for Marbou. It was nearing night fall and the road was lit with fire filled light posts every hundred feet. There was a fog moving in and the way was not clear. Jamce was driving the wagon while Dorama and Saycha were inside alternating paintbrush strokes on a new painting. Dorama thought this might put Saycha at ease and take his mind off the medallion. Unfortunately Saycha couldn’t forget it for more than a second of two and then he was back to worrying.

Jamce was busy worrying as well. He loved his brother and couldn’t bear the thought of losing him, (not after losing both of their parents the previous year to a Canto attack).

Canto looked like wolves only twice the size and had prickly fur like a porcupine. Their teeth are long, jagged, and they are vicious attackers of the Beba out at night.

Their parents had been eaten alive by a pair of Canto as they were returning from the annual Wayhey Arts and Crafts Festival. They had pulled their wagon over to the side of the road because of an amorous urge they both had. And as they were making love the two Canto burst through the door and pounced on them before their father Rodgee could draw his sword. Maryartha tried to run for the kitchen to grab her dagger and whip, but the Canto leapt onto her back just as she reached for the dagger and all was lost.

Jamce replayed that tragic night over and over in his mind as his Palant guided them through the darkness. He looked up at the 6 green Teame moons and he felt uneasy. His eyes darted into

the woods beside the wagon and something was moving rapidly beside them. He reached for his crossbow and as he did a Canto leapt onto the wagon. Jamce was face to face with it, he squeezed the trigger and the arrow caught the Canto in the shoulder. The Canto was stunned, but it lunged at Jamce. He pulled his dagger and sliced into the Canto's throat just as the Canto sunk its teeth into his forearm. Then Jamce sunk his blade into its eye and the Canto fell over. Jamce kicked the Canto's body off the side of the wagon. He coughed and said boldly, "Not tonight, not any night Vile Vermin!"

Jamce went inside the wagon and kept pressure on his wound. He wrapped it in a bandage and grabbed a needle and thread and stitched up the wound himself. After he had he peeked in on Dorama and Saycha and saw that they were fast asleep, he decided not to wake them instead he grabbed a Liple and ate it. Liples are purple in color and square in shape and taste like cinnamon, apples, and blueberries combined. They grew on every other tree in Consey. Jamce decided to grab a few winks himself. The battle with the Canto had worn him out. He wasn't worried about the Palant they would walk endlessly until commanded to stop. They never deviated from the road. Jamce locked all the doors and windows and sat down gingerly in his bed. His forearm was still throbbing in Pain, but soon he was fast asleep.

When he awoke in the morning he felt something was different. He realized that the wagon had stopped. He jumped out of his bed and unlocked the door, grabbed his dagger and went outside. He was shocked to see that there was a roadblock and a group of men checking every wagon. Dorama and Saycha were awoken by the commotion and came outside as well.

## Chapter 2

Respeton Wagers a 26 coin

“What’s happening, Jamce?” asked Dorama as she rubbed her arms to keep warm.

“I’m not sure, best to keep that medallion of yours hid though. Those men at the roadblock aren’t soldiers. So we must be careful with our words,” said Jamce sternly as he turned to Saycha and buttoned up his jacket concealing the medallion.

“Understood, they could be thieves. They don’t look like Cornerme’s men though,” said Saycha.

Cornerme is the local land baron and is notorious for using his men to steal from the Beba. Very few people have ever actually seen him in person or knew where he lives. The Beba fear him nonetheless.

“Possibly, but Cornerme’s men usually strike at night. No...this feels different,” said Jamce as he looked at the men in black robes searching the wagon in front and then he said,” Saycha, why don’t you foot it through the woods and meet us down the road a distance.”

“You’re right, I’ll meet you at the windmill, wish me luck,” said Saycha as he ducked into the woods.

“Luck,” said Dorama quickly.

Saycha walked a hundred feet into the woods and turned to see the men in black robes talking with Jamce and Dorama. The men started searching the wagon.

“What are you looking for?” asked Saycha quietly to himself.

“Look, you’ve got no right to search through our things and not even tell us who you are,” said Dorama boldly.

“Who we are is none of your concern. Who we can be is more trouble than you can stand. So shut that mouth of yours ‘til we’re finished!” said Prines as he squeezed Dorama’s mouth.

Jamce pulled Prines’ hand from Dorama’s face and said sternly, “Watch it.”

Prines smiled smugly and stared at Jamce. Prines has glowing red eyes and large white teeth. His hair is short, jet black, and spiked straight up. His face looks like pure evil. He has a long crooked nose and a scar on his chin. His skin is pale and he is tall and thin. His cheek is pierced and has a yellow diamond pin filling the hole.

“Watch what, Peasant. I could break you over my knee,” said Prines snidely as he walked right up to Jamce then asked angrily, “How would you feel about dropping today? You know your lifeless body dropping into a hole of my choosing.”

Jamce stared at Prines for a second and then blew a quick burst of air into his face, whereby Prines was startled, but then he pushed Jamce’s face back. Jamce pulled his dagger and was instantly surrounded by three men in black robes with swords drawn.

“I wouldn’t try it, Peasant. I’d hate to see this beautiful lady feel such a loss,” said Prines as he ran his finger across Dorama’s chin. Dorama froze for a second, then looked at Jamce who gave her a look that suggested she bite her tongue.

“We found nothing, Lord Prines,” said Coma as he walked out of the wagon and up to Prines.

Coma is pale skinned with spiked and slicked back blonde hair. He is a grown man with the face of a teen-aged boy. He has one green eye and one brown, and also has a sickle tattoo under

his Adams apple. His lips are round and larger than normal. He is slightly shorter than Prines, but had a stockier build (thick through the chest). His hands have large knuckles and his fingernails are seal black.

Prines smiled and said, "Well then, our new friends can continue on their journey. Keep your eyes on these woods friends, there filled with Canto and I'd hate to see you be feasted upon, not so much you though," said Prines as he pointed to Jamce.

Jamce and Dorama boarded their wagon and took off immediately. Jamce glanced back at Prines and then said, "That man is a terror, best to steer clear of him and his men in the future."

"Agreed, he chokes the air with his ego," said Dorama as she put her head on Jamce's shoulder.

"I wonder how Saycha made out?" asked Jamce.

Saycha had worked his way through the woods and wasn't far from the windmill. He started to jog when a Canto jumped out from behind a boulder. Saycha in his hurry to leave had forgotten his blade. He felt sheer terror as the Canto stocked him. The Canto was growling and had froth dripping from its mouth. The Canto lunged at Saycha, and as it went to sink its teeth into his neck the medallion shot a red stream of fire into its face. It completely melted the Canto's head to ash and its body slumped over dead.

"What just happened?" asked Saycha nervously as he looked down at the medallion. The man in the medallion was laughing at him. He started shouting again and waving his fists. Saycha was perplexed by this and then realized he had to keep moving. He sprinted the last 50 yards to the windmill, where Jamce and Dorama were waiting.

"You won't believe what just happened to me," said Saycha as he climbed into the wagon.

“You’ll have to save it we’ve got to get moving. We need to put some space between us and those men,” said Jamce sternly as he helped Saycha into the wagon. Jamce blew his golden whistle twice (this told the Palant to get moving double time). The wagon tore down the road with Jamce at the helm. Inside in the kitchen Dorama could tell that Saycha was troubled so she asked, “What’s bothering you, Saycha?”

“Something happened, something that couldn’t happen and now I think the medallion is cursed,” said Saycha nervously as his hand pulled at his jacket.

“Well I won’t lie to you I’ve had my suspicions. Last night I had a vivid nightmare where the man in the medallion got out and killed Lord Beba and took over Evare,” said Dorama plainly as she brushed back Saycha’s hair.

“Oh, Dorama, that’s terrible, I had that same nightmare last night.”

“You’re kidding.”

“No I’m not, but in mine the man in the medallion killed Lord Beba and...”

“Wait, tell me!” said Dorama as she put her hand on Saycha’s shoulders.

“And then he had all three of us pushed off a mountain cliff. Then I woke up suddenly,” said Saycha quietly.

Dorama put her hand over her mouth and felt shocked at what Saycha had said. The two just stared at each other in terror. Then in came Jamce and he said urgently, “Get your blades we’re being followed.”

“Who does it look like?” asked Saycha.

Jamce searched in the bureau frantically and pulled out his sword and said, “I think it’s those men from before. If they want a fight, we’ll give it to em’, right!”

“Right,” said Saycha as he raised his sword.

Jamce's sword is 4 feet long with a red and yellow handle and has the name Rodgee written on it (it was formerly his father's). Saycha's sword is 4 and a half feet long and has an intricate design on the blade of Movery's stampeding (Movery's are similar to horses as far as their bodies are concerned, but their heads are twice as wide, square, and menacing with large snarling red teeth and vacant yellow eyes. The handle on Saycha's sword is black leather with the word MOMBE written in silk (Mombe is Saycha's childhood friend who passed away when he was 14).

Saycha and Jamce hurried up the stairs to the back of the wagon, while Dorama grabbed her crossbow and whip and made for the front. Saycha peered through the peephole and saw three riders on Movery's wearing flowing black robes. Jamce took a look and said, "It's Prines, let's send em' ah little present."

Jamce and Saycha took a glass bulb filled with kerosene (known as a Tipsa) and lit the fuse and hurled it at Prines. The Tipsa exploded in front of Prines and he and his Movery leapt over the burst of flames. Prines shouted, "Careful Fools, I don't burn easy!" Prines whipped his Movery and then said sternly, "Coma, you go around to the front and take the reins! Wostok, you're with me. We'll see who wants to play."

Prines and Wostok pulled to the right side of the wagon and Prines jumped from his Movery onto the stairs. Wostok pulled alongside and jumped through a window and into the wagon. He was met by Saycha, who sliced at his chest, gnashing him. Wostok tried to cut Saycha's legs, but Saycha jumped over the blade. They blocked each other's swings and sparks flew off the blades.

Back and forth they dueled at torrid speed. Wostok grabbed Saycha's blade with his gloved hand and shot his blade at his throat, but just as the blade touched the skin a green light came out of the medallion and turned Wostok into a mouse. Saycha paused for a moment, smiled, and



crushed the mouse under his boot and said,” That’s twice you’ve saved me. There won’t need be a third.”

While this was happening Jamce and Prines were engaged in a sword fight of their own.

“Is that the best you’ve got, Peasant,” snipped Prines as he blocked Jamce’s volley.

Jamce sliced his thigh and said,” Not even close, Lord Wines!”

Prines grimaced and then came at Jamce viciously with blinding speed. It was all Jamce could do to keep him at bay. Prines kept putting on the pressure and had Jamce on his back. Prines raised his blade and was just about to do Jamce in, when Saycha burst through the doorway and threw a spear at Prines. Prines sliced the spear in half with his sword, then walked over to the edge of the wagon and jumped off the side with a smirk on his face.

On the front of the wagon Coma was just drawing even with Dorama. She saw him and raised her crossbow and taking dead aim. She fired, but Coma caught the arrow in his teeth and bit down on it smashing it in two.

Prines yelled,” Leave that wench for another day. Follow me, Coma.”

Prines shot into the woods and Coma followed after him. They disappeared quickly into the dense forest. Jamce and Saycha joined Dorama on the front of the wagon.

”We all in one piece?” asked Dorama plainly.

“I’m not sure I was before,” Saycha quipped as he smiled.

“Thanks for coming to my aid. That bloke was faster than I thought. I’ll be ready for him next time,” said Jamce as he put his hand on Saycha’s shoulder.

Saycha nodded and said,” I did what I could. You know the man in this medallion’s got a few tricks up his sleeve.”

“Really, what do you mean?” asked Jamce.

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