

**THE BOOKS OF ERIGIEND I**

**VALYRZON  
IN SEARCH OF MALORED**



**MILA J. SAARINEN**

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I

VALYRZON IN SEARCH OF  
MALORED

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TO:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"May I sit here with you?"

"Were not you watching the palace?"

"I already did".

“Alright”.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Have they responded you?”

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

*Dear Intelyon:*

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

*With love, goodbye,  
Niviana and Ragon.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Odeon" Valyrzon corrected.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Meski? Gu eneu?" he asked.

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

The boy looked at Valyrzon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Excuse us, Sir, but we...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, we did."

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

"Agree. Thanks a lot."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What?"

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

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

"Of course, after they heal you."

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

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

"Uath honeshel iunloc teh duor ien ohj stie."

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

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

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

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

“Of course, Smooanwish”, Valyrzon said.

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

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

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

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

King Vaed smiled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Do not worry."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Intelyon read the letter and looked at Valyrzon.

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

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

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

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

"What happens?" Hanzui asked.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

"I did it", she said.

"What did you do?" Valyrzon asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But, what happened?"

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

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