



Chapter 1

Silver Scale

“Humanity awakens slowly. Matter-blinded through the centuries, few men as yet perceive the Mind within the substance, the Life within the form.”

~ Geoffrey Hodson, *The Kingdom of the Gods*

The Forest – 11,000 BCE (16 years before GG)

“There is a darkness that hovers around mankind. Soon it will spread and affect even those of the Moon Clan. Have you not all seen the stories within the tree rings? We must decide at which point we choose to disengage and retreat into the Mists, and leave the humans to themselves.” The flames around his form lurched as Leori voiced his opinion. Golden threads of fiery light twist and wound their way through his hair that was more like a mane. This Faery elder had seen enough.

“Leori, do we really do them a service by deserting them at this crucial time within the Ages?” Seamone wondered aloud. A watery milieu of waveforms moved around her body. Indigo and blue hues gave way to sea foam green rays. She waved her hands through these colors sporadically helping the emotions to flow and not settle.

The slamming of Leori’s staff shook the ground, and was followed by a curt retort: “Do we not do them a great disservice by forcing their hand when there exists so

little willingness? Darkness has all but consumed their hearts and clouded their minds!”

A wind blew from everywhere and nowhere. Vayu was deeply conflicted by the issue. He knew the council had to come to some form of agreement. There greatest strength was in unity. Logic and reason were the gifts of this faery elder of the Air Clan. He moved for clarification, “Is it not now, more than ever, so important that we try to strengthen our alliance? If we continue to stand together perhaps all will not be lost during the Age of Sleep...”

Elysinia spoke now, her tone loving but firm, “Leori is correct in his conjecture that no good ever comes by forcing one’s will upon another, even if the cause be noble. However there are still those who wish to work side by side. Until the day comes when this is not so, I believe we must continue to work together with the humans.”

Visible through the skylight was the starlit sky. The opening rested in the high earthen ceiling above, and was the only connection to the surface in this dome-like subterranean cave. Elysinia’s golden hair gleamed in the starlight. The glow of her skin shone through her silken garment of silver and violet. She turned to Vayu, acknowledging that she’d heard him as well:

“It is also right to understand the importance of our partnership with the humans. Do not forget that our destiny is deeply intertwined with theirs. Although we have grown along different paths we are still connected through our Earthly home, as well as...” before Elysinia could finish her point Rael appeared from the tunnels.

A Faery page who was Elysinia’s right hand in every way, Rael approached respectfully: “Elysinia, forgive my intrusion, but you must come to the East Mound Entrance at once. There is something you are going to want to see.”

Elysinia looked over at the others. The others nodded their understanding. They were a long way away from mutual agreement, but with more time perhaps...

“We shall adjourn the meeting for now. Let us resume the discussion again at the First Quarter Moon.”

Elysinia excused herself from the room that held the large Round Table. Gliding swiftly down the long corridor that led to the outskirts of the kingdom, she knew full well that Rael would not have considered interrupting if something weren't of the utmost importance.

Tall and sparkling was this being, just like all of the Faery Ones. His eyes, a bluish grey with specks of gold, while deeply hypnotic were often cool and distant. Royal blue attire always graced his form, and his demeanor was noble and true. Rael had been working with Elysinia for over 3,000 years. The crystals held him in fascination, and nothing brought him greater joy.

The corridor came to an end offering a myriad of directions in which to proceed. Twists and turns were prevalent and one who did not know these underground tunnels well would consider themselves to be forever lost within a maze of a thousand choices. The tunnels connected to the innermost rooms and were necessary to guard the most precious and sacred treasures.

They did not tarry; Rael and Elysinia took no thought as they made their way around the curling passageways, further and further out of the Earth toward the surface they traveled.

Rael offered no information. Either he had none to give, or he thought better to allow the situation to speak for itself, Elysinia did not know. As they approached the East Mound Entrance, a tiny shriek filled the air. Elysinia's attention was suddenly drawn to a shadowy and pallid form. Held and sheltered within the folds of a mysterious hooded woman's long dark cape, a tiny infant cried out. The woman struggled to maintain her footing, and a faery scout standing nearby moved quickly offering himself as a brace to steady her. Holding the baby with her one arm, the debilitated woman reached out for Elysinia with the other.

Visibly unwell, she attempted to mutter an explanation, "You are She Who Records Time, yes..." the woman managed.

"Yes, I am Elysinia. What brings you here to our borders in such dire straits?"

“You and I are more familiar than you know, although my condition makes me nearly unrecognizable to you or anyone of your kind or another. We have hidden among the shadows for some time. There is no time for explanation, though, for my time is not long now.”

The sickly and feeble woman looked at the baby, “Please. You must help me. Help him. He is the last.”

“The last...?” Elysinia was confused momentarily.

Just as the realization began to dawn the woman spoke again, “Yes, My Lady. He is the last of the Dragon Clan.” As those last words fell from her lips her form began to dissolve. Dispersed as if by wind, she grew ethereal, and flickered in and out of existence.

Understanding the gravity of the situation, the Faery elder uttered, “Wait! What House is he of? How will I properly train him? I must know from which one of the four Houses he hails!”

Coming from all directions, an echo was heard on the wind as it whispered through the trees, “He was born with the Silver Scale.”

Embedded in the center of the baby’s tiny wrist was a tiny silver dragon scale. It gleamed in the light of the moon that hung low and full this night. The mark of the Silver Prince, thought Elysinia. The baby floated in midair. Then by some unseen force, he gently arrived in Elysinia’s arms.

In the place where the woman had stood, a swirling silver white mist filled the air, and something materialized there. Only a few seemed to notice. Rael and Elysinia looked at one another. The baby who had been crying incessantly suddenly became silent, and a tiny sound like a giggle arose from his lips. A glimpse of what appeared to be the silhouette of a Silver Dragon flashed before their eyes. And just as soon as it had emerged, it was gone, as if it were never even there.