

The Warden (The Chronicler's Series Book 1)

Pages: 372

Format: pdf, epub

Language: English

[[DOWNLOAD FULL EBOOK PDF](#)]

The Warden

The Chronicler's Series

Book 1

Matthew Louwers

Copyright © 2017 by Matthew Louwers

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, organizations, places, events, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

ISBN: 9781521276433

For Papa

Prologue

From the desk of the Chronicler

The Fall:

After many cycles of failed attempts at creating the perfect universe, the Makers came together to examine their work. While some civilizations flourished with technology and rapid growth, others turned to war, aggression, and other acts of extreme violence. The Makers were furious at how quickly their creations always brought chaos and destruction into existence.

To counteract these growing dangers in the universe, the Makers elected to create a race of all-powerful beings who would act in their stead as a force for good. For thousands of years, this superior race accomplished the impossible task the Makers had placed before them, and they quickly became known throughout the universe as the Wardens.

However, where unlimited power is concerned, peace is rarely sustained for too long. Many Wardens grew bored with the powers they had been given and, instead, began a journey to seek out the Makers and ask for more.

The voyage across the stars took a nasty toll on many of these Wardens. It twisted and corrupted their minds to the point that, when they finally reached their destination, their lust for power had consumed them.

The Makers, appalled by their creations once again, banished these rogue Wardens and stripped them of their jobs and titles. They were never to return to their homes or speak to any of their friends and families again. The weary travelers, furious at their creators, vowed to one day return and seek their revenge.

However, the Makers were not keen on allowing that to happen, for they had worked too hard to create the peace that had grown amongst the worlds. They reconvened one final time and brought to life the Grand Master, a champion of the Wardens who would possess the powers of all the Wardens combined. The Grand Master would act as the final line of defense should the rogue Wardens ever return.

For many years, the Grand Master's presence frightened the rogue Wardens into hiding, preventing their return. Generations passed and, when the Grand Master grew too old to complete his tasks, a new one would take his place. On and on this cycle went, a shepherd to always watch over his flock.

Evil slowly crept back into the dark corners of the abyss. Whispers spread of a great blackness at

the edge of space. This darkness continued to grow and soon, the rogue Wardens resurfaced, only now they took on a new name, one more befitting of their sinister nature: Ravens.

With a vast number of followers, the Ravens looked to make good on their threat. They returned to Haven, the Warden home world, and silently infiltrated the city.

Only the Grand Master sensed that something was wrong. Fearing for the lives of his people, the Master summoned his Wardens home from every corner of the universe. Many answered the call and arrived within a few days. Little did the Master know that this would ultimately be his downfall.

The Warden outcasts waited patiently for their former brethren to make their triumphant return and defend their world, but many of their old friends had aged poorly from their countless years away from home and would hardly pose a threat to the healthy and powerful Raven army.

On the eve of what would become known as The Great Warden Massacre, the Grand Master attempted to speak to the Makers. He told them of his suspicions and requested their aid in the coming attack, but the Makers were silent and ignored the Master's pleas. The Wardens would be forced to fight this war alone.

That night, the Ravens silently made their opening move throughout the city, slitting the throats of all the defenseless Wardens they could find. The ambush was a bloodbath. As soon as the screaming started, the true battle began. Explosions of magical energy tore through the streets, sending nearby homes up in flames. The ground shook with anger as the skies opened up above and poured torrential rainfall down upon them.

As the battle raged below, the Grand Master struck from his terrace. Bolts of lightning arced from the sky, instantly killing those it struck. He used the rain to quench the fires and did what he could to save his people, but it would not be enough.

The battle seemed to last for ages, and so many had fallen in the struggle that no side could truly claim victory. The Grand Master looked on in horror as the once beautiful and energetic streets of his home were now drenched in the blood of his family and friends. Paralyzed from the shock, he was unable to prevent the remaining Ravens from retreating into the dawn. What remained of Haven was now buried beneath rotting piles of carcasses. Not even the rats wanted anything to do with them.

The Grand Master knew that his time was at an end. Following a few final words to the departed, he gathered the remaining Wardens. He offered them a choice: join him in hiding, or flee and abandon the Warden mantle forever.

Many left the Master that day and were never seen or heard from again. His more loyal followers retreated to a sacred, hidden location, silently awaiting his commands.

But the commands never came. Darkness returned to the universe, and everything that the Makers had worked so hard to protect was destroyed once again.

Or so we thought.

Energy. On this particularly brisk morning the emerald forest, just outside the quaint village of Brimsdale, was filled with it. The long, gnarled branches of the massive white oak trees blew in a synchronized dance with the wind as it gusted through, shaking the morning dew from the leaves and stirring the birds from their slumber. They chirped in excitement, adding their melody to the orchestra of the woods. Small critters exited their homes with vigor, while the nearby river surged as it twisted and turned, flowing into the sapphire waters of the crystal-clear lake deeper in. It was another perfect day for the denizens of the Brimwood.

It was at precisely that moment, as the morning routines of the forest wildlife were just getting underway, that two boys, no older than twenty-five years of age, came storming through the trees. The younger of the two was tall, athletic, but not overly so, and had short, brown hair that barely rose off his head. Specks of dark stubble sprinkled his rough jawline, countering his otherwise soft complexion. His counterpart, however, was much shorter and slightly heavier set, with his long, black hair slicked to the side of his head. His round face was clean shaven but riddled with acne, and his cheeks were flushed, as they always were.

Twigs snapped as the pair burst through the brush, stopping only briefly to catch their breath. The two sported red scrapes up and down both arms, and the shorter boy quickly brushed a few stray leaves from his greasy hair. Either the two were involved in some sort of vigorous exercise routine, or they were running from something.

From deep within the trees the deep, angry roar of a mighty beast pierced the forest's song, sending its inhabitants fleeing in terror back into their dens. The boys took one horrified look at each other and bolted. While the young lads were excellent runners and could navigate the thick vegetation with ease, the creature that had caught their scents was faster and knew the forest better than most. As the boys ran in one direction, the beast took off in another.

"What the hell is it doing?" The tall boy yelled as he shoved a branch out of his face.

"Probably got a good look at that ugly mug of yours and scampered home," the short boy replied jokingly. The two laughed nervously, knowing that the creature was certainly still out there somewhere. "I wouldn't be surprised if we never see-" But the young man couldn't finish his thought because, as if on cue, the giant creature smashed through the trees into the clearing just ahead.

The beast was truly a magnificent sight to behold. Its narrow, wolf-like face and jowl protruded from its husky, bear-shaped torso. Bushy, brown fur blanketed its entire body, and a smooth, whip-like tail dangled from the creature's backside. The sheer size of the beast made it an adversary not to be trifled with, and it towered over the boys as it stood menacingly on its

powerful hind legs.

"Shit!" Cursed the smaller boy as the monster let out another ear-splitting roar, spewing its hot saliva all over them. "Mathias! What do we do?"

"Well, brinwolves are territorial. Maybe, if we stand real still, we can convince it we don't mean it any harm," the boy named Mathias replied, but he didn't seem too sure of his idea.

"But we do mean it harm!"

"Quiet, Alistair!" Shouted Mathias angrily. "Where the hell is Nat?"

The brinwolf was growing tired of the two puny creatures bickering in front of her. She prepared to charge when a flash of light in the corner of her eye caught her attention. Her head turned just in time to see a large stone barreling straight for her face.

The boys' argument was cut short as the brinwolf howled in pain, the sharp rock striking one of her bright, yellow eyes. Frantically, the two searched for the source of the attack, scanning every tree and bush they could find. Finally, their eyes fell upon a shadow, just barely visible against the dark green brush. It was Natalie.

The girl's head was completely shaved and she wore a pair of small, silver rings through the left side of her nose that matched her cloudy, grey eyes. She was just as tall as Mathias and incredibly skinny, and she was faster and smarter than the two boys combined, or so she claimed. Natalie smiled at the boys as they finally saw her standing there, but her victory was short lived. She now had the brinwolf's full attention.

"Get out of here!" The girl yelled as she took off back into the forest. The beast roared and bounded after her, leaving the quarreling boys alone in the clearing.

"Well, you heard the girl," Alistair said dismissively.

"What? You're not actually considering leaving her, are you?" Replied Mathias hastily, appalled that his friend would even suggest such a thing.

"She said to get out of here, and you know we're no match for that thing. She can handle herself, Mat. I'm not dying today!" Alistair retorted angrily, his flushed face growing an even darker shade of red.

"Ali! She's our friend! We aren't just going to leave her." Mathias was fuming. It was becoming much more obvious why their father no longer wanted Alistair to carry on the Warden legacy.

"She'll be fine. I'm out." And with that, Alistair rushed into the jungle and away from the brinwolf and his friends.

Mathias stood there for a moment, completely flabbergasted. Alistair had only been there at Natalie's request, and Mathias suddenly found himself regretting bringing him along.

A chilling scream pierced the boy's thoughts as it reverberated through the forest.

Hold on, Nat! Mathias thought, quickly devising a plan before sprinting back into the forest.

The monster's path was easy to follow. The white trunks of the oak trees were completely

obliterated, and the forest floor was covered in trampled leaves, while large, heavy footprints sank into the mud.

Before he even realized it, Mathias caught up to the brinwolf. The beast stood near an old, gnarled tree, scratching at the bark and roaring into the boughs. Mathias followed the white, twisting trunk up and found Natalie clinging to one of the higher branches. He needed to alert her to the plan before drawing too much of the monster's attention.

High in the treetops, Natalie held on for dear life. The branches grew thinner there and would likely snap at any moment. Fortunately, the brinwolf wasn't making any progress in getting to her, but it wasn't giving up either, and the Makers only knew how long she would be able to hold on to that branch.

"C'mon guys, where are you?" She muttered nervously under her breath as she scanned the forest around her.

Mathias, who has crouched quietly behind a pair of white and yellow bushes, had no idea how he was going to get Natalie's attention, let alone relay the plan to her. So, giving up completely on devising a well thought out plan, he picked up the nearest rock, a jagged piece of black stone that almost seemed like it didn't belong amongst the others scattered about, and hurled it at the beast.

The projectile flew with incredible speed, striking the brinwolf on the side of her face. The creature howled in agony as thick, red drops of blood began to seep from the open wound. She turned to him and growled angrily, her one good eye locking onto his. He now had the brinwolf's full attention.

"Nat!" Mathias yelled as he prepared to run. "Get to The Edge!"

Natalie didn't need any more information than that; she knew the place well. As kids, the two had stumbled upon the narrow, barren cliff completely by accident. The Edge was situated high over the lush valley below, and took on the nickname because, to the two young children, it felt like looking out over the edge of the world.

Natalie understood immediately what Mathias had planned. As the brinwolf bolted after him, she jumped out of the tree and sprinted for the cliff.

Mathias twisted and turned through the forest, the brinwolf just behind him. He pushed through denser areas of vegetation, desperately trying to slow the creature down so that Natalie had enough time to get in place, but he had his doubts that the plan was going to work. The pair had used The Edge several times in the past to throw off pursuers, but the brinwolf seemed smarter than the other denizens of the Brimwood.

The wind whistled loudly as it tore through the trees, and Mathias knew he was nearing the cliff. As he rounded another corner, the creature tight on his heels, he burst out onto the open plateau of The Edge. The dry, cracked ground was brown and dusty, and no trees or other vegetation grew in the dirt around it.

The brinwolf screeched to a stop as it crashed through the opening, growling at the boy as it stepped cautiously out onto The Edge. The chase was finally over.

Mathias crept towards the edge of the cliff and shuffled his feet around in the dirt. He felt the ground shift slightly, as though it was no longer rock beneath his feet. He knew, then, that he had found what he was looking for.

The beast paid no attention to the boy's feet, however. As the brinwolf started to charge, Mathias stomped his foot twice in quick succession and dropped through the ground beneath him. The brinwolf, completely caught off guard as her prey vanished into the ground, was unable to slow herself as she slid over the edge of the cliff and dropped into the valley below.

The trap door had saved Mathias once again.

Several years ago, when hunting of the local wildlife became a chore of theirs, Mathias and Natalie decided that they needed an escape route in case they couldn't outrun their pursuer. They spent months digging out a tunnel at The Edge, constructing a winding staircase from the base of the valley all the way up to the cliff and out into the forest above. The upper entrance was hidden behind a tangled mess of vines and old tree stumps, an area of the forest many of the larger creatures tended to avoid. Once the room at the top had been completely carved out, they built the trap door mechanism that would allow anyone standing on it to fall through, as long as someone beneath the door pulled the lever. It was a team effort to pull the trick off, but it never failed.

Mathias sat there in the dim cave, laughing and rubbing his rear. The fall through the door was never a graceful one.

"Well, that wasn't so bad," laughed a sweaty Natalie as she helped Mathias to his feet.

"I keep telling you we need some pillows down here or something," he replied, wiping the dirt from his beige shorts as he stood. "I wasn't sure if you'd make it here in time."

"Please. I stopped for a cup of tea and took a quick nap until I heard you fumbling around up there," Natalie jested, but she chuckled knowing the day had finally been won. Mathias joined in as they began their descent down the twisting staircase.

"What happened to Ali?" Natalie asked, her concern rising.

"What do you think?" Mathias replied, his temper flaring up immediately. "The moment you told us to 'get out' he bolted." Natalie looked down at the crudely carved stairs, clearly upset that her friend, someone she cared about, had left her there to die. "I tried to stop him, but you know how stubborn he is." He paused for a moment before quietly adding, "I'm sorry."

"It's fine..." she replied, but it wasn't. Mathias had known Natalie far too long to know when things weren't fine. He also knew that pressing the issue would not help matters any, but he did it anyway.

"He's always been like this, Nat. Never able to deal when things get tough." He hated to say it, but Mathias knew Alistair better than anyone, and there was nothing uncharacteristic about his actions.

Natalie came to a stop. She gently rested her hand on Mathias's arm and stared into his dark, cobalt eyes. "He never used to be like this, Mat, and you know it." A single tear dripped slowly down her cheek. Mathias wasn't sure if he should wipe it away or not, so he watched as it crept toward her chin, where it dangled only briefly before dropping to the ground. "Everything changed when Aurilean went back on making him a Warden."

Aurilean was Alistair's father and one of the last Wardens left in the galaxy. He was getting on in years, but that did little to diminish his commanding presence. He stood taller than any resident of Brimsdale and was awfully fond of his twisted, ashen beard, as it was the only hair left on his round, wrinkled head. He was a kind and caring old man, and he was the father Mathias never had.

The circumstances surrounding Mathias's parentage were still a complete mystery to him. He did know that his mother had passed away shortly after giving birth to him, and, with no information regarding his father, Aurilean had taken him in and raised him as his own. Alistair was ecstatic to have a younger brother, and Mathias was happy to be part of the family, so the two got along famously.

Then came the day that Aurilean chose Alistair to be his successor as Warden. The boy was overjoyed and accepted without question. Mathias had never been jealous of the old man's decision. Becoming one of the last Wardens sounded difficult, not to mention incredibly dangerous, and he liked his simple, quiet life the way it was.

However, the days of sneaking off with his brother and getting into trouble were at an end. Alistair spent countless hours each day training with his father, learning what it truly meant to be a Warden. Mathias oftentimes found himself bored without his brother around, so he would discover the location of Alistair's sessions and keep watch from a distance.

The years seemed to race by after that. The more Alistair trained, the harder things got and the angrier he became. He struggled with many of the simple tasks his father placed before him and would grow frustrated, usually ending the session in a fit of rage. Mathias felt sorry for his brother. He knew Alistair always gave it his all, but it oftentimes wasn't enough.

Then everything changed. It was a wet day, the rain having just tapered off after a seven-day downpour and, when Alistair arrived at The Edge for his training, the cliff was covered in sloppy mud and a damp haze hung in the air. He sat cross legged in the muck to begin his routine meditation when a bolt of white lightning struck the rock around him. Alistair screamed as the ground began to crumble away. He desperately tried to jump to safety but missed the ledge and started sliding down the side of the cliff. He roared in pain as he grabbed hold of an old root stuck in the rock. But the ledge above was out of reach, and there was nothing but hard ground far below him. He was undeniably stuck.

Mathias, who had been watching the entire thing from a safe distance, jumped out of the forest to come to his brother's aid. He carried a long rope slung over his shoulder, a tool he would often bring to Alistair's training sessions at The Edge.

"Ali!" Mathias yelled as he hastily flung the rope over the edge of the cliff. "Grab hold!"

Knowing that it was against his father's rules to accept any outside help during his sessions, Alistair quickly did as he was told. With a surge of strength and adrenaline, Mathias pulled his brother up the cliff to safety.

"What are you doing here?" Demanded a powerful voice behind them. Mathias's heart leapt into his chest. In all the commotion, he hadn't seen the old man arrive. "Do I need to repeat the question?" Aurilean's voice was stern, and his black eyes never blinked as they burned with a ferocity the likes of which Mathias had never seen.

"It's my fault, father," confessed Alistair before his brother could respond. "I invited Mathias to come watch and keep an eye on me. Lucky for me he did, or I might've been a splattered mess at

the base of-" but Aurilean held up his hand, silencing his son before he could finish.

"You knowingly accepted an outsider's aid in this test, my son." Aurilean spoke without emotion, his face hard and unreadable. "This test was designed to assess your reaction to an unpredictable event, and you failed." Alistair hung his head in defeat, clenching his fists at his sides. Mathias could see the rage building inside of him.

"Father, I'm sorry," Alistair said through gritted teeth.

"So am I. You have failed me time and time again, Alistair. You are unable to complete some of the most remedial of tasks, and it seems nearly impossible for you to keep your anger in check. It pains me greatly to say it but, as of this moment, you are no longer my successor."

Alistair's world imploded. Everything he had worked so hard for was suddenly crumbling down around him. He raised his eyes to meet his father's. "What did you just say to me?" He asked, his body shaking uncontrollably.

"It's over, Alistair. You have failed nearly every test I've thrown at you, and you sought outside aid when you were strictly instructed not to." Aurilean's face continued to show no sign emotion, but Mathias could see the sadness buried deep within his dark eyes.

"If not me, then who?" It was more of a statement than a question, and Alistair feared he already knew the answer.

"Your brother will take your place." Aurilean looked at Mathias and, for the briefest of moments, the slightest hint of a grin appeared at the corners of the old man's mouth. Mathias suddenly wondered if this is what Aurilean had wanted all along.

"What? I don't want to be a Warden!" Mathias yelled defiantly.

"He's not even your son!" Roared an angry Alistair, his face burning red at his father's betrayal. Mathias felt a sharp pain at his brother's words. How could he say something so hurtful after everything they had been through, especially after he had just saved the boy's life.

"He is as much my son as you are, Alistair, and he is the one who will carry on my legacy when I'm gone." But Alistair wasn't listening to his father anymore. He faced his brother, his olive-green eyes glossy with tears.

"You! You planned this all along!" Accused Alistair as his brother frantically tried to deny it. "This is why you've been following me, so you could steal what is rightfully mine!" Mathias tried to explain that he wanted nothing to do with the Wardens, but Alistair wasn't listening.

"Brother, please! This was never my intention."

"No! As of this moment, we are no longer brothers. I never want to see your face again!" Alistair screamed and stormed off into the trees.

Many days came and went and, after Mathias explained countless times that he had refused to accept Aurilean's decision, the hatred Alistair had for his brother diminished. Unfortunately, the friendship teetered on the brink and was never meant to last. The two fought constantly, and argued about every little thing. Aurilean's choice had crushed Alistair's spirit and destroyed the young, energetic boy Mathias had known for so long.

"Mathias?" Natalie asked, pulling him from the memory.

"I guess I never realized how much that day changed him."

"Everybody changes eventually," Natalie said sadly. "You changed that day too, you know."

"You think?"

"Even though you didn't want to be a Warden, you started acting like one. You stopped getting into trouble and instead, started helping everyone around you. You really grew up that day, I guess. I just don't understand why you don't want the job. You'd be the perfect Warden, you know, even though you're incredibly slow and dimwitted." Mathias smiled at Natalie's attempt at humor but didn't say anything.

He usually tried not to think about being a Warden, but somehow the thought always managed to creep back into his mind. He oftentimes dreamed of soaring through the skies and protecting numerous worlds from corruption and war with other Wardens at his side. Unfortunately, with the dwindling number of Wardens left in the galaxy, those dreams would remain just that. He also knew that he would lose Alistair for good if he decided to take up his father's mantle.

"Just think about it," Natalie continued. "Aurilean wouldn't have chosen you without a good reason." And she had a good point, but Mathias would have to ponder it later because the two had reached the opening at the bottom of the twisting staircase.

They had finally arrived at the valley, the sun burning bright in the sky as the two exited the musty cave into the forest. The brinwolf had taken a nasty fall off The Edge, so the body should have been somewhere nearby.

"There it is!" Natalie yelled excitedly, as she pointed over a pair of bushy, green and gold shrubs.

"That's weird," Mathias replied as he noted the body's location. "How did it get over there?"

As the two closed in on the brinwolf, Natalie jumped back. "It's still alive!"

She was right. The creature was still breathing and looked to be in decent shape. The only injury Mathias seemed to notice was a front leg bent in a way it shouldn't have been.

"Here," said Natalie as she handed Mathias her knife. "You should be the one to kill it."

The young boy took the blade and hesitantly crept toward the beast. She growled at him as he did, but she was powerless to stop him and rested her head on the ground to accept her fate. That's when Mathias noticed the strange flaps of skin drooping from the creature's back.

"The Makers be damned..."

"What is it?" Natalie yelled, not daring to get any closer than she needed to.

"Nat, this thing has wings!" Mathias shouted back to her.

"What?!" She replied, not quite believing what she had just heard. "Brinwolves don't have wings."

"I know that. This isn't a brinwolf." Mathias couldn't explain it, but he knew that the creature was not native to the Brimwood.

"Not a brinwolf? Then what the hell is it?"

"Do I look like an expert on Brimwood wildlife?" Mathias replied jokingly, but Natalie just glared at him. He looked for any other differences, but everything about it suggested that it was a brinwolf. "What are you?" Mathias whispered to the creature. The beast looked up at him and whimpered.

"Mat, if that thing can fly, how did it fall like this?"

The boy had been wondering that very thing. "It looks like she tried to fly, but was caught off guard. The wings must have slowed her descent and carried her here, but she still hit the ground hard, which explains her leg." The creature put its head back on the ground, continuing to whine as the two figured out what happened to her.

"Well, at this rate, it won't be able to do much on its own," explained Natalie. "We should put it out of its misery." But Mathias couldn't do it. This creature could fly! It didn't deserve to meet its end on the ground.

"Nat, throw me my pack," he yelled at his friend.

"Why?"

"Just do it!"

Natalie grabbed the bag of supplies and tossed it. She watched as Mathias fumbled around inside until he pulled out a roll of bandages. "What the hell are you doing?" She asked nervously.

"Get over here, I need you to help me snap her leg back into place."

The expression on Natalie's face shifted from confusion to a look of sheer terror. "You want me to do WHAT? That thing just tried to kill us, and you want to save it?!"

"Yes. Now get your ass over here!"

Grumbling, Natalie cautiously crept over to her friend. The beast glared at her, but allowed her to near as Mathias instructed her to hold the leg very still so he could snap the bent bone back into place. As soon as it happened, the creature howled in pain, but it didn't attack. It seemed to understand what they had just done for her. After it had been set, Mathias took a thick tree branch and wrapped it around the creature's leg. With sensation finally returning to her limb, the mighty beast attempted to stand, growling as pain streaked through her body, but she was strong and fought through it. Finally, the creature stood tall before them once again.

"Now to thank us for all we've done, it's going to eat us," Natalie said depressingly, but the creature didn't eat them. Instead, it looked Mathias dead in the eyes and nodded her head ever so slightly. Mathias was taken aback by the gesture, but part of him also understood it. As she raised her head, she turned to Natalie and roared like she never had before. The songbirds screeched in horror as they quickly abandoned their nests, while Natalie stumbled backwards onto the ground, covered in chunks of fresh meat and sticky drops of saliva. Then the creature made an entirely new sound, something that sounded to Mathias an awful lot like laughter.

"If you tell anyone about this, I'll kill you," Natalie grumbled while Mathias laughed hysterically.

And with that, the monster spread its wings, each one nearly twice as long as Mathias was tall. The brinwolf that wasn't a brinwolf looked at the boy one final time and, with a swift puff of her wings, took off into the sky. Mathias watched her soar away into the sunlight until he couldn't see her anymore.

"I can't believe we just did that. Alistair will never let us hear the end of it, you know," Natalie grumbled in annoyance.

"Yea, but no creature that can soar above the world deserves to meet its death on the ground."

There it was. Mathias had once again proven to Natalie that he was Warden material after all. She smiled at that, knowing it was only a matter of time before the boy learned who he was really meant to be.

"C'mon Nat, let's get out of here." Mathias offered his hand to Natalie and pulled her to her feet. The two then began the long journey back to the village, dreading the inevitable confrontation with Alistair.

Aurilean watched as the ashwolf disappeared over the horizon. The ashwolves were not native to the Brimwood, that part Mathias had gotten right. Instead, the majestic beasts nested in the dark caverns of Mt. Asher. At least they had before the volcano's untimely eruption. Now, only one ashwolf remained. Aurilean had beamed with pride as his son spared the creature's life. For years, Mathias had always done the right thing when faced with a difficult decision, and this time was no different. He had passed another test, and Aurilean was sure that the boy would go on to do great things. Unfortunately, the time for tests was coming to an end.

As Aurelian looked out over the valley, he felt a shift in the winds around him. Everything was about to change and, if Mathias didn't accept his fate, the life and everything he had come to know and love would come to a devastating end.

The walk back to Brimsdale was a quiet one. Mathias continued to ponder the origins of the mysterious flying creature he had rescued, while Natalie worked, albeit unsuccessfully, to get the beast's saliva and bits of food out of her clothes. She considered burning them, but figured a stern washing would do just fine.

Brimsdale was not a very large place. It was situated at the edge of the Brimwood, a great, lush forest that housed all manner of wildlife and acted as a refuge in case the village was ever threatened. Of course, nothing like that ever happened on Talise. Talise was one of the smallest planets in the galaxy, nestled just outside the dark region of space known as Sanctuary. This great, black expanse was completely void of all stars and planets. Even light from the nearby sun refused to pass through it. Many believed that Sanctuary was a gargantuan black hole, while others insisted it was home to a terrible demon that lied in wait for unsuspecting travelers. Because Talise was so close to this dangerous and mysterious abyss, Brimsdale very seldom had visitors.

Alongside being so close to Sanctuary, Talise wasn't the most hospitable of planets. The air was breathable, of course, but thin. In his earlier years, Mathias would often find himself short of breath while hunting or playing. However, like all inhabitants of Talise, he learned to control his breathing and grew accustomed to the conditions. But that wasn't all that made Talise a dangerous place to call home.

When the planet was still young, Mt. Asher, a volcano that was believed to be permanently dormant, erupted in a violent display of dust and lava and annihilated much of the world. Copious amounts of ash and fire blanketed Talise, killing anyone or anything it touched. The destruction was devastating, but a small civilization of white oak carvers managed to survive the blast. However, with their village in ruins, they were forced to set out to find a new one. Surely there must have been somewhere unaffected by the devastation. The carvers walked for nearly a month, trudging through desolate wastelands and losing many of their number along the way before they stumbled, completely by accident, upon the Brimwood. The lush, emerald valley rested at the bottom of a steep cliff, completely untouched by the cataclysm. With their knowledge of the white oak trees that thrived in the valley below, the carvers began to rebuild. After many years, the village of Brimsdale was born and the Brimwood thrived, completely overtaking the cliff and beyond.

Shortly after The Great Warden Massacre, Aurilean crash landed into the Brimwood. He had only heard of Talise through conversation, and he knew it was a dangerous planet to seek shelter, but he had no other options. Wardens across the universe were being hunted down and slaughtered, or worse, enslaved by the Raven Commander. To survive, he would need to start fresh, and thus worked his way into the everyday life of Brimsdale.

The village was nothing more than a small grain of sand compared to the sprawling metropolis on Malador, but it had a very homey feel to it. The houses and buildings were constructed from the white wood of the oak trees, one of the hardest natural materials known to man. The carvers had perfected the art of molding and shaping the wood to fit their needs, and they were some of the

only beings that could.

Brimsdale was a circular town, with a few rings of buildings that wrapped around a magnificent wooden sculpture of a grizzly, bearded man swinging an axe. The outer rings of the town consisted of cozy, single-floor homes, while the inner ring focused more on trade and recreation.

Aurilean was given a small house on the outermost ring of the city, and it was there that he began his life anew. He met and married a lovely young woman who gave birth to a bubbly young Alistair many years later. Unfortunately, she developed an incurable heart condition after the birth and passed away shortly after. Four years would pass before Aurilean would find Mathias and take him in.

Brimsdale was the only home Mathias had ever known. But now, as he trudged along through the winding forest, he dreaded returning to it. He knew he would have to confront Alistair about his actions that morning, and all he could think about was beating his brother's face in.

"So, what are you gonna say to Ali?" As if reading his mind, Natalie finally broke the silence that Mathias had grown comfortable in.

"Not sure I'll say anything," Mathias replied through clenched teeth, the anger revealing itself in his eyes. Natalie immediately regretted her question. She knew Mathias was upset and that he wasn't serious about harming Alistair, but something in those dark blue eyes of his made her unsure.

"Funny. Don't let Aurilean catch you two beating each other to death. He may have let it go when you were little, but you're not kids anymore. He'll disown you both."

"Yea..." He trailed off. Natalie was right, but Mathias wasn't sure he would be able to restrain himself.

The sun crept lower into the sky as Brimsdale finally appeared through the trees. The hustle and bustle of village life was usually music to Mathias's ears, but tonight it sounded more like thunder before an approaching storm.

As Mathias and Natalie broke through the trees at the edge of the Brimwood, they could see that the village was indeed alive with energy. The townsfolk were preparing for some sort of celebration, with tables and chairs set up around an extra-large buffet table. Mathias didn't know what was going on, and he didn't have the time to stay and find out.

After parting ways with Natalie and enduring one final 'don't do anything stupid' lecture, Mathias made his way to the rec hall, Alistair's stomping grounds. The building was filled with a vast assortment of books Aurilean had collected over the years, along with several board games, and a fully stocked snack cupboard. It was common knowledge amongst the townsfolk that Alistair spent nearly every minute of every day loafing about inside the rec hall. Today was no exception.

The rec hall sat just outside the town center, and Mathias had to dodge and weave his way through the hectic crowd to get there. He nearly took out a woman balancing a giant tray of steaming vegetables, and hastily yelled his apologies as he sped off, leaving the woman grumbling in annoyance. He reached the rec hall a few minutes later and, with a deep breath, pushed through the tall, wooden door.

Sure enough, his brother was slouched in a large red armchair in the far corner of the room, his muddy boots resting on the table in front of him. He held a book in front of his face, so he didn't

see Mathias come in. Instead, Alistair yelled without looking up, "Try to keep it down, will ya? Just gettin' to the best part."

Mathias didn't reply, his anger already rising at his brother's complete disrespect. He strode across the room to where the boy was sitting and, just as he got close, Alistair looked up over the top of his book. His eyes grew wide as Mathias slapped the book out of his hands, sending it flying across the room.

The only other occupant of the rec hall was a little girl, no older than twelve years old, who screamed as the leather-bound projectile landed beside her. She bolted from the hall at lightning speed, no doubt running to find somebody to tell, but Mathias didn't care. It was just him and Alistair now.

"What the f-" Alistair started but Mathias never let him finish. No sooner had the book left the boy's hands when Mathias swung in with his right fist. The blow hit Alistair square in the jaw, sending him rolling over the side of the chair.

"What the hell?" Alistair sprang to his feet, his hands now prepared to block any further strikes from his brother. Mathias was breathing hard, his knuckles stinging from the blow. However, judging from the sudden discoloration in Alistair's face, his brother was hurting more.

"Don't play stupid with me, Ali," Mathias started as his brother stood dumbly in front of him, one hand rubbing his jaw. "Your only two friends in the world almost died today, and you don't seem to give a rat's ass!"

"Is that what this is about?" Alistair asked with a callous chuckle "I'm not sitting through another drawn out lecture from you tonight, man."

Mathias stood there fuming as his brother turned away to go after his book.

"LOOK AT ME!" Mathias roared, his voice echoing throughout the great room. Alistair turned slowly, and looked angrily up at his brother. Small scrapes and dried bits of blood adorned Mathias's puffy, red cheeks, a result of running through the trees all day. His eyes were slightly squinted, and his breathing was heavy and fast. Alistair had never seen his brother so enraged.

"What are you gonna do?" Alistair asked, knowing full well that a brawl was not something his brother was willing to risk. Aurilean had made the two swear off fighting after one unfortunate day that put both boys under medical care for a week. He had threatened the pair with banishment if they ever behaved in such a way again.

"I just want to talk," Mathias began, trying incredibly hard to keep his composure.

"Is that what you call talking? Well, go ahead, keep the conversation going!" Alistair edged closer, just inside arm's reach. Mathias knew the boy was just egging him on, hoping he would do something he would regret.

"I'm not here to fight you, brother. I'm here to try and understand why you abandoned us out there."

"Because Natalie's a better hunter than both of us. She could have handled it herself."

"No, Ali, she couldn't have. If I wouldn't have gone after her, she'd be dead, and it would be your fault!"

"Well, it's a damn good thing Warden Mathias was there to save the day."

"The Makers be damned. Ali, you need to let that shit go!" said Mathias, although he had a sneaking suspicion he was wasting his breath.

"Let it go? Are you fucking kidding me?" Alistair was growing scarier by the second. They had finally arrived at the real reason for their disagreement, and things were going to snowball if it wasn't resolved quickly. "You seriously think I can just let something like that go? You betrayed me, asshole!"

"Ali, how many times do I have to tell you? I never asked to be a Warden." Mathias was tired of repeating it.

"I don't fucking care!" Alistair replied. The discussion was rapidly turning into a shouting competition and soon, even with preparations going on outside, the villagers would start to hear them.

"Then you know what, Ali? Be mad at Aurilean! He's the one that called you a failure. He's the one that told you that you weren't ready!"

Alistair's nostrils flared. His brother had a point, and he didn't like it.

"I'm sorry that it happened this way, brother, I truly am."

"Big words for someone who gets to inherit MY birthright. You're not even my actual brother! You're not our blood!" Mathias didn't think the same words could hurt as much the second time around, but he was wrong. He turned away from his brother as a tear formed in his eye. He refused to let Alistair see him show emotion or the whole fight would be over.

"What's done is done, Alistair," Mathias said as he faced the door to the rec hall, wiping away any evidence of the tear. Then he swiveled back to face his brother. "I can't change the past. I can only do my best to work towards the future."

"A future without me. You're not my brother and you never will be." Alistair stormed past and gave Mathias a hard shove with his shoulder.

"We got it, you know," Mathias said, his voice returning to a normal volume.

"Got what?" Alistair replied, his back still turned towards Mathias, but his curiosity piqued.

"The brinwolf. Although it wasn't really a brinwolf. It was something else that-"

"Bull shit. Where is it?" Alistair interrupted as he faced his brother, a sly grin spread across his face that said he didn't believe a word of it.

"We let it go."

"Ha!" Alistair laughed as he rolled his eyes. "You're even dumber than I thought." The boy turned back towards the door and started walking again.

"Do you want to know why?" Mathias asked, hoping his brother would take the bait.

"No."

But Mathias ignored his brother's remark and said, "Because it didn't deserve to die."

Alistair stopped again.

"Sure, we invaded its territory with the sole purpose of tracking it down and killing it. But, as it laid there in the valley at the bottom of the cliff, its leg broken and hope gone, I realized that the creature wasn't angry at me for attacking her. Instead, she was upset at herself for not being smart or fast enough to avoid getting herself into that situation in the first place." Mathias had come to that conclusion on the walk back, but he hadn't realized until now just how relevant it was. "Ali, you're not mad at me. You're not mad at your father. You're only mad at yourself, and you're taking it out on everyone around you, on people that love you." As the words settled, Mathias prepared to go in for the kill. "Brother, you need to show the same restraint I did today, and let this whole Warden thing go."

Alistair stood in silence, staring down at the ground. His brother was right. He had beaten himself up for far too long for not being strong or smart enough to be a Warden. Sure, he hated that his father had chosen his adopted brother over him but, when it came down to it, it was Alistair's own fault.

"Ali?" Mathias asked as he rested a hand on his brother's shoulder.

"Don't touch me!" Alistair snapped as he shrugged off the hand. His brother had weakened his defenses, making him vulnerable and emotional, and Alistair didn't like it. As quickly as it had come down, Alistair put his wall right back up and faced his brother one final time.

"Ali, I'm just trying to make this right," Mathias said, truly sympathetic to his brother's resentment.

"If that's true, then you would never have tried to take what was mine in the first place!"

Mathias had said all that he could. His brother was hopelessly lost in his anger and frustration of his past failures.

"Don't you DARE turn your back on me while I'm talking to you!" Alistair roared as Mathias turned to leave. Things were spiraling out of control and, just as Natalie had predicted, one of them was about to do something incredibly stupid. Alistair grabbed Mathias by the shoulder and whirled him around. Then, without warning, he threw his fist at his brother's face. The attack was thrown with such ferocity that, had it connected, Mathias would have been under medical supervision for a week. Fortunately, the door to the rec hall blasted open followed by a massive burst of wind that rush in and embraced the two quarrelling brothers, pulling them apart and sending them flying in opposite directions.

Mathias landed hard, but quickly sat up, rubbing the spot on his head that had slammed into edge of the wooden table behind him. Meanwhile, Alistair had already jumped to his feet, preparing to make another attack. He stopped dead, however, when a bolt of lightning lit up the dark silhouette now present in the doorway.

Aurilean had arrived. As the menacing thunder clap boomed around them, rattling the very foundation of building, the powerful man stepped into the room.

"That. Is. ENOUGH!" Aurilean bellowed, pausing briefly between each word, his voice echoing off the walls as he demanded his sons' attention.

"Nothing happened!" Alistair instantly yelled in defense. He knew he was in trouble and was already working out a way to avoid being punished. Mathias, however, knew there was no chance of that happening, so he kept his mouth shut.

"You lie about as well as you hunt, Alistair," Aurilean jabbed at his son. Mathias was forced to choke back a laugh as Alistair dropped his gaze to the floor, completely humiliated and at his father's mercy.

"Stand." Aurilean addressed Mathias now, his tone not nearly as harsh. The boy quickly came to his feet and stood next to his brother.

"You two might have been under the impression that this conversation of yours was private. It will surprise you, then, to know that the entire village could hear your juvenile bickering." Aurilean glared at them, his black eyes hard and angry. "Explain yourselves."

Alistair glanced at Mathias, unsure of what to tell his father. He had a sneaking suspicion his brother was about to rat him out, and Alistair was not going to have that.

"It's my fault, father," Mathias began, speaking up before Alistair even had a chance. "I was so furious with Ali that I had to confront him and tell him how I was feeling."

Alistair was dumbfounded. After all the hateful things he had just said to his brother, Mathias was still taking the blame. *

In a galaxy ravaged by war and ruled over by a power-hungry overseer, the once proud race of Wardens has all but been destroyed. Far outside the reaches of the conflict, Mathias lives a quiet, peaceful life. That is, until he is thrust into a stone-cold world of lies and betrayal. Forced to assume the Warden mantle, Mathias embarks on an epic journey across the stars. However, the darkness is relentless, and it will stop at nothing to claim Mathias's power and put an end to the Wardens once and for all.

Emissary Cache lvl - This is a pretty epic novel that covers the first 1/3 of Kvothe's life and is the first in a it's time to start speculating on which fantasy book series might pick up the TV. bard who joined the Grey Wardens at fifteen to survive the Blight sickness. So Chronicler would have plenty of chances to go to the University at around his Emissary Cache lvl - Cache of War Resources Item Level 1 Binds to Battle. It rotates between the various 5 zone factions, the Wardens, and Kirin Tor.. as ilevel or simply lvl) is a rather important property of every item. txt) or read book online for free. Rewards for in-progress emissary quests may reroll or update when Season 2 begins; the K Return Of Kings Wiki - unterschreibter.de - NOTES TO THE CHRONICLES. 43 PAGE 2. Col. 1. Line 32. The nature of this exemption from visitation will appear in page 24. Castle-Acre, West-Acre, and South-Acre in Norfolk,

are all described in Domesday-book under the title Acra. The accounts of the wardens of the abbey are preserved in the great roll of the pipe Famous Execution Pictures - The Warden (The Chronicles of Barsetshire) by Anthony Trollope at AbeBooks.co.uk - ISBN 1. The Warden. Trollope, Anthony. Published by Penguin Classics (2016) Book Description Penguin Classics, 2016. that have made him among the supreme chroniclers of the minutiae of Victorian England.re The Warden (The Chronicler's Series, Band 1): Amazon.de - The Warden The Chronicler Series Matthew Louwers Books Series The Chronicler's Series (Book 1); Paperback 370 pages; Publisher From the Brink of the Apocalypse: Confronting Famine, War, - So Chronicler could be 10 years older than Kvothe, be 25ish when he wrote about the Duration: 54 Kvothe'nin Hikayesi #1- "Medeniyetin DÃ¶rt KÃ¶Ã¼yesi" Evrenini. The book battle starts off a little shaky, but The Age of Miracles lack of good. The third book in The Kingkiller Chronicles, which will feature the third and final Elizabeth Woodville Children - Clip: Season 3 Episode 342 The Warden (Audiobook) by Anthony Trollope - The Warden (The Chronicler's Series) by Louwers, Matthew. SPONSORED. Good: A book that has been read but is in good condition. Very minimal damage The Warden (The Chronicles of Barsetshire Book 1) (English - The Warden (The Chronicler's Series) by Matthew Louwers. Click here for the Click on this books subject categories to see related titles:. Documents of the Assembly of the State of New York - The Warden (The Chronicler's Series) by Matthew Louwers. Click here for the Click on this books subject categories to see related titles:. The Warden (Chronicles of Barsetshire #1) by Anthony - The first of Trollope's popular Barsetshire novels, set in the fictional cathedral town of Barchester, The Warden centers on the honorable cleric...

Relevant Books

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Meditation: How to Relieve Stress by Connecting Your Body, Mind and Soul (Mindfulness, Meditation for Beginners) free online

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Whispers in the Canvas pdf online

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Download Free The Dissociation of Abigail :A Psychodynamic and Behavioral Assessment including Traumatic Incident Reduction (TIR) (Metapsychology Monographs Book 6)

[DOWNLOAD]

- Book Beauty Shops China: Product Revenues in China epub, pdf

[DOWNLOAD] - Ebook International Disability Law: A Practical Approach to the United Nations Convention on the Rights of Persons with Disabilities pdf, epub
