

**ARE THERE NO MORE...**



# **DRAGON WARRIORS?**

**we could use them now**

**JAMES LEE NATHAN III**

# Are there no more Dragon Warriors?

The battle against evil resumes and the training of the Last Dragon Warrior begins

James lee Nathan III

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*This book is dedicated to the loves of my life and my inspiration.  
My children and my brother Latif Ali who inspires me to great  
things. Dragon Warriors is a series of tales wrapped around true  
historical characters. People whose exploits and acts of heroism  
have escaped our history books, but none-the-less exemplify two  
none truths: "Where there is light there is hope, and there is always  
hope." Zion Rivers*

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# Saladin

In the spring of 1178, fresh from a contrived alliance with the “Hashshashin” Saladin celebrates victory over the Templar’s at Hama by killing all of his prisoners of war. He spares the life of a captured Hashshashin from execution, as he represents a separate and threatening off shoot of the Hashshashins known only as the “Dragon Warriors”. When captured it is standard policy to question the captives to learn of their numbers and whereabouts. The Dragon Warriors strike fear in the hearts of their combatants not because of their numbers, but because of their stealth and strategies. They tell the population how to withstand the Moslem forces; they organize and teach them in ways of combat and resistance. This cannot be allowed to continue. Saladin himself will question this captive closely.

“Ibrahim, we have cut off three toes, two fingers, and half of your ear. We have broken your ribs and your nose and still you state that you are the last of the Dragon Warriors?. This cannot be” Saladin looks over the tortured body, and raises his head to the light. “Hmmm he is unconscious, very well. Let him sleep, if he is alive in 3 more hours, wake him up and continue the torturing” Saladin headed out of the tent but paused at its opening and looked back as to give one last order. “He is not the last; there is always one Dragon Warrior”

Saladin walked over to his tent situated at the heart of the camp. He spoke to his chief of the guard and had him place guards around his tent and to place chalk all around it. This would alert the guards to any intruder if one would be so insane to try to come this way. Then he adjourned for the evening. The guards stood watch around the clock in anticipation of an attack or much worse an assassination attempt. Meanwhile, Ibrahim regained his composure

and consciousness.

“Ahhh the lone dragon awakes. My orders are to continue your torturing as soon as you awoke, and now that you are I can follow my orders” so said the man named Hassan. Little did he know that these would be his last words in this life. Ibrahim raised his head as if to receive another blow, and waited patiently as Hassan lined up his punch. The burly man leaned into the jab, unawares as Ibrahim knelt crouched and swept his legs from up under him. He leaped up immediately and came down terrifically fast with a knee to the throat.

The man named Hassan was no more. Sometime during the night, Saladin’s guards noticed a spark glowing down the hill of Masyaf and then vanishing among the Ayyubid tents. Quickly, Saladin awoke from his sleep to find a figure leaving the tent. He then saw broken lamps and beside his bed laid hot scones of the shape peculiar to the Hasashins with a note at the top pinned by a poisoned dagger. The note threatened that he would be killed if he didn’t withdraw from his assault. Saladin gave a loud cry, exclaiming that Rashid ad-Din Sinan (the leader of the Hasashins) himself was the figure that left the tent. As such, Saladin told his guards to settle an agreement with Sinan, and to release the dragon warrior.

His head of security tripled his guard and took a small contingent to free Ibrahim. When they arrived at the tent they found both perimeter guards’ throats slashed and Hassan lay dead in a pool of his own blood. His head and neck smashed. Hassan was only recognizable by his peculiar red sandals still on his feet. The head of the guards, Muhammad, wasted no time in sorting out this chaos, and getting back to his lord Saladin.

He looked around the tent for clues that would show just how many assailants were in their midst. He noticed a table had fallen and a bowl of dates lay toppled. He knelt near them and grabbed a few to nibble on as he pondered this scene.

“One man did this, but how could one in so much pain inflict so much retribution? He stood up and quickly barked out orders. In years to come he would know of such abilities as stealth, strength, and cunning within one being.

“You men cover up these bodies and prep them for burial. The rest of you see if there is a trail to track but do not capture him. Our lord said to free him; he is free, for we need to make sure this sparrow shows us where their encampments are. This way If Allah wishes, we will know their whereabouts once and for all.” Muhammad spun on a dime and briskly left the tent, heading back to his lord to report.

Ibrahim hobbled out of the tent and out into the darkness. His years of training and something else, made him at home in this element. Dusk, when the human eye seeks to transition between the warm and inviting hues of light, to the primeval fear of darkness. Ibrahim paused and waited. He waited for something to occur within his being that only a few on this planet could manifest. His eyes fluttered as he blinked once twice and then there it was. He could see clearly in the dark.

He could still see all the sun irradiated objects emitting the remnants of the sun’s residual luminance. He saw clearly when others needed torches, and this exceptional advantage would prove quite handy in his present physical state. He eluded capture for hours as he swiftly zig- zagged between Saladin’s forces. The desert was pitch-black, only the lights from torches or campfires were visible. Yet Ibrahim was still able to evade them, and made every attempt to confuse and frustrate their pursuits when possible.

After 3 hours the futile search was given up. Ibrahim watched as the last of his pursuers turned around and headed back to their camp. Once again he paused and slowed his breathing. His mind became fluid and part of the night. He continued in this state for a few minutes then suddenly his eyes opened wide, exposing his now enlarged cornea. He stood up slightly and began to jog off to the south in an even gate.



Picking up his pace ever so slightly and then he was in full run. He ran this way over a dune and down a path. His legs bounded faster as his arms churned in the night air. He was running toward something that only he could see. Not more than 100 yards in front of him were three riders and a single stallion in the middle. He drew closer to them, 60, 40, and then 30 yards. He could taste the sand from their hooves as it hit his face. Just then two riders swooped in from the west. Each rider grabbed an arm and lifted Ibrahim up as they drew near the riderless horse. They all continued in full gallop and disappeared into the night.

Back at Saladin's main camp, the caliph was adapting to the present circumstances that have befallen him and his army. He did not want an extra threat harassing him from within. No he deduced that it would be ever so much better in the Lebanon. "Mohammad, spread the word. We break camp in two hours right before sunrise" he turned and faced to the North West. Towards the valley that ran right up into the mountains.

"I Saladin, Caliph, and Allah's General curse you Old man, Old man in the mountain. I will leave you and your dragon warriors for now. But heed my words, as sure as Allah is the one true God, me nor my descendants will never stop hunting your kind. We will hunt you, find you, and kill you. Kill you all."

Then he turned and looked to see that his troops were busy at hand breaking down the camp. Within two hours all of his host would have withdrawn, heading to the Lebanon. His tumultuous and somewhat personal vendetta against this hybrid arm of the Hashashins, came at great cost. He had successfully diminished their numbers down dramatically, but there was always rumor of more, many more still alive and plotting against him.

The riders rode into the mountain encampment of the Dragon Warriors and took Ibrahim to the infirmary where the healers tended to his injuries. He would forever be disfigured and walk with a noticeable limp. That is when he was seen. For now he

laid stretched out on a cot of pillows. His body covered in white linen. He lied there letting his mind and consciousness ebb out of its mortal confines.

Gradually he moved from this earthly dimension and out into the universe. He felt as if he were going home, going to a familiar place long forgotten.

“Awaken my son. I have need of your counsel and I also have a task for you”. So spoke the old man in the mountain, leader of the Hashashin, grand master of the dragon warriors, Rashid Sinan.