

THE gloomy sky was locked behind dark water filled clouds. Ifuge bat's loomed playfully in and out THE SHADES OF THICK WATER FILLED clouds. THEIR wing's giving off a heavy whizzing sound EVERYTIME THEY FLAPPED THEM.

BELOW THEM WAS THE huge jagged peaks OF THE NOUGRAD MOUNTAINS. THE PEAKS OF BONES some called THE SNOW TIPPED TOP'S. IT WAS A LOVELY NAME, DO TO THE MESSY BONES YOU CAN FIND FROM SO MANY OTHER DEAD THINGS THAT ONCE SERVED AS MEALS.

THEN THERE WAS A VALLEY THAT WAS THE HOME FOR A HUGE CASSOL AND MASTER PEACE OF THE NOUGRAD KINGDOM. WHICH WAS HOME TO THE PURE BLOOD VAMPIRES. IT WAS CASSOL PELT, NAMED AFTER ITS AGELESS KING OF SO MANY CENTURIES. HE HAD CONCERNED SO MUCH IN HIS RISE TO POWER. HE HAD ALL THAT ANY OTHER KING WOULD THRUST FOR. HIS UNMATCHED WIFE'S BEAUTY, WHICH ONLY A ANGEL COULD AND HAVE COMPARED TOO. THE FATHER OF TWO BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS, AND THREE HANDSOME WARRIOR SON'S. WHICH LEFT HIM WITH FIVE CHILDREN FROM HIS WIFE GAIL. THEN THERE WAS HIS CASTAWAY SON XERXES.

HE STOOD ON HIS BALCONY LOOKING OUT AT THE PART OF FOREVER FOREST HEARD ALL HIS KINGDOM WITNESS THE DEPARTURE OF XERXES.

THE WHISTLING OF THE AIR PLAYED IN HIS EARS. HIS WHITE EYES MATCHED THE GRAYES WHITESMITH THAT HE WEAR PULLED BACK INTO A LEATHER STRAP. THAT ALLOWED HIS TRAIL TO HANG DOWN HIS BACK. HIS BOLD FEATHERS AND SMALL FAT NOSE COMPLIMENTED HIS FULL LIPS AND SQUER JAW.

HE WAS A HUGE FIGURE. HE STOOD A EZY 6-8 FEET TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY POUNDS. YES HE WAS BUILT UP FOR HIS CENTURIES OF LIVING, FIGHTING, AND RULLING THE LAND. NOW LESS OF THE FIGHTER HE ONCE WAS. HE WAS NOW RICH WITH THE BEST BLACK MAGIC ONE COULD ASK FOR. EVERY PIECE OF GARMENT HE WEAR ON A DAILY BASES. ALL HIS ATTIRE WAS WOVEN WITH THE SILVER, GOLD, BLACK, RED, AND MANY OTHER COLOURS OF MAGICAL THREAD MADE FROM THE WORK SHOPS OF THE BLIND APOSTLES.

UNFOLDING HIS ARMS HE LET HIS JEWELLED HANDS REST ON THE CONCRETE RAIL WHILE HE BRACED HIMSELF ON IT. HIS THOUGHTS WONDERING ON WHATS THE IMPUT ON HIS YOUNG ONES PROGRESS.

"YOU SEEM DOWN FATHER." HIS MIDDLE SON SAID BEFOR STANDING NEXT TO THE BIGGER MAN. HE FELT THE RUSH AND CLOSED HIS EYES WHILE ENJOYING THE OF WIND.

"NEVER THAT." VAN PELT'S DEEP VOICE SEEM TO BOOM OUT AT A PERSON WHEN TALKING TO THEM. IT WAS DEEP AND VERY LOUD, JUST LIKE A KING LION. HE DID NOT EVEN BOWSHER TO LOOK AROUND AND GIVE HIS SON RECOGNITION. BECAUSE THE LEATHER STRAP THAT WAS AROUND

his long hair gave off signs of warning. Then a quick vision of the approach movement.

"Then what is your thoughts?" He asked opening his gray eyes. His coffee cream complexion and low trimmed hair. He favored his mother a lot more than his father. He was a true womanizer like his father. Who womanizing ways led to his one son out of wedlock.

"The time of the prophecy has come upon us." Van Pelt began revealing what every one should already know. "The land is fighting, but what would the kingdom be without their jewel's??"

"So you think he will succeed in his mission?" The younger man spat the words out his mouth as if he had bit into something disgusting. On his handsome features showed the hate he held for his half brother.

At that remark, Van Pelt turned his white coded eyes on his son. He could hear movement coming from inside. He brushed the thought away, knowing it was the ladies cleaning the room's. His eyes glided to his son's eyes. Van Pelt read his heart, then quickly his thoughts. More magic that came from one of the jewel's in his crown. Which was his reward after killing a vicious dragon on one of his many accomplish missions at a younger time.

"Nothing," he said with an approving smile, that revealed his nicely kept teeth. "You Cocuzzo share a fearlessness far greater than the others, and your combat is great." He paused as if something had clouded his thoughts.

"Do I smell doubt in this speech father?" The now posted narrow eyed Cocuzzo asked. Because just like the others, they had all been moving Xerxes rise through the jewel down in its chamber.

"No, but do you feel it?"

Cocuzzo turned his head just in time to see a fleet of dragons flying east. He left his left arm at the sound of one of the huge bat's closing in on something. With a quick flick of his wrist the brace around it quickly pumped a small razor sharp dagger in his hand. Before he could even get a good aim. He flung the dagger. It whistled through the air. But the keenness of the bat while in hunter mode, only was quickly detected in the creature's motion sensors. Alarming him with ease, the creature moved out of the way. Only to let the dagger sail by harmless.

Angur came over his facial features. It showed how unhappy he was of his performs. Just as quick, he moved his wrist which quickly pumped a reloaded dagger in his hand. That was a twin to the first one. With Angur he let it fly only to come with

ANOTHER MISS.

SICK OF HIS SON'S POOR PERFORMANCES, VAN PELT LOOSED HIS JEWELLED RIGHT HAND. ONCE LEVELLED WITH THE BAT, HE CAUSED IT TO FREEZE IN MID FLAP. HE BALLED UP HIS HAND INTO A BIG FIST. HE BLOW A BREATH OF AIR, WHILE AT THE SAME TIME OPENING HIS HAND. NOTHING, THEN LIKE A CANNON HAD HIT IT. THE BAT EXPLODED IN MID AIR.

COCUZZO JERKED BACK FROM HIS EDGY REFLEXES INSTINCT. PIECES OF THE BAT FLOATED DOWN TO THE FLOOR OF THE VALLEY.

"I could..."

VAN PELT BASED HIS HAND TO SILENTS HIS SON. "IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE WHAT YOU COULD HAVE DONE, COULD COST YOU YOUR LIFE COCUZZO. MAKE NO BATTLE WHAT YOU COULD HAVE DONE, FOR THERE IS NO ROOM FOR MISTAKES, WE STILL CAN BE KILLED WITH THE RIGHT STAKE STUCK THROUGH YOUR HEART.

COCUZZO WANTED TO PROVE TO HIS FATHER, YET HE KNEW VAN PELT HAD JUST GIVEN HIM A LESSON THAT COULD ONE DAY SAVE HIS LIFE.

"Yes Father," HE ANSWERED UP WITH A SIGN OF DISAPPOINTMENT IN HIS TONE.

"YOU ARE A GREAT WARRIOR," VAN PELT EXCLAIM, KNOWING THAT HIS SON'S POOR EXAMPLE OF KNOWLEDGE AND ACTION CAUSED HIM TO LOOK A FOOL. YET THIS WAS ONLY A PIECE OF WHY VAN PELT KNEW HIS BEST WARRIOR OUT OF HIS SON'S, STOOD AT A BAD RATE OF 000'S IN BATTLE WITH XERXES. THIS WAS ALL BECAUSE OF HIM

"Yeah?" THE STATEMENT PURE OF SURPRISEMENT THEN A QUESTION. IT CAUSED HIS CHEST TO SWELL WITH PRIDE. HE WAS ALWAYS THE ONE ABOVE THE REST KNEW TO RECEIVE A COMPLIMENT FROM THE ALMIGHTY VAN PELT, WAS VERY UNLIKELY UNLESS YOU WERE GOOD.

"Yes." HIS BIG VOICE FILLED THE NOISE MADE BY THE HOVERING BATS AND STROG HOWLING WIND'S.

COCUZZO SHOOK HIS HEAD, "BUT I WILL TRAIN MORE IN THE COURT YARDS UNTILL MY SKILLS ARE UNMATCHABLE."

"No." VAN PELT SPOKE UP. HIS EYES SKANNING THE TOP'S OF TREES THAT MADE UP A SMALL PORTION OF THE HUGE DEADLY FORREST. SO MANY DEATH'S FROM IT, BUT STILL IT HAD TURNED INTO HIS SON'S HUNTING GROUND AND HOME.

"IN ORDER TO BEAT THE BEST, YOU MUST GO CONQUER THE BEST IN THE LAND OVER A DUELS TILL DEATH." VAN PELT EXPANDED TO HIS YOUNG WARRIOR, WHICH HE COULD HEAR THE INCREASE OF HIS SON'S HEART PUMPING FROM THE EXCITEMENT OF THE TEAM CONQUER.

"WHAT ARE YOU EXPLAINNING TO ME MY KING?"

"IT IS TIME." VAN PELT BEGAIN. "YOU WILL TAKE UP A SMALL BAND. THAT WILL

acompany you on your journey. IN WHICH you are to build your Legacy. THIS will PREPARE you so you can INTERFERE WITH THE prophecy." THE voice WAS SO STRONG AN CALM, THAT IT CAUSED OTHERS TO hold THEIR GROUP AND RESPECT HIS DAWNTOWER.

"How CAN I DO THIS?"

SilENTS TOOK FARM BETWEEN THE TWO FOR A SHORT MOMENT. VanPelt WAS Looking at Lighting FLASHING FAR OFF IN THE AREA OF SOUTH GHANEA. "NOW," ALSO WAS THE QUESTION EVERYONE WISHED TO KNOW. FORE EVEN THE GREAT blind WITCHES SAID THAT NOTHING will be able to stop his MIXED SONS REASON.

"I don't know." His TONE Low. "But we must OR become SERVENTS IN THE FUTURE, SO I put THIS ON your great SHOULDERS. You may be the younges OF OUR home, but your COMBAT SKILL'S HAS given your age a timelessness. MAKING you THE ALONELY ONE COMPETABLE ONE FOR XERXES." Explained KNOWING THAT his words were a DRIVING FLOW OF WATER OVER THE PLANTED SEED He placed in Him SO LONG ago. Now it WAS FORCING ITS SELF TO OVER COME AND SHOW ITS GREATNESS.

Cocuzzo bowed his head READY and willing FOR his CHANCE TO SHOW his greatness. "THANK you FATHER AND MY KING."

"TAKE THIS." VanPelt WENT INTO his RICHLY FABBRIC ROBES. THEY WERE SO MAGICAL TILL he could MAKE THEM MOVE WITH OUT USING his hands. ONE WAS THE ROBBE OF ARMER, AND NOTHING could CUT OR STABB INTO, NOTHING.

He pulled out a SMALL SILVER FLUT THAT HUNG ON A LONG CHAIN THAT WAS ALSO STERLING SILVER. He put IT OVER COCUZZO head ONLY FORE IT TO REST ON HIS NECK. IT HUNG JUST UNDER his MUSCULAR CHEST.

"A GIFT?" He ASK Looking DOWN AT THE FLUT. THATS WHEN He NOTICE TO CARVINGS ON IT. WHICH WERE OF A HORES THAT HAD RUBIES FOR ITS EYES.

"No." VanPelt exclaiming before he TURNED TO WALK AWAY. "Only AN COMPANION THAT WILL NEVER LEAVE your SIDE. BEFOR you Leave be SURE TO STOP BY THE HOME OF THE blind ONES. FOR they will give you TOOLS my SON, AND NEVER AGAIN DISRESPECT me. FORE THE ONLY GIFT I EVER GAVE TO ANY OF you WAS MY ROYAL LINE. ALL OTHER THINGS ARE TOOLS." He turned pulling his head. WITH THE BLINK OF AN EYE he became a all black JAGUAR. THEN playFULLY RAN IN THE DOOR JUST AS THE beautiful Gail WAS coming OUT SIDE.

"WHAT!" she yeped moving TO THE SIDE SO THE JAG would NOT BOTNER her.

COCUZZO TURNED AWAY Looking at the FLUT. He had NEVER SEEN IT BEFOR, but his FATHER had many magical TOOLS. THAT NO ONE HAVE SEEN BEFOR. ALL He had

5.

RECEIVED OVER PAST VICTORIES THROUGH OUT THE CENTURIES.

"Cocuzzo," His MOTHER exclaimed one upon him. "Your Father who...?" SHE Froze IN MID SENTENTS.

"Where did you get this?" SHE asked taking THE FLUT FROM his hand. SHE could NOT believe THAT THE OLD FLUT WAS STILL AROUND.

"Father!" He spoke up answering her UNFENISH question.

HER eyes WIDEN IN SURPRISE. FOR SHE Remembered WHEN IT WAS AWARDED TO VANFELT SO SO Long ago. Disappointment curved her FEATERS. How Fast time had PASTED. He WAS A WARRIOR, NOW.

"Oh how Fast the time has PASTED," SHE said pushing THE EVIL THOUGHT OUT HER MIND. THEN SHE Ran her FINGERS THROUGH his SHORT HAIR.

"Bring me THE HEAD OF XERXES..."



THE FIVE POINT CRYSTAL STAR SAT ALONE THE highest peak OF THE Celestial City Cassol. IT WAS BEAUTIFUL LIKE ANYOTHER PART OF THIS City OF Angel's.

IN THE COURT YARDS, SIDE STREETS, GARTENS, AND HALL'S OF THIS GREAT CITY, WAS FILLED WITH MOVEMENT OF THOSE WHO LIVED IN THIS Kingdom. THE sight OF A smiling Face WAS NORMAL everyday SCENES. THE JOY OF singing, LAUGHTER, AND horse play FILLED THE EARS OF EVERYONE.

NOT A sign OF EVIL WAS A SPEAK AMONGS THE GOOD FOLKS. THE FRESH COOKING FROM THE BAKERIES AND SOUND OF FRESH blood IN THE butcher shops. SO many up AN great Feeling people moved along SWEET Scented STREETS speaking AND GREETING one ANOTHER WITH A smiles.

THE YOUTH Ran AROUND playing games OR CHASING THEIR SMALL Pet's THAT Ran FACE IN THIS Kingdom THERE WAS NO NEED FOR supervision because all Lived UNDER THE Spell CAsED FROM THE Jewel. WHICH hand many more power know one Fully understood.

IN THE AREAS yard, Loud cheering could be heard FROM THE THOUSANDS OF yelling FANS. WHO SAT IN THE STAND enjoying THE ENTERTAINING SPORT OF BATTLE to THE DEATH.

AT THAT VERY MOMENT ONE OF THE GLADIATOR WAS DOING A SPENDING ROUND Kick. His steale stailless, THAT COVERED HIS hole Foot. To CRASH INTO THE jaw OF HIS bigger Foe.

"Ah h." THE bigger OF THE TWO WAS Knocked OFF balence AND blood Ran FROM his MOUTH. THE quicker quick move CHANGED THE Fights hole momentum UND THE FANS RAISED TO THEIR FEET WITH Loud cheer FOR ITS Kingdom greates WARRIOR.

He Landed Looking back over his SHOULDER while at the same. TOken WORKING his uglyneakly designed SWORDS. THE Light FROM THE STARS REFLECTION OFF THEM helping To blind

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6.

His foe,

The sky blue eyes showed no pity for his foe. He crazed in not wishing to be out played by the much stronger barbarian.

"Pick up your weapon," the light voice that seem like a whisper said coming from the blonde haired warrior. He narrowed his eyes hopping the big man w.

"No!" the barbarian said now gaining back his focus. He turned facing the blonde headed man. He inhaled then let the air out. "Sparkling darks." He yelled and the horns that stuck out his armour flew out like a porcupine.

Blue eyes had seen spikes pull this same move before. But he tried this day on the wrong person. He dropped to one knee and let his wings cover him with protecting almost unbreakable.

He turned his hand over only to see his dear friend and companion snapped on the bottom of the ring.

"Sky be my forces." He yelled putting his hands together. His wings folded behind him. He quickly, with all his strength flung out his hands. Only for them to stop in the form of the head of his beloved Peguses-unacron. It came out horn down rushing like a bolt of lightning

when it went through the barbarian's body. It was like hot steel cutting through butter. Driving like a greal the horn dug through ^{the} armour and busted out the back of the huge man taking its full form in a all out running on behind the dead foe of its master. The barbarian was still as if a statue, but then blood ran out his mouth. The his eyes rolled in the back of his head before his unliving carcass fell in the sand. This caused the people in the crowd rise in a loud standing ovation.

"Indeed he has grown into a great fighter." the winking voice of the full gray main and ghost white skin wizard spoke up. He was very impressed at Rex. He even at times admired a lot of his peers he would never harm them, but no one emerged him growing in such a great weaponsman.

"Yes, he has." the soft sweet heart melting voice of the Queen Ashanti strained the air, while they watched the takers removed the dead weight of human meat.

"You mother should be glad of this one you drew from the water so long ago." Claudius the commander of the surfus bound angels army and personal trainer of the Queen's adopted son Rex.

She smiled revealing her neat teeth her eyes of whiteness just like all the others. Yet sky had left her with all her instrument for he knew she had been tricked by the great VanPelt. Since all was by force unlike the others who chose their condemnation.

7.

IN THE Jeweled Realm,

Her long silver strands of hair hanging down pasted her ankles. Beautiful it was, but very dead it could be.

"I am very proud of my son." she exclaimed waving at him as he moved off the arena sand canyons down into the preparation chambers to clean himself and relieve his body from the enchanted war gear.

"Why would a mother throw such a wonderful gift like that to the land?" One of the high priestesses spoke up eyes glued to the open chamber door. Where moments ago Rex had departed. Still he looked as if the young warrior was soon to come back out at any moment.

"What did you just say?" Arron spoke up for the now astonished group who were just looking at the priestesses.

"No I..." He turned around only to fall speechless. For the disappointing looks on every ones face, was enough to tell him the mood he had put everyone in after that comment.

"Sorry." He spoke up not meaning to cause hurt to anyone in this circle.

"One day," Arron only shook his head.

"Arron!" The Queen scolded him. He only smiled innocently. For how could one hold such a angry feeling under the eyes of such a beautiful creation. Arron bowed his head and stood down.

"It wasn't, or I should say I didn't mean..." He was quickly waved to silent's by the Queen her self this time.

At that moment a human size wolf ran into the area. The crowd once again prepared with cheer. The big wolf stopped and as it heard the cheer, it let out a loud howl. This seem to bring silents through out the hole place. It looked around knowing that it truely had everyones attention.

Then came the loud sounds of hoofs beating against the ground. Once out of the chamber and into the coliseum came a bone figure riding a ball of fire. Over its head he swung his ball of spikes from his morning star.

Everything was happening so quick. Till the wolf did not really have time to do anything but jump out the line of fire. Before it could turn around once it had made it out the way. The fleshless being seem to smile, but no one could tell, because it had no lips only the skellaten given smile it was made with.

The spiky ball chain it stended as the spikes drove into the wolf's skin. This caused the beast to cry out in pain. Yanking his ball back the heat rider turned his ball of fire toward the what seemed to be wounded animal.

By: Da P
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Just as Fast The wolf shook it self into focus. Just in time to see the rushing fire ball. He came up into a quick rush as if planning to go head on with the forces coming his way. This caused all eyes in the crowd to widen. Shock in them, while their mouth hang open lost at words they watched. Hearts pumping thoughts of confusion running in their minds.

"Is it mad?" The Queen watched in disbelief. The remark that had her attention earlier was no where were her thoughts now, as she watched on.

The wolf leaped once. It felt it had enough force and only a few feet away from its rushing foe. In mid-air it turned into a big hairy black ball. Just in time to crash into the front of the skellington with both of their momentoms coming together. The fleshless one was knocked free of its ride only to crash on the canest.

The once wolf had become a big black silver back gorilla. He rose up on two feet and beat its chest before releasing a loud roar. The crowd once again rose to its feet with louder cheer's at the move which had been made.

"Did you just witnessed that?" The Queen asked not believing her eyes. At that very moment down on the floor the huge gorilla moved in on its victom very slow. To be continued.

THE LEGACY
BEGAINS
By: DA PRINCE

SORRY THIS EPISODE WAS LATE, BUT ITS HERE AND ALL THE FANS I'VE GAINED I HOPPED YOU'VE ENJOYED THIS AS YOU NOW BEGAIN TO SEE MORE FIGURS THAT'S ALSO ON A MISSION Love ya
DA PRINCE