

## Episode 1 Season 1

The hall of the Salavene Church lit up at the first rays of dawn.

Trelok walked down the marble aisle between rows of benches used to seat the worshippers who gathered daily to hear his mesmerizing voice. The light-brown benches reflected the sun's light in an amber color, graced also by the stained orange glass which stood tall on either side of the hall, positioned at the end of each bench.

Making his way to the podium, Trelok gazed his eyes upon the Book of Salavene, a book he wrote to practice his religion. The book's cover was made out of rare, fine gold leather he manufactured himself, but told no one how. Woven into the leather were perfectly positioned "scales of a dragon", he insisted on explaining to those who asked.

The voice of his loyal servant, Trevon, came from a side entrance, "The crowds are restless, High Priest." He approached from afar and bowed. His face was angled and fierce, like the Lekolai he was, with wing-swept ears and slanted eyes. One unique trait the Lekolai had versus their Elf predecessors was the horizontal pupil, which was vertical for an elf. His cloak and hood covered most of his features, but allowed for a line of discontent on his lips to remain visible. With a voice of sorrow, he continued, "There has been word among the most devout believers that they intend to move on to a more reliable church—they have waited too long to return."

For many months, Trelok had been painting his masterpiece upon the vaulted ceiling above the hall. He had hoped it would inspire more non-believers to join his church.

Opening the Book of Salavene, he said, "Are you not impressed with my work?" He had a special lecture planned for his believers today. So, flipping the pages, he turned towards the end of the book—a piece he had written very recently.

"I am, but—"

"Then so will the crowds," interrupted Trelok, who turned to the servant with one hand on the podium, his face incredulous. "I can assure you, my loyal companion, the crowds will be forgiving when they set their eyes upon my masterpiece."

Trevon appeared to suppress his desire to avert his attention to the ceiling above; instead, he took a step back, bowed low, and said as he straightened, "Of that, I have no doubt, High Priest."

Turning to the podium, Trelok motioned at the large wood doors at the end of the hall and said in a subdued voice, "Go open our doors. The *crowds* should be here any minute."

Trevon bowed once more, “Yes, High Priest,” and left to do as he was told.

Trellok occupied his time by reading over the eloquent scripts of gold, which were written on a fine light-brown parchment. He already memorized the texts, but enjoyed observing his own work.

The doors opened, and a cacophony of yells and shouts exploded as the crowds rushed into the church. They barreled over Trevon, who had to jump to get out of the way of the stampede. The crowd ran down the aisle until they reached the end and started yelling questions and accusations at Trellok, who smiled widely. Spreading his arms to either side of the podium, he said, “Please, take your seats, my most honored guests.”

The crowd continued to mumble to themselves as they took their seats. One individual stood out, however, who took longer to move to a seat. He—or she—wore a cloak similar to Trevon’s, except this one was decorated with a gold cuff in the design of a wire-shaped dragon. The cloaked-man’s form disappeared as the people took their seats, when his position was finally revealed, he was no longer there.

When it became apparent that Trellok wished to speak, the crowd settled down and waited expectantly for an explanation. Their eyes were like arrows, piercing and alert to any form of deception they felt Trellok would bring. Except he did not start right away; he scanned the room with his eyes for any sign of the cloaked man. Then, giving in, he looked down upon his book.

*All of my work over the past few months has led me to this one momentous moment,* Trellok thought. *It would do no good for me to mess things up now.*

Trevon retired to a corner of the hall, watching from the very back as Trellok placed his hands on the podium and took one long deep breath. The hall became deathly silent, everyone waited for him to speak, who took a deep breath and recited the first verse in his head.

“Aerydail, a place of wonder and hope,” he began, “was where all things in life began, and as sure as I am standing before you, where it will all end.” Relaxing his arms slightly and scanning the crowd assembled before him, he continued, “The story I bring you all today will be only a miniscule piece of history that was once long forgotten, regarded more often as legend, and from there, myth. Hear me now, brothers and sisters, as I recite a story of courage . . . and sacrifice, for the good of the universe.”

Closing his eyes, he began to recite the story both with his voice and by visualizing it in his mind. . . .

*On a planet, both green and blue and thriving with life, lies a species of dragons who dominate all the land and sea both known and unknown. There are dragons of the mountains, the lush green forests, and the murky swamps. There are also dragons of the mysterious sea, those of*

*the caves, and those of the volcanos where they stay secluded from the rest of their species. There is one dragon, born amongst the clouds, that is unique to the rest of her kind.*

*Her name is Evalist An Cianamen, or Evalancia for short. Unlike others of her kind, she was born of white feathers atop a reptilian undercoat, a tough coat without the scales. When she is faced by a lone dragon, it shies away in fear of her blood-shot eyes and red ivory talons and teeth. In a group, however, they become hounds as they attempt to maim and dismember her. She always hunted alone, but always feared the ravenous fleets of dragons who sought to end her solitary life.*

*Every day for the first one hundred years of her life were spent surviving in the most hostile of circumstances. Evalancia found that she could not stay in one place for long—not without gaining unwanted attention from her pursuers. And they chased her long and hard wherever she went. Once, she crossed the largest length of ocean that she dared, only to find that the dragons of the sea are not fond of her either.*

*Over the oceans, with the fleet the size of birds in the distance, Evalancia kept low. So low, in fact, that the waves towered high above her. She wove in and out between the waves, frightened that one of them should knock her into the sea. Little did she know that the waves were not her only problem. Within the next hour of flight, the waves started to turn against the wind and followed dangerously close to her tail. The wave extended in length and towered higher than all the others as it began to encircle her, even at her aggressive speed of flight. The circular wave began to form a dome above and around her until she was consumed by her watery containment. The white feathers which covered her body began to appear as blue as the water around them.*

*A serpentine shadow swam across Evalancia's vision. A tail lashed out at her from the side, splashing water against her sensitive feathers.*

*The surprise was enough to force her into the deep blue sea, and instantly the dome caved in above her, creating a ton of pressure to force her deeper and deeper into the ocean. The depths of the murky water made finding her adversary impossible. There was nothing she could do in such a wet environment. She could not breathe, nor could she move very far. Then a large shadow swam above her and slammed against her body. The serpent sank its claws deep into Evalancia's body, using its narrow wings to push backward and bring them both deeper into the ocean.*

*Teeth, painful and life-draining teeth, penetrated her neck. She squirmed to get free, or at least to attack back, but to no avail. Evalancia was at the mercy of the serpent while in its domain. Her vision began to fade, like a grey film draped over her world the more her life seeped from the wounds of her flesh.*

*The unexpected soon happened; a shiver, cold like ice and hot like fire, ran through the bones of Evalancia's body. Her feathers, marked with the blood of her wounds, began to glow bright blue and infused with the leather of her body. Soon, her rough hide changed to a silvery sheen, like polished steel, her neck formed gills with which she could use to breathe, and her body as a whole began to form serpentine-like features: her wings narrower, her claws with webs between each, and fins below and above her girth and along her neck and tail. The wounds of her body closed.*

*Evalancia's transformation surprised her adversary so much that it released her neck.*

*Furious with a boiling rage, Evalancia stiffened her neck even as the blackness of the deepest part of the ocean consumed her, and prepared for her first assault. Energy blossomed in her chest, hot and thriving in power it was. Her lips curled into a snarl, a shimmering white, blue, and green light shone from within and between her serrated teeth.*

*Twisting her head to face the adversary, she stared down upon the serpent, her eyes glowing with an infusion of greens and blues. The energy in her gullet was strong and overwhelming—she had to release it. So, with a large intake of water, she blasted a large inferno of pure energy at the serpent.*

*The black deep lit up at her fury, and the serpentine dragon along with it. The dragon roared in fury, back-flapping to escape the consuming inferno, but it was too late. The powerful surge of energy seared through its body, burning it from the inside out. Evalancia, Queen of the Deep Blue as attested by her unexpected transformation, snapped her jaws shut and ended the stream of energy. The shadow that was her adversary sank until it could be seen no more.*

*Evalancia was proud of her success, but anxiously wanted to be free of the cold, black, and menacing waters. Angling herself to the surface, she swam as fast as she could. She did not want to fight anymore, at least not today. The power that was once inside her began to diminish somewhat in her chest, like a sleeping volcano that should erupt at any second's notice.*

*The sun in the sky lit up the water, bringing clarity to her world. Like an arrow, she shot through the surface, the water droplets still clinging to her body. As she ascended her smooth skin began to regain the feathers that hindered her in the ocean. The transformation she had endured in the water was now non-existent the higher she climbed into the sky. She looked around, noticing with content that the fleet was no longer pursuing her—likely because they lost her during the conflict.*

*For the rest of the day, Evalancia enjoyed the small comfort of isolation from the world. The sea spread for as far as she could see. There was not a single sign of life in any direction. Another day passed and she began to tire from her flight. Darkness soon crept over the ocean, with a threatening thunderhead lingering ahead. Flashes of lightning could be seen many miles away. The moon was nonexistent above her, so she knew the storm was very close. At least, the*

*clouds stretched far enough to reach her. Even from her position, she could already feel the perspiration slamming against her body, and the ever-increasing strength of the wind made maneuvering difficult.*

*By late night to early morning, the storm was nearly upon her. The winds became unbearable, and every other second sounded another clash of thunder upon the waves. Some came too close for comfort. She half-expected her serpentine transformation to change her, but it did not. Her feathers became wet, the wind tugged at her wings, and the lightning was becoming too numerous to avoid on her own.*

*Determined not to let the storm hinder her, Evalancia ascended higher and higher into the clouds. The air became thicker, chillier, with ice crystals beginning to form on her feathers. With every motion of her body came a series of cracking noises. Even at her height, she could not get rid of the lightning which confronted her. She could not fly higher—she would die so high up. Nevertheless, she had to find a way to escape her predicament.*

**Clash!**

*The feeling of electrocution and pulsing energy coursed through her body from the tip of her right wing. She felt her whole world turn upside down as she spiraled to the churning waves below. The ice began to melt, forming the rain which continued to pummel her. Lightning struck all around her, and the wind continued to increase the momentum of her spiral until her head was met with an absurdly large wave.*

*Overwhelmed. It was a feeling that she had felt not too long ago with her serpentine adversary. This time, however, there would be no way to fight back. With the storm came a strong current. Evalancia's body tumbled through the many waves and currents that pushed her wherever it felt. She felt dizzy, her world in absolute chaos. She could feel her body transforming into the likeness of a serpent, but it did not help her situation. No power in the world could save her now. She could breathe in the oxygen in the water, but all she could do is wait for it to be over. Maybe the current will push her further away from the storm. That would give her enough time to regain her control.*

*Desperate, Evalancia began to descend with hopes that she could avoid the current entirely. As she dove, the strength of the current only grew stronger. The current pulled her to the sea bed, where she tumbled atop the soft sand and crushed anything that stood against her.*

*A roar from a dragon both large and dangerous rumbled through the dark sea. The sound of it muted all else, and sent a chill through Evalancia's body. The current suddenly stopped, allowing her to stop her tumble after a few hundred feet where she lay on the ground, exhausted and bruised from her trip.*

*The water here was hotter than normal. Instead of the dark blue of the sea, a red glow emanated somewhere beside Evalancia. She got up from her mangled and prone position and searched for the source of the heat. She was on the edge of a huge cliff, with smoke rising from somewhere far below. The heat was definitely coming from the base of the cliff, but what was it?*

*Evalancia crawled slowly to the edge. Another roar, albeit louder this time, sent a chill down her spine. A weak current of water pressed against her back, almost like wind, urging her to engage in her curiosity. Looking over the edge, she found a large crack on the rocky sea floor. It was large enough to swallow whole the oldest of dragons.*

*The light within the crack pulsated once, its intensifying glow blinding enough that Evalancia had to avert her gaze momentarily. Then, a strong watery current pressed against her face as the crack spewed out a monstrous fountain of steam. It reached her position in mere seconds, leaving her only to react on her instincts to evade certain death. She fell to her side as another current of water and steam ascended above the edge of the cliff in front of her, followed by the same roar from before.*

*A black dragon the size of a mountain ascended to the edge of the cliff and higher. Covering it were hard and bulky scales with veins of pulsing fire within them. Its eyes were an infusion of red, orange, and yellow and glowed like the depths of a volcano. This unique dragon had the scales of a mountain dragon, but the features of a serpent.*

*Realizing the danger, but unwilling to sacrifice herself to the mighty dragon, Evalancia got to all fours and snarled threateningly at it. Her body remained rigid, while the power within her chest began to swell into a storm just as mighty as the one she had just endured.*

*The black dragon attacked, spewing a jet of steam at Evalancia's position. She nimbly jumped up and swam lithely above the dragon's head. Once she was high enough, she charged the power within her chest and unleashed a blinding stream of blue and green energy at its head. The black dragon did not move and took the full impact of the blast on the crests of its brow. The result left a glowing white-hot mark above its eyes. It flinched as a result and growled, obviously in pain. It must have been unused to fighting other dragons of slightly equal match.*

*It charged after Evalancia, launching another breath of steam as it did. It missed. Evalancia dodged the attack and retreated, but her speed underwater was matched by the larger dragon. When she realized this, she angled herself to the surface of the water high above--surely that bulky dragon could not match her speed and agility in the sky.*

*Just as Evanacia came within a hundred feet of the surface, a strong current knocked her back down. She was now at the mercy of the black dragon. It clamped its jaws on her back and shook its head. This would have killed her instantly if her serpen skin was normal. It was not. Tough like steel it was, but not strong enough to keep the black dragon's teeth from penetrating the surface.*

*Evalancia cried out in pain and alarm as her life force started to leave her body. Desperate, she turned her neck and blasted a stream of energy into the dragon's mouth. It tightened its grip as a result, but when Evalancia intensified the stream with all the reserves of energy in her body, it let go and let out its own cry, sounding like bass when coming from a dragon so large.*

*Taking advantage of her limited freedom, Evalancia angled herself to the sea bed. She had to find a way to escape the large dragon and nurse her injuries, or she would surely perish. But she was too critically injured to swim effectively, and the black dragon was starting to gain on her. Then she noticed, with some relief, that a cave rested on the cave floor. It was large enough for the black dragon's head, but not large enough for its body.*

**Snap!**

*The black dragon's teeth clamped down on Evalancia's tail just as she entered the cave. The black dragon did not slow its momentum or otherwise try to yank Evalancia towards him--its a mistake it would soon regret.*

*The entirety of the black dragon's body slammed against the cave's mouth, leaving Evalancia to fly undisturbed and, as a result, freed herself from the black dragon's teeth, but at a cost. Combined with her weight and momentum and the sharpness of the black dragon's serrated teeth, she lost her tail. The sudden yank and pain caused her to lose her direction and hit the cave wall beside her. She tumbled through the rocky cave until she came out the other side, boiling hot blood following in her wake.*

*She blacked out from the pain momentarily, but came to only a minute later.*

*Her mind was dazed, the roars of the black dragon nullified in the distance. (tell more on this part and kill the black dragon, which is stuck in the cave.) Everything that happened since the storm cascaded down on her mind as she recalled everything. She winced when the memory of a pain so intense, she blacked out as a result. She looked over at the stump of a tail that remained, anger building like a newly wakening volcano. She ran over the images of the black dragon in her mind, analyzing and understanding every aspect of the dragon's being. Those bulky scales. The soft underlying flesh. The vulnerability!*

*A pain in her back and tail section reminded her of what time she had left. In the water, blood was free to flow, allowing her only a certain window of opportunity before the life inside would flicker and burn out like a candle without wax.*

*The burning passion, a lust for blood, was overwhelming. She had to have her vengeance. Struggling to her feet, which was difficult without her tail, she jumped and swam above the cave. Her aim: the cave entrance. Once there, she found the black dragon with its head still stuck in the entrance. Diving down, she slammed onto the black dragon's neck and extended her claws*

*under the edges of its scales. It thrashed, breaking off sections of the cave's entrance in its frenzy.*

*She dug and dug, using all of her strength to rip at the scales until one gave way. A bloody gash was all that remained. She ripped open a layer of flesh and arched her neck, preparing for the killer blow. Gathering all of her reserves of energy, with the black dragon's head nearly out of the entrance, she unleashed the largest stream of energy she could.*

*The dragon thrashed again, crying out in pain when it realized its life was soon to be at its end, and released itself. Quick as an earthbound snake, it snatched at Evalancia's neck, forcing her to sever the flow of energy. Then, as the life refused to carry the large dragon anymore, it threw Evalancia to the ground and its head slammed to the ground, its eyes closed. No more thrashing came from the creature. No more crying. . . .*

*The pain, the incapacitating pain, was too much. Evalancia laid on the sea bed, her whole body pounding with every beat of her weak heart. What was it all for? What was the purpose in life to have snatched away so easily? What was the purpose?*

*The worth is in the act, she thought to herself. Then, with her last dying breath, she watched as serpents, smaller, began to gather around her. One of them roared mournfully into the deep.*