Scenes to Capture

Short General Descriptions

1. Ralir: Lean, muscular, black haired, 16 year old with short almond skin, and green eyes. Young warrior. Uniform Blue robes and turban, twin Katanas.
2. Shivalsa/Traijah: Classic Viking persona Warrior. Uniform Purple Robes, turban.
3. Maston: Lean muscular build dark skin and Bald, warrior. Black robes more of a knightly persona.
4. Queen: See cover art.
5. Needle Finger stranger: Ralir’s twin sister, small slinder. White robes, hooded.
6. Wodahs: Dark apparition robed in white, hooded.

General Dress: Arabian feel with the exception: Maston (More Knightly)

# Scene 1

1. Maston enters the scene, Chapter 1 pg1
2. All was silent and still within Arbor’s borders that night. All slept except for a lone figure walking slowly along a dusty trek at a cat’s creep.
3. The stranger was a tall man of six feet, the breadth of his shoulders clearly showing beneath a flowing black cloak. His hood hung low, casting the darkest of shadows, hiding his face from sight. He swayed in a slow promenade, as though a wraith had risen from Arbor’s cemetery in search of vengeance for some wrong that had been done.
4. The stranger did not peer up as he traversed Arbors’ otherwise vacant central street. His footsteps barely disturbed the soft dirt of the narrow boulevard. Instead, he gazed into the dust of the path. He had no need to see where he was going. He could feel the object of his search and so knew, without looking, the location of his prey.
5. For a time the dark figure walked in silence and then he paused for a moment some fifty yards away from a two-story home constructed of pale aged wood. The home’s planks were illuminated in the silver light sprinkled here and there by the shadows of the night. Not moving, he stood in the darkness and looked up for the first time with eyes still hidden by his hood. He spied two wooden shutters perched on the home’s second floor just above its lower rickety canopy.
6. The strange visitor raised a black-gloved hand from beneath his cloak. A blue luminescent gem glowed brightly in his palm. The rune was held in place by his third and fourth fingers. He pointed his other fingers toward the shutters, his hand resembling a three-pronged orb of radiant sapphire light. The air rose to a light draft and the shutters, a distance away, nevertheless swung open in silence.

# Scene 2

1. The Ralir fight with the assassin, Ch 7 pg 127
2. Ralir’s eyes searched for his sword in vain. But to his surprise and delight, the door of the nursery swung wide open and a familiar voice rang in his ears, filling the chamber with hope.
3. “Step away!” Traijah bellowed, his sword at the ready.
4. The assassin’s eyes shot first to Ralir and then to the fast-moving Traijah. The intruder knew his chances of reaching the Royal infant were dwindling. In a desperate attempt to see his mission through, he lunged for Ralir but was thwarted yet again.
5. Traijah charged at him with a deadly war-cry, his shoulders held rigid in full attack mode. The elder warrior’s fist caught the assassin directly in his midriff, knocking him backwards across the room. Using the techniques of the Mantran Elite, Traijah then slashed and swung at the assailant in a deadly flurry of metal and fists. To Ralir’s dismay, however, the assassin proved himself more than capable of meeting this challenge.
6. The child’s would-be killer dodged Traijah’s attack with a set of skills Ralir did not recognize. The assassin nimbly stepped to the side, avoiding Traijah’s vehement slashes. With an uncanny quickness he then gripped Traijah’s sword-bearing hand by the wrist and gave it a masterful twist that sent Traijah’s weapon flying across the chamber. Now the swords of both Traijah and Ralir lay hidden in the shadows.
7. Traijah roared in anger as the assassin kicked him in the back of the knee, throwing him off balance.
8. “Who are you?” Traijah yelled.
9. Not responding, the assassin with a single tug and a flick of his wrist tossed the veteran soldier to the side. Traijah careened into the shadows of the nursery with a painful crash and an infuriated yell.
10. Ralir looked closely at the assassin. The black pearls that were the man’s eyes stared not at him, but the infant. Now the intruder’s eyes widened and Ralir imagined a smile beneath the veil which masked his face. Ralir glanced down at the cradle by his feet and then back at the assassin. With spittle flying, Ralir released his own horrific battle cry. A good one, he thought. Enough to give the assassin reason for pause, and pause is exactly what he did.
11. The intruder took a moment to study the child’s protector. More specifically, he studied Ralir’s eyes.
12. “Come on!” Ralir challenged.
13. With an easy toss and catch the assassin changed his grip on his dagger. Squeezing the handle tightly, he rushed at the child on Ralir’s chest with reckless abandon. He slashed left and right at the air, the torchlight reflecting wildly off his blade.
14. Ralir had hoped for this mad charge, praying that the intruder would make an error and drop his guard. And that is precisely what he did. With a jerk of his toe, Ralir drew the capsized cradle up in front of him. Then, using both feet, he kicked it hard into the knees of his attacker.
15. The assassin stumbled forward as the cradle struck his knees with a sickening crack, the wood splintering. He crumpled to the floor with a resounding thud, his head striking the marble surface and bouncing hard. For a moment he lay still, unmoving.
16. Ralir seized his chance. He jumped to his feet with a shooting spasm of pain from his wounds. With the child cradled tightly in his arms he ran to Traijah’s side. The elder warrior now emerged from the shadows with *two* swords in his hands.
17. “I’ll trade you!” Ralir exclaimed.
18. Ralir gave the child to Traijah, who in exchange handed him his lost sword. Ralir took it and rounded on the intruder. He had no time to worry about the wound to his shoulder, the warm wet sensation of blood oozing from the gash or the pain that grew sharper every moment.
19. Traijah had looked into Ralir’s eyes and saw the flash of emerald brilliance there. “Blessed are the Nomrai,” he muttered and stepped aside.
20. The assassin slowly stood and faced Ralir, who looked upon the intruder’s veiled face. Ralir could see a dark substance flowing freely from beneath the eyelets of the veil, with large blood drops falling to the nursery floor. Ralir felt new confidence surging within him. He had saved the child for the moment and injured the Royal heir’s would-be killer. With his good shoulder held rigid, he now charged into the assassin with a crashing thud. The two flew through the balcony drapes, ripping them from their fastenings. They cascaded onto the balcony, where the fine dust of desert tears filled the air with a sparkling mist.
21. Ralir rolled to his feet, his momentum carrying him chest-first into the balcony railing with a metallic bang. He exhaled sharply, his sword clacking loudly against the marble surface. His hand gripped the cold railing as he peered down the steep cliff beyond the balcony. By the light of the moon he could see the surf and jagged rocks below. He watched as huge white-capped waves crashed and swirled.
22. “Scorpion’s tail!” Ralir muttered.
23. The assassin had also rolled to his feet, but his balance was compromised by the terrible knock he had received to his head, compliments of Ralir. He stumbled backwards, falling into the balcony railing. His head rocked back from the force of his fall, causing it to strike the railing with a loud crack. He cried out in pain and disbelief. Clasping his hands about his head, he could feel the growing knots at both front and back.
24. “You don’t understand!” the assassin said gruffly.
25. “He’s only a child!” Ralir retorted. He faced the assassin, pointing the tip of his weapon directly at the man. The assassin stood to meet the challenge. Traijah, cuddling the child in his arms, watched intently from the entryway.
26. “That child will doom us all. My master has foreseen it,” the assassin hissed. He drew a sword from a sheath on his back and staggered forward.
27. Ralir did not listen. He saw his chance and slid in on his back, underneath the assassin’s awkwardly-held weapon. The attacker had now become the prey, the quarry not prepared for the young Nomrai’s unique gifts.
28. The assassin’s vision, blurred by the multiple blows to his head, found it difficult to center on Ralir. His eyes widened in an attempt to focus on the lad’s blinding movements. He paused, seeing double, and pondered which opponent before him, whether left or right, was real. This moment of indecision spelled his doom. The assassin chose the Ralir on the right. He viciously swung his sword down in a high arc, but to his dismay it struck only the floor of the balcony. Sparks flew up as the vibrations from metal impacting marble told him of his error. His heart filled with fear at this blunder, and for good reason.
29. Causing a sickening crunch, Ralir drove the heels of his boots into the knees of the assassin and rolled to his feet.
30. The assassin let loose a high-pitched scream as he fell to his knees. The pain stabbed at his gut, forced the wind from his lungs and held him immobile before the young warrior. He felt sick to his stomach, as only moments before he had considered the infant’s protector easy prey. The assassin looked up into Ralir’s eyes and then turned to Traijah. “Do not permit him to finish me. You need me. I must be questioned!” he said weakly.
31. There was a moment of silence. Traijah bowed his head and sighed. “He is right, Ralir. We must learn who sent him.”
32. Ralir breathed in deeply as sweat poured from his brow. He stared down at the assailant and his eyes flashed with a fury he somehow felt was not his own. He lowered his sword for a moment, but then a thought entered his mind. This man before him had attempted to take the life of the innocent Royal heir. Kill him.
33. “He does not deserve to live,” Ralir said.
34. Ralir raised his sword as Traijah stepped out onto the balcony.

# Scene 3

1. Ralir faces the needled Finger stranger, Ch 13 pg236
2. Dimly lit by the few remaining torches, the basement was vast and filled with rare items stacked about its interior. Ralir’s history lessons seemed to leap from the pages of Jasupha’s scrolls. He saw ancient horned armor from the Third Age of Man. There was a variety of strange weapons from the Second Age of Man littering the museum’s underbelly. His eyes then fastened on a peculiar silver lance. A foot long and highly polished, it was without a doubt from the First Age of Man.
3. He held back a sneeze, as the underground hall was shrouded in flying dust. *Where did she go?* He looked left and right in the silent room, playing back in his head the events leading to this moment. She was strong, took it right out of my hand, he thought. The clank of metal dropping to the marble floor caught his attention. He spun quickly to glimpse a blue light in a distant corner.
4. Ralir made his way to the strange light, stepping softly without making a sound. But the thief was not there. What he found instead was an ancient stone tablet. It stood waist-high and had an inscription chiseled into its face. He stared intently at it but could not read the strange writing, which consisted of sweeping slashes topped with dots and dashes. Ralir was at a loss - then he smelled jasmine.
5. It was a familiar aroma in an unfamiliar setting. This time, though, it wasn’t something to be enjoyed. The sweet odor amidst decaying artifacts and stale parchments served as a warning. Before he could act he felt a crystal dagger at his throat. He turned his eyes down to see the small slender hand that held the dagger. It was the Needle-fingered Stranger. Her choice of weapons puzzled Ralir greatly - it was precisely identical to his one-of-a-kind Libre.

# Scene 4

1. Ralir faces Wodahs for the first time in the black and white realm, Ch 20, bottom pg390
2. Ralir’s hands twitched as he felt the chill of a breeze strike his face. The uncomfortable feeling at his back reminded him of the surface of the Grata the night before; now he lay on the wooden floor of Arbor Tavern. Ralir listened hard to the eerie silence of his surroundings and thought of the merry patrons and the wonderful minstrel. *Where did they go?* He no longer felt Kathryn’s flesh pressed against his. Kathryn, he thought – his eyes snapped open.
3. To his dismay, his surroundings were void of color save shades of black and white. He stood, looked around and immediately remembered his dream. He remembered a man cloaked in white robes snatching his young wife from his arms and setting her ablaze. Ralir’s mind raced with questions, from “Where am I?” to “Where did everyone go?”
4. The ale, could it have been that strong? He turned to the table at which he and his father had sat. It was now empty, with no traces of the food or the brew. *The brew*. Somehow the brew being gone didn’t bother him. Looking about, he saw that the tavern was devoid of people. He was alone in the middle of the dance floor, an area now bathed in white light.
5. Shadows surrounded the light in a gray haze which became deep darkness the farther he tried to peer out into his surroundings. It was like trying to see the bottom of a murky pond, the surface visible but its depths hidden by the dark of the deep. He touched his lips. He remembered Kathryn’s kiss and then her eyes. Her eyes, he thought. For a moment he remembered his last image of the woman he had thought to be his wife. He remembered being locked in a terrible embrace and then the beastly eyes which stared back at him.
6. “Kathryn!” he called out. “Father!”
7. He took a step and welcomed the feel of Libre nestled in the sheath in his boot and looked down to see its hilt peering back at him. The handle of the blade was a glimmering white against his robes, a hue of light-gray. Before he could explore the thought further, he sensed someone near him.
8. Ralir spun around to find a man cloaked in white robes sitting at a rectangular wooden table at the foot of the dance floor. The figure appeared to be the man from his nightmare. But this time Ralir was not attacked by him.
9. The stranger only sat there silently. He faced Ralir with a bowed head hidden beneath a white hood. A beam of the white light shone down from the rafters above him, surrounding the stranger in a luminescent oasis amidst the shadows of the tavern. It’s not the same man, Ralir thought. He can’t be. This is not a dream, I’m awake. I know I’m awake, he thought.
10. “Who are you?” Ralir questioned. But the man remained silent.
11. Ralir took a step forward, and as he did he felt a third presence in the room. He heard a growl and looked down to find a white wolf at his side. Its eyes were a piercing green and were fixed on the stranger dressed all in white. The wolf’s hackles stood on end as it bared its fangs and gnashed its teeth in a frightful snarl directed at the white-robed figure. Ralir was somehow not afraid of the beast. In fact there was something familiar about the wolf. He felt comforted and protected in its presence.
12. “Where did you come from?” Ralir asked. While he found it strange to be having a one-sided conversation with the animal, he had to admit that there were other things he had witnessed before now that were stranger still. He looked up and took a step toward the stranger. As he did he found that the wolf accompanied him step by step.
13. A great wind suddenly gripped the tavern.
14. “You were warned,” the robed man said.

# Scene 5

1. Ralir, Shivalsa and Maston fight the spiders in the shop, Ch 32 740

General note: The candle shop is mid size shop fashioned with clay floors walls and roof. An air vent was built into the back corner of the roof. The spiders invading the shop are about the size of a large child.

1. Ralir looked up from his father and faced the sight at which Maston pointed. His eyes grew wide at what appeared to be a long insect-like leg inched out of the store’s air vent. The leg was enormous, easily the size of his sword. He heard an uneasy neighing from Titan. The horse trotted over to his position as if sensing his need. The heavy clip-clop of his hooves stopped just before Ralir, who searched his saddle, the bad strap of which had been repaired by Maston. But his Mantran long-sword was not there.
2. “Where are our weapons?” Ralir shouted.
3. “Your sword was lost in the streets of Shumain,” Maston said.
4. “What’s wrong, Son?” Shivalsa asked.
5. “Something’s coming for us!”
6. “Blonde, brunette? Aye, sounds like merriment to me!” Shivalsa said wryly. With great effort, and though very ill, he rose to his feet.
7. Ralir turned to see his father teetering on two feet and looking up. “Father?”
8. “Camel’s ass, that’s no brunette!” Shivalsa glared. He turned to Maston, who chose not to return his gaze.
9. Two enormous spiders entered the shop. They were the size of goats, their abdomens covered in thick black hair. Their legs were long and spiked with hair. The spiders, each with six red beady eyes, perched upside down on the ceiling staring down at the men.
10. Thick green drool dropped from their enormous pincers to the floor, smoldering as it pooled in sizzling puddles. Creeping toward their prey, their pincers gnashed fiercely at the air with a clicking sound that sent the horses into a panic. It was Titan who began to buck first at the sight of the giant eight-legged monsters. Titan was not being fearful, but rather assertive. The steed charged the spiders in spite of Ralir’s attempts to hold him back, rising up on his hindquarters with a furious whinny as he tried to box the beasts from the ceiling with his flying hooves. Again and again Titan reared up until he stumbled into the two barrels of resin.
11. “No!” Maston yelled.
12. Titan did not listen and only kicked harder as the spiders dropped from their perch and flipped right-side up like a cat before landing. They attacked the steed. The first of them caught the brunt of Titan’s front hooves as they drove down hard on its head, knocking it back. The spider squealed and its legs lashed out, cutting Titan’s belly. The steed bucked uncontrollably, his hooves rupturing one of the barrels and splintering its wood.
13. The pungent resin smothered the second spider, which wailed with a sick screeching that sounded like nails across Jasupha’s chalkboard. The spider shriveled and died. The rest of the resin spewed in all directions, landing on Titan’s back. The first spider now launched itself through the air. It landed on Ralir’s saddle. But as it tried to bite the great steed, it was thrown off as Titan gave a powerful buck. The monstrous arachnid crashed amidst the shop’s broken counter, disappearing from sight.
14. Ralir, who had been trying to render aid to Titan, found he could not approach the crazed horse as it reared up in the direction of the out-of-sight spider. Dagger and Maston’s horse backed away from the horrid struggle, prancing back and forth in panic. Ralir watched helplessly as the battle continued. His eyes were drawn to the long pouch on his saddle. It swung open, sending a familiar bundle into a corner of the candle shop, a corner covered in the dark resin. Ralir stared at the golden Desert Wasps and gave thanks to Vala for the Needle-fingered Stranger. He dashed for the bundle, sending a splatter of resin in all directions.
15. As Ralir’s attention was on the resin-soaked sheepskin within which the weapon lay, Maston and Shivalsa stared at one another, each wanting to kill the other. But both remained in place.
16. While dodging the hooves of his Titan, Ralir retrieved the weapon, removed its cloth cover and unsheathed the odd blade. For the first time in his life his eyes beheld a weapon straight out of Mantran mythology. He looked on the long slightly curved blade of the sword, it was adorned with strange markings he did not recognize. He peered at the black hilt, decorated with a golden wasp and warm to the touch.
17. A glint of light bounced off the blade and into Maston’s peripheral vision. He turned his gaze from Shivalsa to the masterfully-crafted weapon in the young warrior’s hands. His eyes opened wide in amazement.
18. “Where...?” Maston stammered.
19. Shivalsa only smiled.
20. The remaining spider lunged at Titan from behind the counter. The steed’s hoof caught the creature in mid-flight. Ralir watched as Titan stomped the body of the giant arachnid into the resin on the floor. The beast’s remains smoldered in the black resin.
21. Ralir’s eyes followed the resin as it crept from the corner of the room, along the wall and toward a flaming candle. His eyes lingered there a moment as Shivalsa slowly made his way to his son’s side. The elder Nomrai surveyed the damage. “What were those things?”
22. “At least we know Jasupha’s potion works,” Ralir said.
23. “Aye, man!” Shivalsa looked about the rubble and found himself a thick wooden table leg that resembled a club or mace. “What do you think?” Shivalsa smiled, tossing his new weapon from one hand to the other.
24. Ralir returned his father’s smile and nodded assuredly. “It’s dangerous-looking, but will it do the job?” He looked long and hard on the trampled bodies of the monsters with their shriveled carcasses.
25. “Quick, give me your weapons!” Ralir yelled.
26. Maston handed Ralir his sword and Shivalsa extended his wooden club.
27. “What are you doing?” questioned Maston.
28. Ralir did not respond, rather taking action. He momentarily set the weapons on the floor and reached into his robes, removing a cloth rag from an inner pocket. He knelt down and wrapped the rag around the tip of his father’s club. Then, gathering all of their weapons into his arms, he approached the broken barrel of resin. One by one, he plunged the business ends of each weapon into the depths of the barrel. The resulting smell was appalling. Ralir gritted his teeth and choked back a surge of vomit, swallowing it back down with a grimace. He withdrew the weapons and placed the tips of each into the flames of a lit candle at his feet. The three watched as their weapons now burned with a bright blue flame.
29. Ralir returned the weapons to the men, who marveled at the cerulean light. But before they could say a word, the tapping sound became a hollow tunneling that grew louder and louder by the moment. They turned to face the far wall of the shop as their steeds went wild, bucking and rearing up with wide fearful eyes.
30. The men strained their eyes until they could make out a number of dark scurrying entities appearing on the surface of the wall. To their horror, hundreds of holes erupted everywhere on the crimson clay surface, spewing forth smaller versions of the beasts they had just killed. The gnashing sound of their razor-sharp pincers and the tapping of their legs about the clay floor, walls and ceiling drove the horses to frenzy.
31. Ducking and dodging was all the men could do to avoid the hooves of their terrified steeds. They braced themselves and entered into the fray.
32. Arcs of blue light swirled and twirled as the men slashed and bashed their attackers. To their surprise, Ralir’s fiery modification to their weapons made them quite formidable against this newest foe. Each of the beagle-sized spiders, touched by the light of their weapons, burst into flames. The candle shop was filled with the high-pitched shrieks of the dying attackers, who shriveled into a pile of black and crimson ash.
33. Ralir watched as his father moved with the purpose of a fighter. He wondered how a man who could barely move an hour before could find the strength to fight these monsters with such ferocity. The teachings of the Twelve, he thought. He turned toward Maston and watched as he too slashed at the beasts, though not with the same vigor as his father.
34. Shivalsa’s attention was elsewhere as he beat back the eight-legged horde. He did not see another of the goat-sized spiders as it entered through the vent. It crawled with purpose along the shop’s ceiling.
35. Ralir saw it, but too late. He could do nothing as it pounced with open pincers onto his father.

# Scene 6

1. The queens leap of faith Ch 31 pge bottom 697
2. The Queen felt as if she had been falling for hours as the wind filled her robes. Surrounded by the utter darkness of the pit, despair had set in and tears flowed from her eyes and onto the wind whipping at her face. The salty droplets mingled with the salty brine lacing the air.
3. Who would save Mantra now, who would take care of her son, who would set things right, she pondered and her mind drifted to the Nomrai. Together they would rally the troops, save the land and its people. She screamed aloud as the great moan of the abyss roared again in the dark beneath her fall. After what seemed a never-ending time of falling, a spray of saltwater struck her person. But as fast as it came, it was gone again. Fear began to riddle her confidence in her decision to leap. She concluded that she should have found another way, a better way. There had to be one. All she had to do was look for it - but it was too late. She had acted too rashly and now all that she cared about, family, friends and her people, were about to come to an end. The people who trusted in her to protect them would suffer unspeakable horror at the hands of this thing which crept in the darkness, this foe which was no more tangible than air. Yet it had summarily divided their resources; she could feel the *coup de grace* coming.
4. “One more chance!” she screamed as the moan of the cavern ebbed. “Whatever you are down there, I’ll do anything! Just give me one more chance to save my people!” The hurt in her voice sounded into the abyss, which swallowed her words like a wolf devouring a hare.
5. In her moment of hopelessness she thought she heard Traijah and Wonderful calling to her from the distant shadows. She shook her head vehemently. Her friends were still fleeing her husband, she thought. *They’re in my head now*. Soon she would be hearing things the same as her King. She closed her eyes tightly and forced the thought from her mind.
6. “Just one more chance, Vala!” she yelled again. Then she closed her eyes, wailed aloud and spread her arms wide in desperation, succumbing to her fate.
7. She opened her eyes. In the distance a light appeared. She could see it. The spot of luminescence was a dull green glow, but it was there. No, it’s in my head, she thought. But as time passed the spot grew wider and wider until it filled the mouth of the abyss. As the chasm roared again, her eyes opened to their fullest at the revelation before her. Bathed in the emerald light, she witnessed a sight like nothing she had ever seen - a giant whirlpool of swirling radiance.
8. From the center of the maelstrom, an enormous geyser of seawater spiraled up toward her. It engulfed her in its wet embrace, cushioning her rapid descent. Where she had been falling, she now found herself drowning. The taste of seawater mocked her lungs. She was once more fighting for her life. *Just one more chance.*