

# Amalcir The Book

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A kingdom wages war against another. Mysterious powers are found and used against each other, world becomes a place which no one dared to see. And in the midst, a young boy gets his goings rough. Will it be the light or the darkness, which gets to him first?

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Another alarm followed quickly after the previous one. They were spotted by a small group of archers on top of a gatehouse. The gatehouse was about 30 metres away from them, so they had to make a run for it. Luckily, it wasn't a full moon, so they could easily hide themselves behind the building nearby.

“What are we going to do now? We've been running and hiding here for two days, but now they know we are here. We can't stay here any longer. Do you have any plans?” asked the first man. He had medium-long dark brown hair and a complexion, that looked like a traveller's one: it was muddy and that of an old man. His eyes were filled with wisdom, they were narrow and reddish-brown. He was wearing a hood with a matching tunic and leather pants and shoes. Everything was dark brown or black, since they had to be as invisible at night as possible. The other man, who looked a little younger, had short light-brown hair. He had a scar running over his face from the left eyebrow to his right cheekbone. It looked like a sword cut. His face was not wrinkled, but the look he gave showed, that he had seen much in his life.

So they were standing behind the wall, breathing heavily, because they had ran from many guards, whom they had to kill many. Now that the archers had found them again, they could only leave themselves little time for resting. “I suggest we go back to the hole in the wall where we came from. I hope they haven't found it yet. They didn't try to go that way.” The other man nodded in agreement, and they started running once again. Before, though, they looked behind to see if anyone was catching on with them. Some archers were still looking from the top of the gatehouse, but other few were running towards the house they were hiding behind. They hesitated no more and ran as fast as they could.

They were already nearing the wall and the hole in it, when suddenly, a horn was blown. But it wasn't just a regular warhorn. It was to announce that a member of the Five was coming. Their running became more like a fearful kind. Like they were the prey running from the hunter. It was somewhat true, because the members of the Five were merciless killers, masters of a certain deadly combat art. They used magic to power their weapons and strength, making them even more deadlier.

The horn ended almost as suddenly, as it had appeared. Silence took over the camp. The screams of the men, who were left dying in their wounds, had ended. The other men, looking for the runaways, were silent, too. As if the whole place had become a cemetery, which was somewhat true. The running men had stopped for a moment, to see if anything had happened or will happen. Nothing even moved, besides the leaves on some rugged trees inside the little encampment. They didn't wait anymore. Time was precious and running out. If a Five was coming here, it would definitely mean their death.

Another moment led them to the wall and out through the hole. They were outside the encampment now. But they couldn't stop yet. They had to find a safe place to let the night pass. Needless to say, they had to get away from the place called Eldenglad as fast as they could. The frontier of the war was quite close to that place. Only the mountains separated the encampment from the scores of men fighting against each other.

The two men were running through the small woods, found at the bottom of the hill the encampment had been. It was a narrow valley, which separated the two kingdoms. The last Great Battle of the Kingdoms took place right in this valley. That is the reason it looked so empty. That little forest, that was left standing and a small lake in the middle of the valley - those were the only things visible there. The men had to be cautious. If anyone would've flown over them, they would've been seen almost immediately. The only safe place for them was to reach the end of the valley. There, a guardhouse of the White Kingdom was standing, which marked the beginning of its territory.

They didn't know how much time had passed once they reached the lake. It could've been minutes or hours. The night sky still was up. Looking back now, they couldn't see anyone, nor could they hear anything. As if the whole camp really was deserted. But they couldn't feel safe. On the contrary, it made them even more careful. One false move and the enemy could get the best of them. They stopped only to drink a little and wash their sweatfilled faces. “What happened there? Did they really just quit chasing us?” asked the younger man. “Probably not. If that horn really was one of the Five's, then it must be

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an illusion cast on the camp, to make it look empty." "Yes, I thought that myself. We should keep moving though. They might catch on to us if we stay here any longer."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ In a silent agreement, they ran and ran non-stop. They didn't know how long would they last but they had to reach the guardhouse before morning. Otherwise they'd lose even the little shield the darkened sky provided them.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Approximately an hour had passed and they were nearing the valley's end. They felt a little relieved now, because they knew they were getting close to the end. A half or maybe an hour, and it all would've ended. The information they had gathered about the whereabouts of the next Soul was extremely important. It could decide the whole outcome of the war.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ A raven flew past them and two more followed the first one. It was a bad omen. If ravens flew past people at such a close distant, it was said, that they can sense death.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ The men noticed it and got a little nervous. They didn't believe it that much, but still were a little frightened. Even so, they increased their speed evermore, as much as they could. After all, they had been running for hours.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ A cry flew through the valley. The men stumbled and crouched in fear, holding ^ their heads. They felt an immense pain, as if something had stabbed them in their heads. When they rose from the ground, the pain ended. But they felt like they were being watched. "I have a bad feeling about this.." said the older man. As soon as he had said those words, another cry appeared, this time much closer. And before the men could react, a dark figure appeared in front of them, seemingly out of nowhere. It barely made any effort to kill the older man and was about to slash the younger one as well. The young one though, was quick to react and parried the first hit. But the dark figurine raised his hand and released a grey ball of energy, which hit the young man as fast and deadly as lightning and he collapsed on the run. The dark figurine walked to the body of the old man and ripped the man's heart out. He did the same with the young man. A gruesome work, that was necessary for the dark figurine to live. The Five were a group of dead knights, who consumed others' hearts to live on. This particular knight was known as The Darkness: the fourth of the Five. The death of the two spies marks the beginning of the real war between the two kingdoms.

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