

DeThroned

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Preface

It was dead silent. Not a single thing moved. Not even a water drop dared to fall, or a pin. The whole court was silent. No one talked. Not a single mouth moved. All was still. All the people in the court were at the edge of their seats. Only Jonny Tyrell was kneeling. All of the faces were turned towards King Erlanko. He was about to give verdict about what was to be done with Jon Tyrell. But he was still on his kingship, just looking down on his brother, his hands resting on his lap. Those grey merciless eyes were shining in the moonlight.

Finally, brave counselor Jene spoke up, "Your highness, are you sure that this is your brotherâthe deceased Jon Tyrell?"

Erlanko answered without moving his cruel eyes from Jon, "Yes. Do you doubt my opinion? If so I can take care of that."

Counselor Jene said no more. He bowed his head down and just looked upon Jon. Jon could feel the pressure of Erlanko. It was hard, to take it all in. It would drive anyone mad with joy, to see his brother come back from the dead. Only Erlanko was not even slightly happy. If anything it brought him more bad tidings.

Jon's clothes and hair would never suggest that he was a mighty Tyrell. His hair was long and messy. It hung over to his shoulders. His mustache was over grown. His beard hung all the way up to his chest. His clothes were tattered. He was still wearing the same shirt he had worn the night of the 'great fire'. It was torn at the sleeves, its rich black color was turned into a sickly grey. His pants were not the same. He had to borrow it from his old friend Klyne. Klyne didn't mind though. The thought of Klyne brought warmth to his heart, but when he came back to reality it dismayed him again.

Jon Tyrell's mind was still swimming over the events earlier that day. Jon had tried to take out Erlanko. Jon already had a small pistol that belonged to Klyne. It was in his knowledge that Erlanko always went out for a run in the morning, inside his manor. Jon had sneaked inside carefully. He had been all ready for the kill, his aim neat. But just before he had pulled the trigger, a sharp pain had stung him on the neck. He knew it exactly what had hit him. It had paralyzed him. Fleeting memories of guns had been flashing by. But the dark took him into its arms.

Finally when Jon had opened his eyes, he had found himself in a large white room. He had been taken into the court from there before the whole council.

Almost all of the council there was known to Jon. There was old Matrete, his son Matrete junior, councilor Lark, councilor Trahe, Hend, Gertol, Barter, Kart and many so others. All of them were looking at him, completely flabbergasted. The thought of their true King returning was clear on their faces. Jon couldn't make out if it was a positive or a negative expression. But Jon's eyes were more concerned of Naida.

Naida Grull was also looking at him, not daring to signal him or gesture him. He was Jon's helper inside the castle. He was also Jon's former advisor. Now he was just a petty counselor. Only a handful of trusted persons knew the whole story. Only they knew that Jonny Tyrell was alive, where the whole of the three cities knew that he was dead. And they helped him in all the way they could.

What they didn't know was that Jon would attack. They didn't take Jon to be so absurd. Even Jon didn't either, but his rage took over his mind. He only wanted the kingship that was rightfully his.

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Erlanko still didn't give an answer. It was a common thing to slay anyone who tried to assassinate the King. Many had tried to take down the King before, but failed in vain. So, it was a normal thing to dispose of the killer. They were taking Jon to kill too, but Jon paralyzed managed to moan out Erlanko's name. He turned at the call with a queer look. He surveyed Jon very carefully through his matted hair. When he finally noticed his brother, his face composed only of shock. He called the council at once. It was a shock to them all as Erlanko explained everyone the situation. Some thought of it as a joke but quickly stopped laughing as Jon was brought in.

Everyone in the council was thinking that Erlanko would surely kill Jon and burn his remains. But Jon knew Erlanko better than anyone alive. He would surely keep him breathing, because Jon would be a great use to him. Jon was always the more responsible brother. He always cleaned after Erlanko's messes when they were children. But Jon knew that they were no longer children, and he was sure that Erlanko knew that better than anyone else.

Erlanko finally opened his mouth and said in a hoarse voice aloud to the council, "I shall want to talk to my brother alone. Make sure that he is chained and can't get out. I want guards outside the doors armed. I want them here even when I whisper their names." His voice was plain and cruel and it held no hint of courtesy or care.

All of the councilors got up heavily without hesitating and made their way outside through doors. All of the guards and shooters also left them after chaining Jon tightly, until it was only Erlanko and him alone in the vast courtroom. Erlanko got out of his kingship. He held up his chest as a king should. He was taller than half of his guards. He came over to Jon and sat down beside him, his long hair flinging with each step. It reminded Jon of the times they had spent sitting together like this under the kingship, while their father was the King.

"Why would you try to kill your own brother?" asked Erlanko after lofty pause.

"Why *did* you kill your father, mother, sister, brother, uncle, aunt, staff and the guards?"

Erlanko didn't answer. He just kept looking at the kingship. So was Jon. It was almost like their father was sitting on the kingship, listening to them talking. After a long time Erlanko spoke up again, "The kingship was mine. I was the better man for the job. A king needs to have attitude, skills to control over the council." Jo had to admit that he was skilled and was of attitude. The whole country suspected that Erlanko had illegally taken the kingship by burning the manor and killing everyone in it and then declaring it an accident, but no one dared voice it. "You are kind, forgiving. You can't handle strength."

"Don't tell me that I don't have strength. The whole country had bowed down before me, happy they were that a nice and saccharine king was to rule them. But you destroyed it all. Little Brother, remember that war is won on strategy not strength. You will lose one day. That day I will celebrate over your dead body while drinking your rotten blood. That I promise."

Erlanko didn't smile at that comment. He just stared. He did not move a single muscle. "I won't kill you. I know you're the one father wanted on the kingship, the one that knew all the secrets. You will be very useful in council. The whole of the country knows that you are dead. Your remains fly around the air as ashes. They will revolt if they know you're alive. And I don't want that. I know you have messengers. But I will let that go. Let's see how far you can go. I promise that I'll make sure you die before you ever step out of this castle."

"That makes it more interesting. One of us will not be able to execute our promise. Let's see who that would be." said Jon smiling. He looked over at Erlanko, he wasn't smiling like him.

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"Now, brother I must call council and declare you to life imprisonment," he said getting up. Just before he shouted for his guards he turned to Jon remembering something and said, "I know that a son of yours escaped the fire with you. People say the queen had died pregnant, but I know you ran away with the child immediately after its birth. You knew that something terrible was going to happen. No one knows that. I want you to listen to Jon. I will find your child and kill him in front of you."

Jon could not say anything to that. He just stared. His rage was too shocked to be felt. It was impossible for Erlanko to know that. Only he and Klyne knew that. Even his spies knew nothing about it. Jon was sure Klyne hadn't told him. But then how could Erlanko know? To that he had no answers.

"I declare Jonny Tyrell, son of Myre Tyrell, to spend the remaining of his life at the cells. May he gladly rot there." spat Erlanko ruefully.

He felt a notion go around the court room as the trial continued. But Erlanko wanted nothing to hear. Rather he said, addressing to the whole court, "I know that all of you are excited to go home and tell your children how the King Hero *returned*, but if I hear one word of this subject out in the open, I will burn all your families' heads together and make you watch. So, don't go around spreading rumors." He turned to his twelve shooters and said, "Kill the media and bury the remains. Bring me back their cameras."

Jon closed his eyes as the guards dragged him out of the court room. He could feel all the eyes on him. He could feel the unexpressed words that the councilors were saying. Once out of the courtroom, the clutches of the hands on his arms softened. They picked him up from the ground to his feet. Jon could barely walk after he was shot but he managed it by the help of the guards. Finally, Jon opened his eyes and looked who they were. It was young Morice and Liota. Their eyes were full of concern as they helped Jon walk. All the time that took to reach the cells, Morice and Liota just stared at him gaping, as if they still could not apprehend that it was in fact Jon Tyrell. They did not dare talk. They would surely be disposed if they were seen talking to him. So Jon did not urge either.

It was a long walk, but Jon didn't mind. He was actually feeling fastidious to see the inside of the castle after such a long time. The walls reminded him of the old happy times. *Things were so simple back then*, thought Jon. Jon remembered every passage of the castle, and as they walked about it the memories came back more vivid. He remembered the bathroom, where Jon had locked Erlanko in once. The whole city had been in motion looking for him. Finally, a cook had found him inside the bathroom. The memory made Jon smile. But, afterwards he had seen no one laughing when King had found out about it.

Finally, after what seemed to Jon for like an hour, they reached the cells. The cells were a dreaded place. It was a grim place, only three lights overall supported the sighting. One of the lights was flickering. The walls were covered by raucous noises. On both sides of the walls, there were cells and only cells. The iron bars that held the prisoners were rusted and some were even broken. They could easily break out. But, Jon guessed that given the condition of the country, it was better to stay inside the cells than out. The prisoners were all tattered and looking wild. Their hair and beards were over grown and looked hideous. All the sounds died away as they made their way. Jon could see their eyes. They followed Jon, curious to know who their new mate was. Jon did not look. He was afraid that he could lose his identity.

The guards led him along a long corridor. It was all silent. They just looked at him. Lastly, they stopped at outside a tiny cell apart from the others. There was also another person inside. He was sitting on the lower bed of a double bed. He was sitting with his fingers intertwined. As the guards opened the doors with a creaking sound, the man inside didn't look up. The guards gently pushed Jon inside. He looked around. The walls were yellow and some part of it was even broken. With it was also a strong smell of urine. But Jon looked past all that. He was looking at the man sitting. He wanted to go and talk, but something inside him told him not to.

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Jon went up the bed to the top bunker. He guessed it would be his as the man was sitting on the lower one. Jon lied on the bed. He stared at the scarred roof. He was thinking. Everything he had done in the past few hours. He had tried to kill the King. He failed in doing so. He was held captive. He was almost sent to get killed. He was saved by his wretched brother. Now in one abandoned small cell, he was trapped, a prisoner, like any other. There was nothing he could do.

Jon thought about his small son. He was only one year of age, and he was fatherless. Surely they would not let Jon go ever. He was too precious. His small son would have to spend his life under Klyne's care. Jon didn't mind. If it was anyone he could trust on this, it would be Klyne. He smiled thinking that. But his smile faded as soon as it came. He thought about the outside world, the world that existed outside the walls of the manor.

Jon had seen it. It was terrifying. The part inside the king's circle was not as bad as it seemed. But the part outside was terrorizing, including the other two cities. People were starving to death. Not a single drop of pure water was there. People were killing themselves off for even a scrap of food. People were animals and cannibals looked more human compared to them. Some killed their children, their family and friends for a bit of meat and water. Jon was worried to think of this. He was worried how Klyne would bring him up in this situation of the country.

He wondered why Erlanko was letting all that happen. Knowing this, Erlanko turned a blind eye on this. He didn't even glance twice at the circumstances. He just did his duties and earned himself money. That was he all cared about. Money was the only thing he actually tried hard to achieve.

Jon was immersed in these thoughts when he heard a dull sound from outside the cell. It was a slow moving thud that was approaching them. Finally, it was close enough for Jon to realize it was footsteps. It was coming closer and suddenly he heard the door being unlocked. He sat up at the sound and looked towards the door. It was Liota. But in his thin feeble arms was a plate of food, a piece of black burnt toast and a small spoon of cheese. That was it. Liota came over and handed it over to Jon without wanting to touch him. He didn't look back as he made his way up the long corridor again after locking the doors.

Jon took the toast in his hand. It was cold. He didn't expect to be given a warm and crunchy toast. He figured the prisoners were given food not to fill their appetite, but just to keep them aliveâbarely. Jon hastily regardless the smell and coldness took a bite. The taste was ridiculous. It tasted stale. But, Jon didn't hesitate to take the second one. He was very hungry. He hadn't eaten anything after his dinner the night before. So, the staleness or the draftiness of the toast didn't bother him. He took a small bite out of it with cheese. He savored every single nibble. It tasted like heaven to him. He licked the plate as hard as he could, so that he might not leave out any. He then realized after finishing eating, that Liota had not left him any water to wash the food down.

"Keep the plate beside the bars and there is a bottle of water under that chair," a coarse voice spoke up. Jon looked down. It was the man that had been sitting on the bed. Now he was sprawled on it, his eyes were closed.

Jon didn't know how to reply to that. So, he just went down, put the plate down beside the bars and climbed up on his bed after drinking the water. He went to sleep as soon as his head hit the hard pillow.

He dreamt a horrific dream. In it the whole country was on fire. The mills, houses, offices, parks and all other places were on fire, except the manor. It was intact. Not a single scratch befell on the manor. He saw that Erlanko was sitting on the top of the manor, laughing as always on others miseries. He watched as the places burned. The King's circle was burnt to smothers, yet still Erlanko just sat there and laughed and stared.

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Jon stood there watching from the top. He could do nothing more than watch. Suddenly, he noticed his infant son among the victims. He was in shock for a minute, but as he revived from that shock, he let his heart out and shouted, He shouted for all of it to just stop. He shouted at Erlanko. He shouted at himself. He shouted at Klyne. He shouted at them for his son, his only infant son. He wanted to leave everything and run to save his son. But, no matter how much he tried, he always failed. It was like he was glued to that place. He struggled continuously to get out, but just couldn't. Finally, he gave up and felt tears run down his eyes. Then with all his might and voice, he shouted, "No."

A strong pair of hands held him up. Jon felt the sting of the sharp pain on his head as he was being held up. He sat down on a bed with someone's help. Then, Jon felt water go down his throat. He felt as the liquid trickled down his throat. It was soothing to him. It calmed him down a lot. Finally, he came back to reality. It was all again clear to him. *It was all a dream*, thought Jon, encouraging himself. He knew that it wasn't reality, but he still was afraid. He knew that somehow or another Erlanko would try to get his hands on Jon's son. According to the public the boy was supposed to be the king instead of Erlanko. It was the rule that the son would get the power of the country firstly. If no such children exist, then the brother's claim to the kingship comes next. So, Erlanko would not be able to sleep properly until the boy was dead.

Jon looked up. It was the man who was sitting beside him. His stance proposed that, he had jumped from the bed to save Jon from hurting himself much by the fall. He was nursing his right arm. It was badly hurt by the looks of it. Jon looked at it and squirmed. He then said, "Thank you," directing at the man. The man just nodded to show him that he appreciated it.

Jon moved forward his hand and said; "I'm â—" Jon couldn't finish it. Who could he pretend to be? As he was thinking that the man spoke up, "Don't need to pretend. I know who you are. I recognized you as soon as I saw you enteringâ—your highness." Jon was star-struck. He suspected that the man had recognized him, but he actually didn't think that. He asked a little shaken, "What about you?"

The man did not answer immediately. He hesitated then answered, "I'm just another city brat to you Kings. My name's Clejene Teikol. I work as a trader in the markets."

"So, why are you in here?" asked Jon. He regretted it as soon as the words came out of his mouth. Clejene looked at him with his surveying eyes. He finally looked away and said, "I was caught in a revolt against the King. I was among those who protested. Luckily for my clean record they kept me alive." Jon could see the water in his eyes. "They kept me alive, but burnt my family breathing in front of meâ—I swear that King Erlanko will pay." He then looked at Jon. "Why did they chuck you in? You're the King's brother."

Jon couldn't answer that. What explanation could one have as to why his own brother chucked him into the cells? Jon just stared hard at the floor. He did that to avoid the question. But he could not. Jon felt sorry for Clejene. He was sorry that Erlanko had burnt off his family. He turned at Clejene and said, "Iâ—tried to kill the King earlier today." He smiled and then said, "Obviously, I've failed."

"Sorry, for that. I would have liked it better to hear that you had succeeded. I'd ask why you were trying to kill off your own brother, but that would be plain idiotic."

Jon looked confused. "Why would that be idiotic?" asked Jon. "Because, I bet everyone has some sort of problem with that man. Small or big, everyone would kill him if they were given the chance," said Clejene.

Jon wasn't surprised at that. He was wondering why Erlanko moved around with that sort of guard. *People perhaps try to kill him every time he gets out*, thought Jon.

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"I don't get it, aren't you supposed to be the King? Aren't you supposed to be the one sitting on that damn chair and rule? I like you better than that man already."

"I know. He's sitting there; he's claiming to be the King. But he's not supposed. He sits as the fake King, as the real King sits inside a cell." Jon was almost shouting more to himself.

"But, can't the council do something about this? Don't they know?" asked Clejene. His eyes were shining with curiosity as he sat beside Jon.

"They know, but they're more worried about their lives than mine."

"But, don't you have anyone who's on your side, anyone inside the castle?"

Jon was about to answer that, but he thought that it wasn't the best place to about it. He was also wondering if he was talking with the right man about this. So, without taking any chances he answered, "No. I have outside. But, they can't help me, now that I'm inside."

Jon was surveying Clejene very closely, as he answered. He saw curiosity turn into confusion. Clejene was obviously hoping for a better answer. Jon was wondering whether Clejene was there with him as a coincidence or was he a setup. Jon thought really hard about it. It sounded all so real to Jon. Jon wanted to accept that it was all real. He wanted to accept that he might have made a friend inside the cell. But, it all was very weird to Jon. How could he become friends with a *criminal* in a few hours? So, he said bade Clejene good night and went to sleep.

He didn't dream again. He spent a reverie less night. He only got a few hours of sleep. It seemed to Jon, that he woke up as soon as he closed his eyes. The sirens were the worst part. It blew the sleep right out of your eyes. Jon was tetchy, as he woke up.

The day went in a blur. It seemed to Jon that no matter how much he worked, he just didn't get tired. Everyone was looking at Jon. But they didn't recognize him. They all weren't as clever as Clejene. That reminded Jon that Clejene had known his real identity. So, that increased Jon's suspicions more. Still as he knew no one, he spent the day with Clejene as they worked. People occasionally looked at him, but none approached. When Jon asked why they were looking Clejene answered, "They're just curious." But Jon didn't believe him. He didn't trust him. Jon didn't even know the man that well.

Jon sat with Clejene at the table, with two other prisoners. One was completely bald. He had little eyes, which squirmed at Jon sporadically. His hands were small and moved very quickly over his food. The other man was a bit black. He had golden hair and a beard. He didn't glance at Jon even once. He just ate his food and left. Jon was getting up to go deposit his plate, when he noticed Naida standing in a corner. He wasn't looking at Jon. But Jon knew he was there for him. He quickly deposited his plate of scraped food and made way for washing his hands. He passed Naida, as he was going. Jon didn't dare look at him. He just pretended normal like everyone else. He knew that Erlanko had eyes on him through his guards. Jon also knew that Naida was being followed as well, as he made the best suspicion as a spy for Jon. Old feelings just don't disappear.

Although he tried not to look at Naida, he could not miss the sign that Naida passed to Clejene. It was a nod of approval. Clejene came forward towards Naida. They shook hands as old mates. Both of them were smiling. They were exchanging small talks by the looks of it. Jon was very surprised at this and wondered if his suspicions could be totally opposite. He could barely believe what he was seeing. Jon spared a glance at the guards. They were all chatting with each other, not paying any heed to the queer meeting between the two. Jon quickly washed his hands and was making his way back. As he passed the two, he could hear the usual hum of the exchange of conversations. They did not dare look at Jon as he passed. He went over and joined the rest of

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his table mates. But, he was still looking carefully at the two.

They kept their conversations short. They shook hands once more and with smiles painted on their faces they departed on their own ways again. Jon looked as Naida went out of the hall in small steps. Clejene came over to the table where Jon was sitting. Clejene's face was covered with a kind of concern. He was biting his lips as he was walking over. He looked directly at Jon, his eyes burning. He nodded to indicate that time was over and that it was time to go. Jon didn't need a second sign. He swiftly picked himself from the table and followed Clejene out of the hall. As they passed, the guards stopped their chat and looked at them with a funny expression. Clejene didn't pay any attention to them, but Jon couldn't help but notice. Their looks gave Jon goose bumps. Some of them were of contempt and some of regret. Jon could even recognize a few of them. But he could not exactly recall their names. As he followed Clejene's bare back, he kept thinking what would happen to him? It was the first time since his capture that his head was flowing that way. He didn't really give it a fair amount of thought. He had thought more about his poor son, and his sufferings. But he did not care to apprehend what would be of him.

He knew that he could not put a case in front. It would be rejected immediately. He also knew that he would be transferred to a different, more concealed cell. But he didn't care as long as his son was living happily. He knew it would be hard for him to face the society as an orphan, but he knew that a Tyrell would surely have the strength to overcome such a thick superstition.

They entered their room. As Jon entered, Clejene turned around on his heels and told him on face, "I'm a messenger of Naida. Klyne has your son and he's safe." Relief spread over Jon's face. He knew it as soon as he saw them together. He's suspicion was completely contradictory. But the news of his son was the only thing he truly cared about. But what Clejene told him next, made him rethink. "But the king knows about Klyne. He's has a fat sack of money for the man who brings him in alive."

Chapter 2: The Beginning

The Beginning

The day started like any other, the dead silent of the early dawn, waning over the sky. The sun was slowly peeking through the open window. The low hum of the wind was filling up the room. With it came the soothing breeze. It was the perfect morning. But nothing could ever last perfect. It was nature's way to ruin anything that was too perfect.

Edin Mekele opened his eyes as hastily as he could. He still wanted to be in that sleepy world, where he didn't need to worry. But every dream needs to end. Edin sat up on his bed, sleep still was clinging to his eyes. He quickly got out of his bed, rubbing his eyes. He was feeling very tired. He stretched to get rid of his weariness. It had been a hard night for Edin. He had spent half of the night preparing for his exam.

He looked at the bedside clock. It read six am. There was still one hour to his exam. But Edin didn't wasn't to be late again, and especially at his exam. So, he headed for the bathroom. His bathroom was a small room. He walked over to the mirror. On the mirror was a faded reflection. It looked back at him as he stared into it.

It was of a skinny boy. He had jet black hair, with eyes as blue as the sky. His cheeks were flat and white, his lips all pale with a faint hint of a mustache. His face showed the wary sign of sleeplessness. He opened the tap. He watched as the clear water splashed over the basin. He quickly freshened himself. He splashed water over his face as many times as he could. But still it seemed to Edin that sleep didn't want to give up.

Finally, he came out of the bathroom and wiped his face. He took out a black shirt and a pair of navy-blue jeans. He quickly wore them wasting no time.

As he got out of his room after collecting his bag, he saw that Smod was sitting on the table, reading a newspaper. Smod Klyne was his father's friend. Edin had no parents. He was an orphan from the moment he was born. His parent's life was taken by the horrible fire at the manor. His father was said to be a councilor. And Jon knew that he was a great man. Klyne always told him so. His father and mother both were in their own house at the manor property. A terrible fire had licked away their lives and left Edin an orphan. But, his father's friend Smod Klyne as having no son of his own was kind enough to take in Edin. He loved and cared for him like his own son. And Edin looked up to him as a son should look up to a father.

Edin figured that Klyne had been a really good friend of his father, unless he wouldn't have taken such a big sacrifice. He never got married because of Edin.

But Klyne still had troubles of his own. He was a wanted fugitive. He was supposedly wanted for crimes against the country and revolting against the King. Edin thought about it a lot of times. He wondered if it was safe for him to be living with a criminal. But Edin knew that Klyne was innocent and that everything was a setup. But he didn't completely believe that at heart. He still wanted evidence of his innocence. Edin never talked to Klyne about this. He knew that Edin knew about his secret, but never had he mentioned it. Klyne rarely got out of the house and even if he did, he did it by covering himself completely and becoming unrecognizable. He didn't work. He never went to pick Edin up from school. But Edin understood all that. It would be heard for anyone to run around the country as a wanted fugitive. It always struck to Edin as weird as to why the King didn't let go of this case. Most commonly the King would let a case go if it took more than two days. But it had been fifteen years since the case was filed and the posters had gone up. But the King still didn't let go of this.

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Edin tried not to think of that. And every time he thought about it, his mind would not come back to reality. He really needed his mind to pass the exam. So he didn't think of that. Instead he thought of pancakes.

His breakfast was pancakes. "Pancakes again?" asked Edin in an aggravated voice.

Smod Klyne looked up from his paper. He was a man dawning to become old. But he still had the shine of youth to him. His chin was covered in a fuzzy beard, his moustache almost dropping to his lips. His bald head was standing out from his bizarre appearance. His wrinkled skin was shining in the light from the open window. His smile was clearly distinguishable among all the hair. His half-moon glasses shone as he said, "Eat up. It's the only thing I can make without burning down the kitchen."

Edin smiled hearing that. These were the things that ensured Edin that he could never be a criminal. Edin ate his pancakes without complaining much again. He liked it very much. Old Smod wasn't a very fine cook, but he could make jaw-dropping and beautiful pancakes. Although Edin always complained, he actually liked it. There was a faint taste of maple-syrup that made the food a whole lot better.

Edin finished up his plate, his stomach full. He was about to get up from his chair, when Smod spoke up, "The King is going to have his fifteenth gala next month."

Edin just stared at Klyne. He didn't understand what Klyne said. Finally when no one spoke up, Edin asked, "What's the twentieth gala?"

Smod didn't answer immediately. He waited for a few minutes before answering, "The twentieth gala is a ceremony to celebrate the King's twenty years on the kingship." He didn't look up as he spoke. "I can't believe it's been that long. How time flies. That poor man" Klyne said to himself. Edin was sure it wasn't for him. He turned and went into the kitchen to wash his hands. Old Smod often said eerie things like that to himself, and over the years Edin had learned not to ask him any questions about it.

Edin looked at his watch as he came out of the kitchen. It read half past six. His exam would start at seven. Edin wasted no more time. He bid Klyne goodbye and left without another glance. He unhooked his cycle from the stand and made his way for his school. It would take only fifteen minutes for him to go. Edin paddled slowly as he went through the streets, his hair flying in the wind. The chill went through him like water, but he was seeking pleasure at it. The narrow streets of the king's circle were almost empty. Only a handful of people were present, either walking around or opening their stores at the market. Edin went slowly with no rush. He watched as people from different walks of life got up. Some of them were getting ready for work and others were probably looking for more sleep. That thought brought sleep back to his eyes again. He thought of the lost hours he could have slept through, the time he had spent study in. Edin knew that it was his lousy sleepy mind talking, but at that time it sounded reasonable to him.

Sleep was creeping slowly up to his eyes. He was still paddling. He tried to think of other things, like the birds that were flying or the mansion visible high above. He thought of everything to divert his mind of sleep. But somehow it always came back to him. He thought of paddling faster. So he pulled his cycle to the highest speed, thinking that the chilly air would break off his sleep. He found everything becoming a blur as sped up. He was always in control of the cycle.

Edin thought of stopping somewhere and washing his face. But he thought better of it as he could see his school ahead. He thought that he would wash his face inside school.

He neared the school every passing second. But suddenly he wasn't there anymore. *He was drifting lightly on air. He was flying more likely, over the skies of the country. He could see it all. The lights and clatter from the people beneath. Every light was speckle on the large land. But what stood out most among them all was a*

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large house. It was huge, and every corner of the house was sheltered by light. The sky seemed to shine from the light. It hurt Edin's eyes just by looking at it. But he urged himself to look, to stare into the house. He somehow knew that all of the answers were buried deep within those shallow walls. Edin needed to know. He wanted to go down and look. But he couldn't. Finally after much effort, he gave up and felt as the noise and the luminosity swallowed him up.

It all left him behind, swirling away from his eyes. He felt a relentless tug to his right and felt as the cycle got out of his control. It left the ground as it fell with Edin. The fast speed didn't help at all. He was dragged at least twenty meters before the cycle and he stopped.

Edin could feel the warmth of blood trickling down his face. He tasted the blood as it passed through his mouth. He could see people running to his aid. There were screams and shouts and finally people came into his sight. They were asking him questions and making remarks to his wounds. But the only thing that ringed inside his head was his own words; *every dream needs to end only this time it ended bloody.*

Chapter 3: The Odd Argument

The warmth of a hand woke Edin up, but not his eyes. Edin could feel the hand, frail and old, but it was strong at that moment as it held his hands. It didn't move often. Sometimes it would squeeze lightly on Edin's own hand, but otherwise it was motionless.

Edin could also feel the hard bed he was lying on. It was very rough and the pillow was like a stone to his head. He did not move much for the purpose. Although he couldn't see his injuries, he knew that they were severe. He could feel the tightness of a bandage over his forehead, hands, thigh and also his stomach. He knew that he had lost a lot of blood and every single twitch took him all the strength of his body.

But amidst all the abrasion, he could stop telling himself how much of a fool he was. How could he have dozed off while riding a cycle? He didn't even know that it was possible. He was going at a really fast speed which didn't help matters at all.

Thinking of that brought back the dream he had seen. Everything was a little blurred as he had hit his head hard. But the dream was crystal clear in his mind, the glowing lights and noise, all apparent to Edin perfectly. He could remember the house, its walls covered in light. He could not keep his mind away from it. The lights always came back to his mind every time he tried not to think of it. With it came the perpetual need to the answers to his questions. It drew him towards the house. The urge to find out was unavoidable. Even as he was lying there, he wanted nothing more to jump up and run to the house. He tried to avoid doing that. It would only cause panic to the others. Instead he moved his attention to the hand.

He urged open his eyes. The first sight was a bald head. Edin didn't need a sign to tell whom it belonged to. Klyne was sitting on a low chair. He was sleeping by the look of it. Edin didn't want to wake him. He was holding his hand already. Edin figured it was night as it was dark outside. He looked around the room. It looked to him that it was the 'King's circle hospital'.

It was the best in the city. It would cost almost a whole life of a normal man to get cured from that hospital. But Klyne was not a normal man. You could see it from his appearance. Edin could see a hat on the table that was Klyne's. He could also see his beard was tugged inside his plump jacket. Some part of it hung out as he leaned. The sunglasses changed the whole look. And with his amazing accent you could never guess that it was Klyne. Clearly he had come prepared. Edin knew that he was using the name 'Creist Mekele' and acted as Edin's father. It was the usual move.

Edin wanted to wake Klyne up. He felt sort of anxious to be alone in that place. And Edin knew that Klyne surely wanted to woken. He wouldn't like Edin to be awake all by himself in that hospital. He shifted his head to adjust. He almost cried out as the sharp pain stung him. It was like someone was firing at his neck. Tears came out as he tried to keep them back. His head was spinning from the pain. It looked to his like the whole room was spinning. Everything blurred itself, and finally dissolved into darkness. Edin felt as his eyes closed and the pain took him into slumber.

The next time, he woke up to a sunny morning. All the curtains were open. The light was flooding in. Edin could not look straight as the lights hit him on the eyes. The light was like poison to his eyes. He didn't know how many days it had been since he last saw daylight. He moved his eyes from the light. He couldn't bear it anymore. He moved his whole body to his other side. He didn't notice it at first, but he could understand that he had no pain in moving his body. At first he was dumb-struck, but he felt content that the pain had passed away. Someone noticed his movement. They came rushing forward in a blur of white. Edin wondered if it was Klyne, but he taken aback as a smiley face poked in his vision. It was a nurse. You could tell by the looks of it. She was clad in white and blue, the sign of the city. Her hair was red. It shone like fire as the light came in

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through the window. Her eyes were of blue. Her fair complexion was hard to evade. She said with that smile on her face, "Oh, thank god you're awake." She said that clearly relieved. "Do you need anything?"

Edin thought about that. He felt his throat dry as stick. He really needed water. The thirst was inevitable. HE could finally feel it. He nodded to ensure that he needed something, but when he opened his mouth nothing came out. The nurse noticed that. She said, "Don't try now. You've hurt your neck badly. Don't try to speak. Do you want water?"

Edin felt relieved. He was thankful that the nurse understood. He nodded several times to show that he needed water. The nurse moved promptly to a table on the far side of the room. She poured a whole glass of water and came back. Edin slowly yet eagerly pushed himself off the bed a little. He could do it, but his hands were stiff. He could barely do it the first time, but eventually did it with the help of the nurse. Then she handed Edin the glass. He drank down the glass in one gulp. It felt very nice after the water. He felt like some clutch was released from his neck and he could breathe properly.

The nurse put the glass down the bed side and said softly, "I'll be right back with the doctor and your father." Then she left in a swirl of white.

Edin finally looked properly at the room. It was large. Edin guessed of was one of the bigwig rooms. It must have cost a fortune for Klyne. But Edin knew he could manage. Klyne had bought him anything he had ever wanted. That gave the idea that he was rich, but the way Klyne lived didn't seem like it. Edin didn't want to think about it.

Klyne and a plump man in white entered the door. They were clinging away from each other. Edin noticed that Klyne's face was pale and his moustache was trembling. He had obviously been arguing with the doctor. The doctor's face was paler than Klyne's if that was possible. Edin wondered what they had a row about.

"Mr. Mekele, it's good to see you awake. Your father would have been very disappointed if you didn't. He was already biting my head off." Edin turned his eyes from the doctor to Klyne. He was coming back to usual. He didn't glance, even once at the doctor as he spoke. His eyes were fixed at Edin. "We would have declared you brain dead if you didn't wake up in the next two hours. Nice thing that you did."

Edin went into shock. He would have been brain dead. The thought flew over his mind over and over. He could not believe it. He would have been dead. It would have devastated Klyne. Even Edin himself was glad that he had woken up two hours early. The doctor interrupted his thoughts, "We would like to take blood test. It seems you missed the one taken at your school. You are not registered as a legal resident. So we cannot take your money." The doctor was looking at Klyne the whole time. Edin thought it was good thing that they didn't need to give money, but the doctor seemed to read his thoughts. "We aren't letting you go either without our money," he said with a sly smile. Edin was disappointed. But what was the blood test that the doctor was talking about? Edin didn't know anything about a blood test. It came to him as a stun. Was there a blood test in school? If there was Edin would have surely known. But he remembered the time he had pox. He had skipped school for about two weeks. Could that unanimous blood test was taken then? Edin could only wonder.

The doctor gave Klyne a flimsy look. Then he gestured the nurse. At once she walked over to the same table that held water and brought out an ugly small box from underneath. She handed it over to the doctor. He opened it and brought out a long syringe, some wool and a bottle of blue liquid. Edin couldn't recognize what it was. The doctor cleaned the tip of the syringe with wool and cleaned Edin's hand with the liquid over a vein. He then slowly popped in the syringe into the vein. All through the process, Edin didn't feel a thing. It didn't hurt him at all. He just kept his eyes in Klyne. He didn't spare a glance at the doctor or the syringe. He could see the pain on Klyne's face. He was biting his lips. His moustache was partly hanging out. His face was

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covered with sweat. He fumbled with his hands nervously. Edin didn't know why Klyne was so anxious. But Edin didn't feel comfortable with the expression he was giving. Finally he couldn't take it anymore. He Walked out of the room, bringing out his phone.

Edin's eyes followed him, and as he left they kept staring blankly at the door. The doctor was finished and without any other word he left with Edin's blood in

The nurse was packing it all up when Klyne returned, his face grim. The nurse looked curiously at him, but did nothing more than that. After she was done, she left too leaving Edin and Klyne alone. Edin looked at Klyne as soon as the nurse left. There were so many questions that he wanted to ask. He thought of with a light and obvious one. "How long have I been out?"

Klyne answered, "Two weeks."

Edin felt a shiver run through him. Two weeks? But how could that be? It seemed only hours to him. It all felt like it was gone in an eye blink. But the reality was that he had been sleeping for the last two weeks. Edin asked, "But how could that be?"

"Son, I tell you sleep is like happiness. You can't feel time pass away when you're enjoying, but it is the troubled times that seems like a lifetime."

Edin still couldn't believe it. Suddenly his exam popped into his mind. "What about the exam? It was our last one. What will the school do?"

"Nothingâthey were informed about accident immediately and the master took your case into consideration. I think he will give you another chance. He knows the extent of your injuriesâIt's lucky you have an allowing master."

Edin was relieved at it. The exam meant a lot to him. He asked his next question then, "How long have you been here?"

"Two weeks," Klyne answered without any hesitation.

Edin was expecting that. He knew Klyne well enough. He would have stayed with Edin as long as Edin needed. "Why did you argue with the doctor?"

Klyne didn't answer at first. He clenched his teeth. It was clear on his old lined skin. Edin started to regret his asking the question when he answered, "Oh, you noticed that. It was nothing. I refused to accept you as brain dead. I knew you had it in you. You are after well aâfighter."

"What was it about the blood test? Did it happen at school? Why don't I know?"

Edin knew that he stepped out of the boundary as soon as he asked the question. Klyne said smoothly, "There are things you should know and things you shouldn't. So don't go asking people unnecessary questions. You are still not ready for the answer. I even think you'll give another plunge at sleeping if I told you everything. You would do something crazy like your stupid father." Edin sulked. He knew that Klyne had a good thing that he would tell anyone anything to their faces, he wouldn't worry about awkwardness. He didn't ask anything any further.

The rest of the day passed without any such more events. It was pretty dull for Edin. He spent doing some more tests. He didn't know what he was doing. He just did what the doctors told him. Klyne was there always.

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He kept over watch. All the procedures contained dangerous things, but he always felt safe because Klyne was there with him. Nothing would go wrong as long as Klyne was there with him, Edin knew that.

After a few days passed, everything started turning back to normal again. But Edin knew that nothing would ever turn back to ordinary again. After the events of the last few days, Edin doubted if anything would ever turn into the usual again. It was unhelpful thing. But Edin didn't want to think about that. He wanted to set his mind on the pleasant matter that he was back at home again. He had missed the place, every minute of it. He missed the shallow walls and the grey mattress, the almost busted wooden stairs. He even missed the rusty window through which he looked out so often. So he was a happy boy to return to the old home, even if it was aged and crooked. It was Edin's home at the end and it was the only place he could think of when the word home came to his mind. Everything was as it was. Nothing had changed its positions. It wasn't likely either.

Edin had been given the leave from the hospital earlier that day. He was checked more than once before he was dispatched. Edin had been looking forward for a good night's sleep. He hadn't been able to sleep at all on the hospital beds. But as Edin got back to his room, all he could think about was the sleep that was waiting for him. He kicked off his shoes and pulled down his socks and threw them away on the corner. He jumped on his bed happily and enjoyed as he got immersed on the soft mattress. It was all he could think of. All that had happened in the last few weeks of his life flashed past him in a blur. He could hardly keep his eyes open as the dull pain in his head took the better of him and he went to a sound sleep.

Chapter 4: The Truth

Edin didn't know what to do. It was too implausible for him to believe. The idea of someone trying to murder him was hard for him to comprehend. Edin's head rang as the red lights kept blinking at him. The police had come to the scene afterwards. The sirens boomed in side Edin's head. Someone from the police was treating Edin's cut throat. The man had managed to break into the house and Edin's room with no fuss. He had brought out a knife and was about to kill Edin when Klyne had stepped in. He pinned the man to the floor and clutched the knife from him. But not before the man could cut a narrow gash on Edin's throat. It wasn't painful for Edin. He didn't cringe as his wound was being washed. Only one unreasonable question was flying inside his mind. Why would anyone try to kill him? There was no reason in the world for any person to go to such a desperate measure against Edin.

The police suspected that the man was hired for the kill. No one came to Edin's mind as the words flashed by his mind. He had no enemy in school as far as he was concerned of. So why would anyone pay to kill Edin? He was just a small boy of fifteen who went to school like anyone, who played in the field, who ran freely when it rained. He was just another usual fifteen years old. Or was he?

As Edin sat in the car and as the doctor police was cleaning his wound he started thinking, who was he? He never knew his father or his mother or any of his family. The closest he could call family was Klyne. He never saw his father. He only had a vague memory of a man who he thought to be his father. He never asked Klyne any questions about it. He had never bothered to either. He was used to the thought that he was an orphan and he was glad that he could call Klyne his father in public. He always thought his father would be more like Klyne.

Edin turned his eyes from the ground to Klyne. He was still talking with the police. Edin wondered what it could be that took so long.

"There you go, all done. I've cleaned the wound and stitched it. The knife was very sharp and it scraped your skin luckily. The cut wasn't too deep, so you shouldn't be worried about anything," said the doctor opening his gloves. He had light pleasant voice. It was soothing for Edin to hear after the noisy sirens.

Edin nodded at the doctor to let him know that he understood. The doctor smiled tranquilly and said, "Don't stress the neck that much. If you treat it properly and take this drug you'll be healed in no time." He handed Edin a small bottle of pills. Edin reached out and took it. "Thank you," said Edin hoarsely. Those were his first words since the confrontation. The doctor smiled again and left him.

Klyne came over to him as soon as the doctor was out of sight. He was sweating and nervous. His hand was twitching and he was scratching his mouth continuously. He always did that when he was nervous. Edin could see his moustache was slick with sweat and it was hanging loose again.

"Come on. Let's go inside. The cops are leaving now. They'll come back tomorrow," said Klyne ushering Edin into the house. By the time they were in the police had left. But they left a car with them for their safety. But it didn't seem to matter to Klyne. It didn't give the impression that he cared either. He took Edin into his room and made him sit on the bed. Edin sat not dithering.

Klyne walked awkwardly up to a chair and sat down facing Edin. Edin looked around the room. He rarely came up to Klyne's room. He kept most to himself. The room was quite small but cozy. The bed was fluffy and large, a bit big for such a small room. There was a desk stacked with papers in one corner. The lamp beside the bed was alight. More papers were spread out on the bed. Edin glanced over them. He couldn't understand any of it, so he let it be. Edin instead turned his eyes at Klyne. Klyne was staring through Edin at

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space. Edin didn't want to draw away his attention. Klyne noticed he was sitting there. He took in a deep breath and looked around. The whole room was sealed. The doors and windows were bared. Edin never noticed that until then.

"Edin, what I'm about to tell you will be astounding. I won't blame you if you can't handle it," said Klyne in a frustrated voice. Edin took it knowingly. It frightened him a little by the way Klyne told it. But Edin doubted if anything would ever come to him as a shock anymore after the night's events. But he was about to be gravely wrong.

"Okay," said Edin in a confident voice.

Klyne moved his eyes over Edin. He was impressed at Edin for remaining calm. But Klyne knew that it would be too much to comprehend for any person, what he was about to say. But he discerned that it was time to tell him the truth that he deserved from the moment he was born.

"Remember what I told you about your father, Edin?" started Klyne. Edin nodded. It stung a bit for him to move his neck. But, Edin didn't want to look weak at such a crucial moment. So, he hid the pain along with so many others. "I lied," said Klyne gazing at his feet.

Edin didn't know how to react to that. But he figured that he knew his father. He never saw him either. So why would he care if his father was a trader or tender. It didn't seem vital to Edin. He nodded again hardly to show his will. Klyne continued besieged, "He was a Tyrell. I think you paid attention to Mrs. Rain's class. You know who Jon Tyrell is. But what you don't know is that Jon Tyrell *is* your father."

Edin sat there staring at Klyne, trying to understand if it was a joke. He couldn't take it in. Klyne's comment was still floating around his head. He wanted to tell Klyne to stop joking around with him. But deep inside him, some part of Edin somehow knew that it was true. It was all true. He always thought that he was someone like no other. He constantly had an absurd power inside him, the power to keep going on, and the power to take over. It was always there, waiting to be awoken, like a monster in a sea. But Edin never for once believed that. It was only a fantasy. Never in his wildest fantasies did he think that his family lineage would go up to the Tyrells.

Jon Tyrell was my father. The mighty Tyrell they said was my father. I am a Tyrell. My name is Edin Tyrell. No, my name is Edin Mekele. How could it be? Everything seemed so confusing to Edin. He wanted answers to his ridiculous questions. But he had none. Klyne didn't interrupt Edin as he processed it. He looked over him wisely, making out the baffled expressions of Edin. Finally giving up on his thoughts Edin looked up, dismay on his face.

"Iâ I am Edin Mekele. My father was a Mekele. How can I be a Tyrell? Jon Tyrell is dead. The queen had died pregnantâ" said Edin in a shivering voice.

"They also said people found no baby inside the queen." He felt satisfied as Edin's face turned into confusion once more.

"Let me tell you the tale first. Then you can question me." Edin nodded promptly.

"You are a Tyrell. Jon Tyrell is your father and Dew Mekele your mother. When Jon took the kingship, Erlanko always opposed him. He would constantly start an argument with Jon. He would always say that he would make a better King than him. Jon always removed the comment with a mocking laugh. But, Erlanko bnever found it amusing. He would scowl and get angry. One day he had enough of it," said Klyne, "So after a long heated argument with his brother he left the city with some of his guards and friends. But before he went

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he promised that he would come back and take the kingship away even if it meant killing."

"The council didn't take that seriously. But Jon knew Erlanko better than anyone, even their father. He knew that Erlanko meant it when he said he would kill. Jon had been noticing inevitable loath in his eyes and that he would actually do anything to take the kingship. Jon finding no other alternative went to his sick father for advice. His father was grief stricken hearing the news. But he assured Jon that Erlanko would never do that, he suggested that Erlanko only said that in his anger. But, Jon still didn't find contentment."

Klyne sighed and continued, "The whole three cities knew that the queen was about to give birth. They were on their feet. Jon called in me and his advisor Naida and told us all about his suspicions. Naida rejected it saying he had nothing to worry. I was about to do the same, but I saw the look on Jon's face, the anxiousness in him. I agreed with him. The queen shared his view too. They just couldn't leave the manor. So they planned to at least save the baby that is you. I was the one who announced that the queen would give birth in twenty-sixth march. But in reality the queen gave birth in the twenty-fifth. I delivered the baby. Jon was so happy and the queen didn't want to give you up. She cried endlessly. Even Jon had a rough time, but he knew that it was for his own good. He handed you over to me and told me to go away. I did. I left with you in my hands. It only took four hours and I got news that the manor was on fire. But I didn't leave. I couldn't, having you. I thought that Jon and the queen would escape. Jon did but he couldn't save the queen."

Klyne wiped away the sweat from his face in tensely and said, "Jon was sorry afterwards. He really wanted to save all of his family. He just didn't have the time to prepare. He came to me the next day. All dilapidated and torn. I kept him in for a week. I took care of him. He was terribly depressed. But he gradually got over it and I let him out sometimes. He even got a gun from me. I didn't want to give it but he insisted. I trusted him. He was always wise." Klyne paused dramatically for a moment, rubbing his forehead he continued drastically, "He was still sad I guess when he tried to kill the King."

Edin fell from the sky. He sucked it all in but couldn't swallow it all. He didn't know if he was angry or sad or happy. He was shocked for sure. But he couldn't anything more. He just stared with a blank expression at Klyne.

"He got caught and I don't know what happened afterwards. But later I had got a message from Naida that he was recognized by Erlanko. I'd rather that he died. No one in the three cities knows about it except a few. Erlanko knows there would be an up rise if they knew, so he kept it a secret. Jon is still alive, deep in some cell in the manor. Your father is still alive Edin Tyrell."

"Whatâwhy is my name Edin Mekele then?" Edin managed to croak out after a long pause.

Your parents changed your name to Mekele when you were born to save you. You have to understand. It was a hard time. They had no other alternative."

"So you've been hiding it for so long. It never occurred to you to tell me before," said Edin in disbelief.

"I know it's hardâ!"

"Hardâthat's what you'll sayâ!hard. I just found out that my parents were Tyrells and they died and one lived and you say it's hard," said Edin, anger rising in him.

"I will understand if you hate me for doing so. But we needed to wait. We needed to see if you were ready. We didn't want to drop a bomb shell."

"Iâ!don't know if it's real anymore. It seems like a freaky dreamâ!"

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"You can't go crazy," said, Klyne in a hurry, "Remember at the hospital. I had an argument with the doctor. It was about your blood report. It didn't exist. So he wanted to get some blood. But I was sure that Erlanko would know if your blood was taken. So I restricted them. But they took it anyways. You might have noticed that I have been overprotective of you these past days. I knew that Erlanko was smart enough to hire a pro. The man tonight who tried to kill you was also probably of Erlanko's. He was a pro too, if I hadn't stopped him he would have gotten away with killing you. So you see how dangerous it is. You can't even sneeze without Erlanko's men knowing about it."

Edin was close to tears. He was saying to himself over and over again, *I'm just a kid. Why would they kill me?* When Edin spoke out his thoughts Klyne answered, "Because according to the council law, the son of the King who dies will get the power before the brother. The people don't know that Jon has a son. If they do they'll surely protest because you should be the King. So, Erlanko wants to take no chances. He'll kill even a kid like you if it threatens his powers." He continued after a pause again, "Erlanko must have known about the arrest by now. I'm sure he's sent another of his goons and I guess he's planning how to kill you right now. You are in danger kid. You'll always be in, now that Erlanko knows about you. I think he knows about me too."

Edin didn't say anything. He kept repeating to himself, *I'm just a kid. They'll not hurt me.* But Edin knew they would. They would never stop to see if it's a kid or an old. They would just kill. Edin stood up with a hollow mouth and left through the door, not looking behind. Klyne didn't try to stop him. Edin was glad of it. He closed his door as he entered. He looked over the room as he stood in front of his bed. He could see blood stains on his bed covers and some on his pillow. He moved over to the bed and threw down the pillow and covers and laid himself on a naked bed. His head rested, plain and hard. But he didn't mind. He started to think, all that had happened. It all sounded possible now that he was alone with his own thoughts. It all fit together like pre-planned puzzles.

It all made sense to Edin. He would never believe Erlanko to be so wicked, but after Mrs. Rain's class he could start believing it. Edin still couldn't completely comprehend it all. He was a Tyrell. He was a member of the mighty family that is supposed to rule over the three cities. He was Jonny Tyrell's son. To make matters worse, he was supposed to be the King instead of his *uncle*. He cringed at the thought of that .How could he be related to a person who burned down his own family, just to sit on the power.

Edin laid there for what seemed to him to be more than three hours. But he still couldn't wrap his head over Klyne's story. So he thought that he would take a nap. That would fix everything up. *It's all just a dream. It'll all be over once I wake up.*

It didn't. Nothing changed. Edin woke up and it all came back to him, the conversation with Klyne still buzzing inside him. He knew he could do nothing. Was he supposed to do something? Nothing would change as far as Edin was concerned. But it would have to. There were people out there trying to kill him. So he had to do something. But amidst all his problems, Jon Tyrell's sacrifice came to him fresh for the first time. He saved Edin. He had been planning that for a long time, just to save him. His mother, the queen sacrificed herself so that Edin could live. They changed his name to Mekele so that people wouldn't know. Edin wasn't sure how, but he knew that wherever his father lay, he loved him. He loved him more than anything. And Edin also loved him. Edin also loved the man whom he knew nothing about, whom he didn't know how he looked like, whom he didn't know how he sounded. Yet a strong feeling of love was alive inside of him, ready to be unleashed.

Edin jumped out of his bed. He was active with unknown energy. He knew exactly what he needed to do. He wouldn't sit there waiting to get killed. He would fight. His mother gave her life so that he could get one of his own. His father is in some cell possibly going through torture so that Edin would be safe. It was all because of Erlanko. Edin wouldn't stop until he had justice. He would save his father and give him back the Kingship. He promised himself that.

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He went out in front to see a police car stationed and Klyne talking with a police man. Edin walked over to them as Klyne finished talking. Klyne turned to face Edin as he came to him.

"I need to talk to you, urgent," said Edin hurriedly.

Klyne understood. He nodded and made for his way towards the house with Edin beside.

"I get it," said Edin as they sat down in the dining room, "I know you all tried to save me. You all have sacrificed for my safety. You shouldn't have." Edin paused for a little bringing back his decision in mind. "I'll go to Odghan and save my father and get him on the Kingship."

Klyne smiled and replied, "Said like a true Tyrell." Even Edin grinned at that. 'A Tyrell', the words sounded awfully weird to Edin. But he had accepted it. He had accepted that he was a Tyrell, but it would probably take more time to adjust to it. It's like Klyne had once said, "To accept something is easy, to get used to it is the hard part."

"I talked to the police man outside. He said they're going to leave for good tonight. But they'll come back and give an occasional visit. They're pretty impressed by my skills, almost convinced me to join them in the police."

"Now, we can't wait anymore. We'll have to move tonight. I can't help risking anymore. We're just they didn't send in Ajo. Pack everything you need. We're going to Green's house tonight. It'll be a long drive so be ready."

It was all so abrupt, but Edin didn't want to seem weak. He nodded to say that he understood. Klyne started to make for his room when Edin asked remembering, "What about school?"

Klyne turned with a scowl and said distracted, "I think school can wait until you've brought in justice."

Edin couldn't argue with that. He smiled and entered into his room. Edin was excited at the most. Just about a day before he would never believe that he was about to travel miles to save his long lost trapped father from the King's cells. It all seemed crazy, but it all made sense to Edin. Edin remembered his friends. He would be living them soon and he didn't even get a chance to bid them farewell. But he knew that it would be better that way. He wouldn't make things worse by involving them. He didn't even know what he would say. So, he just left it at that.

It was later that evening that Edin remembered Mrs. Rain's lecture. He beamed to himself as he thought crossed his mind. He was the infamous lost heir.

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