

## Aether, Book 1: The World of Aether by Lucas A.

This is the world of Aether. The Aerial we will be telling about, just so happens to be very important.

First of all, let's get some things straight.

The currency, is Aero.

The Language, is Aerial.

This kingdom, or, "land", is found in the clouds, or well, not earth, we're not sure, but it isn't Earth.

And this kingdom, is the first one of 13. Remember this.

The central cloud is bustling as always, with trades and passerby's. It's been this way since the war between Aether and Zenadra, which caused the economy to be awful. The rarest export was Skysteel, because well, it's rare.

Our Aerial we are seeing, is named, Ralien (Rah-leen). He is about 15 years of age and is not very wealthy, but he makes enough money just to get by.

On this particular day, Ralien has met someone. Someone out of the ordinary.

He was told to meet them in an alley, never a good sign, is it?

"Hello?"

Silence.

"Hello?!"

Ralien tried getting the attention of *someone*, but it was dead quiet.

"You came." The voice came out of a box, as if it was waiting... in a box...

"Why were you... well... in a box?"

"You never know..."

This statement threw him off.

"What do you mean, 'You never know?'"

He was curious.

"What do you want from me?" Ralien was hassling him now.

The man furrowed his eyebrows, "**You shouldn't have done that**"

The man pulled a tall staff from his cloak, "uwa, jusg arkantha, ORan"

He began to chant an ancient Aerial Language, that is untranslatable. The man looked like... Like Drednall, the King who started the war. Especially with the staff.

"Arkantha dartha tunr luks"

I began to fall.

I was falling, but I was standing. The air became thicker, the wind became warmer.

"Hello? Is anyone there?" I shouted, I got no response. I tried again.

"Hello! Is anyone he-" I was kicked down, someone lept on top of me with their foot on my neck, they wore black clothes, like boots, cloak, and wore a hood.

The person spoke. "Who are you? Why are you here?" I struggled and pointed to my throat, they shifted their foot so I could speak. "I'm Ralien! Who are you?"

They stepped off of my chest and gave me their hand. "Lucia, I'm a female Aerial."

I staggered up. Female Aerials were rare ever since the raid of the hooded-... Black Mothras.

I spoke with a timid voice, trying to not show fear, "Y-you're... a black Mothra?" They looked at me with a deadly eye. "Yes, why?" This is fake. It has to be, I thought, she interrupts my thoughts "Are you going to join us? We could use a good distraction." "What's THAT supposed to mean?" I expanded with anger, "Just join, and you won't die." I had enough of this joke.

“Okay, listen, I don’t know if you’re crazy, delusional, or dumb, but all of the Black Mothras died about 50 years ago!” They looked at me and thought, they then gaped at me and exclaimed, “You’re the one! You are the one who was to come to the past and rescue Aether!” At this point, I started looking for an exit. “Listen, the Black Mothras are the good guys, we are trying to end the war. The king is planning to declare war on Zenadra!” I stopped, “Who is the king?”

“Drednall.”

I got up and put my hand out, “How can I help? And where’s my weapon?”

## **Part 2 : The War**

Lucia took me to the Black Moth Base, “So this is the resistance? I was told that the Black Mothras were protesting against women having lower wages or something.” I laughed. “Hah! That’s a joke! Us women are too good for protests, we don’t care about wages! Just good democracy.” “Well, good, then I know I can trust you!” I remarked. We began down a set of stairs revealing an entire armory, there was Skysteel chain armor, Skysteel Armor, and Aetheryte Weapons, like swords, bows, and maces. But Aetheryte cannot be turned into armor, it cannot structure like that.

We began to dress in armor.

“We must go, Drednall has sent his troops already. Get your sword, it’s go time.” Lucia sounded like she practiced saying that 1 million times. I got the helmet on and got up, I ran toward the exit and grabbed my sword on the way.

**“YOUR REBELLION WILL NOT SURVIVE ANY LONGER”** Drednall roared. He had war paint clawed across his face. Lucia yelled with rage, **“CHARGE!!!”**

The armies charged toward each other, and as I witnessed people die, my anger built up  
And I blew it all out.

My sword illuminated with a golden glow and my eyes turned a mystical blue.

I roared.

And time stopped.

**I’m afraid that this is the end of this story.**

**If you wish to see what happens, or see their fate. The World of Baereth is where you seek.**