

Tales of the Eternals. Chapter 1. The creature of blue and gold .

He ran through the forest, stopping every so often to check the ground or sniff the air. He pushed aside undergrowth with ease, his slim body slicing through the ferns like a spear. He stops suddenly in a small, sunlight glade. Strange footprints lay on the forest floor, the canopy above him full of the calls of small flying creatures. They were small and roundly shaped. There was also a strange mix of scent in the air, mostly familiar with the likes of horned heads, armour backs, bone-heads and, unmistakeably, of flesh-eaters. Gripping his spear tightly, he moves slowly onwards, following the tracks. Soon enough, he reaches an open area. Keeping to the undergrowth, he sees the tracks leading across the clearing to....something.

He had never seen anything like it; it had a blue and gold body and a strange gold crest on its head, from which long brown hair flowed from underneath, reaching its shoulders. The creature turns, and in its arms it holds a clear vessel; inside is a small bush with bright yellow and orange flowers and a pair of insects with large brightly coloured wings of purple. But what caught the hunter's attention were the hands of the creature. They are clawless, pale and smooth in appearance. The creature moves away without facing the hunter, making for edge of the forest, carefully carrying the vessel.

The hunter follows at a distance, keeping to undergrowth as much as possible. After a short distance though the hunter ducks behind a tree, as a herd of Ceratorns appeared from the depths of the forest, magnificent animals with a big bulky body, four strong legs, a large frilled head with two horns above their small eyes and a smaller horn on their noses, just above their beak of a mouth. The creature he was following also stops, but in plain view of the oncoming herd. To the hunter's amazement, the Ceratorns completely ignore the creature, except for one; a large male which looked like the leader, with old wounds riddling his large face and a prominent scar running down from eye lid to nos. The giant horn head walked up slowly to the creature, grunting softly. The creature starts running one of its pale hands across the brown scales, and the Ceratorn begins to emit a loud, throaty rumble.

The hunter had never seen a Ceratorn act this way before. Soon the lead Ceratorn trots off after it's heard, and the yellow and blue creature moves off again, as though this were a daily event.

The hunter continues to follow the thing until it reaches an area of hills. On top of the hills are huge clumps of branches and leaves, where chirruping noises can be heard-Pterosaur nests! The hunter draws back nervously in the shade. Soaring high above or moving amongst the nests were adults, huge creatures with leathery wings, long cruel looking toothless beaks and a tall purple-coloured crest atop their heads. The creature moves towards a large boulder, which looks rather out of place. Unlike the surrounding hilly cliffs, it was completely clean with no Pterosaur nests or any plants at all.

The creature climbs up to the boulder, the Pterosaurs taking no notice. The creature then touches the boulder and at once, a crack appears on its surface and a strange blue light shines out. The creature moves into the light, out of view and the crack closes.

The hunter blinks rapidly. Surely his eyes were tricking him!

After a quick glance back to the forest, he grasps his spear tightly and with a deep breath, plunges forward.

At once a chorus of screams and shrieks come from the Pterosaurs. Many soared downwards and covered their nests with huge wings. He carefully kept his distance, struggling over the steep uneven terrain, but he could feel their eyes upon him and heard sharp caws every so often making him flinch. Soon he reaches the boulder, away from the nests. He presses his head against the smooth rock, but could hear nothing. He touched the surface, rapped his claws on it and even gave it a tap with the tip of his flint spear, but nothing at all happened.

He stared puzzled at the huge rock. He could smell the creature's scent around it, an odd smell...neither hunter or prey. He gave a short sigh and moves off to a nearby depression in the ground and sits down, pondering. What creature made its home from solid rock?

His thoughts drifted away as he stares up at the blue morning sky. What is this thing he had been following? What would his clan think when it was discovered?

Much later, he hears a loud noise behind him. Whirling around he spies the creature stepping out from a doorway of blue light in the boulder. The light disappears as the creature steps away. After a quick look round the creature, presumably gathering its bearings, then it sets off back to the forest. The hunter follows again, curiously watching the movements of the creature. It glided through the forest undergrowth almost seamlessly like sunlight, the hunter barely hearing a sound from it.

After a trek, they come towards a small river, where a waterfall thunders in the distance. The creature starts walking along its banks, studying the ground and plants like a forager. The hunter eyes the creature from the cover of a huge clump of ferns, so close he could have reached out and touched the creature. From this close it looked a lot smaller than from afar, though still with its face still out of sight.

It moves off again away from the hunter, head still turned and examining something on the ground. The hunter readies his spear. His chance comes when the creature is distracted by a small orange pterosaur skimming on the river's surface looking for fish.

The hunter lunges out from the undergrowth spear levelled and snarling, fully visible to the creature. Standing on two strong legs, he towers over the creature. His entire body is covered in green scales, with a long tail and a lean, muscular chest and arms and wore only a simple loincloth around his waist. His face had a long pointed snout, the top of which had three painted lines; a blue one bordered by two red, with two quivering nostrils and sharp teeth bared. Two orange eyes with black slits of pupils glared with a wild viciousness, but soon his pupils become wider and his look turns to one of curiosity.

The creature had whirled around in alarm at the sound of the approaching hunter and now stood face to face with him. Its face was round and it did not have snout, only a tiny little nose. Over the face around the nose were clusters of small brown freckles. A pair of deep green eyes stared from the face, almost calculating, though it did not move or make an action. The hunter noticed the thing on its head, a gold coloured object with four large wavy gold features extending from its base upwards, almost like petals from a flower and two extra ones extended downwards, flanking the face. At the front the hunter notices three red stones inserted in the gold base, each looking polished like stones from a river bed and a bright blue feather in-between two of the wavy

extensions . It was small, its head only reaching the hunter's chest in height, yet it there was a sense of grace and power, like an aurora around its tiny frame.

They looked at each other for a long time, the hunter looking confused and the golden creature haughty. Eventually the creature turned on the hunter and started to move away. The hunter eventually found his voice.

"Don't go!" he said in a slightly constricted voice.

He runs over and catches one of the creature's arms. The creature quite literally glares at him, eyes narrowed and full of defiance, reminding the hunter of a Ceratorm. He gulps and then speaks again, trying to keep his voice steady.

"Look, my name is Shern'aath, I mean you no harm and..."

The creature tilts its head looking puzzled. All it can hear are sharp barks and soft grunts.

The hunter, Shern'aath sees he's going nowhere, grunts in frustration. The creature meanwhile seems to realise what the hunter is trying to do, its eyes widening slightly. It reaches out a tiny hand and places it on Shern'aath's snout. Shern'aath starts, he wanted to run away suddenly from this strange thing and yet something kept him rooted to the spot. Then he started feeling something odd....a cool flowing down his neck and back.

The creature soon takes its hand away and then...it spoke:

"Shern'aath?" it asks in a soft and gentle voice.

Shern'aath blinks.

"Y-yes. I'm Shern'aath" he says "Who are you?"

"I'm Altallo." Replies the creature.