

Prologue

“Where am I?”

That was the first thought of the creature lying in the forest, laying about amongst the throngs of branches that lined the thick brush. The air had a biting cold to it, almost like a thousand needles piercing its fur and scales every second. Whatever it was, it didn't belong here in this forest. No one knew what it was, nor where it came from. It stared around in the night, the smaller animals in the brush scattering at the new, unknown beast within the forest. The rabbits, the mice, the tiny insignificant little vermin all ran, fearing their very lives. The unknown creature took no notice.

“This isn't home, it...it can't be home. Where am I?!”

It repeated in a gruff voice, hard to distinguish between a human language and something that seemed as though it didn't belong. It tried to sound human, but what it spoke wasn't anything that a normal being – human or otherwise – would speak. The loud rustling it made whenever it shifted through the trees blindly were another telltale sign. Whatever this was wasn't natural, at least not in the prying eyes of those that resided in the wood.

Then, in the midst of the cold night, a howl broke through the silence.

It wasn't a normal howl, like a wolf. It was indeed thick, bursting, full of mourning, but even the beast didn't know why. It was without warning, and everything that exuded any signs of life scattered instantaneously. Its howl was then interrupted by a loud thud, the cracking of branches leading them to snap and it falling. A low groan of pain came from it, still unaware of its surroundings, even as unknowingly to the beast, the forest was burning behind it. It didn't seem to care, even if it was blinded for some mysterious reason. All it cared about was that it was somewhere unfamiliar, its senses going wild with new smells, new noises, a new world unknown to it. The beast knew that it wasn't where it belonged, or so it thought.

The deep, feral roar that it then produced only ensured that it scared away who or what was around it. No one who heard it would want to be near it for miles, as if the mysterious fire that began to burn the forest wasn't incentive enough for anything to flee. It was a long and drawn-out roar, ferocious and angry, but also scared. The beast was terrified that it couldn't see, that the smells of burning pine and wood and blood – its blood – were making the olfactory senses go haywire.

Silence fell once more over this forest with the exception of it, hidden in the shadow of the night. It couldn't be seen well beyond the glaring glow of the fire, unusually burning a deep blue flame into the night sky. It didn't know that, nor would it have cared. The feral senses of the beast took over, running on all fours as branches fell, crackled and burned with each step it took. The pines burning and falling all around it as if they guided a path, the blue flames taking mere seconds to turn wood into ash, the falling timbers making the embers fly into the air and spread.

Deep dark wings suddenly sprouted from its back, and it began to take off into a sprint despite its visual impairment. Whatever rational thinking it had was gone and the beast only had one option: to run away from this unknown land, this unknown world that it had come from. It sprinted as fast as the forest allowed it, stumbling a bit as it began to regain its vision slowly, the deep blue and orange glow of the forest fire it seemingly created starting to come to form. By then, it had already taken flight. The sky it then saw was a deep dark blue, a setting sun flowing down into the horizon.

What it saw next was shocking, as deep, icy blue eyes with red pupils opened to see a flowing forest as long as the eye could see. Waters of rivers and streams, lakes and ponds dotted the landscape as it took off high into the sky. Much further down, right in the glare of the sun itself, was what appeared to be a city of some sort. A very big city, with buildings rising high into the sky, higher than even the beast.

That's when it flew towards it, towards the bustling city as the forest burned gloriously behind it. It didn't look back at the damage it caused. The fire merely spread deeper, following its creator but unable to catch up as it burned beautifully dangerous shades of blue, white, and yellow. The beast flew off towards the city, its own glow fading along with the burning sunlight.

Breaking News Report – Unusual Forest Fire Brings Extreme Temperatures and Blue Flames; correlated to possible asteroid strike?

“News reports are coming in from one hundred miles west of Twohill that an unusual forest fire has flared up and is spreading. No immediate localities are in danger, but residents of nearby areas are urged to evacuate as embers of deep blue are reported. Forest Authority firefighters are working to contain the blaze, but have been unable to do so because of extreme temperatures upwards of 2500 degrees Fahrenheit within the heart of the fire, leading to almost unsurvivable conditions for firefighters outside of mass airdrops of water.

“Reports are also coming in from as far as Twohill of a large object streaking through the sky, making an impact somewhere within a one hundred mile radius of the city. There has been no comment so far from authorities as to whether this is related or a cause of the forest fire. Some amateur astrologists have reported a comet or asteroid-like object falling to Earth, but this has yet to be confirmed. The Space and Aeronautics Agency have only commented, saying that “they have yet to determine whether or not an impact has occurred, only that an object was seen in the skies.” They had no comment as well on any correlation to the unusually blue forest fire.

“More will come to us as information becomes available...”

End of Prologue
Untitled (for now)
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