

The Wolves Realm

Chapter 2

Cragan

About five years ago

Cragan sat on his chair reading his book. Reading? He couldn't read this. It was some other language. He was only able to read the magic language. The ones that all the magic books were written in. Why were they written in a different language? The grey lynx had no idea but he did know what happened when someone unmagical tried to learn magic from those books. He saw it once. At the Ruargden School Of Magic. The green she wolf had snuck in and someone had taught her the magic language. But wolves are unable to yield the powers of sorcery. Cragan was watching her reading it. Until she started screaming. It's said that if you're unmagical and try to learn magic then your insides are burnt to dust. So what was Cragan doing with this book? He was looking at the pictures. Not much else to do up here. On this mountain. It's hard to survive a week on the mountain. Much harder to live three years on it. The other two years he had been on the run. And he still didn't understand why. Not that it mattered now. He was safe on this mountain. Only a mad beast would be crazy enough to come this far up the mountain. So what does that say about him?

He turned to look and outside but could only see white. Damn blizzard, he thought. Winter should be over soon. He had been thinking about going and seeking out the dragons. They are said to possess magical powers. Maybe they can finish his magic schooling? His magic is weak at the moment. He can lift light items and make a ball appear for a few seconds. Though, doing simple things like that drain his powers. But where are the dragons? Last he heard they were fleeing to the mountains, much like himself. He didn't like to think about it.

Three other people lived here when Cragan arrived. Two wolves and a coyote. He left them alive for about half a year while they taught him how to survive up on the mountain. After all, his magic was still very basic and not strong enough to let him survive up here. They taught him all the tricks he needed to know. It was easy to kill them. Couldn't use any magic cause his magic can't kill... yet. Just needed to steal a knife. It was good with them dead anyways. They couldn't report that he was there and he had enough meat to survive him the first winter. After that he had to hunt and steal from people. But everyone lived so far away from where he is. Takes a very long time to get there and it's hard enough to try and carry all the food up the mountain. Even using magic it's hard to do. Not only that but Cragan also has to collect wood. He can't use his magic to create an ever burning ball of fire. That's advanced magic. He never got that far in his lessons.

He looked out the window again. I will, he thought. I will go and seek out the dragons and finish my magic training. Then I can 'deal' with him. Two times he saw him. Two reasons to 'deal' with him. He still remembered it. He didn't actually see it happen. But he had the name. Four years ago that that happened. He never forgot the name. Can get lonely though. Living up on the mountain. Long winters here, and no one to talk to. Just the same old books to look at that he can't even read. After winter is over I'm off to find the dragons he thought, closed his eyes and then went to sleep.