

The Saga of Nero The Revolt

: Ethar K



The Saga of Nero Book 2: The Revolt

By Ethan K

-Prologue-

I Might Want to Run

Jason held his axe high above his head and... thunk! He split the oak log right down the middle. Jason and his family were very poor. They barely had enough money to put a loaf of bread on the table. They had gotten the axe from a trade that they had made long ago, when they weren't as poor. They had traded some wheat for the axe, since food was scarce at the time. He was harvesting wood for the fast approaching winter. Suddenly, an explosion shattered the silence.

“Get the boy with the axe,” a voice hissed. “Bring him to me!”

All the trees erupted in fire, including the one he'd chopped. *Great, he thought, someone wants to kill me. I might want to run.* He ran to his rundown shack.

“Dad!” Jason yelled. “Someone or something is after me! I don't know what or who they are.”

“Alright son, I know you have a wild imagination,” His dad said calmly. “There are no Ra'dik in this area. What business do they have around here? None!”

Jason was fuming. “I'll go pack up my things and go, because my life is at stake! Now you can either come with me, or stay here and get killed.”

His father laughed. “You've gone a little too far with this game, don't you think?”

“I’m serious!” cried Jason.

Jason entered his tiny room which was the size of a closet and closed the door to not hear any more of his dad’s sarcastic comments.

Just then, the main door burst open! Ten ugly Ra’dik came storming inside.

“Freeze!” one of them shouted.

Jason’s dad bowed and asked, “Oh please ***Ra’dik***, what do I owe this visit to?”

The green and red wrinkled, slimy skin of one of the Ra’dik’s face contorted. “Enough games. Where is that boy?”

Jason didn’t wait for an answer. He hurriedly grabbed his walking stick, a loaf of bread, and wriggled out of his tiny window. He ran as fast as he could to the hill by his little town. When he looked back, he saw the town in flames. From a distance, he witnessed the Ra’dik drag his father outside the shack.

One of the Ra’dik roared in a strange deep coarse voice, “Tell us where he is!”

Jason’s father pleaded, “I haven’t seen him in many hours. He made a trip to pan for gold in the mountains.”

“Liar! You have not cooperated, and now you will die!”

All ten of the Ra’dik pulled out their clubs and beat him. His dad collapsed to the ground and made no more movement as the Ra’dik continued pummeling him.

Part of Jason yearned to run and kill each Ra'dik in the most painful way just like they had killed his father. The other part of him wanted to run. There was no way he could win against the Ra'dik.

He ran into The Dark Forest. He considered his options. He could either go get help from Jade Kingdom, or go into exile. If he went in exile, he would forever be on the run. The Ra'dik would never stop pursuing him, and eventually they would catch him. But he wanted to avenge his father's death, so he started walking toward the Jade Palace which was at bottom part of Nero. He went on and on through the forest careful to make his trail hard to follow (see book 1 for his adventures).

A month later, Jason reached the Jade Kingdom. Along the way, Jason discovered why the Ra'dik were after him. During the first battle against the Ra'dik, what currently is Flaretongue's fortress used to be King Hadrik's younger brother's castle, King Amir. When the Ra'dik breached the wall, Queen Thyra fled from the throne room and gave her two-year-old son named Jason to a merchant in the catacombs. He was hiding from the battle, and she told him to flee through one of the secret passageway exits out of the castle.

Jason had an audience with the king when he reached the Jade Castle. The news of the Ra'dik's movements were very important in the war against the dragon Flaretongue. Jason joined the king's forces as his rightful nobility.

-Chapter One-

Getting Help

Jason steered his horse to the front of the Jade Army. They were all on horseback, riding to the dragon Flaretongue's fortress. They were a thousand strong, with fifty siege towers and five battering rams. They had heard that Flaretongue's fortress was one of the rally points of the Ra'dik. If they could defeat the Ra'dik there, they would not have to face as many Ra'dik at The Black Fortress and they would have a control point. He had made friends with one of the warriors, Jake. They rode side by side on the ride to the lair. They were going to stop by Camaro Hill to get help from the Camaro Elves.

"You think they will help?" asked Jake.

"All we can do is hope," Jason replied.

"If they don't, we'll surely be destroyed," Jake said.

“Talk like that and they won’t agree to help us,” Jason said angrily.

“I’m sorry,” Jake replied.

Jason stayed quiet for the rest of the ride. When they saw Camaro Hill in the distance, they could see elves frantically preparing for battle.

“Great, they think we are attacking them,” Jason muttered to himself. “Raise the flag of truce, do everything you can to make them feel like we are not attacking them!” He yelled.

The white flag of truce was raised, weapons were put away, and the army slowed their pace. When they reached the foot of the hill, King Hadrik called, “We wish an audience with your king.”

“We have no king,” one of the elves replied.

“Who here has the highest authority?” Jason asked.

“I do,” One of the elves stepped forward.

“May we conference with you?” King Hadrik asked.

“No. You cannot,” The elf said firmly.

“I beg your pardon, but why?” Jason asked.

“It is forbidden to let an outsider into our city,” said the elf.

“What if we were to set up a pavilion to conference in?” asked the King.

“Fine,” said the elf.

When the (huge) pavilion was set up, the elf came to the camp with his honor guards.

“I am Da’rik, leader of Camaro,” said the elf.

“I am King Hadrik of the Jade Kingdom,” said King Hadrik.

“I’m Jason,” said Jason.

“Let us begin with the matters of the Ra’dik. They have been terrorizing all of Nero for far too long. We must take action and march to the dragon Flaretongue’s lair,” said King Hadrik.

“That is a matter for you humans to figure out,” said Da’rik.

“You will be affected by the wrath of the Ra’dik, sooner or later!” said King Hadrik.

“Help us please, and we will forever be in your debt,” said Jason

“We do not wish for you to be in our debt,” said Da’rik.

“On my long journey from my hometown, I witnessed Ra’dik burning and killing everything in their path, including entire forests. I understand that you distrust and don’t care for humans. But if you care about the trees and creatures, you would help us,” Jason said.

“Fine,” said Da’rik. “I will send two hundred warriors and two hundred archers. I will have banners raised, and will have a cavalry prepared for battle. My advisor Lor’iad will go with you

to lead my part of the army. My army will need supplies, though. I need you to give us food and shelter.”

“Thank you,” said King Hadrik. “We will stop by the dwarf tunnels and see if they will help.”

The next day, the army was on the move. They heard the dwarf tunnels before they saw them. The loud banging was constant. When they finally saw the tunnels, the dwarves hailed them to a stop.

“What brings you here?” asked a dwarf.

“We come in peace, even though it may not look like it,” called King Hadrik.

“Why have you come?” asked the dwarf.

“We ask for your help,” said Da’rik.

“You want us to help you fight the Ra’dik, I suppose,” said the dwarf.

“Correct,” said Jason.

“What would we get in return?” the dwarf asked.

“We would give you the riches that we get from the lairs of the Ra’dik, and the stone from their cities so you can build yourselves a dwarf paradise,” said King Hadrik.

“My name is Rasco,” said the dwarf. “I will have a five-hundred strong army prepared for battle. I myself will go to battle with you. We will bring ten battering rams and twenty trebuchets loaded with giant slabs of stone. We dwarves will go to war.”

“Let us begin the march at dawn. We unite to fight the Ra’dik, and for all the lives that were lost over the centuries fighting the Ra’dik,” King Hadrik declared.

-Chapter Two-

The March to the Fortress

The march began at dawn. The sound of marching could be heard all across the plain. Jason rode his charger alongside the leaders, admiring the immense size of the vast army. Jake was one of the warriors on the front line and was nervous about the battle to come. Twenty men on horseback had the job of scouting ahead for any Ra’dik. They quickly disappeared over the many hills in the plains.

Suddenly, cries could be heard from the other side of a hill that they were passing over. Some soldiers on the front line panicked.

“Hold your line I say!” King Hadrik yelled. “Hold. Your. Line!”

The soldiers eventually calmed down. Pikes and lances were lowered, spears were raised, and swords were drawn.

At the other side of the hill, they could see that there was an army of about five-hundred Ra'dik. They could also see that the scouting party had been slaughtered. Tattered banners and the remains of the soldiers and horses littered the ground.

King Hadrik gave the call, and the army charged.

-Chapter Three-

The Battle of Gunpowder Hill

When army met army, an explosion rocked the ground. Someone had catapulted a barrel of gunpowder into the midst of the Ra'dik, and fired at it with a ball of fire from a trebuchet. It took out the bulk of the Ra'dik (with several casualties of men, elves, and dwarves), and the rest of the Ra'dik retreated. The army became more cautious as they went, but they only encountered a few straggler Ra'dik. The army went on, but saw nothing but hills and plains. Jake steered his horse through the army and came alongside Jason.

"You nervous?" asked Jason.

"A little," Jake admitted. "Do you think we will win this war?"

"Yes, I do," Jason answered. "We will win if we take courage and not fight to get it over with, but for the lives lost

fighting the Ra'dik."

"That's a good way to put it," Jake commented.

"I'm just saying we shouldn't fight out of fear," said Jason.

They rode in silence for a while after.

-Chapter Four-

The Siege of Flaretongue's Fortress

When the towering mountain of Flaretongue's Fortress came in view, they could see that the full army of Ra'dik covered half the plain. A few of the soldiers ran back the way that they had come. The Ra'dik archers notched arrows, but before they could fire, each leader blew his war horn, and the armies charged.

Jason's horse galloped toward the army of Ra'dik. His spear and shield in hand, Jason stabbed Ra'dik after Ra'dik. He saw an archer aiming for Lor'iad. He threw his spear as hard as he could. The Ra'dik archer fell, with the spear in his side.

"Clear the path for the siege towers!" Lor'iad shouted.

The army slowly pushed forward, driving the Ra'dik back. At that moment, the gates opened. Thousands more Ra'dik

swarmed out. The Ra'dik targeted the siege towers with their flaming ballistae. Two siege towers fell, but the rest continued rolling toward the gate. Ra'dik surrounded the army.

“Set up a defensive line!” Lor'iad shouted. “Do not let them pass.”

“There are too many of them!” a lone warrior shouted. “We are too few. It is hopeless!”

The Ra'dik swarmed him as he said that. At that moment, the Ra'dik successfully completed surrounding the entire army and closed in. Another siege tower fell. A battering ram was set on fire. The Ra'dik archers fired, and part of the human army was wiped out or wounded.

“Once more unto the breach! Let us make our last charge!!!” King Hadrik hollered over the din of the battle.

At that moment, six volleys of arrows rained down upon the Ra'dik, the steel pointed barbs finding their mark in the chinks of their armor. Not a single man was pierced by an arrow. Thousands of elves rose up in the plain, their armor shining bright under their camouflaged robes. They nocked more arrows, clearing a path to the walls for the battering rams and siege towers.

The combined armies charged. The Ra'dik stood no chance against them. Several of the siege towers reached the wall. Men slowly overtook the top of the wall. The elven archers fired down at the Ra'dik, obliterating them. With two swings, the battering rams splintered the gates. The entire army surged

inside, destroying all Ra'dik in sight. Soon, they had control of the whole city. All of a sudden, from the back of the city, Flaretongue rose up, his monstrous wings slowly beating, blasting the city with fiery air.

-Chapter Five-

Fighting Flaretongue

Flaretongue was even bigger than Jason expected. His monstrous body was the size of Gunpowder Hill (very big). When he spit fire at the soldiers, it looked like he had a mega blowtorch in his mouth. Men ran around with their heads on fire, trying to find the slightest amount of water. Jason desperately studied the dragon for a weak spot. Finally, he found one. There was a chink in the scales between the neck and the back. A scale was forming over the crack slowly.

He grabbed a bow from an archer nearby. He aimed and..... miss! He took aim again, but the arrow fell short, clanging loudly off of Flaretongue's scales. Flaretongue slowly turned, finally stopping in front of Jason. Jason knew that he only had a matter of seconds before Flaretongue decided to

spew, so he ran right between Flaretongue's legs! Jason turned and nocked an arrow, but before he could fire, Flaretongue's massive tail slammed into his chest. He crumpled to the ground. He felt like every bone had been broken in his body. His bow snapped in two when he fell. Jason knew that they would be defeated. All he heard before he blacked out was roaring.

-Chapter Six-

A New Dawn

When Jason woke up (which was very surprising), he could see King Hadrik and Jake talking.

“.....if he hadn't created a diversion....” Jake was saying.

“He may be gone,” said King Hadrik. “I'm sorry.”

“How long was I out?” asked Jason.

They both turned around.

“You're awake!!” Jake shouted joyfully. “We thought you were gone!”

“I noticed,” said Jason. “So, what happened to Flaretongue?”

To Be Continued....

(Well, duhh.☺)