

Tracy's den :3 :

goals:

- Write chap 2 of HoA

note: add a cat named mouse based off ace in a story sometime

Heir of Asratoil

PROLOUGE

A small, grey ball of fluff shivered under the pouring rain. It was lying on the steps of a tiny cottage in the middle of nowhere. There was yelling inside the cottage, a man, and a boy. There was a loud crash and the boy stormed out the door, slamming it behind him. He was busy tucking a small leather journal into his satchel and he wasn't paying attention to where he was going. He stepped on to the last step and felt a squishy lump. As he panicked and jumped off the stairs, he heard a crack along with eerie silence from the creature he stepped on. He looked down and saw a fluffy, grey kitten. He scooped it up and gasped.

"A Tabaxi!" he stared at the small humanoid kitten. Its big blue eyes were streaming tears. The kitten's tears mixed with the pouring rain, creating quite a sad sight for the boy. He took a closer look and saw that the Tabaxi's leg had been broken.

"Can you talk little guy" the boy frowned.

The kitten shook his head. His tears had begun to slow down, and he wriggled in the boy's arms.

"We should take you to the healer in the nearby town. It's only a few hours walk, and I was heading there anyways," the kitten began to move his paws around in a series of signs.

The boy stared at the kitten, puzzled. He stood staring at the kitten for a second before speaking, "Sign language? I don't know sign language, sorry little guy," he gave the kitten a sympathetic look. The kitten stared back with huge sparkling eyes.

The boy opened his mouth to ask the kitten something else, but he was stopped by the sound of the door opening. He ran to the side of the cottage, kitten in his hands. The boy held his breath as he clung to the kitten. They both shivered from fear along with the chilly rain that streamed from the sky.

"Boy! Where are you?" a large man had emerged from the house, screaming angrily into the wet night. The kitten wondered who this man was, and why the boy was running away. The kitten watched the man,

intrigued. He opened his maw in shock as he saw the man's outline in the moonlight. *An elf!* He thought. He turned to look back at the shivering boy. The kitten's eyes widened; the boy was an elf too! He was pulled from his thoughts by a loud slam. He and the boy both jumped at the noise. The man had gone back inside the house.

After a moment of silence, the boy spoke, "That was my uncle," the boy explained, "He has been taking care of me since my parents disappeared. He hates me. I decided to run away and go on an adventure! My dad used to go on a lot. He wrote about them in his journal. I'm going to do the same!" The boy smiled. The kitten licked his hand in reply. They both sat there for a moment, the pale moon's glow staring at them like a giant eye.

"Why exactly were you on the stairs of my house?" the boy's face contorted into a puzzled look. The kitten made a writing motion with his hand. The boy stared for a second, the puzzled look still there. It disappeared as he realized what the kitten meant.

"Sorry, I spaced out for a second there," the boy patted the kitten on the head. The kitten let out a small purr. The boy reached for his satchel and pulled out a piece of paper, ink, and a quill. Small raindrops hit the paper. *The rain is slowing down. Once it stops, we should leave,* thought the boy. The kitten was scribbling on the paper in messy handwriting. He came to a stop and handed the boy the paper. In messy handwriting the paper read:

My name is Silent Quill. Call me Quill:O itsa me. My family abandoned me in the nearby woods. I walked for a while until I got to your house. I come from a rich royal family. I know that war is coming. They abandoned me to save their last heir.

The boy sat there, a billion questions racing through his head. *This kitten sure has a big vocabulary,* he thought. He continued thinking about what the kitten said. He decided to ask one question at a time. He took a deep breath,

"Ok. So, who is your family?" the boy asked. Quill took the paper along with the quill and wrote:

My family is the royals of Asratoil, the capital city of Wistimis. Do you know the places I speak of? They are on every map of Zespiria.

He stopped writing for a second and looked at the boy for a reply. The boy nodded. Quill continued:

My father is the king, and my mother is the queen. My brother was in line for the throne until he died in a terrible accident. I am now next in line. Except my parents abandoned me.

The boy decided to ask the next question, "What is the war that is coming?"

Quill began to write:

My father told me little about it. I did overhear some details. There is unrest in the people, they think my father will crack under the pressure to protect the kingdom. He is protecting it from an army of beasts. They are led by a king. The king of Lavoria, his name is King Assyrius. Lavoria is not on any map that I have seen before, it is one of the banished lands.

The boy's eyes widened as he read what Quill knew. *The banished lands!* Thought the boy, *people*

never mention those! Quill handed the quill, ink, and paper back to the boy. The boy quickly put them in his bag. They both sat there for a while, exhausted.

"We should probably begin walking to the town. "Your leg is hurt," the boy said as he stood up, Quill still in his hands. He began to walk down a path into the woods, not even glancing back at the cottage.

CHAPTER 1

Quill sat on a bench outside of the town healer's cottage. It was time for his checkup on his leg, which he had broken around 2 moons ago. Him and Castian, the boy who rescued him and also broke his leg, had been staying in the town. They had been very busy preparing for their coming journey and also trying to get Quill's leg all better.

"Your leg should be better by now. Hopefully the Aslan lets us leave town," Castian said as he sat down beside Quill. Quill pulled out his paper to reply. A kind lady in the town gave them the enchanted paper. The paper allowed Quill to translate what he wanted to say onto paper. Quill spoke onto the paper:

Yes! It would be great to start our adventure. I was thinking we could pick up a quest to do. Down at the tavern there is an old man who gives quests to those who are worthy.

Castian nodded, "That sounds great! I'm so excited, Quill!"

So am I!

As Castian read the paper, the healer, Aslan, emerged from his cottage. He was a tall, old man who smelled like dragonroot, not very pleasant of a smell. He was whistling a old nursery rhyme song. Caspian gasped, his mother wrote that song! Aslan and Quill were both staring at him, confused on why he gasped.

"Oh, sorry! I just reconized the song you were whistling," he explained, not mentioning his mom wrote the song.

Aslan looked shocked for a split second, then replied, "Yes. It is quite a lovely song," he flashed a toothy grin. He paused, then spoke, "Come inside Quill," he watched the small Tabaxi walk into the cottage, "You can stay out here, Cas!" Caspian nodded at the man. He watched as Aslan went inside, closing the door behind him.

Better not put any time to waste! Thought Caspian. He was on his way to the tavern to talk to the old man. It was right next to Aslan's cottage, so he was there in seconds. The bartender, Julius, greeted him as he walked in,

"Hi Cas! How are ya today?" he didn't look up, he was too busy pouring a drink. Castian replied with a nod, not realizing that Julius wasn't looking at him. Julian frowned when Castian walked away without a reply.

Castian slowly walked over to the back of the tavern where the old man usually sat. He saw the small old man sitting and reading a scroll. He had a long, white beard and a balding head. He didn't even look up when Castian slowly sat down in front of him. Castian tapped the old man on the shoulder. When the man looked up Castian was surprised.

"What! You're blind! How are you rea-" Castian was interrupted by the man.

"Yes, young man. I am blind. I have my ways of reading," he let out a chuckle, "My name is Asmo the wise. What do you need from me?" Asmo squinted his unseeing eyes. *As if that could help him see*, thought Castian.

"My friend said that you give quests to people," Castian replied.

"Only those who are worthy. Why do you ask about quests? Do you think you are worthy?"

That made Castian pause, mouth open. *Am I? What determines if we are worthy?* Thought Castian.

The old man replied as if he could read Castian's mind, "To be worthy, you need to gather a few items for me. Then I will determine if I should give you a quest," the man nodded and reached into his robe. He handed Castian a list written in loopy handwriting:

10 black coals
1 stick of white chalk
1 stick dragonroot insense
3 starlight berries
2 bottles of love

Castian grimaced, dragonroot smelled terrible, why would someone want dragonroot incense? He thought. He was very confused by the list.

"How do I get a bottle of love?" he turned to ask the man. He frowned, the man had left the tavern.

Another patron of the tavern, sitting nearby, heard this.

"Ha, a bottle of love! Good luck with that!" She said, laughing.

He looked to her, "Do you know how i can get one?" his eyes were desperate and she shrugged, but still answered.

"You can get one by stealing a kiss from someone and bottling it," she replied in an annoyed tone.

"How do I bottle a kiss?"

"The same way you bottle fire and starlight," she shrugged.

"Ok," he knew a little bit aabout bottling so, hopefully he could do this.

"Oh will you stop staring at me," She said, annoyed, "It can't be that you've never seen a Neko before."

He flused, "I didn't know I was staring! I'm so sorry," he was so embarassed. He had the habit of starnng off while lost in thought. It made a lot of people think he was staring at them.

"It's ok," She sighed, "it happens all the time."

"I wasn't staring because how you look! I was just lost in thought," he exclaimed, feeling bad for offending her.

"You're ok," She said, smiling, "As I said, it happens all the time."

"Yeah. I just feel bad since it always happens to you," he replied with a touch of sincerity in his voice. He stood up. He had to go check on how Quill was doing. He nodded to the Neko and walked out the door.

She smiled as she watched them leave. *Why do I get the feeling I'll see them again*, she thought.

Chapter 2

Castian lumbered over to Aslan's cottage to retrieve Quill. As soon as he knocks on the door, Aslan is there as if he appeared out of thin air. As he walked into the cottage he saw Quill laying on a fuzzy yellow bed. He ran over to him and showed him the list, As Quill read the list he grimaced at the mention of dragonroot insence.

"Yeah, I know it's gross," said Castian. He nodded at the list as he spoke. He got out the paper for Quill. He wrote,

Why would we need dragonroot and how do you bottle a kiss. Also aren't starlight berries only found on Mount Hichiag

"I have no idea. You bottle a kiss like you do with starlight. And yes we will have to go there to get the berries," Castian sighed.

We better start collecting the items now, and make a list of where we can find each thing,

Quill wrote.

Castian wrote the list in careful handwriting,

Black coal - found at the blacksmiths

white chalk - found at the school

1 stick dragonroot insence - found at the apothecary

3 starlight berries - found on Mount Hichiag

2 bottles of love - anywhere. Must find someone to kiss...twice

Quill nodded as he read the list. Castian picked up Quill and they walked out the door, heading to the blacksmiths. The blacksmiths was only a few stores down from Aslan's cottage.

Castian carefully balanced Quill as he opened the door. Inside was a array of tools and weapons, perfectly crafktd by hand. At the very back was a tall man, he seemed to be half-giant. He had a long blonde beard and a bald head. He turned their way with a big smile.

"Hello boys! How may I help you today?"

"Can we please have 10 pieces of black coal?"

The man tilted his head, "Thats an odd request. What for?"

"We need to prove to Asmo we are worthy of a quest."

"I see," said the man, "My name is Barth. I will give you the coal if you repay me."

Castian slumped, "We have no money."

"There are many ways to repay someone not including money. If you forge a sword correctly, I will give you the coal and let you keep the sword."

"Really? Thanks so much. I'll get to work right away."