

DEFENDERS OF LIFE

WORLDS BEYOND

The Hidden Prophecy

{Book one}





The stars shine bright, but the realm glows dim, one shall stand and two may die. save the war, spread the message, for you know how tears can stop falling, blood stops spilling, and the realm can be one with peace again.

Prologue

Stars of defeat

(MESSAGE FROM ALANA -btw, you just have to trust the process in this, something might not make sense at all at first, but it will all link up at the end. thanks!)

A small draline stationed still in a blue moonlit desert, gazing up at the stars. She looked small, though the way she sat told that she had a wise mind full with questions, but mostly answers that stirred.

One moon appeared in the sky after a gloomy cloud had been covering it. It was now a crescent moon overlooking the realm, and it was held at its highest point in the sky.

The draline had large troubled eyes: they were fixed on one particular grid of stars. One was so bright it looked like it could explode, the middle one was small, just like any normal star, but maybe it held a soul that watched over the draline cat. The final star on the bottom of the column was dim, it had less power than the others.

But maybe.. was this a sign?

A dark voice ran through the draline's head- it felt like it was digging and tearing at her soul- and her own thoughts were all choking with pain and messed up. Wind and leaves rustled into a miniature hurricane with the animal in the centre, eyes closed and mouth *slightly* open. "A king is taking too much power. A raven is fighting, though soon they will be dying. A dove has survived the great battle ride- but scorched and screamed with power no more." The voice finally stopped its screeches after what felt like a hundred years, though it was really just a couple of heartbeats.

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A small mew came out of the draline's cat-like mouth, 'No! It can't be— Can it?'

'**Stargazer**, you **must** rest.' A voice echoed, then it added, 'You have seen trouble in **both** realms. But three dralines are **coming**. A prophecy has been delivered.'

Chapter One

A War In Which Sprang

It was almost dawn when the first tree had fallen. At sunhigh the forest was shaking terribly and the draline's homes were completely destroyed. But at midnight was when the forest fell, when the war had started and the blood had been spilt. Tears and blood covered the land, Harmonia had been left, and the Nonfurs had taken it over.

"Abandon the forest!" Yelled one voice.

"We won't leave without a fight!" Argued another. The forest was once in peace, sharing the elements together and not even a single trace of war coming... But how could the universe be so cruel? Why wasn't there a warning?...

Finally the argument had been won- and the dralines decided that they couldn't face the twolegs just themselves. At least not without the magic. It was safely stored in a vault underground after one of the ancient monarchs had fought against the magic. King Bullstark previously schemed to take over all of harmonia- he didn't quite managed to hide the source of power, though legend has it that his dead corpse is still far below a river's surface after he'd drowned.

A mysterious glowing door covered in wooden carvings appeared east of harmonia. Large stones were placed in a- what seemed like a *circle*. The door was placed in the middle, and it was merged into a side of a tall snowy mountain that towered over the first realm.

The fleeing dralines all looked up, the points of the rugged mountains looked massive- like they never stopped growing. Aureole and the rest of the leaders knew that this door may be their only chance to escape the danger.

"I believe," Turtle started. "That this may be our last resort. The other dralines are *fighting* even *dying*." the other three leaders exchanged glances. And then they all slowly started to nod. This really *was* their only chance. " but.- We don't know what could happen next.. There could be no turning back.." argued spark.

They all bowed their heads. "Whatever happens- let the spirits watch over us. And we bless our warriors with strength if we cannot turn back." willow whispered under her breath. And the rest of the royals muttered their sacred words.

They looked up- and started to enter the door...

PART ONE- STUCK IN CIRCLES

Chapter two

As quick as lightning

A cage was hanging high in the air with a small - odd creature with brown scales and small wing buds yet to grow. Of course, this was not the only mystical odd creature in the room. There were many others. One with three heads and eighteen tails- the other had no teeth but had multiple tongues as sharp as spears. One of them was just a dead leaf, or at least it looked like that. If you touched this green creature then your skin or scales would turn to red. And then your hands would drop off like there was no blood in them. The room was dark with rounded walls that trailed up into the ceiling. Most of the mystic animals here were old. Unlike the brown scaled hybrid- they had a long life before they got captured. They told stories about how their species civilised, and odd things that they encountered in their life. But the dragon-cat hybrid was young- and he never knew that there were more animals like him out there. He thought that **scrap** was the only one left of his kind. He was trapped in the twoleg building for almost a decade- and almost his whole life. All he remembered before he got captured was his father drowning in a large river... but again he never really missed him because Scrap was only two days old when it had happened.

A young twoleg walked in and unlocked the creature's cage door and signalled with his two front paws to follow him into the examining room. Scrap hopped down off the surface of his cage and silently mewed a goodbye to the other creatures. He would come back later- but you never know what might happen when it is your turn to enter the lab room..

"Professor Coelmark, sir, we have 'e scaled cat 'ere." muffled words that scrap didn't understand came out of the twolegg's mouth.

"Ahh- yes. Thank you Cadburn. You can go and have your lunch break now." an old, posh voice spoke.

The young lad nodded and turned to walk away. Now scrap was just left with the old man that had coelmarks all over his face.

"Now, you're an Interesting one, aren't you? Ready for the tests? See what you are?"

The creature, who's name was Scrap, drooped his ears: they were already scared, and floppy, but now scrap just felt like the whole existence of life could fade away and he wouldn't do anything about it. He absolutely *hated* tests.

"Oh, what are you drooping about?" he started. "Don't you love tests and all the *bright* lights?" the old man narrowed his eyes and his mouth began to grin. Coelmark didn't wait for any reply, of course, partly because the small creature *couldn't* answer. Before Scrap could act, darkness started to cloud around the corner of his eyes- and he was laid still.

"A- *draline*" whispers spoke in scrap's ears- it sounded like the muffled words that usually came from professor Coelmark- but scrap could really hear it this time.

Small vibrations hummed through the air. Scrap was now blinking awake to be greeted with heavy breathing right next to his face and a very old man with one eye half closed

staring right into scrap's small brown eyes. "Very odd creature you are," the man told the brown animal. "A- *draline*" he carried on- nodding slightly.

Scrap opened his mouth and large fangs started to appear from his gums- which then made a quiet screech: a hiss. A *draline* scrap wandered in the mysteries of his mind. *I am SCRAP! The draline of the world! The last survivor of them all!!* He would throw his talons in the air- but only if his limbs weren't all tied up in metal cuffs. The draline then looked down at his hind legs. He looked up at his front legs- and they were all tied up on a smooth white bed. He jerked his head up again to glare at the professor. His lips curled into a threatening snarl that made coelmark back away.

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A cold breeze flew past scrap, and then it did it again- it was as if a ghost or spirit was running. ***Click!*** Scrap looked down at where a clicking noise had been- his cuffs and his rope had been un-done!

The small draline jumped back onto his talons and began to leap at the man. But for a half- second, it had felt like time had stopped. In fact- it really *did* stop! Scrap was now on a table, and professor coelmark was lying on the floor, eyes wide open and unblinking, hair spiked up. His name had really been true, there were dark coel-like stains all over his face and body. (not that it really made a difference on the man's face.) The old man's chest was motionless, it had no heart beats, no pressure points, no anything. Just incredible stillness.

"Coelmark!!" Cadburn came rushing through the door- "No! No that pesky cat! E' must have done somethin' to you!" although the young fella had been talking to the draline- his eyes were fixed on something much bigger:

lightning.

His body was static, his eyes were wide- but he *could not run*. For he was now alongside with the old man on the floor- dead.

Scrap turned around, searching for an escape that was not there. "No- no!! I- i need to get out of here!" he panicked. Half of his mind was *certain* that scrap was next in line to be struck by this mysterious *death*. But then again, the other half couldn't give up searching for an escape root. And *that* was the side that won..

His head whipped from side to side, up and down.

All of the doors were locked- and they were still hard to get to alone.

Just then, ash started to leak from the ceiling of the building, and a loud noise suddenly appeared in the air...

BOOM!!

The sound was low and deep, like buildings crumbling to dust in an instant- but, scrap realised, that the building really was crumbling and vanishing alongside two other buildings that scrap hadn't been to before.

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A thundering clatter of books tumbling erupted from Coelmark's private library, and the walls surrounding it started to erupt with smoke and gas.

Scrap didn't turn around. He was running so fast his talons barely even touched the ground. *I've made it! I- I really did it!* He thought, still running through the wind.

He slowed his pace so he was now trotting- but that was when he heard the calls of twoleggs- the calls of the youngsters. The *calls* of defeat.

The small draline's head was glistening with sweat like millions of miniscule stars all dazzled on his body. Scrap was panting breathlessly, and both his wingbuds were completely covered with mud and dust from running towards the wind so fast.

He couldn't fight- he didn't have any more energy to run away either from the tiny non-furs.

Before Scrap *couldn't* do anything, he felt sticky paws crawl around him. He looked down and saw that the floor was getting further and further away from him. He stared in astonishment as he saw his talons get lifted from the ground. He finally gathered the confidence to look up and see what was going on; and he saw two legs trail into a body- which then trailed to a head: it had no horns, but instead two ears on the side of the head and a short nose coming off the face. The draline didn't believe a thing he saw. He started to yell and roar, " Pinch me!" And, "gahh! Somebody get me out of this dream-!!" But there was no response and there was no miracle.

This is the world beyond... He realised.

Chapter Three

Commands from the young

Scrap finally opened his horrified eyes to see his body being flung in the air by a large riverside. He caught a small glimpse of a small twoleg as he spun, which seemed to have its arms flung out ready to catch something. *World ABOVE! What is this unearthly **thing** doing??* He asked himself.

Though then he realised that the odd *thing* was staring directly at *Scrap* as if he was trying to catch *scrap himself*. *Oh **no** you dont!* He replied. Though nobody had said anything that he could actually hear.

Scrap lifted up his limbs so that he was now flying in the air vertically with talons ready to tear.

“OWWWW!!” a scream echoed. As it turned into tears that poured down the young tnon-fur’s face.

Scrap hissed and turned around to run away, but he came to a halt as he realised that he somehow *hurt* the spooky creature. That had explained why the child made a screech- and why it had also spun tears around its *squishy things* underneath its eyes.

Scrap turned around, eyes wide and guilty. He tried to help the non-fur, which he knew was unusual behaviour for a *draline*. His thoughts lingered on that word- ‘*Draline.*’ *is this- is it who i am now?* he asked himself, though unable to reply to his own thoughts.

Before he could reach the boy, another taller twoleg with longer hair grabbed the draline by its back and snarled at scrap with protection for her child. "GO AWAY you ignorant little MONSTER!" the older non-fur cursed, then she continued less loudly this time, " and DON'T even think about coming back!"

Scrap didn't understand a word the twoleg was saying- but the tone and gesture seemed to warn scrap about trouble that soon might come.

He darted backwards and kept running for a very long time until he came to an end of nearby land. A wide river that stretched out for miles almost took scrap away with a current before he stumbled backwards for safer measure.

He took in a breath and gazed into the river- it was like staring into infinite pools of blue flowers all shimmering in golden sunlight, though if it were swaying in the ocean gleam.

"It is such a shame my family cant see this-" he murmured. "You only saw it from the bottom though- in the darkness of your fate..."

The small draline looked down at his talons which had been scuffling the moist soil on the ground. He had accidentally bought himself to think again of the tragic memories he had as a hatchling- It was a hysterical moment: to see his own father to be drawn to an end in deep blue- and the chill of waves that had swept over him as he wept all night and in his dreams as an orphan.

A cackle erupted behind Scrap: his ears pricked up, his eyes were wide and his body was jerked still. He slowly turned his head around to see a small limp figure hobble towards the draline. "W- would you be so very kind to-" the voice hesitated, so quietly scrap had to strain his ears to hear the odd creature. "to help me get across that r-river?" The

silhouette came forward slowly dithering out of the sun-set's shadow and revealed its bruised and drenched scaly face. It looked smaller than scrap, probably a year younger or so.

*Another.. Another **draline?**...* scrap gulped.

Chapter Four

The Bearded Man's Logo

"A-are you-" the other creature paused to create a deafening silence through the air. "another *creature* like- like me.?" it grasped and his voice was rough as if desperate for help to survive.

"Yes," Scrap replied, unable to figure out what was really going on around him. "Yes. I am indeed."

"Ahh ha. Yes of course!!" the bruised draline's face lit up.

"OOHH!! Scrap! You have come to save me oh THANK YOU!" Scrap stopped, mouth open but unable to say anything. "Uh- h-how do you-" the younger draline interrupted Scrap, still bouncing up and down with joy.

"Spirits bless you!"

"No- wait! *How do YOU know MY name?*" Scrap demanded, terribly confused.

The smaller draline finally stopped bouncing and stared at scrap for a long, uneasy time. "you," the draline started. "Are the one and only survivor of the fire royalty- you are SON of -" the dusty animal hesitated to say a name..

"Son of WHO? Tell me!" Scrap was desperate to know who his parents were, he couldn't live his life a mystery.

"S-son of.. Son of uhh- yeah son of the prince!..." The worried creature was obviously improvising- and keeping something from Scrap that he wanted to know.

"So my father isn't dead?" Scrap was utterly confused now.

"Well.. not exactly- he drowned for good reas-" the small draline stopped. "Shouldn't have said that." it admitted.

“My father drowned, so it is true..” Scrap knew this, but for good reason? “You mentioned something about ‘*good reason*.’ What are you trying to say?!”

The younger draline stared at the confused older draline blankly for who knows how many minutes.

He finally said something- “He wasn’t,” he paused for a long moment to find the right words. “From the legends, I mean, he wasn’t exactly the kindest of leaders...” the bud-less draline was hovering from paw to paw, rather awkwardly, his body seemed to almost levitate.

“So? Sure- he may have,” Scrap struggled to put his words into a sentence for a short heartbeat. “Uhh- p-put some people into a dungeon? What does that matter? They were probably deserving of it anyway!”

The other draline stood still, sympathy in his eyes. He shook his head slowly, looking down at his ashamed paws.

“It was much, much worse...”

For a long, eerie moment, there was silence as the two looked into each other’s eyes.

“I- I’m uncomfortable telling you about this.. It is *forbidden* to talk about it in my tribe, I mean.. Sorry.” Scrap tried to read the draline’s face, but it had a blank expression.

Scrap sighed. It was clear that the draline didn’t want to tell Scrap anything of this information.

“Well, who are you, anyways?” Scrap asked, finally.

The smaller draline laughed in reply. “Me? Oh ha! Why would you want to know my name?”

‘*This insane draline can’t seriously be solemn.*’ Scrap pointed out, though not sure to who. Maybe himself?

“No. I’m serious. What is *your name*?” Scrap asked the younger draline. The pair stayed silent for a few moments : just staring at each other’s heads. They didn’t dare blink.

The younger draline had once been treated as a slave in his younger years with his family: much like Scrap.(the small draline never got asked things like this- '*what is your name?*' The draline had never heard this question before. Only as teases like 'maggot' or 'earthworm'. He had never met a decent draline apart from Scrap, either.) They were bitter, heart-less, and evil. Apparently a lot like Scrap's mysterious spiritual family, too.

The smaller-sized draline finally looked down at his talons. He held his breath, before opening his mouth to speak. He was about to tell scrap, but a rumbling came from the non-fur traffic...

It seemed like the rumbling was coming closer-closer-closer...

..There was a large twoleg with a stick and some sort of net on the end of it. He carried another stick, as well, with two pointy ends. A flash of greenish light zapped from one end of the stick to another. It seemed like it would hurt if you got caught in it.

Scrap saw a sort of logo on the pelt that the twoleg was wearing. It looked like a simpler version of Professor Coelmark's face. It had the ash-filled stunned beard, the horrifying eyes that Scrap had nightmares of each night, and the two divisions of grey hair on either side of its head..

Scrap didn't take long to realise what logo this was...

His head whipped up, his eyes wide and mouth positioned open. He shrieked at the other draline, "*RUN!*" the draneck started to do as he was told, but only after looking behind to check if Scrap was running with him too.

Both their lives were at stake here...

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Scrap kept on stepping on the sharpest thorns through a forest as he ran. The other draline kept on tripping over the roughest rocks through a forest as he stumbled, and the twolegs, who were chasing after the two, kept on bumping into trees and stumps through a forest as they chased. It was all chaos: the non-fur group kept on shouting at each other and at the dralines running. (although of course the two animals didn't know what the men were saying at all.) And the dralines side-by-side were panting breathlessly, they couldn't even hear the loudest of birds singing, instead they were just absorbed in their own world of running. The smallest draline tripped over his talons and rolled over onto the mud. *Evil Bullstark! What now?!* He thought. His scales had lost it's umber glint- all covered in dust and oozing bog. As he lay on the ground a glimpse of blue lingered through branches, but even worse, Scrap was still running through the bracken, and towards the river...

Chapter Five

Haunting decisions

“SCRAP!” the yowl echoed around the forest, even the trees shook violently as if they were resentful as they watched the tearful scene. For just a heartbeat, it was as if time had stopped once more, and cold winds flew past the two dralines. The sounds of non-furs rasping suddenly was relieved for the animals and gone. Only the silent calls of leaves and roots hung in the air. And even that was almost stail. But one small word and it was all broken into reality again. “Look!” The air flew past Scrap again but he skidded to a halt as he saw what was right in front of him. The eerie glow spooked him. What was under there? Under the Darkness? Perhaps, it was just an endless void...

The other draline raced to Scrap’s side and whipped his tail to his body to stop himself peering into the dark pool.

“Thanks-” Scrap started. “I didn’t know you could do *that* though!” His eyes were wide, but they still glowed.

The small drake stared, he wouldn’t get his powers until he was 10! But, had they come early as a gift from the spirits?

“I- I don’t know if that was me or not..” He admitted. “It can’t be, can it?” he found himself wondering out-loud.

“Don’t ask me!” Scrap juttet the drake out of his thoughts. “I don’t know who my own father is- Let alone *powers!*” he teased “though that is really cool-” he quietly added.

Scrap turned his head over his shoulders and positioned his ears either side to check if the non-furs were still there.

"Looks like it's clear now." he reported to his friend.

"Hey, I still don't know your name! You're killing me!" Scrap turned back to his friend beside him. "We need to get back home, I can't keep calling you Draline and, 'Hey, Draline! Watch out!' " Scrap tried to make an impression of himself and tilted his head upwards to appear more *fancy*.

The small draline laughed, he had never felt like this before: draline connection, it was all new for him. "That is *not* what you're like!" he had made a point.

The smaller draline stared down at his paws, his jaws slightly parted but still unable to find words. All of his voice stuck to his throat, fighting away from the tongue. He coughed, and his mouth had won, the words echoed through his mind, before it all spilt out in front of Scrap.

"My name is Tamar." Tamar finally croaked. He had explained how he had escaped from his family, and was now free under his leader's reign.

"My family were royalists, they were related to the previous king, King Gorse." he started, then added, " King Gorse wasn't the best, either though." Tamar finally finished, leaving scrap speechless. Scrap had only thought of tamar as another Draline- But he hadn't expected any of this. "Im- so sorry.." Scrap Whispered.

The river had stretched out along the earthy surface on the ground for generations, teared and savaged beneath the deep surface. The ceiling of the river, however, had been peacefully sitting there for even longer than the floor, untouched beaches and coves hidden, and the smooth surface hadn't even been thought of as water to swim in. Though every being had probably wondered what would hide

under the gloom if one were to dive, or even just flick. It was unimaginable.

PART TWO - TAUNTER

A white, Vivid room had surrounded Tamar, with a high ceiling that seemed to stretch fathomless towards the sky. A tall non-fur with barbed hair charged inside the chamber. His eyes glinted danger, with a smirk that spread across his face in an unusual, uncomfortable way. A sharp breath played towards his odd grin and it started to part with his jaws. "Oh.. oh did they, you say?" He spat, eyes mad but his voice was quiet, though strangely irritated. A shorter non-fur trembled alongside Cadburn in a creamy-white coat. "those dralines could've gotten us fame.." he paused, his hands looking as if trying to reach for something in the air, "just-imagine.. What us two could have if you and my freak of a brother didn't mess it *all up!*" The non-fur turned his head downwards and tried to explain, but, "C-C-Cadburn, my master, we are-" he was interrupted. "**TERRIBLY SORRY?**" silence erupted around the room. The two walked over to a floating hologram with red visuals. "Oh yes. You should be." he grinned once more. "You'll be sorry, alright."

Tamar shot right up, taking short, shallow breaths of air, he remembered the weird dream he had just seen. It was unusual, and clearer than normal dreams that he had previously had.

He got up from the leaf blanket he and scrap had sown together the night before and strolled out of the small cavern that they decided to shelter in for the night. The air was damp outside, and he could hear the gleam of crickets and morning birds rustle and chirp at the coming-dawn.

"Scrap?" he called, his pixie-like eyes darting around the clearing. It was dark, although he could at least see a couple metres in front of him.

Tamar decided to turn back and search in the other cave rooms; there weren't too many to venture, only few. He decided to call again for his missing friend. "Scrap, where are you? I need to talk!"

A dark silhouetted figure appeared behind tamar, it took a step forward to reveal itself to the light. To Tamar's relief, it was just scrap.

"Yes.. we need to talk." Scrap nodded his eerie head towards the direction of the non-furs. He paused, trying not to scare Tamar, but at the same time tell the truth.

"I know.. I saw it too." The small draline finished Scrap's sentence to save him trouble.

Scrap was wandering through his mind, desperately trying to search for answers of what to do next, but Tamar interrupted his thoughts,

"We need to cross that river.." he pointed his tail towards the dark pool that lay beyond the dralines, "To get back home.." Scrap gulped. "There's more dralines?" He asked. Tamar nodded.. in fact, there were lots, lots more...

They slowly approached the heavily-layered lake that divided the non-fur city from the forest that scrap always dreamed of meeting - he sometimes wondered if his earliest memories had been by the forestside instead of the city.. he wasn't old enough to recognise anything back then, but as Scrap thought more he realised it could - just possibly be the answer..

Scrap's ears ringed with sound, his senses *knew* this was dangerous.. But, was there a real choice?.. Or was there a different way of getting home? Or, perhaps the only real answer was just- too appalling to think about?.. Would they even come out on the other side alive??..

Chapter Six

Black Tsunami

Before they could screech, a large, black tsunami headed their way, the roar of waves crashing and blood racing in their ears were enough to knock them out itself, not to mention their whole body spinning in what felt like an endless Spiderweb. Scrap wasn't used to the salty, different kind of water, and it stung in his eyes like scorpions.

His mind screamed to close them, but his spine shook in just the *thought* of losing Tamar with his eyes closed... B-but something didn't seem right.

Scrap darted his gaze all around his vision, *where is he?* He choked in his own head.

The storm grew heavier, its weight almost made Scrap sink to the very bottom of the surface, it dragged him under into the deep blue, and the thunder suddenly crooned as the water engulfed him...

The realisation hit Scrap like a Bullet.

I.. I can't breathe!.. W-What's HAPPENING? Darkness surrounded him in a blur, and it was all gone..

Scrap's limbs drew down like boulders and all tension in his talons were lost, and the storm blew into a small, ordinary wind... it was lost from its anger.

Scrap clung to the last strands of hope; hopes that he thought were all lost in the lake.. *Please.. Let there be*

Spirits. His lungs were about to burst, and his life vanished into a tiny reality in the large universe.

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Tamar began to desperately tug at the dark water, pulling his talons closer towards himself and somewhat moving underneath through the wet loch. The rain and water had gotten underneath his scales and it shivered on his skin, but it didn't matter!

He thought he had gotten caught of a bronzy light and scales and tail. He swam faster. tirelessly cupping the water behind him as he glided towards the figure; it was easier once the storm had grown smaller. He was getting closer and closer each second! He was so, so close now he couldn't stop! He was so fast by now he was practically zooming effortlessly! It was magical that moment.. As if nothing else mattered and was all gone.. All just in one movement of time.

But nothing ever lasts forever...

I should know that by now.. He realised, and he stopped as dark red coral, the colour of his blood spilling searched through him, and pulled tighter and tighter and tighter. His air was all gone, his hopes lost, and his mind bit by bit strayed to dark.

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A bright stream of moonlight moved through a forest of trees, though, the more he stared at the unnaturally bright landscape, all he saw was himself staring back like the clearest puddles of water on the sunniest day.

Scrap's shoulders tensed, as if preparing for an attack; he wasn't sure why. His eyes seemed to draw back at the

moon-filled stream - it flowed upwards towards a hill full of stars.. *What is this place? It doesn't have.. Walls anywhere...* Scrap thought, but somehow not with disgust, only novelty. His talons began to drag at the rich soil, and it carried his body towards the hill

He slowed to a halt at a lake- much like the lake that he always dreamt of crossing when he saw glimpses of light through his cage. A noise jolted him from his thoughts, as a creature much like himself began to talk, "Scrap, listen- I- well, You- don't have much time!" Scrap shrunk down, confusion spreading across his head. "...what d-do you mean- time?.. *Who* are you even?" he tried not to waver his voice, and he fought not to drop his gaze. The other animal's concerned eyes showed frustration; scrap didn't know what he had done wrong. *This must be a dream..*

"I know this may sound *out of this world*, but *I* am *you* and *you* are *me*- f-from the *mirror* realm!" Desperation tugged at his voice. Scrap tried to get his head around it, but it just didn't make sense. The **other Scrap** sighed. "It- it doesn't matter who i am; we need help- Bullstark is awakening, taking the kingdo-..." his words were cut off short and he gasped, as a dark mist spreaded all around him and his voice began to echo around the tree tops and his body faded to water in the lake. '*Bullstark.. Kingdom?*'

Scrap's ears flattened to his head, his vibrant amber eyes winced and his body shook to the ground as the screeches of horror lingered in his mind..

before he could cry out loud, a quiet moaning erupted from behind him. He whipped around, his head darting one place to another.

There it was again- this time louder, but a wheeze of breath instead. "Scrap.." the voice that came didn't sound old, but grasped with hurt and scars. Scrap hadn't seen the creature

before, but somehow, he recognised everything about it- and, similar to the previous creature, it looked the same species as him. Scrap's eyes followed a big gash on the animal's stomach: he was lying down under a large tree- the only tree that didn't reflect like a mirror.

'He is pure'

Whispers filled his head, all at once like a dozen of squeals and croaks...

The animal began to cough, and red liquid came out of it's mouth instead- blood. Scrap backed away- he wanted to help, but, whatever he thought of doing sounded mindless! All of a sudden, the creature began to shift restlessly like animal to animal, it stopped on a furrier species: the same shape as scrap, but instead of scales, cat-like fur was in place, and rather than a bronze, metallic shimmer, the cat-like draline was a mixture of blue and gold and orange. Their large eyes had no specific colour and came out iridescent and unclear, but somehow, at the same time they were as readable as any ordinary draline. The animal began to speak directly at Scrap, "we have watched you suffer great amounts, Scrap.." she paused, before she spoke again, "more than any being should cast one's mind back to. But you mustn't fear the unknown. For you are the chosen one to bring back *Harmonia*" Her voice shook as she stared down at her paws, mentioning the place of wonder once again.

"H-harmonia?" Scrap was unsure of what the draline meant: he had never heard of that name before. "M-me? Chosen for..." He trailed off. She must have had the wrong person; Scrap had never been spectacular, only an escapist of an insignificant prison... He shook his head, "n-no- but im only-" Scrap was interrupted by the draline. "You will realise when the time comes.. You will be used in a way no others see. Only you will see what the truth is." she faltered again,

looking up from the ground, her eyes rested on Scrap. “Only *you* can save us...”

As if the draline hadn’t said anything, her eyes retained the brightness and her smile grew pleasantly along her face.

All alone, his scales were only one brown smidge in the vast forest of mirrors.

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A soft murmur and warm breath woke scrap with a start. Around him was a small den weaved with leaves, ivy and stones squeezed into cracks of the green. Where was he? How was he here? *Was the lake- the city- Tamar all just a dream? No- it- it can’t be..* Scrap stared down behind his shoulders at his scales: they were scratched and torn, few weren't even there and just his bare, unprotected skin and crusted blood around edges remained instead. Doubt plastered across his face as his uncertainty of his knowledge of who he actually was was dithering.

A rustle from the den jilted Scrap out of his thoughts.

“...You’ve been awake for a long time,” an unexpected voice came from behind, “But I guess you were unconscious for longer..” It was weirdly soft and serene, it made the young draline uneasy for some reason. Scrap hesitated, before he opened his mouth to speak, “he’s dead... isn’t he?” He fought to keep his voice sturdy, but a whimper broke out as he pictured the raging storm of water and wind on their tails; the blur of scales underwater as both he and Tamar were lost to the waves.

Scrap turned around to see what the voice was, but to his surprise, it was the draline in his dream; he had completely

forgotten about the forest of mirrors, as his mind was set to

Tamar: was he *really* dead?..

His limbs stiffened, it wasn't possible that he saw a real
draline that he hadn't seen before in his dream, *right?*..