

Echoes

The history of Shuviel Tundara

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A new light

It was the calm night of the 24th sun of the third Umbral moon. A silent calm night over the Golmore jungle. The peaceful silence got interrupted by the loud roars coming from the village of Atoel. A midnight blue creature with large wings, the skin completely covered with thick scales of the same colour and only her glacier blue eyes glowing brightly through the torch lit hut she is laying in, screams and roars in a draconic manner. Surrounded by the Vieran women the draconic being called Shvril is letting out another loud roar followed by silence.

The Ravan women look curiously at the newborn scaled child. A newborn girl unfolding in front of their eyes and screaming into the world she just entered. As the girl is picked up by her mother caringly by her mother a soft kiss is placed on the head of the little dragon before she speaks to her in draconic so the Vieras can't understand her: *"Welcome to this star little Shuviel. One day you will spread your wings and conquer it like you already conquered my heart."* The happy mother starts to feed her newborn child which carries the name Shuviel. The Ravas around them smile softly but also a hint of concern is seeable on their faces.

After a few minutes of peacefulness the crowd of the vieran woman splits as the matriarch of the village approaches. She was clearly eager to see the young dragon and also to decide on the fate of her and her mother. Shvril lifts her eyes to meet the gaze of the matriarch. Before the head Viera could speak Shvril shakes her head and smiles now speaking in a ravan tongue to talk to the ones she's surrounded by. "No. She is no Viera. She has no signs of a Viera." The matriarch eyeing the peaceful child and nods not seeming to care much about what she is going to announce. "The chance was there, that this child could be one of us. That's why you were allowed to stay. Clearly she is a dragon and not like us. You must leave this place at once. And don't seek out for the father. You are not allowed to see them again." Having said this the matriarch turned around again and walks away. Slowly all the other Ravas follow her. Some with a slight frown on their faces, some with a very neutral expression. Just Shvril keeps up her warm smile and speaks after them.

"By our great father Midgardsormr, by our father Bahamut...receive blessings for your hospitality and care." Watching her beloved Shuviel she smiles at her with the warmest of smiles. Cradling the little girl she slowly gets up and walks out of the hut as if nothing happened and she is in no pain at all only eyeing her little girl, who is sniffing around trying to catch all the scents around her. *"Looks like your adventure is already starting little Shuviel. And you can't even see yet. You are a blessing little one. And you will be the most amazing and fascinating girl this world has ever seen."* Shvril keeps walking through the village and exits it through the southern entrance, None of the Vieras seemed to take notice of them as they exit the settlement. The blue dragon starts to spread her wings and pushes herself up into the air. Covering the little girl in her arms she pushes through the vegetation of the Djungle and flies right above the trees to exit this area she clearly is not welcomed in. As they continue their way a scream splits the night. "Shvril!!...." The dragoness recognizes the voice and quickly a few tears leave her eyes but she doesn't turn around to see the father of Shuviel. Knowing she most likely will never see him again, and Shuviel and him will never

meet she lets out a silent sob but speeds up even more until she is out of reach of his voice. Flying into an unknown future Shvril is not afraid at all for she is not alone having the peacefully sleeping Shuviel pressed against her chest.

Loving hearts

The sun burns on the desert. A hot breeze is drying the least bit of water from ones body. It was a horrible day. Not that the days in the dalmaskan desert are that joyful in this dry period. A minimum of life still crawls over the hot sand and looks to survive another day in this hostile environment. But still the sounds of the whipping winds are disturbed by something calming. A beautiful voice is singing somewhere around. Under a rock formation that is prooviding a bit of shadow, Shvril is sitting in the sand. Singing in her dragon tongue to the newborn Shuviel. The little dragongirl doesn't seem to be bothered by the heat. Making cute little noises in her mothers arms that remind of a gentle purring the little girl opens her eyes for the first time. Her eyes aren't as blue as the ones of her mother but also not anything near her fathers eyes. Shvril looks down at her baby with her ever so sweet smile.

"Hello little sunshine. Finally opening your eyes hm? Its been two weeks for now and you never wanted to open them for mommy. But from what I see you are going to be something very special for this star. But dont worry. You are already the sweetest thing to me and you will always be. It's just you and me little Shuviel. That is okay. As long as we have each other nothing will happen to us. Now...let mommy take a look at your beautiful eyes will you?"

Looking up at her mother with a surprised facial expression Shuviel exposes her eyes. The draconic pupils are barely seeable thanks to the brightness of the day. Only two small black lines showing. that they are existant. It doesn't take good eyes that the colour of Shuviel's eyes aren't matching at all. Her right one shines in a bright cyan while her left offers a soft rose colour to get lost into. During the last two weeks the soft scales on her body thickened and turned black but only at some parts of her body while the other scales kept up their skincolour.

"I always knew you will be a pretty one Shuviel. You look like one of these Au Ra's you know that? But I know what and who you are my dear. You are like me a proud dragon. A child of our beloved father Bahamut. Dont ever forget who we are little Shuviel. This world will look strangely at us but that is okay. We will smile and show them our love. All the things we can discover on this star. Think about it Shuvi. All this beauty we will experience with our eyes as soon as you are a grown up. I want to explore all the wonderful things with you my little girl."

Shuviel gives her mother a soft smile and raises her arms to wave them around a bit uncontrolled. Cooing cutely in her mothers arms Shuviel starts to play with her mother a bit. The little dragon only wrapped in a few white silks tries to catch the finger of Shvril who playfully circles it above her daughter. Everytime she is able to grab it Shuviel makes an excited adorable screech until she yawns in exhaustion and rubs her little fingers over the little tired eyes. Shvril almost instantly pulls her child close against her and let the young dragon nests into her mothers embrace quickly falling asleep.

"Rest well Shuvi. Mommy loves you so much...",the blue dragoness whispered and a tear of joy runs down her cheek as she starts to curl around her child protectively and rests with her.

A new home

Another hot night in the desert but still life was crawling everywhere. The moonlight of both moons lights up the sand making it shine softly giving the darkness not much space to spread. Soaring through the clear starfilled sky is another of those entities using the milder temperatures of the night for travelling. Shvrils glowing blue eyes scan the desert while she holds her draconic child in her arms. She needs to rest. But Shuviel needs her protection. She cant go on like this forever. The little dragon girl playfully waves her arms around seemingly enjoying to fly with her mother. Screeching in happiness Shuviel holds on to her mother. Yes. They need to find a place to rest. At least until Shuviel is old enough to endure the stress of such a life.

Seeing a big city in the distance Shvril sighs and heads towards it. She has an idea of where they are and she would have wished it wouldn't be here where they have to start a new life, but the other options would put them at risk of their health and lifes. The blue dragoness lands in front of the heavy gates and slowly approaches the guards folding her large wings on her back. The Hrothgars standing at the gate look suspiciously at the dragoness and their paws move to their weapons ready to draw them.

"Who goes there? What do you want here?"

"My name is Shvril. And I only seek shelter for my daughter and me. Do I really look that scary that you have to lay hands on your weapons?" Shvril answers in a literate bozjan accent. She has learned many languages in her long life and is actually happy to use them from time to time.

"Why do you come at such an hour? Shouldnt you rest somewhere already? That is very suspicious."

"So much hostility against a mother and her child who only seek to find a place to stay at for a while. Tell me young man. Is that how you treat elders? After all I am over 300 years old."

"Huh?... You ... expect me to believe that?"

"At ease soldiers. Looks like you have never seen a dragon before." An older Hrothgar approaches the young soldiers and the dragons at the gates. He surely has seen some fights and is apparently a decorated man. "I beg your pardon Madam. Those youngsters are motivated. But sometimes a bit too motivated it seems. But I agree with them that it is quite an unusual hour for travels. May I ask for the reason?"

"You may. The sun in the desert is relentless. While I can endure it. My child cant. And I wont put Shuviel at any risk. She is everything I have and everything I need.",she said and unfolds her arms slightly exposing the Babydragon to the Hrothgars curious eyes. With a happy smile and a cute laugh Shuviel welcomes the furry men trying to reach out to them.

"So you rest during the day and travel during the night?"

"As much as Shuviel would let it happen yes. She has her times to eat and rest as well and I will make sure she will get everything she needs to become a strong beautiful dragoness."

"She is indeed a happy one. I am afraid that we can't offer a bright life to you here though. As much as it pains me. The strong rule over the weak and the rich over the poor. Is that really something you want for yourself and your child? You will never be more than a 2nd class citizen should you decide to stay."

"It is not like I have much of a choice. But my little girl needs rest. And I need it too. Please let us stay here. at least for a while."

The aged Hrothgar looks at the mother and her child and sighs. "Let them pass." "But...Sir...are you sure you want to let these..." "I said LET THEM PASS!" "Yes Sir!" With that said the gate was opened for the two dragons. The Hrothgar quickly writes something on a note and hands it over to Shvril. "Go there. Give the Innkeeper this note and he will offer you a room. But note that you have to pay for the room. I hope you have money on you."

"Let this be my worry. Thank you for your kindness and assistance. Let me give you a little advice in return for your hospitality. A man with all money in the world can still be the poorest of all souls, while a man who has nothing but his life can be richer than anyone else. Strength doesn't mean to have the power to oppress others. Strength is what you can endure to still walk on your path no matter what is in the way."

With that said the dragoness walks into the city but taking the note from the Hrothgar as she passes him. Slowly mother and daughter disappear in the dark streets of the citadel.

"Hmmm...what an interesting woman. I will remember you Shvril."

"Sir...?"

"Nevermind... return to your duties."

"Yes Sir."