

Asmarahea's Journey to Storyteller Mountain by Asmara P.

I am Asmarahea. Winds whistle. The forest darkens quickly as rain pours down. "Wildfire, come eat." Wildfire is my dragon. Big journey up to the Storyteller Mountain Ring." "pff," Wildfire huffed while I made plates of pork that was cooked over the fire and rice that had been boiled. "I know it's not much Wildfire, but you do get a peach." "Ppfff," Wildfire huffed again. "C'mon. Eat up." Black clouds continued to cover the sky. BOOM! CLAP! Thunder rumbled and lighting flashed. "STORM!!! Wildfire go to the cave," I shouted scrambling to put out the fire and gather the dishes. Wildfire roared like crazy. "Wildfire! This IS not the time to be complaining that you don't like the food! Or about anything, c'mon!" But Wildfire just kept roaring. "The lighting could KILL you!" Wildfire roared louder and I shouted over the pelting rain, rumbling thunder, and flashing lighting. But for a moment sympathy rolled in. "Go? Oh no Wildfire. Not with out you." Wildfire roared. "Wildfire. I don't know what you're saying, let's discuss it in the cave, okay? Wildfi-" BOOOMM!!! CLAP!! Wildfire fell limp. Lifeless. "Oh Wildfire." I lay on him, my tearing falling as fast as the pelting rain. But after the storm had past, and I finished my food, a girl came. "Hi," she said, "I'm Lily. You must be Asmarahea." "Um, yeah, how do *you* know?" "C'mon. You're in the Royal Gods and Goddesses Castle. EVERYONE knows about everyone in there." *Wow that's embarrassing. Even just a kid from a village knows more about me than I do.* "Don't worry about it," she said noticing my face. "Thanks. So, um, what brings you here? Are you just exploring?," I asked. Lily laughed like I was a joke. "Please. I'm ten. I'm always exploring. But, THIS, is like none other. I see you have a dragon." "Yes, Wildfire. The Ancient Gold Raptor. He just got struck," I replied. "Yes, the AGR is a protector," Lily said, "when ever it gets hit it needs Pera Green Juice to revive. Only rich villages have it. Your kingdom probably does, too." I gave her a puzzled look. "The regular people of villages, like me, always get notified when Darklock Heart strikes. A dragon always gets hit. C'mon let's go." Asmarahea and Lily set off the 30 mile walk to Lily's village carrying their packs and Wildfire. Lily was telling the story of *The Story of Darklock Heart*. "Once upon a time there was a man named Aaron Carelis. He was a regular

person from an average village. This was a while back. One day, he bought some fruit. He had one sour apple and that did it for him. He hated food after that and became extremely scrawny and he hated people soon after so he hid for a while in his small one room wooden cottage. 3 decades later he came out fat as a butterball. He shouted "I go to set off to Storyteller Mountain Ring! Time to make fruit sweet again!" Some clapped. Others thought it was useless. Anyway he made it all the way up. He asked Cron, the storyteller, for sweeter fruit. And this is what Cron said: "Aaron Carelis do you remember me?" Aaron shook his head. "Aaron, I'm the one who sold you that apple. You ruined my life, not knowing my parents own this mountain. I knew you'd come around after your little lockdown. Just for YOURSELF. No one else cared. They appreciated my hard work to produce fruit." Aaron replied with "Well Cron, it's been quite a while. I think we can let that go don't you think?" "I can let you go," Cron replied. Aaron said, "Right. After you answer my question." "Mhm," Cron said "I have one way only." Aaron looked confused. Cron shoved him off the 1, 900,500 foot drop. He died halfway down. But his heart was so dark when he plummeted he shook the sky. So whatever he's feeling so does the sky. And Cron's famous last words before the sky took his life, "Life in general will be sweeter without you Aaron. Take me too. Someone will step up. It just won't be you."

By then the two girls had reached Lily's village. "So whos the new teller now?" I asked. "No one knows, Ra. Your life is at risk." I shook. "Wait Ra?" "Yeah. That's what *we* call you." Lily walked up to a man. (Her dad I think) "Pa, that's Ra." "Ooooh Ra hi! I is Pa, La's father." "Hi," then I whispered "La?" to Lily. "Oh ya, everyones name ends with 'a', here. Just go with it." *Right. Now I end up in some weird rich village.* "Ra, I'll take your dragon," so-called Pa said. "The names Wildfire." "Ooh Wafa. Nice!" After that, Pa and his crew carried Wildfire away. "Um, sorry about that," Lily said, embarrassed. "I'll show you to your room." We walked across a stone courtyard, with a grass park with kids playing off to the side and large buildings on the other. I felt underdressed because I was in dirty cotton while these kids had lace and velvet and satin and leather. The room was quite nice, though. It had marble floors and 3 big windows with lace curtains and a walk in closet. The bathroom was white marble paradise. Lily had gone and I was alone. A maid poured a cup of tea and left gingersnaps on a tray. "Dinner will be served in the Big Palace at 6:00."

"Thanks." Then I quickly scribbled *Hi Lily! Where is the Big Palace?*

"Excuse me? Hey...sorry. Could you deliver this to Lily?" The maid looked puzzled. "La," I corrected embarrassed. She nodded and walk away. Two hours later the maid came back. "Here. From La," she said and tossed me a folded yellow paper. *Ra, the Big Palace is really big and gold. Just keep walking straight ahead from your room. Hope this helps, Lily (La).* Some how, I managed to find the Big Palace. Dinner that night was quite an affair. Kids were shouting, adults trying to calm their kids down, speaking in a language I couldn't understand. On the brightside, the food was served hot and fresh. I was full by the time Lily came. She rushed in. "Hi! I've been waiting!" It was weird though. "Um...hi," she said, a tiny bit frantic. "So c'mon sit! I've already finished the first course..." I warned jokingly. "Yeah," she laughed dryly, "here." she through a very formal letter at me then ran. I shrugged and opened the letter. It said:

Dear Ra,

It is with great sadness we are saying goodbye to Wildfire officially. He is a rare dragon. Pera Green Juice did not work on him. That lightning bolt must have been a bad life bolt. I've done everything I could. We could burn him or bury him. Your choice, Ra. Everyone in our kingdom is terribly sorry. We love you Ra. Stay.

Best Regards and Warm Wishes,

Pa

I can't believe it. Coming back to earth my stomach was queasy. I folded the letter, with tears in my eyes, and ran. In my room I pack my bag and write a note to Lily saying I had to go. Then I run up to Storyteller Mountain Ring. It's at least 25 miles before I ought to stop. But I don't. I climbed the mountain. Wildfire was following me. Then everything went black.

I awoke in a gray rocky room. *Am I in a cave? A house? What-* My thoughts got interrupted by women speaking. "You awoke." "Um, yes, but who are you?" "Cori." "What are you doing here?" "You have reached Storyteller Mountain Ring. I am the storyteller." "Really....? I thought it was Cron." "Pssh, Oh yeah my stupid brother. He died." "Heh, yeah, I um knew that," I said nervously, "Could you fix my dragon, Wildfire? And make my town rich?" "Your dragon's fiiine." "What?" "That kingdom

tricked you Asmarahea. They do that to get a rare dragon." "I trusted them! That girl, Lily! Ugh!!!!" "Yeah. The nicest people sometimes appear to be someone their not." "Ok, ok. Could you make my town rich so that we could get them back?" No answer. Suddenly, I'm plummeting to my death. But then I wake up only to realize it was a dream.