

Fiction coursework final draft mollie coucill

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The moon shone hauntingly over the harsh pine trees protruding from the stiff ground like a stake from the heart of a vampire. New layers of snow fell on the cold, hard ground of the forest, covering prints that had been created there earlier that day. In the centre of Newgrove Forest a river ran fiercely and deeply, splitting the fearsome forest in half. Beyond the eastern section of the river stood a great manor-house, some what out of place in the eighteenth century Albanian woodland surrounding it. The house was humongous and daunting, a charcoal-burned monstrosity towering over its extensive graveyard, with hundreds of memorials and tombstones protruding from the ground at various angles.

Of all the various windows lining the stone walls of the house, only one was lit; and through it was a collection of the most curious and fearsome creatures that human eyes had ever witnessed. There were twelve gathered in that room - eleven of them daemons clothed in nothing but their thick skin and lusting for flesh. Every one of the monstrous beasts was different from the next, with various differing characteristics; some bore horns and piercing crimson skin, others with a mucus colouring, and several limbs more than was normal. These eleven were gathered around a twelfth, who was clothed in hooded grey robes. Seemingly human, the twelfth member of this estranged committee appeared to be preaching to the impatient creatures around him.

" Daemons of the vortex, too long have you been imprisoned within these walls! Too long have you been prevented from wreaking havoc in this world of man! And too long you have had to wait in dear anticipation for your next kill." The man spoke in a harsh rasping voice that echoed throughout the

room. " There is one who can help you; one whose death would bring forth the dawn of the new age- the age of the daemon."

The surrounding daemons began to holler and scream in excitement: they knew that this man was talking of freeing them from the house forever.

" Who is this man?" asked a repulsive purple daemon, who seemed to be the leader of the daemons present.

" Why, the only offspring of the long-dead monarchy of Albania," commented the hooded figure, smugly.

" Impossible!" muttered the head-daemon. " We wiped out those scum long before we were imprisoned here! You had better not lie to me, Broc!"

" Well you missed one - didn't you?" replied the man called Broc, now starting to become impatient. " All I know is that there is a boy, close to seventeen years of age, who has been branded. I saw him with my very eyes."

" Why haven't I been informed of this?" screamed the head-daemon. " The Remok- they tracked down my enemies sixteen years ago! How could they have missed a child? I will see the end of this. Bring them forth! They will bring the boy."

" No! I mean... I will see to it that the boy is brought here as soon as possible." Broc, for the first time, showed a hint of fear; the Remok were not to be messed with.

" Very well - I expect him by full moon. Three days Broc." Replied the daemon. This marked the end of the conference, and he and his minions left, allowing Broc to show himself out.

Meanwhile, beyond the western side of the river, perhaps twenty miles away from the water lay a small village within a clearing, consisting of twenty sawdust huts, held together with mud. In a hut much like any other slept a teenage boy on a mattress made of straw. Visible on the boy's left wrist was a black tattoo- resembling an eye, impaled upon a spear. The detailing of the tattoo showed that the artist must have been of a superb standard. For now, the boy slept on.

Later, when the sun was at its prime, the boy's eyes shot open. The light was slicing through holes in the thick fibres of the wall. He screwed up his eyes, stood from his bed, and stepped from the hut. Today marked an important occasion for the boy, as it was his seventeenth birthday. He was now permitted to leave the village to search for a livelihood for himself. However, the boy had already vowed that he would leave- not to find a job- but to find his family. When he was a month or so old, the boy had been found outside the hut of the local healer, Theo, who raised the boy and called him Yan. For the next seventeen years Theo brought up Yan as his own son. He was honest with the boy; letting him know of his mysterious heritage, but Yan had always been curious, and there was no stopping him leaving the village. Now that day had arrived, Yan could not leave soon enough.

When Yan had collected his belongings and retrieved his mule from the village stables, he set off on his journey, which would take him through the woods, and ultimately to the river-city of Hoelra - the city of the water.

Yan travelled for three solid hours through the dense cluster of trees that had formed between his village and the river before reaching the town of Glaera, where he would stop for the night. Yan wandered through the town increasingly warily- there were dead and dying people cluttering the streets of the town, many of the dead had weeping relatives draped over their lifeless corpses. Something had happened there the previous night.

Yan lowered himself from his mule as a woman collapsed at his feet, howling with pain and despair. Yan put a hand forward to lift her face and quickly recoiled. Where the left side of her face would have been, was a great bloody hole, with various brains dripping from it