

PROLOGUE:

Standing on the edge of a cliff, overlooking a bloodied battlefield, stood a lone figure. Small in stature but with a radiance so bright it contrasts with the darkened red field below.

The battle was won, but at a cost of so many lives from both sides.

Yet, tears struck down this fragile face.

Not from the mass corpse that lay strewn across the ground.

Or from the cries and wails of the wounded and dying.

But across the field, on top of the enemies' fallen bodies, sat three friends. They were injured. Slashes and bruises appear all over their faces. While their clothing and armor stained with blood.

Through it all, they were smiling. It's not a smile of someone who enjoys the thrill of killing thousands of enemies.

It's a smile of relief. A relief knowing that all things they have all been through is finally over.

The tears being shed were not shared with the three. It was the tears of horror, fear, and worry.

Tears weeping for the friends who saved the world.

Tears that finally understood why they kept her at the back away from the battle.

Tears wishing that they never had saw this view.

This is Fu'ur. A YuutElsyr, in common tongue, a blue elf, and the last of her kind.

Chosen by the goddess Enastra to be her disciple in times of hardship over the world they call Eleen. Along with her friends, Minami, Jei'Kou, and Xai'ku, they set off upon the world to discover that there is more to the story of their home than they originally thought.

Fu'ur was born long, long ago. Long before any of her friends were born. It was at a time of great terror, the First Age. A time when the children of Enos grew prideful of their status and ruled the world. Enslaving the populace and having them build temples and monuments under their rule.

The blue elves were particularly special for their craftsmanship. They were all routed and captured. Many were killed when they refuse. And an equal amount disappeared without a trace. Leaving their once beautiful city of white and gold to wander through time; devoid of life.

The few that remained were isolated villages boarding Uridia and Fulg'r. And these blue elves lived amongst their fellow green and red kin who are not too interested in the outside world.

But again, it was a time when the interest of the blue elves adept crafting skills was highly sought after, and to protect themselves, the red and green elves betrayed their own.

This betrayal will forever haunt the two elven kinds to the very ends of the world.

Even after they were sold off to their captors, the blue elves never thought bad of them. They knew they had to protect themselves. And as a pacifist race, they would not want to fight. So, they willingly gave themselves up. But of course, a very few did oppose this and fled. Later establishing the small fishing town of Fellmu'ur in Fulg'r. And in later years, the tiny remote village of Uru'um in the northern plains of Uridia.

And it's in this tiny village where one of our heroes are born. A beautiful baby girl name Fu'ur, meaning "*happy child*" in their tongue.

Fu'ur lives happily in her little village mainly inhabited by blue elves. There she plays peacefully with the other children, until that one faithful day that will forever change hers and her friend's lives.

As she stands over the cliff overlooking the battlefield in tears, one of her friends spotted her. It was Xai'ku. A look of dread filled his

face as he realizes that the innocent Fu'ur, whom he and the others kept away from the battle had ran all the way to the front. Minami turn to where Xai was looking and too was engulf in dire. So too was Jei as he faces to Fu'urs direction. Even though she was way away, all three friends knew right away who was standing watching over them.

Minami rushes over hoping to explain the situation to her. She was later followed by the other two who made a mad dash towards Fu'ur. And by *a dash towards her*, I mean they made a beeline towards her up the cliff face. Minami, with her blessings of Enier, who is the God of Elements, uses wind magic to fly over. Jei'Kou with his blessings of Narra has the ability to manipulate light and time and was first to reach Fu'ur. As for Xai'ku, with Noro's darkness and space blessing arrives through a portal just after Jei who earlier arrives first. Minami was last but wasn't that far off from the other yet was the first to place her hands around the distraught young elf girl. Hugging her tightly to comfort her from the unsightly view below, she tries to find the words to say, but nothing came out of her mouth when she tried to. Only ended up choking in tears when she realizes she has failed.

Crying out to her, apologizing profusely. Jei as well couldn't bring himself to say a word. Clenching his fist while holding back tears. Xai kept his mouth shut. Wanting to say something as well, but no words can describe the shame, embarrassment, and guilt for what they had done.

Fu'ur, to them, is their little baby sister. No one in their right mind wouldn't want to let them see sights such as war. Or see the aftermath of which the death count wouldn't matter unless the cause of such numbers was someone you know. Her three friends lied to Fu'ur about all this.

“You promise...” said Fu'ur, her voice shaking. Tear now with its water-gates fully open. “You promise!”

“I'M SORRY!” Minami cried out. “I'm so sorry... We-” Jei walks over to them. Interrupting her with his.

“We ...did what needs to be done,” he said slowly kneeling besides her. “Umm... I'm sorry. We broke the promise we made.”

“It was my fault, Fu'ur,” said Xai.

CHAPTER 1:

LIKE BROTHERS

Playing atop a hill, swinging wooden swords, stood two boys. One is

