

The Raven of Truth I - Undercover

from -?????? ? ??????-

online:

<https://www.allthetests.com/fan-fiction/mystic-science-fiction/qu>

powered by www.allthetests.com

Introduction

This is a story about a 15-year-old girl, Winter (born on 2007-12-17) going undercover as a plain citizen. Inside, her dragon half writhes and pleads to explore the rest. She found her colliding destiny - Coyote - when she was ten.

Chapter 1

The Ravens of Truth 1

Undercover

I'm Winter. Winter Sapphira Raven.

Foreword

Weirdo is the word that lies in my life, for I cannot get rid of this despicable word. Who brought me that nasty nickname? Mother - which often results in the want to express the hate for her in her face. Many blame me for 'not being grateful' for her giving me life. My only hate of this innocent woman is that she took dragons as a kind of 'amazing pet' which humans are strictly forbidden to do so. You should understand - I don't hate her - but simply, I wanted to show her how her regret of communicating with dragons and learning their language should be extravagantly massive.

My birth seemed to stump the entire dragon world. I was the only half-dragon though my Mother married to a normal human. But the dragon cells and power on her were too strong - too powerful to get rid of simply by a marriage with a normal, lame human. And there I was. The first soft blue dragon wing the dragons had ever seen. The only closest color that they've seen was an elder dragon named 'Snowfrost' - a simple sea blue that was not as pastel as the one lying in front of them.

Because of this, I was banished from their world shortly after I could speak. The stupid reason they did this is because I am half-human, and the dragon part didn't even come from a true dragon. I didn't care, of course - who cares? I would rather hide my dragon half deep in me compared to staying in a world of ignorant dragons who wouldn't will to use their life wisely as they could've simply using camouflage (close to invisibility because it is very strong) and flew out of their haven.

More than anything I despise in their world is that they do not know how to write. They can only use their magic to form abstract letters with ink and press them onto parchment, which is a messy and time-wasting process. This also took lots of ink to form a good, legible letter and usually were giant because that would make them easier to make. Before I was banished from this boring, uncivilized world, I took a scroll of parchment that belonged to my deceased ancestors that were solving this map and kept it in my backpack. That was the only futile will of keeping some small part of the culture-less haven built by the dragons - but the parchment wasn't empty. It had gray, fading but legible ink on it - it seems like that some dragon drew a map of a sacred building on it. On the cords it wrote '113344114244241311'. I knew how to solve this long ago for that I had a notebook in which I wrote all of the secret languages.

How to solve this? It's pretty easy. This is a sacred secret language. I broke this up to '11 33 44 11 42 44 24 13 11'. This type of password is the checkerboard password - one of the first passwords invented. 11 is A, so there are three A's in this word. 33 is N, 44 is T, 42 is R, 24 can either be I or J and 13 stands for C.

Now all the solving is done, if we put them together it spells 'Antarctica'. The 24 cannot be J as it needs a vowel between the letters. But there is almost no way to get to Antarctica only if I turn into a

full dragon - but if I accidentally fly towards an airplane or a drone in recording, then it will be a disaster and everyone will find out about me.

But one thing that I didn't notice at first was that the map's lines were straight and thin - dragons could never do this. So, I'm supposing they caught humans and enslaved the humans.

This leads to a possible statement that they've already met humans and enslaved them long before.

That led me wondering that if they already knew humans why would they still show such loathing to a half-dragon? In this situation, everything was chaos and must be unpredictable. I seemed to lose it all, all of my clues.

Maybe I was too ignorant just then. If they were accepting of humans they wouldn't enslave them, so perhaps they really did hate us. At least - that's what I thought. But one more major problem lies in my path to exploring this sacred structure of building. Is it really in Antarctica, or is it simply just a trick for me to waste my time?

I quickly ran my fingers along the parchment. This parchment was different from the other olden ones - this felt more rough and thicker than the other parchments. I tried scraping it. Then a small row of letters and words caught my eye:

Heir Sheet NRE-4726 made in Aqua Year June 19 years 12.

I was genuinely surprised that this was actually the missing and long-lost NRE-4726 parchment.

Only 10 customs of those parchments were made, and they together make a map of a sacred prison for the "undiscovered" species that happened to "invade" into their haven. This date explains the specific time that this was customized for a customer. The Heir Sheet company is a well-known parchment company that sells parchment at low prices. NRE-4726 is a special size and type of parchment. NRE means No Remaining Extras which that this was strictly limited and after customized, nobody can ask for this type again. This is the 4720th NRE series, so they start with "4721" to "4730". This was 4726 which was another long-lost piece. This piece was the most important and informative of all.

And the Aqua year. Dragons mark every year with the following colors: Red, Pink, Orange, Yellow, Green, Teal, Blue, Indigo, Purple, Black, White and Brown. The Aqua year isn't an official year - and of course, it was never in the history of Dragons. The Aqua year comes in whenever on the first day of a new year (the 300th day of each year, their time is different) a legend of either tribe is born. Though some may call it the cursed year, the Aqua year is mostly considered a gift of god to the tribe. Any year can be the Aqua year as long as citizens of it agree that it is a legendary. The dragonet of a legendary may be the new legend for a new life. However, things may occur as DNA changes and that will cause a dragonet of the casuals to be a legendary. They just test it out at home when it just hatched.

The most widely used and general standard for a legend that it seems to have mind-reading skills.

Every time when a dragon cub is born, their mother thinks positive about them and sees if they tilt their head and blink at you. If so, then they must test their powers and try to infuriate them and see if their power releases instantly. If not, then it is a normal dragon. If it does consider as a legendary, then report it to the uncivilized government.

Yet, neither creature doesn't know why they're always legends - outstanding legends every 50 years. Many don't live to see the legends gently come to Earth and do hope that they get the opportunity to do so.

Now the only thing I needed to do is go undercover as someone named ?Venus Celeste Ceres? and my dragon half to sneak into the lame yet highly praised haven of them.

Chapter 2

Chapter I

I would say it wasn't a pleasant day outside.

There were too many people on the streets and anyone with working instincts would know as a 'paranormal' a day like this wouldn't be your first priority, especially when almost everyone from the world is searching for you.

So, it wasn't a good day to escape this league.

Just before sword fighting training, I bypassed somebody as early as I was on the way to sword fighting class.

That person was Nate.

He had pretty good grades, but he just couldn't top me in any class. Especially in sword fighting. He was the kind of brainy boy that didn't use his brains on the right stuff (for example, how to be an idiot). He wasn't exactly smart, he was all cunning, so the educators played favorites on him. That's where his grades come from. The ugly truth was, he was loud and stupid.

'Well, it's the weirdo that hates life and is depressed all day, isn't it?' Nate mocked me.

I ignored him and pulled my sword out of my waistband and opened my shoulder bag as I pulled out a piece of blue stone. As I polished my sword, Nate took a nervous glance at me.

My sword was not terrifying. It was a soft silver blue sword with a black leather handle that had gold prints on it that wrote 'Winter Sapphira Raven.'

His sword had the exact same form. A long, slim and thin sword that was handy when it came to sword fighting. But he couldn't handle it anywhere to defeat me or Coyote, another great sword fighter. He could only do the spinning technique, which was mostly a 'shock weapon.' More truthfully, I'd say it's pretty useless.

'Well, it seems like you got nothing to say. I hope I don't get paired with you again because you're way too weak.' Nate tried to infuriate me again.

'Well, it seems like you got something to say,' I snapped back. 'I hope you get paired with me again just to lose and put on that miserable face.'

Just then we both heard a soft giggle behind us. I turned back.

'Coyote Ophelia Genevieve. What a strange name and a cheater personality.' Nate crossed his arms and rolled his eyes at Coyote.

'Nate Joseph Anderson. What an overused name and a cunning yet useless personality.' Coyote shot back.

'You two are on my nerves today, using my phrases against me.'

'You are really on our nerves today, being extra cunning and seemingly craving a good smack in the face.' Coyote blurted.

'Our?' Nate asked. 'How can you even be friends with that loser that's hating life?'

'You're supposedly the one that's hating life. Considering the fact that you are a huge gossip, gossiping displays signs of low self-esteem. But you're different?you are cocky and arrogant while

?Well?? His voice faded behind me as I walked closer and closer to the plains. ?I?m not cocky or arrogant, and neither are my friends.? He speed-walks at a moderate speed and catches up. ?So maybe consider thinking about your words before you speak, Raven.?

?Don?t force me to call you by your last name. You don?t want that.? I told him. ?Now head to sword fighting class because you wouldn?t want to get punished by training with the teacher. At least I don?t think you do,? I said.

?Yeah, whatsoever.? Nate halfheartedly replied as he took a glance at his phone. ?It?s right beside me.? Nate said in a raspy whisper as he typed those words into the text box.

Anyway, it wasn?t time to mind every of his movements since they weren?t important on any aspect. I tossed a piece of chocolate into my mouth, letting it melt for a sugar rush while sword fighting. I calculated just the correct time so it would be on its top use while I complete the tournament, which will last approximately one hour. Trust me, everyone does it. Especially Nate. He waits for the sugar rush, tosses a fresh piece of gum into his mouth, chews it, and sword fights. That?s extra, yet he still is a technical average in sword fighting.

I walked onto the fields. It was a nice day outside. The fields were divided into 10 courts, 2 people for each court. There were ?out? lines and ?in? boundaries which I already was trained to be able to gain victory within the strict boundaries.

Just after a few minutes, Nate walked inside with his nose glued to his phone meanwhile chewing gum like a cow. He chewed it extra loudly to make me hear it and hope I would say ?hey, don?t chew gum,? and he would try his best to say ?Mind your own business, stupid!?

?What,? he asked me. ?Got beaten in the stomach by my words??

?You seem like you were the same a few minutes ago,? I told him.

?What, do you expect a change in identity within minutes?? He mocked me.

?You really should change. In identity. Or if you can?t, maybe consider evaporating into the atmosphere and get radiated. How does that sound?? I asked him.

?No. No way!? He said.

?That wasn?t a request,? I told him.

?Exactly. It?s a suggestion, idiot.? Nate said.

?Exactly. It?s a demand.? I said.

?It?s a good thing I?m leaving this league and going to another country after this school year,? he bragged and altered the subject successfully (finally, for once).

?And stay in another league because you failed the audition due to stupidity, meanwhile hoping some of my allies wouldn?t find out.? I completed his incomplete phrase.

?No,? he denied. ?That won?t happen, plus, you have non-existing allies at a number of 100 gazillions.? he polished his sword roughly.

?Trust me, you will.? I reassured him. ?Congratulations on going to another league and fail your future career there. I can play notes on my viola that are brighter than your future.?

?Loser,? he said. ?Playing the viola? Seriously? I tell you, the violin is so much better than the viola!?

?Stupid,? I said. ?Playing the violin? Seriously? I tell you, the viola is so much better than the so-called violin! And by the way, I have a few reasons. The viola has a richer tone, while the violin

expresses its singleness in the aspect of tone. Next, viola can give your arms a fine workout while all just have arms flimsier than flip-flops on an auto-walk. Oops, you hadn't been to the airport. Okay. Do I need to explain what is an auto-walk? I don't think I need to because-? I felt a sense of sickening, liar guilty feeling. Don't get me wrong, violin players. Your instrument sounds amazing only that it's a little screechier and overrated than mines. It sounds great. I didn't mean it, okay? Just keep in mind that the viola also deserves respect.

?I went to the airport approximately 10+ times in my previous life.? He interrupted.

?No because if I spent my precious time on explaining to you what an auto-walk is you wouldn't understand and become dumber. If I did I'd become smarter, but I'd also waste lots of time.? I corrected him in a sassier tone than usual.

?Viola sounds like fingernails on a blackboard,? he said.

?Violin sounds like shredding,? I reply. ?Thus, we have such a rich tone that if one of the layers sounds like fingernails on a blackboard then we will cover it up with the remaining layers.?

?Oh my gosh! I forgot today was no watching and it was free play. Anyway, I'd make my life more enjoyable by not pairing up with you.? Nate gave me a cunning look.

?You're so annoying that you make a happy meal cry.? I said.

?Tigerlily,? he hissed as Coyote walked in but not only to her, also me.

The nickname of Tigerlily means you're a girl that doesn't have a mindset of what you look like. It brings you a dishonest, sneaky and deceitful characteristic which will make all the ?cool? girls who wear lipgloss and short skirts hate you.

Actually, they always hate you if you're not in their group.

?Coyote,? I said, ?let's go free play. We should go to court 1.?

?No, Angie and I are going to court 1! It's based on ability, don't you remember? We have the best ability!? Emmy cried. Emmy and Angie always paired together, mostly because they were the two most incapable students of sword-fighting in the training term.

?I remember that Coach Gentry left the court list here. We should go check,? Angie said. ?Bet,? Angie held out her hand with a piece of chocolate inside as she said to me. ?If I am on court 1, then you give me your chocolate. If you are on court 1, then I give you mines.? She was much more reasonable than Emmy. For now.

?Winter and Coyote, court 1. Venus and Juniper, court 2. Do I need to skip to the last one?? Coyote danced around in total bliss.

?Yes please, Genevieve! You know, we'd at least be in court 3 if court 2 was Venus and Juniper.? Emmy crossed her arms.

?First, don't call me by my last name,? said Coyote. ?Let's see?court 10, Emmy and Angie. It seems like you will have to give up your chocolate to Winter, Angie, or we can excuse you for once and let Emmy give hers up.?

?Well, you got 2, and you have the better one,? Emmy whispered loud enough just for the words to float into my ears. ?I give mines up, okay??

?Alright,? Angie shrugged.

?Here,? Emmy handed me the chocolate unwillingly, puckering up her lips. ?Ew, ew! I need hand sanitizer! Who has hand sanitizer? You know, Raven, I don't want to touch your hands! She cringed

?Let?s go, Coyote,? I waved at her and pulled her to court 1.

Chapter 3

Chapter 2

Coyote was always a little different from the other people.

Her hair was such a rich shade of ginger, and it curled just so much that shortened her hair by a little. Her pair of glistening blue fox eyes like the ocean flooded with sneakiness and excitement whenever she was about to pull a prank or do something that violates the principles. Then, her eyes will flash emerald green. She was too noticeable.

She was born on 2007-7-2. The night before her 11th birthday, she was sitting on her balcony, watching the moon when a whisper came inside her ears.

"You are the destined girl of fire." The whisper said. "I am the destiny and promise of water. I found you."

Just as she shivered and turned around, I unhooded myself as I pressed my lips into a line and smiled.

"I already sent them a message that someday they will see you as a hero," I whispered.

"No," she stated softly yet intensely. "No, pull out your evidence. Then I will follow you." She gawked at me.

I pulled out my card from the destined children. Coyote took a glimpse of it and scowled. "No," she said. "Prove it."

I took out my pocket watch. "It's 11:55 PM," I said. "If you don't come with me instantly before midnight, the consequence will be death. You are in a middle of a prophecy that could mess up the elements."

"What are the other people of other elements?" Coyote challenged me.

"Earth; Air; Violette. Sky; Casimer. Water; Winter, which is me. Fire; Coyote." I snapped right back.

"Alright, alright? I believe you?" She stepped off her balcony and we before we headed outdoors, I transferred her belongings to our new shelter and set a shield on the rest.

"Grab a jacket," I tossed her a plain one as she threw on a sweater and trousers. "Put your water bottle and pajamas in your backpack."

I ran outside with her. "Stay still and don't fidget, flinch or move. Hold my hand. Exceptions are made if you want to fall from the sky," I used my dragon half to fly up. "Sit on my back," I signaled her as I became a full dragon.

Coyote was good at keeping silent and following commands. Her ginger hair thrashed left and right in the strong breeze and her eyes flashed amber as the moonlight cast a gentle glow on her face. She smiled, but didn't say anything and closed her eyes, enjoying the journey to the league.

There, she developed and explored her magic of communicating to animals and developing fire for attack and protecting herself. She dances with fire and even juggles balls of fire with ease using her long, slim fingers. It didn't burn her, and she could make you any figure of fire you wished to have. It's permanent, except it isn't.

4 years have passed and she must've missed her parents. Me too, honestly. I had a hybrid mother

which was half-American and half-Chinese. My father was from America, so that's why I look white, I speak Chinese fluently, and I often consider Chinese my language used to communicate with my siblings and family.

No more nostalgia. It's time to leave the league.

Coyote stopped by me in break as her eyes flashed burgundy. "Mia told me you were bullying here because you told her that her handwriting could improve. Her eyes were literally watering when she told me that."

I scowled. "It's okay, a cold glare would fix her up. There are things more important than Mia being hypocritical. Today, we are leaving the league," I said, fidgeting with my sapphire.

"Leaving the league?" Coyote questioned. "Did you get permission?"

"As long as our magic and powers are fully developed to a point where we can support and protect ourselves, yes. But we will have to be assessed on them and each aspect must exceed the standards by at least 10%. The assessment will be 30 minutes each person. You are going first at 1PM." I reassured her that it will be fine.

"Is there anything else?" She asked, still concerned.

"There will be another 15-minute test on power collision and collaborative self-defense. Our powers, when collided, either make smoke which is a fail or electricity and sparks which is success." I said.

"That's all. When we get there will be 5 treehouses for every one of us built by our magic and an abandoned, large cottage with three floors which is already renewed to a decent shelter. When they asked you for two drops of your liquid-form power along with mine, it was for our shelter. There, when we all get together, we will fulfill our destiny."

"Alright," Coyote smiles at me. "Oh, it's flex time. I think we should take a power room and practice some powers we'd be assessed on for the assessment."

Chapter 4

Not done yet

Chapter 5

Not done yet

Chapter 6

Not done yet

Chapter 7

Not done yet

Chapter 8

Not done yet

Chapter 9

Not done yet

Chapter 10

Not done yet

Chapter 11

Not done yet

Chapter 12

Not done yet

Chapter 13

Not done yet

Chapter 14

Not done yet

Chapter 15

Not done yet

Chapter 16

Not done yet

Chapter 17

Not done yet

Chapter 18

Not done yet

Chapter 19

Not done yet

Chapter 20

Not done yet