

PROTECTING GARDOS

THE
Dark Lord
CHRONICLES I

By:
Dahofah Shye



Dedications...

To my uncle Adam
for supporting
my every dream
and designing the most
awesome book cover ever...

To my aunt Melissa
for treating me
like your own...

To Mom
for believing
in me...

To Grandma
for always looking
out for me
& being there
when I needed it...

To the teen class of IBI 707
for helping me grow
into my own man
and for holding me accountable
to write this book...

To EJ
for helping me
publish my
first book...

&

To Grandpa
always taking
care of me
& helping me
edit my book...



I Life

I am Marn T.

My life has never been happy. I grew up most of my life hating the world that neglected me. That's why I became what I hated the most, a Dark Lord.

I had a very abusive family and I always despised my life. Every now and again I wanted my mother and father to die a horrible death, but deep down inside I knew my wish would never come true. My father taught me how to fight, which always left bones broken because my father was never easy on me when he trained me.

"Fight harder, boy!" My father always yelled. I wished just once, he'd called me by my name.

After fighting, I took walks through the village to see how other children's parents treated their kids. I always saw them being kind, gentle and loving. This made me laugh inside. It's not that it was really funny, except that I knew I could never have parents like that.

One day, as I walked on through the streets, I saw my friend Brandon with his new girl friend. They kissed. That didn't make me feel any better either. I tried to keep it to myself, so my friend wouldn't see it hurt me but as always he could

see right through me. He stopped kissing his girl friend and ran to me.

“Hey,” Brandon greeted me.

“Hey,” I returned in a cold voice while looking at the ground.

“Don’t be like that,” Brandon said.

“Who’s your new girl friend?” I asked trying to change the subject.

“Her name is Sammy.”

“Ah and how many is it now, thirty or sixty?” I teased.

“My sixteenth girl friend so far this month,” he smiled slyly as his new girl friend. Sammy came up to meet me.

“What you guys talking about?” she asked.

“Nothing important,” I answered.

“Sammy, this is Marn. He’s been my friend since before we started to walk,” Brandon said.

“Nice to meet you, Marn,” Sammy said.

“You too.”

Suddenly, the villages alarm went off, which meant that the village was under attack.

“Run!” I told my friends, “It’s probably the raiders, or bandits.” How wrong I was to have said that because men in black cloaks came into view from far across the village. They used their dark magic to burn everything in sight or kill anyone who challenged them. But what most people really feared was the army of undead they commanded. They were necromancers.

I froze at first, but after a moment of standing there I ran and hid. I emerged from my hiding

spot after a couple of hours, only to be seen by one of the remaining guards. He lifted me over his shoulder. I punched him in the face, which hurt my hand more than it probably hurt his face because he wore a metal helmet.

“Let me go!” I yelled. He only laughed at me. This made me even madder than I had been before. I kicked his back, which also hurt my foot because it was also armor plated. He kept laughing and I finally gave up as he started walking toward the portal that was used to bring them here.

I was exhausted being held upside down so long, I must’ve fallen asleep. I woke up in a cell that was dark and stunk like garbage. Only then did I realize that my friend Brandon and his girl friend Sammy were in the cell with me.

“How’s it been?” I said, trying to get some small talk going.

“Good,” Brandon said sarcastically.

“Well, that’s great. But you know what, I already hate this place,” I replied.

“Me too, but that won’t help us in our predicament now will it?” Brandon growled back.

“I’m going to get out of here. I don’t care if you believe me or not.” I started getting angry.

“Hah! We will probably be lucky to stay alive in here for a week!” Sammy added.

“I don’t believe that! I am always the depressed one, not you guys,” I said.

“Well this place changed that fast, didn’t it?” Brandon said as I was pick pocketing one of the

guards sleeping in the hall outside our cell. It was a talent I picked up since I was always on my own.

“Well, it was nice talking to you. But I have got to go before I go crazy in this cage,” I said. They both looked at me questioningly, then I showed them the keys.

They just looked at me weird. I sighed.

“We can get out of this cell.” I showed them the keys again.

“That’s nice but how do we get past the guards?” asked Sammy.

“Let me deal with that when the time comes,” I answered as I carefully and quietly opened the cage making sure our guard kept snoring. We all crept out and I gave Brandon the keys and told him to free everyone else who had survived. He was scared, but did it anyway. As he let them out, they ran towards the daylight they saw down the hall the other way.

I took care of the first guard. I picked up an empty stool and slammed it onto his un-helmeted head. “That was vengeance for carrying me like a helpless baby!” I picked up his sword from his unconscious body and noticed how light it was for me. I liked it.

The next guard saw me standing over the unconscious one and he ran at me. I dodged him easily and stabbed him through the back, right through the heart. “I hope I don’t enjoy myself too much,” I said to myself as the blade left the man’s body.

Right behind me, another guard appeared along with another one to my left. Soon, I was surrounded. I smiled and looked around at the unfair fight that was about to ensue. I blocked the first blade easily and happily, the second one too. I knocked one of the guards hard into the wall as I thought how happy I now was that my father had never been easy on me during my training.

I blocked two more swords from two different guards. I kicked a foot out from under one of the guards and he crashed to the ground. I finished him by beheading him. I only had seven more to go.

I sidestepped one of the guard's blades and brought mine down into his liver and then I took my blade out and shot it back into his heart. Blood sprayed everywhere, which I used to my advantage. Now all the guard's boots slipped but I still had traction. I dispatched the remaining guards easily. After I was done, the floor was filled with bodies and blood.

I wiped the blood from my new favorite sword with one of the dead guard's cloaks and quickly exited the room. I was suddenly amazed that I had killed all those guards without getting a single scratch, but I couldn't dwell on it long because I almost stepped where a real necromancer could have seen me.

I barely stopped before I entered that hallway. Everyone knows that even the best swordsman cannot stand up to magic, or at least I knew that.

“Well now, it seems we have a riot on our hands,” I overheard the necromancer yell at a guard.

“Yes we do, sir. And it’s not going well. One of the escaped prisoners killed seven of my best men - not only that, he is just a boy,” the captain of the guard explained.

“I knew better than to let a dark knight handle a little uprising. Now that you have failed me again, captain, I will have to punish you,” the necromancer said.

“Please no...” the captain of the guard screamed before he was lit on fire.

“Wow,” I said under my breath, not quietly enough however, as the necromancer looked away from the burning guard to exactly where I hid.

I backed up right into another guard who had been there for who knows how long. He grabbed and dragged me to the waiting necromancer.

“Well now,” the necromancer said.

“Hello,” I said without emotion.

“Bring him to my study,” ordered the necromancer.

“Yes lord, Matrionior,” answered the guard.

I was in even more trouble because I knew Matrionior was the leader of the necromancer army in this kingdom. I was shoved through the door after Matrionior. It slammed shut behind me.

“Sit, if you would like,” Matrionior calmly said.

“Why did you attack my village?” I asked.

“Because it what’s I do,” Matrionior answered as he sat down behind his desk. “The real question you should ask is, ‘Why did I bring you here?’”

“Yeah, well what am I doing here?” I was still standing up.

“Because I can sense power in you. Not the ordinary amount of power, no not at all. I sense an amount of power I would wager you haven’t even seen yet.” Matrionior’s answer stunned me.

Did I really have power that I had never known about? This information swirled around in my head so fast, it almost made me dizzy.

“What do I do with it?” I asked not really knowing what the proper response to a statement like that should be. I didn’t really believe it anyway. Those questions still swirled in my mind, unanswered.

“You will become a magic user. If you learn well, you will likely become a necromancer,” Matrionior paced.

Me, a necromancer? Never! But then, did I really know for sure that I didn’t want to become a magic user?

“So how do I use magic?” I asked.

Matrionior laughed and answered “It takes years to master magic.”

“Well then, where can I begin to figure out how to use my magic?” I asked.

“From me, of course,” replied Matrionior.

“I don’t think so. I want to learn magic outside of the ways of necromancy if you don’t mind,” I dared to insist, as I was still his prisoner.

“Oh, but I do mind! You could become a very powerful weapon against us if you don’t become ours to use first,” Matrionior reminded me that he still had control of the situation.

Then something deep inside me awoke.

I lifted my hand and was amazed when I shot Matrionior with a beam of light that froze him in place. I ran for it. I opened the door and knocked the guard at the door out and found the portal that led out of there.

By then all the rest of the prisoners were already at the portal, ready to leave. They were just waiting for me to get there. As soon as they saw me coming, we started to leave.

“Marn!” Brandon yelled, trying to find me.

“Over here,” I replied waving my arm.

“What happened to you?” Brandon asked, as he ran up to me.

“I found a necromancer,” I said and left it at that.

“Oh well, what do we do now?” he asked me.

“I don’t know. We need to get away from here, get home. You guys need to rebuild I need to travel. I need answers to these questions that are still left in my head,” I answered.

“I am going with you,” Brandon said.

“Me too!” Sammy yelled from right behind us, so loud I couldn’t hear for a second.

“If you’re sure...”

They nodded.

“Well, I guess you guys are coming with me, but first...” I said without finishing what I was saying. I ran to the front of the survivors and yelled, “You need to leave this place and rebuild home.”

One by one they all left through the portal.

“Now we can leave,” I said to Brandon and Sammy.

“Where to anyways?” asked Brandon.

I hadn’t really thought about that, but I quickly decided on the city of Gandorain. Gandorain was the last major city not already plagued by necromancers.

“Gandorain,” I answered.

“That’s pretty far away,” Sammy said.

“If you mean a four day journey is far, then yes it is far away. There is no better place to go,” I said.

No one argued with me on that. So we started our four day long journey to Gandorain. It wasn’t terribly easy, but it was much easier than having to escape from a necromancer stronghold.



Dakotah Skye

Dakotah is the magician of his family, credited with manifesting great things like snow storms, barbeque ribs and soda crackers. So when he created his main character, it was no surprise he conjured up a young magician.

Dakotah was fourteen years old when he wrote *Protecting Chaos*, so he knows exactly how his main character feels now and that gives him a powerful perspective to tell this ‘coming of age’ story.

He is a fourth generation author, following in the footsteps of his Uncle, grandfather and great-grandfather. Writing is in his blood and fantasy is in his head.

Dakotah attended an IBI teen feast seminar in July of 2007 where he told everyone his dream of becoming a writer. Finding complete and total support for his vision, he made a promise to write his first book before returning to the same program in 2008. This book fulfills that promise.

Protecting Chaos is the first of “The Dark Lord Chronicles” and he plans on writing and releasing the rest of the series before he graduates high school in 2012.

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