

# THE LAST **NARAKK'IR**



I





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## CHAPTER 1: LIKE A MORNING STAR

'Anhur' was the name granted to the newborn child, within the protection of the house built between rock and sand, under the warm sun of the vast desert of Nan'gar.

The infant had no usual name, for it held a special meaning: 'light of the horizon', in the language of Anak'krasus. His mother gave it to him because she had seen in the child's eyes an splendid upcoming of their race in the future; she saw an authentic protector of Nan'gar within him, just like how his father was: the general Karik. Both of them shared the same yellow hue in their gaze, an extremely rare feature among the people of the desert.

Karik, widely known as Narakk, was a great soldier in the forces of the desert, whom had gained a brilliant reputation among the Nangaris for his feats in combat. The most well-known of them all was the story of how he rised victorious against a powerful Shiketh serpent, which had devastated, furiously, a large part of the village of Tahshur, his native town.

The townsfolk and archivists told that Narakk killed the serpent sinking one of its very fangs in its cranium. Afterwards, out of the same fang, he made his sword.

Infant Anhur gazed around with wide eyes brimming with curiosity, searching for answers in the mysteries that appeared before him. He delighted himself with the warm sun that bathed with light anything that was within its reach; with the gigantic, red planet that covered a large part of the sky; with the colossal and imposing structures that seemed to emerge from the very same ground, and with the magnificent pyramid that guarded the desert, shiny and eerie, like a morning star.

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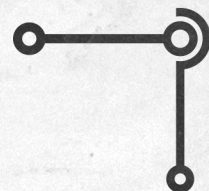
Anhur was raised in the humble dwelling where he was born, sheltered between the high walls of the rocky village of Thashur. A town built in the bosom of a small canyon, an ideal place to confront the frequent sandstorms and another nearby threats.

Karik was one of the most noted and revered soldier of the whole desert, but he never wished for wealth nor recognition. He solely was a reserved and hard-working Anak'krasus, reason why he decided to live in that modest, restrained town alongside with his wife, Najheera, away from the masses and the citadel.

As time passed, Anhur began to become more conscious about who his father was for the town and started developing a great interest in his task. That led father and son into forging a strong bond together.

Karik was hard and strict with his only son, but Anhur always answered positively. Aspiring to a constant progress, he never complained when confronted against the harsh lessons that he was given.

The small child started to mature, slowly becoming an adult of purple-ish skin, tall and slim; he shared the same features of any ordinary Anak'krasus, except for his eyes of radiant gold,



which made him distinguished from the rest. The eyes that one day would end seeing inconceivable things.

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"Not so fast!" Huffed Rashir, breathless, while he followed his two impatient comrades running towards the entrance of a newly discovered cave.

"C'mon, wimp, don't fall behind!" Yelled Satem from the inside of the cavern.

After a few metres of hardly advancing, the young and slender Anak'krasus finally reached the team. Exhausted, he reluctantly looked at his corpulent friend, who just returned a gleeful, sly gaze.

"You should really build up some muscle, Rash."

"I don't need that, you know I want to become a Sa'kar archivist." Said Rashir while he tried to regain his breath.

Rashir was a pale and lanky youth Anak'krasus, however, he possessed remarkable intelligence. He came from a family of archivists, thus at a very early age he learned how to read Anaki and began to receive education in the big library of the town.

"You won't be able to even get to the top floors of the Arkha'drim with that stamina." Satem mocked.

"Shut up! You don't even know how to read a simple scroll, piece of Kar'shak."

"Who are ya calling a Kar'shak?!" He pressed, offended.

"Shut it already and look at that!" Blurted out the third member of the group, while he pointed with his index at the incredible ruins that rested in front of them. There were three sculptures made of rock, half destroyed and eroded; a straight figure with a severe expression stood in the center, which seemed to dominate the other two by rusty chains.

"For Anak's sake..." Rashir whispered, astonished, as he approached the old and impressive monuments. "Sculptures of the pillars of creation. Anhur, do you think the Ancestors made them?"

"It is possible." He said, seriously. "They look really ancient."

Rashir nodded as he examined the ruins, eyes flickering towards one side to the other in admiration.

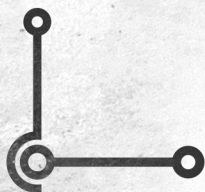
"Look, at the right there's Inna, the bearer of order and good. At the left, Rinu, bearer of chaos and evil. And at the center we find..."

"Astray." Anhur mumbled, following Rashir's explanation. "Bearer of justice and balance."

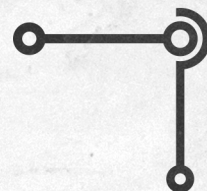
The three Anak'krasus youth kept gazing at the sculptures in utter silence for a long while, admiring their size and beauty.

"We should tell this to Master Saram." Rashir then proposed, happily. "It is a big discovery!"

"Ya fool." Satem spat while shaking his head. "You know it's forbidden to get so far away from the town. We would get punished."







"In any case, let's get going, it's getting late." Anhur announced, walking towards the exit of the cave. However, as soon as he landed feet outside, they came across, on top of a rock, with a dark figure that glared at them furiously.

"Damned thieves, ya'll won't get alive out of here." He threatened, as a malicious smile sketched its way on his face.

In front of the youngsters an adult, slim Anak'krasus stood, with a tired and worn out appearance. His reddish head was covered with small bumps that formed a crest, a very characteristic feature found in the Kronaki, Anak'krassus from the grand canyon of Kronak. On his torso black tattoos were shown off, which contrasted with his crimson skin.

Anhur saw those marks and noticed something that made him frown. "I recognize that symbol." Said the youth of golden eyes while he motioned at the male Anak'krassus' chest. "We are not thieves. We were solely exploring the cave. You, on the other hand... you are a Rakhari marauder!"

The individual formed a grimace in dismay when hearing his words. As he walked towards Anhur, he sped up his pace while he drew a dagger.

"It's been long since I was a Rakhari, you're no one to judge me, scum!"

Rashir went into a panic completely, while Satem took a defensive stance. Anhur followed suit, however, fear could be seen on their faces.

The marauder, enraged, leaped on Anhur, but the youngster was able to dodge the attack thanks to his agility; skill he developed to defend himself from bullies like Satem, before they established a strong bond. The hefty friend lurched forward to punch him, but the rogue blocked the swing and responded with a strong headbutt against Satem's face. The boy fell on the ground, raising his hands towards his head, wriggling in pain.

Anhur took the distraction to swing a fist at his jaw, but it was not enough to knock out an Anak'krasus with such experience in the battlefield. The marauder furiously drew another knife and attempted to stab Anhur. This time, he did manage to scrape his abdomen, however, the young one was quick enough to avoid a mortal injury. Nevertheless, now he was at stake: he wouldn't be able to dodge another similar attack so easily.

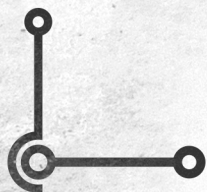
"Rashir! Do it, now!" Exclaimed Satem from the ground, his hands still covering his face, now dripping with blood.

The pale boy then snapped out of his shock, and raised his hands towards their aggressor. Murmuring a serie of words, the rogue suddenly froze, utterly petrified. The dagger stayed still a few centimeters away from Anhur's throat, who was laying down, gasping, looking at its blade with wide eyes.

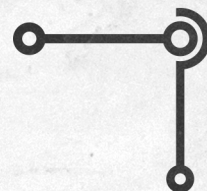
"Ha! I know you could do it, Rash!"

But his words fell on deaf ears. Ignoring everything that surrounded him, Rashir was only focused on paralyzing the rogue, which made him tremble violently, since he was putting a heavy effort into retaining him. His eyes were glued on the Rakhari, when, out of the blue, he saw how the marauder was lifted from off the ground, floating in the air in a second.

Satem sat up and stepped towards the rogue levitating, a satisfied smile on his lips. He then threw his arm backwards, and punched him with all his might in the jaw. The sheer force of it







made the marauder fly through the air, falling on the ground a few meters away. Rashir sighed, finally relaxing, while Satem helped Anhur rise up. He couldn't help but laugh as he commented the whole situation:

"We are real Narakk'ir! We are freaking elite soldiers! Heck yeah! We did incredible, specially Rash. Man, since when did you control Kron?"

"Shut it!" Spat Rashir, bothered. "I am not supposed to use that knowledge yet; it's forbidden, and if the High Archivist ends up knowing that, she will expel me from the Arkhadrim..."

While the three youngsters talked and exchanged a couple of insults, the marauder rose from the ground as he pulled out a strange object from his pocket. In his hand, a dark-coloured crystal rested, which seemed to spark fiercely. Once they noticed, the three froze completely in their tracks. They knew they were in danger, since the rogue was about to throw at them a piece of unstable Kronium; a highly explosive material.

"Wait!" Yelled Anhur desperately, when the marauder threw back his arm, gathering momentum.

With a smile on his face and without hesitation, the aggressor threw with all his strength the Kronium towards them. The mineral spun in the air, crackling and threatening. However, without any warning, it brusquely stopped mid-air. The Anak'krasus eyes opened widely, stunned, as silence filled the place.

Anhur and Satem stared at Rashir, astonished by the skills of their friend. But he then shook his head, nervous. He wasn't the one to take the credit of that feat.

Behind the rogue, a slim, feminine figure appeared, her hand raised towards the direction of the unstable Kronium. The stranger clenched her fist with force, and the mineral immediately flew upwards. Once it was barely visible anymore, it exploded in the middle of the sky.

"We are going to die." Whispered Rashir. "It's Uttu."

The rogue turned on his feet violently, trying to escape, yet Uttu lifted him upwards clenching her fist once again. She threw him against a rock and fell on the ground, knocking him unconscious. The female Anak'krasus then approached the three youngsters, her expression one of anger, but mixed with a hint of concern.

"We're dead." Muttered Rashir to Satem, while the High Archivists stood in front of them.

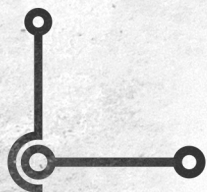
"You three have contributed to the detain of an individual with a search and arrest warrant, young men." Their faces lit up for a split second, before she proceeded. "On the other hand... Why did you come here all by yourselves?! You could have died! You are all punished."

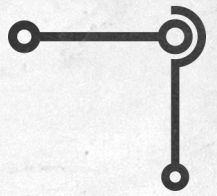
They returned to the town, alongside the High Archivist of the great library: a woman with a fearsome stare, but very warm-hearted deep inside. The Rakhari was also brought with them, escorted by Narakk'ir soldiers; he would be judged by the very Uttu, the next day.

Once they stepped foot on the town, Anhur left the group, for he had seen his father at the top of a cliff, observing him.

"You should have not gone so far away, young man."

"I know... but I'm tired of this town. I want to be free, I want to see the outside world!" Said Anhur, his tone slightly annoyed.





Narakk grabbed his son by the shoulder, while he gazed at the warm sun setting in the horizon.

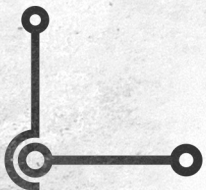
"Being free also implies responsibility, respect and comprehension, Anhur. You must take that into account."

The young one sighed and nodded, as he looked at his father with regard and remorse.

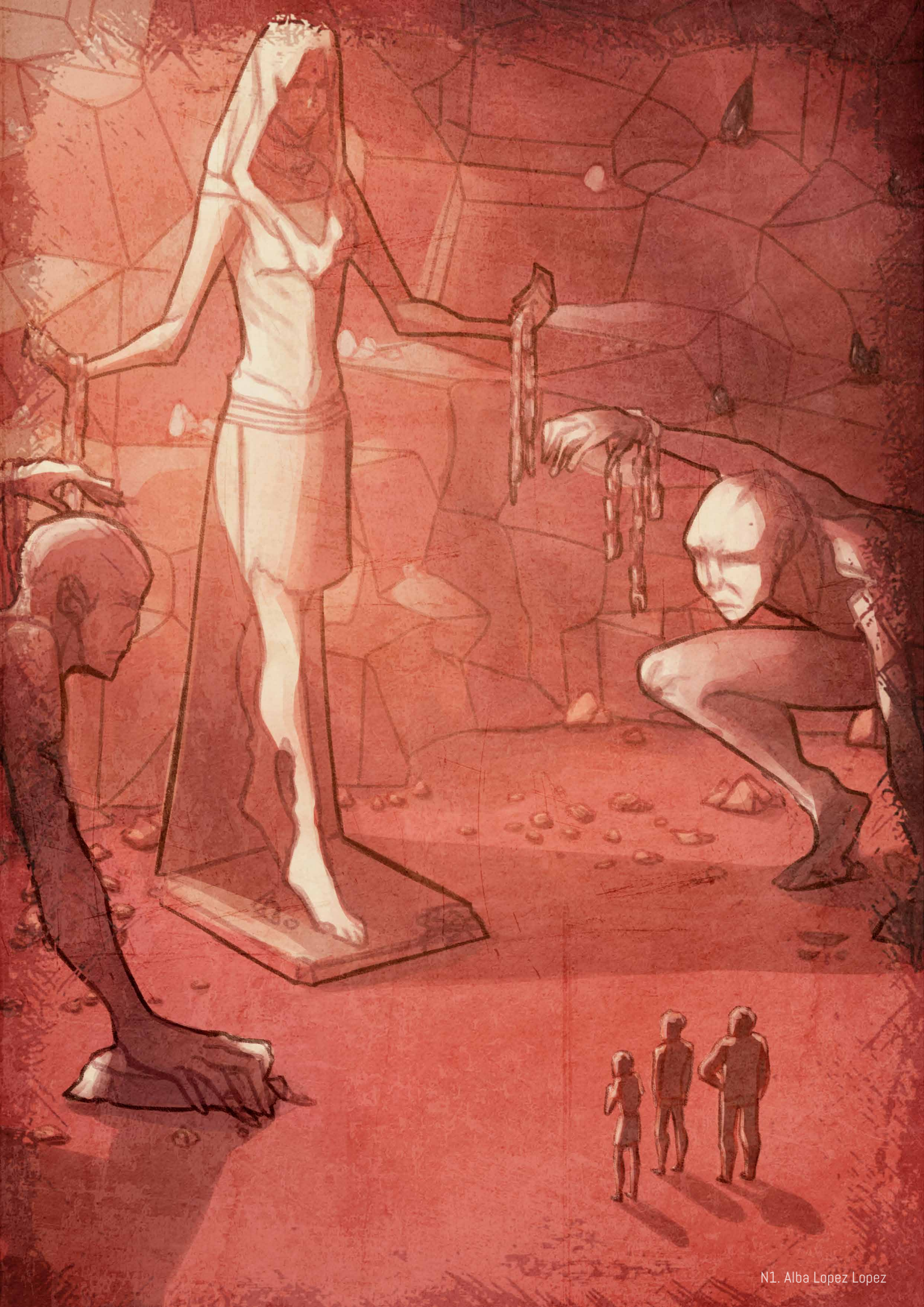
"Sej'hara ni, Shak sar ka, Krasi."

"Me too, Arat."

Father and son stayed watching the enchanting sunset of the Nan'gar desert, until the last ray of light died in the far away horizon.











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