

Wolves and Dragons of the Blood: Revelations

VENTORI

DISCOVERY BASE

ADHOC COMMAND CENTER

“...derives from the Naami dialect of the Darastrixi language.” Sarlana spoke to them as they all looked at the large monitor behind her. “Just as I originally suspected.”

The number of them in the Command Center had grown now, all of them focused entirely on Sarlana and Dalis. The Command Center had become overcrowded so Danny and Martin to say the least given how many of the Leonidas family were on the surface so Martin and Danny had lowered one entire side of the Command Center. Only Dynina and Jezima watched this with delight in their eyes for it was only another sign to them that Sumar and Sateia were truly alive in their grandson. They clutched each other’s hands in Jezima’s lap and only beamed in happiness. Both Dynina and Jezima had seen Sumar and then Sumar and Sateia do this very thing to include family and close friends in whatever they were doing, however neither woman realized at the time that this sense of family would also extend to the dragons that now gathered around the Command Center building. Arzoal, Torma, Isheeni, Elynth, Ryner, Ladur and Aurith were resting on the ground close to one another and even Miath had joined them since Anja was with Atropos and the only one who Miath trusted enough outside of himself to protect his Bonded Sister was Atropos.

“The Naami dialect?” Kenroe was the first to speak. “*Doraanar* are you certain?” He asked the question causing Martin and a few others to look at him.

“You do not sound sure.” Aricia commented from her seat beside For'mya. Martin stood behind them both his hands resting on their shoulders.

Kenroe looked quickly at Aricia and then back to Sarlana. “Forgive me *Doraanar*.” He said humbly.

“We are all equal here Kenroe.” Sarlana spoke with a small smile.
“Martin and his family demand this very thing.”

“Damn Skippy.” Martin quipped causing For'mya to reach up and slap his hand on her shoulder playfully. “Oops. Sorry.” He quickly added causing Gorgo and Dasha to shake their heads and Dynina and Jezima to chuckle openly.

“Forgive us.” Amena spoke now resting her hand on Kenroe’s arm where he sat at the table. “We have been among your kind for many thousands of years and many of us have become inseparable friends. Dynina has told us how Sumar and Sateia were, it is just hard to imagine that and yet we are seeing it right now. We just are not use to how... you are King... so many follow you and would give their lives for you just as Dynina has told us it was with your grandparents. And yet you trust and give so easily.”

Martin stood up straighter and grinned. “I’m charming.” He spoke with a large smile.

“Do not complement him too much Amena of the Darastrixi.” Gorgo spoke up now. “It will go to his head and he will become unbearable.”

“Ain’t that the truth!” Danny muttered under his breath from where he stood beside Martin.

“Hey!” Martin snapped looking at him.

“What?” Danny snapped back. “I didn’t say nothing!”

This exchange brought laughter from everyone gathered, even the dragons among them and finally Helen stood up from between Wayonn and Murano. “Let’s get back to why we are all here.” She said. “Before this descends into another insulting match between Martin and Daniel.”

“I didn’t start it!” Martin protested.

Danny was about to reply when Helen’s voice stopped him. “Daniel Simpson if you utter another word I will have Anuk, Nayeca and Kesyla punish you.”

Danny looked at her from across the table knowing exactly what she meant. It was well known now that since General Simpson had taken Kesyla as his third wife and mate, the desire for each other had become overpowering between the four of them and they had been together nearly every night making each other scream to the stars before the Svorag attack. Helen’s eyes narrowed as Danny stared at her and he finally raised his hand in defeat.

“Ok. Ok.” He spoke with a grin.

“*Burech.*” Martin hissed at him. (Wimp)

“*Midaeu!*” Danny hissed right back. (Asshole)

Laren sat between Andro and Dorian on the opposite side of their mothers and she looked at Andro now. “*Wen hnes innyne brey allon?*” She asked in fluent Lycavorian loud enough for everyone to hear her. (Are they always like this)

Andro and Dorian were trying very hard not to break into hysterical laughter and Andro nodded his head slowly. “*Jainn.*” He answered.

“Enough!” Helen barked forcefully and everyone in the room sat up straighter and was silent. Sarlana was the one smiling now, for she knew there were very few in this room or on the planet for that matter that would not listen the First Oracle of their people. Helen waited for several moments and then looked at Sarlana. “My apologies for the children Sarlana.”

Sarlana kept herself from laughing and shook her head calmly. “As I was saying...” She continued. “To address Kenroe’s concern, I am certain of the dialect.”

“Why does he doubt this Sarlana?” Dynina asked now.

Sarlana looked at her. “The Naami dialect of the Darastrixi language died out nearly four million years ago.” She answered the question. “It was exclusive to one breed of our species. The Onkmet. The Winter Dragons they were called. They are the only ones who spoke using this dialect. They were a very reclusive breed of our species, avoiding contact with other breeds unless absolutely necessary. Very little is known about them for they never allowed scholars to reside in their settlements to learn about them. The continent they occupied on our homeworld was destroyed in the eruption of a volcano. When the volcano struck they did not call for assistance and by the time help did arrive, the entire continent had been wiped out.” Sarlana looked at Androcles, Dorian and Laren. “It was also Dadrien’s breed. He was the only survivor of the disaster... and it became the private language of the *Dahakoan.*”

“Private language?” Martin asked.

Sarlana nodded her head and met his eyes. “The last of the original Dahakoan died just over a million years ago. The Naami dialect was one they used to communicate with each other on the battlefield and in private when they wanted no one to understand what they were saying. When the last of the original *Dahakoan* passed on in to the afterlife, all of the scholars thought the dialect had perished with them. It did not.”

“I don’t follow.” Martin said.

“One morning a *Doraanar* like myself awoke to a pounding on his door.” Sarlana said. “When he answered it, no one was there. However, at his feet were twelve scrolls. On these scrolls was the entire Naami dialect.”

“So the last of the original *Dahakoan* transcribed the scrolls and gave them to the *Doraanar*.” Dorian asked.

Sarlana shook her head. “No Dorian... the Twelve Scrolls did not appear until nearly five hundred thousand years ago.” She told him. “More than half a million years *after* the last of the *Dahakoan* had passed on. They were enshrined in the *Doraanar* Temple after that, at least until the time the Elder *Doraanar* came to me the day before I left on the Seed Mission to Elear and placed them in my possession. With my solemn oath, my *inglata* in the *Darastrixi* tongue... my promise to keep them safe.”

“You’ve had them all this time?” Martin asked her.

“Yes.”

“That is a good thing then?” Aricia asked. “You can translate the markings that Andro, Dorian and Laren wear then?”

Sarlana nodded her head. “I can.”

“I sense a but coming.” Martin spoke now.

Jezima looked at Dynina. “What does this mean? A but coming? Is this not how some of your people refer to their backsides? I have heard Martin use word this to describe Aricia, Anja and For'mya in some way.”

Dynina shook her head. “I have no idea.” She answered.

Martin lowered his head in embarrassment as others in the room once more did their best to not break out in laughter as Aricia and For'mya looked up at their beloved mate and shook their heads sternly. “That does not matter now *staania*.” Martin finally spoke. “Sarlana... please...”

Sarlana smiled at him. “I do know the correct meaning of this phrase Martin, do not worry. And yes... there is a but coming.”

Sarlana turned to the large monitor behind her and tapped on it several times. An image of the tattoos from Andro, Dorian and Laren appeared on the screen for everyone to see. Danny shook his head and slapped his hand against Martin’s shoulder.

“I’ll say it again *fervon*... that’s some seriously superb artwork.” He told him.

Martin nodded his head as he looked back to the monitor. “Damn sure is. Better than Pablo for sure and he’s the best I’ve ever seen.”

“Agreed.” Danny echoed.

“So what is the issue Sarlana?” Martin asked her.

“I tried to begin to interpret the markings.” Sarlana told them once more. “Only to find out they made no sense at all. There were added lines and symbols to the dialect that I had never seen before. They were not in the Scrolls that I had. Though all seven dialects of our language were merged into one several million years ago, our main language now, no single dialect of the Darastrixi language has ever had symbols in it.”

“That’s a bad thing I take it?” Martin asked.

“Well... it kept me from translating the writings at first.” Sarlana said.

“At first?” Andro asked.

Sarlana nodded her head and motioned to Dalis now. “Dalis is actually the one who discovered what we have.”

Dalis moved over to stand beside her and looked at Martin. “The tattoos as you call them are actually three different languages superimposed over each other.” He turned to the screen and typed several times and everyone watched as the monitor split into different sections and then divided. It took several moments and then the monitor was divided into three sections and filled with the writings that formed the complete tattoos on the backs of Androcles, Dorian and Laren. “Three very distinct languages.” He motioned to the monitor. “As you can see one is the *Dahakoan* language, one is...”

“Lycavorian.” Martin spoke softly moving forward and staring at the monitor.

Sarlana nodded her head. “Yes.”

Martin reached up and ran his fingers along the Lycavorian words slowly. “This is written in the old style.” He said finally. “Mother? Grandmother?” Martin spoke looking at Dynina and Gorgo.

Gorgo and Dynina both looked at him oddly and then moved up beside him. They looked at the monitor as well and both sets of their eyes grew slightly wider since they had been sitting on the side and did not fully see the entire monitor. “He’s right.” Gorgo said.

“I have not seen this in many thousands of years.” Dynina commented.

“What does this mean?” Sarlana asked. “Old style?”

“The writings.” Dynina answered her. “Our language was originally written in a very distinct style. Large, graceful lines and waves just like this.”

“This is significant?” Sarlana asked.

Gorgo nodded her head now. "It has not been used since the Black Day." She answered. "The High Coven wanted to destroy every aspect of our society and the scholars and historians who used this style of writing were all gathered and killed through the thousands of years of our enslavement. Every one of them, until none survived."

"Yet you know of it now? What it is?" Dalis asked her. "How?"

"Resumar and Eliani." Gorgo answered him. "It was said that they were able to safeguard several volumes from the library in our main city during the attack on Lycavore. He hid them when he and Eliani were captured, but no one ever knew where. They were thought lost when Resumar and Eliani were killed during the exodus of the Ten Thousand."

"Why would they do such a thing in the middle of fighting for their lives?" Dalis asked.

Gorgo shook her head. "I do not know." She answered honestly. "The volumes appeared on the steps of the Apo Prime University and were brought to me by several students who had arrived early for class. I immediately took them to the Overseer of the University and they were locked away in the archive vaults for study. By this time our written language, while unaltered in meaning, had become simpler in style."

"And these volumes just appeared at your University? And they were brought to you by these students?" Sarlana asked softly.

Gorgo nodded her head. "At that time I had become the Lead Professor of History. An investigation was conducted of course, but we were never able to determine how they just appeared on the steps that morning."

"When was this?" Sarlana asked.

Gorgo thought for a moment and then she lifted her face to Sarlana and looked at her with wide eyes. "It was June; the second week of June to be exact. I remember now because it was in the middle of the Festival of Orchids. The year was... the year was 2036 as we relate time in Earth years now."

Helen stood up from where she sat at the table. "Gorgo... are you certain of the year?" She asked.

Gorgo turned to face her. "Oh yes. I remember vividly for Riall and I attended the State dinner that evening and we walked among the orchid fields." She replied.

Sarlana looked at Helen. "*Feravomir?*" She spoke. "What is it?"

Helen looked at her for a long moment. “The second week of June in 2036 is when the earthquake on Earth damaged Martin’s cryo chamber. It could not sustain him any longer and I had to remove him from the chamber. The second week of June in 2036 is the time that Martin truly joined this world.”

“Do you remember the day?” Sarlana asked excitedly now.

“I remember it vividly. The twelfth of June.” Helen answered.

Martin turned quickly to look at Aricia and For'mya at the table, both of them with wide eyes. Sarlana and Jezima took note of this first and Jezima came to her feet.

“The twelfth of June as you say, that is the day that we were informed Sumar had been lost.” Jezima stated.

“It is the day that we left Lycavore!” Dynina almost shouted.

“Beloved?” Aricia gasped.

Sarlana glanced between the two of them. “Martin please share with us.” She asked him.

Martin turned back to look at her. “The twelfth of June is...”

“My birth day.” Androcles spoke in a whisper.

“Mine too.” Dorian echoed.

Laren looked at Sarlana with wide eyes. “That is... that is the day I was born as well.”

Sarlana looked at Martin as she took all of this information in. “Something tells me that if I checked, the twelfth of June as you call it, this is also the day that the Scrolls of the Naami dialect were delivered to the *Doraanar*.”

“*Nubou lae*.” Martin muttered.