

ELURAMANCE CHRONICLES

BOOK ONE

LESSIA

LUCAS MALONEY

ELURAMANCE MEDIA INC.

Toronto · Din Barim · Y'n Thamoré · Brebrug Zor · Frosthaven · Port Melody

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Thank you for joining me on this odyssey.

Before you, I stand as a humble storyteller, absolutely thrilled that you have taken time out of your day to experience a story born of my heart and soul and placed upon these pages. I trust you will enjoy reading the Eluramance Chronicles, LESSIA and rest assured that there are two more books in this series, coming soon.

To my father Bryan, and my mother, Lynda, you are undeniably my biggest supporters; I could not have done this without your help and support. Thank you.

The rest of my family and extended family have supported me with their interest and excitement each time I had news to share about progress and such things related to my book(s).

A special thank you to my grandmother Jessie, (you will forever be my Grammie), who took time every day to pray for my happiness and success. I appreciate the positive thoughts and wonderful words you give me; they brighten my days.

In addition, I would like to thank my friends and all the people of Newfoundland; they are special people. For fourteen months, Newfoundland was my home, where I was able to “stretch my wings” more than I had at any point in my life before. I met so many friendly people there; to all the people I befriended, worked with, lived with, and remain in contact with, thank you from the bottom of my heart. The winds of fate blew me back to the mainland. Leaving hurt, but it was not “goodbye” —it is “until next time.”

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“Hemo’s love truly does live in every drop of blood,”

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ELURAMANCE, THE PLACE OF MAGIC

PROLOGUE

A very, very long time ago—before living memory—the world was an empty, grey land. Then HEMO, the Dragonfather, came into being and shed seven crimson tears onto the grey canvas of reality. From those seven tears, Hemo's seven children came into the world.

The first and second born of HEMO were twins: LUX, the dragon of Light, and UMBRA, the dragon of Shadow, respectively illuminating and giving depth to the grey, featureless world.

Third came AERO, the dragon of Wind. She brought with her the air, both gentle like a summer breeze and as violent as a raging hurricane, and the beasts that flew upon it.

Fourth came TERRA, the dragon of Earth whose mere presence created the plants that spread across the land and the beasts that fed upon them. From his colossal footsteps came the mountains that rose from the ground.

Fifth came PYRO, the dragon of Fire, bringing with him great flames that cracked through the newly formed mountains, warming the land. Also, from the outpouring of flames came the first predators: beasts that fed not upon the plants, but upon other beasts. Through this competition

between hunter and prey, only the strongest of the animals survived.

And last came the sixth dragon, whose name is not remembered. Within this dragon, two of Hemo's tears came together and, with such power, the dragon filled the rivers, lakes, and oceans with its life-giving waters, giving rise to all the strange creatures that lived beneath the waves. Eventually, the sixth dragon's power split in half, giving birth to HYDRO, the dragon of Water and CRYO, the dragon of Ice.

Many years passed, and each of the seven progenies spread small pieces of their vast magic onto this lush new home, giving rise to the races of dragons. But the dragons were immortal, never changing and, because of that, the world they had collectively brought into being also never changed.

So HEMO's seven children asked The Dragonfather what they should do.

"My children," Hemo said. "You have forgotten that within you exists the power to create life. Your life is eternal, but that which you create outside of yourselves is not." The seven children of Hemo discussed ideas and decided what to do. They concluded that beasts alone were not enough to give rise to the changes the immortal dragons longed for. So, the dragons collectively brought forth their magic and created the sentient mortal races.

From the water came humans, quick-lived creatures of equal parts passion and logic, able to

adapt to any environment, but always retaining their affinity to the ocean.

From the earth sprang the dwarves, creatures of unparalleled strength, at home in caves and mountains. From within their halls, they wrought great works of stone, metal and gems.

From flames arose two beings: Phoenixes, born of fire and, after the blaze died, the orcs, arising from the ashes. Both contained within them the unquenchable power inherent in an inferno.

From the wind came the elves, creatures of perfect balance, long-lived and wise. However, as is the case with balance, there must always be two sides. As time passed, many elves were compelled to leave the light of the surface world, instead choosing to live in the shadows of the underground where Lux's light had never touched, thus giving rise to the dark elves.

With the world now populated with the races of mortal kind, Hemo's seven children left the world they had created, leaving the fledgling mortals to inhabit and tend it. The seven dragons created a plane of existence where their magic thrived from where they could watch over the imperfect world of mortals and help them if needed.

As his last act, HEMO created an everlasting, permanent connection between the realm of magic and that of mortals. He allowed magic to seep into the world, where mortals learned how to use his gift for good. HEMO then left his children in their world of magic, to go beyond into his realm, where he

housed the souls of those who died so that they would not feel abandoned even in death, for Hemo was a being of love.

As the fledgling mortal races ventured out into their newly bequeathed world, conflict invariably arose. As any responsible parents would, the seven dragons began intervening in the affairs of their creations, guiding them down the path of peace. But as their attentiveness grew, so did the mortals' dependency grow, and eventually the mortals became almost incapable of making decisions on their own.

Once again, the seven children of HEMO asked the Dragonfather what to do.

“My children,” HEMO said. “You must have faith in the abilities of your creations, just as I had faith in you. Our presence must be the slightest of touches, or the mortals will never learn to stand on their own. Without our direct involvement, they may stumble and fall, but they will get back up again, and eventually they will learn to support each other.”

So, the seven dragons withdrew a second time from the mortal world, and simply watched. Over the span of years, decades and centuries, the mortal races did exactly what Hemo had predicted. They learned to live together in peace and prosperity and, while the dragons were never forgotten, the reliance the mortals had upon their creators disappeared.

Millennia later, representatives of all the mortal races banded together and founded the first

Academy of Magic, where young people gifted with magic could learn to use it safely and constructively. In the spirit of unity and cooperation, the names of Hemo and his seven children were kept in the native languages of those who were born of their power, to remind the world and all who lived within it that diversity is what brought about mortals in the first place.

But, like any ability, magic had the potential to be misused; so, to act as guardians, the most powerful children of Terra, Pyro, Hydro, Aero and Cryo offered their souls to the mortals. Xerohs, the son of Terra, Feratun, the son of Pyro, Galdaar, the daughter of Hydro, Enmatar, the son of Cryo and Vasii, the son of Aero were the five children who housed their souls inside Dragonstones, which were gifted to five worthy bearers.

Avaldi, the daughter of Lux and Kalduun, the son of Umbra also chose to house their souls within Dragonstones for the benefit of mortal kind; however, they did not choose to bond with the body of a mortal as the others had. Thus, were the first Drakonics created and, ever since, the Dragonstones have been passed down from successor to successor, serving as guardians for the world that became known as Eluramance, "Place of Magic."

HEMO

THE DRAGONFATHER AND HIS OFFSPRING



The symbols on the Medallion of Creation represent HEMO's seven dragon offspring and the unique magic associated with each of them.

Surrounding Hemo, clockwise from the top, are:
LUX (Light), UMBRA (Shadow), AERO (Wind),
TERRA (Earth), PYRO (Fire), HYDRO (Water),
CRYO (Ice).



LESSIA

CHAPTER 1

That was the beginning of Lessia's favourite legend. Since she was a young girl, Lessia had asked her parents to read her the tale of how Eluramance came into being, and of the dragons and their offspring.

Lessia hoped with all her heart that perhaps she too would have a powerful connection to magic, that she would be able to study at the Academy, and that maybe she would grow up to be a great protector of the world.

But the connection to magic usually manifested before a child ended their tenth year, and Lessia's tenth birthday came and went without so much as a whisper of magic. Devastated that her dreams did not come true, Lessia fell into a deep depression, finding that the world had lost much of its colour and wonder. She would stay in her room for days at a time, crying or just sitting numbly.

In an attempt to pull Lessia out of the dark place she was in, one day her father brought her into his forge.

"Here in Redhill, there is an abundance of iron ore underground," William explained as he handed Lessia a sample, which she held in her two hands. William pointed out and explained the different parts of what Lessia was holding: the unneeded rock and the crystalline chunks of iron. "Miners dig up the iron ore and send it to the smelter in Redhill, where they heat it until it melts. During the smelting process, the molten iron combines with the charcoal of the smelter and separates from the slag, which would weaken the metal if it was left in. Then the slag is poured off, leaving only

the raw steel, which is hammered on and formed into useable bars. I buy some of these steel bars and bring them back to my forge where I hammer it, fold it and shape into tools that the miners use to dig up the iron ore from the mines of Redhill."

William paused to allow Lessia to process what she was learning.

"So," Lessia began slowly, looking her father straight in the eyes, "because of what you do and make, many of the people here in Redhill have mining jobs for which they are paid money, so their families always have enough food and a house to live in as our family does."

William smiled, causing Lessia to smile in return, and for the first time in a while, Lessia felt a little spark of happiness well up inside her.

"Lessia, do you think that what I do is a good thing?" her father asked, to which Lessia nodded enthusiastically.

"Do you think it is something worth doing?" Lessia nodded again, her smile widening.

"Lessia, would you like to be my apprentice and help your family, the people of Redhill and all of Eluramance?"

Lessia threw her arms around her father, hugging him tightly. "Yes, I want to learn and help everyone," Lessia said, her voice brimming with joy.

After that day in the forge, Lessia worked beside her father as his apprentice, strengthening not only the iron dug from the ground, but also herself, as it gave her something worthwhile upon which to focus. Soon, her crushed hopes and dreams seemed less devastating.

On Lessia's fourteenth birthday, she was helping her father deliver a shipment of tools to one of the iron mines just outside their town.

"I overheard some of the miners saying that they discovered a new ore vein last week," Lessia commented. "Supposedly very rich with few impurities."

Lessia's father chuckled. "And that is why we've got a cart full of pickaxes and shovels, so the new men that have been hired to work the mines will have the tools they need."

As the duo approached the entrance to the mine, Lessia felt a tremor radiate through the ground, causing their shipment of tools to rattle around noisily in the back of the cart, provoking a loud protestation from their horse.

"Easy girl, it's just a little quake," said Lessia's father, trying to calm the horse.

Suddenly the muffled sound of rock structures collapsing underground radiated through the air, coupled with another tremor. Not a second later, the sound of frantic screams echoed from the camp outside the mine entrance, signalling a cave-in.

Lessia's father snapped the reins, spurring the animal forward into a canter. Not a minute passed before the mine came fully into view, and one of the foremen came running toward their cart.

"Help us, William!" the foreman shouted. "The lower tunnels have collapsed! Some of the miners are trapped; we need all the help we can get to dig them out before their air runs out!"

William stopped their cart about one hundred feet from the mine entrance. A large crowd of men was waiting outside the mouth of the cave.

“Lessia,” hand out the tools, William said urgently. I’m going to go inside to help them with the excavation.”

Lessia nodded and began quickly unloading their cart. She distributed the steel implements to the crowd of miners, who headed toward the cave, Lessia’s father among them.

Suddenly the ground bucked and began shaking violently, knocking everyone down. Lessia got to her feet just in time to see the enormous rock face above the mine’s entrance breaking free and tumbling down the mountain directly toward the mouth of the mine. All the men entering the mine shaft were either already inside or just at the mouth, and most hadn’t been able to get to their feet yet.

Lessia instinctually ran toward her father, something deep inside her being telling her to protect him and the miners.

“Lessia, stay back!” her father bellowed. Lessia didn’t listen as she ran toward her father in desperation. “NOOO!” Lessia yelled, throwing her arms up toward the massive avalanche...



LUCAS MALONEY, AUTHOR



From early childhood, Lucas' imagination fuelled his love of storytelling. From powerful magic to sophisticated warp drives, black holes to supernovae and heroes battling villains, Lucas could weave tales that kept children and adults alike enthralled.

Through his teens, Lucas fulfilled his quota of shenanigans and embraced a digital lifestyle while studying culinary arts. After several years of pursuing an unfulfilling path, a profound event opened his mind to his true calling.

A few years ago, while walking in a forest contemplating his chosen path, Lucas found himself caught in a thunderstorm. As he pondered, a blinding bolt of lightning and ear-piercing crack of thunder split the sky. Startled, Lucas moved to a nearby clearing, sat down and continued his self-reflection. After three more lightning flashes and thunderclaps, Lucas closed his eyes and peered deep into his heart; slowly a vision of himself writing in leather-bound writing journals surfaced.

Lucas says he's not sure how long he sat there in his mindful reprieve and that when he opened his eyes and looked up, the clouds parted, revealing blue sky. He smiled knowingly, stood up and headed home.

On the way, Lucas stopped at a stationery store and made a purchase, the first of many.

Lucas' home is in Southern Ontario, Canada.

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WHAT'S NEXT?

“Greetings and thank you!”

I'm thrilled you enjoyed Lessia and I'm guessing you are looking forward to discovering what Lessia, Zethras and all of their companions (including new ones) will experience in the next book in the Eluramance Chronicles trilogy.

You can purchase my EBook, paperback or hardcover at any participating retail vendor. (My website has a full list of retailers)

In addition I invite you to sign up at my website to get access to special offers, sneak previews, events, merch and, to discover more about Eluramance and me.

Thanks again and I look forward to hearing from you.

Lucas

PUBLISHER

"The touch of excellence, a dash of magic."



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