
Nature's Blade
Roberte Riche
The journey of Thomas before The Girl with the Pearl Dragon novel

Nature's Blade

Origin Story Book 2 of the short story series
to the Novel, The Girl with the Pearl Dragon

Roberte Riche



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This free chapter of Nature's Blade is only the first draft. If you notice a flaw in the first chapter that was overlooked or a sugestion, send an email to : roberterich@pearldragonstudio.com

It is unlikely that the first chapter will change but it has not gone through the final editing process yet. Thank you for reading my work and critiques are welcome.



Chapter 1

JOURNEYING BEYOND THE FAMILIAR

In the quiet town of Bresston, situated in the Southern Lands, a young man sat on the parapet of a monastery looking out onto the forest below as if he were in a dream state. This man's name is Thomas. Standing just over five feet, Thomas has an average build with a solid but agile frame. Most who have met him would consider him handsome but secretive or secluded. His dark complexion hinted at his strong connection to the sun-soaked earth beneath him. Feeling a solid sense of belonging to nature has helped Thomas deal with challenges and loss in his young life.

The day that changed his life forever--the day he came to the Monastery. He could still recall it as if it was yesterday, playing in the front yard of his childhood home with the kindly neighbor who was caring for him until his parents returned from a trip. A man walked up holding his mother's scepter and spoke to the neighbor, who burst into tears and hurried into the house.

Thomas stared curiously at the scepter in the man's hand, wondering where his mother was. The neighbor came out, still sobbing, handed him a bundle of things wrapped in his favorite

blanket, and kissed his cheek. Without a word, she picked him up and handed him to the man, then turned and rushed away.

"You're to come with me now, Thomas" said the man. "Your parents will not be coming back home."

Thomas's parents were taken from him in a heart-wrenching accident when he was only three years old, leaving him an orphan and alone. But fate had other plans for him as he followed this mysterious figure into the secluded confines of the Monastery just outside the city of Bresston and the forest of Eldermyst.

Thomas was amazed as he entered the monastery, seeing monks walking in quiet contemplation and others wielding swords and staffs proficiently. Even young, Thomas could sense their extraordinary patience and seemingly inexhaustible energy. After accepting him into their sacred order, they saw potential in him and taught him combat, meditation and emotional control.

In the tranquil sanctuary of the monastery, Thomas honed his combat skills, wielding a blade with an almost mystical finesse. He immersed himself in martial arts, discovering solace in the balance it brought to his life. Yet, beneath the structured life, he felt an irresistible call from the wild unknown.

During rare moments of respite, Thomas ventured into the nearby Eldermyst Forest, where the trees whispered ancient secrets and the leaves carried forgotten tales. There, amidst the embrace of nature, he found solace, akin to a ranger or druid attuned to the land's pulse. Thomas nurtured an unbreakable bond with the wilderness by communicating with animals and interpreting the signs of the earth. The forest had always been his parents' connection to him; vivid images of their love surrounded him. He could feel the warmth of their embrace and hear their laughter echoing through the trees. Even when he couldn't quite remember what they looked like or said before he was three years old, he felt a deep and abiding bond with them that kept him strong and connected to them no matter where he was.

Despite camaraderie with his fellow trainees, Thomas couldn't shake a sense of isolation, torn between the structured world of the monastery and the untamed freedom that beckoned to his soul.

The more time he spent soul-searching in the forest, the more he realized that his true strength was not in battle techniques alone but in a more profound connection with all things natural.

This newfound harmony gave birth to Thomas's unique fighting style: graceful yet lethal enough to take down any adversary who foolishly set out to challenge him. He seamlessly blended hand-to-hand combat with swift strikes from his blades, weaving together a deadly dance which flowed like a thunderstorm over the sky. With each move, his understanding of nature and its powers increased, granting him insight into how to use this way of life for greater good.

However, this deep bond with nature made him sensitive to the land's pain and its creatures' suffering. Empathy filled his heart, occasionally leaving him vulnerable as he wrestled with emotions and the world's burdens.

In his heart of hearts, Thomas yearned for a world where structured teachings and the untamed beauty of nature could coexist in harmony. He dreamed of a society where people respected nature's boundaries and cherished its gifts.

And thus, a fateful day arrived when he embarked on an extraordinary journey. With his belongings tightly secured, he exchanged heartfelt goodbyes with those who had become his cherished companions and mentors. With an unyielding desire for adventure, understanding, and fulfilling his destiny, Thomas embarked on a daring journey beyond the Southern Lands.

Carrying with him the wisdom of the monks and the teachings of the wilderness, he sought a place where his heart and soul could finally find peace and share his knowledge and passion, fostering an understanding of the delicate balance that sustained their world.

As he grew and matured, Thomas became sure of his purpose. With hope and a Blade, Thomas stepped into a grand adventure that would forever change his life and the world around him. At night, Thomas dreamed of his purpose. He dreamt of a majestic scene where he was fighting something or someone, wielding his blades with unmatched finesse and agility. The air around him shimmered in shades of emerald green as he moved through the fight. His swords were like an extension of himself, swirling gracefully and powerfully in unison with all of nature's elements -- fire, water, earth, and wind. As he defeated his adversaries one by one with ease, a crowd began to form around him until it felt like the whole world was watching him in awe.

He heard the crowd chanting his name as they cheered for him - "Nature's Blade! Nature's Blade!" The chant echoed throughout the land and reverberated through his soul. Then suddenly, all was silent, and when he woke from this dream, he saw his true path and set out to become Nature's Blade.

Venturing into the uncharted territories, Thomas meandered through verdant woodlands and undulating landscapes, his path intertwining with diverse communities and fascinating beings. Thomas tested the skills he learned and his selflessness as he aided local villagers in their courageous stand against ruthless marauders, honing his survival instincts while tracking elusive prey to sustain himself. Each encounter left an indelible mark on Thomas, shaping his character and adding new layers to his ever-evolving journey.

As he ventured further into the untamed wilderness, Thomas felt a surge of exhilaration coursing through his veins. Each step brought him closer to the realization that life held far more than the confines of his former existence. In the expansive realm of the unknown, he would face the awe-inspiring marvels and the lurking dangers that lay beyond the threshold of familiarity.

Unbeknownst to him, the world outside was a tapestry woven with enchantment, teeming with mythical creatures and deceptive schemes. This parchment starts the extraordinary chronicle of Thomas, the enigmatic warrior monk, as he embarks on an odyssey fueled by bravery and ambition to pursue an elusive glory that exists only in the realms of dreams. "Now it is time for Thomas to begin to tell his own story..."

* * *

After a long and arduous journey, I finally arrived in a picturesque town nestled amidst rolling hills. The tantalizing scent of freshly baked bread lured me towards a welcoming inn, its inviting glow beckoning me inside. Eager to appease my hunger, I was greeted by a chorus of laughter and the musical clink of cutlery as I crossed the threshold. I heard the sizzle of meat on the grill as my stomach growled in anticipation.

I sat at a weathered wooden table, indulging in a feast fit for a weary traveler. The hearty stew was rich and flavorful, with juicy chunks of meat and vegetables simmered to perfection. The crusty bread was warm and buttery, perfect for the savory stew. Each bite of the comforting meal unleashed an explosion of flavors, making me smile. The inn bustled with the lively banter of locals, their voices intertwining with the crackling of the fireplace, creating an atmosphere of warmth and friendliness.

As twilight descended, casting a soothing hue over the inn's courtyard, I was drawn to a secluded corner where an older man sat in an old wheelchair next to a table that you could tell was his usual spot by the wheel marks on the floor that have been worn by time. There was a glimmer of wisdom in the old man's eyes as he noticed my curious gaze and asked, "What troubles you, young man?"

Intrigued, I approached him, and we started a conversation transcending age boundaries. With a voice tinged by the echoes of past adventures, the older man introduced himself as Jonathan and wove a tale of his youth, recounting how a tragic accident had left him using a wheelchair. But the mention of a map acquired during his vibrant years piqued my curiosity. Jonathan spoke of uncharted wonders, complex trials, and the siren song of the unknown.

In that moment, I felt an unspoken kinship, my own longing for something beyond the realm of the ordinary resonating deeply with the older man's unfulfilled dreams. I asked, "What can I do to honor your legacy?"

To that he replied, "Live your life without holding back".

Driven by empathy and an insatiable thirst for adventure, I solemnly vowed to carry the torch of Jonathan's legacy. I would embark upon the journey that fate had denied him, armed with the map that had become a symbol of unyielding determination. The promise to honor Jonathan's unwritten chapters echoed silently through the night sky as stars twinkled above, bearing witness to this newfound path I had chosen.

Jonathan smiled, giving me a nod of approval before wheeling away. His silhouette vanished within the shadows of the night, leaving me to ponder what lay ahead. I continued to bask in the quiet solace of the darkness until my eyes grew heavy, and sleep began to overtake me.

The rising sun cast its golden rays upon the quaint inn the following day. As I walked down the hall, the smell of breakfast was amazing: a combination of freshly brewed coffee, bacon, and eggs sizzling in a skillet, sweet buttery waffles with maple syrup, warm toast smothered in honey, and freshly baked blueberry muffins. There was nothing like the sweet aroma of a hot breakfast to start the day off right. I also knew it would be a while until I had another hot breakfast like this.

After my belly was full, I thanked the cook and bid farewell to the gentle-faced innkeeper who had warmly welcomed me. My heart was heavy with anticipation, and a new determination as I stepped out into the unknown, map gripped firmly in hand. The morning dew glittered on each blade of grass, and the chirping birds heralded the start of a new day. Every stride felt surefooted and purposeful as I moved further away from the inn, towards that which I had not seen or explored before. Along this journey awaited secret paths and lands, just waiting to be explored and unlocking mysteries beyond belief - waiting to test my courage and strength.

The weeks they were passed by in a never-ending stream of days. I gazed upon majestic mountains capped with thick blankets of snow, which glinted in the sunlight like diamonds. The shadows of tall trees provided a welcome respite from the heat as I delved deeper into the depths of unknown forests. And the meadows were alive with color and movement as wildflowers swayed gracefully in the breeze.

During my leisurely walks, I took the time to observe the world around me keenly. I paused by babbling brooks, mesmerized by the shimmering ripples that mirrored the sky above. I listened to the rustle of leaves as woodland creatures scurried about their daily routines. I even discovered hidden waterfalls, cascading waters, and a symphony of nature's music.

In moments of rest, I would find respite in the shade of ancient trees, their branches a comforting embrace. I would sit by a tranquil pond, its surface reflecting the serene blue of the heavens, and lose myself in contemplation. And as the sun began its descent, painting the sky with hues of orange and purple, I would recline against a moss-covered rock, watching as the stars emerged, twinkling with secrets of their own.

On my solitary journey, I discovered the wonders of being alone and the pleasure of vigorous self-reflection. Surrounded by nature's majesty, I felt deep serenity and oneness.

But this night, it turned into a stormy, restless night. I had to find shelter, and it was just about time for the sunrise, but it did not look like the sun was coming out today.

Soon, I found myself standing at the edge of a swift-flowing stream, its waters rushing past with relentless force. Across the stream stood two towering trolls, their malicious intent evident in their malevolent glares.

The storm unleashed its fury upon the land, enveloping it in a chaotic symphony of wind, rain, and thunder. The howling gusts tugged at my clothes, whipping them around my body. Raindrops pelted my face, stinging like tiny needles. Lightning streaked across the darkened sky, briefly illuminating the grotesque features of the trolls.

The trolls, massive and imposing, exuded an aura of primal strength. Their gnarled muscles rippled with power, and their coarse skin glistened with a sickly sheen. Armed with crude clubs, they advanced through the swift stream, seemingly unfazed by its ferocity.

Determined, I tightened my grip on my trusty sword, my only weapon against these formidable foes. I knew I had to rely on agility and wit to outmaneuver these hulking creatures. As I took a step, calculating my next move, the rapid stream churned by my feet, threatening my stance.

Undeterred by the surging water, the trolls closed in, their thunderous footsteps echoing through the stormy night as they crossed the fast-flowing stream as if it were still water. I had no choice but to face them head-on. My body turned tense, but I must be ready to dodge their attacks and strike with precis