

This is a knight day fantasy in a world of man beasts, dragons and magic. A prince and servant girl search to find the key to an ancient prophecy, the only hope they have of saving their world.

Teacher of the Old Code

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/4049.html?s=pdf>

Teacher of the Old Code

By
Billy Bryan Brown

Alaska Wilderness Family



Productions .

Copyright 2004, 2009 Billy Bryan Brown
Alaska Wilderness Family Productions
www.thealaskawildernessfamily.com

ISBN 978-1-60145-761-5

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Printed in the United States of America

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2009

Table of Contents

Chapter One: A Girl’s Escape to Freedom	1
Chapter Two: Finding a Friend	13
Chapter Three: The Copepehops.....	19
Chapter Four: Abriteous.....	29
Chapter Five: Mazorlea.....	39
Chapter Six: Cyree and the Sea.....	51
Chapter Seven: Andjadale.....	63
Chapter Eight: Closing the Gate	73
Chapter Nine: King Three.....	79
Chapter Ten: The Gathering	87
Chapter Eleven: The Great Blue Dragon	93
About the Author	103

Chapter One

A Girl's Escape to Freedom

The wind blew through her hair as the sun came up. She was sitting looking out to sea, "I can't understand," she thought to herself, "why this happened to me!" So many times she sat there before, but never like today.

On the same day, at the very same time, in a land far away he too sat and looked out to sea. They didn't know it yet, but their lives would soon intertwine.

"What are you doing sitting out here? You can't do this anymore!"

"I know," she said. "I thought one more time would be alright."

With that the whip cracked across her back. For the very first time she screamed with pain as she turned around. "What's the matter dear?" the old woman said as she coiled the whip back in her hand. "I told you this morning to do what I say or you would be like everyone else! You might have thought yourself special yesterday, but today you belong to me!"

Tears came down her face as she ran back down the hill. Her mother had been a servant at the manor house just like her mother before. She always knew she would work there too, but she dreamed of something else, anything else would do.

The Bryandee family had owned the house for over three-hundred years. As each family passed the house down they passed down the servants too, but the families always stayed

together. To sell the house was something no one thought they would ever do, but for the past three years the war was getting closer each day. Today it was only a few weeks ride away.

Most of the families that had money or power had already moved away. The old woman didn't care about the war; she had friends on the other side. Some even said she came to spy, although no one would even talk to her face. She was a scary woman, tall and thin, her face was wrinkled and old. She carried a carriage whip everywhere she would go.

There was a time when the manor house used to be a happy place. There were parties all the time. The halls were full of laughter from friends and family, but today the house seemed dark and cold as she walked back through the door.

"How could they do this?" she thought. "They sold me like I was a chair!" Her mom and dad were crying and yelling as they dragged them away, she didn't even get to say good-bye. Yesterday there were fifteen servants working in the house, cooking and keeping it clean. Today there were only four.

It should have been three more years before she went to work, but that didn't matter anymore. She was still crying as she went to the kitchen and started to clean. She started at four in the morning and didn't stop until late at night. This went on for almost a year.

Each day was the same until one day in the afternoon riders came through the gate. They were soldiers from the other side. Our war had been lost. Until late that night soldiers came in. By the next morning over a hundred were camped out in the yard. She woke up at four, like every day before and went outside to carry wood. The soldiers stared at her as she walked by because they knew she was from the other side.

Later that day as she served dinner there were five new people there. Three of them were soldiers and their rank was very high. Then there were two old women. They were ugly and

Teacher of the Old Code

wrinkled with fine new clothes and large jewels were around their necks. She put down three plates and filled their glasses then started to leave. As she reached the door she heard one say, “Why do you have a servant like that? She’s from the other side!”

“I know,” the old woman answered, “it’s not just her, I have four, all from this horrible land. I have to put up with so much, sometimes I don’t know what to do!”

“You poor thing!” the other old woman said. “You should have servants sent from home and throw these off of the cliff.”

“I know I should,” the old woman answered, “but it’s hard with the war and all. As soon as it’s over I’ll do just that. For now I’ll just have to suffer along. I try to do my part, you know.” With that she stuffed her mouth with chicken and bread and loudly started to chew. As she chewed she still kept talking, although she was hard to understand. All the others ate just like her. There was food all over their faces and hands.

The girl was just about to go back to the kitchen when she heard one of the soldiers say, “We brought servants along with us, most arrived just today. If you come with me in the morning you could pick out a few to keep. I would get rid of the servants you have, you can’t trust anyone that worked for the Bryandees.”

“Oh thank you!” the old woman said as she stuffed her mouth again. “I’ll get rid of the four I have tonight before we go to bed.”

The girl went through the door, as the door closed she put her ear against the wood and listened to what they said. “How will you do it?” the second old woman asked.

“Oh, I don’t know,” answered the old woman. “I’ll probably just put poison in their bread.”

“If you want,” said the soldier, “I could just take them outside and knock them in the head.” With that they all began to laugh.

“Let’s do it after dinner,” said another soldier. “It will entertain the troops.”

The girl didn’t need to hear anymore. She ran to the kitchen and told the other servants what they said. “That can’t be true!” said one.

“They wouldn’t do that to me! You must be wrong!” said another. “We have served her faithfully!”

“Do what you want,” answered the girl, “but I’m leaving here today!” If you’re smart you too will run away!”

She quickly went to her small dark room and gathered all the things she had. It wasn’t much; she put it all in one small bag. Then careful not to be seen, she headed back down the hall. On the side of the house that led to the yard was a door she used to haul in wood. No one else used this door. The guards were never there.

Slowly she opened the door and looked across the yard. The sun had been down for an hour or two and there was no moon at all. From here to the gate darkness was all she saw. In front of the house soldiers’ fires burned bright, but none saw her as she ran into the night. She ran through the gate and down the road not knowing where she would go.

That very same hour in a land far away he sat in his window looking out at the sea. He was Prince Theodore Broomstone Cowdee III, but his friends just called him Three. His dad was the king of Drawla, a land that went from the mountains all the way to the sea. It was a vast kingdom full of forest and farms, one of the richest kingdoms of all.

The king had thousands of warriors and knights waiting for his beckoned call. Over two hundred ships were in the harbor, all belonging to him. The king and queen were both fair and

Teacher of the Old Code

just. They were loved throughout the land. Their castle was full of singing and laughter almost every night of the year, but tonight no one was singing, there wasn't laughter anywhere.

Grewdoleom was the kingdom that had started the Great War and had taken over the young girls' land. The king and queen were solemnly sitting at their table. The king held a parchment in his hand. It was from the king of Grewdoleom telling them to turn over all their land. "Leave your kingdom! Give it all to me," it read, "or war will begin!"

"He wouldn't dare," said the queen. "He knows how strong we are."

"Just a year ago," broke in the king, "I would have agreed with you, but now I don't know what he might do. He has taken over four or five smaller kingdoms. His strength has surely grown. If we fought him head to head our army would soon be gone. We can't ask our people to fight a war with him. We can't ask them to fight a war when I know we can't win."

"What about Showlowteauh?" the queen asked. "Should we send for him?"

"I agree," answered the king. "Showlowteauh!" he yelled. "Come to me!"

Showlowteauh was a wise old man, the oldest in all the land. They say he could read dreams by looking in his hand. In the ancient tongue his name, Showlowteauh, meant the reader of dreams. No one knew how old he was, but he was an old man when the kings' dad was young. As soon as the king called out his name, Showlowteauh knocked on the door.

"Yes, my king," he said as he came in. "Do you have need of me?"

"Tell me," answered the king, "what have you seen in dreams?"

"I have seen terrible things," answered the old man as he slowly shook his head. "I have seen the fall of all we love and

your kingdom all in flames. You and the queen will surly die when this darkness comes across our land.”

“What can we do,” asked the queen, “to stop this thing? Is our fate completely set?”

“I’m sorry my queen,” answered the old man as a tear ran down his face, “it’s written in time. It can’t be changed, but there is hope through a light somewhere.”

“What light,” asked the king, “and more importantly, where?”

“It’s too far to see, my king,” he answered, “but I know it’s there. Find the honey beside a tree. This is all I see, this and the number three.”

“The number three!” said the king. “Could this be our son?”

“Yes,” answered the old man, “but you’ll have to send him far from home and you’ll have to do it quickly before the darkness comes.”

With that the old man reached out his hand and laid it on the king’s back. “I was here my king when you took your first breath. I’ll be here when you take your last. When you need me just call my name.” Then he faded away like smoke in a breeze, in a moment he was gone.

“Where do we send him?” asked the king as he looked over at his queen.

They both sat quietly for a while until at last the queen said, “We must send him somewhere no one will know, not even you or me. We must do this to save our son Three.” Then again they sat without a word until late into the night.

Then a sad smile came over the king, “I know what we can do. Guards!” he yelled. “Bring the teacher to me! Bring him to me now!”

The teacher was the greatest warrior the kingdom had ever known. He was a young knight when the king was born and had taught him all he knew. He had been Three’s teacher since he

Teacher of the Old Code

was two. He was never beaten in battle, in tournaments, or in war. His sword had never known defeat; his arrows had never missed.

He was a wise man who knew the ancient code and lived it every day. When he spoke, everyone listened to what he had to say. All the knights and generals had been taught by this one man.

As he came through the door he bowed. "How may I serve?" he asked. Even though he was getting old, he was powerful in body and mind. He was thick, and as wide as he was tall. His hair was starting to gray. It hung long in a braid down his back with a silver tie at its end.

He dressed all in black leather and his cape went to the floor. A great sword he wore on his side, with two smaller ones on his back. Out the top of both tall boots stuck the silver handles of his daggers he carried.

He carried a silver bow strapped around his shoulder with his arrows on his back. Even his dress was like the ancient ones', although he never said how he learned. Showlowteauh had taught him the way of dreams, but he preferred the sword.

"Come sit with us," said the king. "We must talk of things to come."

As the sun came up the next morning they were still talking by the fire. They talked of how they would fight the darkness that was heading across their land. They planned where they would put their troops and where the ships would be. When all the plans were through and the war talk was done the king turned to the teacher and said, "Now we must talk about my son."

The king then told him what Showlowteauh had said about the fall of all they loved. Then he told him about Three and finding light with honey by a tree. The king then hung his head.

The queen reached over and took his hand. "It's okay dear," she said. Then she looked Teacher straight in the eyes and said, "We want you to gather all you need for a journey that may last for years. Take horses, gold and warriors with you. Take the best of everything. Take our son Three with you, keep him safe and from all harm. Find the light and honey so someday our kingdom will go on.

"Where do I go, my queen?" he asked. "Where could this light and honey be?"

"I don't know where to go," she answered. "I do know to keep Three safe you must not tell anyone where you will go, not even the king or me. The things we told you of the fall of our land must not be told to Three. He doesn't need to know we won't be here if you ever return again. Our son and the future of our kingdom we now place inside your hands."

"But what of you and the king?" he asked. "Why don't you both come along?"

The king then raised his head and said, "Teacher, you know why I won't leave. I will stand or fall with my people. If I didn't, what king of king would I be?" The teacher then looked over at the queen with a look that asked the same thing.

"No," she said, "I won't leave. My place is beside the king."

"I have served you all your life," the teacher said, "as I did your dad before. I will do this thing you ask," he added as he walked toward the door. When he reached the door he turned around with a great sadness on his face then he drew his sword and bowed low to the ground. "Good-bye my king and queen," he said then he slowly closed the door.

It was now early morning as the teacher walked to Threes' room. "Wake up prince," he said. "Today we have much to do. We're going on a journey and we must leave today. Gather the things you need and meet me downstairs. Go and say good-bye to the king and queen, we'll be gone a long time."

Teacher of the Old Code

“Where are we going?” Three asked. “How long will we be gone?”

“You ask too many questions,” answered the teacher. “We’ll talk of our journey later. For now just pack your things and go talk to your mom and dad.” Without another word Teacher left the room.

Three was a young man in his middle to late teens. He was wise for his age. He wasn’t tall like his dad the king, but he was thick and strong. He could ride and fight as well as any grown man and he had studied all the books to know the wisdom of his land.

He had gone on trips with Teacher before, but only for a day or two. Today he was curious what they were going to do. He had a good sense of things to come and today he felt something was wrong.

He packed his things and went to see the king and queen. “Good-morning mom and dad!” he said as he walked into the room. “Teacher said we’re going on a journey. I’m all packed and ready to go.”

“Come sit by me,” his mother said, “I have something for you.”

As he sat down she took out a small silk bag and carefully placed it in his hand. As he opened the bag and looked inside he saw a fine gold chain. On the chain was a small gold ring with a blue stone in the center. “This ring,” she said, “belonged to my mothers’, mothers’, mother. I thought someday if you had a sister I would give it to her, but today I want to give it to you. It means more to me than all the gold in the treasury. I hope it will mean the same to you.

You see, my family wasn’t always royal. We came from a land across the sea many years ago. There was a time my family were servants for a king just like your dad. At one time this ring was all my family had. One of my family members helped an

old man one day. He was hurt and almost dead. When he was well and about to leave, this is what he said, "A bag of gold I have right here for saving me. I'll gladly give it to you. I also have this small gold ring. I offer it to you too. Take the gold or take the ring, which you take, is up to you. The gold will help you now, but someday the ring will help you too."

"My family," she went on, "didn't think it was right to take gold for saving him, so they chose this ring instead. Give it to your queen someday, it will remind her to be kind."

The king then walked over and sat next to them. For a moment he just looked at Three then said, "I'm proud of you. I want you to know, a better son could not be found. I too have something for you. He then reached beside him and picked up a long wooden box.

The box was old with writing on it that Three didn't know. As Three opened the top he saw the shine of a blade. He thought at first it was a fine new sword made just for him, but when he took it out it was plain and old, no jewels or anything. It was about as long as most of their swords, but the blade was much too thin. Their swords were three to four inches wide, but this one was barely an inch.

"Like your mothers' ring," the king said, "this sword too has a story. It was given to your granddad when he went on a journey far across the sea. It was made by a great sword maker almost two hundred years ago. In that time it has protected many kings and fought in countless wars. They say this blade cannot be broken, no matter what you do, and any other blade it hits will be broken in two. Take this sword on your journey. Always keep it by your side."

By now Three knew for sure something must be wrong. They never did these things before when he went on a trip. "Why are you giving me these things?" he asked. "How long will I be gone?"

Teacher of the Old Code

“Your journey,” the king answered, “could last a long time. It may be a year or two or longer, I don’t know. You just do what Teacher says without question. Do what you are told.”

They talked a long while then sadly said good-bye. A guard carried Three’s bag and chest as he walked out of the front door. Teacher was already waiting there standing by his tall black horse. Two other horses were standing there, one for Three and another to pack their things.

Every time Three had left the castle before, at least ten knights went with him. As he looked around no knights were there, only the guard that carried his things. He started to ask about the knights then he thought about what his dad said. So without question he climbed onto his horse instead.

The guard tied Threes’ things on the packhorse, then bowed and went back inside. As they reached the gate of the castle the drawbridge went slowly down then the great gate was raised and they rode off toward the town.

This is a knight day fantasy in a world of man beasts, dragons and magic. A prince and servant girl search to find the key to an ancient prophecy, the only hope they have of saving their world.

Teacher of the Old Code

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/4049.html?s=pdf>