

The elder called for silence at the great hall. All the dark elves stopped eating, Maeglin poked his head up from the wild boar he was feasting on, "Goblins are approaching the city gate. Royal Swordsman and Archers must report to the armoury immediately. Maelgin's mother stood up. "I will be back soon." She said. "This feast is adjourned" the elder concluded. "make your way back to the halls of residence." The elves stood up and made their way out of the great hall. Maeglin made his way out with his father. When they got home, father told Maeglin to go to bed. Maeglin wandered into his room. Tonight he was worried. He got up and unlatched his Mithril Plated combat bow and slipped it under his bed. As he stared into his room he felt safe knowing that Mt. Silver would never fall to the goblins. The grey elves had it hard as they split from the main group and have lived in Mt. Silver. There was one way in and out. Only Hunters and Military pasted the city gate. Their city in a mountain contained all that was needed for survival: A Great hall, for feasts and announcements, a hall of residence, this is where they slept and nothing else, the brewery was where they produced alcohol. A stream runs through the inside of the mountain that brings waste out and fresh water in. Many bridges connect inside the mountain for quick access. Everyone had set rolls that they applied for at the age of 120. To apply for military service you had to be a minimum of 100 years.

Maeglin woke up to his mothers voice: "Maeglin, wake up. You have got to go hunting." Maeglin stretched and hopped out of bed and put on his grey hunting coat on and pulled up its thin hood. He grabbed his Anguish wood hunting bow and remounted the Mithril combat bow from under the bed. He grabbed his quiver full of elven hunting arrows. As he walked out the city gate he immediately ran into the forest, treading quietly to avoid scaring any possible animal. He finally came to a halt at the base of the largest tree in the forest, he started to climb it using the small branches that would stick out. He lay on a thick branch and waited. Hours could pass without any wild animals in sight. After 20 minutes of laying on the branch Maeglin finally spotted a boar eating the shrubbery that lay on the floor of the thick forest. He knew his arrow would not go far enough to kill the animal but merely wound it. Maeglin knew he had to get closer. He drew his hunting knife from its leather sheath that was cleverly tucked away under his cloak. He swiftly ran from branch to branch avoiding making any sound. He did this until he was directly above the boar. In one swift movement he grabbed the branch he was standing on and slid under it, hanging with all fours. He dropped onto the boar, which cushioned the fall, killing it with the hunting knife. Maeglin dragged the dead animal back to Mt. Silver where it would be skinned and prepared for the feast later the night. After dropping the beast off at the kitchens he headed down to the great hall and looked at all the available jobs in the mountain. He studied the military application checking for vacancies, there was one free for a scout position. Maeglin picked up an application form and headed back to his home for breakfast. As he walked over the steam on the little bridge he watched the sun rise from the small gap above the city gate. He walked into the low ceilinged room that was the main household. He walked past the main household and into his room where he took his hunting dagger out of its pouch and wiped it clean and placed it back in and hid the little pouch under his white cloak. As he remounted his hunting bow on the wall his mother called and said it was breakfast time. As they stepped out of the household they could hear the flow of the stream announcing it was time for breakfast. At breakfast time the elves would

open the wooden barriers to let the old stream out at the bottom of the mountain and let fresh water in though the peak. Maeglin and his family walked into the great hall with several other families. Its ceiling high and grand with one large window the brought in sunlight. As they sat down and started feasting on the bread and grains the Elder lifted his glass and called for silence. As the racket of the elves came to a hush as their tone bounced off the wooden beams of the great hall the elder spoke; "Today we feast....We have fought off the Goblins once more.....We thank those who protected us on that unsettled night." The elves applauded and began feasting once more.

As the feast came to a conclusion Maeglin headed home once more only this time to fetch his bow and horse. As he approached the main gate he was stopped by the city watch and was told the gate was closed due to a pack of Orcs nearby. As he headed back he saw his mother in her even armour with her blade in hand with her other associates. She said she would be back soon and headed through the gate. He locked up his horse back in its pen and headed up the mountain to the brewery where he helped unload ale barrels and placed them on the unloading bay to be dumped in the river to return to the shipping town of Highmaple, where they would be cleaned and re-used. As he left the brewery he passed a woman he had never seen before. The woman stopped him and said: "We know what you do, contact us." Maeglin looked at the card, it said: "Where the moon shines in orc tears, We will be." As Maeglin looked up to ask what it meant then woman had vanished into the faint light of the rock. Puzzled, Maeglin walked back down the mountain steps to the hollowed core of the mountain where the city gate and great hall lay. He watched as the Royal Soldiers and Archers came back with 12 Orcs imprisoned. Maeglin searched for his mother but could not see her. As the party headed down to the dungeons Maeglin quickly trailed them. He weaved through the crowd of archers and soldiers still looking for his mother. One of the Archers grabbed him by his collar and in one swift motion pinned him to the wall. "What do you want, boy?" Maeglin replied uneasily "I was looking for my mother, have you seen her?". The Archer released Maeglin and looked at him with mourning eyes. "Your mother....She was shot.....She did not make it." Maeglin's heart stopped. Tears began rolling down his face. He picked up his body and bolted. Tears pouring down his face now, as he reached the household. His father stopped him "Maeglin what's wrong?!" He said. "Mother.....She....Orcs.....killed her....."

2 months later

Maeglin sat in the great hall by himself. He sat humming an old folk tune. He placed his hand in his pocket only to find the card the strange woman had given him the day his mother died. "The moon shines." He murmured to himself. He looked at one of the great stained windows that brought light into the great hall. The windows faced east so only brought in light at dawn. Maeglin looked down at the card yet again to be puzzled by the word: polychromous. He placed the card back in his pocket and headed in to the deep belly of the mountain, towards the library. As he arrived he pulled out an old book about folk tales. Maeglin flipped through to find a page about orc tears. According to legends orc tears change colors from blood red all the way to green. Maeglin can only recall one thing that has all those colors and that is the stained window in the great hall. Maeglin knew what he had to do. He had no other choice. He

had decided to leave Mt. Moon in the dead of night leaving no trace. He had two hours before sunset. He ran back to his household and grabbed his cloak and bow. As he reached the great hall once more he started climbing up to the rafters of the hall where he could sit covertly. Slowly people came in for the banquet. An hour past and as the last people left the sun began to set. As the moon rose, the light came up the multicolored glass in large streams of light. "Orc's tears" Maeglin whispered to himself. Maeglin around for signs of life and saw none. He clambered back down, disappointed about the outcome. Suddenly out of the darkness a figure emerged. Maeglin, started, backed off. The figure loomed towards him. "You have chosen wisely" he said. Maeglin felt a quick pain in the back of his head and it went black.

As Maeglin opened his eyes he realized he was knocked out by whoever had given him the card the day his mother died. As he sat up he realised he was in some sort of moving vehicle. He peered out one of the holes in the fabric that he was covered by. He was in a moving carriage in some sort of town. To his surprise he was not bound in anyway and was able to lift the fabric of the end of the carriage, looking at the cobble road that they were traveling on. He heard a voice at the seat of the carriage. "You awake yet?!" It shouted. A woman jumped into the covered rear of the carriage with Maeglin. "Who...who are you?" Maeglin asked cautiously. "I am one of the elven spies. We keep an eye on the enemy. "And...why am I... here? I am not the enemy....am I?" The woman chuckled. "No no. We had our eye on you for some time. You are one of us now" Maeglin looked puzzled "Why did you knock me out then?" "We couldn't take any chances" the woman said. "Let me give you your equipment." "Equipment?" Maeglin asked. "Yes." The woman said, handing Maeglin a black robe, bow and dagger and a strange little mechanical item. "What is that?" Maeglin asked. "It's a grappling hook, let me show you." "Pull over!" The woman yelled. As the carriage slowly came to a halt. The woman hopped out the back. Cautiously, Maeglin did too. The woman pulled out another grappling hook out of his cloak. He pressed in the little trigger and a long metal chain came flying out. When the hook latched onto the building opposite the woman gave the grapple to Maeglin. "Push this to wind the chain up." Maeglin pushed the button in and to his surprise he was pulled up by the grapple. He was left hanging on the side of the building. "Now retract the button to come down!" The woman yelled. Maeglin slowly pushed the button and he descended slowly down. As he reached the ground the woman said "I am Sky, welcome to our team." Maeglin shook his hand. "I am Maeglin." he said. "We know" Sky said. As they made their way back to the carriage, Sky handed Maeglin a letter with an official seal. "What is this?" Maeglin asked. "It is mission briefing." They sat down on the wooden benches in the carriage. Maeglin opened the letter. It said: Hello, We are the Elven Spies and you have been accepted for a basic training mission. You will be infiltrating a goblin cave north of your current location. Sky will guide you there. Remain under cover. You will bring back the leader of the goblin caves alive without you being noticed. You are free to kill any goblins under cover. You will leave your current location at the light of the moon. Signed -S
"You ready?" Sky asked. "I think so." Maeglin replied. They talked till the moon was high in the sky. Maeglin found out that Sky was a small part of a giant organization. At the top sat S. The leader. No one knew what he looked like and what his full name was. They only

communicated via mission notes. They stood up. Sky pulled out her grapple and said "Follow me." He latched onto one of the houses and zipped up. Maeglin fumbled with his grapple and accidentally dropped it. In embarrassment he picked it up and joined Sky on the roof. Sky wasted no time chatting and ran from one roof to another. Maeglin followed. This was more his style, he enjoyed running in the trees when he went hunting back home. As they reached the end of the town, Sky pulled out her grapple and latched onto one of the trees nearby. She used her grapple to slowly descend to the ground. Maeglin laughed at this. He jumped from the roof and performed a roll on the ground and walked over to Sky. "Where'd you learn to do that?" Sky asked "Back home." Maeglin replied. He swiftly ran through the woods and up to the cave where the goblins lay. "Move round the back." Sky said crouching. As they reached the hill that overlooked the cave entrance they saw two guards out the front. "Draw your dagger." Sky whispered. Maeglin pulled out the blade from his leather satchel mounted in his cloak. He leapt down onto the goblin, killing it. The one next to him looked startled. Suddenly Sky dropped from above killing the last goblin. They dragged the bodies out of sight so they would not be caught. "Your good." Sky said. As they crouched into the cave they were met by a large iron gate. Sky instinctively pulled out a small iron rod and started fiddling with the lock. "What are you doing?" Maeglin whispered. "I am picking the lock." Sky said. "Here." Sky gave Maeglin a round metal object with a fuse. "What is this?" Maeglin whispered. "Is a smoke bomb" Sky whispered. "Throw it in when I open the door." The door clicked and Sky swung it open. Maeglin threw the smoke bomb inside. Fortunately there was no one guarding on the inside. They headed down into the depths of the earth. They followed twisting side passages until they reached a passage that overlooked a huge hollow area. They looked down onto this area and saw a goblin with golden armour with 4 goblins guarding him. "That's our man" Sky said. "It's up to you from here." Maeglin grabbed his grapple and latched onto one of the stalagmites that hung from the roof of the cave. The guards were facing away from the king in a guarding stance. Maeglin silently swooped in and grabbed the king and returned to the opposite passage overlooking the hollow cave. Sky came rushing over and knocked the king out with the butt of the knife. "Carry him on your shoulders." She said. As they looked over once more into the cave where the king once sat, they noticed that the guards had realized he was gone and they had placed the cave under lockdown. They ran back the way they had come and rushed out the cave. "Where do we go!?" Maeglin yelled. "Hush..They may hear us! There is a boat waiting for us at the river bank." Sky whispered. They dashed through the forest which was now turning orange from the sunrise. As they reached the boat there were lead on by a bushy faced man who took the goblin king and stowed him below the deck. "Where are we going?" Maeglin asked. "Back to the keep." Sky replied. "The keep? What is that." Maeglin asked. "It's a small hold where we rest and train." They set off through the vast orange glow that refracted from the river.

It was reaching noon as they got off the ship. The goblin king was now awake and scrabbling in the bag. Sky gave the bag a kick and it settled down. As they reached the gate of the keep a guard approached them. "Rough Daou" Sky said. The guard shouted something to another guard on the wall. Suddenly the gates rose, revealing a courtyard. Sky gave the bag to one of the guards, who swiftly took it away. The gate closed behind them with a loud clunk. There

were a few other people in the courtyard who were not phased by all this. "These are my co-workers." Sky said. Some of them waved. Sky showed him some of the training dummies and some of the targets. Sky pulled out his dagger, did a little spin, and threw it at the dummy. It hit right in the head. Sky walked over and pulled it out of the dummy's head and placed it back into his cloak. They continued round the courtyard until they reached a set of stone steps. Sky started to walk up them, he stopped and said: "Your room is this way. We have more equipment for you." Maeglin followed Sky excitedly up the stairs. They reached the room on the first left, Sky pushed the wooden door open. Inside sat a large wooden chest, a bed, table and two chairs. "Its all yours." Sky said. Maeglin walked in and looked around at the small room. "I love it." Maeglin said. Sky walked out and shut the door behind him. Maeglin immediately walked over to the chest. Inside sat a sword, some iron chainmail, a quiver full of elven arrows, twenty lockpicks and a letter. Maeglin picked up the letter and unfolded it. It read: "Maeglin, Your skills are a great asset to winning this was against the orcs. We hope Sky can train you well. We expect a lot from you Maeglin. -S"