





*Dedicated*

*to those who trust their instinct  
and follow the path of their heart no  
matter how lonely it is. . .*





# RUNIK PLECTRUM THE AWAXIA PRINCESS

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**TIME TRAVELLER**



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*Stories of a galactic Time Traveller...*

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## 01. An Unfair Rejection.



In a small village named Likagnia - one of the thousands of villages existing on the planet Spellgon - nineteen galactic years ago, while the Th'ragia rune had overshadowed the Mages' Mountain - an ultra rare phenomenon that occurred every five hundred years - a girl by the name Andromache Nirria came to life. From a very young age she demonstrated great intelligence, resourcefulness and endless energy. But unfortunately for her, she was born a woman, something that for the tribe of the Mages was a huge inconvenience; some said women are a subordinate species. Very few women had managed to pass the trials and get the oracular benediction; and therefore, their first wand. Especially the time they were living in where the Empire was everywhere, having conquered the biggest part of the Alatlion galaxy and enslaved most of the tribes entirely. But she didn't give up. She had grown up with that fact and she had prepared herself accordingly. She knew the runic language fluently, as well as the basics for a successful ritual; ofcourse every ritual was different, but they all had the same base. She could also read - not speak - the rest of the ancient languages, having rich knowledge about her galaxy's history too. In general, every book falling into her hands was readable; even the most useless had something to offer based on her opinion.

The population of the village she born and grew up in was estimated of one thousand habitants, with most of those to be over forty, as the biggest percentage of the youngsters were leaving when they were coming of age to one of the megalopolis' or smaller cities for a better future. Planet Spellgon is very small compared to other home-planets. There are five megalopolis: Nisimandia, Jangofrega, Wulavignika, Rusbetura and Ulumegnara, while the smaller sized cities numbered thirty-four. Beyond those, small villages like the one Andromache was raised in, and in between, areas of dense vegetation.



She was thin and of average height, with a pair of purple, dazzling eyes. Her hair - since her birth - had an unexplainable colour that was starting pitch black and ending totally white, with the colours in between to pass from the shades of grey to brown and blonde. Nobody knew how this could happen, as nobody had ever seen anything like it. Her nails were also similar, every single one a different colour to match with her peculiarity she so much loved. Finally, unlike most Mages that strongly desired to join the elite of their kind, she cared not about her status, as she believed it was completely unnecessary. She was dressing more like a boy, and she abhorred the furs her kind so much fancied. Generally, Mages were craving to stand out, always eccentric and well-dressed; extremely so most of the times. It was no accident that after the Creativitors, Mages were the second in fashion, spending millions of imperial crowns on clothing every year; Creativitors' best customers.

All the small villages lacked technology and spectacular constructions. They were frugal, allowing their inhabitants to enjoy a simple life away from conflicts, cultivating their own products and spending their time and money for the general arts they so much loved. Mages were the only tribe that was admiring every aspect of the Creativitors tribe, ranking their power among the strongest, and definitely the most interesting and hard to understand...

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Sun Takalum started to appear that day, the first of a new runic cycle, R'itha. There were no signs to betray that this day would be the first of a new, very unique journey for her, but soon, the first would appear in their sky. Andromache exited her house along with her mother with the first rays, as always. Their first destination was the closest greenhouse to their property. There, they were cultivating their daily meals, vegetables and fruits. Their first job was to gather the harvest and then store them in the breezy cellar under their home. They might lack technology, but they knew how to use natural resources. Her father was already on his feet, watering their farthest plantation. Their schedule was always the same. Around midday they were meeting in their biggest farm, which was their main economical income. All the products were selling once a week in the biggest market of Rusbetura megalopolis, the closest to their village. When

they were done, the family headed back home together.

Mother and daughter arrived at the greenhouse and entered. They both took a wooden basket and got lost among the vegetation. Andromache had been taught which goods are ready to be collected, and which ones need more time. Once the collection was finished and both baskets were full, Andromache took them both and walked straight home.

On her way, a sudden flash separated the sky from side-to-side. It was like a big, touring star entered their atmosphere, crossed it and then continued its way to the infinity of the space. She stayed still in case of another event to follow, but nothing. Having in mind that it could be an imaginary creation of her fantasy, she took her gaze from the sky and got back on course.

When she arrived home, she saw the oldest of their neighbours - and also the oldest of the whole village - still staring at the sky with a smile upon her face. He name was Clelia Lugandi and everyone considered her a lunatic with a heavy past on her shoulders. She was one of the few Witches that managed to enter the elite, leaving Spellgon to work for the empire. Andromache always admired her, even though she knew very little of her achievements.

“Hello Mrs. Clelia,” she greeted her without much thought, as she wanted to learn if she saw the same thing.

“Hello my sweet child,” she replied with a kind, elderly voice, maintaing her high gaze. “How’s family?”

“They are good Mrs. Clelia. Can I ask you something?”

“Yes my dear child, I saw it too! And trust me, many more did, just very few will admit it and even less know what it really was,” she replied as she had read her thoughts; which wasn’t the first time.

“And... you know what it was?”

“Ofcourse I do! As I also know the purpose of it!”

“What do you mean?”

“What you saw was an imperial, invisible spacecraft my dear child, which arrived to deliver an important message to our leader, Veloria Jango.”

“Oh, ok,” she replied disappointed, ready to enter her house and continue with her daily routine.

“You miss the point here,” she insisted.



“What point?”

“The emperor could send his orders through coded message. There was no need to send a spacecraft and spend valuable resources,” she added.

“Yes... you are right Mrs. Clelia!” She exclaimed enthusiastically. “Then why? Can you guess?”

“There’s no need of me to guess, I know! The time has come!”

“Time? What time Mrs. Clelia?”

“For your dreams to be fulfilled!”

“My... dreams? How do you know about my dreams? And what do I have to do with this?”

“It’s not about you, but you will be the one to get all the benefits!”

“I don’t understand.”

“Which is completely understandable. There are many things you do not know, and therefore I cannot explain it. But, mark my words, soon, a new Veloria Jango will be announced and along with it a new evaluation!”

“Evaluation?”

Andromache needed few moments to connect the pieces and get the point. Evaluation meant she will have the chance to prove herself and get the oracular benediction, and therefore her first wand! The title of Witch was closer than ever!

“Thank you Mrs. Clelia,” she said and furiously entered her house.

She went down to the cellar and placed everything in order; her mood had changed completely. She finished in no time and left to goback to her mother. On her way there, she was trying to decide whether she will mention what she saw or not; the option to talk about what she had been told was off limits as her mother had the same opinion about Mrs. Clelia as the rest of the village. She also knew that, if her mother didn’t like the conversation, she could place herself in a difficult position. So, she decided to remain silent, but prepare herself for the evaluation when this comes...

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The day ended as always, with the Nirria family returning home after a long day. Andromache was struggling to keep her classic, neutral and boring attitude.

Right after they entered the house they began to shower. First her mother so she would start cooking, then Andromache that always helped her, and finally her father who would set the table. As a family they had their standard customs they respected and followed. Even though Andromache was quite wild, she retained the hierarchy of things.

They ate silently, cleaned and retired to the living room where they would rest. Her mother's love was fashion magazines, while her father's was economics and finance. She loved fantasy with all its forms, science fiction, dark fantasy, mystery, romance, even thriller. But today was a different day. She went to her room pretending to continue with the book she was reading, but instead, she started to pack her things with everything she thought she needed to survive a few days in Rusbetura megalopolis...

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A feminine figure that wore a turquoise, perfectly fitted mantle that covered her body entirely, as well as a faceless vizard, black with a turquoise X from side-to-side, was walking alone on an unknown planet, and more specifically in a dense forest. Nature and animals were the only living being surrounding her existence. The way she was moving was flawless. It was more like hovering than walking. Nothing could stand in her way. Her appearance alone was marking her as a powerful person.

A scary roaring broke the silence of the night from afar, forcing her to stop and listen. For over a minute, she remained still, but when a second roaring was heard, she changed her course and headed that way, which was absurd. There was no chance of the beast that owned the roar being friendly.

On her way, the roar continued to be heard, closer every time, louder. She had the ability to recognise the pain, agony, anger, and many more strong emotions. She was truly a very exceptional figure with powers that few could imagine. Many had called her a myth, others considered her a symbol of liberty!



When she arrived in the place the roar stemmed from, facing an image she already had created in her mind; others would be unable to believe their eyes. A giant bear, twenty-five foot tall with golden-brown skin that sparkled - ripped off in various spots - was battling to free itself from an equally sized cage with thick bars very close together.

Around the cage were a dozen of fully-armed soldiers, while at the far end the entrance of a massive factory. The entrance was surrounded by a mountain, which meant the facilities were inside and probably underground. The men looked cheerful, entirely ignoring the menace of the giant animal in the cage. They were laughing with silly jokes, a sign that this wasn't the first time; they were comfortable with the bear's presence and behaviour.

The unknown figure didn't look worried about the situation, she didn't even try to hide. She scanned the entire place, creating a plan of action inside her head, and then started running towards the cage.

"STOP!" The first man who spotted her yelled and began firing.

The bullets were falling like a torrential rain onto her body, but they were unable to hurt her. To be more specific, her mantle worked like a bullet-proof vest, absorbing the force of the bullets too.

Her course continued, making her like a furious bull. She surpassed every soldier on her way - bewildering them - and went straight to the cage. But the surprises didn't end there. She entered the cage - her tiny body could easily fit - and hugged the bear's foot! For a moment, everyone, even the bear itself, felt dumbfounded, a moment later, the animal tried to rip her apart with her claws. But what happened next was a continuance of what they couldn't understand.

The woman disappeared from sight, giving her place to a bolt moving at high speed. When the figure of the woman reappeared, all the soldiers' equipment was lying in front of her feet. The only thing remaining was their clothes and their lives.

"What happened?" One of them wondered.

"Your life is meaningless to me," a very imposing, strong and confident female voice was heard behind the vizard. "If you run now, you will live, if not, your lives are the next thing I'm going to get from your bodies," she ended up saying.

The soldiers looked at each other. The code they trained with was demanding them to give their lives on the battlefield, their logic on the



other hand was screaming to run, as the enemy was too powerful to be defeated. And their logic prevailed.

When the feminine figure was left alone with the animal - which had stopped menacing - she said with the same imposing tone: "Take your human form."

The giant animal began to shrink and change its form. Seconds later, inside the cage was a giant female, eight foot tall, with characteristics resembling that of a bear; her skin was covered in the same scratches that had marked the animal.

"Who are you?" She calmly asked.

"What matters is who you are, because I have never met a hybrid like yourself, especially in this era!" The answer was.

"Are you planning to kill me?"

"If I had such intentions I wouldn't ask questions. My intentions are to free you and give you purpose!"

"How did you learn about me?"

"Don't feel flattered. I learnt about this place and I came to examine it. I was hoping to find someone as strong as you, but you are far stronger than I was expecting, which is good for both of us. Now, you have to promise me, if you want to be free and not remain a lab rat of the Neonalchemists, that you will serve the Princess of Awaxia when we find her."

"Which means you won't free me, but-"

"A time will come that you will understand what I offer you is more honour than obligation. Until then, you need guidance, and I'm the only and best guide you can ever have," she finished saying with a tone of absoluteness.

"Can I be helpful?" A male voice full of confidence was heard from afar, approaching their spot.

"No," she sharply replied, "and if you wish to remain alive return to your research."

"Do you have any idea who we are lady?" He haughtily continued.

"The problem with all you people is that you believe you are some kind of revolutionaries, but what you truly are is pawns on another's chessboard!" She finished saying and attacked with a lightning fast move that killed the man before he even realised what and how he died! "So?" She said to the woman when she returned to her previous



spot.

“Who are you?” The giant woman asked once again.

“Goodbye,” her final words as she turned to leave the place.

“Wait. Ofcourse I’m going to come with you, I just need some answers!”

“Like?”

“How did you manage to kill a hybrid? I mean... so easily!”

“That stupidity that has been named *‘The Rise of the Hybrids’* is nothing like the alchemy I faced thousands of years ago! The knowledge I have is far more advanced. What they do is like children playing with potions for the first time.”

“Thousands of years?” She wondered confused.

“But Costello’s Legacy?”

“Costello?”

“That, yes, it’s an alchemy that represents the alchemy of the past! But still, I’m not sure if I have to burn it to the ground or let it flourish for the common good!” She continued, seemingly speaking to herself.

“I don’t understand!”

“Ofcourse you don’t. Your brain is incapable of acquiring the truth of our world, and that’s why I won’t even try. But, that doesn’t mean you can’t be helpful,” she finished saying and broke the lock with a single strike.

The woman inside the cage - which was now free - was staring at her with awe mixed with bewilderment. The awe’s sentimental source was unknown as lots of the things she said were quite offensive. She could just say that she didn’t want to share any information with her, that would be more polite; especially with someone that she had just met.

The mysterious woman’s next move was to reveal a key, slimed and covered in mosses, and use it to open a portal which she urged her to go through. She obeyed. Then the woman followed, closing the portal behind her...

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The next few days were torturous for Andromache as nothing of what Mrs. Clelia said to her occurred. There was no announcement for the leadership, nor evaluation. That crashed her psychology as much as Mrs. Clelia's words had roused her. It was impossible for her to live another day as a cultivator, hence, she had to hide her feelings.

Every morning in the greenhouse she was huffing and puffing completely disappointed. Her mother ignored her completely, knowing what was on her mind - more or less. Her father tried to help her once, to learn what had happened, but when he realised that it was about her future and all the dreams she had, mimicked his wife.

That was something that always bothered her. They might have never tried to convince her otherwise, but they never encouraged her either. Every time she was pushing for an answer, the same *'for your sake'* was popping up. If they were trying to explain that to her, she might have understood it, but by hiding vital details it was impossible.

Another day dawned and Andromache left the house with her mother for the greenhouse. The first surprise came from Mrs. Clelia's house. She was outside, standing with the same smile as that day, staring persistently at her. When Andromache's gaze fell upon her, she brought her finger to her temple in the classic gesture of *'I told you so'*! She ignored her, following her mother. However, a few minutes later, a second surprise arrived to prove her right.

Lots of people were outside of their houses chit-chatting, a very strange occurrence for the early hour. Her mother was conquered by curiosity, and so she approached some friends of hers to learn what had happened.

"What's the news ladies?" She asked when she arrived at a group of three.

"Oh, there she is!" The biggest gossipmonger of their village exclaimed enthusiastically. "So many things happened in a day Thallo! New Veloria, new evaluation, pure havoc! The Empire is going to be our new routine!"

"What do you mean by that?" Andromache's mom, Thallo, asked.

"The Emperor is looking for new servants, mainly teenagers for his new order! The new Veloria is a bloodthirsty Mage, ex-con of Daigoh Ajamai and an exile of our tribe! He's been on the Emperor's side from day one, with the rank of Alpha Macrocosm Archeologist,



second in command after Ancient Askanda!”

“His name?” Thallo asked but seemed to know the answer already.

“Your brother! Athanor!” She replied with a smile.

Thallo’s face changed into a mask of anger and terror. Her intensity was such that Andromache held her instinctively so as not to lose her balance and fall. She thanked everyone, completely lost, and took her away to the greenhouse.

When she arrived, Andromache tried to ask: “Mother-”

“No daughter, you must not learn about your uncle!” She indisputably interrupted her.

“Is this why you have tried to prevent me from being a Witch with a wand?” She replied annoyed, feeling once again that they were trying to hide the truth from her.

“No daughter, there is much you don’t know about us Mages, our power and how it works!”

“You know I’m different! You know-”

“Some things are not for you to change, it can’t be changed!”

“Which is?” She insisted.

“Forget it...”

“I want to know!”

“No daughter, I’m not going to-”

“ENOUGH! I WANT TO KNOW!” She screamed unable to control herself.

“What is that you wish to know?” Her mother asked, this time with a vicious look, a look that Andromache had never seen before.

“The truth mother,” she said trying to hide her fear.

“Very well... is your wish to become a murderer?!”

“E... Excuse me?”

“That’s what me and your father are trying to protect you from, from being a murderer like us! Like most of our kind!”

“What do you mean by that?”

“You have no idea how our origin works. What you think is: we get a piece of wood, wave it around, spelling some runes and boom, magic happens! What you have read is that you create a ritual to learn a spell, WRONG! The rituals are to get the spell, eternally, one spell, based on the power of the person you sacrificed!”

“What? What are you talking about mom?”

“To earn a wand you need to exchange it with death, and death that offers power is addictive, you get used to it after a while, and then everything seems normal, *‘natural progression of life’* your uncle used to say and he was killing, and killing, and killing...”

“STOP! I get it...”

“No daughter, now you will learn! You asked for it! Look,” she continued with a mask of terror upon her face, and revealed - out of nowhere - a fluid, shapeless wand - which wasn’t spilling off her hand - waved it and spelled: “Watillia!”

A massive water jet jumped off the wand’s edge, watering the whole greenhouse with a single blast. Andromache was stunned and excited at the same time. It was the first time she was witnessing magic. No matter what she heard about it, it looked even more magical from up close.

“Go ahead,” her mother continued recognising the look of affection, “what else do you want me to do? Name it!”

“Em... I don’t know... can you try and gather-”

“You aren’t even hearing, you are missing the point,” she continued in the same, crazy attitude. “Gatheralone!” Nothing happened this time. “Can you guess why?”

“Em... no... I...”

“Because that’s not what wands do, or the human I-”

“THALLO!” Her husband’s voice was heard, interrupting her. “Enough. Let’s all go home, we need to prepare the table.”

“Table? For who? Why don’t you tell me what this is all about?”

“We will, off we go,” he insisted and gestured towards the door.

“When?”

“When the time comes.”

As always, Andromache wasn’t pleased with the answer, but there was nothing she could do. They both obeyed and all together returned home, where her father began to cook; a very rare occasion. She and her mother sat in the living room. Andromache waited to see what’s coming, while her mother was trying to relax.

Two hours later and while everything was ready, Andromache could guess what’s going to happen. There were four dinnerware sets on the table and only three of them. So, a fourth person would arrive soon, and that person, most likely was her uncle! And she was right.

A few minutes later the door opened without a knock, and a very eccentric man was standing at their doorstep. He was the most queer person she had ever faced, with numerous tattoos, piercings and a punk girly look. The sapphire-coloured mantle he wore looked more like a dress, with plenty of shinning sequins on it, and fur at the wide collar and the tip of the sleeves. His hair was dense, curly and gold, while a metallic wand in the shape of a pen was rolling among his fingers.

“I salute the family,” he said with a thin, jocund voice. “Sister? Brother-in-law? Moons almighty... is this... Mache?!” He ended with faked excitement.

“That’s me,” she replied, recognising his tone.

Her father nodded for him to enter and take a seat around the table, he joyfully excepted. When he sat down, the rest of the family took their seats. Andromache was still staring at him from head to toes. Everything on him looked so unfamiliar.

“You all grow... in contrast with me!” He continued in the same, annoying tone.

“Forty years passed Athanor,” Thallo replied aggressively.

“Really?” He faked the excitement once again. “Are you still mad at me Negkel?”

“What do you want from us?”

“Me? Nothing. I was just around and I thought-”

“Cut the crap Athanor,” Negkel insisted. “I’m sure you didn’t miss us at all. You are a member of the empire, free man, able to go and do whatever you want, so... are you here to show off? Or do you want Mache as a gift for-”

“Mache? Seriously?” He interrupted him and burst into laughter. “What am I supposed to do with her? She’s useless. I can’t even offer her as a servant!”

“Good, then-”

“Wait a minute,” Andromache reacted irritated. “You don’t even know me, how-”

“Girl,” he interrupted her arrogantly. “You are ugly and you don’t have the guts, which means I can’t offer you neither as a bride, or as warrior to the Seven Deadly Nymphs! I’m sure they will laugh only by the look of you!” He ended with a contented for mocking her tone.



Obviously, he had a past with her parents and now that he had the authority, he would utilise it. Clearly, he came there to humiliate them in any possible way, that was his main purpose of the visit. He was once the black sheep, the outcast, now, the leader of his tribe and a high ranked member.

“So, you came here out of caprice?”

“Ofcourse Negkel! You have nothing to offer in the new order, in the mechanical era of Emperor Havikoro!”

“As you wish,” Negkel said and pointed at the door. “You can now leave. You made yourself clear, we know we are going to suffer under your reign, but, as you said, we have nothing to offer.”

“You are and you will always be pathetic Negkel! You two couldn’t even do one thing right, give birth to a son!” His last words were as he left the house with a sardonic smile on his face.

Andromache’s parents began eating right after he left. His words affected them of course, but there was nothing they could do. Even if they were strong Mages, it was impossible to stand against the empire; nobody could. But Andromache was still young, her blood was boiling, and her uncle’s words had wounded her ego. He had no idea what was out there, but her intentions were to find out and do whatever she was capable to do...