

The Ember Crown

Prologue

Written by one of our
students.

Tute
talent

Prologue



Long before the first flame was harnessed and the skies knew the thunder of wings, the land of Eryndor thrived beneath the reign of dragons.

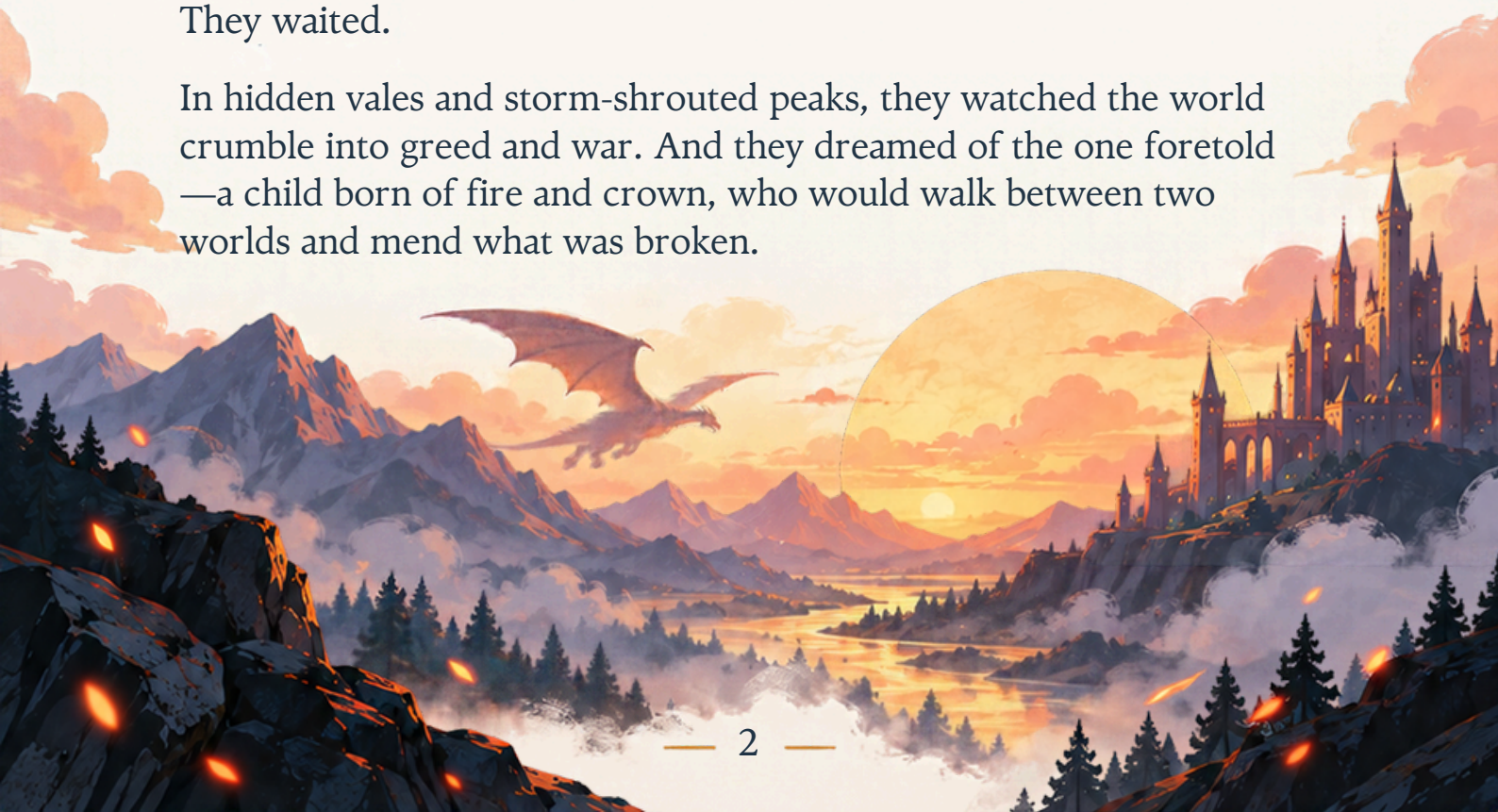
They were not beasts then, but sovereigns of the wind and keepers of balance—creatures of fire and thought, whose voices shaped mountains and whose wings stirred the tides. Mortals did not rule, they served, and in return, the dragons gifted the world with seasons, storms, and breathless beauty

But as time turned, mortals grew bold. Kingdoms rose of dragon-scorched soil, and steel challenged scale. Blood soaked the skies. The Great Sundering followed—a cataclysm that shattered the pact between dragon and man, and the dragons, wounded and hunted, vanished into the high reaches of the world.

A thousand years passed. In their absence, Eryndor forgot its sacred past. Kings claimed dominion over what once belonged to flame. Dragonkind became legend, myth, whispered warnings in cradle songs. But the dragons were not gone.

They waited.

In hidden vales and storm-shrouded peaks, they watched the world crumble into greed and war. And they dreamed of the one foretold—a child born of fire and crown, who would walk between two worlds and mend what was broken.





From the bloodline of queens, in a kingdom blind to its own beginning, she would rise. Not to conquer, but to guard. Not to enslave, but to fly. She would awaken the flame long forgotten, stir the winds of the old world and reignite the bond between dragon and mortal.

The dragons stir now, restless beneath the mountains, sensing the shift in the wind.

Because she is coming.

The last hope of fire.

The bearer of the Ember Crown.

Her name is Aelira.

