

Prologue

Agil woke as the Domo reached their aimed solar system and their target planet was in sight. He awoke in a cross legged position dressed in simple white tunic and trousers made from a soft fabric. It was strange and familiar all at once. He knew what it was but the name escaped his mind. Yet it was unimportant. His body moved fluidly with a grace of a dancer as he rose from position on the floor. Around him, they circle around the hologram of Arishem. Strange that he knew the name of the red inhuman figure depicted in the centre of the room like a god and not remember why he was there.

As he and the ten other people, five women and five men, went to stand at the walls of the room golden lines of magic and energy expanded over them. They golden magic felt soft, warm and familiar. Agil let it cascade over him as things finally began to return to his mind. Flowing over him as a suit formed over his clothes, the material blending into his skin and alien in texture. A mixture of fabric and technology that was somehow normal to him. It was his suit and he was fond of it even as he saw it for the first time. The colour was a pale grey, cloud like, soft and rich. It smoothed over his shoulders and chest in a rigid armour before meeting with matching armoured trousers that clung to his legs. Silver marks decorated the armour in patterns reminiscent to the magic that had formed it. They emphasised the curves of his form, flowing over the loose material that draped loosely from his waist over his armoured trousers like a kilt only to stop at mid knee. As he moved from the wall the kilt flowered with ease of movement, like water on rocks.

Agil's eyes flittered round the room. Ten others of varying appearances and ages. He half wondered what he looked like but didn't care. The information was coming back to his memory. His name was Agil. He had been sent with a team from their home planet of Olympia to this planet in order to protect the forming civilisations there from the monsters known as Devients. He had been chosen for this mission for his abilities and would serve under their prime Eternal, Ajak. As soon as he landed on the smaller planet, he knew that she was the one. Ajak was smaller than him and the second smallest in the room. She also appeared to be the oldest too. A kind faced woman with tanned skin and warm brown eyes. She was gazing over them as they all broke apart to explore the ship, watching them like a teacher or a general. It was unclear.

Agil let his feet carry him down a corridor to his right. The dark metal like material of the ship not foreboding but homely. He knew that this was the way to the private quarters and when he found the doors to the rooms, he instinctively picked the third down. The door opening at the press of a panel. The room behind it was empty with nothing but a bed and a window. The walls were the same as the corridor outside and as he looked out through the window to the colours of space beyond, he thought that maybe his room needed more colour.

"What are you looking at?" The voice had an accent. Something that lilted the words in a way that was both familiar and unusual. Agil had never heard it before yet fond feelings accompanied it.

When he turned a man was standing in the doorway behind him. He was dressed in an armour not dissimilar to Agil's. In fact his armour was almost the reverse of his, the same style yet dark with red accents on black, where Agil's was pale grey with silver accents. His skin was paler than Agil's but his hair dark where it fell across his forehead. Blue eyes watched him from under a sharply cut fringe. A smirk twitched the man's lips. "Hey. What's your name?"

Agil frowned and looked him up and down. "What's yours?" As he moved, long dark hair brushed his jaw. He took a second to notice it, then turn back to the room. A mirror was set above a metal desk and he glanced at it. He was young, or appeared to be. A boy fresh to adulthood with long dark hair that hung around his jaw and flopped into his face. His skin had a golden tone and his eyes were dark.

"Druig", the other Eternal responded. "Now your name?"

"Agil". He knew his name. Felt the way it rolled off his tongue. "Nice to meet you Druig".

Druig gave a polite smile and nodded. "Nice to meet you too, Agil. Ajak is waiting for us in the control room". Then he was turning with a swish of his skirt and striding down the corridor. Agil glanced over his chosen room again and beyond to the universe out the window before following. The door closed behind him.

The other eternals were waiting for them in a circular room in the centre of the ship. Agil let his eyes fall over them as they examined him. There was a woman with sharp cheekbones and long blonde hair dressed in armour of white and gold. A man at her side with slanted eyes like Agil but a much broader figure. He smiled and lines creased his face. His armour bronze and gold. Next to him was a man in purple with swept back hair and a sharp nose. He had skin of a deep brown and was frowning at some smudge on his gold and purple suit. In the middle stood Ajak in her blue and gold armour, a cape falling from her shoulders. On her other side was a younger man with a white streak in his hair and a scowl on his lips. His clothes a blue and silver. Then there was the smallest of them, a child with orange hair and pointed features dressed in a bright turquoise. The woman in green on the other side of the child smiled softly in greeting. She had a gold tint to her skin as well and her brown eyes were gentle.

The remaining two were in conversation, more signs than words. Agil swept his eyes over them and knew with a glance that the smaller woman with braids decorating her head was deaf. Her hands flew with rapid signs that he didn't remember learning but knew instantly.

She was dressed in dark red and gold armour. The man talking to her had the darkest skin of them all and close cut hair. His suit was purple and silver, a different shade to the man with swept up hair.

Ajak smiled as Druig and Agil rejoined them. "Nice of you to join us", her voice echoed round the room and drew everyone's attention. Druig took the spot next to the blonde woman and Agil filled the space between the smaller woman in red and him. "I am sure you all know our mission and what we have been sent to this planet to do". The silence as they listened. "But first. Introduce yourselves, for we are a team and family now". She smiled at them. "I am Ajak and your leader. I can heal you and will be our voice with Arisham".

"Ikaris", the man in blue stated next. He had an accent too, something harsher than Druig's. "I have combat abilities. Laser eyes, flight and strength".

"Sprite". The youth, a girl on the edge of becoming an adult. "I create illusions".

"Sersi", She smiled at them and gave a little wave with her hands. "I can change matter".

"Phastos", the man in purple. "I build and create".

"Makkari" the smaller female signed. She had a warm energy to her that Agil liked. "I can move faster than light".

Then it was his turn. He looked around the room again, taking in all their expectant faces. "Agil. I have combat skills too. I can create temporary living creatures and use their forms", he had an accent too. Something softer that curled the consonants of the words in a different way to either Druig's or Ikaris'. It made his voice quieter and softer, almost hesitant. Though, that could have been just the anxiety of their mission.

"Druig", Druig continued next to him. "I can manipulate the minds of sentient".

"Thena", The blonde nodded. Her accent, Sprite's and Sersi's all sounded the same. "I can create weapons out of energy".

"I am Gilgamesh. I have armour and strength", the older grinning man nodded. Like Makkari, he seemed to have a more joyful aura to him than some of the others.

"I am Kingo. I can shoot energy". The last man in gold and purple answered. Agil was curious to know how each other their abilities worked. Each one was so different.

Ajak looked proud. "Good. I am sure you will all be useful to Arisham. May our mission go well". Agil grinned, excited to begin.

unedited

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