

A Dramatic Turn of Events

“Guten Abend liebe Damen und herren, willkommen im ICE nach Köln, Oberhauen und Amsterdam. Das Bistro befindet sich in der Mitte des Zuges.” A male steward’s voice sounded through the speakers of the train while thundered along the tracks. The soft buzz of the train’s engines while the train roared past the German landscape. A average length male was sitting at the back of the train, the cabin quiet just as he liked it. His caustic skin covered with a black ‘Disturbed’ T-shirt, a pair of worn Jeans supported with a fabric belt. He was well on weight, not fat but he had a good layer of protective substance on his bones. His blonde middle length hair covered under an yellow-grey bandana. He was just on his way back from a trip to Berlin, visiting some of his friends. He enjoyed visiting Germany. He took a sip of his Beck’s beer, enjoying the trip back while Rammstein played through his headphones. It was late in the evening and the world outside was dark. many a person were asleep inside the train, curtains closed to the world outside.

Yet the peaceful night was not going to last. As the train reached top speed they passed a track junction, while the sound of metal on metal passed through the train as if it was a cold warning of what was going to happen. People shook awake from their sleeps from the sound disturbing their night’s rest, yet before anyone could react, before the train could break a violent forced the track aside causing the train split up mid sectioned between two tracks. The train was scissored while the cabins smashed into each other. Luggage and people were thrown like they were nothing, fear jumped through the passengers of the train when it thundered towards the fatal crash. Windows lit up with the glow of heated metal sparks from the wheels when the breaks tried the best they could to stop the train.

Nothing stopped, a train like a concrete bridge and only managed to slow it down by a mere fraction but not enough when it hit the concrete pillars of the overpass of the Autobahn. Screams filled the train when the middle segments where smashed against the pillars with a brute force. Strong metal support beams bent and broke like straws, wit in a split second the train transformed into a metal wreckage. Only the front and back had been saved from the worst of the damage. Yet fate proofed a tricky mistress when the concrete pillars of the overhead autobahn collapsed on top of the middle carriages, crushing them and everyone who was inside. Overhead Cars and busses fell from the autobahn because they were not able to break in time to avoid the gaping mess.

Dazed and confused the blonde man in the back taken up, he was thrown against the walls of his cabin, his own luggage thrown on top of him. His song still playing from his headphones, it was the only sound in the aftermath of the accident. “...Ich warte heir. Stirb nicht vor mir...” the lyrics slowly played along like nothing had happened. The image was surreal for him while he tried to pull through his luggage. When he moved his large black plastic trunk he was smashed into the face by an old looking brown leather back. In his Dazed state he looked at the back, a strange symbol burned into the leather. It looked an awful lot like a dragon’s head, But Dion was more intrigued by the writing under the symbol. Letters that seemed to come straight out a medieval pressed book formed his name, not just his front name, his complete name; Dion, Alexander Huisman. it could not be from another passenger, his Dutch name was unique and in some parts of the Netherlands an unusual name. the bag more and more intrigued him while the crash seemed something in second importance.

Only when he heard the calling of a woman he was snapped out of his trance. "Hilfe mir! Jedermann, Hilfe mir!" The woman cried out. It came from further on in the cabin. Dion stood up, climbing over the luggage that had piled on him. His right hip felt rather painful but he could not care less, doddering he scaled to the woman. She was buried under a mountain of heavy luggage that took him a good amount of time to dig through.

He pulled the black-tinted woman out without effort. She was slim in build and had a nasty head wound. Lucky she did not have any wounds to the neck else she might have been paralyzed by Dion. Together they made their way to the first available exit. Right behind the silent compartment of the train. The door of the train was pointing skywards and the pneumatics were destroyed. He broke the safety glass and pulled the lever to release the door mechanics. Working above his head it took him a great deal of time to open it. The door swung aside and the fresh daylight flooded the compartment. Dion could smell the freedom and he helped the woman onto the side of the train.

Dion himself wanted to get out of the train but he suddenly saw the bag in the corner of his eye. The bag being a mystery to him was too tempting for him to leave back in the train. He struggled to collect the bag and get out of the train. The cold hard reality of what happened struck him like lightning. Dion could finally see how lucky he was. The part that was before him was covered with electrical wires of the train's high voltage system. Further along the middle of the train the viaduct had crumbled on the train and crushed the compartment like a can of empty soda. In the distance the sirens were coming closer and the residents from the nearby houses on the sides of the tracks rushed in to help. Into the distance along the tracks that they came from he could see the lights of another train halted, just in time to brake and avoid crashing into the already crashed train.

"Komm!" The dark-tinted woman said to him in German. She wanted to help the unfathomable stranger that helped her. She supported him not to fall off when he scaled along the gears and wheels of the train down on solid ground. The scene seemed to be stopped in time when he walked away from the wreck on to the sides of the tracks. Within minutes the place was filled with rescue workers, Dion was pulled aside by a German doctor who spoke English with a heavy accent "Are Sie alright?" he asked Dion while the doctor forced his eyes open to look at a light. "Follow the light" the doctor said while he was shining the small torch light side to side, then up and down. Dion had no great difficulty doing so yet his mind was set on something else when he glared past the doctor again and up to the train wreck.

The doctor said something to the paramedics when he pointed at the location of Dion's presence "...Posttraumatische Belastungsstörung..." Were the only words he could understand from the doctor when the paramedics walked to him and gave him a silver foil blanket for whatever reason they deemed necessary. With the leather bag securely in his hand he walked off to the direction the paramedics guided him, a long line of ambulances that were all too busy helping out those who made it out. He was taken all the way at the front of the row to a bright yellow normal car with a blue siren on it. When he was strapped in he was driven off by someone who didn't quite look like a paramedic. What could he expect with such a disaster? He was not hurt nor near death and thus he was only of minor importance.

The sirens of the cars roaring out loud to make the cars move out the way and the blue luminance of the warning light reflecting off the sides. Lights from the cars and surroundings flashed by when he was glaring into the void of the night. It was well past midnight when he arrived at the hospital,

helped by a nurse he was rushed inside. He was not the first of the crash to arrive. Others had also gathered, some were brought by civilians and others were rushed through the halls to the operation room with bleeding bodies and life support systems hooked up. Not a moment could he read on the signs while he was guided into a white room. He was flushed by doctors, they examined his body to see what was wrong with him, the bag still standing aside on a table. Dion kept on glaring at the mystic bag, wondering how long it would be before he could go home.

Two weeks passed before Dion was finally home. The whole ordeal with the train left him tainted while he laid in bed trying to fall asleep but to no avail. It was his first night home and everything felt strange while he rolled around to find a position to sleep in. Again he rolled to the side to where he saw the leather bag, a ray of moon light falling on the bag as if it looked like it begged to be open. Growling he got up to get the bag. He sat down alongside the bed to open the bag finally, his hands were shaking while he unhooked the wooden stick that held it closed.

The content of the bag was even more a mystery to him than the bag itself. He reached his hand inside to take hold of a warm hard surface. He pulled it out to reveal it was an oval shaped gemstone, the surface perfectly smooth. He held the stone in the moonlight to inspect it. It was black with a white vine like structure running across the surface, nothing like he ever seen before. The stone reflected the moon light like it was a phantom of time itself. Heavy it was not; no doubt it was hollow. Yet it didn't seem like any stone that was porous.

A soft bell like tone filled the room when he knocked softly on the stone, hollow it was for sure but it also sounded like it was filled with something, a fluid of some kind. The sound was not sharp like one would expect from a stone but it was rather a warm smooth flowing tone. Interested even more in the stone he took the second stone out of the bag. Besides the colouring it was identical; this gemstone was navy blue but covered with the same vine like structure. He wondered what force of nature could produce such similarity in different colours.

The third stone was also identical but deeply green of main colour. The stones were all roughly the same size and weight. The moon reflected off all stones just like the other, without question it frightened Dion. He was no stranger to the unknown but the unknown to involve him in name was something that made his hairs stand up right. "What are these?" He grunted to himself like someone was with him, if the stones could hear him. The thought was not so strange because they seemed alive, he couldn't explain with rational thoughts it just seemed like that. Something spectral overcame his subconscious thoughts digging up anxiety that seemed not to be his own.

Sleep. music to Dion's ears; even with his mind still on the trauma of the crash he could think of nothing else. His brain pulled into a struggle of an alien thought of sleep and its own need to explain what was going on. Yet the alien feeling of sleep was like a drug, numbing his fingers, drowning his mind with a dense fog of random thoughts. His vision turned blurry before going completely black, his lungs felt like they were on fire, as though he could not get air. Even the endless stream of thoughts seem to fade away when his body was no longer controlled by himself, controlled by the orbit of the earth. Gravity took over causing him to fall backwards. The whole feeling was in slow motion for him, slowly fading, slowly falling. Last he could feel was the weight of the stones on his chest, the last he could feel was the world spinning. After that;

Nothing

Nothing turned into everything when his senses sharpened, the sense of the feeling of grass, the gentle breeze of the warm air over his body. He could feel it all but it was an alien feeling. A feeling that was not his own but he seemed to be the one who felt it. His eyelids and muscles not responding to his command, the burning feeling in his body not fading. The train of thought flew back into his brain like maple syrup over a piece of electronics, tainting his thoughts and was difficult to remove once there.

The sound of leaves made their intro into his ears, the crystal clear truth of this presence of not being in his trusted home frightened his already anxious mind. The fear overcame him when he tried to get up, his breath quickened, his body shook. Sadly to no avail because his body still kept being firmly on the ground. Yet some light could be seen, quite literally one might say; his eyelids opened letting the first rays of daylight into his eyes. It took moments before Dion could see the surrounding through the light. He was in a forest ever so green; it was surprising to him to see such a forest. Great leaf trees around him but far more green than he could remember. It seemed like he was looking through a filter, but strangely for him the filter made everything sharper for him. Was he wearing glasses? No, he could feel nor see those.

Suddenly a sound from the distance made Dion stiffen up. He was well aware that he is in no condition to fight even a little rabbit. He hoped it was a rabbit. The sound of leaves shaking and something walking in the bushes came closer to him and Dion was forced to listen to it. He could not even turn his head around to look at whatever came to him. Now the strange form was out of the bushes and walked among the grass, without doubt to where Dion was. He held his breath, listening to the creature approaching. It stood still next to him, Dion felt hot breath washing over his face from the creature.

A scaled head popped into his view. Dion could not scream but it didn't stop him from trying though but all he could manage was a puff of air from his lungs. Even more fear came over him, he could not even scream, how was he supposed to communicate to anyone? Or save him from this creature, a creature that looked a bit too much like a dragon. The scaled head had the shape of a dragon yet the facial construction was more humanoid, eyes at the front instead of at the sides. The neck more at a ninety degree angle from the mouth, indicating it was a two legged creature.

"Svabol re Wux tirir tenpiswo?" the draconic creature asked Dion without any doubt that he could not understand it. Dion was relieved that the creature could talk but it still was a strange tongue he could not even understand. When he tried to answer only a gasping sound was audible to anyone. "Creolna itrewica Dout Ooble?" The creature asked again. Dion at least could understand it was saying something else.

The creature moved, it laid its clawed hands up on Dion's body and pulled on it. To him it was shown that the creature had a great strength when it dragged Dion across the ground. It was even careful not to hurt him. It could be interesting, this strange creature. Dion even forgotten the worries of no longer being anywhere he could recognize.

The creature pulled Dion against the base of a tree so he was positioned up right. Now he could see the Dragon much better. It had wings and a deep navy blue hue of its scales. The chest consisted out

of an great deal of grey heavy chest plates. Everything looked like it was wearing heavy armour yet it was all natural. Yet the thing that drawn Dion's attention where the eyes, a deep purple colour with black slit like pupils in the centre. Only when he could overcome the glare of the dragon's stare that he could see that it was not wearing any clothing. It made Dion blush a bit and he hoped the dragon could not pick up to him embarrassment. God knows what would happen if it did.

The dragon however seemed to get something else in mind. She walked over the place where Dion awakened from his sleep and picked up three objects. Only when she came back Dion could see that they were the strange stones he had had in his room the other night. "douta?" it showed the stones. Dion nodded, then was overcome with joy as he could control some of his body again. Yet the joy was too soon as he now could look down. What he saw struck terror like nothing ever could. Instead of his cloths and his body he could see scales. The ruby coloured scales covered what looked like his own body.

"Ifpesp vhira!" the dragon shouted as it could see Dion's fear. it brought a clawed hand to his face and touched his cheek. A wave of warmth flooded his mind, calming Dion. Within minutes a sweet female voice flooded his mind, it was like the dragon's voice only much more warm in tone without the growling noises. "Petranas, ifpesp vhira" The voice repeated. Dion refused to believe the voice, or his own thought that the voice might be from the dragon. He tried to say something in his mind as loud as possible -Go away!- He shouted in his mind with all his might.

The dragon seemed to make a frown at the mental shout, unclear if it was surprised or angry. "You don't speak Draconic?" The switch of language was a surprise to Dion that made him take moments to overcome. The voice, seemingly coming from the dragon, sensed his disturbance and waited. "n...no...I am not a dragon! Who are you? Why are you in my head" Dion was acting like a cornered cat snarling at a danger.

The dragon pointed at herself "Ira, Rakshasi" The dragon said. Dion, without knowing a thing about dragons, could not judge if it was a name given to women or men. The voice he heard in his head did not help to determent the dragon's gender, it sounded way to different. In return Dion wanted to pronounce his name but the gasps changed into growls. His body responded to some of his commands.

The dragon seemed to be rather amused by this unintelligent conjugate of noise. It seemed rather patient with him. "*Your mouth fails with your words red-scale?*" Dion concluded that the voice in his mind must be from the dragon. In further thought he was sure that the dragon was a female but not sure why the voices he heard in his mind and with his ears where to much different.

"Dion" he managed to say towards the dragoness. The mental link to communicate seemed odd, why couldn't she just speak English; why she had to 'think' the words to him. he wanted to ride on the waves of his thought if they were not broken by the voice of the dragon again. "*Strange name for a dragon*"

"*I am not a dragon!*" Dion protested, much to his own surprise, or fear, he made a protesting roar at the remark. "*You have scales, wings, a tail and some nice long talons. Sure you are, although you smell strange*" the dragoness in front of him continued. The proof of it was provided by her taking up one of his 'hands' to wave in front of his face. He could see no normal hand; a scaled, clawed

something made up what used to be his hand. The clawed apparatus got opposable thumbs much like any other member of the Homidae family. Yet he was not even sure if he was himself a member of the mammal kingdom anymore.

"I am a human, I ensure you." Dion grunted in denial under the evidence that was presented to him. *"I pray you do not take this as an insult..."* The dragoness started her words *"...but I think you have had a great whack on the head with something"* her intelligent eyes kept a strong gaze at him, making him feel a bit unconvertible under the dragoness.

"I was born human! With skin and all! I don't even know how I came here or who you are!" The protest of Dion went on with much distress. *"Look Dion, I know just as many answers as you do. I beg you not to feel distressed but best is to get you to the town's mage. I pray to hope he got at least a start for where to look to find the answers you seek."* She tried to comfort him with some promises he was sure that she could not totally deliver on. *"And I already told you my name Rakshasi."*

"And you accuse me of having a weird name" Dion said while he tried to regain control of his arms again. It did took him some effort before he could even move a finger, yet his paralysis seemed to wear off. *"You come from a land far away?"* Rakshasi asked while she over looked the recovery of the strange dragon.

"I don't know, I come from a kingdom called 'the Netherlands'" Dion answered Rakshasi. He tried not to think about his strange body to much as he tried to move. Everything seemed to just jump to life one after another, like a switch was turned on. He finally could move his arms and clawed hands and he used them to move his body into a more comfortable position. On the tree, his head tilted slightly to the side so his eyes were directed up on the eggs.

"The Netherlands? I never heard of that. How is it like?" she asked Dion with a interested tone in her voice. Her eyes followed to where ever Dion was looking, she eyed the stones and gave a small smile. *"You remember who the lucky one is?"* She gave a small smile at the stones, an odd tone Dion could not place vibrated through her voice. A tone of cheer with a hint of jealousy and something that could be best described from a mother watching over someone's child.

It was that by now Dion had an idea what Rakshasi spoke of; yet he refused to believe it. *"I beg your pardon? Lucky one, how do you mean that?"* A shiver ran through his voice. *"I mean the eggs!"* Rakshasi pointed over at the stones *"Who is the lucky dragoness who laid those eggs"*

Dion could not believe his ears, in a figure of speech, from what he had been told. If the stones were really eggs why did someone never claim the? Why he was now here after touching them? Maybe they were poisonous and he was still asleep? But again if he was asleep how could he know they were eggs. His mind started to hurt by only thinking about it. A blur was visible as Rakshasi tried to gain his attention once more *"Dion, beg you pay more attention to me"* She snapped Dion out of his stream of thoughts

"No" he said hastily *"They are not my eggs...I found them in a train crash and a bag fell onto me with my name on it so I took it."* He said as casually like one would name the groceries that should be collected

"What is a train?" She asked perplexed at the new word.

Dion shivered at the thought. If she didn't know what a train was, what else she did not know? Even more, how he was going to explain a train. He was no teacher, he had no images of any trains and he had no ideas of how to describe a train. *"uhm well it is a series of connected carriages that move along on a steel track...I can't think of any other way to explain."* He hoped his explanation would satisfy Rakshasi, he could not think of a more basic explanation for a train. *"Fascinating"* she simply said *"And you use it for granted? Isn't that very expensive? Are you of a noble blood line then?"* She streamed in questions. Dion grew a bit dizzy from the questions. All he wanted was a bit of rest to get used to his form.

"No it is mass transportation...you know commoners use trains to get to their job." He managed to grunt out. His mouth was not the only thing to grunt through; his stomach made loud growling noise of hunger. Rakshasi got the hint and stretched out her clawed hand to him *"Come, I have still some of my prey left in my lair. You can eat there"*

The prospect of entering a dragon's cave did not exactly put his mind at ease but she seemed not too dangerous on a second look. Maybe Dion's strange transformed body would resist some of the damage she could do and maybe she would not hurt him at all in this form. With a moment of doubt he moved his own clawed hand over to grab the one presented to him. With a strength Dion never experienced before Rakshasi lifted him from the ground. She gave him a good time to balance up on his feet. Dion had to get used to this new way of standing and as he looked behind he saw an emerald tail together with a set of bat-like wings.

"Easy, I pray that you don't try to walk now." She put his mind at ease. *"Just try to lean over, don't walk straight up like one of those humans. Let your tail and wings be the counter weight."* She advised him like a mother would do with her children. Dion was terrified of leaning far over, afraid he would fall face down in the dirt; yet much to his surprise he did not fall. It was not that Rakshasi held his body, it was an odd weight just above his derriere. He philosophised that this weight must be his tail. Once stable he looked at the dragoness next to him who held him close. *"Good now try to walk, I guide you."*

It was odd to walk bent far over and the tail behind him threw him off balance on more than one occasion. If it was not for Rakshasi to support him he would have had some nasty bruises from falling. The forest they walked through was green and the sun was smiling down on them. Clearly it could have been a worse day. Never the less Dion could not get his head away from the fact that he was removed from his home. His rational mind telling him he was dreaming, yet looking to the side seeing the dragon in all detail was something that told him that he could not be dreaming. Right?

Dion could not tell how far they walked, the forest disorientated him and his stumbling along the ground to try to walk made matters even worse. Never the less they finally arrived at the cave. It was not a cave in the side of a great mountain as one would believe. It was just a hole in the ground so to speak. Stones made up an arc, dirt covered the arc and made it blend into the surroundings. The tunnel was dug down into the dirt. It was surely dark inside and Dion would not think how he was going to see where he was walking in there.

"Come" Rakshasi said as he guided Dion into her lair. The ground changed from leaf covered ground to something hard and more stone like. He did not expect the hard surface he walked on, to his mind mud would be more the logic. While he was guided in, the light outside disappeared but he could still

see. Amassed by this he looked around. The walls were covered with stone slaps just like the ground showing evidence that someone did put quite an effort in building this lair. Rakshasi walked with him to a chamber at the back of the lair. The chamber was round, within the middle a pit. *"Sit here please"* Rakshasi guided him down to sit at the edge of the pit. With great care he did what he was told and he looked over at what she would do. She took something from a pile, in this chamber it was too dark for him to see what she took. Rakshasi walked over to the pit and threw the material into the pit. From the sound that the falling object had made Dion could conclude that it was wood.

What happened next scared Dion; Rakshasi opened her mouth and spat a bright purple flame onto the wood. The heat was immense and the wood caught fire within seconds. His eyes were flooded by the warm light from the fire. He could see that above the pit there was something like a chimney all the way to the surface but he did not see light through it. *"Now we can see something"* Her voice danced in his mind. *"Let me get you something to eat"* And with those words she disappeared into a small doorway at the right of Dion.

He could not believe what he saw in the chamber. It was clearly built with some kind of knowledge of architecture. The ceiling was shaped like a dome to keep the dirt up and the walls were made up from red painted stone slaps. Even when it was just a dragon's lair it had great care put into it. He wondered what else she might have. A bed? Maybe even something to bathe in? It would not surprise him anymore. He wondered if she was smart or it was just the standard of the species. Clearly she was different from what he was used to, besides from her being a dragon.

Rakshasi came back moments later with half a deer, still raw. She presented it to Dion *"here we go"* she smiled kindly at him and presented the deer. Dion looked at the raw meat with a face of disgust, he never liked raw meat, everything for him should be cooked. *"Like this?"* he asked with a shivering voice. *"You are a dragon now Dion, pray you eat it raw. What ever happened to you I don't know but you must at least adept to dragon life. Our body can't deal with cooked food that great."*

Dion gave a growl to let her know he heard her. His clawed hand took a grip in the raw meat, blood still gushed out of it. With a disgusted face he brought it up to his mouth and took a bite. The taste; not what he expected, he did try raw meat before but it was never like this. If this was because his body changed or because of the meat itself he did not know but he loved it. He did not even mind the blood that was accumulating at either side of his jaw. Bite after bite he devoured the meat until only the skin and bones were left.

"I told you it was good" Rakshasi said with a smirk. *"This is what we eat, in lairs is where we sleep. I suppose you can stay with me. It is nice to have someone to talk to after being around humans for so long. Even when the dragon in question can't speak our language."*

"that reminds me..." Dion started after Rakshasi was finished *"...where I come from Dragons were hunted in the western culture. How come you are able to be around humans? Is dragon slaying banned here?"* Clearly he struck a sensitive tone, a growl emanated from her. Her words filled with a shiver best described as someone grieving. *"dragon slaying is still around...I lost my mate to the slayers even before we bonded..."*

"I am..." But he was shut up by Rakshasi with a simple motion of her hand. *"but to answer your question, I made a deal with the village. I keep the roads safe for the traders and they send a 'slayer'*

around to keep the king happy. In the end I give a few claw and burn marks at the slayer and he leaves with no ill feelings. It kept me safe so far. The king doesn't really care about this village and so long he doesn't make a more active campaign against us dragons I can live here."

"But why?" Dion pondered "Why are you...wait we, I need to get used to this body, hunted like some sort of pest" The answer was filled with an angry growl from the depth of her body. "Since a hundred years back the humans embraced a new god and those who oppose are being burned. The new religion is nothing then poison. They hypnotised the people in believing and giving of their hard earned money. The king does not even do something, I bet he is just in on the fortune. The church of the new believe started to say that everyone who is not human is a son of the 'devil'. Whoever that might be, and should be exterminated. Wizards and witches fear for their lifes now, in the capital there is a burning every day."

"Religion...makes people blind." Dion said with a sour tone in his mind "Dion please tell me that where you come from this is not happening." Rakshasi had a hopeful look in her eyes, a look he had to run sad. "I hate to bring it to you, but even with the knowledge my place offers people are still turned blind from the science. It is as if people want to believe they are important, that humans are the centre of the whole universe."

The next question was nothing more than a logical conclusion to the conversation. *"do you believe? I mean as human you don't sound like one that believes in a god...why aren't you burned as heretic then?"*

"oh dear...well we don't burn people anymore, well the sane people don't. I don't believe in any god because I follow the scientific method, and it brought so many things. I know how the planets move, how the earth came to be. I can calculate how big the earth is, even how fast a tree will fall. I don't know all, that is impossible but I have heard so much about science I can talk hours and hours about it"

"That sounds quite unorthodox." The tone of her voice was half between a terror and an interest to know more. In the end the terror seemed to win as she changed the subject. "Do you think you can go back to your Kingdom?" She started with the subject growing more and more into a grim state of mind.

"I don't know." Dion's reaction was deep and depressed "I don't even know where or when I am. Besides if I can go back I don't even know how I can be human again." Rakshasi tried her best to brighten his mood a bit, after all it was her fault for his down mood "Pray not to worry, we will find a way."

"Miss Rakshasi" The voice of a young boy was audible from the entrance to the chamber. Both Dion and Rakshasi looked around to see the young boy. He would come just to Dion's hip, short black hair covered his head and two pure blue eyes glared up at Dion. "The Jarl has called for you."