

# YAGGA

## Episode 1 - The Treks





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## SCENE 1 – SOPHIE

A wintery blizzard takes hold of Upstate NY, the kind you can't see a foot in front of you when driving. The car wipers are on the fastest setting, yet the only thing you can see is pure white - blinding white, and a Mom named Sophie is driving her 2001 Jeep Cherokee and can't see where she is going.

She is on her way to rejoin her husband at Ft. Drum in Watertown, NY, where he is scheduled to land from his latest deployment.

With three kids, one in a baby seat, she struggles to inch her way further down the highway, and on a quarter tank of gas, twenty dollars to her name, and with sixty miles left to go, she presses on and prays silently that she makes it to the base.

By now, it's 10:30 pm and the time of the month is such where the moon is just a sliver, dark skies, and yet pure white from the front windshield as the snow rains down at 45 degrees, the wind making noises that sound like it's saying, "why are you out here?"

The drive is something that was planned, the weather was something that was not.

Sophie was used to fending for her family while her Michael was away, as she understood her role as a wife of an Infantryman, always strong and in control for the benefit of her family. Yet this night was different, something she was not used to and something completely out of her control, and she knew it.

She continues to press onward through the snow...



## SCENE 2 – MIKE

Mike was strapped in tight, as tight as the straps of the C-130 can muster, his gear at his feet, tethered to the floor rings to prevent movement. His thoughts, as he is being tossed around during the blizzard, are of his Sophie and his kids, one of which he has not even seen since his deployment.

Mike flashes back to a mission where he and his squad assaulted an enemy stronghold to free civilian hostages. Mike planned the mission op, rehearsed the tactics with his squad, refined it where was needed, and then executed with success. They used the element of surprise to hastily attack the enemy, kicked their asses in a violent manner, sending them all to meet their maker, and freed all the hostages.

Mike's missions were always located on rough terrain, mountains, places where only goats should live, and yet in that part of the world, families somehow find a way to carve out an existence, raising livestock and farming. It isn't much, but it's theirs, and the way Mike saw it, no man had the right to just take it away from them. That's why he was there, to find the enemy, kill them, and free those who were being oppressed. Mike took the oath right out of high school and was one of those kind of guys that backed it up. And, Mike found out, he was good at it.

He now struggles to fathom of what he has been through during the heat of war, and the possibility of not making it back to see his family as he flies into the cold blizzard weather front, a treacherous Nor'easter.

"Why at this time? Why now? I'm almost home ... how do I fight this?" asked Mike to himself.



## SCENE 3 – FATHER LESTER

On US 11, Father Lester, as his family, friends and congregation know him, is headed on his way to Fort Drum, his new duty station.

Lester felt compelled to join the Army after 9/11, giving up a football scholarship to fill a need he was feeling. And now, with the full support of his congregation, he left Alabama to serve his private calling - to administer to the spiritual needs of warfighters.

Lester is a man of 6 feet 7 inches tall and 350 lbs of solid muscle. Being raised on a farm, Lester worked very hard everyday on his chores, his studies, and his sports. His game was football, and many found themselves flat on their backs when being on the other side of the line of scrimmage. His potential for the NFL was great, and his scholarship to the University of Alabama would have paved the way. Yet Lester felt another calling, one that would one day test his God given strength and his very own soul.

He is now caught up in the same blizzard in Upstate NY, something he is utterly not prepared for nor familiar with, yet he presses forward, praying silently that he makes it to the front gate of the military reservation.

During his past 15-hour road trip, Lester has been thinking about his recent orders, to report to Fort Drum and go in theater to support the 10th Mountain Division, as they move to deploy for yet another war mission.

Destination - unknown.

Now being caught up in something unfamiliar, Lester senses fear for the first time towards something he realizes he cannot control.



## SCENE 4 – THE CARPATHIANS

The day is Friday, October 30th in the year 1525, and the sun is quickly setting over the Carpathian Mountains.

The mountain range runs a bit over 900 miles through Central and Eastern Europe, with more than half running through Romania. Within its vast spruce tree forest, live brown bears, wolves, lynx, and some say vampires.

There is a great noise of men and equipment, scurrying on horseback weaving through the trees, chasing after what they believe is an evil creation of the dead that preys upon the living - a vampire.

The soldiers know they need to get into their fighting positions before the sun sets completely, because it's in the dark when the fighting takes place.

They must find an open area clear of trees, and place themselves within a ring of fire, when once lit, will reveal the evil that appears from the darkness. The vampires appear as wolves, as bats, and some as human-like creatures. They are known to only appear in the darkness, to pounce upon their prey and feast on the blood of their fresh kill. It's the warm blood of the living that they most desire, and they are always hungry. The soldiers have been summoned by the ruler of the region, and paid richly to rid the area of their scourge.

These soldiers are battle hardened, as they have chased and fought vampires throughout the Carpathians since the first vampire appeared. They have cleared and protected many villages of vampires since their first battle. They know what must be done and rush to find the right field of battle to prepare themselves for what will turn out to be yet another fight for their souls. They are known as The Carpathians, and they have found it.



## SCENE 5 – RING OF FIRE

The chosen area for the battle was an open field, with a natural hill top. The Carpathians knew from previous battles, fighting downhill, if necessary, was always better than fighting uphill. Soldiers quickly outlined a circle while on horseback, while a team of soldiers began their run around the circle of horses, laying a thick two foot wide trail of what burned the best, pig fat. Another team of soldiers hauled logs from the forest, and dragged them onto the trail of pig fat, which would help keep the fire burning hot and bright for the night battle.

The sun was setting rapidly, and the soldiers moved with great speed and precision, each knowing their role and the importance of time in order to complete their defensive tasks. Fighting positions with kill zones were established and each soldier knew how to defeat both land and air vampires. Their work was completed when their Captain inspected the Ring of Fire and each fighting position. They've done it many times before, and they were ready to do it again, that night.

The soldier's suit of armor was black, as to blend into the darkness, offering a kind of natural camouflage at night. On their armor lay two images, the Crucifix of Christ as a red cross, and their family crest. Soldiers came from across Europe to fight against the vampires. Many were needed and were called upon, and many answered the call for help. They knew the fight was for far more than their lives themselves, but for the protection of the souls of Europe. The vampires when preying upon the people, would forever damn their souls, and they too became vampires. The more the vampires killed, the more they were able to kill. Europe was at a time of crisis, and The Carpathians emerged to defend her, with their Ring of Fire.



## SCENE 6 – THE DAMNED

The people during the 1500s lived relatively hard lives, each surviving by the lessons they learned from within their families. One such family, known to live deep in the woods, were living the best way they knew. They grew their own food, they hunted in the forest for meat using weapons they designed and made themselves, and healed themselves with things from the forest. They were known as Yaga. Each Yaga was trained by the previous generation of Yaga, which went on as long as anyone could remember. Until one event changed everything.

A feud took place. A feud that stole the life of the youngest Yaga, and from that stolen life, rose a curse, that spawned a terror, for the purpose of revenge.

What emerged was an undead human-like creature, that could also change into a wolf or a bat at will, and preyed upon the warm blood of the living, known as the vampire.

This creature lived in the forest, to provide for its needs. And then, another event happened that made the curse horribly worse. A nearby hunter, while hunting for meat, killed a wolf, which happened to be a vampire that took the shape of a wolf. Until that fateful day, vampires only feasted on warm blooded animals of the forest. Another vampire, who witnessed the kill, took the life of the hunter for revenge, and the taste of human blood changed everything.

From that moment, vampires preyed upon humans - their ultimate revenge. And there were plenty of people throughout the villages of Europe, where the vampires could roam, feast and turn souls into the damned.





## SCENE 7 – THE BATTLE

The wind howled loudly, piercing the cold night air. A full moon, with eerie wisps of clouds, was the only light in the dark. As the night time ticked away, the soldiers were positioned and ready for battle. Sleeping was out of the question, as the battle would start when they least likely expected. That's how it always started, and with each battle, little changes were noticed to keep the soldiers off guard. Somehow the vampires were learning with each battle, and that made things even more tense for the soldiers.

The vampires were closing in, and the soldiers felt it.

The plan was to use bait to lure the vampires into the field of battle, and ultimately into each kill zone. Then the soldiers would unleash their fury and weapons to kill as many of the vampires as they possibly could until the sun came up. Each soldier knew this plan, and what they were going to do next.

They were skilled vampire killers, which somehow kept more of them alive than not throughout the years. Each soldier pledged to each other to fight to their best ability in order that no one would perish, as they feared they would return as an undead vampire and one day fight against them. This fear fueled them as warriors, and so far they managed to fight without losing a fellow soldier.

But tonight felt different. There was an uneasy feeling that the vampires learned from their past battles, and would fight the soldiers differently tonight. The Captain then shouted, "Stand Guard, Stand Ready Men - Here They Come".

And then the vampires appeared on the horizon, on land and sky.

The Ring of Fire was lit, and the battle had begun.



## SCENE 8 – COLD STEEL

The sound of a hundred cold steel swords leaving their scabbards at the same moment created a sound that echoed in the night, as if they were all saying to their enemy, Prepare To Die. The swords were weapons of death, designed to destroy vampires. The blades made of steel, contained traces of silver, all mined and forged deep in the Carpathians by a swordsmith with ancient knowledge. The swords were made one way, each being the same in length and weight, each containing the same amount of steel and silver, so that no matter where a sword may lie on the field of battle, any trained Carpathian Knight, could pick up the sword and yield a swift death upon his enemy.

The first wave of the undead creatures were met with a violent and instant death. Cold steel piercing and slashing their flesh with such force and precision only known by Carpathian Knights. It was necessary for the Knights to fight with extreme control, making every slash and thrust count as a death strike so as to quickly vanquish every vampire in their kill zone. Not one vampire allowed to live a minute longer, for many more were approaching, and the sun was still far off.

Each wave scattered hundreds of dead vampires onto the field of battle, bodies of hideous creatures, bats and wolves, each releasing their last screech of existence, and falling to their death. It was a sound the Knights knew well, a way they were certain that these undead creatures were truly dead and no longer a threat to them or their homeland.

The battle raged throughout the night, wave after wave of vampires, without a moment of rest. The Knights understood this kind of battle, as they fought it many times before, always fighting, always slashing, always piercing. The rythm of battle always set by the vampires, but the Knights knew the end result would mean victory over the creatures, so long as they could outlast their waves. This battle was longer, more waves than usual, yet the Knights kept up their fight. And then, the unexpected happened.



**TO BE  
CONTINUED...**

**YAGA**

