This is a story of a land you know…and a land you do not know.

The Land where Martial arts chivalry was born.

A story of Nine Clans … Nine lost Heroes … and Nine Heroes yet to be found. This is the Ming Dynasty — The Era of Nine Dragons.

This Land holds many adventures, many wonders, and many secrets, some horrible and others beyond belief. Acts of heroism, romance, and fierce combat will unfold before you, like lotus petals, to nourish…

In the beginning, from the mist and light of creation, the two primordial dragons made three realms: the realm of heaven, the realm of Demons, of the beasts and the real of humans.

In our realm, call The Land, my clan, Wu Tang stretched over thousands of forests and woods. Unlike the gods, we did not have many rules. Our people were kung fu elite warriors and were used by the gods to fight their battles, especially with demons.

We were in the red year of the fiery serpent, which our kingdom celebrated with parties for luck and power in war. As a senior disciple, I was sitting with the clan leader looking at the sky while he was telling his adventures with the demons. Out of sudden, with a voice like thunder he said to me:

- Bones, tomorrow after the fire snake feast, you will go to Holy Kunlun Mountain. You will enter the service of the God of Storm where you will learn to behave and fight your battles to enter the path of Life and Death into the Valley of Death and after you will take the road to Hainan. The lord of storm is my old friend and he will teach you all the powerful hidden martial arts.

I had heard of Kunlun the holy mountain that was built on the remains of primordial dragons, just below the realm of the gods, from my brother Nei, who served the God of the Storm.

After saying goodbye to everyone in the clan, we went to that Kunlun Mountain, on the dragon cloud of MoBai, because being a superior being with great powers, she could use the wind and the elements of the air. From above, my clan realm seemed small and shrouded in fog, for above it was another world.

Below us, the ridges of the mountain, shrouded in black lights, as if the storm were talking to the wind. There was a deep silence in that space. Below the ridge, white clouds seemed to be caught in a frothy chorus. Descending below them, my eye saw a raw green sea, through which the wind passed.

MoBai brought me in front of a large gate, which passed over a clear lake full of water lilies. Then she made a sign for me to follow her. We crossed the white bridge and arrived in front of a building with a large black wooden gate, carved with the insignia of the two dragons. From his right hand, MoBai sent a light gust of wind to a bell that hung three meters above the ground. Moments later, the large door opened, and two girls appeared inside, with long black hair clinging to their backs, dressed in plain white robes.

Moving on, we came to a large, simple saddle with a few small chairs.I was greeted by two blue eyes from which a strange light came out, which put me in an eclipse.

*-My lord, I brought her, she said, bowing.*

*-My house of storm is waiting for her, the lord of storm said with a smile.*

In the years that followed, I tried to learn the ways of the old kung fu. Year after year I copy the old texts of kung fu thousands of times, I tried to learn and repeat all the divinations, to cleanse after the sacred animals, to respond to people's petitions, to sit under the waterfall and to take care of the water lilies with my energy, in a serene position. The most beautiful moments were those spent with Mo, the old lady, who was sitting in a cave under the waterfall. From her I learned many enchanted tricks, which helped with the fight movements. When no one looked, I brought her more food, and from the realm of mortals, when I went to bless people in the name of the gods, I brought him myrrh and drink. My rebellious nature went perfectly with the old woman's stubbornness.

The time passed like long moving clouds, My kung fu skills energy grew brighter and brighter, and I felt the power of my spirit increase.

So I took the path of Life and Death. Down in the valley of the dead, I stood face to face with Lord of the Valley, Mei Shan Hei, The Iron Claw.

*- I caught you evil! you have no escape, I said , with the black energy coming from my sword, made of black steel, the most precious metal.*

The Lord of Valley turned away and turned right and I begun a new attack, like a tornado, leaping into the air and throwing myself with all smashes to the place where he was. With two fingers on her right hand, the lord gripped the edge of his claw and pushed me back.

*- It takes more than that to take down this old beast, said Mei Shan Hei.*

With a quick movement, I put my inner energy to my sword then I pounced a smash on the evil lord, managing to pierce his shield, piercing his heart. Full of black blood, the evil lor writhed on the floor, begging:

*- I curse you, dragon! You will not pass the Hainan road !*