

Far-Fetched-Fib

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*This is a story i wrote for my english class. The assignment is that we 'stayed out three hours past curew and this is the story that we tell out parents when we get home. *nods* i could really care less if anyone reads this.*

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Chapter 1 - How It All Went Down...

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1 - How It All Went Down...

Wow, last night was the most amazing evening in my entire life. It was so incredible that forgetting would be impossible. I wish everyone to know of the incredible, breath-taking phenomenon that happened to me.

The evening all started when I decided to leave Tara's early in order to make it home early and be a good girl. While I was driving home, I remembered that we were running low on groceries. Not wanting my family to go without them, I stopped off at the nearest 7-11 to get a gallon of milk and other such items. Once the groceries were bought and I was heading back to the car, the most intriguing thing happened. First a yell, then the loud sounds of thumping came towards me. I turned around and then saw him; a very pretty boy with long ebony hair came running towards me. The odd thing was though was that he had the physical characteristics of a white tiger, White skin with black stripes, feline ears poking out of the top of his head and a long tail flowing out from his lower back, connecting to his spine. When he saw me he cried to me to help him for suddenly a huge ten-foot-tall cyborg came barreling after him! In my panic, I used the closet thing I had to protect the tiger-boy; the gallon of milk. Right when the boy ran past and the cyborg was headed straight at me, I swung the milk out at it and the cap on the jug popped off, causing it's white contents to fly all over the cyborg. It immediately stopped and started to jerk awkwardly, then suddenly it's head exploded, it's now useless body falling to the ground, defeated. A sigh of relief escaped me before I remembered the tiger-boy and turned around the face him. He was looking at the downed cyborg with just as much relief as I had been. His attention then came back to me and he began to thank me immensely for saving him. I merely blushed and asked him who he was and why the cyborg was chasing him. He replied that he was Prince Ziven of the beautifully white city Ghenya, and that back in his world, his home and people were at war with the cyborg country, Technomia, but they were no match for the machine people, so he came here to find his people's promised savior to save them, from the violent Cyborg force. Weary despair seemed to come over him for a moment, then his cat-like ears perked in interest as he remembered how I took down the chasing cyborg and immediately decided I was this savior of his land. He asked me to come with him and I agreed, always wanting to see another world. As soon as we shook on it, he closed his eyes and teleported us out of my world.

We appeared in Ziven's world, in a beautiful white palace adorned with crystal and fine silks. Unfortunately though, it wasn't peaceful for long, for no sooner had we appeared then a frantic servant ran up to us and told Ziven that the cyborg army had sent word that they were going to attack Ghenya at dawn! Immediately the decision was made that we had to do something, so the Prince called upon all the most intelligent persons in his kingdoms as well as his powerful general and cousin, though two in charge of his armies. None could think of a plan though; until I remembered the first time I met Ziven and saved him front the cyborg with the milk. Now my plan began to form. I told them about the milk and how well it worked on the cyborg, then came to the logical decision that we'd need allot of cows and to have

them drench the machines with their milk! The gathering was more-than skeptical about this idea, but because of their lack of any other plan, they accepted mine and set out at once to put it in action! One problem though; how to get the cows in a position for them to squirt their milk on the cyborgs? More thinking was required, then after a bit, Ziven remembered hearing about a country of dragons but anyone who had ever tried to socialize with the great beings ended up dead or eaten. The only person who had peace with the Dragon Clan was the prince Drake of Ceresona. The tiger prince wasn't exactly on good terms with him though, but we decided to chance it and contact the other prince through the connecting crystals each palace had. Into the crystal's room Ziven and I went, the tiger performing the incantations to work the crystal. It took only a minute or so before the crystal projected an image, like a hologram, of Drake. The elf prince looked less than happy to see the anthropomorphic. So their `negotiations' began, but in turn didn't last very long for soon they were arguing with each other on too broad a range of topics. Finally I grew so irritated with the both of the princes that I began to yell at them until they finally got it into their heads that they needed to work together in order to defeat the cyborgs. Drake promised the help of the dragons, but told us not to expect them until morning.

It seemed as if the night would last forever as the Ghenyan army prepared themselves for the battle at dawn. Fearful tension and anxiety filled the air. Finally the sun began tint the sky a rosy hue, and Ziven, the army and I moved over a hill to see where the battle should take place. But our hearts sank as we saw them; thousands upon thousands of cyborgs headed towards us. Just as all hope began to leave us, a sound was heard that would usually bring terror to any man's heart, but to us it was like an angel's song; the cry of dragons. Soon the horizon was filled with them swooping towards us, the sun silhouetting their great bat-like wings. A chain was wrapped around every great torso, hanging down under them. Each chain was also wrapped around a cow, the mooing animals being carried by the dragons towards the cyborgs. As they were carried over the machine-men, every cow began to squirt milk down upon their enemies, pouring gallons down like white rain. Suddenly every cyborgs stopped, began to jerk, then every head blew apart. The cyborgs were defeated. ~ A great celebration raged all throughout Ghenya for their victory, lasting many joy-gilled days. Ziven knighted me with the title `Savior of Ghenya' for all eternity. Just then though I remembered about my own world and wondered how much time had passed there, and that I needed to return. Ziven agreed and transported me back to Earth. Fresh groceries were in my arms, courtesy of the tiger Prince, so went to the car, and drove home.

There you have it, my true accounts of last night. Wondrous acts, courageous hearts and heroes of all. Such an evening can never be forgotten.