

The World of Creature

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I'm not sure how to explain this story really lol I just hope you guys like it ^_^

And please don't try to force me to make the second chapter...

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The World of Creature

More and more see us. More and more fear us. They have the right to fear us. We can kill them, we can hurt them. Just the other day - or was it year? - a man saw one of us jump straight into the air to get back home. It was his fault, he shouldn't have been driving down that road, the silence should have warned him.

Where are they? Why do they deny us so?

They have forgotten us. They do not want to remember us. They have forgotten us, so they could save their own hides. They don't even know what we are really called anymore, they probably don't even believe in us anymore.

We dwindle. We disappear. We need them, we need more believers. We are only alive because of the imaginative little children and the ones who believe in us. The ones who truly, truly, believe in us.

Maybe there is hope that They will come back to us...

Chapter One

She had that dream again. The one where she was in another world, maybe another time. Where she opened that door, only to be in a dark field with faeries and goblins and many other strange creatures looking at her and smiling at her and frowning at her. She knew she should have felt surprised when she opened that door, but she didn't. She knew she should have been afraid and bewildered, but she didn't. She only felt surprised when she opened her door in the morning and saw her own hallway.

Aradia Channing was a unusually pale young woman, her eyes an even stranger purple, her hair a dark raven black. Her ears were almost pointed, and she had been called an Elf, or a Pixie, when she was younger. She was not tall, but she was not short. She was, as some men put it, just right.

Aradia Wakanda Channing. She never told anyone her middle name, knowing she would definatly get laughed at for it. She wondered what her mother and father were thinking when they named her that...

She entered the kitchen (for she had been walking this whole time) and looked for the coffee pot, yawning. She never liked waking up early. But she had to ever since she moved out of her parent's house. Running her fingers through her slightly knotted raven locks, she grabbed the coffee pot from the table, and poured the old coffee out of it, going through the process of making new coffee.

She slumped on the chair and looked around her simple, yet homey, kitchen. It looked like any normal kitchen you'd find in an apartment. It wasn't that messy, but there were a few dirty dishes in the sink. Aradia knew she had to put in the dishwasher when she was done with her coffee. She grimaced, still tired and half asleep, making her lazy. She didn't wanna clean. At least not right now.

Cleaning her cup, she looked out the window and smiled. It looked beautiful out there, the trees the colors of orange, red, brown, yellow, and every other fall color. Aradia loved fall. It was so beautiful, so colorful, so nice and cool. She could never get enough of it.

She went up to the bathroom, taking a shower. Getting out of it, she did the necessary dressing-up, putting deoderant on. She dropped her dirty nightclothes and towel into a basket, put on a bra and underwear, and grabbed a comfortable pair of jeans, a green shirt, and a cream-colored hoodie sweater and put them on, too. She stretched, then walked to grab some socks and put them on also, then went for a search for her sneakers.

"Where did I put them?" She muttered to herself outloud. She checked next to her bed, then look through her closet. She looked everywhere in her room, then ventured out through the rest of the house, but found no site of her sneakers. She sighed, and went back to her room, hoping to find another pair of shoes. And there her sneakers were, nice and neatly right next to eachother in front of her bed. She stared at them in disbelief. How could she have not seen them? She remembered that that was the first place she looked for them. She shruged it off, and sat on the edge of her bed, putting the sneakers on.

When she was done putting on her sneakers, she looked outside the window next to her bed and smiled. The day was still young and beautiful. Getting up, she walked out her door, grabbing her bag on the way out, and walked down her hall and out her house and down the driveway. She looked to the right, more houses and people, children running around and playing with their toys. She looked to the left, a few more houses, a couple people going to pick up their newspaper, and the park. She loved the park. She went left.

She smiled at the kids that were in the park, there weren't that many but they were still cute. She loved kids, though when one looked at her they would not notice for she rarely ever smiled like she did when in private. She sat down under a big oak tree, relaxing and breathing deeply the crisp autumn air. Smiling, she pulled out one of her books and began to read. She loved to read. She always found the little worlds inside her books to be exciting, enchanting, wonderful. She felt the pages in her fingers, and smiled even more. She read the book, till well past the middle, before she fell asleep and dreamed a dream...

~~~ The Dream ~~~

I awoke to darkness. I didn't know where I was. I could see nothing, hear nothing.

"Hello?" I whispered, hearing my echo back. I didn't expect to hear anything after that, but I did. I heard voices. Hushed voices, speaking in languages I never heard before yet strangely understood. They were speaking, saying things like 'She is here!' and "What should we do!?", all frantic and surprised. Then one voice came, a unique male voice that would make the girls I knew in school melt, and indeed nearly made me melt, and silenced all the rest, and spoke to them as if I wasn't there, as if I didn't understand.

"She is asleep, here unconsciously. We cannot show ourselves to her, she cannot see us! Remain quiet, she cannot know about us until the time is right," And nobody spoke after that. I looked around, trying to look for the people, or things, or whatever they are, that was making the voices, particularly that one voice that told them to remain quiet, that unique voice. I found nothing, nobody. And the world started lighting up...And I awoke.

~~~ Creature ~~~

Nidan was calming them, all the denizens of Creature. They had seen her, the Traveler, but she had not seen them. But she had heard them, he knew, and he couldn't help but feel that she understood them as well. But the look on her face, it was confusion, she didn't know about her blood. He would have to teach her when she came here in body.

Nidan's emerald green eyes looked over the now calmed people. His people. They called him their Prince, against the wishes of their real Prince. Normally, he would mind. But he didn't anymore, the real Prince was his enemy. Anything that pissed the Prince off made him happy. He smiled at them, pushing some of his deep blue hair behind his pointed ear with his slightly tanned hand. He was not a the most handsome man in Creature, though many have said they like his looks. His voice, to them, was considered unnatural. But it was commanding. Everyone loved him because of his strong sense of fairness and justice, along with his loyalty. He was more like a Prince to them than their real Prince, which is why they called him their Prince.

"Everyone," He said, waiting for everyone's attention to go to him, "Go home, rest, sleep, eat, bathe, do what you must," He continued, "Tomorrow may be another day." And with those last words, everybody parted and left the clearing, heading for their home and any family members that hadn't come. Except for Nidan.

When everyone was gone, he turned around to the place he saw the black-haired young woman and whispered, "I'm waiting for you, Traveler."

~~~ Our World ~~~

Aradia's eyes shot open and she stared around wildly. She was completely relieved to know she could see, but felt jittery when she heard the voices of the people in the part. She, again, felt relieved when it registered in her brain that they were speaking english, her language. She half-closed her eyes and rested her head back on the tree, taking deep breaths to calm herself down. That dream really got to her. The darkness felt so real...It was frightening.

Finally opening her eyes, she put her book in her bag and stood up. She stretched a bit and looked around. It was the very end of sunset.

'I should head home...!' She thought to herself. Yes, home would be a good idea. Home, dinner, shower, and sleep. Then she would go to work tomorrow. She frowned at the thought, but picked up her bag and headed home.

It was nightfall as she reached her street. She always went far into the park, but always managed to get home before night time. It was a new moon, she never liked the new moon. It always made everything seem darker, more...Frightening, for lack of better words. She didn't like it. She was more into the crescent moon, not too much light, but not completely dark. She smiled at the thought of it, but stopped quickly and looked around. She felt like she was walking into something...

She stopped in her tracks. She felt strange, her head light. What was happening? What was going on!?

Her hand went to her mouth, her vision blurred. Falling to her knees, her eyes went wide. She wasn't breathing, her eyes rolled in the back of her head, and she fell forward...

Nobody saw her body fade from this world, but one man saw her body appear in his world...