

# Obsidian

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*An old story found in my hard drive. Don't worry, it's still worth reading!*

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# 1 - Memory

Kina ran, tears streaming down her face. She stumbled, falling face first into the dirt road. Hastily getting up, she dove into the bushes, bullets being fired at her. She looked around, her chest heaving from running so much, for her brother. He had been right in front of her when she had fallen.

She ran farther into the mess of trees, stopping only to grimace as she touched the wound on her arm that she got when she fell. Evidentially, her arm landed on a sharp rock, causing it to pierce into her skin. The rock had gone far into her flesh. Blood was running down her arm.

Kina heard shouts from the men who had been chasing her brother and herself. They spoke in a different language, their own. They wore musty gray clothing, guns in their hands. There was a small explosion as a tree near her burst into flame. Running farther away from the road, she saw a head full of mousy brown hair. Recognizing it immediately, she ran faster towards the person. "Isaac!" she said softly, relieved that he was still alive.

Isaac turned around, his eyes weary. "Kina, thank God it's you. I thought you were one of the Sentrai." By the Sentrai, he meant the people who had been chasing them. They had launched an invasion upon the small town that Kina and Isaac lived in, Mauti. The rest of their family had run off in a different direction, probably dead by now.

Kina looked at Isaac's left shoulder. It was stained with blood and Isaac had his hand over it, which was also bloody. "What—what happened to your shoulder?" she asked worriedly. She took a step towards him to look at it, careful to not make much sound.

Isaac's mouth twitched, grimacing as he pulled his hand away from his shoulder. "They shot me," he said quietly, "Right when I looked behind me when I couldn't hear your footsteps." He glanced at her arm. "What happened to you?"

Kina looked down, about to say, "I'm fine, but you should have kept on running," but a gunshot stopped her. Instead she said hastily, "Can you still run?" Isaac nodded, and then started to run farther into the huge mess of tree awkwardly, Kina following.

She heard more Sentraic shouts. Isaac stopped abruptly, making Kina bump into him. "What is it?" she whispered. "We need to get moving or they'll find us!"

Isaac turned his head to look at her. He pushed her into the bushes, startling her. "Go, run while you can," he hissed.

"Isaac—"

"Go!" Isaac repeated as four of the Sentrai appeared out of the brush. Cowering behind the bush, Kina was stiff with fear, unable to move. She looked around the bush; just enough for her to see what was

going on.

One of the Sentrai barked something in their language, pointing a small diamond-shaped piece of metal at Isaac, which started to glow faintly with red light. The other three had their guns pointed at him, ready to shoot if needed. Kina's eyes widened. She pulled her head back behind the bush; afraid of one of the Sentrai would spot her.

She heard the Sentrai talk, hoping that Isaac would make his escape.

Then she heard the blast that sounded like a small explosion, but not one from a gunshot, then the small thump of something hitting the ground. Tears started to well up in her eyes. Dead leaves were crunching, meaning the Sentrai were leaving. She kept still until she couldn't hear anything, except the wind making the leaves of trees rustle. Breathing hard, Kina looked around the bush she had been hiding behind. Her eyes widened as she saw Isaac's dead body, a pool of blood streaming out of his chest.

Kina awoke with a start, beads of cold sweat on her forehead. *Of course*, she thought. She had relived that night she remembered so vividly, though it happened nearly fifteen years ago, when she was eleven.

A book lay open on her lap, the soft glow from the lamp she forgot to turn off illuminating the page. Kina closed the book, rubbing her eyes. She looked out the window; still night, though over the horizon she could see the small glow of the sun, just a small sliver of light.

Kina fingered the small obsidian rock that was tied around her neck. She had taken it from her brother's body when he had died. *If something happens to me, I want you to have it*, he had said to her, when she was only seven. It was shaped as an arrowhead, a rather large one. Its tip was sharp, able to cut throw skin. Kina had learnt the hard way, when she had held it in her fist, a little too hard.

She touched the scar she had gotten that night when she fell. She was lucky to still be alive, as almost everyone had died during the invasion. She closed the book in her lap, standing up to stretch her tired body.

Kina looked around the small, musty room. It was on the first floor of a small, abandoned house. After the invasion, she couldn't return to her home, seeing as it was destroyed. For a few years, she traveled, making a few friends on the way. She finally found this place, though it was very old.

She sighed, looking at the small rock which had her name inscribed in it, 'Kina Valearo.' During those days when she traveled, she changed so much she barely knew herself anymore. In order to keep her sanity and to stop her from forgetting who she was, she had carved her name in the rock.

Kina pulled on her black jacket, about to go on a small walk when she heard a knock on the door.

Kina sighed, wondering, who would make a house call this early in the morning? She looked through the small peep-hole in the door, and froze as she saw a man in a Sentraic uniform. The musty gray hat covered most of the face, and the high collar from the large jacket went up to the person's bottom lip. But yet, she recognized the small, graying beard stubble and mustache.

Slowly opening the door, the man pulled the Sentraic hat off of his head, revealing Reynard Guline's face. He was an old family friend that had missed the invasion because he was out of town. His light brown hair was streaked with gray and was starting to bald, his friendly hazel eyes visible now that the hat was off of his head.

Smiling, Kina opened the door more and Reynard walked inside, looking around. "Why are you here, so early in the morning?" Kina asked him as he sat down on the old couch.

"We need more volunteers at the University. It's hard to find them these days what with all of the attacks. We're conducting a project with the metallic crystals we found." The metallic crystals which he spoke of were magical, how they were no one knew except the Sentrai. They were found after an attack. "And I came by here to see if you'd want to. It'll be dangerous."

Kina nodded. "I'll do it. I have nothing to lose. And what do you mean by `dangerous'?"

"We have no idea what the crystals can do. They may explode at any moment or something like that." Reynard answered. He got up. "Let's go; we don't want to waste any time." He walked outside, Kina following.

As Reynard fumbled with the keys to his old sedan, Kina asked, "Why did you wear a Sentraic uniform?"

Finally getting the right key and unlocking the car, Reynard looked into the cloudy sky and sighed. "It was the best way I could come here unnoticed." He climbed into the driver's seat and Kina went to the passenger's.

As they backed out of the small driveway, more questions were popping up inside Kina's head. She decided to start with a simple one first. "What sort of project are you conducting over at the University?"

"We're just wondering what they can do. They might be able to do great things, or just do simple spells." Reynard said. They were out of the drive and were heading along the deserted road.

Kina nodded. "But there are so many people at the University already. Why do you need volunteers?"

Reynard took a breath. "We don't have as many as you think. Not anymore. And the people that we still have are too valuable for us to give up." He sighed. "Not only that, but we can barely find any volunteers as it is."

The rest of the car ride was silent as Reynard carefully pulled into the University's drive.