

A Journey Across Time

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This is the result of a class assignment. We were reading The Canterbury Tales and were assigned to write a prologue resembling it's prologue. See if you can guess who the characters are.

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A Journey Across Time

Prologue

By Ash

Over the years, I began a journey. Wandering place to place, going here and there. "I am who I am and I will not change!" I tell myself as I go about my way. Wondering whom I will meet along the way. Will I meet a super hero, a mother, or a starving child who needs my help? As I go I wonder these things, over and over they go through my head.

One day I met a man, who like I was a wanderer, going place to place. He was a samurai who had vowed not to kill. "I have killed too much in my past and I do not wish to do it again, that I don't," he would tell me as we went. He was quite odd but I followed him for many days. "Killing is wrong, I wish to protect," he would preach. A cross-shaped scar graced his left cheek. I asked how he had gotten it, but of that he would not speak. Along the way if someone were in need he would help and fight with God like speed. His long red hair swaying in the wind was all that could be seen. I could tell a fire burned within. A strong urge to kill again. But he did not even once break his vow. As we came to a place with a well, we departed. We promised to meet again along the road of life, wandering from place to place.

As I went all alone I began to wonder whom I would meet next. Then, before I knew it, I stumbled upon a battle with swords and claws. The feuding brothers did not even notice me wander by. "I will get your sword my dear brother," the older said "Only when you pry it from my cold dead hands," said the other. As the battle subsided, the exhausted brothers lay to rest placing their swords across their chests. Over and over their breathing could be heard. I could tell they did not wish to be disturbed. But as I began again along my way, one said to me, "You there, who do you believe is stronger I know you saw our battle." I stood astonished then replied, "I do not wish to be involved. I saw but only part of your battle and I am sure that is not enough to say who is the stronger."

The older brother looked young and wise. Long, flowing hair of silver only accentuated his eyes. His golden eyes shown bright as the sun and followed every movement that was done. The younger brother appeared to be a teen. Laying in a slump his long white hair was all that could be seen. I noticed he was injured so I went to his side. Then I noticed them; he had small white ears upon his head. "What are you doing? I do not need your help!" he said with surprise. I could tell he was proud and strong and wanted to be left alone. I fixed his wound even with his protesting. The older brother just sat against a tree and smirked through the whole process. Then, when it was his turn he stayed calm but did not want help either. I left the brothers bandaged and sleeping.

Alone again I went along the way, and then noticed a spirit over my shoulder. "Who are you, spirit, following me round and round?" I asked in a calm, cool voice. "I am a guide for spirits who have departed your world." Said the spirit sweetly. "Then why are you here I am not dead? You are not a bad omen are you spirit?" I began to worry that what I had said was true. The spirit was here to see me through my death. "You are not going to die I just wish to be by your side. I have been watching you from above and I have come to love what you are doing. With my help and a little faith you could protect this world from disgrace." What is she saying, have I not been praying? Was the end near? Do I have anything to fear? "I am a spirit that guides others over the river of life. On the other side these spirits live in peace. But evil threatens this wonderful place, I need your help to save the afterlife." She interrupted my thoughts. "What if I refuse?"

Only silence followed. Then, before my eyes appeared a girl with blue hair. She was wearing a

pink kimono and held a wooden oar. "I will find another willing to help." Again and again I wondered if I could really help her. "What do I need to do? If I can I will help you." The girl thought for a bit then without a notice she grabbed my hand and mounted her oar pulling me along the way. "Follow me to spirit world and I will let you know." I followed this cheerful, bubbly girl to the other side of the river of life, to a place that was warm and bright. Here I learned what needed to be done and with that I was taken home.

I began along the road again, not knowing where I would end up. Then, before my eyes appeared the samurai. "Hello there my friend of old. How nice to meet you, that is." Again with my friend I walked along the road with no care to where we were going. That's when I heard the flowing of a river. 'How long has it been since this journey began?' "What is troubling you my friend? Have I caused you pain?" "No, I am fine." Walking along the way I remember what I had said the day I started on this journey. 'I am who I am and I will not change'. But I have in so many ways; I am stronger and better aware of the things in life that mean the most. Then the brothers crossed my mind. Had they grown to be kind to others, or are they still feuding at that place near the well. I figured only time would tell.

I stayed with the samurai for many months. We wandered here and there talking about the things in life that needed to be done. "Life is too short to waste it on the ones who don't want your help, that it is." The samurai would say. He taught me the art of swordsmanship and made me promise to only use it to protect. "A sword is a weapon. Kenjutsu is the art of killing. Whatever pretty words you use to speak of it, this is its true nature. What I have been told are the words of one who has never dirtied their hands. An idealistic joke, but I like these idealistic words better than its true nature. If one could ask so much, I want the world to accept this joke as its true nature." The samurai made sure I understood this and I promised to accept the idealistic words. "Killing is wrong, that it is." I agreed and we parted ways once more. The spirit, the feuding brothers, and most of all the samurai will always have a place in my mind and in my heart.

Wandering around again with my gift at my side, I will always remember those that I had met along the road. Before he left me the samurai had left me with a reverse blade sword and had said, "I taught you Hiten Mitsurugi and you have learned it well. Without the reverse blade, it is slaughter with deadly swiftness. Use what I have taught you only for good. I do not wish to destroy my apprentice, that I do not." I will always keep that in my mind and only use my sword for good. I hope to save the world someday. Then, it came, a familiar voice, "What is bothering you my friend?" Without looking to see whom it was I answered, "Nothing I am fine. I was just thinking about this journey across time."