

# **An Unknown World**

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*A small story/book I'm writing in my spare time.*

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## 0 - Prolouge

### PROLOUGE

So, it's a normal day, just like always. Nothing much going on, just walking through the hallways at this extremely captive, "public" establishment. I look to my left to see the awful looking wall, lined half-way by a strip of cork, for papers to be pinned to. I continue walking, and reach the door. Opening it, I look about, realizing there are, of course, people attending the school.

I walk in silence to my locker, and dreadfully dial the 3 number combination. I slowly push the small lever with my finger, and easily as possible, open the locker. Creeeeeeeeek. Wow, it really has to do that every time, huh? I can't even explain how annoying it is.

I slowly remove a Civics book, and a notebook of random color. I have all colors, just about, and they're all pretty much for the same thing. Goofing off. So, off I carefully tread to class, playing in my mind with the lines on the floor, pretending that I can't step on them, lest my foot be cut off or something.

I enter class, and find the nearest table to sit in, and hope it's one in the back. We have assigned seats, but too bad that it doesn't mean anything. You really just sit where you want to.

As I place my butt in the seat carefully, I turn to the front of the classroom. Class hasn't started, and everyone is goofing and talking, and throwing notes. Speaking of throwing notes, one flew through the air, and bounced off my forehead onto my desk.

I looked over. Everyone was chatting and playing around as usual. No hint of who threw it, they sure clean up good. I opened the note, and began reading it.

*Hi,*

*You don't know who this is, but it's a girl. Well, you see, I've been checking you out for a real long time, but never spoke up. But anyway, let me get to the point. I would be amazingly honored if you would attend the school dance with me. Circle one and throw the note at the empty desk, I'll catch it, so you can see who I am.*

*Yes or No*

I can't believe it! I'm actually being asked out! All too hurriedly, I scribbled a circle on the yes and tossed it at the desk. A long arm with a lovely hand attached reached out and snatched it directly from the air, without even slipping up.

I looked who the arm was connected to. It was a girl I hadn't ever seen before. Was she in this class? I'd never even noticed before. I scrambled to the empty desk behind her, and jumped in before the teacher noticed the move. I easily lay a hand on her shoulder. "What's your name? I've never seen you around." I nervously stated. "I've been here all year," she replied, non-chalantly.

She dropped her hand on mine, and turned her face towards me, with a flirting grin. "Why haven't you noticed me, have you been too busy staring at the cracks in the floor, playing 'dodge-the-laser'?" She smirked. "How did you-," "My little brother plays it." She answered before I could get in any more.

Once more, I looked up. She was beautiful! Her face carved perfectly, like a sculpture. It was rounded at the cheek bones like a goddess, and her eyes fit the color of the blue skies, and the golden heavens mixed together, and her voice, smooth like running honey. It was soothing to listen to.

I looked away at the wall, blushing. This beautiful girl could be my first girl-friend!? I think I'm jumping the gun, I mean, maybe she's just using me for someone to take to the dance, so she can say she has a boyfriend, and then dump me afterwards.

But she seemed so trustworthy, sitting in the desk like this. When I looked up, I found she still had my hand on her shoulder, but was paying attention to the teacher now. I tapped her shoulder, and she emphasized that she was listening, but still didn't look back.

"I must know, what is your name?" I whispered to her, over her shoulder. "Why is that important now?" She stonily replied. "I'd just feel better if I knew, okay?" I sounded irritated, but it was an accident. She sighed. "It's Blaze." "What?" "Blaze."

# 1 - The Day I Forgot To Look Around The Corner

First period was passing ever so slowly. I loved every second of it. This new 'Blaze' girl was rubbing my hand against her neck, and I didn't dare pull away. Well, I guess she wasn't 'new', but to me she was, because I had never seen her in my life.

At the end of class, I walked out slowly, and Matt questioned me, of course. "Who the heck was that, man? You get yourself a girlfriend that's just coming in to this school?" "What?" "Your Girlfriend is the new kid?" I knew I wasn't the only one who didn't know who she was! I ignored his questions, and the constant, 'Hey!' and 'Where are you going's.'

I grabbed Blaze by the sleeve. "So you're not new, huh? How come nobody knows who you are then!?" I pried. "You only asked on person." She curled her lips in a teasing smile. "Well, Matt knows what's going around all the time! He would tell me the truth about seeing you around here!" I loudly replied. She removed my hand from her sleeve, and continued at her locker.

"Look, it's not my fault if you just don't pay attention, so don't blame me for your shortcomings." She gritted her teeth. I stared at her, dumbfounded by the fact that I had no idea what to say. She picked up for me, by closing my mouth with her hand on my bottom jaw. "Stop gawking at me, don't you know its bad manners?" She snickered, and began walking away.

All I could do is watch her walk, because even though I was capable of following her, I wasn't sure anything would come out of it, because I didn't know what to say to her. I trudged on to my next class, not sure of what to say or do to anyone.

I walked through the door to math class, and, plopped my books down on yet again, the nearest table. I kind of wished I had handled my encounter with Blaze slightly better. I knew that she was a teen-ager, and of course that could make her have mood swings, and that could come back on me for acting like a jerk. Ah, well, at least I was safe in class, where I had nothing to worry about but math.

Math is basically my favorite subject, and I was pretty happy to be here. They had given us expensive graphing calculators the first day of Algebra, and they were fun to play with. Two days ago, I got a friend of mine to take his calculator and program some games into mine. Now it has little puzzle games, and one game where you just walk around and shoot aliens. It's a pretty good time waster I guess.

Playing the little 3D game on my calculator, I sat quietly. I didn't even have time to realize that my teacher was approaching. Funny enough, I didn't even acknowledge him. He was the kind of person who probably wouldn't even care. He looked over my shoulder. "Playing games, huh? Just don't cry to me when you fail the quiz." He said, calmly (Which was suprising). "I won't. I'll know it was my entire fault, and not yours." I replied, amused.

Besides that, math was pretty standard. I went through it playing games and occasionally looking at the board. I had no reason to be interested; I was bothered with the thoughts of getting to see Blaze again.

Blaze... what an interesting name. I wonder where it originated, or why her parents would name her such a thing. Maybe they were those off-the-wall kinds of parents, who would name their children weird things and make them play weird, un-played sports. Like ping-pong, and ice-skating. Maybe she just liked the name and called herself that. I hadn't heard the teacher call her name after all.

The bell rang loudly, and I jumped up, excited to see her. It was weird, chasing after someone who I didn't really expect to ever have a chance with. I turned up the hallway and ran as fast as my legs would carry me. I ignored the people around me telling me to slow down, and continued at a very forward pace.

I reached someone bending down in the hall way, and took a big leap over them. They looked up, surprised. I grabbed the corner of the hallway, and swung around the corner. Just then, the worst thing that could have ever happen, happened.

I looked around, seeing books flying, and a purse soaring through the air with them. Everything was in slow motion, and as I looked down, I saw Blaze tumbling to the ground. I saw her hit the ground butt first, and slide backwards into about 5 people, causing them to fall, and drop their books as well. I was the only one standing in the wreckage.

I stared forward, gawking stupidly at the amazingly moronic thing I had just accomplished. I saw this beautiful girl, looking straight at my eyes, get up off the floor and wipe her skirt off, glaring at me. She stepped up, and her hand tensed, as if she were about to reach up to smack me, hard. As I went to guard my face, instead of taking it like an honorable man, she stopped.

All she did was smile at me. Was she crazy!? I just ran through the hall way and smacked her back about 5 feet and all she does is smile? Who was this girl, and what was her problem? Was she mentally unstable? She gave me that cute smile of hers, and said, "Don't worry about it. Just keep an eye out for a pretty girl next time. You don't have to throw her to the floor to get her attention, you know."

With that, she was off. But I caught up to her, and through questioning, found out we were headed to the same place, English. I opened the door for her, and since we had a free period today, we spent the whole time chatting away.

"So where did you come from anyway, Blaze? I hadn't seen you before now." I asked. "I think you're crazy, I've been here all year!" she replied. I was getting impatient with this excuse. "Damn it, Blaze, seriously, where did you come from?" I complained. She sighed, and pushed back her soft, brown hair behind her ear. That was when I first saw her purple ear studs; they looked rather breath-taking on her.

"Alright, I'll be honest with you, but don't tell a soul. I don't want to draw attention to myself, so I've been saying I've been here. The only people who know I haven't are the faculty. Well, where to start? I came around from Alabama two years ago, and moved here. I noticed something weird with this school, so I came here to search it up, just two weeks ago." She started out.

"Really, though, you're not very observant. The two weeks I was here, you never even acknowledged me! I just couldn't see enough of you, though, you stud!" She grabbed my arm jokingly. I blushed and looked down at my arm as if to agree. She giggled non-expectantly. "Anyway, I eventually noticed it was you that was weird. You stand out in the weirdest ways too! So I had to ask you to the dance, to see what you were all about, and what kind of man you were. When ever we get back from the dance,

maybe I could call you my own!" She giggled again. This time she blushed.

"Well, I've got to go; my parents are picking me up early today." She said. "But why, it's already 6th period! You've only got one more to go!" I sounded like I was begging. She smiled, so she must have thought the same thing. She hugged me, and kissed me on the cheek, then whispered in my ear. "Call me." And wrote down her phone number.

## 2 - The Day I Pretended To Be Physically Coordinated

I slammed through the door at home; her number clutched in hand. I was ready as heck to call her. I smacked the bottom of the phone and flipped it into the air, catching it on the run. I dialed the number, while diving through the air. The ringing started, and they picked up about the time I hit the bed. "Hello?" She obviously didn't know who it was, but I'm sure she had an idea.

"Hey, Blaze. What's up with you?" I asked in the coolest voice I could manage. I sounded like a little kid trying to be tough. "Nothing much, tough man." She laughed at me. I certainly hoped that she was laughing with, not at. I stuttered. "Uh... Um I mean, how was school?" "Fine I guess." She sounded like she didn't want to talk about it. "What, did something go wrong?" I was kind of worried. "Nah, it was just that I finally gave up the crap about being here all year. I told myself to keep it up as long as possible; but I couldn't, I guess." She admitted, un-willingly.

"Hey, I got an idea. You want to see me?" "Sure." She said, as casually as she could. I had no idea how hard she was trying to hide her excitement; but she was. "You want to walk down to the local park? We could meet up there, and do something." I asked, hopefully. "Um... yeah, I guess that's alright. You have a basketball?" She asked. "Uh... No, sorry." "Well, no worries, I'll bring one. B-ball's my favorite sport." She fixed the problem. "Alright, see ya there."

The ride to the park was no problem. Of course I hopped on my trusty old bike. It only took about 10 minutes to get there, and Blaze lived farther off, I was sure. I expected to have to wait there for her. When I got there, though, I saw her, in all her graceful form, shooting the pearl, so to speak.

I walked closer to get a better look. She hadn't noticed me yet, and I didn't want to throw her off. She bounded from the ground with both legs together, and her hands gently glided through the air, releasing the ball. It was all too pleasing to watch.

The ball, it flew through the air, and she had such precise aiming, that it looked like it changed directions, and homed in on the basket with amazing precision. I kept hidden behind the wooden gate, which stretched high over my head. As I continued watching, she seemed to notice me without even seeing me. It was like she had "felt" me staring at her. Anyway, I continued towards her.

"Spying on me much?" She asked, half laughing. "What's it to you?" I replied with a tone of joking. "Nothing, really, but you need to watch what your staring at. Make sure it's my face, my precision, and not my chest." She smirked. I blushed, looking down, "Do I come off that strange?" "Yes, actually you do." She laughed.

"Anyway, now that we're here, are you ready to play some basketball?" I asked. "I thought that's why we came, stupid." She smiled enthusiastically. "How about around the world," I wondered aloud. "Sounds good." She said. I grabbed the basket-ball, and through it in-advertently at the basket. Of course it bounced away.

"Wow, what awful form and aim you have." She said, a smile playing at her lips. "It's not my fault I'm

not a basket-ball freak like you!" I laughed back. She looked offended, and then looked like she realized it was a joke. "Here, let me show you." She retorted. She grabbed the ball, and put her left foot in-front of her right, and placed one delicate hand behind the ball, and the other to the right of it.

She let it fly, it flew to the basket. I was amazed. "Do you make every shot you shoot?" I asked sarcastically. "Not really, there's always full courts shots I can't make, see?" She said, and she stepped back all the way to the back of the cement court, and prepared herself in the same manner as before. She let it go.

Flying through the air, the ball looked odd. Was it just me, or did it look slightly blue-ish? I ignored the fact and watched it soar. Expecting a big miss, like she said, I instead received a loud, Swoosh! "What was that about not making full courts?" I yelled, impressed. She smiled back, and seemed to be full of content. "I've never made one before!" She yelled back.

She ran at me. What was she doing? I'd never seen a girl act in this manner, and certainly not towards me. I cocked my head slightly. "What are you- oof!" I attempted to ask. By the time I figured it out, it was a little too late. I felt an extreme impact to my chest, and her legs were wrapped around me.

I was in heaven! This beautiful, amazing girl was wrapped around my body, hugging me, in my arms. But then I realized something not that wonderful. There was a stinging pain in my back and head, and she suddenly hopped off of me. I found myself laying there on the pavement, my head bleeding, slightly.

It felt like a small concussion. "Oh my god, I'm so sorry! Are you okay?" She asked, worried to death. She jumped down by my side, and raised me up, and hugged me. She suddenly pulled a bandage from her back pocket and messed with the back of my head. It really, really hurt.

All of the sudden, the pain was gone. Just like that. She stared at me, and there was an expression in her face I couldn't read. I looked about. "What did you do? The hug was amazing, and I can't thank you enough, but my head?" I asked. "It's an old family secret, I can't tell." She replied. "After that, I really think we ought to go home, I didn't mean to hurt you," she said gently. I complained, "But I was having so much fun with you! I just got here, like, 6 minutes ago!"

"Just go home, and get some rest, and everything will be better." She looked at me, promisingly. There was something so strange about her, but it hypnotized me into believing her. Soon enough, after my good-bye's had been said, I was riding home.

The sun was starting to set, and over-all, it was a nice day. Too bad we had school tomorrow. I guess it was worth it all-in-all, I would see her after-all.