

The Chronicles of Narnia: The Sacrifice

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What if Rachel, Peter's love, is missing? Would Peter take the risk to find her? Would he sacrifice his life for Rachel?

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Chapter 1 - Chapter One	2
Chapter 2 - Meagan Brakefield	5
Chapter 3 - The Rooms Fit For Queen and Kings	7
Chapter 4 - The Fire	9
Chapter 5 - The Love That's Not Really There	11
Chapter 6 - The Capture	14

1 - Chapter One

"Where did you say the stag went, Ed?" Susan asked.

"It went west and into the Shuddering Woods . . . I watched it!" He exclaimed.

"Are you sure you weren't imagining?" Lucy said giggling.

"He wasn't . . ." Peter said trotting up to them on his cream colored unicorn, "Because I saw it as well."

They were in the outskirts of the Shuddering Woods, all on horseback. Peter's blonde hair was now almost to his shoulders as well as Edmund's. Lucy's hair was to the middle of her back and Susan's was just a little longer.

"Where's Rachel?" Susan asked.

"Oh . . . she's coming." Peter replied turning around and looking at me.

I was in my favorite morph, the Gryphon. I circled around and landed beside Peter, as he got off his unicorn. I morphed into myself. The breeze was wonderful and I let it blow my blonde, wavy hair across my face. My hair was almost past my butt. The dress I wore was white with silver linings and sequins. I had my silver crown in my hair and wore it proudly. Susan and Lucy let loose their horses' reigns and got off. They walked into the woods. Edmund watched Peter and I for a few seconds, then followed the girls.

We have all been ruling for two years now. Peter and I have resumed the responsibility for caring and looking after the others. Lucy and Susan, of course, take care of the wounded and sick, and Edmund cheers everyone up and tries to keep everyone on the brighter side of things. This is truly becoming the Golden Age, which Aslan described from the prophecy. These past two years have given us enough time to mature into the roles that were given to us. We have gained much knowledge of Narnia and of ourselves. We have learned of Narnia's inhabitants and their location, and because of that, we have even made friends with some peculiar creatures. Lucy's best friend, other than me, is, of course, Mr. Tumnus. Susan's best friend is a mermaid called Sylvia. Peter's best friend is Oreius, our general. I've made friends with all of the living creatures here in Narnia, just about. I travel quite a lot. But my best friend is Edmund. He had made a mistake two years ago, but since that mistake, he has been my best friend and we have told each other all sorts of secrets. He's the one that keeps me in a good mood, well other than Peter. No matter what mood I'm in, he always finds a way to make me laugh. Lucy is also a good person to hang out with if you are upset. She'll think of the most entertaining things to make you smile, or she will cry along with you. She has grown so much over the past two years, it's just amazing. She's pretty mature for her age and she's a gorgeous little girl. She had turned eleven a few weeks ago.

"Um . . . Rae?"

"Yes? Sorry . . . I was just . . ."

"Daydreaming again?" Peter asked with a weak smile.

The dreams that I have been having has been about Edmund finding a girl who stumbles into Narnia.

"I'm . . . no . . . not dreaming. I'm just thinking about the things that have past." I said reassuringly.

Peter looked into my eyes.

"Are you sure?"

"I'm fine. I promise."

He saw no lie, and so he smiled.

"Alright . . . let's go catch up with Ed and the girls."

He grabbed my hand and led me into the forest. We walked into the forest for a ways and did not see anyone.

"Lucy! Ed! Where are you?" I called out.

"I'm coming!" Lucy's voice rang out.

There were a few sounds of vegetation being crushed and then Lucy and Susan came out from behind a bush.

"Where's Ed?" Susan asked.

"He's not with you?" Peter said laughing nervously.

"Rachel! Come quick!" Edmund yelled.

Ed has a mature voice now, I'm still getting used to it. I ran in the direction his voice came from.

"Rachel wait up!" Peter said, but I was already gone.

I dodged some trees and jumped over a few bushes. I got whipped in the face by a twig and a thorny bush attacked me, giving me quite a few bloody scratches. I ran and began to get dizzy. I fell to the ground.

Flash

"I don't care what you have to do to kidnap her, just do it"

"Yes, Sire."

A horrid laughter reeked through the air.

"I'm coming, soon-to-be-Queen." Hissed a dark male's voice.

Flash

"Rae? Are you alright?" Peter asked looking at me.

"What happened?" Lucy asked, having a worried expression on her face.

"I had vision"

Peter looked at Lucy and then back at me.

"Like the ones with the little girl?" Lucy asked.

"No . . . much different. There was a very low sinister voice that rind through my head. He's looking for one of us . . . a human I'm sure."

"Which one of us?" Susan asked.

"All I know is that whoever this guy is . . . he's searching for a soon-to-be-Queen."

"But we're all Queens already" Susan said.

"Well, typically Rachel isn't a Queen; she's the Guardian of the Royal." Peter corrected.

"Rachel! Come here!" Ed yelled in an annoyed tone.

I quickly jumped off the ground and ran just a few more yards and came to a clear area where there weren't any trees. I saw Edmund standing over a girl . . . in fact it was the girl from my dreams. She had shoulder length of dirty blonde hair. She was kind of scrawny, but very cute.

"Is that the—" Peter began to ask.

"Yes . . . she's the girl from my dream."

The girl was curled up on the ground, sleeping like a brick.

"Ed, pick her up . . . Peter you can help. We'll take her to Cair Paravel."

"Alright." The guys replied, sighing.

"Ed, I want you to hold on to her as your riding."

"Okay."

I turned into my centaur morph and helped Peter put the girl in front of Edmund as he sat on Philip, his horse.

"Let's go before she wakes up." I said.

Everyone climbed up onto their horses. They all began to head towards Cair Paravel. I ran next to Ed keeping the girl from falling out of his arms. Eventually I took her out of his arms and held her in mine

because he wasn't doing a very good job. My breathing began to get heavy and I began slowing down .

. . .

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OK, writing a story isn't as easy as it seems. I worked hard for this for 8 days, and that's just one chapter. You gotta figure out the proper words to fill in. So you'd maybe expect Chapter 2 three days from now. 'coz I'm working on it now.

## 2 - Meagan Brakefield

"We are getting closer . . . once you find her and capture her . . . we'll need to think of a way to capture the others so she'll cooperate."

Suddenly someone shook me awake.

"Are you alright?"

"Huh?"

I opened my eyes and saw Lucy and Peter hovering over me. I looked around and found that I was laying in my bed, in my huge chamber at Cair Paravel.

"How . . . how did I get here?"

"Well, you changed into your normal self and then passed out a few miles away from reaching Cair Paravel . . ." Peter began to say.

"Peter carried you the rest of the way." Lucy finished.

Peter glared at Lucy as if she just told me one of his secrets.

"How's the girl?" I asked.

"She's doing fine . . . in fact she's in the guest room, talking with Ed." Peter said, "This is the second time you have been knocked out cold . . . What's going on?" He looked into my eyes and gave the look of concern that made my heart pound.

"Have you found out her name?" I said quickly changing the subject.

"Yes . . . it's Meagan Brakefield. Please try not to change the subject."

"Let me guess . . . she's about fourteen years old?" I asked directing the question to Lucy.

"Yeah . . . how did you know?" She asked amazed.

"Lucky guess, I guess." I said innocently shrugging my shoulders.

"Well, she wants to meet you . . ."

"Me? Why me?"

"Well, after she woke up, we introduced ourselves and asked how she came to Narnia."

"What did she say?" I asked, now interested.

"She said that she was looking at a picture of a forest . . . and then the picture came to life. When she found herself in Narnia, she began to get scared and began running around searching for the picture frame. She was so tired after running around for hours and panicking, that she collapsed on the ground. She said that right before she fell asleep, she saw a white stag watching her."

"That was the stag we were chasing. I bet it was showing us where Meagan was sleeping."

"After she shared her story, we thought it was only fair that she heard ours. We told her about Narnia and how we are King and Queens' of it. We also told her about how you and Ed saved and how she got here—"

"Saved her . . . from what?" I asked, now confused.

"Edmund said that when he came across her there were a few dark dwarves trying to drag her off. As soon as you yelled, they ran off . . ." Peter said.

"Dark Dwarves?" I asked.

"You don't think that . . . she might be the one they are after . . . do you? After all . . . Ed might begin to like her . . . she might be the soon-to-be-Queen." Lucy said gasping at the thought.

"She's right. . . that's possible . . . only I had another vision. The voice said to "capture the other so she will cooperate" . . . do you think she is that close to us?" I asked.

"Maybe not to us . . . but to Ed, she's already pretty comfortable with." Peter said, "Now, the visions . . . are they the reason you keep passing out?"

"Yes . . . I-I think they are a warning."

Lucy leaned over and began to whisper into my ear.

"Meagan already told me she thinks that Edmund is cute."

"Wow. She's a forward little thing, isn't she?"

"Come on . . . you have to meet her!" Lucy said excitedly.

"Alright, alright . . ."

Lucy grabbed my hand and jerked me out of bed and dragged me down the hall and into the guest room.

"Meagan, this is Rachel. Rachel, this is Meagan." Lucy said introducing us.

Big innocent blue eyes looked up at me. She was so adorable! I loved her immediately, as I did Lucy.

"Hullo!" I said smiling.

"Oh! You have an awesome British accent too! This is so cool!" Meagan said excitedly.

"Where are you from?" I asked, almost giggling at her accent.

"Well . . . I'm from Montana, in the U.S"

"Oh . . . I'm from London and . . . they are from Finchley."

"Um . . ."

"Oh . . . England . . . We're all from England."

"Oh . . . gottcha!" She winked.

"D-Do you want a tour of Cair Paravel?" I asked.

"Why yes . . . that would be cool!" She said excitedly.

### 3 - The Rooms Fit For Queen and Kings

I helped her out of bed and so, with everyone following, we went into Susan's room. She has beautiful Teak furniture. Everything she has is made out of that wood, even her floor. She has a dressing corner, where you go behind a wooden curtain and change. She has a dresser with a mirror, a couch and even an end table. She also has a big bookcase, but the books were not made of wood. Otherwise, she would be getting splinters all the time. She had a rug on the floor with different color green. She had a couch, that was green silk and her bed outfit was green silk. Her bathroom was pretty too. Instead of everything being made out of porcelain, like in England, it was made out of Emerald. Her sink was Emerald, her bathtub, her separate shower, even her toilet. Talk about sitting on money. Susan stepped in front of us and showed Meagan around her room.

So about five minutes later, we moved on to Lucy's room, which had the same things in it. Lucy's wood was cedar, so as soon as you opened her door, the scent of Cedar enters your nose. It always smells good. Her room was completely Cedar except her silk bed outfit, which was a purple. Her rug was different colors of purple, and her bathroom was Amethyst.

Then, we walked over to Ed's room. He had about the same things as Lucy and Susan's except the dresser with a mirror. He has the dresser but he doesn't need two mirrors. His only mirror is in his bathroom, Peter's as well. His type of wooden furniture is Cherry and everything that wasn't Cherry wood was a blue silk, except his rug of course, which was all different sorts of blues. His bathroom was Sapphire.

Peter's room is my favorite room personally. Because he is High King, he has the biggest room. His room is made out of Birchwood and his bed outfit was red silk. His rug was different colors of red, and his bathroom is Ruby. His room is just amazing. Birchwood goes so well with red. It took him a few more minutes for Peter to show off his room, since his was bigger than the rest.

My room it just a little bigger than Peter's because mine has a balcony. A witch needs her space, especially if she can turn into animals. I walked into my room and had everyone stare at me. I kind of blushed, because I'm not that fond of attention. For some reason everyone loves my room the most. My bed has a canopy that drapes along all the sides of the bed and touches the floor. They are really cool because they are kind of like curtains. The material is silver silk and my bed outfit is pure white silk. It's good thing I'm clean crazy, otherwise that poor outfit would be really dirty. The wood I have is Mahogany, my personally favorite wood. It's really pretty and it goes really well with white. I have a fire place at a safe distance from my bed; the fire helps me get to sleep like music does you. I went to the side of my bed and on my end table I picked up my crown and I quickly put it on my head. I've gotten so used to wearing it, it bugs me if I'm not. My rug is white and silver and it is made out of faux fur so it's really soft and fluffy. My bathroom is Diamonds. Then there is a huge, thick curtain that leads to the balcony. Once you take five minutes to try and push aside the heavy material, your breath will be taken away at the balcony's magnificent view. You have the view of the sea to the east, the mountains to the south and the forest to the west. There is a bench to your left and the none to your right as you step further out onto the balcony. On the tope section of the balcony, in the middle, there is an opal water fountain that is a lion. As you walk down four stairs and you're on the second portion of the balcony you have a rail made out of pearl as a guard around the balcony. The view just takes my breath away every time I step out on the balcony, it's so beautiful. I showed Meagan my room and talked to her through my mind.

"How are you talking to me without your lips moving?" She asked.

“Well, you know how we told you she had powers?” Edmund said.

“Yes . . . “

“She’s telepathic . . .she can speak to you through her mind to yours.”

“Awesome.”

I smiled and looked at my beautiful view again.

“What are we going to do now?” Meagan asked.

“Let’s visit the Great Hall.” Peter suggested.

“What’s that?” She asked.

I straightened the crown on my head as everyone else did.

“That is where our throne sare.” I answered.

“Oh.”



## 4 - The Fire

### Chapter 4

#### The Fire

Peter led us through my room, down the hall, down some stairs and into the Great Hall. Oreius came out of no where and he was short of breath. He stopped in front of me and bowed.

Rachel, there is a fire . . . it was not caused naturally . . . someone started it, but I don t know who . . . but it s heading this way at an extraordinary pace.

I let everyone call me Rachel, they don t have to call me your majesty or your highness I just feel better if everyone calls me Rachel.

How far away is it? I asked in my serious tone.

I only get into this tone when duty calls. I am the Royal Guardian and I must protect the royal, even though I would do it any way.

Fifty kilometers, west.

Alright . . . guys stay here . . .

I turned into the gryphon morph, that I only know too well. Oreius ran down the stairs that led off the balcony. I jumped onto the railing and then turned to look back at everyone.

I ll be back, don t worry. While I m gone entertain yourselves.

Peter smiled at me. I turned around and jumped off of the balcony and spread open my wings. I was soon heading towards the smoke. I saw Oreius underneath the canopy of trees, following me. I did a twist in the air and dove into the forest. I quickly landed on the ground and turned into my centaur morph. I inhaled a lot of smoke, and began to cough.

Are you alright! Oreius yelled over the roar of the fire.

I coughed a bit more and my eyes began to water.

I m fine!

I evaporated the fire into my hands. Even though the smoke remained, the fire disappeared. I lifted my hands toward the burnt trees and shrubs. As I lifted my hands towards the sky, new trees and shrub began to grow. I continued lifting my hands higher into the air until the trees and shrubs were fully restored. I was still breathing in smoke. My lungs felt as if they were collapsing. I waved my hands and a gust of wind came and blew the smoke away. I began to fall to the ground again.

A huge dark green dragon was walking towards a huge cave at the base of a mountain.

The fire didn t last as long as I planned. I was hoping it would be a distraction and a challenge . . . I suppose I underestimated a little too much.

A few dwarves came out of the cave and escorted the dragon into the cave.

What now, Seifer? One dwarf asked.

Just wait. The opportunity will not pass by us this time.

Rachel, Are you alright? Oreius asked.

Uhn . .

Do I need to get the High King?

No . . no . . that won t be necessary . . .

Would you like some assistance? He asked as I stood up.

No. Thank you, though.

Still in my centaur morph, I turned back towards Cair Paravel.

Thank you for telling me about the fire.

You are welcome.

Let's hurry and get back. Peter is going to want to know what's going on . . .

You know who started the fire?

Yes.

I reared up and then took off running with Oreius right behind me. I would have been at Cair Paravel a long time ago if I was in my gryphon morph. But running with Oreius is always fun too. I mean honestly, how many times do you get to run with a centaur?

Did you know that King Peter . . . . talks about you . . . all the time? He said as he dodged a few trees.

No, I didn't . . . . What does he say about me?

I'm not supposed to tell but, he says when he can't sleep, he sneaks into your chamber. He says that he can always sense when you are not asleep. He says that when he sees you out on your balcony, he could weep at the sight of your beauty.

He sure has been more . . . . loving lately . . .

Oreius gave me a confused expression.

He's been showing me more affection than normal.

Why do you think that?

I don't know . . . . just . . . something's up . . .

## 5 - The Love That's Not Really There

### Chapter Five

#### The Love That s Not Really There

Soon after, we came up the steps to the Great Hall.

What happened? Peter asked as soon as he saw me.

I think we re all in grave danger. I said.

Why? Susan asked.

Did you have another vision? Peter asked.

He knew my emotions better that anyone here, he could always sense it when something is up.

Yes, it has been a dragon named Seifer, who has been talking in my visions. It was Roetumah who started the fire . . .

Why? Meagan asked.

He said that he was hoping the fire would be a challenge and a distraction . . .

For who . . . or what? Asked Lucy.

I m not sure . . . but I think Meagan is who they want . . .

It was about bed time so we all were about to get ready for bed.

Alright . . . I have a plan. I think we should all sleep in one room. It will be the last thing the Dragon will expect. Edmund suggested.

But Seifer wants all of us . . . wouldn t that make his job easier? Peter asked.

We could have a few centaurs guard each room. The enemy would have a hard time choosing which room. Susan suggested.

But all they would have to do is look in the windows. Lucy said.

We could use my room . . . I could pull down the giants curtains between my bath room and the balcony. I said.

Yeah . . . that could work. Ed agreed.

Alright, let s do it. Peter said, Everyone needs to go to their room, get their blankets and pillow and close the curtains over their windows.

Everyone ran up the stairs and into their chambers and did as they were told. I opened my door and left it open. Everyone got ready for bed. I hopped into the shower and washed myself and my hair. I got out dried my self off and put on a white silk nightgown that almost dragged on the floor. I dried my hair and brushed my teeth. Everyone quickly came back, wet from their short shower and began making little beds on my fluffy rug. Peter came through my door and shut it behind him.

The guards are in position. Oreius is guarding our door. He will knock twice if anything out of the ordinary comes along.

Alright . . . this may be our schedule for the next few nights . . . there is no telling of exactly when Roetumah plans to strike. If he does, we will be a few steps in front of him. I said.

What will we do if Oreius knocks? Lucy asked fearfully.

We will escape from the balcony. Peter said, I have already told Oreius about our plans.

Do you think that was a good idea? Susan asked.

Of course it was . . . Peter has to tell Oreius everything . . . even his secrets about Rac Edmund never got to finish because Peter quickly cut him off.

Shut up Ed! Just shut up! Oreius would never tell anyone anything!

It was the first time Peter had yelled at Edmund in two years.

Come on guys. We need to stick together . . . everything is going to be alright. I comforted, We are a family . . . we have to stay that way. Now, let s get some rest.

No one said anything else. I walked over to my bed and crawled in. I untied the curtains and let them close, leaving me in complete darkness. I always have my curtain open, at least the side that is facing the door. The side that faces my fireplace is always open so I can fall asleep, but I didn t want to keep anyone else awake.

I twisted and turned trying to get in a comfortable position so I could fall asleep, but since I didn t have a fire going, I couldn t get to sleep. Tonight had a different feeling, though. I had a feeling deep down inside, that something horrible was going to happen, and this time Aslan wasn t going to be here to help. I opened my curtains and quietly got out of bed. I pushed aside the curtain that covered my window. It was only about 12:43 in the morning. I m never going to get any sleep. I closed the window curtain and began to step over everyone to get to my bathroom. I slipped between the curtains that led to the balcony and came out into the moonlight.

Hullo moon. I whispered.

I walked down to the bottom portion of the balcony and leaned against the railing, gazing upon the moon s beauty.

What are you doing out here? A voice whispered.

I quickly turned around and saw Ed coming through curtains. He walked to me and leaned against the railing as well. He looked at the sea. I looked at his eyes. Maybe it was just me . . . or the moonlight, but his eyes seemed to gleam an unnatural color, they looked dark green, and his eyes are really brown.

So? What are you up to? he asked, now looking at me.

His eyes were out of the moonlight, but they still appeared dark green. Man, I must be tired.

Well . . . I can t get to sleep. I haven t had much since these visions . . .

You don t look it.

Thanks.

It s true, you re always beautiful.

What?

Ed smiled down at me, he was a few inches shorter than Peter, but was still taller than me. His eyes seemed to glow, now. That worried me.

What s the matter? He asked.

Why . . . why are you doing this?

Doing what?

He moved closer to me. I suddenly didn t feel comfortable around him. He wasn t being himself. I looked at the ground and backed away from him. I looked up at him and then stared through him, like I once did two years ago.

Peter was talking to Oreius around the corner, Edmund was eavesdropping.

I want to ask her to marry me . . . but how?

King Peter, you have already won her heart . . . maybe you shouldn t worry about it. Just wait for the moment to come naturally.

Edmund moved away from Peter and Oreius.

He hasn t quite won her heart yet. I m going to push her in the direction she should go. He whispered to himself, smiling.

Why would you want to do something like that? I asked him.

His eyes moved from mine to the curtains. Then he suddenly leaned forward and his me. I shoved him to the ground and wiped my mouth off.

What are you doing! I asked as he looked up at me, with his dark green eyes.

Edmund turned his head towards the curtains. I followed his gaze and saw Peter peeking through the curtains. Oreius had said something about Peter could somehow sense when I was awake. Oh no, Peter saw Ed kiss me!

Peter . . . it s not what you think . . . Was all I could say.

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OK I know this chapter is too cruel. But doesn t this story keep getting better and better? Chapter Six is almost done! Kebee14

6 - The Capture

Chapter Six

The Capture

Peter came out from behind the curtains and walked toward Ed and me.

Then what was it? He asked as he looked quickly from my eyes to the ground.

He kissed me! I stressed.

Y-you like him more than me?

I never said that! I screamed, my eyes began to fill with tears.

You didn't have to; I see it in your eyes every time he is near you.

That's because you're always with him! Look into my eyes now. You can always tell when I am lying. Look into my eyes when I tell you I love you!

I can't . . .

Peter! Please!

No

Peter turned away from me. I glanced sinisterly at Edmund, who looked at the ground with a smile. I heard a few of his thoughts enter my mind, but they were not what I thought they were going to be. One thought said, *It's not me!* and *Why can't I control myself? What is wrong with me?*

I just really hope you're happy with what you have done. I growled.

Edmund just stared at the ground. I turned into a gryphon and quickly jumped off my balcony rail and flew towards the forest. First I find out that Peter wants to ask me to marry him, and then a few seconds later he hates me. What was with Edmund! He's supposed to like Meagan, not me! Peter is the one who is supposed to like me. Aslan, where are you when I need you? Suddenly I felt warmth inside my heart as I flew above the trees.

I am with you, child. I am in your heart, and there I will stay. Aslan's voice rang through my heart. I flew down through the canopy and landed on the soft ground. I turned into my regular self and sat down against a tree and pulled my knees into my chest.

What is going on? Ed is not himself . . .

Then I thought about it. Peter was going to ask me to marry him wouldn't that make me . . . a Queen? Was I actually the soon-to-be-Queen?

Oh my God. I whispered.

I'm the one Seifer is after! This was the whole idea: the fire was just a little bump on the road, to get us to think that this Seifer is not very bright. He's actually very smart; he used mind control on Ed to get Peter to hate me. Seifer wanted . . . to get me . . . to be alone . . .

Oh my God. I whispered again.

I stood up and began to turn into my centaur morph. I started to run towards Cair Paravel when suddenly something tripped me. I flew into the ground. A dark figure wrapped around a cloth around my eyes. Then, I felt more of them. I felt a sharp pain in my shoulder and then realized it was an Elixir. I felt them myself turn to normal, though I didn't do it. I felt them dragging me away, the opposite way I was heading. This is it. I'm captured.

No!

I began to fight. I twisted and turned my wrists to try and get free. The dark dwarves wrapped vines with

thorns.

Peter! I screamed.

The dwarves quickly put a cloth in my mouth. I struggled to get free when a blow hit me on the back of my neck . . .

Chapter Seven

Peter s Mistake

I felt sharp needles stabbing me on my arms.

What s going on? I asked.

Ed was rubbing his head and then looked at me.

Peter . . . w-what am I doing out here?

I felt anger fest up inside me.

You kissed Rachel! That s what you were doing!

Me? No way! That s just gross! She s my best friend!

I watched you with my own two eyes!

Really? Cause the only thing I remember was Rachel saying that This Seifer guy might be after Meagan. I remember getting upset and then hearing a dark, sinister voice in my head.

What did it say?

It said it was all just a dream.

But it wasn t . . . was it?

No, I couldn t control my arms, legs . . . or anything for that matter. The only thing I still had were my thoughts, of cours