

Mefoklem

By Lerelik

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it seemed like a popular idea among the topic. therefore i take it under my wing and customize it. theres an actual summary (ummasrye) as chapter 0

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0 - Ummasrye

Okay, the idea i was talking about was that someone is a merperson. and DP obvioulsy was the topic.
so there. nuf said.
ahem here-

~UMMASRYE~

Something strange has been taking place in the Black Cove. Things mysteriously disappear, and other worldly things, reappear. But for what reason? And how?
Those are questions Sam is all too eager to answer. So she voyages into Black Cove alone to find the answer is more shocking than she had expected...

did i mention some of the things to disappear were people?

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(please stick around for more)

1 - Ovecev Egelesnsd

"Oh please." Sam Manson mumbled as she skimmed yet another tall tale in the news about something in the legendary Black Cove. She had been hearing these myths for nearly eleven years, and she had stopped believing them for about six. They had become unnerving and stupid. Now it was just an easy way to get your name in the paper, or an article or something.

This time someone in Shadowton (a city near the cove) had claimed to have seen a menacing creature while fishing out near the Black Cove. Many fishermen dared not go near the area seeing as how anything that did was either killed or stolen away into some unmistakable hell from which nothing of earth has ever returned. Not to say nothing ever came from the cove. Many "other-worldly" things washed up outside the territory every day or so. Though no one ever dared try and study them, only ponder them from a safe distance.

"This is getting really old." She said to herself as she continued walking down the paved paths of the city. She lived in Shill, a city neighboring Shadowton, only a few miles away from the Black Cove and the Triphium Lake it harbored in. She had grown up with these stories. Her own father used to tell them to her day and night. And she used to listen. But eventually she grew bored of the possibilities and wanted the facts directly. But one can never get facts easily in Shill. You always had to go looking for them by yourself. And most of the time never find them.

As Sam was walking she passed an alleyway but a block or so from her home. She heard excited mutterings coming from the trailing shadows and stopped to listen; knowing only too well what she would hear. "I swear! 'E 'ad ta be at least nine foot long!" Sam detested this man's tongue, it was very poor for someone in Shill. Meaning he wasn't from Shill. He had to be a sailor from Shadowton. Another voice chimed in over his, "Aw come now Raecher, you can't be serious?" she was relieved to hear the proper English of a Shillian. "Aye! But I am Robert! 'Ad ta be the biggest one I ever seen!" nails on a chalkboard to Sam's ears. "Please Raecher, a nine foot long fish? The very thing is unheard of, in both of our cities! What a tall tale to tell." She heard the man named Raecher chuckle. "Aye he did 'ave a tall tale could he stand on it!" several others joined him in a moment's laugh before letting him continue. "Robert ye don't open yur eyes to the possibilities! Ye n every oter Shillian I ever met." After that Sam found she had lost great interest in the subject and was soon walking home once more.

There was a rough crack of thunder in the distance as Sam was just reaching her front door. She heard the rain begin to pour from the east, and slowly travel west, becoming heavier the closer it got like a gradient of rain. Immediately after Sam shut the door behind her she could feel the rain pounding down on its wood. "Samantha! What was taking you? You and your father both, such a lack of respect for time! Well, aside from such, you seem to have beaten the rain, come in the kitchen and give me a hand." It was her mother, who was such a perfectionist it drove her mad. But she somehow found a way to love her mother anyway. Sam pulled off her coat and hung it on a metal hook protruding from the wall. Following her mother into the kitchen she began washing her hands as her mother commanded. (yea it's a snore fest just wait ok?)

"Sam, your father isn't home yet, would you know where he went off to?" Her mother asked randomly as

she pulled out a sharp knife. "No, he's usually home before I am." Sam muttered almost unheard. Her mother sighed. "Speaking of which he wanted me to ask you if you wanted to join him on his trip to Shadowton next week. Are you interested?" Her mother was straining the last bit. Sam and her mother both hated Shadowton, it was unappealing to them in many ways. But nonetheless, it was near the Black Cove and Sam had been aching to go there for a while. "Sure." She managed to say before her mother began hacking at the fruit before her. "Alright, I'll tell him when he gets home, which had better be soon." Her mother grumbled something else Sam was glad she had not heard.

im ending it here because this is boring and i need better ideas so there.