

Oh Dear III

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Aay and Patrick have been married eight months, and yet danger keeps on coming their way. Someone from Aay's past shows up, and this time, Aay's life will be in danger. What a way to ruin the Christmas season!

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1 - Prologue

Oh Dear III. :)

Eight months.

Eight months of living with Patrick. Eight months of married life.

So far, so good.

And I was very happy about that. Some bad things had happened during the eight months, like our horse ran away and it took about a week to find her, and, to my joy, we found out that the horse had ran away to give birth to two colts. But that was almost the only bad thing that came out good. Having moved into Patrick's house, winter had soon come, complicating it to get around.

The snow reached at least two feet, and it was hell trying to open the front door. The snow settled really packed down. And, it was frozen over by a layer of ice. Freezing rain had fallen and it was horrible and very, very cold.

And one of the colts hadn't survived it. For me, it was harsh, having fallen in love with them when I first laid my eyes on them.

A lot of our friends were struggling too with the snow. They had not at all experienced this in all their years of being in Varrock, having not snowed this heavily for at least a hundred years.

Lucky us, eh?

We had to watch our livestock and make sure that they were warm enough.

Right now, Patrick is trying to break through the ice to make a pathway for the door. It was sort of a pointless job, the path most likely going to be filled up in the next snowstorm. But, I thought, it has to be done. I finished eating our quick dinner and put on my coat and gloves. I headed out to help Patrick who kept on slipping on the ground and not succeeding very well.

So I started shoveling and slipped too. Pretty well, I might add.

Anyways, the house that Patrick had bought for me early when I arrived here was sold and Patrick and I have been discussing whether we should sell the house we are in now and move towards a more unpopulated place in Varrock.

Or just move altogether, to Falador or Edgeville. I was wary about moving far away from most of our friends. I think Patrick was aware of that too and was deciding against it.

Aay! Patrick! I heard someone call and found Blitzzer walking towards us.

Hey! Patrick shouted and stopped shoveling.

We're meeting over at Otaku's place to discuss the weather, he said. And a little break from all this shoveling.

I looked at the sky. We don't have much time. We need to finish this so we have a clear path to haul in firewood.

How much firewood? Blitzzer asked.

Patrick pointed to a medium sized pile of wood. Just about thirty to forty pieces of wood.

Blitzzer nodded. You're almost done shoveling, so you should get done in time. I'll get Calladus and we'll help you haul in the wood in no time. Thanks, I said and picked up the last piece of snow and dumped it to the side.

Soon all four of us were picking up the wood and bringing it inside. We had decided to bring in at least a

week's worth, because for all we know we could be stuck inside for a few days. We had been a little late on starting because of the lost horse, but we would make it in time.

Soon we were headed to Otaku's and all urging to get their hands on some hot chocolate or cider. I was aiming for the cider.

Heading into Otaku's large house, we all shivered took off our coats and immediately headed towards the fire to rub some life back into our hands.

Otaku came in carrying several cups of hot chocolate or cider and nodded her head in a greeting, also giving us a smile. Spirit and Webbuu should be arriving here soon. Nick Yang, Ozzy, Silver, Megamickel, Gopher and Jack had to leave early because they needed to get home to their families or to their livestock.

I nodded and reached for the cider. Pretty harsh weather, huh?

Yeah, Otaku said and put a strand of hair behind her ear. What could it mean? she asked nervously. What could it mean? Calladus repeated. I don't think it means anything.

Spirit nodded then shrugged. Yeah. The weather's just changing.

Where are Crimson and his friends? Patrick asked, taking a small sip of his hot chocolate.

They had to take a visit to Falador to get some supplies that weren't here in Varrock, Otaku said.

Ah.

So how the colt doing? Otaku asked me.

Oh, she's doing fine. She's looking much stronger than she was before, I answered.

You seemed quite attached to the other colt that died, Otaku said.

Patrick finished his drink and set it on the table. Yeah, he started. I was starting to think I was being replaced.

I punched him on the arm. You were not.

Patrick gave a grin and started to make his second cup.

Spirit started to put his jacket on. I'd love to stay, but I better head home. I don't want to be caught in the storm!

Calladus nodded. I think I'll go too. See you later, guys.

Otaku held up two fingers. Two of us are girls, for your information.

Spirit laughed. We hadn't noticed.

I stuck my tongue at him and they left. I then looked at Patrick. We better get ready to go too.

Yeah. Let me finish this first, Patrick said, blowing on his drink.

I nodded and took a sip of my own drink.

So& Otaku started to say. Anything interesting happen lately? she asked all of us.

Patrick and I shook our heads, Blitzer doing the same.

Oh! Blitzer gave a small shout. Has anyone seen Kid Mental?

Alarm sounded in my head and I looked from Otaku to Patrick.

Otaku shook her head and gave a sigh. He's most likely partying at Gopher's house. I'm sure he's fine.

Patrick nodded. Well, we better get going. Blitzer, you coming?

Sure. Thanks for the hot chocolate, Otaku! Blitzer said getting on his coat.

No problem, Otaku said. It's been hard on everyone, so I thought it would be refreshing.

It was, I said and opened the door. A light snow fall met us. See you, Otaku!

We said our good byes and walked home, saying goodbye to Blitzer who lived a bit ahead of us. In the house we went straight to build a fire and set our coats nearby to dry. I got a broom out to sweep the snow and bark that had come from the wood.

Patrick got a small dust wooden dust pan and helped me get all the crud into it. We worked silently and finished quickly.

Patrick, what do you suppose we name the colt? I asked him to break the silence.

Patrick stretched and started to change into his night clothes. How about Spot?

Spot.

Yeah, Spot.

She doesn't have a spot, I pointed out.

Patrick looked confused. She does on her forehead.

That's a star.

How about Star, then?

I shook my head. I don't know.

The colt was a light grey color, and actually I was pretty sure it was going to start getting small white spots. But still, the name wouldn't fit her.

Ok then? How about Grey?

Grey!? I stuttered out.

Patrick gave a small evil grin. Isn't that a good name?

You have absolutely no imagination, I declared laughing.

Patrick put on a small pouting act. I do too.

Then think of a name, I challenged him.

He sat down and rubbed his face. Finally, after awhile, he suggested, Winter.

Hmm. I thought about that. Ok, so I guess it doesn't sound exotic, but she was born in the winter and she is probably going to turn out a little white.

Patrick grinned. See? Told you I had some imagination.

I grinned back at him. Fine. Winter it is then.

We soon were ready for bed and thinking of how we'll make it through this weather and of other things, and we soon fell asleep.

The rest of the week passed by slowly, and thankfully our horses didn't suffer any from the cold weather. There had been some more deaths of livestock through Varrock, and we had heard that in Lumbridge many of the cows were lost. Some of the sheep, too.

Christmas was coming soon. Three weeks. I still hadn't decided what present to give to Patrick. Perhaps something made out of clay. I had been working on that skill and have quite improved. I've also been practicing my mage, and I could teleport small distances. Patrick, on the other hand, was still struggling. He just gave the excuse he's the melee type of guy. But, deep in his heart, he knows that he's just plain bad.

Though still hardly anyone could match his melee skills. His name was becoming known throughout the land, and so have mine, though not as popular. I didn't want the fame anyways. I don't think Patrick wants a lot of fame too. Our friends, too, also have their names known, for helping Patrick defeat Dav's clan. Kid Mental, of course, loved the fame and had all the more reason to party and celebrate. Twaksak and the people we knew living where Patrick's clan once was were probably doing better than us. I heard they had not gotten that much snow. After all the snow was gone, we were planning a vacation out in that direction to visit all of them again.

But, back on the weather, one night when we had been sleeping, two weeks from Christmas, we woke from a piercing scream. A neighbor lady had found her young teenage son that had come home from somewhere dead in the snow. He had frostbite badly on his feet and hands, and his hair began to have freeze.

Those neighbors had never been rich, and their son had run away from home, most likely having decided to come back because of the cold weather and he couldn't live by himself.

Patrick and I were very sticken because the boy had often went door to door selling their eggs before he had run away. He had been loud, but he was polite and had admired Patrick a little. I think Patrick knew the boy better than I did, for I noticed his sinking shoulders at the small funeral next day. I had asked

Patrick, and he had said he knew the boy because when Patrick would mine, the boy would hand out water to the miners. That was very unusual, Patrick said, and he would always have a good talk with the boy.

The boy's parents were not the best parents, the father and mother often getting into fights, and I wondered if one of their fights had provoked the boy to run away. It was a sad thing to think of.

Patrick soon recovered and Christmas was a week away.

But we had an unexpected visitor.

One, I might add, that I was *not* happy to see.

Surprise?

And I will be accepting no character submissions. I have enough already, thank you!!

Let's see how this goes. So far, I have four chapters written for this. I was planning on finishing before I put it up, but I might need to contact some people with questions about their character. I don't know. And... I just wrote this about 2 days ago, so... Yeah, all the people asking for an Oh Dear Ill got it! I hope it goes as well as the first two :)

2 - Christmas Thoughts

Oh Dear III

Chapter 1

One week till Christmas, and as I was walking through the narrow streets, I was still wondering what to buy for Patrick. Feh, this wasn't going to be easy. I had about 2,000 gold coins saved in the bank to buy for Patrick's present, for I was deciding whether or not to buy him some sort of special sword& But the problem was& he already had a good sword. A helmet?

No.

Shield?

No.

Shoes?

No.

Gold socks?

Hell no.

I giggled, thinking of gold socks. There probably wasn't such a thing, and it wouldn't be comfortable anyway. It would weigh him down a lot, too. Well, at least he'd get some exercise wearing them! But no, I had to stop thinking of that.

I had to be serious.

I walked into the clothing store and admired the new camouflage clothing in the window. Patrick never wore anything camouflage, and I bet it would look really nice with his black hair and blue eyes. So, I found a normal T-shirt in camouflage and bought his first present.

Onto the next store.

I noticed Megamickel, the leader of the Merchant's Guild, was selling some of his things in Varrock center, so I ran over to him and looked at his small booth. Let's see& necklaces, earrings, shirts& Is there anything to buy for a guy? I asked Megamickel after he was done selling a few gold necklaces to a young woman.

Hmm& Megamickel closed his eyes and rubbed his white beard. He then snapped his fingers and opened his eyes. I know! We have some very nice Rune Poison Tipped Daggers he might like.

I was afraid to ask the price, but I did.

As soon as I heard it though, I stepped back and shook my head. Scratching my head, I asked quickly, How about anything a lot less cheaper?

Megamickel nodded his head. Yup. He pulled out a long bow and handed it to me.

I ran my hands over the sleek wood and tested the string out. It seemed nicely well put together, and it was a possible present for Patrick. How much? I asked him. Patrick had a few bows, though he didn't quite use them that much, he still liked to have them.

Only about 1000 gold, Megamickel said.

The shirt cost about 30 gold, and I would have about 970 gold left to spend on Patrick. I should be able

to find some small things for him later on in the day, so I nodded my head. I'll take it, then.

Any arrows to go with it?

I decided no. I could make some in my extra time. I already had some put away that I could give him anyway. I'll just take the bow.

He handed me the bow and I headed off, giving Megamickel a note saying that I will pay him at the end of the day when I return the bow home and take a visit to the bank.

Later on, I found a nice mug and some expensive hot chocolate mix that was supposed to be the best around. Patrick seemed to like his hot chocolate. Walking into the bookstore, I also found a good adventure novel that he might like and a book on Saradomin, though I'm not quite sure if he would want that. I decided just to buy it for the both of us.

I noticed Nick Yang sitting in the bookstore staring seriously into his hot cider. I walked up and tapped him on the shoulder. How's it going?

Nick Yang looked up and shrugged. Same as always.

The Christmas time passing well for you?

Nick Yang nodded and took a sip.

I bit my lip, unsure of what to say. Well, I'll see you later, ok?

Nick Yang nodded again and went back to staring at his drink.

I sighed and went outside. I decided to head out to the bar to get a small snack, and also I had noticed a commotion there. I slipped past the people in the back and walked up to the front, well, squeezed up into the front.

And I recognized the voice of Kid Mental and Gopher.

It turned out they were having a beer drinking competition.

Oh joy.

Ozzy was also there, along with Webbuu who motioned for me to come over.

How long have they been going at it? I asked him.

Webbuu shrugged. I arrived here just a little bit before you.

I observed the scene. I say Kid Mental's going to win.

Gopher doesn't look too far behind him, though, Webbuu pointed out.

I nodded and walked to the bar tender, who was cleaning his glasses a bit nervously. He was scared that since they were so drunk, a fight could start out. But I don't think he needed to worry. They'd pass out soon. I asked for a hot cider and handed him the 2 gold.

Otaku then squeezed in the room and paled at the site of the two drunkards laughing and cursing each other out. She looked questionably at me and I just shrugged.

I sat down with Webbuu, as did Otaku, who ordered herself a small meal.

So how's it going with Patrick? Webbuu asked with a gleam in his eye.

It's going well, I answered.

Anything interesting happen? Webbuu asked.

No.

You sure?

I'm sure. Now, I looked harshly at him. Be quiet.

Webbuu laughed and turned to look at Kid Mental who was on his tenth round?

I sighed in sympathy for them. Their bladder would be going to be killing them later on. No doubt their liver either. Wouldn't they ever learn?

I put the bow over my shoulder and got up to leave. Tell me later who wins, ok? I got to finish shopping for Patrick.

Is that bow for Patrick? Otaku asked.

Yeah, and thankfully he'll be out until supper tonight so I have enough time to hide it. He and Crimson

had to go to East Varrock to look at the stocks there, I said, and then said goodbye to them. Otaku said she would be leaving when Kid Mental and Gopher passed out. She had a cart that she could get them home in. Webbuu had agreed to stay and help her.

Ok, so lets see& I have a shirt, bow and arrows, a mug, hot chocolate mix& what else should there be? He didn't need any more clothing and they didn't need any patching up, he had some of the best weapons&

Yeah, I think I was done. If I thought of something later on I would head out and buy it.

Then I remembered the bank and headed there to get the 1000 gold out and I went to pay off Megamickel.

Soon I headed home.

As expected, Patrick was still out and probably wouldn't be back for another hour or so. I stamped all the snow off from my boots and shook the snow of my jacket, and hung them up to dry. I then began to think of what to eat for dinner.

Then I remembered that Silver had been stuck at home with a fever. So I made up a quick hot soup and put back on my wet jacket and boots and once again headed out the door.

Silver, I heard, had been found laying very sick on the floor by Calladus who had brought some wood over. I heard earlier from Blitzter that she had been doing better and didn't need anyone to be over at her house at all times anymore and that visitors could be allowed.

I knocked on the door. Silver? It's Aay! With a hot bowl of soup that you might like!

I heard her say, Come in! and so I did, and slipped off my boots and headed over to where she was sitting at the table.

How you doing?

Silver rubbed her forehead. I'm feeling better, but I do have a killer headache right now.

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. I brought some soup over, but I'm afraid to ask if you've gotten some soup from other people already.

Yeah, I actually have, but thanks for the thought, she said and accepted my pot that I was holding out. I didn't quite know what else to make, I said and sat down.

Well, neither would I, Silver laughed. She pushed some loose black hair behind her ears. Is everything alright at home with Patrick? she asked with a tinge of worry in her voice.

Yeah& do you feel something bad is about to happen? I asked casually.

Not really, but I'd be careful, Aay.

I smiled and looked into her black eyes. It's Christmas time! What could happen?

Silver gave a small laugh. True.

We talked a little bit more, and then I looked outside. It was getting dark. I'd best be going.

Thanks for the soup and for visiting.

No problem! I said and slipped on my coat and waved goodbye. Soon I was headed out the door and headed home. I was guessing that Patrick should be back. I needed to hurry and fix some dinner, or we'd be stuck having leftovers again.

I opened the door and slipped off my boots. I noticed a black figure sitting at the table and guessed it was Patrick. Hey Patrick, I started to say as I was unbuttoning my coat. How did the trip to East Varrock go?

I hung up my coat and walked slowly up to the figure. I needed to turn on the light. Patrick, is that you? The light turned on, and I saw a cross bow pointed at my head.

I paled and gulped.

The green eyes. The red hair. The perfect figure. The piercing scowl.

Oh, *crap*&

3 - Dreaded Conversation

Oh Dear III

Chapter 2

Cussing wasn't like you, little sister, the figure commented and stood up, keeping the crossbow pointed at my head.

I didn't say anything. I just glared.

Now what's with the harsh look? Aren't you going to welcome your older sister home?

I thought you died.

For a time, I thought I had too.

Why'd you come here, Myla? I asked her.

Isn't it obvious? To visit my little sister: Aay.

I glared harder at her. Tell me the truth.

Myla sighed. I came here to warn you.

Warn or threaten?

She laughed. Think it any way you want to, she said, then became serious. I've rebuilt the Dark and Scarlet clan.

I gasped. What?

You heard me.

My fists clenched tighter and I looked down. Why?

To take over Runescape, of course, Myla said and walked to the window. You're doing well after the fight with Ragetti and Anton.

I looked up at her. You knew them?

Myla grinned. I'm the one who gave those blood-lusting people the idea to find the daughter of Dark and Scarlet and kill her.

What?! I yelled. It was your plan all along?

Yup. I had to point them in the wrong direction to get a head start on rebuilding the clan without having any obstacles in my way.

My friends and I could've died! I screamed at her.

That was the plan, dear, Myla laughed. But it didn't work.

I stepped closer. I was not armed with anything, but I felt my fists were enough, but I stopped when I felt the tip of the arrow against my forehead.

You married Dav's brother, Myla said out of the blue.

So?

And Dav is dead.

Yes. He is.

By the hands of his brother.

I sighed. Yes.

That is why I wanted you and Patrick to die.
I laughed. Need I remind you that Dav killed our father?
Our father was old and needed to be replaced anyway.
Its funny how all you people think about is power.
Myla pressed the crossbow harder into my forehead and I felt a little blood trickle down. Isn t that what you wanted, Aay? To be more powerful than us? Isn t that why you wanted to leave to gain more power here in Varrock?
Power was not in my line of thought, said. I was sick of power.
Hmph.
And I suggest you leave, Myla, or you ll be arrested.
Patrick s coming home soon, isn t he?
I didn t say anything.
Don t worry, I m not afraid to fight that man. He may have defeated Dav, but I was always the better fighter than Dav.
Something clicked in my head. You loved Dav, didn t you?
Myla s face crumpled down into a darker scowl. Of course I did. But you kept on stealing him away from me.
I hardly knew him.
Yes, yes you did, Aay, Myla said. Don t you remember that boy that used to follow our father anywhere?
I nodded slightly.
That, my dear, was Dav.
It made sense. I was a kid then, though.
But he took care of you!
I didn t object to that. Yes, he had helped me once, when I had gotten a beating from my father.
And when we were a couple in his last few weeks in the living, I heard that he had found my dear little sister and was trying to win her heart.
Well, he didn t.
I heard he kissed you.
I sighed again. Jealousy was so evil. I punished him for that.
Myla didn t say anything, then sighed. Aay, the Dark and Scarlet clan will attack Varrock Christmas morning.
What?
Give yourself up to us and we won t attack Varrock.
What!?
I m serious. We will kill every single man, woman, even children.
I growled. You can t do that!
We can. And we will.
I heard the door open and I knew Patrick was home.
Sounds like your hubby is home. Decide, Aay, and meet us at our old house deep in the wilderness on Christmas, at dawn. If you are not there by that time, we will head to Varrock.
I growled.
Aay? I heard Patrick call from the front room.
Ja, Myla said and turned to the window. She jumped through, glass shattering everywhere.
Myla! I screamed and jumped out after her. I won t let you get away!
I felt an arrow skim pass my arm.
Don t follow me! I heard her growl.

Like I'd do that, I muttered and picked up a long broken piece of glass and sprinted after her. Aay! I heard Patrick yell and a sword being pulled from its sheath. I soon heard him following me, but I had to stay focused on Myla. I soon gained upon her and was running almost right beside her. I leaped and made a grab for her legs, succeeding in catching her foot and making her fall. I got up and put the piece of glass to Myla's neck. Stop, Myla, I gasped out. Goodbye Aay, she said casually and looked behind me. I gasped and turned around to see a big man holding a sword. I felt the hilt meet with my head and I saw darkness. I felt my body crumple on Myla and pushed off of her, and their footsteps went off into the distance. I lost consciousness.

XxXxXxXx

I groaned and opened my eyes, then immediately closed them again. Myla! Myla! Where was she? I forced my eyes open and looked around. I was in my room and I could smell my scented candles. I shot up and then held my head.

Aay? I heard Patrick say. I felt his hand on my shoulder. I realized my head was wrapped in bandages and needed to be changed. My hand a tiny smudge of blood on them. I then turned to him. Where's Myla?

Myla?
I turned away. My sister, Myla.
Your sister?

I bit my lip. I wouldn't tell him. I still had about a week to think this all out. She paid me a visit. She wasn't a very good guest, Patrick either joked or spoke seriously, I couldn't tell.

I shook my head. Why does this always happen to me?
Patrick laughed. I'll admit, you've had your share of injuries.

I laid back down. How much will the window cost?
Patrick looked at the window which was covered with a blanket. He looked back at me. Don't worry about that now, Aay. Just sleep.

I need to fix dinner.
He laughed. It's already done. I just heated some of the leftovers.
Pooey. So we would have leftovers after all. I'll think I'll snooze a little before I eat, I murmured and closed my eyes.

All right.
I think I think this was going to be one of my worst Christmas's ever and no matter of what I did. It's either give myself up, or fight against the clan. Either tell Patrick, or not to tell Patrick about it.
That was the question.

Soooo Aay is deciding whether or not to leave in secrecy. Should she do that or talk to the king about it and plan it all out? Or will she do more?

4 - Plans

Oh Dear III

Chapter 3

Eating the last of my potatoes, I put it aside and stretched and stood up from the bed. I had slept till morning and breakfast had been served. Patrick had just taken the leftovers from last night and heated them this morning. We needed to get rid of them anyway.

And I know Patrick was curious about what happened last night.

And I had decided to tell him about it. We would report the incident with Myla to the King and see what we would do.

I walked out and saw Patrick putting some more wood on the fire. He glanced up and gave a grin. Glad to see your up, he said.

I nodded my head. Did we have the snowstorm as predicted last night?

No, but we did get some more snow. It's still at least two to three feet in some places. I've cleared a small path outside already and people have already started to clear the road.

I sat down. I suppose your curious what happened last night.

Patrick rubbed the grime off his hands and sat down next to me. More than curious& worried. When I heard the glass break and after a wild goose chase, finding my wife passed out on the ground? Not a very good picture.

I'm sorry. I just didn't want her to get away.

I heard a little bit of what your sister said right as I got through the door, Patrick said. He clenched his fists. Like I'd let you give yourself up!

I closed my eyes and leaned against the chair. I won't. And I know you wouldn't let me.

What do you plan to do?

Myla has rebuilt the Dark and Scarlet clan, I stated. I'll need to report to the king.

She rebuilt& Patrick wandered off and rubbed his eyes.

Yes. She told me that she was going to attack Varrock on Christmas morning.

Is their clan big enough?

I shook my head. I don't know.

Patrick stood up. We need to report this now.

I started to undo the bandages on my head. Alright.

Why does your sister want you to give yourself up? Patrick asked as he was putting on his jacket.

If I do, they won't attack Varrock.

It's probably just a trick. After they have you&

They'll probably kill me and attack Varrock anyway, I finished for him. I got some new bandages it and started wrapping my head again. It was no longer bleeding, but it was still a little nasty.

Patrick came over and started to wrap it for me. I wouldn't let them, he said silently.

He finished wrapping and I turned around to face him. I know, I said, and leaned up to give him a small

kiss. And I thank you for it.

Soon we were headed to the king. The snow had mostly been put to the side, so it was easier to walk. We waved to Otaku who was shoveling the last bit of snow in front of her house, and I had kept my hood over my head to hide the bandage over my head. No need for questions yet.

The castle was the same as ever, and when we were let inside, we found the king in his library poring over some old document.

King Roald, Patrick said, and he gave a bow.

I followed suit with a curtsey.

Sir Patrick and Lady Aay! What a lovely surprise! the king said and stood up. What s the matter?

The Dark and Scarlet clan has been rebuilt, I said bluntly.

The King took a step back. What? How?

My sister, who was presumed dead, has been alive all this time. She was the one who rebuilt the clan.

Myla, wasn t it? King Roald asked.

Yes.

How do you know this? the king asked.

I hesitated before I spoke. Myla& visited me last night. She threatened to attack Varrock on Christmas morning.

Attack& Varrock? the king stuttered. How can she ever find an army so big? Varrock is the largest city around here for miles!

I cannot say how she will do it, for I do not know.

Is there any way out of this?

Myla want s me to meet up with her at dawn on Christmas morning.

Ah& the king rubbed his head. We have to come up with some sort of& plan.

Patrick took a step forward. Do you think we should meet them in battle head on?

No, I don t believe so, the answered and looked at me. Lady Aay, are you willing to risk your life?

Patrick looked at me and I looked at the ground. Yes. The clan must be destroyed.

The king nodded his head. This is what we will do. Patrick, you must gather your friends that fought with you in the previous battles. Each of them, and some in pairs, will be put in charge of a portion of my army. Aay, you go ahead and meet up with your sister.

What? Patrick said quite loudly.

I m still explaining. Patrick, you and five other friends will follow Aay about a legion apart. Aay, where are you supposed to meet your sister?

At& at our old house, deep in the wilderness. It ll take about two full days to get there.

Alright. I ll have that portion of the wilderness scouted so there won t be anyone to encounter you. The wilderness these days are starting to get dangerous.

I nodded my head, a sick feeling starting to rise in my stomach. The wilderness& I shivered.

The plan will be to capture them in surprise. Aay, I have no clue what they will do to you. You must be prepared to fight with your life.

I had a feeling what my sister was going to make me do. She was going to plan the war, and make me squirm by watching the bloodshed. I didn t want to go through what I had to go through in my childhood.

While I walk through the wilderness, I ll leave marks on the trees so Patrick and the others know where to go to, I said.

Fine. Lady Aay, Sir Patrick, I want you to go recruit your friends and bring them here. We will get this all worked out as soon as possible. And, the king said, On Christmas day, expect a war. Our present will be the defeat of the Dark and Scarlet clan.

Patrick and I nodded our heads and turned to leave.

We headed to Otaku s first.

Can you go through with this, Aay? Patrick said quietly. He slouched and put his hands in his pockets. Yes, I believe I can. I need to find out all that is happening. Maybe she doesn't have a big clan.

She probably does.

We knocked on Otaku's door, and she opened it and smiled, but the smile faded when she probably saw the grim look on our faces. What's the matter?

Otaku, we are recruiting all that helped defeat Dav and Ragetti, Patrick said.

Why? she asked and started to pull on her coat.

We'll tell you when all of us are together.

Otaku followed us silently, and it took about an hour to get everyone. Soon Blitzer, Spirit, Calladus, Megamickel, Jack, Webbuu, Ozzy, Nick Yang, Crimson, Lta, and Greenwolf were following us. Last was Kid Mental and Gopher, who were probably working off a hangover. Silver soon caught up with us, who looked a little better from her sickness.

What's this? Gopher asked and opened the door wide.

We'll explain it at the King's office, I said.

Gopher rubbed his head. But I've got a

hangover, we know, Otaku said and crossed her arms. Come, *now*.

Gopher shrank back and began to put on his coat.

Kid Mental had immediately opened the door and handed a beer to Patrick to hold for him as he was putting on his coat. Party? he asked, grinning.

Patrick handed back the beer. Just follow, he said.

Kid Mental nodded and we headed back to the castle.

What about Twaksak, Tigerlilly, and Sara? I asked Patrick. Would he want them too?

I assume so. We'll just ask when we get there, he answered.

We arrived and brushed the snow off our shoulders. The king's servants showed us into a large room with many chairs. We all sat down and everybody behind us looked at one another, wondering what was going on.

The King cleared his throat. Greetings. Sir Twaksak, Lady Tigerlilly and Lady Sara will be here shortly. Until then, I will not say anything.

When will they get here? Blitzer asked.

Don't they live a long way away? Spirit commented.

The King probably sent people who could teleport that distance in a jiffy.

The king nodded. Yes. I sent my best wizards over there to get them. And the king looked at the purple light surrounding in the room. Here they are.

A tall wizard tipped his hat to us and departed out the door. Twaksak and the girls grinned when they saw us, and sat down.

The wizard looked serious when he told us we had to report to Varrock, Tigerlilly said.

Yeah, Sara agreed. What's happening?

Lady Aay, will you explain? the king asked me.

I nodded my head.

So, I explained, and watched the faces pale around me. Oh, were they happy about all this.

When I was done, Otaku shook her head. So Myla was alive after all, huh?

What about her mother? Jack asked.

I have no clue if my mother is alive or not, I said.

The king stepped forward. Aay will be heading out by herself. I have chosen Spirit, Calladus, Otaku, Blitzer, and Webbuu to go with Patrick to follow Aay about a legion apart. When Aay has arrived, they will look around and spy for us. Blitzer and Calladus, your job is to go back and to report to us. Spirit,

Calladus, Otaku, Webbuu, and Patrick will find a way to get Aay out. Meanwhile, the rest of you will be in charge of a part of my army. You will slowly surround the clan and have a surprise capture. If this all goes well, there will be no bloodshed.

But do not expect that, the king finished.

We all nodded.

I also want Patrick and his group to take out the scouts for the clan. Capture them and bring them back, Blitz and Calladus. We might be able to squeeze some information out of them.

Oi! Kid Mental shouted. I have a question.

Speak, then.

It seems like your having all the people that defeated Dav and the clan go with Patrick, except for me!

The king scratched his head. Well&

Well, so I was wondering that I should be allowed to go! Kid Mental said.

Fine. But you will not be allowed to bring any alcohol. Your life is on the line when your with Patrick and his group. Are you willing to fight?

Kid Mental leaned back and lifted his right hand, which had four Mithril daggers in it. Me n me daggers are ready, King.

I turned to Patrick. Is this Kid Mental? He just agreed to not bring any beer.

When a friend or a loved one is in danger, a person can change, Aay, Patrick said.

I leaned back. Yeah, I guess so.

Patrick and I discussed with the people about the risk of spying on the clan. The rest of our friends went with the King to discuss what portion of the army they would get.

I know it was sort of hard to press all this information down on all them at once, and especially on Christmas. But most of them seem to accept it, and took it very seriously. For that, I was very grateful towards them.

Very grateful.