

Forgotten Twins.

By Sarah_K_O_M

Submitted: January 16, 2006

Updated: January 16, 2006

A fanfiction of why did the Sacrificial Abyss NEED the Rituals, and what it's real purpose was...

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Sarah_K_O_M/26644/Forgotten-Twins.

Chapter 1 - Character Introduction.

2

1 - Character Introduction.

Forgotten Twins.

Well, I was reading some Fatal Frame II fan fiction and listening to Chou when the inspiration for this story hit me in the brain like a steel mallet. So... here goes!

Disclaimer: I don't own Fatal Frame, just my characters and this idea.

Summary: Set in the modern day.

Two 16 year old African/Greek twins (Orphans), Rosa and Rosalind, are wandering through the woods where there is said to be a lost village. Exhausted, they finally flop down for a nap under a tree. However, when they wake up, things are not as they were...

“Burned on, Burned on. The inerasable scars left by the palms of my hands. Sever a rift in the red-stained clouds with my torn wings. See, I can flutter better than you thought!” Rosa sang at the top of her voice as they wandered through the leafy path, worn into the ground by the wind. Rosalind pushed her, rolling her amethyst coloured eyes at her little sister “Shut up, alright, that song is giving me the creeps.”

Rosa simply grinned and sang louder, her voice echoing through the trees.

To look at, the two Lionheart twins were identical in face and body. Their hair, midnight black, straight and reaching their curved waists easily, framing their glittering violet eyes. Their bodily proportions were evenly matched and they were roughly the same height, give or take a centimeter. When they were calm their walk was usually graceful and dreamy, as if their minds did not occupy the slender frames that were their bodies, but away in the clouds, dreaming...

In mind and soul, they were complete opposites. Rosa, the younger by ten minutes was always smiling, laughing and dancing. A wild spark dwelt in her soul and reflected in her bright eyes. This gaily manner

was befitting as she was born 5 minutes before midnight.

On the other hand, Rosalind was darker, more solemn than her bubbly sister. Rosalind was the oldest by ten minutes, and had almost died during her first year of life. This had given her a quiet but fierce disposition; she would never instigate, but would finish the argument with much vigour. Her gothic nature was a reflection of her birth in the midnight hour.

“ROSA!” Rosalind yelled “Would you quit singing and walking ahead? A girl went missing here once!”

“Oh yeah,” Rosa giggled “Mad Mio's sister, that's why they never built that dam, right?”

Rosalind nodded “Everyone was afraid that they'd be cursed by the wood ghosts. Daft if you ask me.”

Rosa nodded, humming merrily, then yawned. “Aww... Rosalind, let's just rest, OK? We've been walking for two hours now. I think I'm getting blisters now.”

Rosalind frowned “Now, look, we're nearly there.”

“Pweeeze?” Rosa gave her sister the puppy dog eyes look. Rosalind sighed, “Fine.” She threw down the two bags that held the girls few possessions then flopped onto the forest floor. Rosa cuddled up to her sister, her eyes closing already.

Just before sleep claimed them, Rosalind said drowsily “Look, butterflies, Crimson butterflies...” her eyelids closed.

The butterflies fluttered around the girls like a cloud of blood, as if warning them to leave. But the beat of their soft wings were not enough to wake the girls from their slumber...

Where All Gods Village had once stood, it stood no more. In its place there was now a chasm of seething evil, of Malice. The world of All God's had become nothing but a collection of images floating above the Abyss, between these images was naught but an endless darkness.

Around the Abyss was the only substantial area. Jagged cliffs surrounded it, red flashes emanated from

the chasm. And the souls that had once been free, had left eternal damnation, were in chains, bound to serve the Malice, to feed it pain from their suffering, to keep it alive. Until the last Sacrifice could be made. One last set of twins. And the Abyss's purpose could be filled.

On a small precipice over looking the Abyss there was a camera. An antique, and beside it, was a slip of paper. The paper bore just a few words.

“Use it wisely, my dears.”

In letters of red so dark, it may have been written in blood.

Well, yeah, so please do review if you would. No flames, or I shall just laugh at you.