

Those little bits...

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I occasionally come up with little bits of literature that fit into my stories, but I have no idea how to incorporate them or the necessity is already filled.

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0 - Notes

These are small situations I dream up. Little things that I have no idea what to do with but sound cool or I want to save them because I think I can incorporate them, just not yet.

Here's the system:

- 1) You can read all the chapters, but only ones that have the same beginning (before the first /) are related to each other.
- 2) A /Part is a continuation of an /Arc (see below)
- 3) An /Arc 2+ occurs after the same events that preceded it. For example, a 'StoryXXX/Part3' would use the same preceding events as 'StoryXXX/Part3/Arc2'. However, the events that occur in the 'invisible' /Arc1 are going to be different than /Arc2.

1 - In Media Rez

"So tired...so freaking tired..."

Why is your life force so low?

"Chaos finally claimed my brother...couldn't you tell?"

I can just sense him now...you've kept him cloaked, like yourself.

"Funny, you've been able to see me just fine." She smiled softly, panting, sitting against a tree.

So you spent your life force getting your brother to come back. You normally watch your life force better.

...

You also regenerate it faster...

"Funny thing happens when you get near death - it's all the harder to rise out of it. But you already know that, don't you Andy?"

''

"I can tell...I only have a few days left before my body will reject my spirit."

What are you going to do until then?

"Protect my brother? He doesn't really need it at this point - his reflexes are still heightened from our battle. In all honest opinion...I don't really know. Maybe I would have something left if I never ran into the Brigade...maybe it would have happened anyways. But now...I'm nothing. I serve no purpose."

Everyone serves a purpose at all times. Sometimes they just cannot see it.

...

What was it like in the Brigade? You've mentioned it quite a bit for the past three years, in the times that you've come here.

"It was...like any other power. Wanting to grow, and to conquer to achieve that goal. The rules were strict, but near impossible and contradictory to follow at all times. I always thought it the right thing to follow and to encourage...but order is not always the right choice. Sometimes chaos is better. Maybe my judgment is biased, being that humans are naturally half and half." She panted again, leaning against the tree.

”

"I can remember my first encounter with the Brigade...And it was longer than three years ago..."

(Enter flashback)

2 - Rainbow Finale

"Well, we've gotten all seven tokens. What next?" I turned towards my partner, Aleios. She was breathing heavily from our battle. Our rival was slumped on the ground, his gear gray from losing all its energy.

Picking up Aleios, I walked to Sven. I offered him a hand. He looked up at me with hatred in his eyes. "You don't have the strength to handle all those energies. You're weak, just like your pet. I don't even understand how you won. I clearly should have been the victor."

I stepped back slowly. He did not want my help. I turned and shuffled away. I could see where the land was harmed from our fight, various signs of fire, water, electricity, wind, shatter, acid, and various other disturbed landmarks showing in the small field. Holding up my gear, all seven lights along it were on, the purple one flashing like it always does when Aleios is out.

I stroked her body, carrying her softly to a river so I could clean her cuts. My parents would never let her into the house, the giant three foot purple crossbreed between a ferret and fox. Stumbling to a stream, I finally laid down her body and ran water over her cuts. She groaned softly from my efforts, but did not resist as I helped her clean up. Finally, deeming her healed as best as I could do at that point, I recalled her into my gear.

Taking a second glance at my gear, I opened it. Scrolling through all the options, which were in a completely alien language, I finally got to my "collections" area. Fire, shatter, electricity, wind, water, animal, and acid were shown on my screen. Quite fittingly, they were shown in a ring which was fully colored, from red to pink.

Then my gear pumped. Which generally means that I am being formally challenged. But if everyone else was beaten...who was left? Switching to my battle mode, I went into the selection screen to choose whichever elements or tools I needed...then the gear went blank. After about a minute, it looked like it was rebooting. When it was finally at the screen I recognized, it started scrolling through menus and options all by itself, faster than I could catch it. It pumped again, this time out of my hands. A rainbow orb appeared around it...all of the elemental tools formed around me. Armor, sword, shield, visor, toolbelt, and knuckle, along with Aleios. But Aleios was clearly not herself - she looked dumb. Me on the other hand...every moment spent in the full armor was pain. It was the pain of energy, like Sven said. I couldn't wield it. My muscles tensed, I curled up. I could just barely see the gear through the visor, which was running information over itself. The gear absorbed the orb, shifting into a bracer that overlaid the armor's bracer, then eventually formed onto it.

I couldn't maintain my link to my surroundings. I retreated inside myself - into the darkness, where I could not see the components of light.

3 - Rainbow Finale/Part2

I finally drifted out of the darkness. I was no longer in pain. I was warm, and felt a wee bit floaty...

Opening my eyes, I found out why.

There were cables hooked under my skin, holding me in place as I floated in a liquid-filled glass tube. I couldn't see far beyond the thick glass. I swam to the edge of the tub and knocked on the glass. I got no response. I tried lifting my hand to my face, but the cables restrained me. I swam back to the center and tried it again. There was a breathing device of some sort over my mouth. The cables were probably keeping me alive for now. Then I noticed I was completely nude except for my newly-transformed gear.

All the quiet solitude collapsed as various sirens went off. Outside, I could see lights flashing. I clasped my hands over my ears and shut my eyes, curling into a ball. They faded and I fell asleep again.

The next time I awoke, there was a figure outside the glass. I think I startled him as I swam towards him, as he walked away from the glass until I couldn't see him. A few moments later, the liquid started to drain away. I sank to the bottom, the cables still connected to my body. When all the liquid was gone, the glass lowered. The figure approached me again as I was shivering.

Are you the tournament winner?

The first thing I noticed about him was that he was not human - only about three feet tall, the figure walked on two legs and had no arms. The skin was brown, but a greyish brown. I was startled by the use of telepathy. I shook my head and said "What?" The figure looked at me, sending waves of what felt as confusion and sunk its head. Snapping its head up a few minutes later, it grabbed my wrist with his mind. Prodding its way through the gear on my arm, it got to the 'Collections' screen again. That's when I noticed it had a gear too, except where I would wear a belt. His gear was green - the toolbelt's color, and the color of wind.

You are the tournament winner. And you started off with indigo...It's about time! I leapt backwards, startled at the tone. The creature grabbed my sleeve with its mind and started dragging me towards one of the walls as I stumbled after it. A door I hadn't seen before opened, and I could feel a draft. I hid behind the wall, outside of the door. Again, it sent those confused waves at me again and sunk its head.

We must go. No one will care if you are undressed. I can bring you to clothes.

I growled at it, thinking I'd rather be home than on this insane little side trip.

No side trip. You stay and help us.

I glanced at it, surprised. Then it dawned on me...

Yes, I 'read minds'. We must go! I get you bed and food and other necessities.

Finally, mulling it over, I peeked into the hallway. Seeing no one there, I walked out. I still felt embarrassed by doing this. The three footer merely jogged down the corridor ahead of me. I had no choice but to follow. It went up a flight of stairs, then another. Finally, stopping at a doorway, it waited for me to get there.

Your room. Get dressed. Meeting soon.

I looked at the creature like it was out of his mind. But, seeing no other options other than getting lost, I went through the doorway and explored the room. The 'bed' was naught more than what looked like a blanket on the floor. However, I was able to find my clothes...which stunk of pee. Ewwww.

I turned around and saw other clothes in a niche in the wall. Definitely uniforms. I grabbed one and unfolded it. I could tell it would fit me - a black short sleeve shirt underneath a lightweight purple vest. The shorts went to about midthigh and would stretch. I found socks and sneakers underneath the sets of uniforms, along with undergarments. I pulled the uniform on, as I was shivering. Stretching, I went to explore what else was in the room. I found a sink and shower, so I drained my hair of as much water as I could get out. No towels. I sighed.

We must go now. Meeting soon. The figure had walked into my room. Confused, I walked over to it.

"What's going on? Who are you? Or rather, WHAT are you?"

I am Guelos, a Mitrion. The events will be explained at the meeting. It left the room, going down the hallways. I followed.

4 - LoZ: Dawning Era

**Note: 'Connect' is the name I'm substituting for 'Link'. 'Zelda' will be 'Adlez', and 'Ganondorf' will be 'Donan'. If I change their names later on, just tell me.*

"Come on, Connect! You're not sick today! Let's go outside!" Irnia tugged on Connect's white, ragged sleeve, half-pulling the blond boy out of his bed. The boy - almost a man now - rubbed sleep from his blue eyes while yawning.

"It's a beautiful summer day, and you're going to laze about all day? You do that when you're sick...Let's go down to the springs! I'll meet you there!" Irnia tugged him one last time, smiling, then left the hut.

Connect finally stood up, stretching. Digging through a chest, he found a green tunic in the style favored by his villagers and pulled on some pants. Grabbing his pack with medication in it, he strolled outside. Various people called to him, shopkeepers and customers alike. He smiled and returned their greetings with a wave.

Walking into the woods, he slung his pack lightly over his shoulder, breathing deeply. He pushed his way through the thick undergrowth, until he finally came to the spring. Irnia was already there, splashing around in her tunic, laughing. Connect's eyes twinkled from the water reflecting off the water.

She turned and saw him and waved him over. Connect dropped his pack and pulled off his tunic. He walked through the shallow water and swam towards her.

"Took ya long enough!" She splashed him. He raised his arms in defense and splashed lightly back. "I thought you got lost or something. We haven't been here for, what, five years? Not since you started getting ill. Remember, we'd always hang out here." Irnia leaned back, doing a backfloat. Connect continued to tread, but headed back to the water where he could sit and stay above. Concerned, Irnia swam over.

"What's wrong?" She asked. He coughed a little. Irnia quickly turned herself to a kneeling position. "Are you sick?" He shook his head. Leaning his head back, he took a deep breath. He smiled at her and waved weakly.

She sat down, her legs curled against her chest. "It was really bad...seeing you like that...for all those years...you were always sweating, crying...delusional...now, you're robbed of your voice...your body is still slightly weak from spending all those days indoors. Every once in a while, your sickness wouldn't be as bad, you'd eat with the clan. No one has gotten what you have...actually, no one's been sick since you got sick." She looked up at the bright sky. "Are you finally cured for good now?" she murmured, almost soundlessly.

Connect reached over and laid a hand on her shoulder. He tilted his head, a soft smile on his face. He stood up, offering her a hand. He nearly fell over as she pulled herself up, but she straightened him. They laughed and left the spring after Connect got his pack and tunic, dripping water through the forest.

Two goblins rushed them while they were on their way back home. Irnia squeaked in fear and half-jumped. Connect looked back and forth between the goblins and Irnia before he charged at the goblins. However, his weakened body caused him to trip over one of the many tree roots and fall. Rubbing dirt from his eyes, he saw one goblin approach him with a club while the other held the squirming Irnia. The one on the far side, after looking over Irnia, grunted. The one with the club held out his empty hand, palm up.

Irnia screamed, "Bandits! Help! Help!" Her goblin whacked her across the back of her head and she slumped, unconscious. Connect scrambled up, trying to tell the goblins that he had no money, but all that came out was a cough. The goblin with the club, impatient, raised his weapon. Connect tried to fight off the bandit, but was knocked in the head by the club. The last thing he saw before the world went black was unconscious Irnia being hoisted over the shoulder of the goblin that knocked her out.

5 - Zephyr

"Sir, we need some of that green water. It's the only way we'll be able to capture him."

Dad turned towards a squad leader that just walked into the room. "Fine, you have permission." He turned back towards me. Our chess set was sitting on the table. He was winning. 'Course, when you're as good as strategy and tactics as him, I'm guessing chess becomes a tad too easy. But I've been studying. I'll beat him some day.

I sighed. "The game isn't going anywhere. Do your thing." He smiled at me, turned back towards the squad leader, and both jogged out. I pulled my hands behind my head, examining 'the guest room'. It's pretty much where people hang out when their family visits. Today was supposed to be 'our' day, but the whole building is like an overturned beehive.

I twirled some of my shoulder-length black hair with my finger. The room was designed more with young children in mind, not thirteen-year-olds. The brightly painted walls were enough to give anyone a headache.

Dad's job, besides running the building, was also distribution of supplies, which included chemicals that could only be used under his instructions. He had to supervise the usage of 'the green water'. Interesting discovery, actually. The stuff is liquid when there is a lot of it, but as the layer gets thinner, it becomes extremely sticky. It's also slightly acidic.

I walked over to the bookshelf. Again, designed with six-year-olds in mind, the books were low level reading. I heard a large explosion outside the facility, so I peeked my head out of a window to look for the trouble. I could see debris sitting somewhere between our building and the prison. Someone must have broken out again...

6 - Zephyr/Part

"Aw, f***!" A nail...nailed me across the cheek. I could see them approaching the building. Dad was on the ground, along with the squad he took with him. The prison breakers were approaching the downed squad, carrying fun things, like guns and grenades.

Must have stolen them from the prison's defense room. That meant the prison squad was out...and that meant that I was the only one here standing for the base.

...WHY ME?

I stepped out from the sheet of rock I was hiding behind. I think the criminals took a double take. Some of them even doubled over in laughter.

"ey! Look a the girl! She thinks she 'an stop us? Wi' what? 'er purse?" They all joked. My dad wasn't even stirring. All of them, knocked unconscious. I sighed and raised my hands into the air, creating an X with my body. They laughed, calling me many things, including renames for prostitute. Of course, they didn't know. Good thing no one would see me doing this.

I jerked my hands, quickly and using a lot of strength, diagonal to the ground, shouting "Crosswinds!". Then I swept my left hand across my feet. The effect was devastating.

Two gales, going in opposite directions surrounded the approaching men, forming a wall of wind. Another current of air brought dust from the battlefield into the tornado, making it impossible to see. I threw myself at the ground and crawled back behind the rock slab. These guys weren't trained - they were going to fire at random outside the dust storm to try to hit anything that could harm them.

I gestured at one of the barrels of green water, flicking my finger at the tornado. The barrel went flying, breaking when it hit the tornado, and spreading its contents into the center of the whirlwind. I could hear the men screaming, the acid burning some of their nerves. I twirled my finger, stopping the whirlwind and flicked away, carrying away the dust. Peeking over, I could see the men stuck where they were. Many of them had dropped their guns into the sticky mess. To the ones that hadn't, I pulled another wind to knock the guns out of their hands. One of them sighted me though. I heard him pull the trigger, aimed right for my head.

I don't really understand what happened. The bullet didn't hit me. It was knocked away by the air, which would have been normal if I was telling the wind to take shape. But I hadn't enough time to tell it to deflect the bullet. I guess it was reflexes...though I don't think my abilities are connected with adrenaline.

Anyways, the guns were eventually tugged out of their hands, where they were smashed against the ground. I went over to Dad, and tried to rouse him. When he didn't wake, I tried the other men. One of them was able to get up, groaning as I assisted him off the ground. We carried the squad into the building and fixed up the various cuts they had received.

When we were done, I leaned against the wall, nursing a massive headache and fatigue. The usage of my abilities had drained me more than I thought. Some of the men were waking up, so I finally dragged myself back to my room and spread out on the carpet, curling up into a ball so I could rest.

7 - LoZ: Dawning Era/Part 2

Connect became conscious again much later - it was nighttime. There was a harvest moon, so the sun could not have set too long ago. Turning around, he tried to get his bearings back, but soon got dizzy again. He sat down amidst the forest turf and tried calming down. After some time, he got back up and started staggering through the trees, using them for support.

He tried to find his way back to the village, but he had only walked between the town and spring during daylight. He never really stayed out after dark on the days he'd been well. Connect finally found his way to somewhere he recognized - the spring. His breathing was labored from his effort. He collapsed on the sand, too tired to stand. Struggling to get back up, he collapsed and fainted, his hands trailing in the water.

You...

Do you consider yourself a hero? You cannot possibly get her back in the state you're in, and yet you go after her anyways.

Do you consider yourself the strongest? Fighting off all restrictions on your body and struggling onwards.

Do you consider yourself the smartest? Knowing that you must return and warn your village of the bandits before sneaking after the girl.

Choose.

...I see. None of the above? Then why keep going? Unless she has something of yours, but then you'd still risk facing bandits.

No? You go...because you care for her. That is your only reason?

...Well, you don't stand much of a chance unless you are armed. Take this then if you're going after those goblins. Show me the courage that lies in your hands.

8 - Zephyr/Part #2

"She's waking up, sir!"

"Come on sweetie..."

I slowly opened my eyes and blinked. I was in the guest room. My dad was leaning over me, a regular soldier nearby. I grunted softly and waved him out of my face. "What's the deal with the prison breakers? Don't they know that they're supposed to stay behind bars?"

Drily, Dad commented, "They wouldn't be called prison 'breakers' if they stayed in."

A smiled weakly and went to sit up, but strong dizziness overcame me and I collapsed back down. I kept my eyes closed.

"Sir..."

"I know. But she's just a girl, and she's hurt at that. She's in no state for interrogation."

I opened my eyes again, thinking *Interrogation?* "What's going on Dad? I thought everyone was safe."

He turned his face toward me. "Honey...you were caught on camera."

Right. The whole base is surround by cameras, especially near the entrances.

Dam*.

"Oh."

He smiled. "Yeah. 'Oh.' I didn't even know you could do that."

I closed my eyes again. "I've been able to control the winds for a little over a year now. And no, I don't know how; I don't know why. But the researchers will still cross-examine me and see what makes me tick. Wonderful."

I heard Dad turn back towards the soldier. "She's in no condition right now. Give her some time." The soldier rustled as he left. "Sweetie..."

"I know."

"If I could stop this, I would. But our research team is what lead us to the green water. I'm sure they won't harm you unless you don't cooperate."

At this I grunted. "They're researchers - the last biodiscovery was before I was born. They probably won't

be used to something living in their hands." I was swiftly getting tired again. I curled up into a ball. The last thing that I felt before everything was dark was a hand on my cheek.

9 - Rainbow Finale/Part 3

Guelos approached a large door, which opened as he neared. I followed him inside hesitantly. It looked like a conference room, and most of it was filled. Only two seats were left, and Guelos was heading to one. I hesitated before heading to my seat, next to the strangers.

I examined the people in the room when I noticed the chairs were tinted. In the red chair was a lionlike humanoid. His long hair fell down his back and I saw small ears sticking up on top of his head. A fang hung out of his closed mouth.

In the next chair, orange in color, I saw a bipedal lizard. Narrow eyes peered out at me as a tongue flicked into the air constantly. I moved to the next person, uneasy.

The yellow chair held a cloaked figure. She was really perky, from her posture. I guess it was raining outside, as her clothes looked damp. Guelos sat next to her chatting with the person on the other side, one of my neighbors. I couldn't see the person in the blue chair's face.

I turned to the left, and came face to face with a purple-skinned creature. His ears were spirals, and he smiled at me gently before turning back towards the lion man.

10 - Rainbow Finale/Part 4

I saw the lion stand up and started talking with the other members. I couldn't understand a word he said. It sounded like they were all speaking different tongues and understanding each other. I sunk back in my chair, trying to hide my face.

The meeting lasted a really long time. Finally, after chatting with Guilos at the end, the person in blue turned towards me. There was a scar over his left eye, but he looked confident. His skin looked even softer than mine was.

I will serve as your translator for now, I heard from Guelos. Azhu is very good with learning languages. He can help you after he gets used to your voice after a while.

I nodded slightly, my eyes wide. The other members were still in the room, discussing what I guess was plans. Most of the members were tense yet.

I am still unsure of this place... I thought at Guelos. His eyes looked shocked.

You...you were able to pick up on that fast... I heard his mind voice softly. He murmured something to Azhu, who glanced at me for a moment before murmuring back, his eyes closed and smiling. Guelos smiled too. Turning towards me, he sent me *We'll both come to your room after this, once Rachak finishes discussing the plans. You can probably return.*

I nodded, then quietly left my chair. The door opened automatically and I walked nervously through the halls back to my room and stood at the doorway, placing my hand on the frame.

"When will I go home?" I whispered. My breathing broke its calm rhythm as I slid down the wall.