

# Autumn Dies

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*This is my romantic fantasy Novella, Autumn Dies. It's about My Character Narsira (NAIR-sigh-ra) and a friend of mine's, known as Gizel, Sapphire, I won't reveal anything more.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/flaaf0/43537/Autumn-Dies>

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## 1 - Part of Chapter I - Night

A cool, autumn breeze shuddered through the trees as the warm September sun trickled through the transparent leaves. The grass, nestled at the bottom of the trunks, browned with lack of water. Flurries of orange, yellow, red, brown, and the occasional green leaves twirled their way down to the earth. Summer was moving, and fall was coming. Ice was forming ever-so-slightly along the tops of the lake, the shimmering water peeking out from beneath.

A boy, no more than seventeen, was sketching the park, and, staying silent, searched his surroundings. He gave a lopsided smile as he found his inspiration. A squirrel burrowing, hiding its acorns for next spring, then, quick as a flash, scurried up a tree. With what little time he had, the boy sketched the anatomy of the rodent, and watched it climb into the hole of a tree.

Narsira was his name. He had stunning features for a teenager. His jade eyes were always covered by his semi-spiked hair, which swept over his face, and could never be moved. No matter the weather, Narsira always wore dark pants, complimented by black shoes meant for skateboarding. His shirts were of a vivid green, a dark ebony, or milky white.

Narsira continued to sketch, trying to remember the details of his little friend. Once he was finished with his drawing, he signed his name and sketched out a detailed rose; his signature.

Narsira had begun to get up, when he noticed something strange. He looked around, swiveling his head to get a better look, but found nothing out of the ordinary. Shrugging his shoulders, Narsira continued to clean up his temporary work area.

Narsira was just about finished when, out of the corner of his eye, he spot a girl. He recognized her from somewhere, but couldn't place where. His jade eyes flashed with a sense of enjoyment. He may come to know this girl as a friend.

Walking over, he heard a hiss. Narsira paid no attention to it, for it was just his cobra, Kublai Khan, coiled around his waist. The snake was quite harmless, for it was robbed of its venom, although it would have seldom used it to begin with.