

Amber Fare

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I started this story a while ago. preview it and give me ideas of where it should go and if i should even keep it going!

WARNING: Its really confusing so far...

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Chapter 1 - The Adventure Begins

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1 - The Adventure Begins

As she walked along the salted path, she noticed the trees were not as green as they were supposed to be around lunchtime in July. They were more of a pinkish-reddish color. As she aimlessly wandered, she wondered what life would be like after she had died. *They'll all forget me, and sell all my things. They don't truly care for me, or else I wouldn't be in this forest!* She thought, rather loudly. *But then again, mother tells me she loves me more than day, right before I leave somewhere or after she kisses me good-night.* "I wonder what life would be like without mother... it would be very horrible, indeed!" she spoke almost to herself, hadn't a blue bird stopped to listen to her thoughts. He chirped a vaguely familiar song to her - one from a play, she was sure. She quickly picked up the beat and hummed along, her footsteps following the tempo. The cerulean bird followed.

The bird stopped humming the cheerful tune when they approached a fork in the road. The young lady peered down each road as far as she could, a confused expression plastered on her face. "Which way do you think we ought to go, Mr. Blue Bird?" she asked, concentrating on the dark withering, weathered, winding road on the left. She didn't expect an answer, but then these words were spoken, "My dear, we just barely met. I thought the answer was plain to see that we should take the path to our right!" She turned, and found no one but the bird. "oh, now my mind is being silly again! I'm imagining that that stupid bird can talk!" she giggled, with some relief. She was a little spooked though, seeing no one there. "I beg your pardon? I believe that I did just speak and I am not a stupid bird!" She gasped, amazed, not at the spoken words, but at the speaker. The blue bird had spoken! "Y-you can ...talk! How is that? What's your name?" her mind could have grown three times its normal size from all the questions that filled it, if thoughts could take up space. "Slow down the question express, Miss! My name is Roger B. Bird - the B. stands for Blue. I can talk...for reasons that are not compatible for your level of ... oh how should I put this? Ah! Your level of Frogability."

"Oh! I'm very sorry about that, Mr. Bird - the questions, I mean. Uh ... I am sorry but I don't know what Frogability is." She replied.

"Neither do I." replied Roger.

"Pardon?" The girl asked, confused.

"I mean I don't know what Frogability is either! Now, follow me down this path. It's obviously safe and peaceful." The bird said as he took the path on the right which had the trees the right shade of pink, but only brighter and bolder.

"Well, I guess I don't have much of a choice, seeing as we're friends and that I don't have a very good judgment, based on appearance." She said reluctantly as she followed. As they walked away from the fork's beginning, the road on the left revealed its true self - bright and pink trees with golden bushes which squirrels dwelled.

You see, my dear reader, this story doesn't make any real sense, because things are never what they seem. For all you know, this book might not even be a book at all. It could be the ugly fruit cake you were given 2 years ago for Christmas. All you have to do is look hard enough and you will see. The rest of this confusing tale will never be what it seems. Just like in real life.

“So Miss, I must wonder, what would your name be?” asked Mr. Bird. “Oh, well you see, I am not supposed to speak to strangers. My mother said-“the girl stated, without much enthusiasm only to be rudely and crudely interrupted by the stupid bird. “Mother? MOTHER? I am sorry Miss, but do you see any mothers or signs telling us what we can and cannot do? I think not! You see, you aren't at home. Somehow you were put into this forest, losing all memory of what used to be. Some people that come here didn't lose all of their memories, and go on blabbing about green trees, and fireplaces. Is that not so silly?” “Well, I suppose so... green trees? Why on earth would the trees be green? That's just outrageous! And can there not be a fire started anywhere? Why have certain fire places?” the girl with no name joked and teased. The two just walked on laughing and talking about picture frames and make up bags and things of the sort.

“So what is your name, seeing there is no one to say you cannot tell me, except for your mind?” Roger asked for probably the third time since they met. It seemed like an obsession. “Oh I'm sorry Roger! My name is Amber Fare, future fashion designer and model!” And a model indeed! She had long flowing brown hair which was pulled up in a pony-over-flat hairdo with a long deep blue ribbon. Her eyes were the ocean, big and blue, mysterious and cold. She had a very different wardrobe than most thirteen-year-old girls. She had a dark brown and black dress, with one sleeve missing, and the other too long which appeared to be a knitted spider web with so many confusing designs. She always thought deeply about things and had questions just fluttering about her mind. She wasn't shy like it sounds, but was actually very outgoing and a chatter box.

It wasn't until they had gotten three-fourths down the path when Amber realized something was not right. Roger had taken her focus off the tree color and disappearing squirrels. “Roger, do you know where the squirrels have gone? It just seems rather odd...” Amber asked with hope of an answer that made sense. “Squirrels? What are these...these squirrely things you speak of?” Roger shot a question right back.

“It's hard to explain, really. You see, they are little rodents that live in the trees. They devour acorns, and berries. They are so cute - especially the gliding ones.”

“Oh! You mean the burgensnorts. Remember dear, you're not home.”

“Where am I exactly?”

“I haven't the slightest idea. Where do you come from?”

“Well, I - I think London... I am just so confused and my head hurts very badly. I want to go home!” Amber started to whine.

“But you are home. This is your home.” Roger said, coolly. “You have always lived here. We grew up together.”

“But you just told me that I *wasn't* home now you're telling me that I have lived here my whole life and that we grew up together! Make up your mind!”

“Well... I can't. You see, my mind is inside me, and the make up is outside.” Said the smart-aleck bird.