

The Enlightenment

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...emotional i guess

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The Enlightenment

The door was closed. Locked. Weapons were probably loaded in case I attempted an escape. Locked and loaded. Ha. I laughed dryly. I could only make up jokes for entertainment, which didn't help much, but that's beside the point. I wanted out of here, but I was too weak.

Footsteps. My heart stopped (theoretically), and I held my breath. Any sudden movement would send me to the Nothingness. Remember, Marcy, no expression. Master stared into my cell, his eyes gleaming with...remorse? That was not possible. Master did not care for anyone but himself, the fiend.

More footsteps, and Teacher entered my cell. He smiled weakly.

"Marcy, Master will be staying to watch this session to see how you are improving. Understand?"

Of course I understood. I glanced back at Master then nodded. But the room grew dark. No. My emotions. I didn't want to make Teacher look irresponsible. I knew I wasn't ready for Inspection.

Teacher turned to Master. She's still a little unstable, Teacher sent.

I'm sorry, I sent.

Do not be sad, child. It is not your fault.

"Of course it is," Master said.

My body was shoved back through wall after wall until I dropped into the Nothingness.

~*~*~*~

I awoke, gasping. I clutched the sheets to my chest in panic. The fear subsided. Once I came to my senses, I noticed my sheets. They were wrapped around me tightly, making me a little claustrophobic. They were also very wet.

Of course it is.

Then I remembered where I was again, and it tormented me. The Nothingness. It can take your soul. And it took mine. The Nothingness was and still is a dark pit that stank of death. Filled with shadows and the faces of the Lost--those who lost their souls. I was one of those faces, placed between my parents, my expressionless face the complete opposite of everyone surrounding me. The only thing we have to fear is fear itself. Franklin Roosevelt was incorrect. The thing we have to fear is our own soul.

I searched through my memories and found that the faces were all pale and gaunt from the so many passing years. Mine was not like theirs. My face was gold, the color of life. At first I did not understand--why would my face be the only one full of life?--but then I knew what I had to do and where I must go, for I was still alive in this God-forsaken place. But I needed Luke; he was the Only--the one man who contained the power to control the Nothingness, but his soul was taken before he even got a chance to do anything to save the Lost. I wondered if he still had the power, which gave me hope. If we could find his soul and connect the bond...yes.

Luke's room was not far from mine in the Council.

Luke, I sent.

He acknowledged from his study. *What?*

We can save them.

Save who?

The Lost.

The Lost cannot speak, but they all share a telepathic bond. This trait had its advantages and disadvantages.

That is rubbish.

You have to understand. I know what we can do. What you can do.

Luke sighed. *Fine. I will listen.*

I sent him the plot I thought of earlier. He did not send anything in response until I was finished.

Impossible.

No! I cried. This was not how he was supposed to react. *You must trust me. You have for seven years now. Please. Everything is dark, and you are the only one who sees Light. If you back down now, all Light will be lost.*

You do not know that.

No, but you do. I can see it, your last thread of life is fading, and you know that it will fall if you do not fight it.

He took hold of his chair and flung it across the room. *Happy?! I fought. I have been trying to fight for centuries, but everyone's threads are falling. Can't you see? There is no use, Marcy!*

I stood there, motionless, and calmly sent him a message. *My gift is foreseeing, and I know what will happen if you do not try again.*

Luke choked back a sob. I knew I had hurt him, but it was the only way to convince him.

Then it is time, he sent.

Luke was on my side.

~*~*~*~

We flitted through the Council, catching startled and suspicious glances as we passed.

Do you remember the location of the Graveyard?

Of course I do, Luke sent, *If I did not we would not be here.*

We flitted for hours, but we never tired. Our energy is recycled.

Finally Luke sent, *We are here. And we have a welcoming party. Are you prepared?*

Maybe.

It doesn't matter. Charge!

We sprinted at speeds unprecedented by human tools, dodging artillery and other devices built for pain. One struck my forearm, and blasted me with a burning sensation. Except it felt terrible. Fortunately, Luke caught me before I collapsed.

You are fine. You will heal. I only felt slightly reassured.

Luke carried me through the doors of the Graveyard, and flitted straight through Master's office, which made him furious. I tried to laugh, but the wind got caught in my lungs, turning a cackle into a coughing fit. Master ran through the walls as fast as we did, which frightened me.

Do not worry, Luke sent, reading my thoughts, *We are almost to my soul. I can feel it.*

Relieved but not completely hopeful, I tightened my arms around his neck.

My soul, Luke thought, but I heard it, and I would have leaped out of his arms (with joy) if we weren't going so fast.

We reached the Graveyard, with Master nowhere in sight. Luke approached his stone cautiously.

Connect the bond, I sent, *there is no time to spare.*

Luke placed each of his fingertips along the top of the gravestone. He inhaled...and exhaled.

A pulsing beat suddenly shot out through the air, with rings of light joining in synchronization. Luke's

heart beat. The bond is working. He began to sing softly, and the language he spoke was not understandable to me, but it must have been familiar to him. I looked back in time to see Luke's soul rise from his gravestone. The soul looked like an older version of Luke. Though Luke had not spoken in centuries, his voice was clear and pure.

"It is time, Brother."

The two Lukes joined hands, and the soul faded into the body. The perfect union. The temperature dropped dramatically and suddenly.

Luke, his back turned, said, "Master."

I spun around. Master smiled and laughed. It was raw and hollow, sending chills down my spine. He charged, but Luke was prepared. A golden shield wrapped around him, sending Master flying back against the wall. The shield disappeared. Luke held out his hand.

"Come, Marcy. We should hurry."

I took his hand, letting him lead me into the Nothingness.

Luke, I cautioned.

"It is all going to turn out beautiful, Marcy. I promise."

We jumped, and I would have screamed if I could. When we landed, I looked around. There was something different about the Nothingness this time. Luke. I looked at him, and he was radiating light. It was blinding at first, but then became comforting.

Luke put his hands forward, and beams of light shot out from his finger tips. The sounds of the enemy ceased, and I knew they were all dead. I spoke for the first time in years.

"Luke." He smiled.

He took my hands in his, and light broke out from my body. I felt so alive, so enlightened. Luke was right, it was beautiful. Everything around me was filled with a golden light. We were sparkling, like miniature diamonds were scattered around our bodies. I felt what I have been longing for: freedom. Pure freedom. My sorrow was lifted from my spirit and all helplessness escaped my veins. I was weightless and yet I was still here, slowly fading. Luke and I smiled and laughed, enjoying our voices, though we knew we were dying. It was a small price to pay for this moment. I looked into Luke's eyes and noticed how much we were missing in our time in the Council. I felt jealous of him for a moment, and then realized that his position was not my fate. Luke was destined to be the Only. The Savior of the Lost. The Found. I was the Lost. We were the Lost and Found.

The Light created a cocoon around us. Its warmth gave me a burst of shivers, for I had not felt warmth in what feels like forever. Luke wrapped his arms around me, but I now know that it wasn't to keep me warm. We faded away, and entered Paradise, the final resting place of the dead. We were home.

~*~*~*~

My name is Marcy King. I have lived on the Earth Plane for thirteen years. My soul was stolen on my thirteenth birthday, and I was sent to the tortuous in-between called the Council. It was that way for seven years. I met Luke Sully in the Council, where they keep the Lost after I became a teenager. We formed a bond--and not just the telepathic one that the Lost share, this one was special. We were bonded for the duration of my time spent in the Council. Then Luke saved the Lost. He was the Only--the man who had the power to destroy Master and the Nothingness. Luke and I were sent to Paradise, where we were to live our afterlives and pass on.

I now live in Paradise with my parents and on love--Luke. We will stay in Paradise for all eternity, enjoying what we had believed could never exist.

I once thought that the faces of the Nothingness were the unfortunate ones, wandering without a soul in the in-between. But now I know who they really are. Who we are. We are not the Lost. We are the

Found.