

Cheskistan

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A story I made up... bout this island and yeah...

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

Chekistan! By Chelsea Banner.

Chapter One: Hungry!

Chancy, leader and mighty queen of all Chekistan, pulled her head back and howled. It was her welcoming howl, her own island's special wake-up call. She narrowed her eyes at the dark cloud-infested sky and turned back towards her precious bamboo hut. Made of finely carved bamboo sticks, the hut was the envy of her island. Not that her island was poor- she made sure each and every human had a rigid house, so as to be protected from storms. As she walked back into her hut, she felt hungry. She looked down at her belly through her splangwhoodle skin dress and her tummy gave an unhappy growl. Deciding against going back to her hut, she turned away from the hut and walked off in the opposite direction. Chancy hoped to find a big amount of food for both her and her husband, Cherinta, so they could survive. On her way to the Volcano (where all good food supplies were held) she passed several of her tribes' royalty. There was Trinty, prince of the Tree Dwellers, Jooblè, princess of the Underground Nocturnals, Bectalond, princess of the Living By Animals Clan, Cradentè, prince of the Cave Folk and last of all, Antrinkoh, prince of the Sea Swimmers and Chancy's trusted adviser. Looking into the distance, Chancy noticed a big pile of something. Rushing forwards, to her delight it was a stack of mulberries, sweet and fresh from the only mulberry tree in the whole of Chekistan. Chancy leaped towards it and put three sticks into a smiley-face shape in front of it- the island's mark to signify that something was already taken. Wildly looking about to make sure no-one was going to get her precious dinner, Chancy sprinted all the way back to her hut, across the smooth, white flawless sand of Chekistan Island. When she got back to her hut, she skidded in the sand to slow down, and covered the light, honey-coloured wood of her hut with white flecks of sand.

"Chancy!" the deep voice of Cherinta bellowed. "Where have you been?"

"I have been out collecting food for our dinner, my companion," Chancy replied.

"I can't see anything!" Cherinta looked frantically around Chancy and outside of the hut.

"I have left it at the spot I found it at, as I have not got my basket with me." Chancy's basket, in which she carried all her found goods, was made of woven splangwhoodle skin and a bird's nest.

"I will help you collect it, Chancy," Cherinta said, "I am the strongest on the island, so I should be able to help."

"Of course, my Cherinta," Chancy said, and turned from him to the volcano.

When they got to the pile of mulberries, the smiley-face was crooked, and half the stack was gone.

“Chancy,” said Cherinta, and you could hear the frown in his voice, “this is not nearly enough for the both of us.”

“There was more!” Chancy protested worriedly. She started scooping up the mulberries, but secretly she was looking around for more food. Suddenly, alarming Cherinta, she jumped up, got out her bow and arrow and then shot into the forest.

“What did you do that for?” asked Cherinta. But Chancy didn't answer. She ran into the forest, her arms pumping back and forth. Cherinta followed half-heartedly. When Cherinta eventually caught up, he found Chancy had expertly hit a wild boar. He picked it up gently, eased out the arrow and handed it back to Chancy. Chancy smiled gratefully and rushed back to get all the mulberries.

Chapter Two: Missing

Later that night, during their wonderful feast, Chancy and Cherinta were interrupted by all the princes and princesses of each tribe.

“MY WHOLE TRIBE'S FRUIT IS GONE!” bellowed Trinty, his tribe behind him.

All at once, many of the tribesmen and women fought and grew rowdy. Suddenly, Chancy pulled a hand-whittled whistle out of her pocket and blew, fiercely. A loud, piercing, caterwauling sound was emitted and in one instant all was quiet.

“Now,” said Chancy calmly, looking every person in the eye, one-by-one. “Much better. What seems to be the problem? Jooblè?”

“Well,” Jooblè started uncertainly. “I was eating a nice feast of splangwhoodle brain when my tribe burst into my mud hut. One of my most important tribe members, Glangoda, who is pregnant, found most of her belongings were gone and that two piles of food were also missing.” Jooblè looked around, wide-eyed and unsure.

Bectalond bellowed fiercely, “I BELIEVE THERE IS A *THIEF* ON THIS ISLAND!” She uttered the word “thief” as if it were covered in dirt, slime and dead cockroaches.

All hell immediately broke loose. Every tribe exploded into chatter, eyeing everyone evilly and nervously.

“QUIET!” roared Cherinta. “My wife did not come to rule this island, Chekistan, to bring havoc and distress. She made it to build a happy community.”

Chancy smiled appreciatively at her husband, her highlighted golden stick-covered hair frizzy and seeming to dance in the evening sun. Her grey eyes twinkled and she felt almost instantly calmed.

“Okay, listen up, my dear island,” she told the crowd. “I shall keep a close eye on everyone in the island. Anyone who is caught stealing will have to swim away from the island- which, may I remind you,

is surrounded entirely by sharks of every kind. If anyone suspects they know who is stealing, you must report to me immediately. Is this all right with everyone? Tomorrow we will hold a meeting to compare if anything else has gone. I, myself, have had at least five kilograms of mulberries stolen from me.” She cocked her head on one side, smiling shyly.

“Mmm- hmm, girlfriend!” Glangoda winked at Chancy and grinned. Chancy and Glangoda had always been close friends, and now that she was pregnant, Chancy was Glangoda and Pentradol's immediate choice for godmother. When every single individual had left, their feet padding in the sand and making footprints, Chancy and Cherinta finished their meal. In the distance, they heard a sudden thud and a scream. A scream filled with the utmost fear. Chancy sprung into action, putting on her bear-skin jacket and woven rope sandals, then, grabbing her bow and eight arrows jogged hurriedly into the distance, sand seeping into her sandals with each step. Cherinta looked bewilderedly after her, his messy brown hair falling into his unprotected eyes.

Chapter Three: Birth

While Chancy was well on her way over to the place she had heard the terror-filled scream, Cherinta decided not to follow her and to pack up and make the beds. When Chancy met the person who had occupied the massive scream, she was surprised to see it was Glangoda. Glangoda was sprawled on the ground, and Chancy saw with an amazed expression that two little babies were lying at Glangoda's legs. They were bright red and puffing, with each sharp intake of air they sniffed some sands up their noses, and one seemed to be choking from it. Chancy picked them up quickly and bit the umbilical cords off their small, perfectly round shaped belly buttons. She pegged them together with her special hair clips and stopped them bleeding. She checked them closely, and patted the one who seemed to be having trouble breathing on the back. They were both girls- two beautiful girls. Chancy walked up to Glangoda, sat her up and passed her the two small and vulnerable bodies. Glangoda smiled and kissed both babies on the heads. Her husband Pentradol appeared by her side.

“Two beautiful babies,” he said cheerfully. “How lucky am I!”

“Very much indeed,” said Glangoda. “I shall name this one-“ she indicated to the one on the left-“ and you name this one!” she touched the one on the right gently.

“Sweet!” Pentradol said. “I'm going to name that one Alice.”

“What a cute name!” said Glangoda. “I shall name the darling, tiny one on the right Rubenska.”

Pentradol smiled and swept up the newly named Alice into his strong, defined arms. Chancy filed away the memory in her mind's filing cabinet and trotted off, angry with Cherinta for not being there.

Chapter Four: The Truth

“Chancy!” Cherinta said breathlessly. When he had seen Chancy, walking across the clearing, the moonlight washing over her joyous face, he had whipped around very suddenly and hid something in the house before she could see what it was.

“Cherinta...” There was a hint of warning in Chancy voice.

“Yes, Chancy?” Cherinta said, anger his only way of getting out of his pickle. “And where have *you* been the past, oh, *TWO AND A HALF HOURS.*”

Cherinta smiled smugly to himself. He had just got himself out of one mammoth fight. Or so he thought...

“*Me?* I have been helping my good friend and your BEST friend GIVE BIRTH!” Chancy shot back, her mouth practically shooting fire sparks.

Cherinta gulped. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down nervously, as it always did when he knew he was in trouble.

“I've made our beds,” he said helplessly, pleading with puppy eyes.

“Then let's sleep, shall we?” Chancy said, briskly. Cherinta sighed with relief. “How about...hmm, I sleep on the bed and *you* sleep on the floor?”

Cherinta gawped. Chancy eyed him ferociously and watched him crumble onto the ground, infesting his hair with sand all the meanwhile.

“Good night,” called Chancy sweetly from inside her comfy bed. “Let's hope the bed bugs bite you.” Then she smiled cheekily and blew out her ear-wax candle.

When Chancy awoke that morning, the sunbeam lighting up the world with its rays, she noticed that Cherinta was gone. She felt a little worried, but was too angry to actually care about it. Then she stood up, yawned and pulled on her splangwhoodle cardigan. She trotted out of her hut, barefoot, when suddenly, through the mist she heard a voice.

“Oh my God. I am like totally STRANDED on a, like, hideous island thing...Huh?...Oh, I *totally* know, Candy. Of course I am going to sue the little pants of those snooty ship-drivers...Of course I had nothing to do with the crash!...Well, okay, maybe I *was* teasing the captain which made the ship sink, but honestly, if he can't control the boat with a woman near, maybe he shouldn't drive one... How am I the only one on the island? Well, duh, Candy, my mother was the richest woman in the world AND a champion swimmer. I think I'd be okay. Yeah... Sure. I have to go, too. Buh-bye sweetie!” the posh, American voice Chancy had heard stopped and she heard a small click.

“Hello?” Chancy said nervously.

“What do you want, ugly jungle-freak?” said the American woman, who was actually quite pretty. Then the rude woman stamped her leather-booted heel as if to get attention and said, sticking out her finely manicured hand, “I'm Yanina Renar. Got any food?”

“Well...” Chancy cocked her head to one side as she always did when she was thinking. “I ate all my food for dinner last night, but I think there might be some food across the island.”

“Are you serious? I have to WALK in my eight hundred dollar boots in dirty disgusting sand to EAT? WHAT SORT OF PLACE IS THIS?”

“A much nicer place than America,” replied Chancy. “What is that?”

“What?” said Yanina. “This?” then she pulled out the mobile phone she had been speaking into before.

“Yes, that...that *thing*,” said Chancy, looking at the silver engraving on the mobile.

“This is a mobile,” said Yashina. “All those people who aren't freaks have one.” Then she looked at Chancy meaningfully to make sure Chancy understood that she thought she was a freak and a loser.