

Touch of Fate

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I wrote this as my short story English Literature 1st attempt. I don't like it but my teacher said it was better than the other one (Sunshine). I still got an A though :D

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/xaleMaiKomodo/46397/Touch-of-Fate>

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1 - Touch of Fate (the only chapter)

Touch of Fate

The fog engulfed the ruins like a beast devouring its prey.

The night reared its ugly head as the girl came into view. Her black, straight hair lay perfectly on her shoulders although a North wind blew. Alone and silent, she held a purple ball, walking the desolate streets of Allendale accompanied by the laughter of innocent children. Her eyes, veiled by shadows, searched the rubble. Find him, she thought.

The moon slept in his bed of clouds. Blanket over his head, the light from the moon was sparse and dim. But this was still enough to pick out a hand groping for light, emerging from the rubble, once the happy home of the Endless family. A face followed, gasping in the air it had been much deprived of. On seeing this, the moon crept out from under the remaining cloud, curious at the survivor.

Whatever it was, Mark Endless was the only one to have survived it.

Reinforced wine cellar, he breathed.

It was quite comical when he thought about it. Bringing up wine while they played cards.

Through the fog, a girl. No, it couldn't be. He stumbled over the rocks. As Mark staggered towards her, he stretched out his arm until the sound of laughter filled his ears, like the laughter of innocent children. As he came nearer the girl, he laid his hand on her shoulder.

Hello, can you...

The sounds of laughter declined into screams as she turned to face him. Her mouth opened as her own scream emerged. Mark backed away, the screams making a depression on his soul, making his ears ring painfully. The girl dropped the ball and ran into the swirling mist.

It rolled to his feet.

As he stooped and picked it up, the purple became grey and it disintegrated into a puddle of silver moonshine. Frightened by this, Mark began to run, until a smash brought him to stop at one of the only remaining buildings, an old shop. A lone picture stood behind a window clad in dust. It showed a woman and girl, except the girl was blurred and monotone, while the rest of the photograph bloomed in radiant greens, blues and reds.

She held a purple ball. He backed away, heart pounding fit to burst, noticing the name. Endless Fate, with the initials M.E drawn onto the dusty door. Mark Endless. His head spun as he sank to the floor.

The sound of a song came to him, blocking his ears with icy claustrophobia, reminding him of all the hate and loneliness in his childhood.

I'm little teapot, short and stout&

Each word smashed against his head, sending his thoughts into a nightmare state.

The fog engulfed the shop like a beast devouring its prey.

There she stood, tall, noble, though only a child. Black, like a curse. Deeper black shone out through the shadowy nothingness of her hair, eyes of a demon. The girl's black dress remained in a perfect triangle, paying no heed to the North wind which once again blew, ripping the very colour from the sullen sky. Her motionless, black hair lingered on her shoulders as though painted on.

Now the song was becoming louder as she drew close, her lips parted in the song of paranoia which seemed to follow the shadow girl, as though she were a Spreader of Despair, using this song to

maliciously ensnare the life and joy which used to exist in a world unbroken. Stepping towards him, she raised her hand to his head. He pressed back instinctively.

As she touched him, his brown eyes closed, his unbrushed black hair rustled in the wind and his once strong body lay still, defeated at last by the touch of fate.

In extremis, he smiled at her; the white face, black dress and laddered tights. She smiled back as the landscape, and herself, bloomed with colour once more.

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