

Short Stories

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just thought id put all the short stories in one place so that i dont confuse myself when i add a new chap to a story

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0. Frozen Rose

It was late at night, no one knew how late it was. I was put as a sentry on the wall of this fort, the Fort of Hurlin. It was very cold and very dark, we could hardly see and we were tired. John told me he couldn't stand anymore, and just lied on the cold stone floor to sleep. Ferdinand tried to stop him up saying that if he fell asleep there and then, he would probably never wake up again. Even though we were friends, I didn't care then. I simply didn't care, I was too cold and tired to think. Right then, John told us to look up. It has been snowing for the last 12 months, and each day that passed, the snow got thicker and the wind blew stronger and colder. We all remembered when we were a troop serving in the coast. We all dreamed of seeing snow, for we were hating the heat of there. Now there was nothing we could hate more than this snow. It has been about 5 minutes that John lied down, and he was already, mostly white. The snow was falling fast. He was covered. We helped him up and wiped the snow off of his armor, just to see the snow covering his shoulders and head again. I looked at the wall we were standing on. It was white. The only places that the snow didn't fall on were the places we were standing on. I saw a couple of footsteps that we left as we walked back and forth, the footsteps were disappearing rather fast. Then a piercing wind blew on us. It was cold, so cold that I could feel my soul shiver. I closed my eyes because of the coldness, and I thought of the days when I was leading these half-frozen men, standing with me on this wall, in battles in our homeland. We were undefeatable, we were known as the black knights because of our black armor. We were respected and admired by our allies, and feared by our enemies. But now we are nothing, just freezing in this frozen wall guarding a fort that not even insects would care to look at, not that there are any insects around. Before I came to this fort, I'd heard rumors about the nobles fearing that we would take over, and that the king was also starting to worry. Maybe that was the reason, maybe not, I'm not sure. But one thing I'm sure of is that we were sent to this fort not to protect it, but to die in it. The fort was empty, the only supplies that we had were the ones we brought with us, there were no living beings in this fort. It was an abandoned fort, and the deserters had taken everything away with them. We tried to leave couple months ago, but on the borders of every village and on every bridges there were either enemies or our the king's troops guarding the place making sure we didn't leave our posts.

Then Will started to sing faintly. It was a song from our little hometown. We sang it after every victory, every loss, and every special event. All the freezing men started to sing with him. As I started to sing, I could see the grass fields of our homeland, I could see the trees shaking gently with the gentle warm wind of Spring time. Then all the sudden it was silent. I couldn't hear anymore, tears were gathering up in my eyes. I wiped them off quickly so it wouldn't freeze my eyes, then I could hear again. I heard the snow cracking. At first I just stood there staring at the air, not knowing what the sound was. Then all of a sudden I noticed. It was the sound of the snow being stepped on. I stopped and paid more attention, my men stood still looking at me. It was gentle steps, being made with heavy leather boots, the steps were small. It was only one person, but it still amazed me, that someone would come close to such a place. I walked toward the edge of the wall slowly. The sound had stopped. I had my eyes closed, and hoping I would see someone standing on grassy fields. When I opened my eyes, I could not believe at what I was looking at. Though it was dark, I could see clearly, it was as if light was coming out of the person. Snow covered her shoulders and the top of her head, she was wearing a red dress, she was probably a noble. She looked young, pale, hungry, sad, frozen and pretty. She stood there staring at me, without even blinking once. I did not know who she was or why she was standing

there. I didnt know what to do or what to say, my men were looking at her with me without saying a word. Then without thinking i waved my hand, she smiled. It was the first time in 12 months that i felt a warmth in me, as i looked at the Frozen Rose in the snow.

1. Change of a Death

It was late at night. A man was in a surgery room. A man, or a thing. Maybe a machine? Someone in a big white suit. With the head covered by a white hood, and the face by a white mask with black spots for the eyes. The breathing came heavily out of the mask, as he was doing a hard surgery on a man with heart problems. No other doctors wanted to risk the surgery for the man was almost dead already and he had no money, but this man wanted to save as many lives as he could, for as long as the One up there desired him to stay down here in earth. The surgery was done, everything was successful, again. When was the last time he had failed.... He didn't know. He walked out of the surgery room, took out his gloves and apron out. He walked to the coffee machine and pressed some buttons after putting in a coin. The familiars of the patient came too him. They had heard the news. They were in tears and came to thank the doctor. The children of the patient seemed afraid of their father's savior, but again, who wouldn't?

"Thank you doctor Goodheart! Thank you! You were born to be a doctor." said the patient's wife. Doctor Goodheart, when had he become that, thought the doctor to himself as he started to walk toward the waiting room. Born to be a doctor? Maybe that's why he was saved that night? Or was he saved? Maybe he was a different man, maybe it was just another dream, of long ago. He sat in a chair, and rested his hands on his knees. He looked up and leaned back sliding his hands to his legs. Having his head leaned back, he started to breathe slower, and closed his eyes.

years ago

A young famous doctor had gone in vacation with his family. He had a beautiful wife and three wonderful children, 2 girls and a boy. They had gone to the beach. The hotel paid them to stay at a hotel 5 stars. They were all having a great time, maybe too great of a time. His wife wanted him to get something out of the car. He gladly went outside to get it, leaving his wife and children in the room. He was young, he was rich, he was married to a beautiful woman and had wonderful children, nothing could go wrong, at least not then. He got to the car and noticed that he had forgotten the keys, laughing at himself he hoped joyfully back to the elevator. He was humming a lilt as he waited for the elevator to come down, but how weird, it was stopping on every floor. He wondered why. The fire alarm had sounded, a sound so big, he could feel his ear drums getting crushed. But he didn't care about his eardrums being crushed, he wondered why his heart and soul felt crushed. He couldn't wait, tears were coming out of his eyes just to think what could have happened, he ran up the stairs, hoping nothing had gone wrong, hoping his family were still fine. He got to the floor of his room, everything was blazing in flames, and everything was hot. He could feel the smoke going into his nostrils and ripping his lungs. He ran to the room ignoring the fire. He got in and heard children crying, they were still alive. Where did the fire come from? He asked himself. It mattered not, wherever it came from, it was hot enough to make the hotel collapse in matter of minutes. He found his wife hugging the children beside the bed. He led them outside. He grabbed the children and told his wife to go first, that he would take the children. His wife hurried outside of the room, getting her cellphone out to call her husband's friend, who worked in the fire department. The young doctor put a child in each shoulder and carried the other in his arms. He ran like he had never run before, he ran like more than just his life depended on it, he ran like Satan was after him. He got to the lobby, there

was no one, everyone else had gotten out already, but it amazed him that his wife could run so fast, she was nowhere to be seen. He got out of the hotel running, thankful that nothing had gone wrong. He was even smiling to himself. He found firefighters and ambulances outside. He found his friend, he put the children down and went to his friend.

"I was never happier to see your poor face." mocked him. "Wheres my wife?" he asked his friend, who gave a surprised look.

"She never came out." said his friend with a panicking face. The young doctor couldnt believe the words that came out of his friend's mouth. He ran toward firedepartment truck and pured water on himself and ran into the blazing hotel. The firefighters could not stop him. He ran inside, and looked in everycorner. By the stairs of the 3rd floor was his wife lying down, not moving at all. He ran toward her, removed the burning objects out of the way, and lifted his wife up. He took his wet coat off and put it around his wife's head to protect her hair. Her hair was mroe precious to her than he was. He smiled at the thought and ran outside carrying her. He was almost at the gate when something burning had come down from the upper floor and struck the doctor. He gained consciousness and saw that he was stuck under many burning concrete. He also saw that his wife was not stuck but still unconscious. He tried waking her up, but she didnt move, he could feel the hot concrete burning through his skin. He reached for his wife's cellphone and played a loud ringtone. Two firefighters came running toward him hearing the music. He told them to take his wife out to safety, that the hotel was going to collapse any minute. It took both of them to lift her up, and they promised the young doctor that they would come back for him, as they were going out, he heard them get called by other firefighters on the floor below. He knew he had no time to wait for those people. He tried playing the ring tones again and screaming for help. But none came for him this time. He tried to remove the concrete boulders on top of him, but nothing moved except his hands that got burned in the process. He looked toward the stairs, he knew it was the end, he knew he could do nothing, but he was thankful that his family were fine. So much for a 5 star hotel, he laughed and smiled, thinking that he had been to proud of himself lately. He thought it was all fine now, except for one thing. He wanted their children to have a good father, even if it wasnt him. He shed tears for his families for not having a man of the house with them, but smiled at them being fine, and closed his eyes.

"I'm sorry, he has departed. He is in a better place now." said one of the young doctor's friend who was also a doctor. His wife weeped, she wanted to kill herself, she could not live without him, he wanted to see the body. Many doctors were needed to hold her down, and they gave her strong sedatives to calm her down. They required so much drugs to calm her down that she had fainted. The young docotr's body lied on a bed, ready to be taken away and be cremated, for even his internal organs were damaged byy the strong fire, and nothing in him could be used. He was burned to the core, he lacked eyelids, lips, and a nose, for they were burned off. Then a shining man in a white robe came close to him and touched him on the chest and left. The young doctor's chest started trise and fall, his heart started to beat and he was breathing. He got conscious and got up. He had a hard time getting up, for his body didnt moce as he wanted. He couldnt close his eyes for his eyelids were not there. He looked at himself in the arms and saw the burnings and no skin, but felt no pain, he presumed that all his nerve cells were toasted. He wondered if he was in hell, but looked around and recognized the place. His friend came into the room and alost let out a scream. The young doctor tried to calm him down, but not much came from his mouth. He did friendly gestures to calm him down. Then making some of the facial muscle contract, he gestured his friend to come by him. His friend presumed, that his supposed dead freind was trying to smile.

"I, I am, I am a, alive." said the young doctor with a weak and faint voice. "Call, call my wi, wife."

said the young doctor with big pauses between words and sometimes in the middle of the words.

"Uh, you are alive, but, but think of your wife. She thinks you are dead, and if we tell her you are alive she would probably be glad, but look at you man, look at you. You wont live for long, i mean, you died already! it has been 4 hours that your heart has stopped, how now are you still there talking to me? And when you do die, your wife will have to go through your death twice!" said his friend trying not to offend his friend. "Look, how about we try to treat you a little and if we are sure you will be fine, then, just then lets tell your wife huh?" the young doctor looked at him with sad eyes, He would have cried but his tear glands were burned. "This is untreatable."

Many months has passed. The young doctor spent his time studying, looking for a way to expand his living time. He had heard rumors that his wife was richer now that he had died, the government had given her money, for he was a very important person. He spent his times in a bathtub so that his skin would stay wet, and so that we would have water close to him to wet his eyes to do the work of the eyelids he once owned. He knew all about the modern medicines and medical treatments, and he knew that he was untreatable, but maybe, maybe if he studied something else. He was studying about engineering and machinery. He knew he couldnt support himself, but he knew that if he had something else supporting his body, than maybe, just maybe he could live. He didnt care if he became half machine, he cared that he would live. He spent hours, days, weeks, months studying, making, researching, inventing things. Until one day, he had his friends do a surgery on him, he had written and drawn a diagram to show them how and what to do. THE surgery was sucessful. He was now a half machine. He had machines covereing his whole body, and a white mask that kep his face moistened. He put a white hood on to cover the metal surface of his bald head. His friends had told him that he could now be rich, for he had found a way to fuse someone to machines, to become have rbots to let them live, nothing was more impressive than that. But he refused. He didnt want to be famous, he wanted his wife, he wanted his family. He told his friends to take credit for what had just happened, so that they could be famous and rich, he didnt care for fame and money anymore. He got to the phone and tried to call, but the number he tried to call didnt exist anymore. He asked his friends but no one knew. He knew that she was famous, so he looked up on the internet for his own name. He found information about his wife, and found out that she had a coma in the months that he had spent studying, and once she woke up, she had been taken care of by a doctor from a different country, And they had gotten married and were now in their honeymoon. His children were being taken care of by his wife's mother. Reading that, he wanted to cry, but no tears came. Then he wondered what he had done wrong. He sat down and thought. He wondered, and remmebmered that he had been very proud and only did surgeries of rich people and of people he was 100% sure he could be successful, ignoring the dying ones that were poor. He remmembered of how bad he had been, and he remmembered of what he had thought inside the hotel, of not caring if he wasnt with the family, as long as they had a good husband. He had just noticed that he had lied to himself. Then, trying to forget everything, he went to the waiting room. He sat on a couch resting his hands on his knees. He looked up and leaned back sliding his hands to his legs. Having his head leaned back, he started to breath slower, and closed his eyes.

2. A Surprise Everywhere

"Wake up!" said my father toda early in the morning. Atleast much early than i usually wake up on saturdays. "We will go to Bolivia today."

"Bolivia? What? Why? It's saturday!" i protested covering my head with a pillow.

"It's just three hours away, we will just visit a missionary there and come back in no time." said my father joyfully, taking my pillow away from me.

We were in the car for two hours, aparently it was a little longer than three hours away for we were just about a third of the way and we were still in Brazil. I was listening to music in my mp3 player, while my parents talked to each other in the speeding car. I liked music, and i liked my mp3 player, specially at the moment since i was away rom any other piece of technology. My father looked at me through the mirror, and by the look on his face, i knew he wanted me to take my earphones off and talk to him. But he didnt say anything, for he wanted me to have fun, and he knew i wouldnt talk even without the mp3 player. But just to make him feel better i had turned off my mp3 player, taken my earphones off and looked outside the window.

I had never really looked at the ground so attentively. Every dirt had a different color, some were brown, some were red, some were yellow and some were white, it was interesting, but it got better, for i started to see rocks scattered through them. Rocks of every size and every color, scattered through the different kinds of dirt. Then i saw Brazillian ant hills. I had seen many of them since i lived in Brazil most of my life, but they were getting my attention in the middle of all the different kinds of rocks, and dirt. They were impressive, how could tiny creatures like ants make such big mounds of dirt? Then suddenly everything turned green. Grass covered the land, and i could hear the winds moving the sea of grass. The grass were dancing gracefully with the wind, and every movement of the grass was a different note to me, this was music to my ears. I smiled unconsciously as i looked at the grass moving like that, then the grass was replaced by flowers. Huge beds of all sorts of flowers covering the land beside the road. The colors of the flowers amazed me even more, they were just so colorful, and the countless butterflies flying around above the flower beds, butterflies of every color, shape, and size. Millions of them roaming through the rainbow colored flowers, then suddenly the whole scene was replaced by a large, mirror- like lake. So shiny and flowy, the movement of water had alwas amazed me, but what is this? The water was green. Why was it green? What was it reflecting? i looked on front of me and there were humongous mounds and hills and mountains covered by trees. Trees that were skinny, fat, short, tall, some with branches that spread like a giant umbrella. Trees of every kind of green covering big, majestic mountains. But whats this i see? The mountains were colored in dark patches, as if someone had passed by there with a leaking can of dark paint. But more impressive than that, the dark patches were moving! Why were they moving? They were shadows! Wondering to what the shadows belonged to i looked up. When i looked up i was greeted by a vast pure blue sky with purer white clouds on it. The clouds were marvelous! They amazed me when i was little but i had forgotten about them until this moment! Clouds of every shape, of every size. Behind each cloud was a whiter and bigger cloud. Majestic and glorious clumps of floating water, covering the blue sky, making me want to fly and hug the huge cottom balls. And as i was looking, the clouds had moved around and made a hole in between them. One giant whole with the light of the sun coming down through it making it look like the gates of Heaven, and there was a single great eagle in the middle of that

all. Coming down and up, spinning around and over. Hearing it soar as it disappeared through the clouds made me smile.

I was so out of myself looking at the wonderful creations of God that i hardly noticed the car slowing down. We had stopped at a gas station. My father had turned to me with a smile.

"Are you liking the trip?" asked my father who probably had been conscious of my smile since the beginning. I turned my face from the window and looked at him. I smiled even more.

"Yeah."

"God made the earth, everything in it, and the rest of the universe in six days. He saw all that he had made, and it was very good."

Genesis 1

3. Hadesyell

"Another murder?" asked agent Joe to his comrade looking at the mutilated body, that had two small holes on the neck, with the chest open and the heart gone.

"Yeah, looks like it was the same guy." said Mark pointing at the open chest and the two holes. "Its the eleventh one this month. They all died like that, without the heart and with two holes in the neck. God knows what he does with the heart."

"How do you think the holes were made?"

"Havent you ever read Dracula? Vampires bite their victim's neck. Those two holes looks small but big enough for a tooth to fit in it, specially a canines." said Mark studying the holes from a closer distance.

"You believe that someone did it with their teeth?" asked Joe getting closer to Mark, crouching next to him.

"Well, from the evidence we have, the holes werent made by any metal objects, but something that resembles a bone. Maybe it is a bone. Then what bone would it be? I mean, he calls himself that." said Mark pointing at the wall with the word 'Vampire' written in blood.

"Do we have a suspect?" asked Joe curious.

"Why are you so oblivious about everything?" asked Mark annoyed. "No we dont have a suspect yet. The murderer made sure he left no evidences. He is good."

Not far from there, two police officers were in a patrol.

"Did you hear? Another murder. They say it was the Vampire again." said Natally to Clark.

"Vampires. DO you think they exist? I heard the murderer rips his victim's heart out. Do you think he eats it?" asked Clark with a disgusted face.

"How would I know?" asked Natally.

"Well, you like fiction books right? Doesnt any of them talk about vampires?" they were turning in a corner of the road.

"Not aobut them eating hearts." shrugged Natally.

"Well, i think you should look for it with more interest, maybe it will help us to solve this case, and maybe we will et a promotion. Hey, do you think vampires have ranks too? Like the more people they eat, the more they get promoted?"

"Do I look like a vampire to you?" asked Natally.

"No, but he does." said Clark pointing at a tall pale figure with long black hair, with the skin almost completely white, wearing long black pants and a black shirt with a black jacket over it. The man was talling to an old lady and a young man.

"We should go ask him questions." said Natally.

"Like what? 'Hello Mr.Vampire, could you tell us what you do with the heart?'" said Clark with the last phrase in a high pitched voice. Natally hit him on the arm.

"Didnt you want a promotion? This might lead us to one!" said Natally. They walked toward them.

"Thank you again Mr. Hadesyell. Thank you." said the old lady. "You should learn from him

Tom!" said the old lady to the young man.

"Ok, Ok, I heard the first twenty times you told me Grandma." said Tom.

"Well, i think i should be going." said Mr.Hadesyell in a firm, a sharp sound to it.

"Wow, Hadesyell, what kinda mother names her child that?" said Clark to Natally silently.

"The vampire mothers." said Natally back in an equal tone of voice.

"Maybe its because he yells like hell." said CLark.

"Hush." said Natally to Clark, then approaching the three people she said. "Hey, Mr.Hadesyell, we would like to ask you some questions." The man saw their outfit and looked at their faces.

Though he had a gloomy outfit, hair, and tone of skin, he had a pleasant looking face.

"Of course, what can i do for you officers?" asked the man in the same firm and sharp voice.

"Uh, whats your full name?"

"Hel'sshake Daiko Hadesyell." answered the man readily.

"Wow, what a name." said Clark who stopped talking because Natally had pinched hiim.

"Mr. Hadesyell, Do you live in this neighborhood?"

"Yes i do, I live over there." said the man pointing at an old building, revealing his whtie finger.

"Uh, sorry to say, but looks like you dont go out very much at day light, what do you do at day time?"

"Indeed i dont, I'm more of a nocturnal man. I'm a computer designer, i work in my house at daylight, and when im done i come out at night."

"So you never come out in day light?"

"No, I work."

"What do you do at nights then? Just walk around?"

"Yeah, i walk around to see if anyone needs help with anything. You know, neighbours, we gotta live helping each other." said Hadesyell smiling.

"Right, what did you do tonight at about four hours ago?"

"At 7:30? i was helping this lady to move her furniture." said Hadesyell pointing at the lady. Then Clark got a call.

"Natally, we have a suspect. His name is Ron Lonbard. Last seen comming out of the building where the crime happened, at 8:00."

"Thank you Mr.Hadesyell for your time." said Natally. walking away with Clark. "Funny guy huh? If we didnt have a suspect id definitely think itd be him." said NATally once Hadesyell was out of hearing range.

"What did they want?" asked Tom to Hadesyell.

"They thought i was someone else."

"Who?"

"Ron Lonbard." said Hadesyell still looking at the direction that the officers had gone.

"It must be the murderer guy."

"Murderer?"

"Yeah, he is known as the Vampire, he goes around killing people. All of his victims are found with two holes on the neck and their heart missing."

"vampire huh?" said Hadesyell more to himself than to Tom. "Well, i hould go, you should go in too, its not safe outside." Tom had gone in and Hadesyell was alone.

"Vampire." said Hadesyell almost laughing. "Cant be, I dont rip hearts out."

Days passed, the suspect was found inside a big hotel, he had killed three people, one in different room before the people noticed their deaths. The police and the FBI were in the building. Some were studying the bodies and others were blocking the entrances and exits and

having others go in and search for the murderer. Mr.Hadesyell had heard the police cars going toward the hotel while he was helping his neighbour to repair the doghouse at night.

"Must be the vampire. I have to check it out." said Hadesyell, walking toward the hotel. He got close but the police were blocking everywhere. Hadesyell was looking inside and noticed a cop coming out. Hadesyell noticed that the name tag was covered with blood. He looked at it and it said 'Clark Newshood'. Then Natally came out running out of the hotel.

"Clark is dead!" screamed Natally to the other cops. The officer with the bloody name tag started to run. "Stop that man" yelled Natally and most of the police and FBI ran after the man. Hadesyell wanted to go, but he needed to know something. He entered one of the rooms in the hotel and saw a dead body being studied by the FBI. He got closer and looked at the hole on the neck. He looked at it for a while then smiled. He now looked at the open chest, the heart was ripped out by barehands, in a way that the veins and arteries were not cut clean but stretched and tored, and blood was still running inside the body. Hadesyell laughed and went outside. It didnt matter for him now, he was going home.

"Let the boy go!" yelled a voice. Hadesyell looked and the cops had surrounded a building and the murderer was holding a boy as hostage. Hadesyell looked at the boy and knew it was Tom. Hadesyell started to walk toward the building.

"I will kill this boy and I will kill all of you!" yelled the man laughing loudly.

"Let him go." said Hadesyell behind him.

"How did you get there? Dont step forward or i will kill this boy!" said the man holding a sharp thin bone that was made into something that resembled a dagger.

"I am an important person. You want to get famous by killing people no? Then take me and kill me instead, let the boy go." the man thought for a bit, but as he thought, Hadesyell grabbed his arm, and freed Tom.

"Go to your Grandma, Tom." said Hadesyell.

"You wanna die???" yelled the man grabbing Hadesyell's hair. "I will kill you! COME!" The man took Hadesyell into the building.

"Whats yourname shoot?"

"Hadesyell?"

"Thats a quite a name huh? Well too bad you will die today!" said the man. "The vampire will feast on your heart!" said the man stabbing Hadesyell on the chest, making him fall on the ground. The man took the bone dagger out and stabbed twice on Hadesyell's neck and then started to cut his chest open. Then he pried the sternum open and was ready to take the heart out, but saw that Hadesyell had no heart.

"Vampires dont eat hearts you know?" said Hadesyell getting his head up to look at the man.

"What are You???" yelled the man backing up but Hadesyell's blood had got on the man and was pulling his legs down to the ground, not letting him move. Hadesyell got up and wiped the dust off his closed and closed his sternum shut with a crack. Then patting it twice he looked at the man.

"Ron, Ron, Ron. If you are gonna act like a vampire, then you should know what a vampire acts like." said Hadesyell. "We dont eat hearts. But at first i gotta admit. I thought you were a vampire. Cayse when we bite humans, their hearts disappear, for your venom melts it away to make them into vampires. Oh, and the dagger, nicely thought, but it doesnt go in that deep." said Hadesyell now so close to Ron that he could smell his breath.

"Please dont kill me!" yelled the man.

"Why wouldnt I? Im a vampire, and you are not." said Hadesyell touching Ron's forehead with his index finger. "You are nothing but a mentally sick man. Oh and dont think you will become a

vampire after this, you only become a vampire if i leave some blood inside you after i bite you. But Ive been hiding my vampirism inside me for a long time, but that didnt stop me from burning in the sun. Although i could live without drinking blood, tonight, i think i will end the thirst." said Hadesyell looking at the man in the eyes. Then Sticking both hands into the man's chest, he pried it open.

"Hm, that was funner that i thought." said Hadessham smiling. The man was still alive, feeling the agony. "Ron, Do you know why my name is Hadesyell? Not because I scream, but because i make others scream, as if they were in hades." He then touched Ron's neck with his bloody hands. "Let me show you."

The murderer was found murdered in the building, no one knew had happened, his chest was open and his heart gone, he had two small holes in his neck, but not a single drop of blood in his body. No one knew what had happened to the man, but no other murder cases happened in that city. Everyone was scared that they would end like Ron Lonbard.

4. DemonSlayer

"Hey, Vlaz." greeted Gina, Vlazroz's classmate and crush, after class.

"Hey, Gina." Vlazroz greeted taking a book out of his locker. He liked her and she liked him back, but he knew they couldn't be together. In fact, he couldn't be together with anyone. He was always in danger and so would anyone who had any kinds of bonds with him.

"That was a nice presentation." said Gina, breaking the odd silence between them.

"Thanks, yours was too." said Vlazroz looking over Gina's shoulder to see Wayne, another boy like himself. Wayne had told him not to make any relationships unless he wanted to make his individual suffer and die. Wayne was shaking his head in a disapproving way. "Look, Gina, it's nice to talk to you, but I gotta go." said Vlaz turning around to leave.

"Are you avoiding me?" asked Gina grabbing his arm. "May I, at least, know the reason?"

"I'm not avoiding you." said Vlaz in a calm voice without turning around.

"Then why won't you ever talk to me for a longer than a minute?" asked Gina desperate. Because one minute is more than enough time for demons to track and attack me and the people I'm linked to. Thought Vlaz without saying a word. He started to walk, freeing himself from Gina's hand, but Gina came closer and hugged him from behind.

"I like you, Vlaz. No. I love you." said Gina almost crying. "I know you love me too. We love each other, why can't we stay together?" Vlaz put his hand on Gina's hands to make her relax and turned around.

"Because..." started Vlaz but everything was becoming blurry. All the faces in the school corridor became blurry except Wayne's. Then everything was becoming distorted and started to have a reddish orange tone to it.

NO! Not now! Why now? Vlaz asked himself. Everything became hot and he could see smoke everywhere. He fell on his knees and could feel blazing hot, reddish orange sand under his hands. He looked up with his left hand on his knee and his right hand on the ground. A demon stood before him. The black horned skull with blazing eyes and mouth. Its black wings opened to spread horror into the air.

"Watch it, Vlaz." said Wayne who was on his feet already. "It's tougher than the others we've killed....at least it looks a lot stronger." The demon put his hand out and made a bright green light, and with it a weaker demon was being formed. It tilted its head to the left as it opened its mouth to let out a big bright white flame. Vlaz got up and started to run toward the demon alongside Wayne. They knew that they had to stop the demon from making more demons, but they were a little late, and from the green light a smaller yet horrifying demon came out. It had black slimy skin and long sharp teeth. It flew toward Wayne and tried to tackle him, but was answered with a bright blue flare of light from Wayne's hand which disintegrated the demon.

"Is that all you can do?" asked Wayne. The bigger demon opened its mouth and let out a laugh which was composed of many voices, deep and high, smooth and sharp. The demon spread its arms out and glowed green, it looked up and screamed and darkness took over it.

Wayne and Vlaz started to shoot blue light bolts at the demon but it was all being sucked in by the darkness. When they stopped firing, from the darkness, eyes were opened. Hundreds, thousands of yellow eyes. Demons of all size and shapes came out from the darkness and attacked the young DemonSlayers.

"You, will not destroy my kin anymore after this battle." said the demon who summoned the rest, with the same multiple voices.

"Who are you?" asked Wayne freeing himself from a group of demons by covering himself with

blue light fire. Vlaz was trying to get closer to the bigger demon as he fought his way through the demons.

"I am Ushtanair. Seventh chief demon of the fourth hell!"

"UORYAH!" yelled Vlaz putting his hands out, making a jolt of light pass through the demons toward Ushtanair, who grabbed a fat demon to defend himself with. After defending himself, Ushtanair put his hand out with his fingers spread apart and opened his mouth. Wayne came running as he jumped and punched a demon in air, and made a light ball to shoot Ushtanair. But Ushtanair disappeared and appeared behind Vlaz.

"Die, human scum!" Ushtanair dug his claws into Vlaz's back and lift him up toward Wayne. "Say good bye." mocked Ushtanair as he started to close his fist, breaking and rip[ping Vlaz's back. Wayne ran toward Ushtanair and kicked him on the chest, but his leg sunk into the demon's chest and started to burn.

"Did you feel left out? Well, i dont mind you joining your friend." laughed Ushtanair. There was no way that Vlaz and Wayne could destroy Ushtanair. They have heard of him, he was the DemonSlayer Hunter. Wayne looked at Vlaz.

Ushtanair turned Vlaz to face him toward Wayne as he laughed.

"Theres only one way, Vlaz" said Wayne as he got both of his hands stuck in the chest of the demon trying to take his leg out.

"NO!" protested Vlaz. "We got here together, we get out together!"

"There's no other way." said Wayne as he smiled. "Farewell, friend." Wayne made a dark light around himself, which attracted the demons toward him. When all the demons surrounded him he made a light barrier around them and started to suck in their power and energy. Wayne gathered the energy into his hands and the sunken leg. He put all of the energy of the demons and himself to make a energ discharge inside the demon's chest. All happened too fast for Ushtanair.

"Clever." said the demon before his chest exploded and the unattached part of his limbs started to burn, and before his head could compltely burn in the oblivion, he looked at Vlaz and said "We will keep coming, and take away your friends like this one." The whole place started blur out and desintegrate with Ushtanair. Vlaz was tired. He closed his eyes as the world started to spin around him.

When he opened his eyes and everything was grey, he was back at the school corridor and time had stopped. He saw Wayne from afar and saw no glow in his eyes. His spirit and soul was gone. Colors began to merge in the corridors and sounds came to Vlaz's ears. When all the colors were restored everyone started to move. And at that instance, Wayne had fallen down dead. Vlaz noticed the glowing tears in Gina's eyes.

"Because, i dont love you truly. I'm not the one for you. You will find someone else. Better than me. I'm just not the one." said Vlaz as he walked away. He could not let Gina in danger. And those who knew he was a demonslayer, had to become a demonslayer also, and when they became, they could die like Wayne. When they die, it would be assumed that they died of heart attack, for no spiritual wound would appear in the physical world.

For now, Vlaz qwould wait for another attack, and hope that he survive and destroy many demons, to keep Gina safe.

5. Bash's Memories

The following story is about a character in my other story called "Struggle Between Races" if you havent read it.....it might be a little confusing since i wont explain much in this one....

"Where you goin, dad?" asked Bash, a red haired four year old boy, wearing a black robe with a black handkerchief covering the lower half of his face.

"I'm going on a mission, son. The elders want me to investigate about a mythical armor, only heard in legends." said his father smiling. "What's the costume for?"

"Oh, I'm Phantom! The master of combat!" exclaimed Bash as he ran around jumping and kicking in mid air. "FWAH!"

"Haha. Well, dont hurt yourself. And dont cause any trouble." said his fatehr about to leave. Then noticing that it was still morning he turned to Bash. "Arent you supposed to be at the institute?"

"Uh, yeah." admitted Bash stopping to face his father.

"And, why arent you?"

"Cuz, all the kids pick on me and the teachers are all buttfaces that likes nerd kids better than me."

"Well, thats no reason to stop learning about elements, Bash." said his father with a serious look. "Didnt you say you wanted to be the greatest elemental in the world?"

"Well, yeah! But all they talk about, i know it already! Look!" Bash made a circular motion with his hand and left a trail of fire behind. "I've mastered FIRE! One of the hardest elements to master! The element that not even elder Kuro could master!"

"Elder Kuro could not master fire because he was cursed."

"Cursed, yeah right! The dark element is one of the forbidden elements, how can he be cursed? No one uses dark anymore."

"True, none use it now, because all that knew were executed. But some mythical items can put a curse or a wickedness on you."

"Then, you can be cursed on this mission?" Bash got closer to his only parent with a worried face.

"Maybe, but i dont think so. This Mythical armor is the armor of fire. It is said that it can give fire powers to normal humans and keep a dying person alive by feeding them fire energies."

"If you know so much about it, why do you need to study about it?"

"Because someone found it in the ruins. And apparently he is using the powers for his own malicious benefits."

"So, you will fight him?" Bash was even more worried.

"Only if needed." smiled his father.

"Let me go with you! I, master of the combat, phantom will protect you!"

"I will be safer knowing that you are in the institute." laughed his father. "Now, go."

Hours later at the Institute

"BASH!" yelled elder Kuro. "I said memorize the scroll! Not sleep during class!"

"But i know it all! And even if i didnt, i can still elementalize many more things than all my

classmates put together!" protested Bash.

"Oh you arrogant little boy! Only if our father knew how horrible of a child you were!"

"Only if he knew how horrible of a teacher you ARE!" yelled Bash pointing at his elder.

"Respect! I am your elder and teacher!"

"Too bad I'm stronger and better than you in every way!" yelled Bash getting on top of his desk.

"I mastered all the basics of the allowed elements AND some hard techniques too and im only FOUR! You are two hundred something old man! And havent even mastered the basics of FIRE!"

"Thats it!" yelled Kuro pointing at Bash with two fingers. From the two fingers, a purple light started to form and eletrical threads started to twist within it.

"Is that a challenge?" smiled Bash bending his knees a little and putting his hands out. "Gimme your best shot, old man."

"I might not have mastered fire, but i have mastered all the other elements and im only fifty, so i got time." said Kuro shooting a bolt of electricit at Bash, who received the bolt with both hands making a ball of purple eletric ball in his hands, sucking the energy of his teacher.

"Ha! You will never learn! Im gifted with mastering the elements and you are gifted with not learning them!" yelled Bash as he made fists and seperated his hands from each other. Then charging the eletric ball with his own energy he shot his teacher in the chest, who was too surprised at the great skills of Bash to move. Kuro's body was shot to the wall bent on the chest level.

At the ruins

"I will ask just once more." said the man in the red glowing armor. "How have you gotten your powers?"

"I learned them!" said Bash's father getting up from the ground with great difficulty. "How many times do i have to tell you?"

"I dont believe you! If someone can learn that great power, the world would be chaos! Is it that watch that you are wearing?"

"You can have my watch if you want, Mr.Smith, but the armor you are not allowed to take." said Bash's father getting closer to the armored man.

"No! This is mine and theres no one strong enough to stop me."

"I can change that."

"Who are you anyways?"

"I'm Hellock, Zan Hellock. I am in charge to take you and the armor safely back to where each belong to."

"Well, Mr. Hellock. Die for me." Smith jumped frontwards and made a blade of flames to slice Zan, who dodged dodged it with great pain, but got an open shot at Smith on the side. A jolt of purple light struck Smith on the side, paralysing him for a moment. Zan got closer to him and put his hand on the center of the breastplate. He started to diselementalize the fire.

"N-No.... I-i need, need this armor.... fa-family!" said Smith. The emotional impact was too great, and Smith broke the eletrical seals that bound him and got up. "RWAAAA!" screamed Smith, then grabbing Zan by the neck he started to to close his fist with burning strength.

"You dont have a family! You wouldnt know!" yelled Smith, but the most of the fire had already been diselementalized and the armor started to cease functioning, and Smith dropped Zan.

"My son! He is thirteen and i dont have money to afford education for him! Tell me Mr. Hellock! Do you have any sons?" yelled Smith getting closer to Zan to stomp on his chest.

"Y-yes. One. One son." said Zan with a tear in his eye, unable to move. Smith had stopped moving. "He is probably skipping school right now. His mother died as she gave birth to him. And i was always busy. There was no one to take care of him and to discipline him." Smith had put his foot down and had fallen to his knees. What had he done. He had made an orphan. But he didnt know. But he cared. The child, the child sounded like himself as he grew up.

"Wear this armor!" said Smith desperately! "It will give you life! We were excavating the ruins, and a dynamite exploded by accident, the fire activated the armor, i was dying but i got to fukll health with it! Live! For your child!" but a robed man came and shot Smith on the forehead with an arrow made of ice.

"Zan Hellock. You have done well in locating the target and holding him off until i got here. You have weakened him also. I thank you. But looks like you wont be part of us for too long. Come, i will take you home." said an elder elemental.

Hours later at the institute

"Your father was fataly wounded. He will leave us in a while." said the elders to Bash in an empty chamber. "But it is an honorable death. He helped us a lot and this last misson have given us something very great."

"The armor?" asked Bash in tears. "THE ARMOR?!?!?" yelled Bash. The elders looked at each other. How did Bash knew about the armor?

"Yes a mythical-"

"Fire armor! Yes, I know! Give it to Dad! It will save him! It will let him live. The fire powers will support him and feed his life stream with fire power!" yelled Bash hopeful making the elders look at each other once more.

"Bash, it is not so simple. We do not know the powers of the armor yet. It could have drastic results."

"You dont know the powers of the armor? My foot! You lie! Give my father the armor! He can live!"

"Its the most honorable death someone can have, to die helping."

"Honorable death? Honorable DEATH? TO BE KILLED WHEN HE CAN STILL LIVE? YOU ARE KILLING HIM! HE CAN STILL LIVE! WHY NOT LET HIM LIVE?" yelled Bash.

"You are a smart child, Bash, but we are have seen and experienced many more things in life than you have. The only thing that can keep someone from dying at the edge of their life, isare some of the forbidden elements, which all have a fatal consequence for using. If its dark, it can be fatal. For your father's soul and the caster's soul would be consumed as time passed."

"But it can be somthing else too! He has a chance!"

"Its a chance that we cannot risk it!" a messenger had enetered before Bash could say something. His father had died.

"ASSASSINS! MURDERERS!!! GIVE ME BACK MY FATHER!!!" yelled Bash making with blazing eyes, shooting fireballs at the elders. Some dodged and the others just blocked them.

"Seize him." said the Master Elder. Eight elders grabbed Bash, but the rage had taken over Bash and eight wasnt sufficient. More elders grabbed him and annuled his casting of elements, they sucked up his energy and made him faint.

"Take him to my house." said the master elder.

Bash had changed when he had woken up. He didnt remmember anything, but his first name and a big thirst for knowledge of the dark element. The master elder had raised him as if he

was his own child. With the last name of Firiun. When the master wasn't home, Bash would go to the library at the master's home and read about the forbidden elements. As he learned about them and mastered them little per little, he grew evil. He went around at night dressed all in black and would practice the forbidden elements. Until one day, he was caught.

He tried to fight the elders, but the master came with the MythicalFire Armor on, and defeated Bash. He was knocked unconscious and taken by two elders to be eliminated, for he was too dangerous to be kept alive.

When the two elders took Bash deep into the forest to kill him, they were attacked by werewolves. Among them was one named Howard. He looked at the child and wondered what power that the child contained to have the elementalists want to eliminate him. The werewolves took him to their temple and raised him. But most werewolf younglings disliked him for not being one of them, thus making Bash flee and live by himself. Wanting to find his lost memories and wondering why he wanted to learn the forbidden elements so badly.

Years, passed and Bash kept training his elemental powers on buildings and cars. Until one day he was confronted by another kid known as The Slayer. Bash lost the fight to The Slayer, but that did not stop him from going outside at night to train. He fought and worked his way through life by himself. Until one day, he met a boy. A very different boy, named Roy.