

# **And So It Begins**

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*Another Story I wrote..*

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## 1 - Part One

A slight ringing noise is heard flowing through the older looking, part Roman and Egyptian style house. The ringing is not from a phone, but from a wind chime that is planted up in the middle of an arch side-door that leads to a balcony with a beautiful view. A young girl of about twenty-one lays on top of a bed of raven and crimson silken sheets. Many fluffy matching pillows are randomly caste around her frame, as well as on the floor next to the bed. The bright mid-morning sun shines in onto Regien, the young girl, illuminating her face. She gives off a bit of a groan as she lifts her hand up to shield her eyes from the light. Slowly sitting up in the bed and rubbing her eyes with the backs of her hands, she crawls from the bed, standing upright. Walking forwards she gives off a yawn as she nears her vanity, looking onto the vanity she sees a rose and a note. She picks the rose up delicately by the long thorny stem and holds it, as she smells the sweet flower. Daintily picking the note up from the table's top as she begins to read it to herself. "Rather than to wake a sleeping angel, I let you sleep. I invite you to go with me, to a castle on Brickwood Road. It is the only house that is out in the middle of the woods; a small trail called Weaving Willows will guide us there. That is if you wish to go with me. I shall be waiting at the Black Snake Inn for your answer." She smiles at the initials on the letter that are scribbled there, "ST". She smells the sweet flower once again as she gains a smile on her lips. Knowing the area that he speaks of, but curious as to why he would wish to go there. It is such a long journey to get to Brickwood Road, or at least three hours is long to her. With high expectations of what lies ahead, she goes to her old wooden wardrobe to ready herself for the day. She picks out a pair of black knee-high boots, elbow-length fingerless gloves black tinted sunglass. Then dressing herself in a red spaghetti strap shirt with a see through bodice long sleeves that go down past her fingertips. She pulls on a pair of black pants that fit baggily around her legs. Munching on some grapes and fresh strawberries she drags out a black bag pulling a silky Japanese styled skirt and matching top from the wardrobe, and puts the items into the bag. She gets a pair of black jeans and a matching halter-top, with a white rose painted on the front. Rummaging through the closet she pulls out some more shirts, also a beautiful black dress with a silver dragon woven the fabric from the legs to the neckline.

Walking across the marble floor she goes into the bath, grabbing up her ivory handled hairbrush, along with some other small toiletries. She goes back to her bed, dropping the items into a smaller side compartment of the bag. Clasping her hands together in thought, she begins to look around for what else she may want. She unclasps her hands as she begins to zip the pouches shut.

She turns her back to the bed and walks diagonally towards the marble wall. Extending her right hand she drags her fingertips slowly across the cold marble. A latch being undone can be heard echoing in the walls, as the marble parts. An opening is formed and a winding staircase leading down to another chamber is revealed. She moves onto the well-lighted stairs, slowly descending the click of her heels begins to echo. The squeaking of motorized wheels accompanies her echoes, the marble doors slowly beginning to shut. As she continues down the steps, a small flat area can be seen at the foot of the stairs. Stepping out she looks around the well-illuminated room at the many different types of old swords that are on the walls. Among the swords are daggers, guns, crossbows and many other types of weaponry. Moving forward she looks at two armbands full of daggers snuggly put into the holders, and two katanas sitting on a small stand. Picking up one of the armbands she places it on her left forearm, doing the same with the right. Then taking the katanas from their spot, she turns around, walking towards a hanging black cloak and a belt. She laces the katanas onto one belt, having them rest against her left hip, then grabs the cloak sending it flying through the air. She spins it around, slipping her arms

into the armholes and her head through the top. Grabbing the hood with her slender fingers and bringing it to rest upon her head, she heads back up the staircase. The doors move on their own and close. Picking up her bag with her right hand, she turns to leave her room and heads down the large main hallway to the door at the front of her house. Her house is rather far from civilization, and has a few guards around the large iron gate. She walks out the front door, down the stairs onto the pebbly ground. Going to her motorcycle, she puts the sunglasses onto her nose as she latches down her bag. The helmet is decorated with a winged angel. She pulls it securely over her head slips the facemask down, and then adjusts her gloves. Swinging a leg over the seat of the motorcycle, she lets the kickstand up, holding it with her legs, pressing her right foot down onto a little lever as she turns the key and moves the choke. She pushes her foot down as she starts the motorcycle up; the guards go ahead of her and open the iron gate. Putting one foot onto the footrest and the other on the ground, she begins to then move forward, moving her other foot onto the rest as well.

As she drives down between the gates they begin to close after her. She makes a right onto the road as she begins to gain speed, 50, 60, soon going 65. The drive is dull other than the fact of her speed she enjoys the thrill of speeding on a straight road.

## 2 - Part Two

Within thirty-five minutes later she ends up at Black Snake Inn. Her speed diminished back when she entered the town, rolling up to the entrance of the Inn, she kills the engine and gets off her bike. Pushing her motorcycle down the alleyway a bit as she props it up on the kickstand.

Walking away from her bike she starts to take her helmet off as she walks through the doors of the Inn, brushing her white and black striped hair back from her face. Her sapphire color eyes slowly scan the people in the room, and then they lock onto a rather unusual looking character that seems to be staring at her. She tears her gaze from him as she notices her friend, who goes by the code name Staind Tyrant, though his real name is Aaron. As he stands up to greet her, she walks towards him, with a large grin on her face.

“Been a while Tyrant” she says, “What do you think you have this time?”

Tyrant always was bringing her along on interesting journeys to investigate things or just for their own fun. He replies to her in a deep and charming voice that she absolutely adores

“A castle.”

“A castle!?” she lets out a bit of a whine “It’s always castle’s they are beginning to become boring Tyrant, don’t you have anything better?”

He lets out a bit of a laugh as he replies “You should be glad I even invited you to come along with me on this one.”

Giving him a bit of a wave off she looks at him, having a slight eerie feeling like she is being watched. She glances back over her right shoulder, looking towards the oddly dressed man, who is now staring at both of them, she directs her gaze at Tyrant again.

“That man there, who’s watching us—Don’t look at him! Do you think he’s trouble?”

He had already got a glimpse of the man before she said to not look at him “Not sure, that guy’s been hanging around ever since I got here.”

She gives him a slight shrug of her shoulders as she begins to walk towards the door. Tyrant grabs up his own bag as he follows her “You know, we aren’t going to take your motorcycle up there. Knowing you that is what you rode in on.”

It was her turn to give off a bit of a laugh “Of course we aren’t taking that thing, are you crazy my butt would be so sore!”

Tyrant gives her a bit of a grin as he waits for her to get her bag. She walks over to the motorcycle, grabbing her bag off the back and leaving her helmet on the motorcycle, making sure to take the keys. Walking back over to Tyrant, they begin to walk toward the parking lot.

“So..What will we be taking?” she asks him curiously.

“We’ll take my jeep. You should have known that.”

She starts whining again to him “There’s no CD player in that thing! No fair!” A bit of a pouting face comes over her once happy smile.

He laughs at her pout even laughing harder after she hit him for laughing at her. “Hey! Ouch, now be nice. I could just leave you here you know.”

She shakes her head a bit “No no no, I’ll behave I swear!”

They walk in silence to the jeep; she climbs into the front seat, throwing her stuff into the back. Hearing a bit of a groan afterwards. She blinks a few times and looks over the back seat at another friend of hers now sitting on the floor with her bag on top of him.

“Oh! I’m so sorry!” She couldn’t help but laugh as she said it.

The disgruntled man sits up in the back seat, throwing her bag behind him "Yeah yeah, laugh it up. I'll get you later Regien."

Tyrant threw his bag onto the other side of the guy, glancing at the two slightly. He looks at Regien then, speaking to her "Already beating him up and you just got here Regien."

Her jaw drops a bit at him as she replies, "I am not! I didn't know he was coming. You didn't tell me that in the letter."

She gets into her seat, buckling up as Tyrant climbs in, buckling himself up and then starting the engine. Glancing back over his shoulder and shifting it into reverse he begins to move backward out of the parking spot. He then shifts it into drive and begins to pull out of the parking lot, onto the road.

Regien looks back at the man sitting behind her seat, "So Damien, how did he convince you to come on this journey with us?"

Damien looks up at her, speaking in a slight English accent "He said that it was going to be a good one this time, no stupid stuff like the last one."

She looks from Damien to Tyrant before speaking again "Ooh. Well, let's hope he's right or I'm going to hurt him."

She gives Tyrant a grin as he looks at her, sticking her tongue out at him. Tyrant chuckles under his breath at her as he says "Oh it'll be worth it. You brought some weapons, I see Regien. You expecting a rough time? Well it's a good thing you brought them, because we aren't the only ones going to be out there."

She blinks, realizing that Tyrant has a CD player. Letting out a mocking gasp "Oh Tyrant! Look at the nice little gift you bought for me. How sweet of you! Now let's see what CD shall—Oh! I'll put this in!" Giving Tyrant a grin as she slips in the CD titled 'Evanescence'.

### 3 - Part Three

She turns the CD player on low, just in case they wish to talk, but not much conversation is exchanged for the next three hours. They reach a huge castle, looking weather beaten from the outside, though there is a light inside. Regien blinks a few times puzzled, as she looks at Tyrant.

“Thought you said that it was abandoned?”

He glanced at her as he put the car into park replying “I did..It’s supposed to be abandoned. Looks like there are going to be other people here with us.”

She groans softly as she places her hand to her head.

Damien moves forwards a bit, grabbing the back of Regien’s seat, speaking “Hey, that light’s gone now..Kinda like it wasn’t ever there.”

They all look up to the window that once had a light there, now with no light, slightly puzzled. Damien hands Regien and Tyrant their bags as he gets out of the car with his own bag slung over his shoulder. “Well” says Damien, “Looks like we’ll be staying the night here, there’s no civilization for at least a good two hours.”

Regien climbs out of the jeep with her bag in her hand, gripping the hilt of her katanas as she gets out, replying to Damien. “Yeah, guess you’re right...if there’s a bed in there I get it!”

Tyrant takes his bag and his keys as he gets from the jeep, closing and locking the doors as he begins to walk forward, motioning for them to follow him. Tyrant walks up to the door, giving it a good shove. It creaks on the hinges, as it slowly swings open. Regien walks forward to Tyrant, giving him a slight grin as she walks inside first. Finding it rather dark inside. Damien follows Regien bringing out a flashlight as the beam partially lights up the hallway. Tyrant gets inside, closing the door and making sure that it stays secure, he walks forward a bit further than the rest of them, slowly looking around.

The light from outside helps light up the place.

“Alright” says Tyrant “We need to get some light in this place before dark, split up and light any candles you can find.”

The three go on their separate ways as they find random candles. Beginning to light the candles the house takes on a more fierce glow. Tyrant and Damien go upstairs to check out the rooms and to light more candles while Regien finishes the first floor.

Regien moves to the center of the floor as she looks at the stair case yelling up “Hey, you guys find any rooms up there?” She blinks as she gets no reply, walking up the stairs as she begins to look into the rooms “Hey guys?..Come on guys this isn’t funny. Where are you!?”

She stops as she enters into one huge room with a large bed, everything looked so clean and dusted. Dropping her bag onto the floor she begins to look around inside the room. She can hear footsteps across the old floor as she turns around looking at Tyrant and Damien.

“Where were you guys? I called for you and I didn’t get an answer.”

Tyrant replies “Well we found three rooms all made up nice like this, the others are all dusty and dirty though. We won’t have much time to go through all the rooms tonight, so you may want to crash early so we can get a good start with the morning light.”

Damien just stands there; nodding his head to what Tyrant says before speaking “Only thing is, the rooms are pretty far apart from each other. It looks like they had electricity going through this place at one time, I’ll get it up and going tomorrow. But the bath works and everything, which is kind of odd. Also, I can’t find a means to that light that we saw earlier.”

Regien nods her head lightly “Alright, sounds like you boys have handled everything quite well so far. Is

there a room we can start on?"

Damien nods as he motions for her to come forward. She walks toward him as Damien leads her to a room right next to Regien's. "This is the room the strange light came from, it's a library of some sort, look at all these old texts. I mean most of them aren't probably any good, unless they are preserved. We can start here tonight."

Regien looks around the books in awe of how many there actually are. "Wow" she says right out of the blue. "There are tons of books here..Man I'm going to have fun!"

Tyrant chuckles at Regien's reaction, and she blinks puzzled at him. "You've always loved the books Regien, it's not a surprise you would love this room. I'm sure you'll spend hours in here tonight, but don't stay up too late, alright?"

Regien grins a bit, giggling slightly "Oh I never stay up too late, you know that Tyrant."

Regien dusts off a seat on the floor and sits there, starting to go through the old books and texts.

Damien begins to climb the ladder to get to the higher books, testing out the ladder in case it needed repairs so he can do them tonight. Damien breaks through one of the ladder's steps, almost falling off of the ladder, letting out a slight yelp.

Tyrant speaks up "Be careful Damien, I don't want to be driving you two hours to take you to the hospital."

Damien gives Tyrant a bit of a grin as he pulls the ladder down onto the floor, going out of the room and wandering to gather some items. Within about ten minutes Damien returned with some repairing items, he sits down and begins to repair the ladder, checking the other steps.

Regien has a pile of books around her whole body about 5 in all, every single one of them taller than herself. "These texts are amazing, records of old Egyptian hieroglyphics! Also there is Latin and Greek texts as well. These will be wonderful for me to copy and make sales off of!" She gives off a gentle giggle of happiness as Tyrant just looks at her shaking his head. She gathers up a few of the old Egyptian texts and wanders off to her room, telling them something before she leaves the room "I'll be in my room reading and trying to decipher these if you guy's need me, alright?"

Tyrant looks at her as she leaves "Alright Regien, we'll probably turn in soon. This is your alley anyways, once Damien finishes that ladder, we'll be going to bed as well."

Damien accidentally smashes his thumb with the hammer, yelping in pain and sucking on his thumb.

Tyrant shakes his head at Damien "How did you ever get this far in life like that..?"

Damien just glares at Tyrant as Regien walks out of the room laughing. She sits on the bed with a thick pad of paper out, opening one of the books as she begins to copy the hieroglyphics down onto her notebook.

## 4 - Part Four

She glances up as a sudden light flying by her door catches her eyes, blinking a few times softly as she speaks "Damien, Tyrant is that you?"

Hearing no answer as the light hovers outside her door, she gets off the bed, walking forward. She looks down the dark corridor, seeing that the candles have gone out and mutters, "The guys must be asleep." She notices the light is floating at the end of the hall. Her eyes widen slightly as the light comes flying at her, she lets out a scream of surprise, as the light seems to slam into her body.

Suddenly everything is changed, the castle is restored and there are people walking around in old dress, people in strange dress, even a couple in an Egyptian dress. She blinks a few times wondering if she is dreaming, trying to figure out what has happened. She hears something calling her name and shaking her though there is no one around her. "Regien! Regien! Open your eyes" She can tell it's Tyrant's voice. She tries to speak his name trying to say Tyrant, but a different language comes from her mouth. The light then comes at her again she lets out another scream. Her eyes fly open as she juts upright with Tyrant's hands on her shoulder, her face drenched in sweat and her eyes dilated, her breath heavy as she gasps. Tyrant looks at her with concern on his face, Damien is standing right behind him as he stares at her.

Damien speaks to her "What happened Regien? You screamed."

She looks at them confused slightly, then blurting out "The light! Did you see it!?"

Tyrant glances up at Damien and they both shake their head 'no'.

Tyrant speaks "Regien, what light, where was it?"

She blinks at them, tilting her head a bit "The light, the yellow light, it was outside my door and I thought it was you guys, I came out here, it flew at me and I screamed. Then I was at this castle back when it was new, I heard you calling for me but when I spoke I spoke a different language." She continues to describe what she saw, in small pieces, though she suddenly stops as she begins to breath normal again.

Tyrant and Damien stare at her wondering if she hit her head or something.

Tyrant says, "Regien, did you hit your head..? Are you sure you are all right?"

Damien then speaks up "Maybe we should head back, perhaps we aren't supposed to be here."

Tyrant immediately replies, "We aren't leaving here yet. You aren't getting superstitious on me are you Damien?"

Damien replies a bit dryly "Of course not, I'm just worried for Regien."

She blinks at them as they talk, lightly rubbing the back of her head and glancing down at herself for a moment with a sigh. "I think I'm alright. I don't know what happened..It was kind of weird, like someone is trying to send a message through."

Tyrant gently takes Regien's arms helping her up and then back into the room, laying her onto the bed. "Try and get some rest Regien, we aren't going to stay here for more than twenty-four hours." Regien lightly nods as she sighs resting back against the pillow having a bit of a headache.

The two guys head off back to their rooms, noting that the candles are still glowing in the hallway. Both of them try to figure out what Regien was talking about, it seeming a jumbled mess to them both.

## 5 - Part Five

She looks at the doors of the Library as Tyrant and Damien walk inside there, glancing at her in her little book castle, Tyrant speaks to her "What are you reading Regien?"

She blinks looking back at the book before answering "Well I found the book hidden here..It seems someone suffered from the same thing I did. That night, the night I went to, I saw the guy from the hotel in. It says in this book that someone died that night. It was a friend of the little boy that saw the light."

She gets a worried look on her face as she looks at them "Maybe it would be best if we left guys.."

Tyrant glances at Damien, and Damien looks at Regien as he speaks "We don't want to leave yet, there is so much exploring here to be done still. Plus we have to arrange for these books to be taken out." Tyrant gives Regien a smile "Don't fret about it Regien, nothing's going to happen."

Damien and Tyrant leave Regien to her reading as they wander into another room in the house, making some loud noises as they rummage through everything.

Tilting her head up she stares forward at the area she found the hidden book in, blinking as she notices the carving in the wood the same as the symbol on the back of her hand. She extends her hand touching the symbol as a sudden flash of light occurs. When she opens her eyes again, she is standing upstairs, looking downstairs at a small boy and his friends playing around. She watches as they play next to the suits of armors, chasing each other around. She blinks leaning a bit further forward as the boys stop their playing and stare blankly ahead. Seeing a large bright light going off in the distance and a gasp coming from one of the boys. She noticed that one boy falls to the ground, the other two staring at the fallen boy in silence.

Then the area around her seems to shift, growing older with time. The boy that had fallen slowly changes into the man that she saw in the Inn, gathering up her courage she speaks, though her voice comes out in a deep Egyptian accent and old Egyptian dialect, but she knows she speaks the words in English to herself. "Who are you..?"

The man just stands there saying no reply, he holds up his left hand, in the palm is the same mysterious symbol that rests on the back of her right hand.

She looks from his mark to her own mark, then back down at the man. "What does it mean? Who are you, and why did you choose me to find all of this?"

The man calmly shakes his head as he speaks in a secretive voice "I am the boy of course..I am a ghost..I am the one that died that day. I am also the one that sent you and your friends here."