

# Dancing with the Flames

By Dragonfly\_Fire

Submitted: October 22, 2005

Updated: October 23, 2005

*When a huge massacre destroys her village, Akia seeks the Avatar for help, but finds Prince Zuko instead! She soon realizes they are not so different...*

Provided by Fanart Central.

[http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Dragonfly\\_Fire/22013/Dancing-with-Flames](http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Dragonfly_Fire/22013/Dancing-with-Flames)

<b>Chapter 1 - The Accident</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - For You..Father</b>	<b>5</b>

# 1 - The Accident

This is my first fanfic...it may seem bad....and I kind of rushed it in some parts...I just want to get through the first part so I can get to the exciting stuff!

Please read and comment! Tell me how I can improve! JUST COMMENT!

## Chapter one

Ganzu stared into the mountains, his eyes filled with the beauty of nature. He looked down upon his daughter, Akia, and ran his hand through her long black hair. She looked up at him, her blue eyes looking directly into his. She smiled, and turned her head back to the mountains.

In the distance, she could just make out the hazy figures of earth bender slaves, and fire nation soldiers. The soldiers were poking the slaves in the back with spears, shouting, "Faster, you worms." "No," one of the slaves said, "I will never give in, even if you kill me." "Fine, then," one of the soldiers said. He raised his arm; flames curling around it. He swung, the blow hitting the defenseless earth bender to the ground. Instantly the soldiers started hooting with laughter. Akia frowned. This was comical to them.

"Father, why must *they* be slaves to the war?"

"We are all slaves to the war, Earth bender or not. The Fire Lord is merciless; he would kill his own family if it were to make him rule all." Akia watched as her father summoned flames around his hand. "Fire benders think that they are the most superior element. That they can conquer all. This is, of course, not true.

"Fire may be powerful, but no the best. You see, fire may burn a field, or villages, but it can also burn the sommoner.

"Which is why, my daughter, you must not use fire simply for destruction, but for self defense." Akia stood up a sort of brightness in her eyes.

"Father, could you teach me how to fire bend?" Ganzu rubbed his chin, his amber eyes deep in thought.

"I suppose it is time. After all, a girl of fourteen should know how to defend herself with a war going on...Okay." Akia jumped with joy. "But," Ganzu continued, "It takes much patience and discipline to learn how to fire bend."

“Yes, I know.” Akia said. She had been waiting many years for this day, and now it was time!

Fire bender women usually learned to fire bend at the age of sixteen, but in this war, nothing was usual.

Akia followed her father up a hill, where she was instructed to sit cross-legged.

“Now, Akia, breath in your nostrils and out your mouth. To learn fire bending, you must have steady breathing patterns. Once you have practiced this, you will be ready for the next step.”

Akia did as her father said. She closed her eyes. In...and out. Wow. Was it really this easy? In...and out. In...and out. In...and out. In...and out. In...and out. In...and out.

After a while of steady breathing, Ganzu said,

“Good. Now, hold this in the tips of your fingers, and continue. If you make the ends of the stick light, you can go on to the next step. Akia concentrated hard. She was going to make this stick light. In...and out. In...and out. In. and out. In and out.

“Ease up your shoulders and breath a little slower.” She heard her father say. She did as he said. In.....and out. In.....and out. In.....and out. In.....and out. In.....and out. In.....and out. Nothing, yet. In.....and out. In.....and out. In.....and out. In.....and out. In.....and out. Still nothing. In.....and out. In.....and out. In.....and out.

“Akia that is enough training for today. We will continue tomorrow.” Disappointed, Akia followed her father back down to the village.

After dinner, Akia was told to head to her room. It wasn't anything special, just a small room in the corner of the house with one window.

Akia plopped down on her bed, and looked down to the floor. There, lay a rug with the fire nation symbol on it. Slightly disgusted, she pulled back the rug to reveal a secret trapdoor. She opened the hatch, and pulled out a doll. It was hand woven, and had long brown hair pulled back in a ponytail, and big blue eyes. It wore a blue dress, with the water tribe symbol on it. It used to be her mother's, who was a water bender. She died giving birth to Akia. She set the doll aside, and pulled out an old scroll. Akia unrolled it, looking at a painting of a beautiful water bender, her mother. Akia went wide eyed, (as she always does), as she pulled out the next object. It was a water tribe kimono, with water designs all over it. She put it to her body, dancing around the room.

“You really do remind me of your mother,” Ganzu said, watching from the doorway.

“Oh, dad...How long have you been standing there?” Ganzu chuckled, and walked over to Akia. He held the dress in his hands, lost in memories.

"You know, I met your mother when she was wearing this dress. I was lost in the art, when I came upon her tribe. The most beautiful thing I ever saw." Ganzu sighed.

Well, my Akia, it is time for bed." Akia got under her covers, and hugged her dad good night. He blew out the candle by Akia's bedside, and left the room.

Akia tossed in her bed. She could not sleep, and had been lying there for hours. *There is no point in wasting this time for sleep, if I am not going to. I will practice my fire-bending!* Akia then retrieved a stick from the fire place. She sat cross legged on her bed, remembering what her dad had told her to do. In.....and out. In.....and out. In.....and out. In.....and out. In.....and out. In.....and out. She tried harder. In...and out. In...and out. In...and out. Suddenly, she felt something hot at her fingertips. She was fire bending! The ends of the stick began to turn to ash. Akia was so excited that she didn't realize that the flame was growing larger by the second. "Oh, no! How do I stop it!?" She started fanning the hot flames, but it was helpless. The flame met her hand, and she dropped the stick. Flames spread, and she coughed because of the smoke. She hurriedly grabbed the kimono, crawled out of the window and ran up the hill. She watched in horror as the house was consumed by the bright light.

*To be continued...*

## 2 - For You..Father

Heya , still no comments.....

Well, I have some pretty good ideas for the new chapters...once I get past this one it's all down hill!  
Well...read and enjoy!

### Chapter Two

*What have I done?* Was the only thing going through Akia's mind at that moment. Her father was trapped inside the burning house, and probably already dead.

All her body would allow her to do was sit there, listening to the screams of the villagers, and watching the mess she had made. Akia looked down at her mother's old kimono, one edge of it burned. She rubbed it, as if doing so would make the whole mess stop.

It didn't.

Akia felt hot tears in her eyes. She couldn't hold them back any longer. She cried into her mother's kimono, and fell forward to the ground. *It's just a nightmare*, she thought, *and soon, I'll wake up in my soft, unburned bed*. The sad truth was, it was not a nightmare, but a terrible reality.

"Akia," she heard someone say, "Get up. We must get away from the fire at once." Akia looked up to see Jin Yi, an old friend of her father's.

"But where's Ganzu? Where is my father?" Jin Yi had a very worried look on his face. "He is trapped inside. We have done all we can to stop the fire, but there is no good source of water to stop it. And your father was the only fire bender in the village. I'm sorry, Akia," Jin Yi sighed, "But we must go. The fire is spreading, and soon the whole village will be destroyed." Akia looked at the village. Half of the buildings were already ashes, and many others were on fire. She then looked at Jin Yi.

"I have to stay. We have to try harder,"

"Akia, we have done all we can! Your father would want you to be safe, now come!" Jin Yi then took Akia's arm and pulled her further into the forest. There was a group of angry and worried villagers there.

"Jin Yi! What is going on?" one shouted.

"Who started the fire?" hooted another.

"Where will we live?" a third one cried.

"What will we eat? Everything is destroyed!" sobbed a fourth.

"Yes, Jin Yi, tell us what happened! I demand to know!" screamed a fifth.

"People, please! Quiet down." Jin Yi shouted over the crowd. No one listened.

"Please! Be quiet!" Jin Yi tried again. The mad fury of people got louder. Akia couldn't take it anymore. She stood on an old tree stump.

"EVERYONE JUST SHUT UP!" the crowd went silent. "Is this the way you act? Come now, and listen to what Jin Yi has to say."

"What do you expect, when our home has just been destroyed?" someone shouted back.

"Please! Everyone just be calm!" Jin Yi said, "Now, we have no idea who started the fire, but we know it started at Ganzu Kotaru's home." An elder man pointed to Akia.

"Well, then, *she* should know how the fire started. She *is* the daughter of Ganzu, right?"

Everyone, even Jin Yi stared at Akia.

"Akia, do you know?"

Akia hesitated.

"No, I have no idea."

The voices and shouts started up again.

"Please, people. Let us not get out of hand. She doesn't know. But we must seek help from someone. Somebody must go to seek help, quickly. Any volunteers?" The crowd was silent.

"I'll go." Everyone turned to Akia. She walked up to Jin Yi.

"Akia, you do not have to~"

"No, I must. Ganzu is dead, and he is my father. I am doing this for him." Jin Yi smiled.

"He would have been very proud of you." Jin Yi turned to the goggle-eyed crowd. "Then, it is decided. Akia will leave at midday!" A few people clapped. A few people cheered. A few people laughed. A few cried. But Akia knew she was doing the right thing.

Akia walked through the scorched rubble that was her house. She squatted down at the spot that used to be her bedroom. She picked up a scroll, and her mother's old doll. Both were burned.

“Akia.” She turned to see Jin Yi. “You will need this for your journey.” He handed her a small carrying bag made of buffalo fur. “It used to be your father’s.” Akia smiled, and set her three most precious items in the bag; the scroll, the doll, and the kimono. She looked into the sky, and watched as the sun met midday.

“Thank you, Jin Yi.” She threw her arms around his neck. “It is time for me to go.”

“Be safe, Akia, and remember; your father will always be with you.” Jin Yi waved as Akia headed up the hill, and out of the village.

And softly, she whispered to herself, “For you, father.”

*To be continued...*